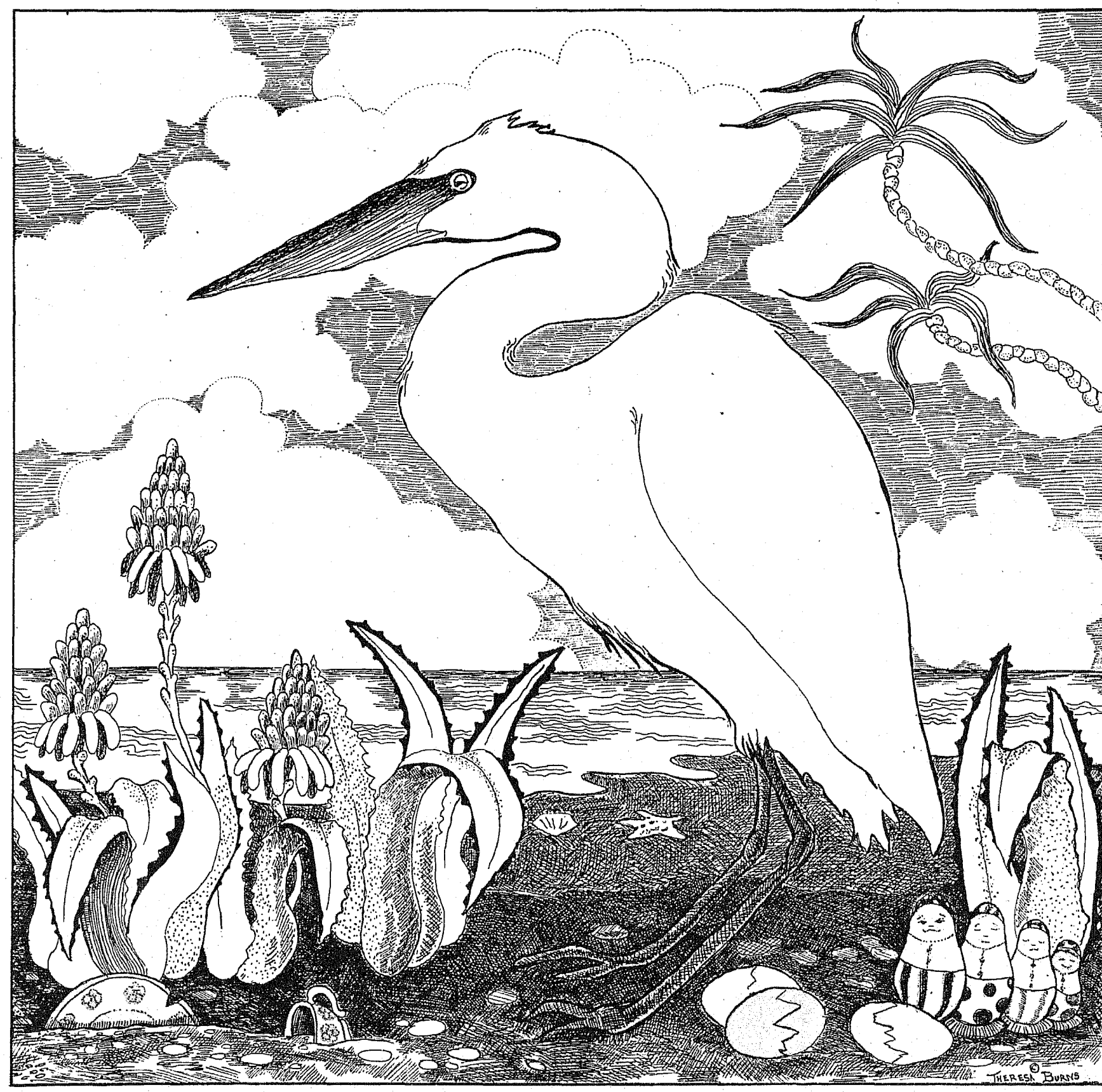


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VOL. 17, NO. 2 • KEY WEST, FLORIDA • FEBRUARY, 1989



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Editorial

Greetings--

Solares Hill was encouraged to receive a complimentary copy of *Florida Keys Magazine*, sent to all Reef Relief members. The motive behind the mailing was to encourage people to read "Are We Killing the Reef," the first installment of a three-part series written by marine biologist Brian Lapointe, PhD. As *Florida Keys* editor and publisher David Ethridge points out, the article is not an "easy read." True, it's technical and complex. But, then again, so is modern pollution.

Solares Hill shares the philosophy that education is the most effective and efficient solution to today's colossal problems--the condition of our environment, for instance. So, to take a little of our own medicine, the staff here read the article as suggested--not once but twice.

The U.S. Office of Ocean and Coastal Resource Management announced late last month that "a commitment to stop dumping plastics and other refuse into the ocean should be on every environmentally concerned citizen's list of resolutions for the New Year. And if the ecological considerations are not enough, now there are legal ramifications as well."

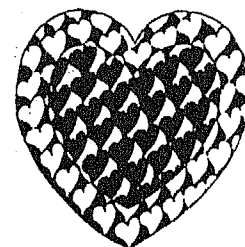
The Marine Plastic Pollution Control Act went into effect in December, making it against the law to dump plastics at sea and in U.S. navigable waters. Lining, dunnage, packing materials that float and food (except that ground fine enough to pass through a 25 mm screen) are either illegal to dump or under restriction.

Interestingly, there are some clever folks who are using discarded plastic and styrofoam products to build a raft in which they plan to float across the Atlantic. The project, headed by Christopher and Klaus Weiland, is aimed at getting children involved in creating ways to improve the environment. See "Floating for Our Future" on page 32.

Reef Relief, as always, is working hard to ensure one more year of protection for our reef from offshore oil development. It's a gruelling grinding non-stop process that provides about the same feeling of security as digging into an ear of corn with a loose tooth. You're almost doomed before you start. See "Fishing in the Keys," by DeeVon Quirolo and "A Word to the Wise..." on page 17.

There's some great reading in this issue. Wonderful writers are popping out of the woodwork like springtime buds on a bright green tree.

Happy Valentine's Day---Ann Boese



This month's cover is a pen-and-ink drawing by Theresa Burns--a part-time Key West resident who is writing and illustrating a children's book.

The Double Life of Sheila Body

by Sandra Russell

To those who know her publicly -- from theater or social functions -- Sheila Body appears as a sort of latter-day Auntie Mame, festooned and sashaying, a paradigm of theatrical excess, a queen's queen. And she is. But to those who know her privately there is more, much more, to Sheila. She is a caring, compassionate practitioner of the healing arts, a passionate advocate of positive thinking. In another time or place, she might have been a tribal medicine woman. But the Auntie Mame qualities are more noticeable. Like most of her friendships, ours began because of them.

Sheila had just moved nine rooms of personal belongings, and herself, into a two-room efficiency in the house where I lived. Her eclectic baggage included such mementos as 12 complete sets of heirloom crystal stemware, stacks of recycled margarine tubs, a library of hardbound books, walls of costume jewelry -- and butterflies. On refrigerator magnets, in the paintings, printed a thousand times on the bedcover -- butterflies. Perched on the copper hand that hung from the ceiling-fan cord, wrapped around doorknobs on pipe cleaner stems, etched into tabletops, decaled on bookjackets -- butterflies, butterflies,



Sheila Body surrounded by an assortment of acquisitions. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

butterflies.

Japanese fans, photos of Jesus, chalk Buddhas, mazuzahs. I watched with astonishment as she hauled carsful of

costumes into her apartment as if it were an oversized walk-in closet. But she had hardly flung the boa around the mannequin, slung the last sequin cape across the closet rail, when I left Key West for Europe, still wondering about the madcap woman downstairs. We'd barely had time to become acquainted.

By the third month of my Italian exile, I began to yearn for things American -- tall trees, Brooklynese, ham and eggs in greasy diners, girlfriends. I even missed people I didn't know. So, among my volumes of letters to confidantes, connections with the homeland, was a picture postcard of the Baths of Caracalla for my outrageous new neighbor. All I knew her by was "Sheila." I sent the postcard anyway. Our friendship was born.

When I returned to Key West, Sheila immediately set to work introducing me to a circle of friends as prodigious as her wardrobe. She became my connection to that element of Key West society which, in her words, "not just everyone gets to know." It's a subculture shared, according to late Key West veteran Truman Capote, by such "enigmatic cities as New Orleans, Venice, Boston and Fez, ... cities leading double lives, and marked by a prevalence of steep walls, obscuring foliage, locked iron gates and overgrown gardens."

A greenhorn to the extremes of "fringe

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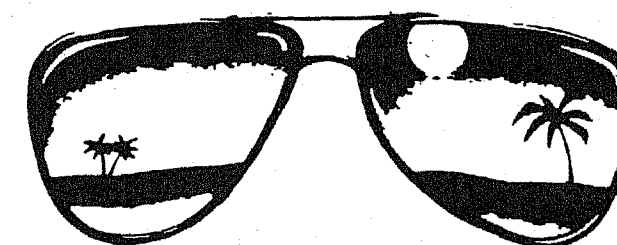
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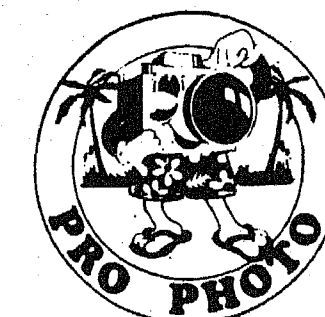
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"I was intrigued by Sheila's flamboyant array of friends, ranging from retired hookers and hippies to divas of drag, most of them discreet, all of them unpretentious. Sheila provides an interesting definition of this group: 'Take the normal and the average. Put them together. What's left over is the fringe.'"

Will the fringe survive the current changes in Key West -- the too many, too much, too fast? "Sure," Sheila says. "God always takes care of the fringe, because we have more faith than the mainstream."

Although it soon became apparent that many Key West migrations in the early seventies were characterized by dramatic lifestyles in reaction to mainland values, the theatrical overtones of Sheila's life are deeply rooted in tradition.

Born on Coney Island next to Nathan's Hot Dog Stand, Sheila spent her early years as the pampered eldest child in a family steeped in the traditions of Yiddish stage, and shaped by an assortment of other, equally histrionic ethnic influences. Her father, a second-generation American-Russian Jew who wanted to be an Irish prizefighter, added a Celtic "y" to his last name in a bold career move.

"He was the spittin' image of Sterling Hayden," Sheila recalls. "When he realized he wasn't going to make it as a prizefighter, he settled for being a plumber."

The maternal side of Sheila's family spoke a colorful Hungarian English, and indulgently encouraged the child's interest in the elements of costume and prop.



They could have danced all night--and they did. Sheila and friend whoop it up. Photo courtesy of Sheila Body.

Her theatrical persona is not a facade. With reference to her knowledge of Hollywood or Broadway (so formidable as to frighten away any serious "Trivial Pursuit" contenders), I asked Sheila if there is a stage character with whom she identifies.

"No, not really, but I like to identify with the characters played by Shirley MacLaine," she said. "They're always so physical. I can tell you who my earliest heroines were: Shirley MacLaine, of course; Elizabeth Taylor; Melina Mercouri. And my first horror movie -- in 1939 -- was *The Wizard of Oz*. That witch!" she shivers.

I remind her that even she had, in the past, compared herself to Auntie Mame. What about that character?

"No, that was imposed on me -- by my nieces. I went to Provincetown, ran into six or eight acquaintances on the street. My nieces saw me as a celebrity: 'Here she is -- Auntie Mame. In town two hours and she already has a date.' They were overwhelmed. These days they're underwhelmed. It's expected."

Sheila's journey has not always been frivolous. As a young woman, she married the stablest, least loved of her suitors -- "the one with the car" -- and embarked on a "stifling mainstream charade of a marriage."

Later her itinerary later included an escape from Brooklyn, heirs in tow, when it appeared that an interminable teachers' strike was bound to make them into street urchins.

Next stop: upstate New York. Then one April, five years after their remove to the Catskills, Sheila finally found the keys she

had lost in the October snow. She decided it was time to leave New York winters.

Though she marks her later move to Key West as a moment of rebirth, it appears that the seed actually had been planted much earlier, at least as far as her calling -- the healing arts -- was concerned.

"When I was growing up on Coney Island, the whole family would go to the Baths right there at the seashore, for health purposes. And my grandmother was always cooking up some kind of potion. She had a home remedy for every ailment. But my personal direction began to make itself felt during my years in Central Florida."

It was there that she settled after her departure from the Catskills, this time with only one of her three children (the eldest then in college, the other son choosing to stay with relatives).

"First I met Jose Silva, leader in the field of mind control. I began working with him, as a lecturer. Then, after attending a class given by [guru] Alan Watts at the Mind Growth Institute of Central Florida, I decided to buy a camper and travel cross-country to attend a series of Esalen

A statuesque fellow in white body paint on stage is dancing the Resurrection. Symbols everywhere.

workshops at Big Sur. Esalen is a California Indian name referring to the natural hot springs in the mountains there. Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert [now known as Ram Dass], Fritz Perl, all those early mind-growth pioneers were involved in the activities at Esalen. This was a very important milestone in my life.

"I came back to Central Florida after a very eventful return trip through the South, and began working as a workshop leader for Sensonics, a biofeedback religious science. We would do these total sensory workshops -- light shows, music, taste, smell. I did the 'touch' part. Touch had always been my gift. But now I was getting closer to figuring out what to do with it."

Then came a landmark weekend excursion to Key West. First stop: Captain Tony's Saloon the Friday night before Easter. A statuesque fellow in white body paint onstage is dancing the Resurrection. Symbols everywhere.

"That weekend I met Bill Yarrow, Jr. (Bill Yarrow, Sr., came later.) He convinced me to stay until Monday, then returned to Central Florida with me to help me pack up my house. By Wednesday, we were back in Key West. My daughter and I rented the house at 812 Duval Street, now a guest house, and that was it. The next few years were full of typical Key West adventures.

"There was my trip to Fort Jefferson. I had met this guy from Wisconsin through an ad I had placed in the free paper at that time -- before *Solares Hill*. I can't remember what it was called. It was an ad for "Sonsona," a brand of Sensonics. I put in my pink flyer, with the palm-frond hands. I

was, with two men, and two or three park rangers if I wanted them. It was one of the most memorable events of my life."

Sheila and the men ran out of provisions and were forced to trade with boats that anchored for the day.

"Forget about fishing. I didn't know how and the men were too busy fixing the boat to be fooling around with lines. Besides, the Captain didn't eat fish."

"I never felt threatened, but the others did: the boat was sinking. But then, I was the one who socialized to get food, not the one who went underwater to fix the boat."

They were stuck there through Halloween. Trick-or-treaters mysteriously appeared, dressed as improvised goblins, real children from passing sailboats. They



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were also there for the park ranger's birthday.

"He was homesick. Must have been all of 22 or 23. I said, 'I'll bake a birthday cake!' So, catch-as-catch-can, I came up with this marvelous upside-down pineapple cake cooked in a frying pan. We had a wonderful party -- my guys, the park rangers, and the people from the two sailboats moored there. Such fun."

Every day to pass the time, Sheila entertained herself with the educational film offered to visitors by the park service. It is always the same movie: how the provincial Dr. Mudd, for repairing the broken leg of Lincoln assassin John Wilkes Booth, is convicted of treason and sentenced to a lifetime at Fort Jefferson, then a Civil War

prison. Because of his medical contribution to fellow prisoners suffering from yellow fever, he is later pardoned. To this day, Sheila is an expert on that phase of American history.

Sometime after her Fort Jefferson adventure and a series of "dumb jobs," Sheila decided to become serious and spent 1,000 class hours at the Lindsey Hopkins School in Miami where she earned her credentials as a Swedish masseuse.

Swedish massage, she explains, incorporates all touch therapies except acupuncture. The Lindsay Hopkins curriculum, considered the best of its kind in the world, stresses the importance of a holistic, balanced approach to dealing with

the nine systems of the body.

During the course of my friendship with Sheila, I have been recipient of partial massage on any number of occasions. Sitting in her kitchen after hunching too long over a typewriter, I share news and exchange insights, while she stands behind me almost unconsciously massaging my neck and shoulders. She shouts, "No negativity!" whenever I begin to burden our association with a litany of current complaints. "Breathe," she says, directing my arms slowly over my head. Her hands are strong. I breathe. In her presence, I touch my toes more. Everyone does. I also remember to focus on the positive.

It is New Year's Eve, 11:00 a.m., the mid-eighties, an event that captures Sheila's spirit of frivolity. I visit Sheila's apartment. I allow her to paint my eyes sun-yellow. We sip orange-flavored Sabra, a Christmas gift. By noon we are on the streets -- in black kimonos, one silk, one cotton. Tourists fall away like dominoes at our approach. We don't care.

The frivolity is a survival device. Asked whether there was a turning point when she consciously decided to adopt frivolity as a means of dealing with life, she immediately answers:

"Yes. When the doctor said, 'You have cancer.'"

"Did you actually have cancer?" I ask.

"No. I told him I didn't. Then again at Disneyworld with my kids -- tremendous pain, the doctors said uterine cancer. It was during this time that I decided, why not? 'Life's a banquet, and most poor fools are starving.' That's the title of Ros Russell's biography, by the way."

Occasional withdrawal from society is another survival device Sheila employs with almost scientific skill. "Recharging the batteries," she calls it as she clips on beaded purple earrings in preparation for a visit to the family of an AIDS patient who is also a personal friend. Sheila is one of the few female members of the Metropolitan Community Church, and an active volunteer with Hospice and AIDS Help, Inc. She brings an abundance of good cheer and compassion to the sick and their families. Dealing almost daily with cases of incredible heroism, she has little tolerance for self-pity, and reacts impatiently to people who ask of others what they are capable of doing for themselves.

As a professional massage therapist, Sheila travels with a portable table under the name "Bodies by Body" to the homes of her clients. Even her massage therapy teaches self-reliance, slyly but firmly leading healthy patients into yoga postures they can later assume independently. She stresses the importance of breathing, though in her Auntie Mame frivolity, has herself been known to puff on a cigarette or two. "Moderation!" she defends in deafening staccato.

She moderately combines her love for theater with community service by providing volunteer help in whatever capacity is needed -- ushering, box office -- to local productions at the Red Barn Theatre, Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center and Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre.

Continued on page 27

Earth to Norm's Island: Don't Develop

by George Halloran

Early this year city fathers were stunned into silence. A major developer had walked away from a huge downtown project. He was embarrassed, he said, but he had to admit it just wasn't going to work.

The city was Baltimore, the developer was William Rouse III and the project was a massive commercial waterfront endeavor two years into the planning stages.

The connection to Key West? The hope that two local developers will follow Rouse's example and give up an ill-advised project on "Norm's Island" next to the city dump.

Norm Wood and Bernie Papy, Jr. have been dreaming about the Village at Key West resort for many years. Originally, their vision included a 360-room hotel, a convention and shopping center, over 200 condo units and a 204-slip marina. More recently they have discussed canning the hotel and shopping plaza in favor of a lot for recreational vehicles and motor homes.

The site is located on North Stock Island and consists of 112 acres of baybottom and wetlands, including 23 acres of dry land. Murray Marine is part of the package. The golf course bounds the property to the south, Florida Bay to the west and north, and Mt. Trashmore to the east.

From its peak you could hit a decent tee shot to any spot on the island.

Wood and Papy are currently asking the Army Corps of Engineers for permission to fill about three acres of impounded wetlands. They want to dig a channel 50 feet wide from the back end of their proposed marina along Jr. College Road to Cow Key Channel. And they plan to build boardwalks and a beach in the shallow mangrove areas.

...his aide told me the city should have a representative in Tallahassee to watch out for these things.

What's wrong with this picture?

In general, the same thing that is wrong with any new intensive land use or any new marina in the Florida Keys: Increased human presence with its attendant land clearing, new structures, automobile runoff, septic tanks, and so forth, is gradually displacing and destroying nature.

And before I get into the nasty specifics of this project, let me bang that point home again.

George Bush comes to the Keys to catch

a bonefish or two, not to dodge jet skiers and tour dead turtlegrass beds and listen to the guides reminisce about what the fishing used to be like. If we develop every nook and cranny and pack it with humans, George Bush and everyone else with sense (and money) will leave, just as Ted Williams already did.

The Village is a particularly odious project for several reasons, among them is the manner in which its initial approvals were obtained. Rejected by the Army Corps, several state agencies and local planners, the Village nonetheless received a dispensation from the state legislature.

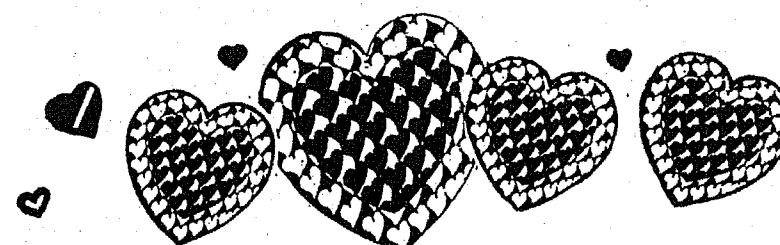
The boys in Tallahassee saw fit to make an exception -- the only one granted by the state -- on the recommendation of then State Representative Joe Allen III and State Senator Larry Plummer after they were lobbied by project attorneys and Papy -- a former state legislator.

When I asked Joe about it he blamed it on Larry and somebody from Lee County. When I asked Larry he said no one from the city had complained, and then his aide told me the city should have a representative in Tallahassee to watch out for these things. Hmnnnnnn.

So the project was allowed to move forward outside the state's growth management law in 1985, and to seek local

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The planning council is supposed to be a tri-county watchdog agency concerned only with projects of this size. An example of their work is the extra \$400,000 in traffic impact fees Key West will receive from the Truman Annex project because the council's computers showed more traffic woes than city planners had foreseen. But the council never reviewed the Woods/Papy project.

Instead the plans were presented to the city commission in October of 1985 even though city planners had pronounced them incomplete and the city attorney had advised against approval. But it was a lame-duck commission sitting at one of their last meetings and the pro-development majority passed it on a split vote.

