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VOL. 17, NO. 3 • KEY WEST, FLORIDA • MARCH, 1989



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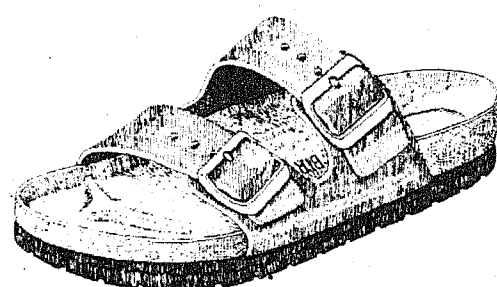
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The New Solares Hill

Solares Hill is about to get a new owner. A final contract is being negotiated for the sale of Solares Hill Publications by its founder, Bill Huckel, to a partnership consisting of Key West literary personality Frank E. Taylor, Woodstock (New York) publisher Geddy Sveikauskas, and *New Haven Register* (Connecticut) publisher Tom Geyer, a longtime Key West winter visitor.

The sale is expected to close within the next week. Taylor and Sveikauskas will be responsible for the operation of the successor company to Solares Hill Publications on a day-to-day basis.

Solares Hill has proven itself a vital and redoubtable community institution, an outpost of intelligent expression that must continue. And continue it will. Improve it must. And improve it will.

The three partners have had operational responsibility in newspaper publishing ventures of dramatically different magnitudes.

During his career, Tom Geyer has been an editor and publisher of daily newspapers ranging in circulation from a few thousand to more than a hundred thousand. In addition to his substantial and varied career in book publishing, Frank E. Taylor once managed the *Mount Kisco Patent Trader*, a twice-a-week newspaper in New York State. Geddy Sveikauskas has been editor and publisher of *Woodstock Times*, a

weekly newspaper he founded. He also operates a weekly newspaper, the *Huguenot and Highland Herald*, and a quarterly called *Ulster Magazine* in New Paltz, New York.

Introductions such as these customarily include promises. The new publishing team would like to refrain from these. They are willing to say, however, that they are earnestly committed to realizing the full potential of *Solares Hill* as Key West's most authentic and dedicated community voice. They maintain that theirs is not a get-rich-quick scheme or a marketing ploy. It is a serious effort to give Key West the high-quality publications it deserves and can support.

Taylor, 73, associate publisher of the newly formed publishing enterprise, attended Hamilton College and the University of Minnesota. In the past 45 years he was editor-in-chief or publisher with several major book publishers including McGraw-Hill, Random House, Avon Books and Dell Books. He has four sons, three grandsons and a granddaughter.

Sveikauskas, 49, will be publisher of the new enterprise. A graduate of Harvard College, he has also studied at Columbia University. A director of the Ulster County Development Corporation and the Catskill

This month's cover is by Michael Shannon, who owns Michael Shannon Gallery on Lands End.



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Center for Conservation and Development, he has been a small-town newspaper publisher for the past 18 years.

Geyer, 42, has been editor and/or publisher of various enterprises for Ingersoll Publications, a national newspaper company headquartered in Princeton, New Jersey, for virtually his entire journalistic career. Before assuming his position as chief executive officer of the *New Haven Register*, he was chief operating officer for all the Ingersoll newspapers. A graduate of St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland, Geyer is a lecturer at Yale University.

For over a decade, Bill Huckel was *Solares Hill* and *Solares Hill* was Bill Huckel. Bill is a rare person. Through skill, personal integrity, complete commitment and sheer tenacity, he succeeded in realizing his vision of a unique publication in a unique community. The new management wishes him luck in his future endeavors and assures him that our pages will always remain open to him.

Thanks are due to Maureen Shaw, a true friend who has kept the operation together during uncertain times, and to the entire staff of the paper, which has remained resolutely committed to the quality of *Solares Hill* through thick and thin. A major debt of gratitude is due to them, one which will be best expressed through the company's continued commitment to the traditions that *Solares Hill* has come to represent.