The project's environmentalist, Art Weiner, had earlier reported to the owners that a number of endangered or threatened species of plant and animal life were to be found on the site, in addition to species on the "special concern" list.

Woods and Papy were so concerned they hired a second ecologist who apparently couldn't find quite as many plants or animals, and whose report was much more favorable to development.

I asked project attorney H. Ray Allen if the new report indicated radiation from a nuclear device had devastated the site. He said it wasn't that bad but he felt confident the wildlife that was present would not stop the project from being built.

Again, let me make a point. Mangroves and turtlegrass areas are where sea creatures live when they are small. Then they grow big and swim out where people like George Bush catch them. If we keep on destroying mangroves and turtlegrass, eventually we won't have any fish or shrimp or lobster or birds or tourists or seafood for ourselves.

The dredge and fill permit for the Village was applied for in 1984, then again in 1986. At that time the United States Fish and Wildlife Service opposed it, taking exception to the flushing channel, the filling of several areas and the location of beaches in and among mangrove shallows.

...we won't have any fish or shrimp or lobster or birds or tourists or seafood for ourselves.

Their June 1986 report read, in part: *The project as presently designed is excessively damaging to fish and wildlife resources ... this service therefore recommends that the permit be denied ...*

A month later the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) also recommended against the flushing channel which they said would "eliminate a large area of lush turtlegrass and shoalgrass meadow."

The purpose of a flushing channel is to direct tidal flow past a marina or other source of pollution. The idea is that dilution will somehow reduce the pollution. It does

keep the source area cleaner, but the pollutants themselves are merely carried elsewhere.

EPA was also opposed to filling 2.7 acres of shallow vegetated pond, opposed to filling mature black mangroves and recommended against the beaches.

That same month the Army Corps area engineer's report recommended against the filling, against the beaches in the mangroves and warned against cumulative loss of productive marine habitat from this project and others. The report went on to warn that Norm Woods had been involved in an earlier project at the Key West Golf Course, had "failed to live up to obligations to the city" and had not yet completed "large-scale mitigation promised by this development."

Mitigation is a technical term for promises extracted from developers to do some nice things for the environment to make up for the naughty things they do to the environment. The naughty things usually are done first; the nice things are done much later and only if government agencies are really on the ball and force the issue.

In this case the golf course folks had promised, as their good deed, to install culverts to increase circulation in the area affected by sewage outfalls from Key Haven and Florida Keys Memorial Hospital. In return they were allowed to fill in some wetlands for the new golf course.

Years after the promise, they finally did the work but only in exchange for a new lease on the golf course. Sort of two

benefits for the price of one mitigation. But that's another story.

What else is wrong with the Village? For one thing, the project was based on some old ideas that just don't work today. For example, the developer claimed in 1985 that "there is a need for more lodging in Key West." Today not many would agree with that statement.

For another, the city's comprehensive plan advises us to "protect existing and future waste treatment and disposal sites from encroachment by land uses which would endanger their function and existence."

The State Department of Community Affairs pointed this out in their 1985 report on the Village. The theory is obvious. The more development close to the landfill and incinerator, the more complaints and pressure on the city to close it down.

The developers had hoped this would happen. They told the world in 1985 that "alternate new disposal and incinerator sites are now underway and shortly this site will be closed." In reality, the city is banking on the incinerator's continued use for another 18 years.

Another good reason this latest permit application should be denied is the water quality degradation that will result from the expanded marina. Current scientific knowledge tells us that prop dredging in nearby shallows will not only kill grasses but stir up nutrient-laden silt, which is gradually destroying the reef. (See "Are We Killing the Reef?" in the January *Florida Keys Magazine*.)

One more time now. Why don't we want to destroy the reef? Because it is an essential link in our food chain, a natural resource which draws over a million tourist divers a year, and a place where George Bush might want to fish if he gets skunked in the flats.

City staff had termed the Village "silly," "unmarketable" and "ill-conceived" back in 1986. City Planner Art Mosley was quoted in the media as saying, "No one in their right mind would build that project [because] there is no market for it."

Today developers may be in agreement, as indicated by their proposed switch to a

recreational vehicle lot. But these changes are too recent to go on the Army Corps permit application, and they have not yet come before the city commission.

If the project has indeed been changed, its impacts may change also. In my opinion, however, 394 motorized homes will not enhance the environment at Norm's Island. And still awaiting detailed answers are the questions of sewage and garbage disposal, traffic control, surface runoff, general water quality and the disposition of a bona fide archeological site on the property.

The dredge and fill permit for this development needs to be carefully assessed

Continued on page 27

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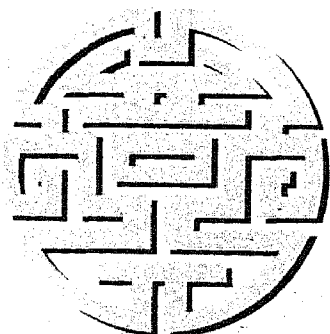
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Lest We Forget

Developers & Restaurateurs Learn There Is No Free Lunch

by Elliot Baron

It's been said that there are only two sure things in life -- death and taxes. But that statement is only half true. While death remains inescapable, taxes have become, for some, an item best paid by the other guy. A form of taxation, impact fees likewise have become a "fact of life" that developers fail to accept. Since Key West enacted its traffic, sewerage and solid waste impact fees three years ago, collection has been spotty. But this may be changing: Key West is on an impact fee roll.

Last month, the 3rd District Court of Appeals ruled in favor of the city by overturning Judge Ignatius Lester's decision in the case of 1800 Atlantic's impact fees. The ruling, by Judge Daniel Pearce, is broad in scope and provides a major boost to resolving the city's remaining impact fee suits. (See "Disputed Impact Fees.")

Like the other developments, 1800 Atlantic argued that the city, having already granted a building permit, had no legal right to impose the impact fees, even though the ordinance allowed the fees to be levied anytime up to the issuance of a certificate of occupancy. In his ruling Pearce stated:

... a building permit, although assuring its possessor that he may safely rely on it and build in accordance with the approved plans,

DISPUTED IMPACT FEES

The following developments have either deposits in escrow or letters of credit to cover their contested fees. The recent ruling by the 3rd District Court of Appeals bodes well for the final release of these funds to the city.

- 1800 Atlantic -- \$216,532
- The Reach -- \$206,200
- Florida Keys Medical Center (DePoo Hospital) -- \$50,100
- Hampton Inn -- \$100,000; Key West Beach Club -- \$86,700.
- Casa Magna Investments (presently the Bayside Hotel) has settled its long-standing impact fee dispute with the city. They agreed to pay 80%, or \$40,000, on the assessed fee of just over \$50,000.

provides no assurance to the possessor that a taxing authority of the very same government will not increase taxes on the property being built upon, or, as in the present case, impose fees for certain municipal services which will be especially required when the building is completed.

In conclusion, Pearce stated that a developer:

... may not justifiably assume that taxes will remain the same or that an

impact fee will not be imposed. The imposition of an impact fee resulting in an unanticipated increase in a developer's cost may seem harsh, but it is not unconstitutional.

The concept that new development should pay directly for infrastructure improvements required to support that development is becoming an accepted notion throughout the country. Dade County enacted a road impact fee in December which is similar to Key West's traffic impact fee and which assesses all new development. Jack Clark of Dade County Public Works and Engineering projects the fee will raise \$17 million for arterial road improvements. He said Dade will soon consider adopting other impact fees.

While the city moves forward through the courts toward the final collection of previously assessed fees, the city's Code Enforcement Department has stepped up activity resulting in more uniform application of the impact fee ordinances to new development. Code Enforcement is taking action against five restaurants which they state are in violation of the ordinances for either not having paid the fees, or having more seats than the number to which they are entitled.

The restaurants are: Jerome's South Street Cafe; Kokomo (at Cafe des Artistes); Turtle Kraals; the Pier House Market/Bistro; and the Ocean Key House. Less than a year ago, the city would not have been pursuing the nearly \$90,000 in unpaid fees that these restaurants represent. The policy change which resulted in the increased enforcement this past summer followed public flap over the way impact fees had been calculated on the Front Street Burger King.

According to City Planner Art Mosley the policy, which was used to determine seating at Burger King and which resulted

in the counting of roughly half its total number of seats, has been changed. Rather than count only indoor seats -- as was done at Burger King -- the city now counts outdoor seats as well, if they are "under roof."

The Burger King controversy arose when the developer of the property, Ed Swift, was cited by Code Enforcement last August for having 92 seats on the premises though fees had been paid for only 52. The notice of violation gave Swift 15 days to either remove 40 seats or pay nearly \$14,000 in fees.

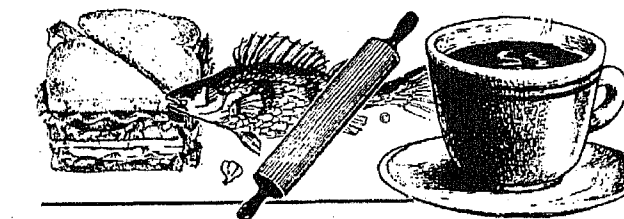
The public and city commissioners alike were astounded to learn subsequently from Chief Building Official Paul Cates that the city had an "unwritten, understood policy" that it did not charge for out-of-doors seating. The ordinances that established the fees made no such provision. City Manager Richard Wiker backed up Cates, calling the city's method of calculation "fair" and "equitable." The city's charges against Swift were dropped.

In a January interview with *Solares Hill*, Mosley credited the recent policy change to "the stink that was raised, and rightly so, over Burger King." He added that another related change is that all impact assessments are now prepared by his office, rather than the building department.

The three separate ordinances address traffic, solid waste, and sewerage -- each with its own formula for calculating impact. Hotel fees are based on number of rooms,

residential on number of units, commercial on square footage and restaurants on number of seats. For restaurants:

- the solid waste formula is: (number of seats) x (number of meals served daily per seat) x (2 lbs. per meal) x (\$43 per pound);
- the sewerage formula is: (50 gallons per seat) x (\$2 per gallon);
- and traffic, calculated on a national average of daily trip-ends generated per seat is: (number of seats) x (2.34 trip-ends) x (\$30 per trip end).



With 52 seats counted, the city calculated that Burger King served 104 meals per day--a figure which that restaurant may exceed in a single hour.

Since all formulas used to calculate a restaurant's impact are linked to number of seats, the decision not to count a certain type of seat can greatly reduce the final bill. While the formulas are exact, their implementation is arbitrary.

The current policy, for example, uses a fixed average of \$342.20 per seat. This average is based on the assumption that all

restaurants serve two meals daily per seat -- regardless of hours of operation or actual number of customers served. While it might adequately approximate the number of meals served by a full-service restaurant open during limited hours, it made little sense when applied to Burger King -- a nationally advertised food giant open 17 hours daily. With 52 seats counted, the city calculated that the restaurant served 104 meals per day -- a figure which Burger King may exceed in a single hour.

Using the \$342.20 figure, Kokomo, the newly opened cafe at Truman and Simonton Streets, owes the city over \$20,000 for their 66 seats plus bar stools. According to Director of Code Enforcement Gary Addleman, the restaurant was given a temporary 30-day certificate of occupancy and occupational license. Addleman says that the restaurant's owner, Tim Ryan, told Code Enforcement that Kokomo hasn't added any seats, rather that the seats at Kokomo represent a replacement of seating inside his adjoining restaurant, Cafe des Artistes. The temporary licenses expire on January 27, at which time Ryan must prove through photos, affidavits, etc. that the outdoor seats are not "new."

Paul Tripp, owner of the Turtle Kraals, is citing a similar argument regarding the 64-seat addition he recently opened behind that restaurant. According to Addleman, Tripp said those seats replaced a banquet room which was previously on the premises. Tripp also must provide proof to substantiate his claim or ante up over \$20,000 in fees.



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Jerome's South Street Cafe was served a Notice of Code Violation on January 17 which stated that they were in violation of the city's sewer, solid waste and traffic impact fee ordinances for having 26 seats more than the 14 their occupational license permitted. That notice allows 30 days for Jerome's to comply or appear before the Code Enforcement Board with reason why they should not comply. The fees on 26 seats approach \$9,000. Jerome's was also cited in violation of the city's off-street parking and loading regulations for failing to provide the required off-street parking to support a new restaurant.



...the city does not recognize totally outdoor seats as having any impact whatsoever.

At the time of this writing, no legal action had yet been taken, but an investigation is underway on the conversion of the Pier House Market to the Market/Bistro. Addleman alleges that the Pier House never approached the city to address the impact created by changing the retail grocery store into a 63-seat restaurant.

Also in the works is an investigation into the recently opened cafe at the Ocean Key House. The initial complaint by the licensing department, dated January 13, alleges the hotel has 44 unauthorized seats.

According to Addleman, the issue of \$15,000 in unpaid impact fees, however, is overshadowed by the fact the restaurant could be operating illegally. Last May, the city commission, acting as the board of adjustment, denied a variance request for the Ocean Key House to construct a restaurant below the federally mandated flood plain level. Addleman said that at the conclusion of the investigation, "the hotel could be ordered to pull [the restaurant] out."

The city's new policy to count semi-outdoor seats is obviously a step toward equitable enforcement of the impact fee

ordinances. Each of the five cited restaurants have covered outdoor seating. For whatever reason, however, the city chose not to seek the additional fees from Burger King.

Yet, there remains such an obvious oversight in current policy that it can be viewed as nothing more than a loophole. The fact remains that in a city where one can sit outdoors for eleven-and-a-half months out of the year, where the vast majority of tourists visiting are here for the weather, the city does not recognize totally outdoor seats as having any impact whatsoever.

Talking Shop

by Elliot Baron

I spoke several weeks ago with Captain Bob Tradup, former owner of Captain Bob's Shrimp Dock. Bob's an old-timer who's had his share of restaurants, some of which he says he started "on a shoestring." Bob said that with impact fees what they are, it's hard for a guy to get started in the restaurant business today. When I told him about the policy on outdoor seats, he didn't believe me.

I told him that the Pier House opened a 38-seat, outdoor restaurant this past year, Cafe Calypso, that -- according to the city -- had zero impact. Bob chuckled a little and asked about parking. I told him that only "newly constructed" restaurants in that part of town were obligated to meet the one-parking-space-per-three-seat requirement. This restaurant hadn't required any "construction."

Still shaking his head in disbelief, Bob asked, "So they opened a new restaurant and according to the city, they produce no garbage, no sewerage, and no traffic?"

My response took ten years off Bob; now he's toying with the idea of getting back in the business. He envisions a large garden location with a central kitchen surrounded by about 50 umbrella tables. He figures if he's open for breakfast, lunch and dinner, he can probably serve over 1,000 meals a day. Bob added though that he doesn't want to be piggish, so in addition to his 200 outdoor seats he'll put in 6 indoor seats and pay his fair share.

I told Bob I thought he had a good idea but he'd better hurry before everybody else caught on. If any city officials are reading this, wait until Bob opens his restaurant before you change the policy ... he's a good guy.

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Come to the Garden Party by Carolyn Cash

Eleven acres of garden, wilderness, and trails--the Key West Botanical Garden is a pleasant space for us all to enjoy. The Key West Botanical Garden Society invites everyone to attend a garden party fundraiser on Saturday, February 11 from noon until 4 p.m. Featured will be Kopavi jazz, courtesy of Jungles Plant Nursery; food donated by Holiday Inns La Concha and Beachside; rum punch and beer donated by the Hukilau; punch donated by Daughters of the American Revolution; an exhibit of Alice Terry paintings; nature walks; a drawing and more. Admission is free.

The botanical garden was started in 1935; it consisted of 55 acres of hardwood hammocks with two freshwater ponds, and was considered a tourist showplace. Encroachments over the years reduced the original size to only 11 acres.

In 1960, Key West Garden Club members convinced the city commission to declare the remaining space a permanent botanical garden and wildlife sanctuary. It has seen periods of both interest and neglect since then.

The Key West Botanical Garden Society formed last year to preserve, develop and maintain the garden as an arboretum and wildlife refuge. A spin-off of the garden club, the organization encourages educational use of the garden facility by the public. Members are now clearing trails.

KEY WEST BOTANICAL GARDEN A WILDLIFE SANCTUARY

Future plans include producing an educational brochure, labelling trees and offering guided tours.

The garden is located on Junior College Road between Bay Shore Manor and the Center of Hope. The original entrance has an unobtrusive sign. But the public is encouraged to use the new entrance around the corner, with has a parking lot.

Those interested in joining the society can call Betty DesBiens at 296-8823; those interested in helping with the party can call Carolyn Cash at 294-3207.

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The State Attorney's Office

A Power Center in Flux

by Bud Jacobson

Perhaps the single most politically potent office in Monroe County, that of the state attorney, occupies an old cement building at the corner of Thomas and Fleming Streets. Inside, the place is chopped up into small offices crowded with lawyers, secretaries and investigators. There's more an air of work about it than politics.

It wasn't always thus; but then what is, today, in Key West or the Florida Keys?

The man in charge of the operation is State Attorney Kirk Zuelch, a quiet, undramatic, straight-out lawyer who's held the job since the late 1970s when Jeff Gautier, then the state attorney, was unceremoniously plucked from his chair by the governor after a few romps on the wild side of Key West when, in his position, he should not have been romping.

Zuelch, who hails from Pontiac, Michigan, was fresh out of law school at Florida State when he landed in Key West in early 1973. He was one of an increasing number of "new" lawyers who literally could see the old guard vanishing, due as much to natural causes as to the drastic changes wrought by the amendment to Florida's constitution in the judicial field.

That amendment swept away the archaic but singularly colorful system of



Lester Garringer (left) and Kirk Zuelch. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

justices of the peace and their constables (all of them laymen); it dropped municipal courts, criminal courts and small claims courts; it eliminated the office of county solicitor who was the main prosecutor of all criminal cases; it blanked out the juvenile court which, in spite of some flaws, performed a valuable service.

Two court systems were left -- the circuit courts, riding herd over all major civil cases and all felony cases, and the county courts which oversee all misdemeanors, minor domestic problems, traffic and damage cases under \$5,000.

Monroe County inside of a couple of years went from one circuit court to four, and from two county courts to four; in the same time period, roughly, the county's

population soared from about 35,000 year-round residents to over 70,000.

The caseload before all the courts rocketed 400 percent, and is still climbing.

"Nobody in Florida was prepared for or even predicted the explosion in growth that we've had, and the result is that none of the political governing units made adequate plans. So what we've done is try to keep track of it in fits and starts and that is not the way it should be," remarked Zuelch, talking more as a sociologist than as the county's top prosecutor.

The office of state attorney in this county traveled a slippery slope before it got to where it is today.

In the 1930s a lawyer named George Brooks was appointed part-time state attorney for the 16th judicial district (Monroe County). He was the youngest state attorney ever in Florida; he was not overworked and became something of a man about town.

After an election he was replaced by J. Lancelot Lester, Sr. -- one of the keenest legal minds ever seen here and a fast mover on the political scene. He knew well all the top politicians in town and for years was the personal attorney for Representative Bernie C. Papy, the kingmaker for 28 years in the Florida Keys.

Time and age eventually took their toll on "the old man," as Lester was known, and he

lost a bid for re-election as 1970 came in.

The state attorney's office, then, suddenly became a bouncing ball in the political arena. Lawyers like Ralph E. Cunningham, Jr. in Marathon and Bob Feldman in Key West held the post for short periods. Then the late J. Edward Worton (Big Ed, to his friends), a former Assistant U.S. Attorney from Miami, hit town, ran for office and won.

Worton was a flamboyant state attorney who made no secret of the fact that he was Numero Uno in the law game and criminal prosecutions were what he loved. As a trial lawyer, he was tough and clever.

Zuelch, at that time, was getting his legal legs in shape under then-Public Defender John Keane.

Gautier ran into his problems after beating Worton, who was fighting for re-election as state attorney. Then Gautier was lifted from office, and Zuelch was appointed in his place. In 1980 Zuelch handily whipped Worton who tried to make a comeback in politics. Voters, however, were leary of Worton by that time, and picked Zuelch.

The Whitehead Street legal community, in the early 1970s, looked like a pot of boiling water with eggs bobbing up and down, in and out, as the lawyers did their best to maintain some sense of order.

"Almost all lawyers are very political and that was the time they were scrambling like crazy; the older lawyers were retired or about to, and the new guys were hot after political turf and influence," observed one of the Conch lawyers who continues today

in active practice.

Since he took over in 1980, Zuelch, now 40 years old, has worked to get the place organized so that it can deal effectively with the unusual growth in workload. He hired the man who was to become his right hand chief assistant, Lester Garringer, formerly a county judge.

Garringer, when he first hit town, took a job under Worton as a fledgling trial lawyer and made his mark in the courtroom as a shrewd and able prosecutor covering several kinds of felony cases for the state attorney's office. He acts today like a coach for the younger lawyers with an overview of the operations side of the picture.

The state attorney today is a full-time job for which Zuelch is paid \$81,000 a year by the state; Garringer, next in line, draws \$73,000 a year.

Under them are 15 lawyers, three of whom are women, Ginny Stone, Sally Parr and Claudette Wells. One of his seven investigators is Lavinia French, who had been with the Key West police before she signed on with Zuelch's crew.

Parr and Stone have about seven years experience with Zuelch's office and handle major felony cases up and down the Keys; Wells has been there shortly over one year and French about the same time. The starting pay ranges from \$23,000 to \$25,000.

Of its lawyers the office assigns three to the Upper Keys and two to the Middle Keys, with staff and offices "but never enough time."

Even with the largest number of

personnel in the history of the Monroe County State Attorney's Office -- there are 49 people on the payroll -- and a budget of \$1.8 million, "we are swamped," says Zuelch.

The office in 1988, Zuelch notes, handled over 2,200 felony cases against about 1,340 the year before.

"Why the 60 percent jump? Almost all of it is dope," he says, and almost all of the dope is the every-pervasive, highly addictive and cheap-to-buy crack cocaine.

"It's impossible to stop it from coming in."

Are there any "crack factories" in the county?