The new Solares Hill team (from left): Tom Geyer, Ann Boese, Maureen Shaw, Geddy Sveikauskas, Frank E. Taylor. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

No major staff changes are anticipated. It is hoped the various columnists who have toiled selflessly for *Solares Hill* in the past can be persuaded to continue to do so. The new owners are particularly pleased that Ann Boese will remain at the helm as editor.

A special debt of gratitude is owed to David Ethridge of *Florida Keys Magazine*,

a good friend to *Solares Hill*. Finally, thanks are due to Kay Maunesbach, "the guardian angel," and to Molly Leeds, "the devil's advocate," for being willing to do more than bemoan the potential loss of *Solares Hill* when the times indeed seemed bleak.

Solares Hill, as always, will be giving Key West its best efforts.

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Salt Pond Update: An Interview with Joan Borel

by Marion C. Robinson

Last fall when Key Westers voted against purchasing the Ocean Walk tract -- formerly Island in the Sun -- they relinquished 30 acres of salt ponds on the east end of Key West and north of Key West International Airport, to fill and development. They also lost the chance to receive 50 percent matching state funds for the purchase of that parcel.

In 1986, the city commission passed a resolution stating the "Salt ponds provide one of the only remaining natural areas within the city. [They are] of great ecological, recreational and educational value to the entire State of Florida and are important nursery areas for many varieties of commercial and sport fish species."

Or, in the words of Channel 5 commentator Joe Balbontin, "We need the salt ponds because that is where the bait is."

Joan Borel, who coordinated the Conservation and Recreational Lands (CARL) proposal for the city and the Florida Audubon Society, reported recently:

"There has been a decline in fisheries and bird numbers over the years as many near-shore shallow areas were filled. Audubon estimates that only 5 percent of South Florida's birds remain of the numbers seen at the beginning of the 19th century. Creatures cannot live when their habitats are

destroyed.

"Big fish depend on little fish, as do wading birds, and as do humans at the end of the food chain. The pieces of the environment function together. If too many parts are removed, the whole system begins to break down."

Borel was curator of Key West's Audubon House from 1984 to 1986 and is currently a director of the Florida Audubon Society. She is secretary of the Friends of Florida and one of the directors of Last Stand, the local environmental activist group.

She has worked for years to keep the salt ponds in their natural state, writing and speaking locally, coordinating letter-writing campaigns to state legislators and lobbying in Tallahassee. Solares Hill asked Borel for an update on the status of the salt ponds.

SH: You are one of the few persons who doesn't believe we lost the salt ponds last fall. On what do you base this?

JB: I try not to be hopeful. I deal in possibilities. Courts rejected efforts to halt the Ocean Walk development because it was initiated before wetland protection laws were in place. The remaining 27 parcels do not have these grandfathered rights.

SH: How much natural land is left?

JB: Undeveloped land in the salt pond area amounts to about 400 acres, of

which 162 are tidal pond with about 96 acres of surrounding mangroves and 55 acres of transitional wetlands. Subtracting Ocean Walk, that leaves 370 acres. Seventy of them have been acquired for preservation and 124 additional acres are in various stages of acquisition.

SH: Is any of this land buildable?

JB: Several parcels contain old filled land which has some potential for development. However, it is unlikely that filling or cutting of mangroves would be allowed in wetland habitats.

SH: Why would owners continue to hold and pay taxes on that land?

JB: Either they are ignorant of the wetland designation for the land, they hold it because they hope the laws will change or because they hope to get around present laws.

SH: Key West has been named an area of critical state concern. What, exactly, does this mean?

JB: With this designation, the state recognized the problems caused by the island's rapid, unplanned growth and assumed oversight of local planning and development. The purpose was to preserve some of the natural environment and to direct growth so as not to outpace the current housing and infrastructure

capabilities.

Under an area of critical state concern designation, the city was required to produce a comprehensive plan. This plan recommended the preservation of the remaining natural lands, mostly around the airport.

State law requires that priority consideration be given to CARL program projects within areas of critical concern, and emphasizes the importance of providing recreational lands for urban areas like Key West.

SH: Where do the salt ponds stand on the statewide CARL acquisition list?