"I don't think so," Zuelch says, "but then who knows what'll turn up in the criminal picture. You can't make bets."

Other major felonies, murders, for example, are "not that prevalent in this county, although at this time we've got two that are unsolved (the child and the young girl in the area of Big Pine Key) and an attempted murder when Deputy Sheriff Steve Kalogeras was shot in the chest, recently."

About the only tool available to the state attorney and his staff to keep the flow of work from becoming a nightmare of backlogged cases is the plea bargain agreement. About 90 percent of all their cases are settled through the plea bargain.

"Those, of course, must meet with the approval of the presiding judge; with the state's guidelines for sentencing and the

Continued on page 33



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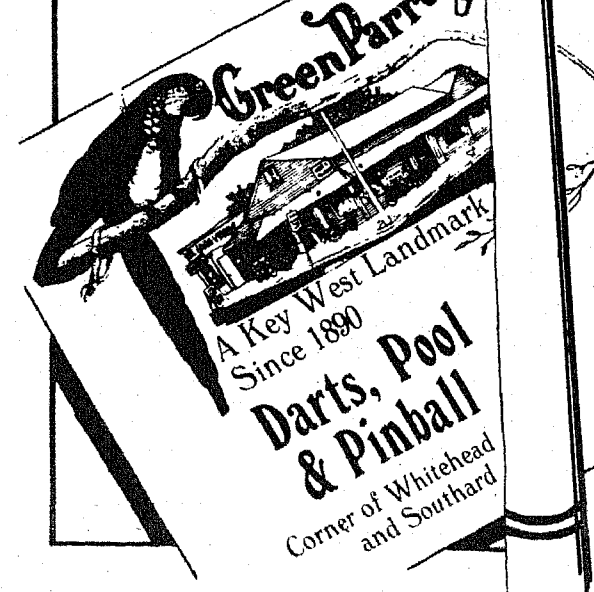
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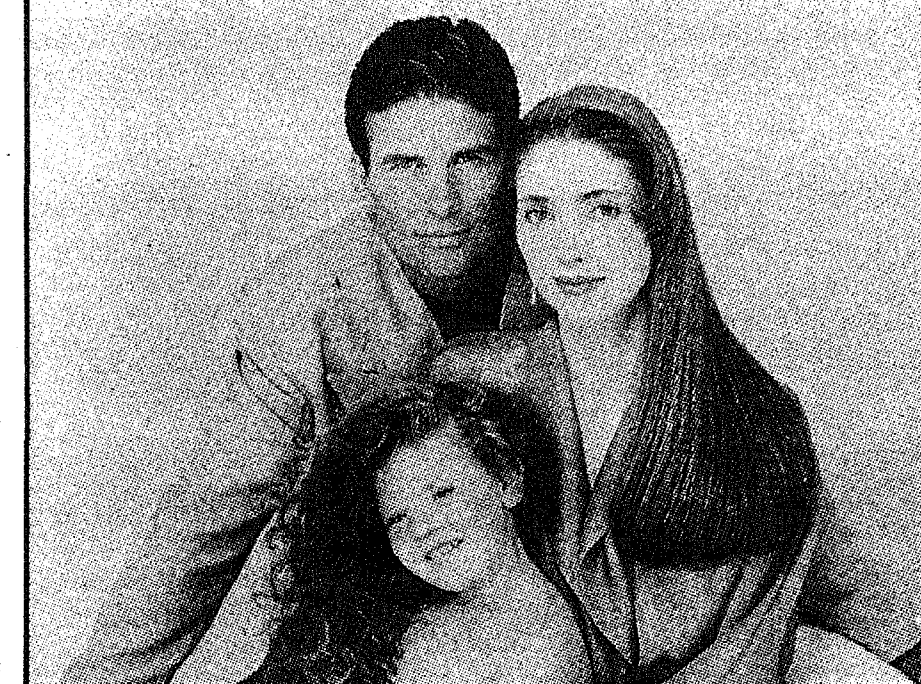
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Political Whispers from the Birdcage

by Bud Jacobson

The political pace in the City of Key West, now that we're in February of a city election year, can only be described as simmering far below the surface. More to the point: nothing much going on.

Mayor Richard Heyman, so the whispers go, will be in the ring for another bout with any upstart opponents who might want to square off for a run at the mayor's chair in city hall. There will be no move to Hawaii by Hizzoner, as was rumored previously by individuals who are readers of coffee grounds.

Hovering over the city commission bench are a couple of hopefuls, sources indicate, who might zero in a few races. Commissioners Sally Lewis and Jimmy Weekley, along with the mayor, will be on the firing line later in the year, along with three seats on the electric company's board, and a few slots on the civil service board.

Former commissioner Jimmy Mira, who served one term, is looking in the direction of city hall, again. In his days as a commissioner, Mira and then-commissioner Joe Balbontin had linked up as a voting duo. But it wasn't too popular and both men were beaten when they tried for reelection in 1987.

The other possible, according to sources, is Terry Horton, the wife of Peter Horton -- one of the top level execs in county government.

Terry Horton has been active in various city concerns like what sort of buildings are going to be built in whose neighborhoods, by whom and how they're going to fit in with the general scheme of things. Horton and friends have not been overly loved by neighbors who don't want to see more high-rise time-share developments in once quiet neighborhoods.

Far out on the political horizon and rumored to be toying with the idea of city hall is another lady whose credentials are in the 24-carat category.

Over in county government there are some strange sounds filtering out of the inner councils. Not all of it is in the sweetness and light department.

The idea has been broached, sources in the courthouse claim, by Sheriff Allison DeFoor (Republican) to the effect that a



"mini-metro" style of government might work more efficiently in Monroe County than what's in place now. DeFoor is expected to check out details and problems with Representative Ron Saunders (Democrat) in case they get to the point of doing something, like legislation.

Friends of the sheriff indicate he'd like to see a streamlined law enforcement situation here, cut out duplication and maybe even save some of the taxpayers' dough. Miracle of miracles!

County commissioners, on the other hand, do not appear fascinated with saving money, if they can.

Mike Manigan, who once was one of the high powered execs under the wing of Administrator Tom Brown (known as the Admiral of Stock Island), was bounced from his job a month ago when he misbehaved at a meeting on Big Pine Key. Instead of figuring out ways to spread out the chores Manigan had been doing -- letting the other guys, including Brown, handle the stuff -- the commission is advertising to fill Manigan's shoes with a new exec at \$45,000 a year.

Somebody in the county's public service building had the temerity to suggest maybe they ought to save the money; that employee was never heard from again.

Take heart, dear taxpayer, the commission recently picked up the Truman School for \$940,000 (and it might take about a million dollars to rebuild most of it) with the thought in mind of (you guessed it) saving tax dollars!

County officials in the courthouse estimate about \$60,000 to \$70,000 a year are spent on rentals to accommodate its burgeoning staffs and departments, like social services, veterans (in a building owned by Gladys Mulberg), part-payment

for the operation of the public defender's office in David Wolkowsky's building. They believe they could save some money if they were in county-owned quarters.

"We're not living in the 1940s anymore, when the county population was around 20,000," snapped one official. "We're up to 70,000 year-round residents now, and they want service!"

Handling the newest hot potato, County Attorney Randy Ludacer has been researching the bond ordinance which set up the Municipal Service District (MSD) in the 1970s to see if the county commission has the authority to place the district under direct control of the county administrator. The matter is the result of the recent blast from the Department of Environmental Regulations (DER) aimed at the MSD for alleged violations of pollution controls, etc. The DER demands a fine of over \$106,000 from Monroe County for the breaches in state law, and furthermore claims they told the MSD boss, Charley Agüero, about the violations, and wrote him, too, but nothing was ever done.

The county commission got its dander up, both at Agüero and at the DER, saying they were the last ones to hear about the problems from the DER, Commissioner John Stormont, never a champion of Agüero's, came down hard on the MSD director.

"Stormont wants Charley out of there and now he's got his chance," remarked one courthouse source.

More to the point, however, Stormont might be reminded of what he said back in 1987 when he was hot after Ron Stack for management lapses in the Code Enforcement Office (subsequently the heat died and everyone's on friendly terms, again). Stormont said:

"In the end, the responsibility belongs to the county commission."

He's right.

Then how come the county commission, and its highly paid staff under Tom Brown, were walking around blind to what was supposedly going on at the county landfills and incinerators?

It is very hard for the ordinary taxpaying citizens to swallow that one. ☐

Fishing in the Keys

Bush's Response to Offshore Drilling Not Too Slick

by DeeVon Quirolo

The prospect of President Bush visiting the Florida Keys for a fishing trip was encouraging. Obviously, he appreciates our natural resources.

It occurred to me, as a reef advocate, that this appreciation will be stowed in the back of his mind only to re-surface once the specter of offshore oil development threatens our waters, once again. It seemed too easy to believe Bush would make the connection between good fishing, a healthy marine environment, and offshore oil; too easy to count on his support in the protection of our fragile resources from this threat.

But then Bush arrived in Islamorada in January and a reporter asked him about offshore oil drilling here. His response was, "What's that got to do with fishing?"

"I've pledged two things," he said. "One is recognizing that this country cannot depend on foreign oil for our national security, but [instead on] prudent development of our offshore resources. Two, I pledge to see that this is done with total compatibility to our marine life and other considerations. I'll add a third. It can be done compatibly. How do I know this? Because I've had experience in this first-hand in the Gulf of Mexico."

Bush is an old Texas oil man.

Ed Cake, Regional Vice President of the Sierra Club for the Gulf States, cites the Gulf experience as a strong example of how oil development can go awry. He notes that polluted waters, excessive wetland loss, and fish and bird die-offs have been direct results of oil development. The economy of those states is not doing too well, either.

Bush's point that offshore oil is the way to relieve our dependency on foreign oil is shortsighted. There is less than one hundred years' supply of oil left in the entire world. Wouldn't we be better advised to seek out and develop alternate sources of energy along with government-encouraged conservation measures?

The specter of offshore oil drilling will raise its gloomy head again in November of this year when the one-year moratorium signed into law last year expires.

At that time, the Department of the Interior will be led by former Congressman Lujan of New Mexico -- a staunch Republican noted for his acquiescence, as a member of the House Committee on the Interior, to former Secretary of the Interior Donald Hodel's Five Year Plan. In effect, the moratorium is an unusual method of going around the Committee on the Interior, which authorized the Five Year Plan issued by the Department of the Interior.

The moratorium was implemented in response to a national effort by environmentalists and just plain folks everywhere, led by Florida's Congressman Dante Fascell who introduced language into the Appropriations Bill for the Interior mandating that no funds be allocated for offshore drilling. Senator Lawton Chiles introduced similar language into the Senate version of the bill. Unfortunately, Chiles' seat is now held by Connie Mack who has neither the seniority nor the commitment to this issue. Word is that the oil companies are already gearing up for a big fight.

In February, leading conservationists from around the nation will again convene in Washington DC to attend Ocean Week -- a National Offshore Continental Shelf Coalition Strategy Planning Conference. Last year this meeting resulted in an historic joining of forces nationwide in a unanimous call for protection of the nation's sensitive environmental resources. Everyone agreed to work on the moratorium strategy along with a host of other items, including strengthening consistency laws to prevent federal pre-emptive action over state coastal zone management laws.

What will be the strategy this year? Undoubtedly, it will translate to the masses in some way exercising the pressure of public opinion on our leaders. As a start, we could let our new president know that opposition to offshore oil has a lot to do with fishing here in the Keys. I'm sure he

didn't even consider vacationing in Morgan City, Louisiana. ☐

A Word to the Wise

In 1986 more than 8 million liters of crude oil spilled into a complex region of mangroves, seagrasses, and coral reefs just east of the Caribbean entrance to the Panama Canal. This was the largest recorded spill into coastal habitats in the tropical Americas. Many populations of plants and animals in both oiled and unoled sites had been studied previously, thereby providing an unprecedented measure of ecological variation before the spill. Documentation of the spread of oil and its biological effects began immediately. Intertidal mangroves, seagrasses, algae, and associated invertebrates were covered by oil and died soon after. More surprisingly, there was also extensive mortality of shallow subtidal reef corals and infauna of seagrass beds. After 1.5 years only some organisms in areas exposed to the open sea have recovered.

Reprinted from Jackson, Cubitt, Keller, et. al., "Ecological Effects of a Major Oil Spill on Panamanian Coastal Marine Communities," Science, 243, Jan. 6, 1989, pp. 37-44.

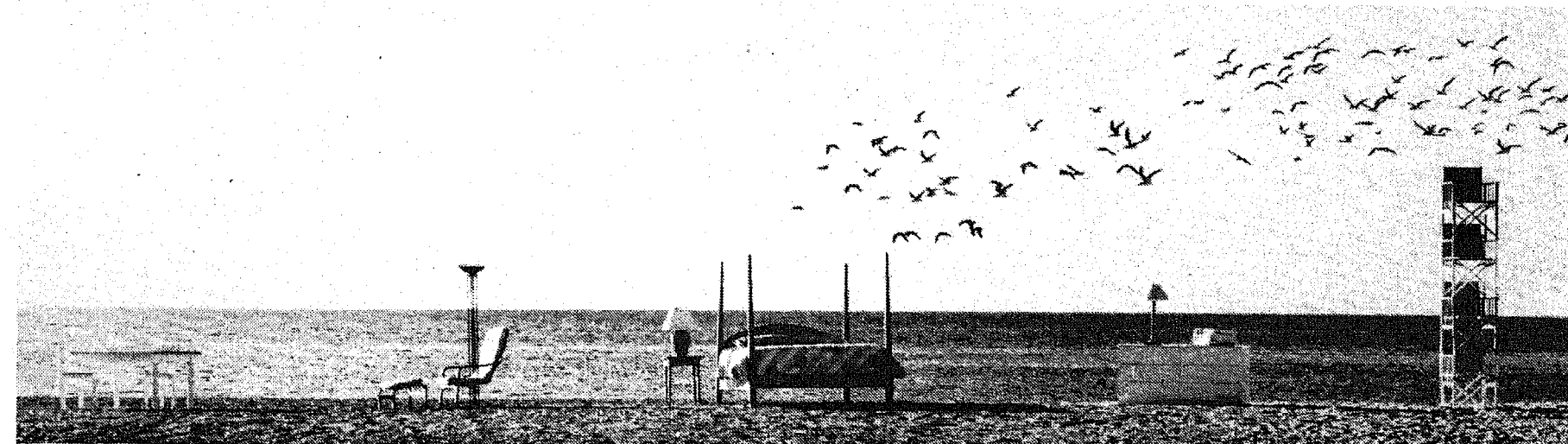
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Slalom to Cuba

Sonny McCoy's Historic Ski Run

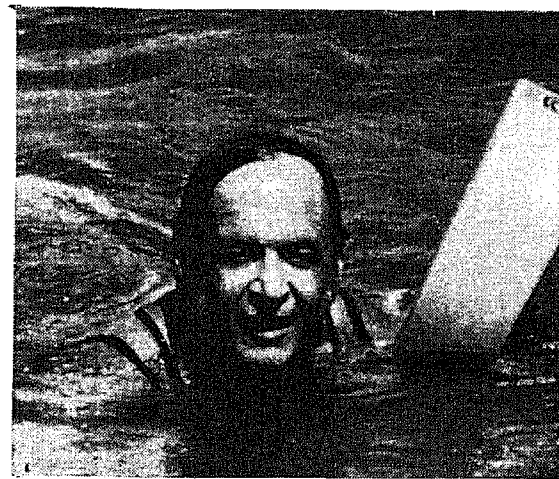
by Wendy Tucker

My first observances of Charles "Sonny" McCoy putting his waterski where his mouth was came in the fall of 1977. "Sure, you can ski to Cuba, Sonny..." Some of us thought he was just boasting. But on a sunny weekend morning, McCoy--then city mayor--showed up at the Key West Yacht Club with his ski and a lifebelt. And on September 17 he made a practice run from Key West to the Marquesas. The *Key West Citizen* noted he was "looking ahead to a possible major waterski trip to Cuba if permission is arranged."

McCoy covered 32 miles in an hour and 15 minutes, towed by Captain Larry Griffith behind his 42-foot cruiser *Wicked Wahini*. Starting from a point between Christmas Tree and Tank Islands, McCoy skied nonstop to a turnaround point off Ellis Rock, alternately holding the tow bar between his legs, in his hands, and behind his back.

"Next time, he plans to try a run to the Dry Tortugas," said the report in the September 19 *Citizen*.

On Saturday, September 24, the Tortugas trip materialized. And though I almost interrupted his effort by trying to send a soda can back along the tow rope in a dive bag, McCoy set what then appeared to



Sonny McCoy breathes deep before setting out on one ski to Cuba. Photo by Wendy Tucker.

be a record for open ocean skiing on a single ski.

McCoy skied some 72 statute miles in 3 hours and 35 minutes. I reported about 80 miles at the time, but McCoy corrected the distance later. Sea conditions, though better than the trips across the Gulf Stream, were choppy with 3- to 4-foot swells, and waves up to 4 and 5 feet.

Then skied continuously from Key West to Garden Key in the Dry Tortugas -- site of historic Fort Jefferson -- behind

Wicked Wahini at about 25 miles per hour. At the time, Griffith said the course was out Northwest Channel, from the channel sea buoy along a route to and south of New Ground, then to and north of Rebecca Shoal, where the waters were the roughest, and then westerly to the Tortugas.

At 12:15 p.m. that day McCoy dropped the tow line just off the dock area at Garden Key, scrambled up the stern of the boat and drew applause when he quipped, "Let's keep going to Mexico." The next day, McCoy said he had made the trip as an endurance test.

The following year, June brought McCoy's first attempt to waterski his way to Havana, about 90 miles away. But with course corrections, maneuvers to avoid traps and flotsam, and changes for the skier's needs, the total would be 110 miles on both an initial attempt and later on a successful voyage in September.

On the morning of June 21, we left in two vessels for Cuba. The sporting event had been cleared in advance with the Cuban government and the U.S. Coast Guard. There was no technical assistance or special protective gear for McCoy. And the weather did not cooperate, with rough seas and winds the night before blowing at a minimum of 10 to 15 knots. But reports said there were only showers off the Cuban coast, and the decision was made "to go."

Before he left, McCoy said he hoped he would not be "beat to death" on the ocean.

The waterskiing politician survived that trip, but he did take a pounding. McCoy's hands were rope-slashed in the across-the-beam seas. Rubber gloves and kitchen mitts made it possible for him to endure the trip to Cuba and back.

For those not skiing, there were some tense moments when we approached Cuba. Aboard the *Bullwinkle*, I was reflecting delightedly on how tall the mountains were on that island, and dreamily recalling the "Bali Hai" scene in the musical *South Pacific*. Off to port, McCoy was skiing sturdily onward behind the *Wicked Wahini*.

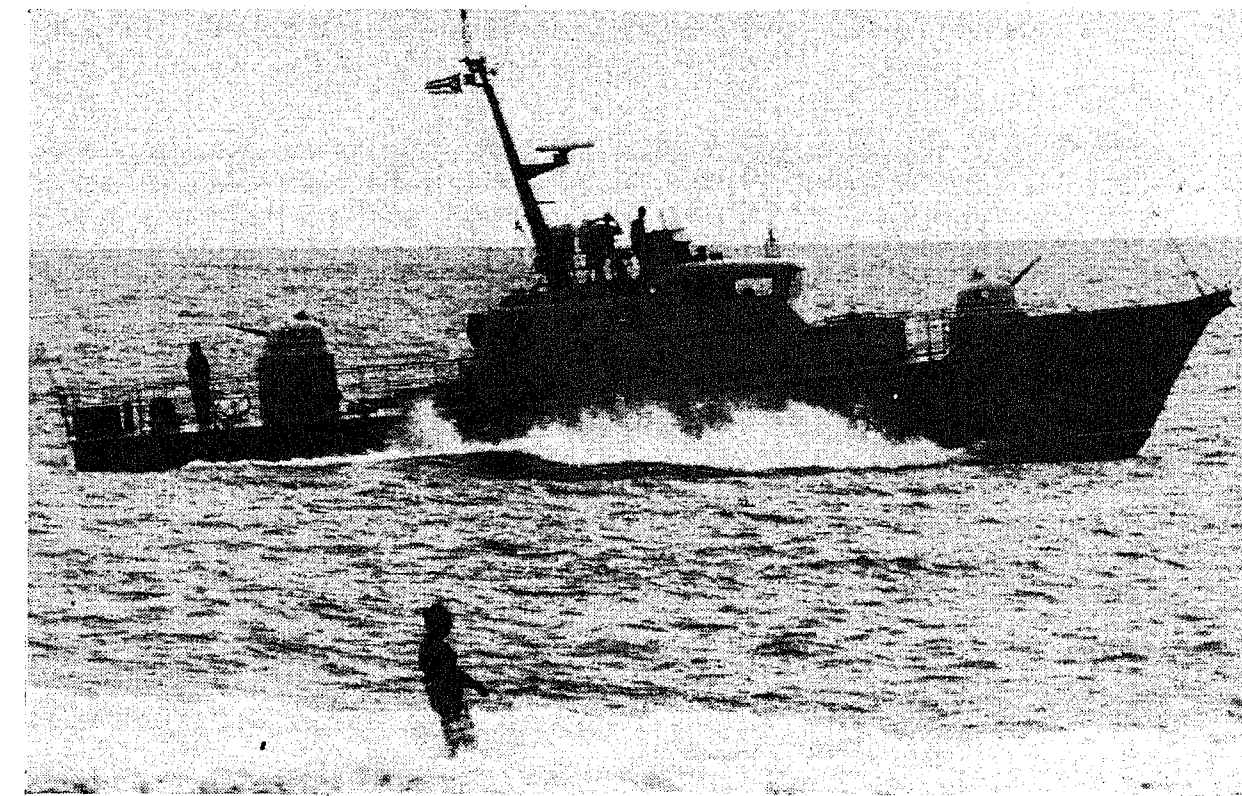
Suddenly the marine radio on *Bywater's* bridge started crackling. A voice in broken English said it was "Radio Morro Castle," demanding, "identify yourselves." Ahead, on both sides of our approach pattern, loomed two large, dark, well-armed gunboats. Vectoring us off, they steamed steadily toward us. At that moment, it occurred to me that the only one of us who could speak much Spanish was McCoy.

"Sherman," I called to a boatmate. "Have you ever studied Spanish?"

"Not since gradeschool," came the redhead's reply.

"Start practicing," I suggested, and Sherman began muttering something that sounded like "doble v."

Finally, this strange group of characters from Key West, led by a man at the end of a tow rope, was recognized, then welcomed by the Cubans -- warmly, in fact, after careful checks of our vessels and even the



"¿Que pasa amigo? Cubans on a gunboat ask the skier and friends not only 'what' but 'why.'" Photo by Wendy Tucker.

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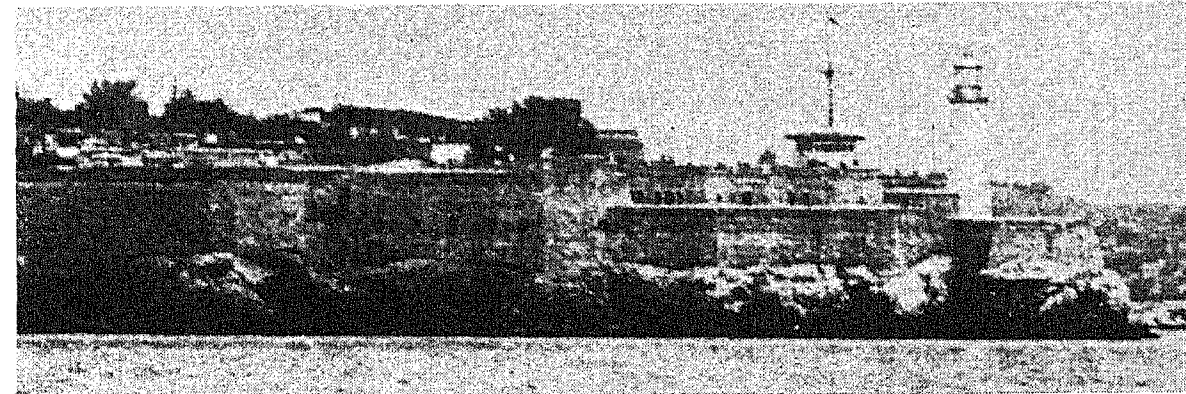
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Fearsome Morro Castle as viewed from Havana Harbor. Photo by Wendy Tucker.

hulls. We were waved off continuing into Havana Harbor, and escorted along the coast to the Barlovento Marina. There we were greeted at dockside, checked, and then taken to a nearby watering hole for our first taste of Cuban rum in daiquiri form. Later we were allowed to visit, among other places, the famous old "Floridita," home of the daiquiri and a place often visited by Ernest Hemingway -- who owned homes in both Key West and Cuba.


We were driven by new, air-conditioned Cubatur bus to the hotel Habana Riviera which was furnished to international visitors' tastes. We saw renovations of brightly-painted old houses on the Malecon, old mansions converted to day care and pre-school centers, museums and government buildings, and the grounds of historic, fearsome Morro Castle, overlooking the main harbor.

(Incidentally, McCoy's arrival by ski coincided with the airplane arrival via South

America of members of the U.S. Conference of Mayors who had just completed an annual session in Atlanta.)

When we departed, big grey gunboats like those we met on the way in escorted us out to sea. But they waved us a genuine farewell.

Bound away from Cuba, where doctors had cauterized rope burns on his hands and taped a dislocated finger into place, McCoy skied some more. This time, his problem was the second failure of his towbar. A crewman on the *Wicked Wahini* had first rigged a notched broom handle section into a tow bar. McCoy used that innovation until it broke in the returning seas that all agreed were "really nasty."

Delaying our return were mechanical troubles aboard one vessel that forced two men to risk jumping boat-to-boat in heavy seas at dusk. Still, nearly everyone said they were glad they had made the journey. 



The streets of Havana are intriguing, seductive. Photo by Wendy Tucker.

The Date

by Christine Naughton

It is 94 degrees at 8:30 in the morning in New York City. I force one eye halfway open, but I can't hold it and it slams shut. The effort to extricate my legs from the twisted, sodden sheets is too great. And even though I know I can't sleep anymore, I lay there a while longer, somewhere between a sweaty, hazy dream and sweeter, hazier reality. Then I remember the date.

My eyes fly open, I sit up straight. The date. Tonight. First in six years. Dinner and a concert. A guy from work -- Jerry -- nice-looking in a low-key sort of way.

Out of bed, I run a shower on the cold side of tepid. I take several deep breaths and relax. The shower is a nice change of pace from sweating. Maybe I'll stay in all day. No, no -- have to study. And if I stay in all day I'll look pruney tonight. Soap up now, rinse off and hit the books. A date.

Towel-dry, I inspect my body in the mirror, wishing I had lost those seven pounds. They haven't really bothered me until now, but still. True, they are evenly distributed and not all on one hip or anything, but they do put me on *that* side of svelte. It's okay. I'm not going out with Tom Cruise -- it's only Jerry from work. So what if it's my first date in six years?

Maybe it's his first in eleven. And is he perfect? His eyebrows are uneven and his top lip pulls down the end of his nose when he talks. That's kind of cute, though. So maybe he thinks my seven pounds are cute.

I sit down to study: The history of the world before 1750. Engrossing stuff. A perfect distraction from the date. Concentrate. Huns. Sweating again. Hun. Frank always called me hun. I spent five years with Frank and one getting over him. It was lovely, but now it's over. Life goes on. For instance, it was once 1750 and now it's 1986. Time flies when you're having -- a date.

I put on nice music, some Dexter Gordon. There now, that's better -- beautiful, dreamy Dexter. Nothing like a little good sax.

The cat is draped over the back of the couch like a rug. I feel sorry for him in his fur coat. Someone once told me cats dispel body heat by spreading their toes. His toes are not spread. Maybe I should do it for him. Nah, he knows what he's doing. He's probably deep in meditation right now. His mind cleared of any disturbing, niggling thoughts, he is floating in the cool outer reaches of cat consciousness. He's a master at this; I've watched him do it many times.

He makes it look easy, too.

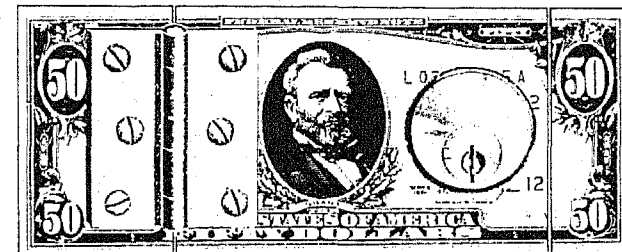
This is probably why jazz musicians call each other cats. That cat can concentrate, man. Be cool, girl! Don't sweat the small stuff. You got a date? Well now, Mama, that ain't no cause for alarm. You just be hookin' up with the outside world again. Space is the place. Just hang loose. Everything is everything, you dig?

Two o'clock and hotter than fresh cow poop. I don't even want to know the temperature. Humans were not designed to live in New York in the summer. I lie down on the floor, placing the fan two feet away and aiming it at my head. Mmmmm. A Night in Tunisia. Dizzy G. Sweaty me. Sleepy.

Holy sweet Jesus on toast, it's 5:15! I have to meet Jerry at the restaurant at 6:30 and it's going to take an hour to get there. Grab the makeup bag and fly into the bathroom. Wash face. Apply foundation. Begin to sweat. The blush goes on as the foundation runs off. Blot with a tissue and keep going. 5:20. Repair blotted spots with more foundation. Eye shadow, highlighter, mascara. I hope it's waterproof. Finishing powder. Lipstick. It's 5:23. Alright! The eight-minute face. Thirty seconds of sheer perfection.

I zip to the closet; tug on purple pants

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


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and struggle into a white shirt. They cling to my sweaty body like old bandages. I take a gander in the mirror. Definitely, decidedly, indubitably, this is the *wrong* outfit for tonight. 5:26. A bikini maybe? Now don't be a dunderhead; be serious and think hard. One minute to pick out a new outfit, don it and be cool, beautiful, and on the subway platform waiting for the train.

The white rayon skirt. Never worn. It's a big chance but I have to take it. I yank off the pants and throw on the skirt, along with red earrings, bracelet and shoes, and look in the mirror. It's a cross between Scarlett O'Hara and First Holy Communion. The seven pounds wouldn't be more obvious if I hung a neon sign around my neck advertising them. The skirt is slightly whiter than the blouse. But it will just have to do.

Silently placing a curse on women who have ten or twenty smashing outfits hanging crisp and clean in walk-in closets, I take

another look at myself and realize my hair is a mess. Recklessly, I pin it here and there with red barrettes.

I grab my red purse and throw some junk in it, and take a final look around the room. Okay -- spectacles, testicles, wallet and keys, as my brothers used to say before leaving the house. On to the date.

It's 5:45 and probably 172 degrees on the subway platform. No train. The front of the white rayon skirt sticks to my thighs and the cotton blouse is plastered to my front and back. I can feel the sweat starting at my forehead and running in rivulets down my face -- tributaries to the rivers rushing down my arms, chest and back. I visualize groups of adventurous molecules white-water rafting down the backs of my legs.

I'm the only one on the subway platform, meaning either that I have just missed a train or I'm the only jerk in the city traveling on a day like this. Finally, at 5:55, a train comes screeching and banging into the station. It's one of those wheezing fossils the Metropolitan Transit Authority

favors on this route, apparently to make us grateful for the occasional new air-conditioned Japanese job with seats too small to sit on. Oh, well, a train is a train is a train when one is so hopelessly late.

Boarding the train, I glance at the graffiti-covered seat to make sure there is no fresh paint that might come off on my skirt, but it looks like the most recent artist graced this surface ten, maybe fifteen years ago. Safe enough. I sit down and try to stop sweating. At least when the train moves there is a hot breeze, like moose breath on my face.

The train strains and crawls from station to station, making me feel certain every time it stops that it has gasped its last. By the time we get to 59th Street it is 6:35. I realize if I don't get off the train and take a cab to 76th Street and 1st Avenue I will be inexcusably late.

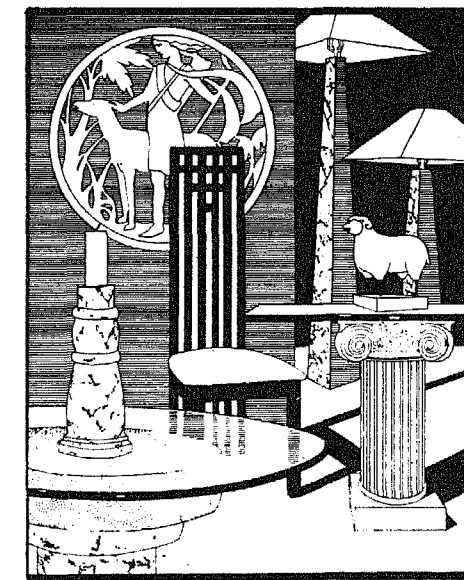
When the train stops and the doors open, I stand up to leave but I can't because a perfect young couple is blocking the doorway, pulling each other in and out of the train, giggling and laughing uproariously as if this is about the most fun any two people in the world could possibly have. I shoot the girl a drop-dead-get-out-of-my-way look. Her mouth falls open. "Yuk! What a face!" she says to her boyfriend. "Yick! What an outfit!" says he.

"Let me die," I think, as I slither past them out of the train, immediately needing to negotiate a giant leap over a pool of something on the subway platform.

I dash for the escalator. Riding up, I feel something dripping on me. Four, five, six little brown dots congregate on the front of my white rayon skirt and white cotton blouse. Nice. What a smart outfit, wherever did you buy it? And those brown dots! How very daring, so chic. Almost like something dripped down in the subway. How cunning. I must have one, darling.

I hail a cab and jump in. "Seventy-sixth and First Avenue!" I bark. "And stop on it." I rip open the purse and rummage

Continued on page 40



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The Railroad that Didn't Go to Sea

by Colin G. Jameson

Frank Patterson was my uncle-in-law-by-marriage. Sometimes I was glad he wasn't any closer. Like the morning he started the wood stove fire with the war bonds we had been giving him as disguised support, thinking he'd sell them.

But Frank hadn't always been so dicey. In the early days of the century he served as a civil engineer with the Interstate Commerce Commission. I had always thought the I.C.C. dealt with freight rates and such rather than engineering. Uncle Frank would try to explain his anomalous position, becoming increasingly agitated as I failed to understand -- which I didn't and still don't.

Seems he'd been an inspector for the commission during the construction of the Florida East Coast Extension, and had even accompanied Henry Flagler on the rail line's inaugural run down the Keys in 1912.

But why should the I.C.C. mess with the Florida East Coast Railway, which lay entirely within the bounds of the state of Florida? I thought I'd better not ask. My earlier questions had appeared to raise doubts about the meaning, or even existence, of Frank's former career.

"Well," I said during a visit to Key West in 1939. "I guess that railroad was a sort of Eighth Wonder of the World, wasn't it?"

"Maybe," Frank said. To my surprise, he added, "But it didn't have to be."

"Come again?"

"They went the wrong way," he said. "Most of those Key bridges weren't necessary."

"But how could they --?"

"They should have gone to Whitewater Bay and then crossed the Bay of Florida."

That way, if they didn't want to interrupt the flow of water through the Everglades, it looked as if they'd have had to bridge almost the entire distance. Maybe that was one of the reasons Flagler chose the Upper and Middle Keys route. But in those days people didn't give a damn about the environment, did they?

"They surveyed the Cape Sable possibility," Frank said. "I've got the report somewhere, but you probably wouldn't get much out of it. Too technical. They had a rough trip. I figure it prejudiced them."

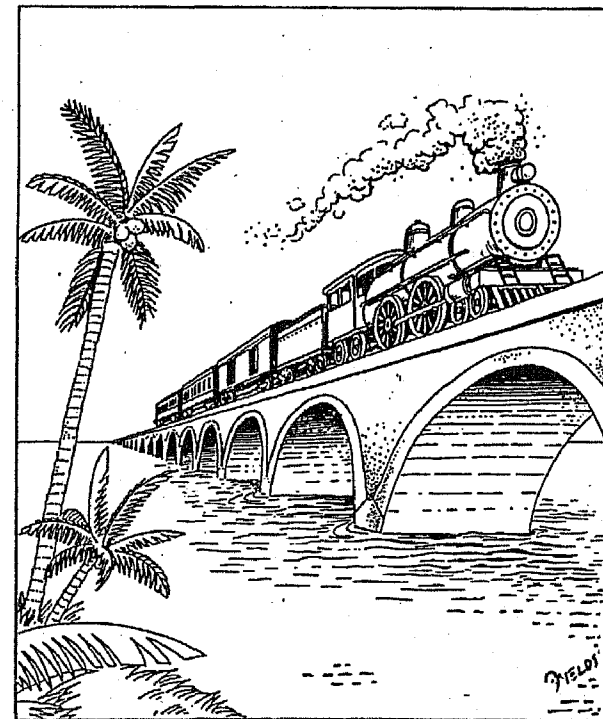
"But wouldn't they have had to --?"

"No," Uncle Frank said firmly. "A series of embankments would have worked fine. Up in the Everglades the roadbed would have been better protected against the storm surge that wiped out the Keys embankments in '35."

Years later I borrowed a copy of the survey of the Cape Sable route from Mrs. Nora K. Smiley, a resident of that city. The "K" in Mrs. Smiley's name stood for

"Krome" -- as in the Kromes of Homestead, which her family helped settle. The author of the report was her brother, William J. Krome, only two years out of college but second in command of the expedition. Later he was Chief Engineer of the Florida East Coast Extension.

Obviously Krome was convinced that the seaward route was preferable. Even the non-technical highlights of the mainland survey seem to back him up. Flagler's resultant decision is what put the Upper and Middle Keys on the map.



The Cape Sable survey was carried out in the six months between December 1902 and June the following year. Its planners had only a sketchy idea of what they were letting themselves in for. But they armored their ignorance with an attention to detail reminiscent of Hannibal getting ready to cross the Alps. ("Hey, Bubba, you pack the elephant food?")

As Krome wrote, "That portion of the State of Florida has ... remained as completely unexplored as the interior of Thibet ... A few squatters have for some years raised vegetables for the Key West market on the prairies in the vicinity of Cape Sable, but the knowledge of the country to the north of them has been very limited. The few existing maps were entirely unreliable and the reports ... of the occasional trapper or inquisitive naturalist ... were far from encouraging." (Mapping of portions of this area still leaves much to be desired.)

The leaders of the enterprise resolved to severely limit the size of the field party. All supplies had to be carried in without the use of any sort of transport but human legs, with an occasional assist from a boat. And it is a revered axiom of logistics that each extra person unit requires more than the addition of one extra supply unit.

Of the 16 selected from among the eager

eager volunteers, six were assigned to the pack party and seven comprised the forward field crew. The remainder were base and communications personnel. Every applicant was warned that this was no stroll in the woods but would consist of unrelieved hard work -- back packs, for example, might weigh 90 pounds, and one had better know how to swim. Men -- white and black -- were chosen on the basis of prior experience, with much attention focused on their probable staying power on a work schedule of 28 days per month.

The organizers of the survey proved to be good judges of character. During the entire expedition, "there was not a single desertion or complaint."

Each man was allowed to carry in his canvas knapsack any personal equipment he felt he might need. The very first long trek had the astonishing effect of reducing this individual baggage to about 40 pounds per man.

Considerable advance experimentation had been carried out to determine the type of clothing to be issued. Canvas dried out well, but was too stiff and uncomfortable for constant use. Khaki was selected. In those days *khaki* referred to the cloth, not necessarily the color. It had been used in warm climates by British and colonial armies for 50 years.

Naturally, as any modern Everglades explorer will affirm, footwear was of paramount importance. For regular use in this climate, rubber was at once eliminated. The final choice was a laced, heavy-duty half-boot of leather, studded with hobnails and pierced all around to let the water drain out. There was going to be a lot of wading.

A vicious enemy, of course, would be the mosquito. Bug bars with rain-resistant canvas tops were provided for sleeping, while headnets, thought uncomfortable, were often essential. The system used was borrowed from the Cape Sable squatters. A curved strip of canvas encircled the crown of a stiff-brimmed hat, with copper mesh descending from it. The mesh was prolonged with cheesecloth, so that the bottom circlet could be buttoned into the shirt or jacket.

Mosquitos, as we all know, are only too happy to bite hands, but Krome says nothing about gloves. He notes that the malaria-carrying brand of mosquito (*Anopheles*) was apparently not present. During that epoch it might still have been possible to contract yellow fever, but Krome does not mention or perhaps did not suspect that the *Aedes aegypti* strain, still common in Key West today, might have been present.

"A wagon trail was broken out from the claim of the last homesteader [near Florida City] through the rock reef forming the Biscayne pineland, to a point near its southern extremity, and there a base of

supplies was located" with a steward in charge.

"To this point goods could be hauled in light loads by wagon, but beyond it everything was advanced to the field party by the packers, until the Whitewater Bay region was entered, when connection was made with a relief schooner."

Dampness and mold were expected to threaten provisions, so rice, beans and meal were put up in canvas bags waterproofed with paraffin. "Their contents seldom showed signs of dampness even after a long exposure to the weather."

In relatively dry terrain (or where your boots stopped squirting water), a 90-pound pack could be carried about five miles. If there were potholes and deep muck, 25 pounds might be all a man could tote.

In addition to human muscle, boats were the only useful transport equipment. The water in that section of the Everglades was fairly shallow in winter and spring. The Seminole dugout canoe was too heavy to be of use, and canvas or Canadian canoes were too fragile to drag with a load aboard. In the absence of today's aluminum, the surveyors settled on 14-foot "duck boats" made of steel. These were light enough to be portaged empty, and three men could drag a loaded craft if a few inches of water covered the muck.

"The food was confined mainly to such articles as could be sacked. Under this head came rice, grits, several varieties of beans, oatmeal, coffee, sugar, salt, flour, meal, tapioca and evaporated fruits."

For bread they used ship's biscuit. Fresh venison was easily obtainable and must have done wonders to relieve the drab sameness of the rest of the menu, loaded with starches to compensate for the extraordinary physical exertions of each damp day.

Canned goods were heavy and awkward to pack. But evaporated vegetables, sausage and eggs -- all imported from Germany -- were useful in emergencies. The dried potatoes in this category were eminently successful, but the soups all tasted alike.

Extensive medical supplies, keyed to the area, were a must, but were not used as much as expected. "The climate was healthful, for the water in the Everglades is pure and fresh ... So by keeping watch on the men pretty carefully and meeting ailments before they had made much progress, the party was kept in splendid trim during the six months, and no time was lost [in tending] a big sick roll."

The daily procedure was for two men to scout ahead, hacking their way with machetes where necessary, while the survey party continued its methodical progress. These advance units were often out of touch for several days.

"When the new territory had been penetrated for some distance, trees were climbed at intervals of about a mile and observations made in every direction." At such times the advance men discovered that with all the careful planning, one important item had actually been forgotten -- climbing irons."



A vicious enemy, of course, would be the mosquito. Bug bars, with rain-resistant canvas tops were provided for sleeping, while headnets, thought uncomfortable, were often essential. The system was borrowed from the Cape Sable squatters.

Despite this omission, no appropriate tree remained unclimbed. Trees were often isolated on top of a rock reef. The observer would shinny up, carrying a ball of string with which he could haul up his field glasses, compass and notebook. He would flag the tree before coming down. Once at the bottom, he would hack on it the identifying blaze of the survey party.

All in all, the expedition established to the satisfaction of its leaders that a Key West route through the Everglades, though technically feasible and perhaps shorter, would not be a satisfactory alternative -- except, perhaps, in the eyes of certain minions of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is conceivable that construction supply difficulties, amply suggested by the

experiences of this small group, may have been an important argument against the land route. The ocean communications so extensively employed by the builders of the Overseas Railroad had their own special troubles but were infinitely preferable to the Everglades. The transport of men and materials in the construction of a Cape Sable extension would have been limited to a complicated sharing of the rail right-of-way as it progressed.