JB: They rank 75th. Unfortunately, the low rank means the land is not "priority consideration." Even worse, the Department of Community Affairs -- which was to have helped us control growth -- is part of the problem. Their Housing Finance Agency is actually financing the Ocean Walk project, despite opposition on federal, state and local levels and the fact that this project will cost local taxpayers over \$2 million.

In this case, the area of critical concern designation doesn't mean much.

SH: Then what are the most enforceable laws we have to protect the salt ponds?

JB: The city's growth management plan acknowledges the value of marine and wetland environments in and around the city. Submerged land cannot be used for density calculation purposes.

Height restrictions protect parcels at both ends of the airport runway.

The Department of Environmental Regulation has established the salt ponds as outstanding Florida waters, providing them the highest level of protection against degradation. DER and the Army Corps of Engineers also regulate -- but do not necessarily preclude development -- in the wetland areas around the ponds.

Although the language of these laws and regulations sounds strict and protective, there is always the possibility that development of some type could take place in supposedly "protected" areas.

SH: Last year the salt ponds' CARL ranking was in the mid-30s. Why has it dropped?

JB: The ranking was hurt as a result of the referendum defeat. It also has dropped because of ever-increasing statewide competition for conservation funds. The Land Acquisition Selection Committee's decisions are based on the perceived statewide significance of a project as well as local support and matching funds.

SH: Is there any way we could advance it?

JB: Yes, by a show of local support in the form of calls and letters to the CARL committee and the Governor and Cabinet, or by attendance at their meetings in Tallahassee. Identifying sources of matching funding is also very important. The removal of the

Ocean Walk parcel will greatly reduce the total project acquisition cost and make the remaining acreage more affordable.

SH: Is anyone lobbying for the salt ponds in Tallahassee?

High visibility is effective but expensive at a distance of 500 miles.

JB: The city and the state Audubon Societies both have lobbyists there who have appeared in support of the salt ponds proposal at committee and Cabinet hearings. Representatives of Friends of Florida and the Florida Keys Land Trust often travel to important meetings in Tallahassee. High visibility is effective, but expensive at a distance of 500 miles.

SH: Are our elected officials supportive?

JB: Yes. The project has received support from city and county commissions. The city recently reaffirmed its commitment of all the Fort Zachary Taylor Fund to the salt ponds for acquisition and management. The commission expressed its desire to build up a nest egg and a source for matching funds to insure the success of this project.