Flagler had built a railway the length of Florida. He and his men were well aware of all the hazards.

An unforeseen result of the expedition to Whitewater Bay was the reduction of that body of water "to one-half the size shown on former maps, and two-thirds of the area known as The Great Mangrove Swamp was discovered to be open prairie." □

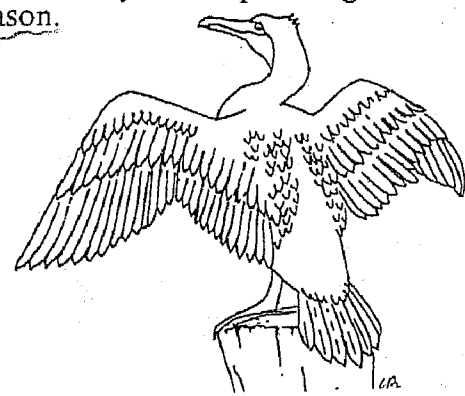
Nature Notebook

by Jeanne McClow

Double-Crested Cormorant *Phalacrocorax auritus*

Those long, dark shapes with slightly spread wings and sharply hooked bills you see atop pilings and rocks belong to the double-crested cormorant -- diving relative of the pelican. Reaching body lengths of more than three feet and looking more than a little prehistoric -- the family dates back 50-million years -- the cormorant is easy to spot.

Known in every part of the world, the seabird was originally named the *Corvus marinus* (hence, "cormorant"), which means, in Latin, "sea crow." They once were also known as "shags" due to the plumes they develop during the mating season.



Because of the enormous quantities of fish they consume, these majestic birds are called colorful names by local fishermen. Actually, the fish cormorants eat don't have much commercial value. The birds dive and swim too slowly to catch what we consider "food fish." Still, fishermen consider them a nuisance.

From its perch, almost always within sight of land, the cormorant dives for dinner, reaching depths of 100 feet. Then it returns to its perch to consume the catch, working the fish until it will fit lengthwise into its bill.

Often cormorants are seen perching with their wings, which span to 50 inches, spread. It is commonly believed that they are drying them for the next dive, though new fossil research suggests that this helps compensate for a body structure that is

slightly off-balance. Regardless of the reason, cormorants are strong fliers, resembling, with their outstretched necks, geese in flight. A number of the 30 or so species are migratory.

Most cormorants are ground breeders, nesting in groups of thousands. Each pair lays from 2 to 6 eggs, which hatch in about 4 weeks. In another 6 to 8 weeks, the young are on their own to begin a life that may span as many as 30 years, although only 18 years has been documented.

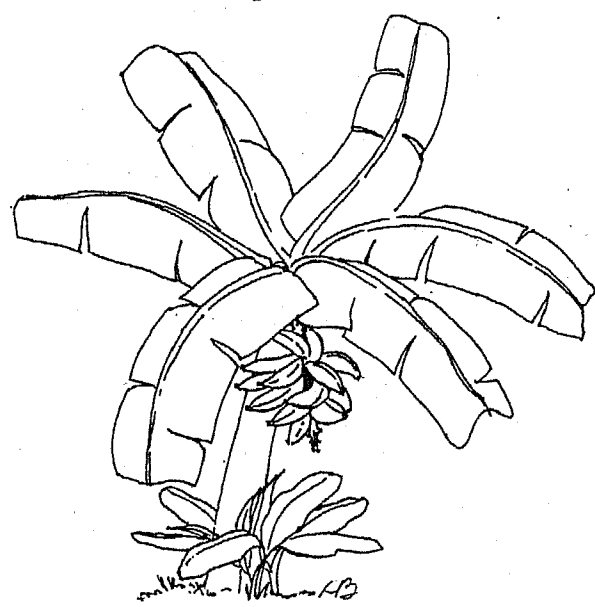
For centuries in China and Japan, cormorants were tethered, their throats were bound and they worked on fishing boats. Tossed overboard, the birds were hauled in when their throats were full of fish. The fish were removed and the birds returned to the water. At the end of the day, the bindings were released, and the birds were fed. Although this method of fishing is no longer economical, the Japanese Imperial Household still gives demonstrations to preserve its cultural value. Today, the cormorant is valued for its guano, which many countries use as an excellent fertilizer.

Plantain or Platanos *Musa paradisiaca*

Commonly called the horse, hog, burro or cooking banana, the cheap and plentiful plantain that most people of the Southern Hemisphere regard as a staple has been overlooked in the North. Lack of supply has not been the reason, for the plantain, a member of the banana family, can be shipped green. The problem is appearance -- plantains are ugly. Instead of the sweet, clear, yellow banana we are so fond of, the plantain is gangly and either too green or too bruised or too black to even consider eating. But as long as the skin is intact, any plantain can be eaten anytime. Thanks to our new populations of Latins, West Indians and Asians, we are finally learning how.

Originally Asian, the plantain tree, with its enormous glossy leaves that can make any place look tropical, is actually a giant herb with a "trunk" of tightly furled leaf sheaths that die in favor of new growth. During the summer, the plant sends out one

or more purple bracts -- a leaflike part. As the "bud" opens and the flowers it contains fall out, the "berries" above it will begin to grow into plantains. One of the few fruits that suffer no flavor loss from an early harvest, plantain clusters can be cut down at any time and refrigerated when they've reached desired ripeness.



Unlike our "dessert" banana, the plantain can be eaten green, at which point it is starchy and treated as a vegetable -- a substitute for potatoes and rice. Because of their toughness, green plantains -- like all plantains -- must be cooked before being eaten. To peel a green one, cut off the ends and then cut the body crosswise into three or four sections, slit the ribs and work off the peel crosswise. Ripe plantains are peeled like a yellow banana and prepared in the same ways.

Plantains Baked or Grilled in Their Skins

Using ripe plantains (brown to black), cut off the ends and slit the peels once lengthwise. Bake at about 350 degrees F. or grill, slit side up, until tender, a half-hour or more. Peel and serve whole, in strips or in slices. As an accompaniment to an entree, drizzle with melted butter, pan juices, or citrus juice; as a dessert, sprinkle with brown sugar, butter pieces and spices and bake until the sugar is caramelized.

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Tuesday, February 21	6:00 9:30	<i>Goin' South</i> <i>One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest</i>
Wednesday, February 22	6:00 10:00	<i>Reds</i> <i>Terms of Endearment</i>
Thursday, February 23	6:00 9:30	<i>Prizzi's Honor</i> <i>Heartburn</i>

Sheila Body

Continued from page 6

She is a member of the Art and Historical Society as well as a Friend of the Library. "The affordable organizations," she adds.

Whenever the conversation turns to literature, Sheila fondly recalls the Sunday night poetry readings at Old Guild Hall when local literary luminaries would fill the curving staircase.

Asked which two books she would take with her to her desert island next time, she cites the Bible, "because it contains all variations on themes," and the little known 1972 Austin Tappan Wright classic *Islandia* for its dreamlike, utopian quality.

Her own collection of books ranges from the English classics to a top-heavy selection of contemporary philosophy, peppered by such light-hearted delights as Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree* and Antoine de Saint-Exupery's *The Little Prince*.

Do you know the story of her own Frog

Prince? The man who showed up at her door with a duck under his arm, and didn't leave for three years? Have you noticed the gold frog she never removes from the chain around her throat? With the tiny jewels? He gave her that, then disappeared, said he'd return in person someday. Did I forget to say that magic is an important part of Sheila Body's life?

Asked what people see that makes them consider her a "character," she replies: "The frivolous, the exuberant, the flamboyant. They can't understand why I'm smiling. And my refusal to listen to meaningless intensities."

"How do the people who really know you, see you?" I ask.

"I guess you better ask them," she answers.

So I did.

Rusty Clark: "Indomitable."

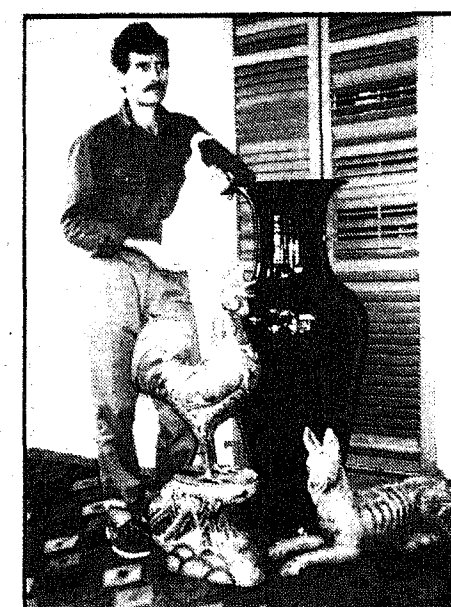
Trish Dawes Keef: "Involved."

Mike Sweers: "Extraordinary."

Christine Naughton: "Ebullient."

Addie Markoff: "Divine Madness." ☺

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Earth to Norm's Island

Continued from page 8

at a public hearing. Personally, if I had the chance I would deny the permit. But some agencies have indicated they could live with the project if there were changes and, of course, mitigation.

But perhaps with enough input from concerned citizens and a strong stand by our government agencies, the developers can still be convinced that this project is neither in their best interests nor those of the general public.

Perhaps they can be convinced to admit, as William Rouse III did, that some projects just won't fly.

Perhaps Norm Wood -- whom I admire because he rides a bike and is one of the better big-time fishermen around this town, perhaps Norm could just this once think like a fish. Or a blue crab. Or a tiny little shrimp living in the turtlegrass. Just this once. ☺

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The Writing Game

Thoughts on the Abilities and Motivations of Fiction Writers

by W.J. Schlicht, Jr., PhD

This will not be the first time a writer has sat down to write about what it takes to be a good fiction writer and what motivates writers. So why another attempt? The difference is that W.J. Schlicht is also a clinical psychologist, with years of experience in analyzing human abilities as they relate to vocational choices. A psychotherapist and psychodiagnostician, he frequently has been required to consider seriously questions of motivation in the people with whom he has worked.

It seems beyond dispute that a writer of fiction must have imagination, so that he can create a story made up of unusual and interesting incidents that could but may never actually happen. This means that the writer must be innovative and able to see things in a unique way. The ability to do this is similar to the ability to produce a technical or scientific invention. But in the case of the writer, a story is the invention. To put this another way, a fiction writer needs to think hypothetically about what might be, rather than what is. Especially he must visualize connections or relationships which might develop between people, or between events, or even between objects.

Writers having incredible gifts for starbound flights of imagination are, in fact,

quite plentiful today. Calvino, Fowles, Barth, Cortazar, and Burroughs are good examples of those who have broken free from possible constraints on what constitutes a story.

Equally important is the judgment to decide if the proposed connection or relationship is believable, feasible. If the writer judges that it is not believable, then he must know how to alter it so it is believable. Many aspiring writers do not fall short on imagination, but they lack the critical "believability" judgment required with it. Hospitalized psychiatric patients, in fact, frequently possess all the imagination required to be first-rate writers, but they do not have the other necessary skills.

Equally arguable is the contention that any effective fiction writer must be clearly expressive in his language of choice. (Originally this point was to have specified a writer's native language, but Joseph Conrad, Vladimir Nabokov and many others have demonstrated otherwise.) The writer must have a sense of words and their shifting meanings. He must know how words are connected to express thoughts. And he must do this easily, comfortably and quickly, or the process will be frustrating and he may not continue for long. This ability could be called *word or writing fluency*, and often along with it is a real joy

and love of words.

Associated with writing fluency, is an unconscious flow of properly connected words as the fiction writer tells his tale. In other words, sentence structure is often not something deliberately, consciously carried out. Instead it springs full-blown from the mind, ready for the hand to transfer to paper. Sometimes this flow is so rapid that the hand cannot keep up, which creates frustration because the writer knows he is going to lose some of those nicely turned phrases.

A third essential ability is that of composing believable dialogue. This is not the same as being able to write actual dialogue spoken by real people. It simply has to sound as if it might be spoken by real people. The requirement here is an ear for spoken language, for the nuances of speech, including idiom, dialect, and inflection. The writer must also be capable of recalling these styles or patterns of speech long enough to commit them to paper. It is possible that a writer lacking the ear for spoken language might still learn to write believable dialogue through reading superior examples in literature. A danger here, though, is that his dialogue, second-hand, as it were, may succumb to stereotypes, maudlin sentimentality, or simple cliché.

The ability to write dialogue that sounds just right is, in part, what makes Walker

Percy's writing so fine. Here is a passage from Percy's *The Second Coming*, in which Will, a previously disillusioned but now re-energized attorney, and Allison, a delightfully affectionate escaped psychiatric patient, make statements to declare their mutual love, each in his or her own language:

"Is it possible that there is such a life?"
"As what?"

"As a life of smiling ease with someone else and the sweetness for you deep in me and play and frolic and dear sweet love the livelong day, even at four o'clock in the afternoon turning the old yellow green-glade lonesomeness into a being with you at ease not a being with you at unease?"

"Yes, it's possible."

The capability of seeing a story as a set of sequential events, organized into identifiable segments of prose, is a fourth requirement. The sequence must also be translatable in the writer's mind into manageable units which can be written within a certain period. Although it has been reported that some novelists set down the first draft of a novel in one sitting, it would seem that this is a rare occurrence in serious fiction.

In dealing with intricate plot structure and a great amount of detail, the fiction writer must be able to organize and recall the sequence of a great number of related incidents. And he must be able to keep track of those incidents as he progresses with his story. In a long novel this may prove to be a monumental task. A case in point is John Irving's *Cider House Rules*.

Finally, the writer must have an aptitude for visualizing clearly the scenes required for his story. Again, the visualization of a real or imagined scene must be retained long enough for it to be rendered in written form. This is another way of looking at the often-mentioned requirement of the capacity to produce compelling, evocative description. It is not to say that the descriptive aptitude need be merely representational; what is required is the ability to portray a scene so

convincingly that the reader enters it and experiences the feelings which might be evoked in a person witnessing it for himself.

Many writers today produce excellent descriptions, but Bernard Malamud and Anne Tyler seem particularly outstanding examples. Malamud, in *Dubin's Lives*, writes of a snowstorm: *The wind had decreased in force but the coarse wet flakes were falling so rapidly he could barely see five feet ahead of him. [...] It was quiet where Dubin sat though he could hear the wind still groaning in the swaying trees, and every once in a while a clump of snow fell, sifting like mist through the spruce. He could feel his mouth trembling. Despite the cold he felt sweaty; he felt his age.*

Anne Tyler describes Ezra in *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*: *He had grown to be a large-boned man, but his face was still childishly rounded, with the wide eyes, the downy cheeks, the delicate lips of a schoolboy. His hair seemed formed of layers of silk in various shades of yellow and beige. [...] He proceeded through life absentmindedly, meditatively, as if considering some complex mathematical puzzle from which he was bound to look up, you think, as soon as he found the solution. But he never did.*

The primary reason for writing fiction is to say things that somehow cannot be said in conversation. The fiction writer, as well as any other writer, desires to communicate something he knows, or believes, or feels, but which is too difficult to convey through speaking, perhaps because the audience isn't available, or won't listen long enough to hear the whole story. Maybe it's the speaker who doesn't have the energy and will to dominate a verbal interchange for a sufficiently long period to tell his entire tale. So it is, in a sense, a desire to teach which motivates the writer, any writer.

Writers of fiction want to have an impact on their audience, although the impact sought after may be emotional, spiritual or intellectual. Some fiction writers aim at nothing less than changing a person's life:

bringing hope to someone devoid of it, or creating a sense of being part of the human community to someone totally isolated or alone, or offering a realization of the regenerating power of nature to someone whose energy is nearly exhausted.

Another reason fiction writers pursue their craft springs from a need for ego gratification, the desire for recognition by others. Perhaps even fame is possible for the fiction writer who succeeds. It is simply a human wish to be appreciated, but the author of a widely read novel may rapidly achieve celebrity status; he may be pictured in *Time*, or appear on a series of talk shows. Almost certainly he will receive letters from some of his readers and may embark on a host of intimate, but at-a-distance relationships. Of course, not all of these relationships will be at-a-distance. Fans may appear in the author's immediate life and romantic involvements have been known to result in surprisingly large numbers.

The notion of earning a living, and becoming truly rich, is similarly a reason to write. A best-selling novel along with the sale of movie rights, for instance, rapidly will propel an author into the ranks of the rich or near-rich in one fell swoop. But there is also the benefit of earning a living

Continued on page 45

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It is a Keys evening with a pure crystal character. Can that be the faintest glow of the Havana skyline out there south? The last quarter inch of a Weight Watchers Swiss Enchilada has been consumed. Daughter Annabel, on the patio, passes the glass doors looking so spiritual she's like a stained-glass window. The telephone rings.

After the ensuing conversation, I hang up with a clatter and close my eyes a moment or two. It is a Florida cracker couple calling to inform that they are en route to Key West. They are 14 miles away. It becomes clear as water that they confidently look to entrenching here as honored guests for an unspecified, probably not short, time.

It is someone that Early Husband did not relish. Marriage in Washington, D.C., to Early Husband was brief and brilliant. He entertained swift enthusiasms and swift rejections. With the two of us, there was an early failure of sympathies.

During the telephone parley, the male house-guest-to-be, Bismark, tells me that he and his roommate, Felicity, have stopped on Grassy Key to accommodate Snow Pea. Snow Pea -- their tiger cat who was fixed by an Orlando vet three years ago -- is experiencing a false pregnancy. Her present hopeless condition is brought on when she sees an enceinte Manx staked outside an elegant Palm Beach boutique on Worth Avenue. Snow Pea immediately, vainly, begins to aspire to motherhood.

Full of hope, her teats hang pendulously, and her little belly is tight as a tick's. Many stops must be made for her. Morning sickness. Bismark and Felicity treat her tenderly, because her heart is so set upon pulling off this accouchement, at which time her confidence will be sorely dashed.

Annabel now looks slightly less like a stained-glass window. As I unfold the specifics of our approaching house guests, she begins to make raccoon faces. This is an art that she picked up at the University of West Florida in Pensacola.

The fast-approaching house guests are, moreover, traveling with a young female manatee, a venerated member of their household. Ethel, the manatee, will arrive comfortably in a plastic box containing water and more frequently used for iced beer.



They also advance with a small, talking horse being pulled in a van behind their pickup truck.

"A talking Shetland pony?"

"Yes. His name is Loud Mouth."

"O, yes," Bismark adds, "there is a mutt. And there is Baby. Garfield, the mutt, has just come out of a homosexual stage, so we try to be particularly thoughtful of him. Baby? Ah, yes, Baby is nine months old."

Annabel finishes her Snickers bar and says, "You're going to fall apart. So, you'd best put up your feet."

True, I am shaken by the course of events to come. I know that I must break it to Benezhar Bhuddo, my current cat. If B.B., unalerted, comes upon Snow Pea and her tragic, false pregnancy, B.B. might go at her, and there could occur a tragic, false miscarriage.

I attire myself as you would for an execution, complete to my eel and ostrich belt holding together at the waist a stunning, long garment made out of World War II black-out draperies. Someone dressed here for Fantasy Fest and left these accoutrements.

I hand it to Bismark and Felicity that Baby is the first venerated

family member to be unloaded. Bismark carries Baby in a large bird cage. Baby possesses eyes of an intense blue, a disturbing blue never before seen. These eyes bore into you through the slats of the bird cage. Baby and bird cage are dropped onto an old sofa that sighs when sat on after 5 p.m.

I am trying to look somewhat encouraging and welcoming. But I am twisting a skein of my hair, talking to myself, my lips moving. "Father/Mother God, I am an insufficiently recognized writer. And I might sit at the Olivetti typewriter extolling, embellishing, embroidering, fabricating, contradicting, fillagreeing or ornamenting. And never could I capture the shipwrecked personality of this moment."

Other weighty undertakings are in progress, promoted by the visitors. Ethel, the manatee, is dumped into the swimming pool. Next, Loud Mouth, the talking Shetland pony, is offered a drink from a thin, silver flask that comes out of Bismark's back pocket. Bismark says that Loud Mouth screams shrilly when he spies a Key Deer while passing Big Pine Key. He takes it to be a long-lost relative. Felicity must jump out and cover Loud Mouth's eyes with a scarf so that they can make any time.

He respectfully carries his authoritative stomach like it's the Oxford Unabridged Dictionary.

Garfield, the mutt, breaks loose and does 50 fast laps around the cottage. Annabel, who thinks like a social worker and is versed in how to treat Garfield's sexual precocity, says "It's just a way of giving himself some relief."

Bismark takes my hands felicitously in his own large, damp hands. Bismark looks like he has just stepped out of a Franz Hals painting. Fierce, black mustache. He respectfully carries, or holds up, his authoritative stomach like it's the Oxford Unabridged Dictionary. He is a sensuous and powerfully built man.

Annabel stirs herself to hospitality and offers the guests a refreshment of soda crackers and green Koolaid. She has stuck a candle into a sweet potato to make the occasion festive. But Bismark takes a swig from his own trusty flask, a swig large enough to ward off cholera.

"Where's the doings?" Bismark asks, and is shown the convenience and other domestic arrangements.

Felicity imparts word about her diet. It's macrobiotic. She wouldn't eat meat for nine months for fear that her child would be born with a pig's tail. She is president of the Southeastern Continental Divide Kidney Stone Formers Club. Also, she is a passionate sculptress.

She straightaway thrusts everything off the dresser and installs a figure that looks like a large-scale model of a mosquito. Felicity says that it is to be a brontosaurus.

I have given them the bedroom with the walls painted bulldozer yellow. To me, the color of yellow means love, warmth and friendship. This room always, unaccountably though pleasantly, smells of oregano and begonias.

The surging forces of the company now inundate the cottage. A chair leg puts out a twig with three leaves in sympathy. My reproduction of that wonderfully famous and boring chair by Van Gogh is whisked off the yellow wall by Bismark. Also, "The Postman's Wife" is pulled down. Annabel is murmuring, hoping it will be heard, "Just glancing at a picture on the wall is not a way to know a picture at all." This is just about as harshly critical as Annabel ever reaches with anyone or anything. Bismark sets in and hangs his own pictures of the Vegetarian Presidential Candidate. Bismark has stumped in the vanguard for this candidate in 18 states.

Bismark's political exhaustion doesn't prevent his clearing the table where my writing props are stationed. This includes the Olivetti, Random House Dictionary, a 1979 Key West Directory and a plastic magnolia in a strange old grey jug.

Continued on page 43

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Floating for Our Future

Globalists Turn Trash into Sea Vessel

by Dean Scarpinato

Something exciting is happening on Hilton Haven Drive in Key West: something which may soon gain worldwide attention. Christopher and Klaus Weiland -- world travelers and creative recycling consultants -- are building a vessel worthy of a transatlantic voyage out of materials found in local trash cans, city beaches and illegal dumpsites.

The project is called C.R.E.A.T.E. R.A.F.T. -- a community environmental education program. According to Christopher Weiland, "There is nothing directly or indirectly related to this adventure which has not been discarded by individuals or companies."

Thousands of rubber tires filled with styrofoam and soda bottles are linked together to form "rubber logs" -- individually contained flotation devices. Masts are formed from discarded PVC tubes, and parts of old sails are interwoven to make the sail cloth. The Weilands believe that no safer vessel has ever been built for enduring the Atlantic.

"The inherent flexibility of the vessel enables it to absorb the great stresses in the North Atlantic. The safety and comfort of the crew is ensured by a centrally located dome shelter," said Christopher Weiland.

They plan to leave Key West next summer, making their way to New York and stopping at "ecological hotspots" along the way. They will then set sail for Europe, arriving about 60 days later in Hamburg, Germany.

This adventure hopes to call attention to the fact that "there are many creative ways to



Tires filled with plastic bottles and styrofoam, then lashed together, are the building blocks for a raft which is scheduled to float from Key West to Hamburg, Germany. Photo by Christopher Weiland.

utilize the waste around us and put it to a meaningful use beyond its service life." Planting this thought in the public mind is the seed which over time may blossom.

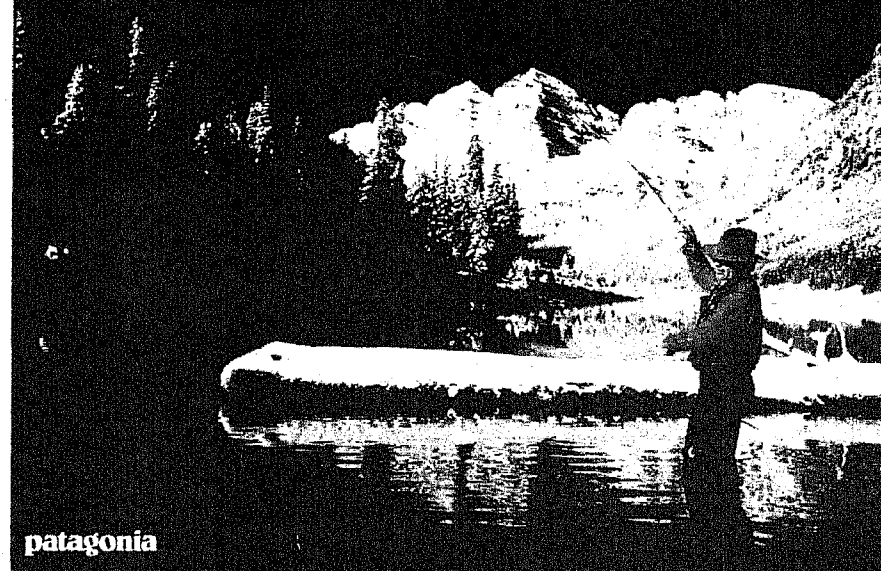
Perhaps children represent the most fertile soil in which to plant the seeds of gradual change. Local school principal Jerry Braden believes that the C.R.E.A.T.E. program can be integrated into the school curriculum. Herein, environmental preservation and creative solutions to one of the great problems of the world would be a normal part of our

children's education. At an early age they can become aware of their roles in the delicate balance of the ecosystem.

"We need to take responsibility for this paradise we've inherited," said Christopher Weiland, "and adventure is the medium by which we can capture the hearts of millions of people and focus their positive energy on this common cause."

Feel free to visit the construction site or write to: Project R.A.F.T., Box 4278, Key West, FL 33040.

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David W. Freeman, C.P.C.U.
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State Attorney

Continued from page 15

classifications of felonies and misdemeanors," Zuelch said. "This way we are able to keep ourselves in line with the work, more or less."

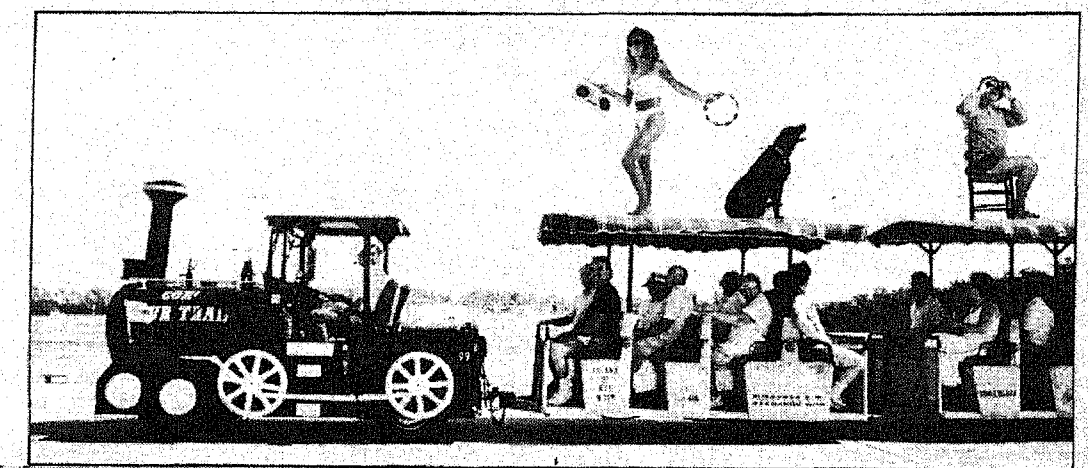
In his mind, the biggest single issue facing Florida's legislators today is how to cope with the overwhelming demand for prison space.

"Too many convicted felons are let go too early," Zuelch said. "Many of them never spend any serious time in prison for their crimes against society."

Zuelch himself takes on the task of presenting cases to the grand jury, running investigations for that body of citizens and making sure they know how the law applies in whatever field they're digging into.

Within this year, Zuelch hopes that his offices, now overflowing into each other, will be able to expand into the adjoining office of the election supervisor, thereby easing some of the space strain. The election office, then, he said, will take over

THE ANTIC HUMOR OF RICHARD WATHERWAX



UNBEKNOWNST TO THE TOURISTS...

most of the building now occupied by the county judges' offices. The county judges, then, are expected to move into the old sheriff's offices on the first floor of the annex.

"What we need most of all," Zuelch said, leaning back in his chair, "is a real

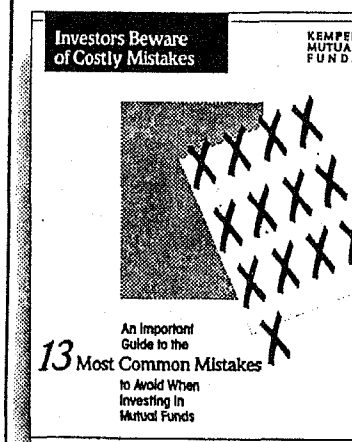
comprehensive long-term plan for the growth expectancy of this county and how the government offices can grow with it reasonably to serve the people without killing them with taxation."

Dream on, and the best of luck to all of us.

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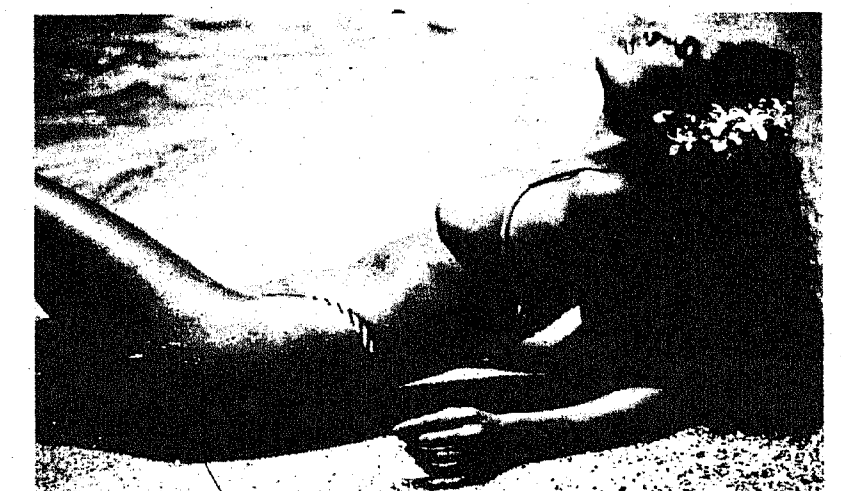
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Three years ago I experienced a workshop that changed my perspectives on life. Neurolinguistic programming or NLP was the theme. And throughout the two weeks spent in Palm Springs, California I learned the process of communication. Some of us are listeners, others feelers and still others seers; the modes of communication are visual, kinesthetic and auditory.

It was amazing how we all interpreted love. An internal representation of our first experiences creates the foundation we use to continue our interpretations. Yet, our belief of something is what we think makes it true. And as we were told in the workshop, all beliefs are lies.

Beliefs are created through our generalizations, distortions and deletions. That means we cannot believe all beliefs at one time. Instead we create preferences and call them the truth. For example, say the word *picnic* to two people. One will immediately cringe and remember the ants, bugs, rain and discomfort. Someone else will see wine, cheese, the sun and a lovely

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day. Both are defining the word *picnic* differently in their minds.

And so it is with love, too. For some people love means pain because that is what they have experienced and interpreted from it. Others are in love with love. (Where are you?) How can we break through the illusion? By knowing that above our own representations is something even larger and inexplicable: that is that love just is regardless of how we mess with it. Love stays constant.



Renate Perelom, editor

One of the final exercises in our workshop was to write a letter of gratitude to ourselves. It would be mailed to us in two weeks. By then the impact of our work had merged with everyday reality. When my letter arrived it totally opened up the love and appreciation I needed from myself. I read that letter now when I feel the need to re-establish that appreciation for myself. A suggestion for all of you for Valentine's Day -- send something of gratitude and love to yourself.

One of the thoughts that stays with me is the saying about love: The more you give away the more you get a chance to keep. This Valentine's Day when we acknowledge our loved ones, let's allow our hearts to spill over to include people we may not know. How about visiting the hospital?

Several years ago I went to Florida Keys Memorial Hospital and asked the nurse if she would allow me to visit someone who received no visitors. I was escorted into a room in which an emaciated man lay resting. I sat in the room and sent him healing thoughts. Upon awakening in a few

moments he looked at me and smiled. I said, "I am here as a friend; is there anything you want to share? How can I help you right now?" He spoke in a feeble voice and told me about his relatives. Then I recognized him. It was the Iguana Man. He was dying.

I told him how much I appreciated all he had done for so many people in bringing joy to their lives.

You see, the Iguana Man had several large lizards and a pet Chihuahua that he brought to downtown Duval Street on a bicycle. People would take pictures of this incredible sight.

I told the Iguana Man that I spoke for the hundreds of people who would have been there had they known his condition. I praised him and thanked him again.

His eyes shone knowing his life had meaning, that he shared something people would remember him by. He died two days later.

Gratitude, acknowledgement, purpose -- people need to know they matter. Tell people you love them. You might not get another chance. Tell your team members you work with, tell your family, tell God, tell those who have passed on, tell those you feel wounded by, tell those who need to hear it.

This month Valerie Ridenour writes on Barbara Norcross, local psychic. I met Barbara last year and her compassion and accuracy in sharing information with me was right on. She is a person who inspires and heals with her words. I am glad to know her and the fine work she has shared with others.

Included as well is a fine book review by Dee Scarbrough. Conrad Satala sent me this book and I felt inspired by it. I know you will want to include *Awaken Your Creative Potential* as part of your spiritual library. This book is indeed right for the serious seeker.

Happy Valentine's Day!

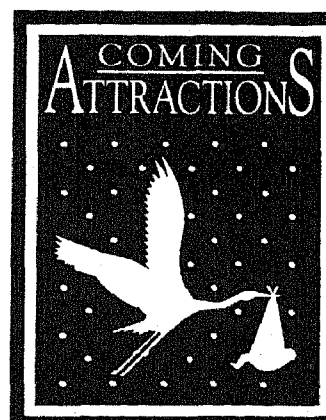
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Frances R. Rouse

Book Review: *Awaken Your Creative Potential*

by Dee Scarbrough

Awaken Your Creative Potential by Conrad Satala is a book to be not only read but also experienced. It describes Satala's personal journey of transformation and explains how you can take a similar one. Its purpose is to teach the reader to learn to live and act continuously from his higher inner self. To achieve this the book encourages the reader to experience and record the many meditations scattered throughout. If this is too cumbersome, tapes may be purchased from the author's instructional organization.

Those who have known and loved *Joy's Way* by Brugh Joy will undoubtedly like this book. In it Satala says his own transformation was similar to the transformational psychology model discussed in Joy's book. In Joy's words, it is "the freeing of the soul into its natural expression."

Satala enumerates the many benefits of this process. The change the process promotes encompasses all levels -- physical, mental, emotional and spiritual. Physically, a person achieves greater flexibility of movement, better developed inner and outer healing abilities, more awareness of inner feelings and sensations, and increased overall functioning.

Mentally, he experiences greater recall, improved memory, and better deductive reasoning. He may find he seeks knowledge in a different way and for different reasons. Instead of looking for answers and information outside of himself, he will know to make time for inner synthesis so inner answers can emerge.

Emotionally, he feels and expresses the powerful energy of unconditional love and perceives and acts from a sense of acceptance of and unity with all beings and things. Consequently, he achieves a state of calm, balance, and centeredness. He has greater understanding and love for himself and others.

Spiritually, a person may begin to feel limitless as to his possibilities. He begins to feel secure as he starts to realize his potential and understands he is supported and cared for by his soul and spirit. Usually, the person will choose to spend more time in creative pursuits and achieve a greater state of creative expression.

Satala says that this process involves the synchronization of the whole triune brain with the focus on the heart energy. He thoroughly explains this. Meditations are provided to aid the reader in this process. Satala also explains how to tell if the meditations are having the desired effect.

Awaken Your Creative Potential is highly recommended to those who are open to spiritual and psychological growth, who are interested in becoming and acting more at one with their higher selves, and who are open to fulfilling all that they actually are. It, too, would be best read by those who can give the meditations the time and effort they deserve. The process appears to be well worth the effort.

Dee Scarbrough is a teacher, librarian and healer who has had an abiding interest in both psychology and spirituality for 10 years.

Barbara Norcross: Key West's Incredibly Accurate Psychic

by Valerie Ridenour

When Barbara Norcross first appeared on Sioux Rose's Channel 5 television show, *Astrology and the Divine Order*, a lady called in to say she had lost some gold rings. Barbara asked her if someone she knew had new carpet installed recently. Several days later the woman called Barbara to say the rings were found under her daughter's new carpet. During another show a man called. After answering his specific question Barbara asked if he had a dog. There was an immediate flurry of barking. Barbara told the gentleman to enjoy his pet during the holidays. Later, after the show, she confided that the dog was old and sick and would not live through January.

When Barbara Norcross' telephone number flashes on the screen her coda-phone fills up with messages. One was from a doctor who was told a lover he had treasured who had vanished would reappear very soon, would call and would open the conversation with certain words. A few days later the doctor answered the phone and heard those very words.

What is this gift that enables Barbara to see coming events in others' lives but not her own? It's a gift from God. As long as

I use it to benefit other people, I'll have it," she claims.

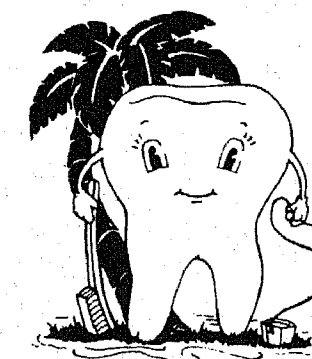
Barbara's own life has taken her through many changes -- a career on stage owning and managing her own nightclub, becoming an executive chef, and a writer. She has been married three times, and has lived in New York City, Texas, Germany, and has made her home in the Keys. It is highly likely that Barbara will be working with Gary Young at the Island Wellness Center on the corner of Simonton and Southard (formerly known as the Sanctuary). While many psychics are charging large fees, Norcross believes her rate should remain reasonable. "I want everyone who needs a reading to be able to afford one."

Wherever Barbara has lived celebrity clients have sought her services. People like Joe Namath and Bert Reynolds have turned to Barbara for guidance. Many have offered large fees, which Barb has turned down, believing that her gift is one that must be shared. Her fee covers her expenses. She has done thousands of readings free.

Throughout her unusual life Barbara has experienced many bizarre changes, with relatively few times most would call "normal." One of her husbands turned out to be a gangster rather than the businessman he professed to be. Another gave her a yacht as a wedding present, took her to England to honeymoon, then vanished for over a year, turning up briefly to steal the boat. During the time she was alone, Norcross developed and ran several businesses successfully. Her last position as executive chef ended in a fall on a slick

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tile floor, resulting in several surgical procedures. Barbara believes that healing can come from many sources, both natural and supernatural. Her advice is, "If you feel you need a medical doctor, by all means go to one. God has provided us with many avenues of healing. What may work for me may not for you. The choice is yours -- that's called free will."

Barbara Norcross is no ordinary psychic. Her accuracy is truly amazing, and her personality is warm, kind, and humorous. If you've never consulted a psychic you would do well to begin with Barbara. One thing I guarantee -- she'll blow your mind. ☐



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Special Events

Feb. 11. Valentine Menchetti will give a discussion of Holistic Philosophy entitled "A New Way of Living" at Island Wellness, Simonton at Southard. The discussion will take place from 1-3 p.m. and will cost \$10.
Feb. 23 & 24. Sonia Green will teach 1st degree Reiki at Island Wellness. Reiki is a simple and profound way to revitalize mind, body and spirit. You may use Reiki on yourself, your family and friends. The course will meet from 7-10 p.m. both nights and will cost \$100.
Feb. 25. Marlyce Divernois will give a free demonstration of Breathing Gymnastics at Island Wellness. Ms. Divernois learned this therapeutic process at the Wolf Institute in Brugg Switzerland. Although Breathing Gymnastics is used to improve respiratory conditions, Marlyce is a pioneer in its wellness application for achieving optimal health. No charge.

For Your Information

• Unity of the Keys is offering classes, workshops and special events. Call 296-5888 for details.
• The Women's Resource Center on Truman Annex offers programs that support the community. Enjoy the morning meditations and stretch classes. Call Gazelle at 296-7924 or Midge at 296-4115.
• Ongoing classes at Island Wellness, 530 Simonton, 296-7353, are: Mondays: 10:30 a.m. -- Charles Karp Yoga; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation; 5:30 p.m. --

Stillpoint Relaxation; 7:00 p.m. -- Personal Growth, ongoing group with Bill Schlicht; 7:45 p.m. -- Homoeopathic Study Group with Dr. R. Donald Papon. Tuesdays: 10:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Carol Anderson; 10:30 a.m. -- Stress Free; 4 p.m. -- Reflexology; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 7 p.m. -- Yoga with Carol Christine. Wednesdays: 10:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Carol Anderson; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 6 p.m. -- Jung discussion led by Roy Stone, Jr.; 7 p.m. -- Group Meditation; 8 p.m. -- Experience Hypnosis with Monica Geers. Thursdays: 10:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Carol Anderson; 10:30 a.m. -- Reflexology; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 4:00 p.m. -- Stress Free; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 7:00 p.m. -- Affirmation. Fridays: 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint. Saturdays: 12:00 Noon -- Meditation with Greg Strickland.

• 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.
• Homoeopathic Study Group on Monday evenings 7:45-9:30 by Dr. R. Donald Papon. Fee is \$5. Call 296-7353 or 296-3574 for details. ☐

Gallery Hopping

by Gordon Lacy

Are we an art colony? The very word *colony* conjures up the image of thousands of ants furrowing through earth behind glass and enclosed in a frame, or a honeycomb aswarm with drones in service to a selfish queen whose untiring labors coincidentally produce honey.

As a young man thinking simplistically I went to Palma de Mallorca expecting a colony of fishermen where I could learn Spanish, eat fish and mend a broken heart. Well, Palma is the summit of sophistication after Los Angeles; very little Spanish is spoken there and the fish are mostly frozen. My heart mended while I watched my pre-owned Lancia convertible dangle for two hours in a heavy fish net over the pier until the crane was unjammed.

The colony there was Anglo, and the English treated the Americans with heavy irony as though we were puppies -- a pat on the head and a bone thrown, titters guaranteed. What remains to my mind the apogee of the British Colonial Empire is the invention of mayonnaise in the city of Mahon on Minorca topped only by the production of Minorcan gin -- the heartiest ever -- sold in 16-liter vats, exploiting this island's ground cover, the juniper berry.

If Key West is an art colony, then it follows that art is the queen and the artists are drones. Of course it's not that simple, for we are a huge number of artists practicing music, theater, sculpture, painting, dance and writing, and each of these categories is hardly on speaking terms with the others. A dear friend of mine from the literary clique showed up at a large and eclectic cocktail party and, dismayed, asked me who all the people were. "Are they rich Snow Birds? Artists? Do they live here?"

The sculptors barely speak to the painters, the actors don't mingle with the painters or the writers, and the literate can

never remember anyone outside their own circle. Some gallery owners do not even attend their own opening parties much less others'.



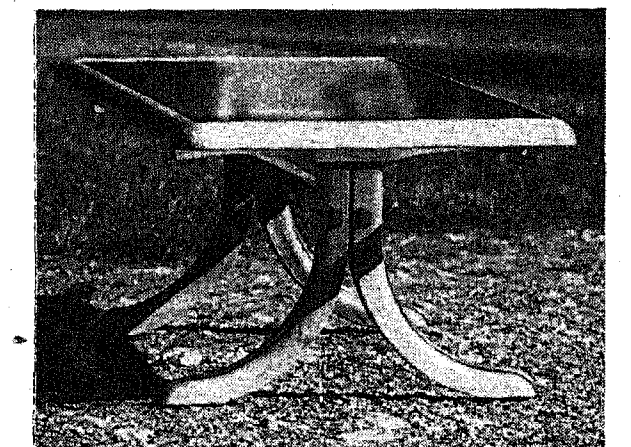
I can only conclude that we are some sort of colony, but we are definitely not homogenized. Our members have grown into the hundreds now which brings me to this point: my last column mentioned almost every visual artist in Somo. Some 22 kilobytes in length, it was pared down to about 12. So, "Gallery Hopping" is undergoing a facelift. Henceforth, instead of mentioning each and every artist each month, I will report on special interests.

We now have two sorts of gallery: those with ceiling fans and wooden floors and windows, and those with all-artificial lighting, air-conditioning, and wall-to-wall carpeting. Gingerbread eased open without much fanfare in Fred Gros' old premises. It is glitzy indeed with stylish wall-to-wall, good lighting without distracting sunlight, AC and a high-tech computer center to boot. On the newly added walls one can see John Kiraly's tropical paradises in a serigraphed series, signed and numbered, and many works by Sal Salinero, painted wood-carvings of local scenes by George Garcia. Ron Clemons is represented by his wayward ladies-of-the-night, Meg Carell by watercolor fish studies. Patricia Townsend has thrown reserve to the wind and become frankly carnal, and I for one am all for it. Townsend has great wit and her colors are lovely. And she is affordable.

I really longed to peel back a part of the

carpet to see if Fred Gros' drips and drabs of paint are still there, remembering how when the July sun hit the plate-glass window in the afternoon, one stationed oneself under the ceiling fan and one's shirt surely turned to sop. Vain nostalgia ...

The Great Southern Gallery (by next month it will have gelled and no longer be identified as ex-Gingerbread) has a bit of everything -- an almost outdoor viewing space, a windowless, carpeted, air-conditioned salle, and a framing space with wooden floors and a fan. Dick and Kathryn Moody have amassed an all-Florida show



A West Indian mahogany table by Bill Palmer. Photo by the artist.

that encompasses everything one can think of. I am not much into artisans, but there were handmade papers, basketry and weaving in between an eclectic show of paintings and sculpture and photographs.

Of particular quality were the Hopperesque acrylics by John Whipple which demonstrated a nice darkness and fine aura. The knockout thing about Marilyn Spence's small sculptures of the human figure was the Yves Klein blue, my favorite color. Nels Johnson's color photos of Key West were a delicate treat.

MICHAEL SHANNON

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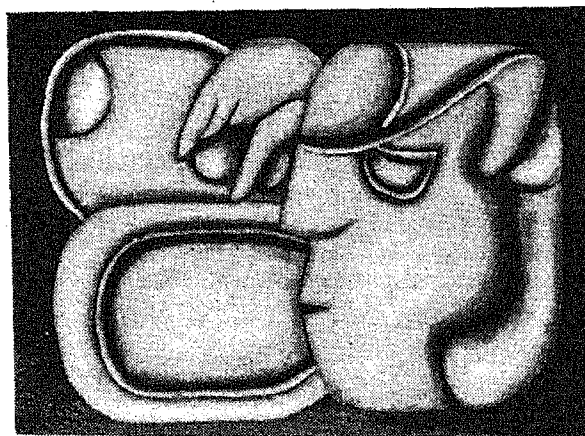
STUDIO AND GALLERY • LAND'S END VILLAGE, 249 MARGARET ST. • KEY WEST • 294-4823

FEATURED ARTISTS: JAMES WADE DAUGHERTY • BYRON SHANNON • BETTY FAGAN • WALT DESEL • LAZARO HUGUET • TAYLOR STEPHENS • CHUCK

This gallery should catch on; Dick has set up a framing center, tools are always very impressive. Even more impressive was the press release about the artists, whipped out out of the gallery computer. The Moodys are proving attentive and professional.

Larry Berk has done a splendid job, personal charm apart, at the Florida Keys Community College Library where he has installed a long white wall lit at numerous spots. The library is spacious and agreeable and life goes on normally around the viewing area. The first show was sculptor Wayne Pelke's airy figures; the second, Lawson Little's photographic Iberian foray. It is commendable that our college is drawing on our artists and Key West society and giving us quality shows. From February 4 through 24, Berk is presenting a group exhibit and I cannot figure out why John Morrel should be included in a show of Black artists unless it is his subject matter. In any case he is in excellent company with the famous-in-his-own-lifetime Jacob Lawrence, Roemare Beardon and occasionally local Walter Thoms. I can detect a certain technical kinship between them, though I don't know Thoms' work.

If you have not seen the Henri La Chapelle Mayan show at the college library rush over after reading this and you may get in under the line. It is certainly the one-man of the season if not of all seasons. A stunner: go in the evening to see it without daylight. To come up the stairs and see this



One of the Mayan series by Henri LaChapelle. Photo by the artist.

spotlit exhibit in gold and blue and others is breathtaking.

La Chapelle spent 14 months on location researching the Mayan. The Mayan language is written on steles of stone in glyphs which represent objects or phonetics and are open to interpretation. Thus these paintings are of a written language and the artist has interpreted the symbols in his own way. The shapes are gravid and weighted, smooth and rounded, and they seem to emit light rather than absorb it. The impression received is one of steady calm; each piece seems to have a life of its own. The show is a true marriage of art and erudition.

On the flip side of the wall are the paintings and sculpture from La Chapelle's *Tomb of the Sun King* at East Martello last season, one of my all-time favorites. Though I missed the magnificent sarcophagus this time around we shall not quibble; the show is substantive and very beautiful. Last year a kind friend, who is a professional, read my novel in manuscript and said, "This is what you should be doing." The Mayan studies is what La Chapelle should be doing. Moira McKinly Logan is the sole agent for La Chapelle and can be reached at 296-3166.



Bill Palmer who designs and creates custom wood furniture -- and beautifully, I may add -- opened a gallery in January at 1026 Truman Avenue showing the works of three painters and his own furniture. Downstairs is his atelier, the showrooms being upstairs. The furniture is solid and the wood chosen for grain. The word *sumptuous* comes to mind though actually it is classically austere. The painters are Bill Bowie who is showing three dark abstracts; Fred Laros -- a delightful painter whose loss two years ago was deeply felt in the art community of SoMo -- who to my mind worked in the style of Paul Klee; and Lyder Fredrickson who at 84 is vibrantly alive and painting small rich abstract works.

Pops is Norwegian and had the good sense to marry a French girl, Renee, whom he picked up on a bench in Central Park 58 years ago. They have been wintering in Key West for many years and founded and ran Tempo gallery for 26 years here and in Lennox during summers. They lived in Paris in 1939, ran into Adolf Hitler and got on the last boat back. Lyder became manager for the oldest framemaker in the world, Haydenrike, which has outlets worldwide. His expertise in antiquing wood led him into woodcarving. He framed the Frick museum's Van Eyck and duly signed his work. His oils are balanced and lyrical, and I hope everyone will go have a look at this new and original gallery.

The Shannon's gallery at Land's End is open even though the work is going on. Nancy is planning a full-bar opening party in early March.

Naya Rydzewski, who won an award in the Key West Art Center's November juried show for her "Conch Shell and Table," had a show there from January 21 through 28 and because of deadlines I am unable to comment. Naya has changed from oil abstracts to figurative watercolors. Her competence has not changed; another favorite.

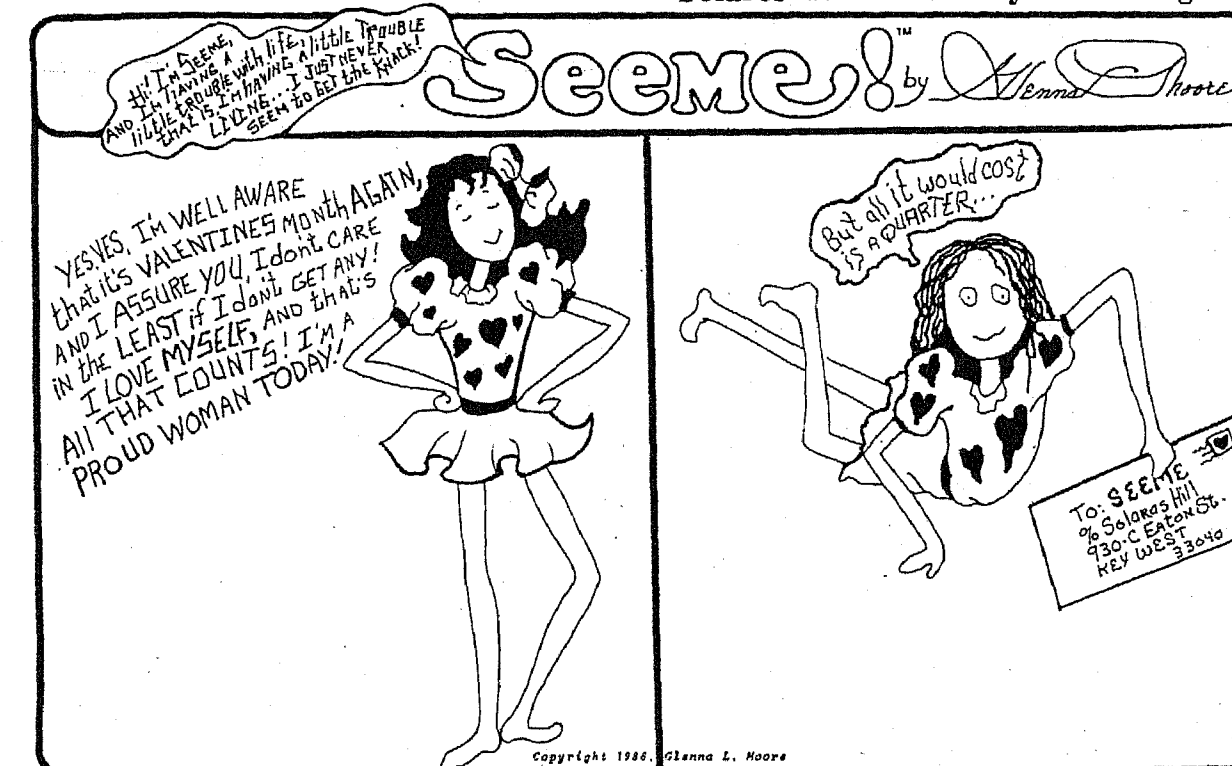


The Lane Gallery in February will feature John Burgess' new paintings, David Newton's constructions and abstracts, Berle Weinstein in a new hot tropical palette and, on the 26th, John and Fiona Own from England. They both do watercolors, she whimsical naif works and he, serene landscapes. Terry Gindele's vinyls will also be featured.

Of interest at Lucky Street Gallery, Roberta Marks, Ron Van Balen's great ladder, Fred Gros' delightful and reasonable animals and John Martini's *simpatico* figures in steel. John has received two small Jordon Meister oils and is awaiting impatiently the arrival of two large canvasses. So am I. He is showing two Mexican painters, Arturo Miranda and Alejandro Rodriguez, who have both recently been honored by a government grant to a year's study in Berlin.

East Martello is showing *Folk Art of the Florida Keys* until March 5. The exhibition has been painstakingly curated by Helen Harrison and David Eckhart. From the few things I have seen we are in for some revelations.

The largest work of art in Key West is the newly restored Lighthouse. Under architect Bert Bender's supervision it has been totally revamped -- inside and out -- to the way it was in 1905. It is now all black and white, but the work was more than cosmetic. The cracks in the structure have been epoxied and the tower made proof to



everything for the next 50 years. All the glass has been replaced, the windows and front door are made using the original designs.

On February 4 at 11 a.m. there will be a ribbon-cutting ceremony and a speech by Wayne Miller of the Lighthouse Society on the Bicentennial of American Lighthouses. Mr. Miller has come from San Francisco to officiate. Cookies and punch will be served and access to the tower will be free until 1:00 p.m. Then at 7:00 p.m. at the Top of La Concha there will be a buffet dinner with

free bar all done in Lighthouse theme -- even the Polynesian food will be sculpted into Lighthouse shape. At about 9:00 p.m. when the free bar turns into a cash bar, Cullen Chambers will flick the switch to turn the Lighthouse on, visible to all diners and Lighthouse fanatics waiting in La Concha. I don't know how you can afford to miss this one!

With the rules changing, if you have something to report either as gallery or artist please call me at 294-0012 or leave a message on my machine, 294-7115.

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around. A notebook, a pencil, a ruler, two-and-a-half sticks of gum, a matchbook with one match, a used tissue, a silver hoop earring without a clasp, keys, a comb and absolutely no makeup. At least I can modify this ridiculous hairdo. Out with the barrettes, a little combing and fluffing, and *voila!* Considerably better than the Cabbage Patch look I started with.

The cab screeches to a halt at 76th Street and 1st Avenue. I throw money at the driver and jump out. Flying low down 1st Avenue, I feel my right foot hook a wire strung across the sidewalk like a trap. My arms and legs flail wildly, launching the red purse out into the middle of the street. I hear the crunch of pencil and the snap of ruler under tires as I recover my equilibrium. I rescue the purse from the surge of traffic, step back up on the curb and look for the culprit.

An upright vacuum cleaner stands, plugged in somewhere within the recesses of a vegetable market and stretched to the end of its tether. Gathered around the vacuum are four Korean men, talking all at once and gesticulating wildly. My cartoonlike flight over the vacuum's cord has escaped their attention. Obviously some high level experiment judging the relative merits of a vacuum cleaner over a broom in cleaning vegetable droppings from a sidewalk. Wonder if it could do anything for the tire tracks on my purse?

Finally, I find the restaurant. The big moment arrives. Here is the door, and here is the welcome rush of a cool, air-conditioned breeze on my wet skin. It's a romantic place, with stained-glass windows and Tudor decor in the bar. Couples snuggle in candlelit booths along the wall. It's the perfect place for a date.

Sinking gratefully into a cushioned chair on wheels, I take a deep breath. The worry, the tension, the sweating, the frazzled nerves are behind me. It's time for the date.

And here comes Jerry. Nice looking in a low key sort of way. An easygoing kind of guy, obviously, or he wouldn't be wearing that torn T-shirt and those old jeans and grubby red running shoes with no socks.



The not-for-profit Wesley House hopes to raise \$20,000 on February 14 to benefit the 94 youngsters in its specialized educational daycare program. The Valentine's Day event will be at Edith & Al Amsterdam's Curry Mansion from 5 to 9 p.m. The tax-deductible tickets are \$15 and include food, refreshments, and music. For information call 296-5231.



Mallory Square from Front to Caroline Street will be alive with color and festivity as more than 125 artists display their work at the 24th Annual Old Island Days Art Festival on Saturday, February 25, and Sunday, February 26. The event is sponsored by the Key West Art Center, Inc., the Key West Players, Inc. and local businesspeople. Admission is free.

He makes me pay for my own dinner. His tickets for the concert are for seats five rows apart.

The concert is three hours long and

simply awful. The only good thing is the air-conditioning.

I see the rules of the date have changed in six years. Get me to a nunnery. ☐

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Sweet Sounds from the Chamber

by Dr. Elwood Bear

The rehearsal began with none of the starch and ceremony of the concert stage. Soprano Connie Moody sat on a divan in the salon at Casa Gato, recalling the mishap of her last concert there -- the sudden ringing of a telephone at a quiet, delicate moment in her aria. Startled but undaunted, Connie proceeded smoothly on.

Petite Japanese pianist Michiko Otaki entered and the artists wondered if they would be *simpatico*. They were; a wonderful rapport developed from the start. A Bach cantata filled the salon. The five young gentlemen comprising the Warsaw Wind Quintet had arrived, and from side chambers there came the piping of a flute, the throaty tones of the bassoon, the authoritative notes of a clarinet and oboe.

A sudden gust of wind scattered sheets of music, and the artists laughed as they scrambled to collect them. I requested an interview with Grzegorz Cimoszko, the handsome flutist who spoke English better than his colleagues. We moved to a quiet space off the salon and "Gregory" said he was not sure of his command of English. But with the exception of a few questions, he understood and responded with alacrity.

There must be magic in a flute, as Mozart would have us believe, because Gregory, at 32, appears much younger. He began his pursuit of serious music at age five in Warsaw. It was the piano then. He took up the flute at 11. Ten years later, after completing his studies at the Warsaw Academy of Music, he was playing with the National Philharmonic and its offspring, the Warsaw Wind Quintet, which is making its first U.S. tour. Gregory toured the U.S. in 1982, 1983, and 1987 with the Philharmonic Orchestra. It was clear that this young man loved his work.

But how does his family and those of the others feel about the long absences? Gregory said that he is not married, nor is the oboist, who is the newest member of the Quintet. The other three have families who are supportive and have accepted the ways a professional musician must work.

There exists an extensive repertoire for woodwind quintets, mostly 20th century composers such as Wojciech Kilar (1932-),

a fellow countryman, Gregory said. The Quintet performed Kilar's *Quintet for Winds* (1952) on December 30 at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. Gregory emphasized that some of the strange and original scales used in this work are based on the modes found in Polish folk music.

These often are not well understood by American audiences, particularly on first hearing. Two years ago, members of the National Philharmonic formed a new 12-member group called the Camarata Wistula "in order to play the bigger form."

This group has not yet performed in the U.S. but is performing at home and recording for the Polish National Radio and for the Munich-based ProViva Records.

Returning to the Casa Gato salon, we found Connie and Michiko running through Franz Schubert's *The Shepherd on the Rock* with clarinetist Miroslaw Pokrzywinski. Connie was in rare form. Michiko was flawless as usual in her piano accompaniment. It would be a very good New Year's Day concert. All that was needed now was the starch and ceremony. ☐



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FEBRUARY CALENDAR

EVENTS & FUNDRAISERS

- 2/3 Festival of the Continents presents Puccini's opera *La Boheme* at the Strand Theatre. Call 296-5882.
- 2/3-4 Old Island Days House and Garden Tours. Call Bill Anderson at 294-9501.
- 2/3-4 The Key West School of the Performing Arts will hold registration for its winter workshop. Classes include: Scene Study; Adult Acting Techniques; and Life Drama. Call 294-2833.
- 2/3-3/5 Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre presents *La Cage aux Folles*. Call 296-2120.
- 2/4 Historic Key West Lighthouse will be re-lighted at 11 a.m. Celebration includes a free reception on the museum grounds, followed by admission to the historic structure. At 7 p.m. the beam will be re-lighted again. An open bar and buffet is available for \$25. Call 296-6206.
- 2/3-3/5 The Red Barn Theatre presents *Pumpkins and Dinettes*. Call 296-9911.
- 2/6-17 Helpline winter training classes will be held in the dePoo Hospital cafeteria from 6:30-10:30 p.m. Training is 40 hours; volunteers answer phones four hours per week. Call 296-0129.
- 2/7-25 Monroe County Pollution Control will be at Bay Point, MM 14.5 (W. Circle and Beach Drives) to pick up white goods. Dump free with black sticker or proof of garbage bill payment. For more info call 743-7312.
- 2/9 Festival of the Continents has announced that Las Vegas Pops Orchestra starring Pia Zadora has been cancelled. For refund or exchange call 296-5882.
- 2/11 Festival of the Continents presents Chinese Golden Dragon Acrobats and Magicians at the Key West High School Auditorium. Call 296-5882.
- 2/14 The Monroe County Beautification Committee will hold a workshop at 1 p.m. at the Marathon Library. Public is encouraged to attend. The Wesley House will hold a benefit for its daycare children at the Curry Mansion from 6-9 p.m. Tickets are \$15. Call 296-5231.
- 2/15-3/5 The Waterfront Playhouse presents *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom*. Call 294-5015.
- 2/17-18 Old Island Days House and Garden Tours. Call Bill Anderson at 294-9501.
- 2/17-19 Festival of the Continents presents *My Fair Lady* at the Strand Theatre. Call 296-5882.
- 2/17-25 Festival of the Continents presents *The Film Festival at The Reach* -- Jack Nicholson: A 25-Year Retrospective. Call 296-5000.
- 2/17-25 Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center presents *O Coward*. Call 296-9911.
- 2/18 The American Heart Association

presents its **Celebrity Waiter Fundraiser**. Local personalities will wait on tables for "tips". Tickets for any waiter may be purchased. Call Russell Britain at 294-3158.

2/20 Festival of the Continents presents Mr. Jack Daniels' Original Silver Cornet Band in concert on the beach at The Reach at 4 p.m. Call 296-5882.

2/25 Festival of the Continents presents the Broadway musical *42nd Street*. Call 296-5882.

2/25 The Sugarloaf Baptist Mission hosts its *Banquet* at 6 p.m. at the Sugarloaf Elementary School on Upper Sugarloaf Key. Tickets at the door.

2/25 Key West Poet Judith Kazantzis will read from her works at 5 p.m. at Casa Gato. Admission is free. Call 294-7095.

2/25-26 The 24th Annual Old Island Art Days Festival takes place in the Mallory area. Call Florence Recher at 294-0431.

HEALTH & FITNESS

Adult Children of Alcoholics group is now meeting at Holy Innocents Church, 901 Flagler. Mondays at 7 p.m. and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. For further information call 294-8912.

AIDS Help needs three simple touchtone telephones to enable them to continue to answer calls when their phone computer shuts down. Volunteers also needed to support AIDS and AIDS-related clients. To donate call 296-6196.

AIDS Help is seeking a friend with grant writing skills or prior experience. Call Ed Seebol at 296-6196 or write to P.O. Box 4374, Key West, 33040.

Personal and Professional one-on-one counseling available free of charge to qualified applicants by appointment. For information call AIDS HELP at 296-6196.

COMMUNITY INTEREST

Richie Barrett Emergency Fund. Monroe County employees, in conjunction with friends of Richard Barrett, have established a fund to help defray medical costs for this 12-year-old who is in critical condition after accidentally falling from a tree. Contributions should be made to "Richie Support Fund," c/o any Marine Bank in Monroe County. Call 743-7312.

Caribbean Computers, Inc. has opened their electronic mail service and databank to the public 24 hours a day, seven days a week. To sign on fire up any communications program and give a call to 294-3443.

La Leche League of Big Pine. Meets the 2nd Monday of each month at 9:30 a.m. at Big Pine Methodist Church on Key Deer Boulevard. Discussion will include encouragement and information on how to establish a happy nursing relationship. Babies and toddlers are welcome! For information call Joanne Singleton at 872-1861.

Guardianship of Monroe County, a new program, is looking for guardians to help disabled adults and elderly residents incapable of making decisions on their own. Volunteers must be residents of Florida, enjoy helping people and can commit about 4 hours a week. Call Elizabeth Covino, HRS at 292-6728, Betty Campbell at Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, 294-5531, or Liz Kern from Hospice, 294-8812.

De Poo Hospital needs volunteers for the Sunshine Auxiliary. Volunteers take flowers to patients' rooms, help in the cafeteria, run the gift shop and special projects for Christmas events.

Call Selena Dack at 294-4692.

AIDS Help Support Meetings are held Mondays 5:30-7 p.m. PWA, PWARC, HIV+ and Support Group as well as Friends and lovers Support Group are combined to meet at the same time, at the Women's Club, 319 Duval St. For information call 296-6196. WPA/WPARC-The Resource Recovery Group meets at Old Town Medical Center 520 Southard St. For information call Rev. Steve Torrence at 294-8912 or Dr. Larry Siegel at 296-8593.

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 9 p.m. every Sunday night with Phil Sampson on piano and Matsuo on drums. Free.

Mon. Fabric Painting at Studio 37, 9 a.m. thru 1 p.m., with instructor Carrie Disrud.

Sat. 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.

Palms & Pelicans

Continued from page 31

Bismark easily settles down at this site to write a poem of a butterfly drowning in an ink well. Perhaps he remains uninformed that this symbol today evokes the idea of love between men.

Felicity holds her own as a personality with whimsy. One moment, she sits absorbedly painting a beauty mark, using a ruler to make it a half inch from her chin. Another moment, on the porch, a hummingbird is at her shoulder, fluttering around the strawberry mark on her neck. One night, very late, when the Caribbean moon swings silver and mysterious over Similar Sound, I look out. Felicity flutters past the windows. Faster and faster, she wafts about the pool. From her décolleté gown, her breasts rise white and shining

like prehistoric eggs.

I say, "Felicity is suffering the Brown Dog. Depression."

Annabel looks up from reading *The American* by Henry James. "She may have worms."

On Christmas Day, the handgun in Felicity's bag goes off and blows a button-sized hole in the Signorelli coat of arms. When Felicity prepares macrobiotic fare, there is splendidly organized havoc in the kitchen. She manages to dirty every surface and container and even goes so far as to climb up to fetch down an antique vase from a high shelf, which she fills with an unimaginable sauce.

One day, Baby escapes from the macaw cage. When I enter the front room, he stands, considerably indicating a modest mound of his stool on the floor. Such



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accomplishment and such pride as he has in it would leave even a hardened sinner spellbound.

If you look out at the pool, Ethel, the manatee, is piteously crying, sounding eerily like a woman weeping. Her large, feminine breasts point skyward, angled at Venus, the Evening Star. Female manatees are quaintly like women. They are womanlike mammals. Sailors have been known to fall in love with them.

The last day of the visitation, Snow Pea flounces up onto the window seat. She is deep into her false pregnancy. Filled with a notion, Bismark goes out and buys her a bonnet, which she is wearing. All at once, Benezher Bhuddo, my cat, slips in as quiet as Cream of Wheat boiling. She sees Snow Pea lolling in her rightful spot, and her look

Continued on page 45

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Sheriff Musters Community Troops

by Becky Herrin

The Monroe County Sheriff's Office will be beefing up its reserve and auxiliary ranks over the next months in an effort to bring the community and law enforcement closer together. This program is a small part of a larger and relatively new law enforcement concept -- Neighborhood Based Policing.

NBP brings law enforcement into the community and gets citizens involved in helping to enforce the law. It melds programs like Crime Watch and the auxiliary forces and addresses a problem of finding enough resources to do something about crime.

"A stronger reserve force will allow us to be in more places at once, and will help us to keep the county's neighborhoods safer," said Sheriff J. Allison DeFoor, who has long touted the NBP concept as the way to make law enforcement more effective.

Sheriff DeFoor recently named Auxiliary Deputy Bob Smith as Captain of the Reserves, and hired him part-time to increase the auxiliary's ranks in the sheriff's office.

Smith has been in the sheriff's reserve for four years, and before that was the county's first community control officer in charge of house arrest cases. He is also working full-time at Florida Keys Community College as a faculty/

coordinator, with one of his teaching assignments with the Florida Institute of Criminal Justice.

Smith says this experience, coupled with a bachelor's degree in psychology and a master's degree in educational research, gives him the background to tackle the job, and to handle the reserve troops.

The reserve force will have three levels of enforcement capability. The levels will require anywhere from a brief orientation to the full training required to be a certified law enforcement officer.

The first level is Reserve One which will be the first to be implemented by Smith. It will utilize volunteers who are already *certified law enforcement officers*, and who will work on a part-time basis. They will have full law enforcement powers and will be used by the department either for road patrol, or for any other specialized duty they may be qualified for.

Reserve Two volunteers will be *state certified auxiliary deputies*, which requires 110 hours of law enforcement training. The training will be provided by Florida Keys Community College Institute of Criminal Justice and will include courses in all aspects of law enforcement. Reserve Two deputies may act as sheriff's deputies when under direct supervision of a full-time sheriff's deputy. Reserve Two officers will

WHOA!

Solares Hill recommends that Sheriff DeFoor's Neighborhood Based Policing program undergo scrutiny before being implemented. The idea raises a few questions. What about liabilities? Is there a screening process? How will the reserves keep their skills sharp enough to be effective? Take the "weapon" issue, for instance. Those folks eager to join Reserve Two probably aren't the same volunteers who bake cookies for the church fundraiser. Guns kill people; not everybody wants to touch one. Volunteers must be *extremely* careful, *extremely* well trained, *extremely* level-headed. And *absolutely* right.

Sure, citizens have a stake in the safety of their neighborhoods. And it's an emotionally motivated stake. Haven't we just witnessed the split-second mistakes that can occur when power and emotions collide under pressure? Overtown may be a particularly volatile area, but its chemistry certainly isn't unique. --AB

carry a weapon while performing their duties with the department, and will be fully trained in firearm use.

Reserve Three will be called *sheriff's posse*. The origin of the posse is the historic power given to the sheriff which

allows him to raise the civilian power of the county to respond to emergencies.

This group of reserves will receive a basic orientation outlining their responsibilities, but would not be certified by the state. They will be called to serve the sheriff on special occasions for duties that do not require law enforcement certification, such as major traffic tie-ups, evidence searches or natural disasters. People with special skills may also be called on to help out in areas other than road patrol such as community relations or computer or business consultation.

Smith says he hopes to have all three levels up and running by fall. People interested in joining the reserves should contact the Sheriff's Office Human Resources Division for an application.

"Neighborhood Based Policing is off and running in Monroe County beginning now," Sheriff DeFoor said. "There is a great deal of talent out there in the community ready to get involved and help the sheriff's office. We look forward to their assistance." □

Writing Game

Continued from page 29

by doing what one likes best.

The author of fiction does not have to work for someone else, for a boss in any conventional sense. Also, the writer can maintain a satisfying output in nearly any location in this country, or any other country for that matter. Depending on his personal needs, he can write equally well on a farm, in a small Connecticut town, or on

New York's Fifth Avenue. In fact, he may elect to write for a couple of years in New York and then move to Key West.

The writer can enjoy just about any schedule he finds congenial. He may write every day from five in the evening until midnight. Or he may write little or nothing at all for half a year and then sit down and turn out a completed novel by working at a frantic pace for two or three months.

Small wonder then that many people who have the abilities essential for writing fiction earnestly endeavor to make their livings thereby. Considering the possible monetary rewards, ego satisfactions, and convenience of the lifestyle which fiction writers can adopt, it's a wonder that thousands more short stories and novels are not added to the steady stream already flooding the desks of magazine editors and publishing house readers. □

Palms & Pelicans

Continued from page 43

says, "Take away that offensive object." With a meteoric dart, B.B. yanks off Snow Pea's bonnet with her teeth and, like a shot, is out the door with it. B.B. left Snow Pea's bonnet, its bow half torn off, rakishly atop the antenna of the pickup.

For the remainder of these people's time with us, Snow Pea hid in the glove case of the pickup.

Departure day comes. Felicity at noon hurts me by holding her glass of luncheon wine up to the light, "This wine doesn't

have any shoulder," she says.

Finally, loaded and leaving, are:

Bismark with his Felicity;

Ethel, the manatee, in the beer holder, sniffling;

Snow Pea going through with her false pregnancy;

Garfield, the mutt, taking a last five laps for relief;

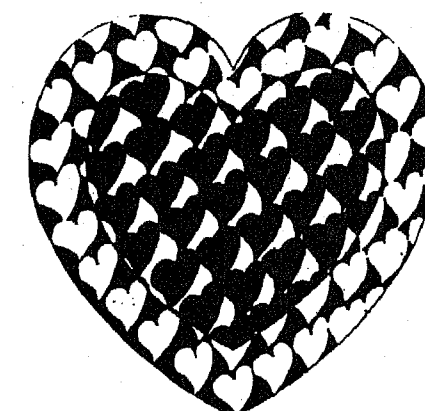
Loud Mouth, the talking horse, his head wrapped in a Spanish scarf;

Baby, last seen, that blue, organic stare now pointed northward off the Keys.

I wave, almost tenderly. I say to myself, "Closing your eyes to a person's faults is not the same as being blind."

More and more, during the pilgrims' sojourn here, Annabel submerges into her within-ness. Consecutive with Loud Mouth's faint scream as they move off down the street, Annabel's soul appears to emerge again.

Like a stained-glass window. □



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 Angler's Seafood House.....3618 N. Roosevelt
 Bill's Key West Fish Market.....2502 N. Roosevelt
 Black Angus.....3824 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 Callaloo.....The Reach
 Capt. Bob's Shrimp Dock.....2280 N. Roosevelt
 Crab Shack.....908 Caroline
 Danny's Fish Market.....627 Duval
 Emma's Seafood.....The Reach
 Half Shell Raw Bar.....Foot of Margaret
 Harbor Lights.....Garrison Bight Marina
 Island Restaurant.....Front & Simonton
 Logan's Lobster House.....1420 Simonton
 Mangrove Mama's.....MM20, Sugarloaf Key
 Ortha's.....S. Roosevelt Blvd. (A1A)
 O'Brien's at the Wharf.....2401 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 Perry's Restaurant.....3800 N. Roosevelt
 Puff's Raw Bar (Pier House).....1 Duval
 Portside Key West.....431 Front
 Rusty Anchor.....5th Ave. Stock Island
 Turtle Kraals.....Foot of Margaret
 Two Friends Patio Restaurant.....512 Front St.



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CONTINENTAL
 Billie's.....407 Front
 The Buttery.....1208 Simonton
 Callaloo.....The Reach
 Cafe at Louie's.....700 Waddell
 Dedek's Fogarty House.....227 Duval
 Dickie's.....320 Grinnell
 Feley Square.....118 Duval
 Island Restaurant.....Front & Simonton
 Margaritaville Cafe.....500 Duval
 Portside Key West.....431 Front
 The Quay.....12 Duval
 Queen's Table (Santa Maria).....1401 Simonton

CUBAN
 B's Restaurant.....1500 Bertha
 Cuban Coffee Queen Cafe.....512 Greene
 Dennis Pharmacy.....1229 Simonton
 El Cacique.....125 Duval
 El Miramar.....914 Kennedy
 El Siboney.....900 White
 Jose's Cantina.....800 White
 La Cubanita.....601 Duval
 La Lechona.....3100 Flagler
 El Meson De Pepe.....1215 Duval

HOME COOKING
 Camille's.....703 1/2 Duval
 Deli Restaurant.....Simonton & Truman
 Denny's.....3810 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 Duval St. Deli.....211 Duval
 The Eatery Buffet Restaurant.....1405 Duval
 Full Moon.....1202 Simonton
 Granny's Kitchen.....3214 Duck
 Margaritaville Cafe.....500 Duval
 Pepe's Cafe.....806 Caroline
 Wag's Restaurant.....3850 N. Roosevelt



Boneless Roast Duck, crisply roasted in aromatic spices, stir-fried with snow peas and baby corn in a sauce accented by Szechuan peppercorns. A specialty of Dim Sum Restaurant, Key Lime Square, off the 600-block of Duval. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

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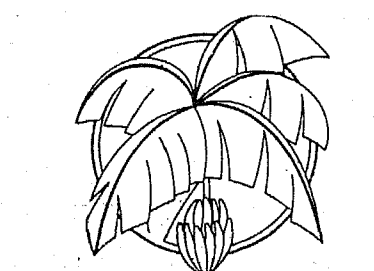
SANDWICH/DELI
 Cafe Exile.....Duval at Angela
 Cayo Hueso.....105 Whitehead
 Key West Picture Show Cafe.....400 Front St.
 La Bodega.....829 Simonton
 Margaritaville Cafe.....500 Duval
 Mr. Submarine.....1800 N. Roosevelt
 Mickey's Deli.....812 Caroline St.
 Owl Food Store.....712 Caroline St.
 Owl Food Store.....906-A Kennedy Drive
 Paradise Cafe.....Simonton & Fleming
 Pier House Market.....500 Front St.

LATE NIGHT
 Angelina's Pizza (till 4 AM).....202 Duval
 Cafe Exile (All Nite).....Duval at Angela
 The Conch Kitchen.....Alyce's Alley
 Full Moon (till 3 AM).....1202 Simonton
 Louie's Backyard (till 1 AM).....700 Waddell
 Margaritaville Cafe.....500 Duval

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RESTAURANT GUIDE Solares Hill Entertainment Key West

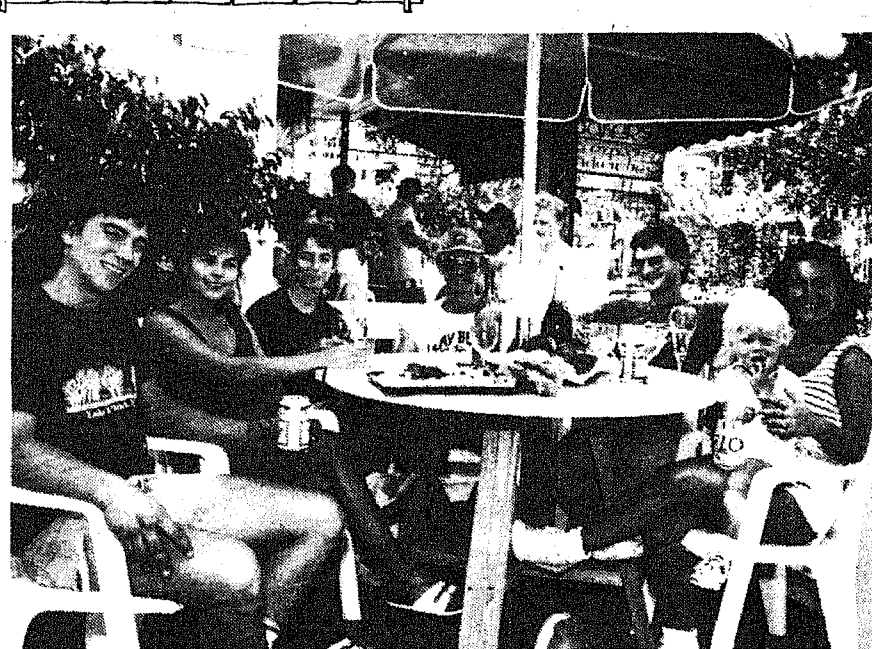


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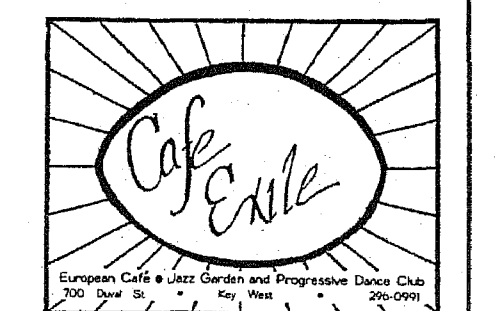


Friendly staff, European street cafe and fine food come together at Croissants de France, 816 Duval. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

FRENCH
 Cafe des Artistes.....1007 Simonton
 La Creperie.....124 Duval
 Gloria's Garden Cafe.....618 Duval
 Henry's (Casa Marina).....Reynolds St.
 Oliver Jordan's.....808 Duval
 La Trattoria.....808 Duval
 La Terraza de Marti.....1125 Duval
 Las Palmas.....1029 Southard
 Louie's Backyard.....700 Waddell
 Pier House Restaurant.....1 Duval
 Portside Key West.....431 Front
 Top O' Spray.....3420 N. Roosevelt

ITALIAN
 Antonia's.....615 Duval
 Aunt Rose's.....1900 Flagler
 Baiafronte.....1223 White
 Florini's.....523 Eaton
 La Trattoria.....808 Duval
 Lighthouse Cafe.....517 Duval
 Little Nicolena.....628 Duval
 Louie's Backyard.....700 Waddell
 Portside Key West.....431 Front
 Top O' Spray.....3420 N. Roosevelt

PIZZA
 Angelina's Pizza (till 4 AM).....202 Duval
 Domino's Pizza.....3218 Flagler & 922 Truman
 Little Nicolena.....628 Duval
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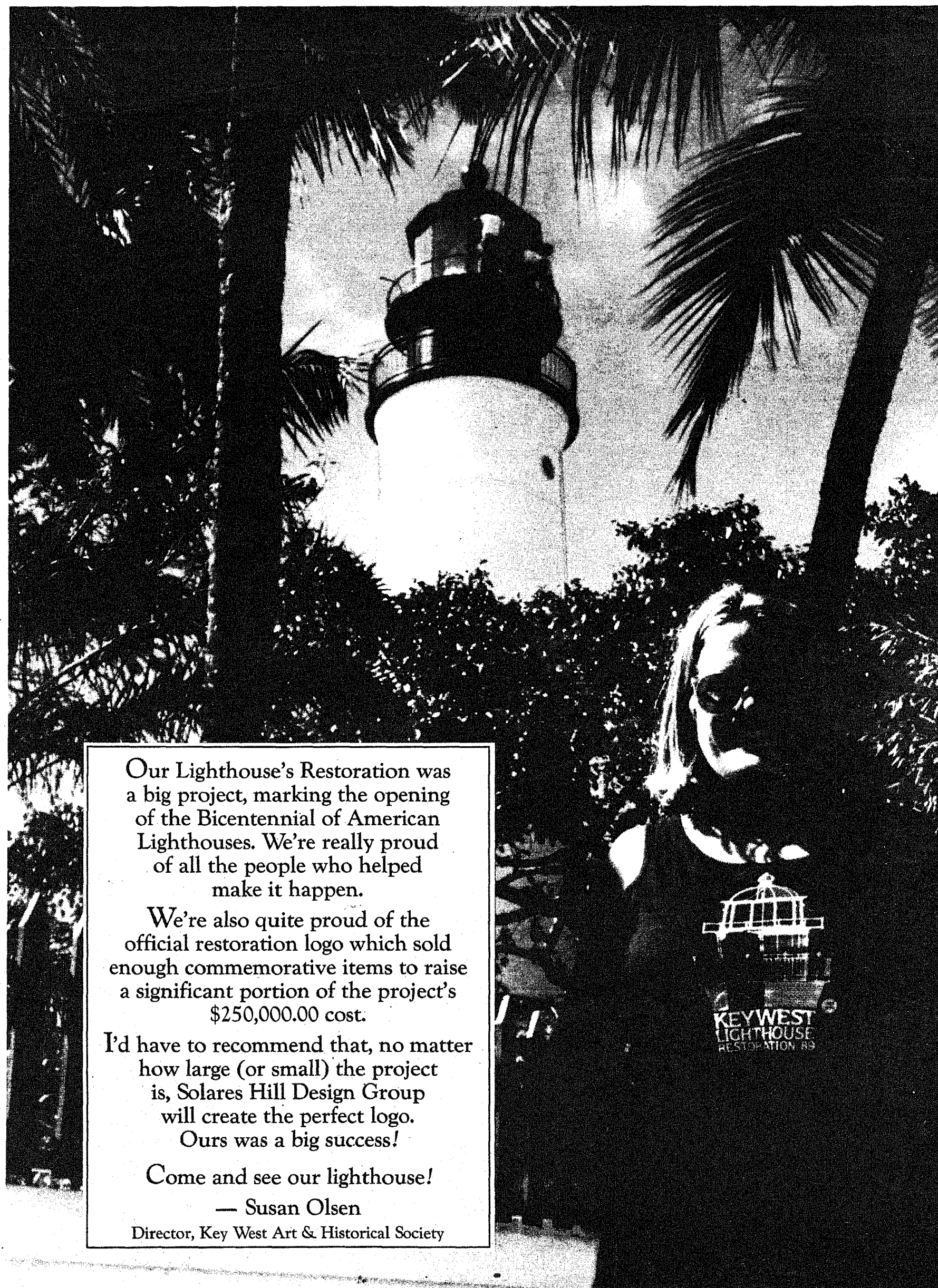
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I'd have to recommend that, no matter how large (or small) the project is, Solares Hill Design Group will create the perfect logo. Ours was a big success!

Come and see our lighthouse!

— Susan Olsen

Director, Key West Art & Historical Society