At the same meeting, the commission approved a contract for

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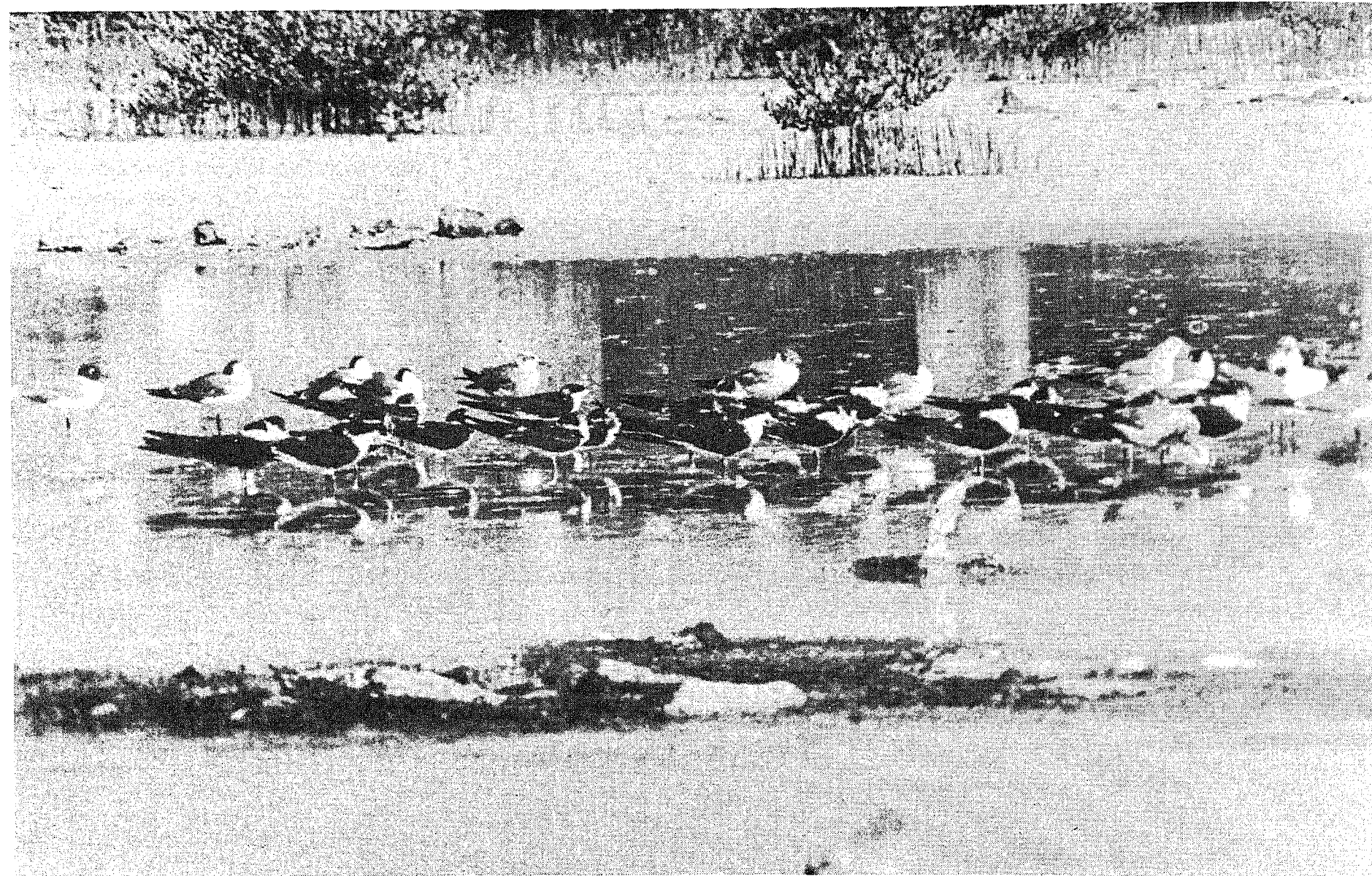
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Black skimmers (foreground) and laughing gulls face the early morning sun in the salt ponds. Skimmers fly just above the water and skim it with a fixed lower bill, picking up fish and other food. This is their home, which activist Joan Borel says can be preserved with support from the community. Photo from Solares Hill file.

the construction of a boardwalk at the 10-acre Little Hamaca Park site, and approved the acquisition of 7 acres of the Marks tract.

Locally, Commissioners Sally Lewis, Harry Powell and Jimmy Weekley have been particularly supportive; statewide, it's been Senator Bob Graham, State Representative Ron Saunders and Secretary of Education Betty Castor.

Politics definitely play a role in the selection process because many regions throughout the state are "vital

Environmental Munchies

Copies of the city/Audubon CARL proposal and the Keys Land Trust booklet on the salt ponds are available at the Monroe County Library.

Jimmy Buffett's products -- Hurricane Salsa and blue or yellow corn chips -- to be

to the environment" and there is competition for land between development and conservation

interests. sold to benefit the salt ponds are now in the testing stage. They will be marketed by the same agency that helped actor Paul Newman introduce his famous salad dressing, also to help charitable causes.

SH: Have environmentalists in any of these other regions worked out

Support for moving Key West's salt ponds up on the CARL list can be expressed by writing or calling:

Governor Bob Martinez
The Capitol
Tallahassee, FL 32301

State Representative Ron Saunders
P.O. Box 727
Key West, FL 33040
292-6825

The CARL Committee
Attn: Dr. Greg Brock
Land Acquisitions
Department of Natural Resources
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Donations of land can be arranged through the Florida Keys Land Trust, Inc., P.O. Box 1432, Key West, FL 33041.

creative solutions?

JB: Several areas, including Volusia and Pinellas Counties, have been successful in acquiring thousands of acres of valuable natural lands through local bond issues. Local funds can then be used to leverage state and federal matching funds.

SH: Where does Key West stand now in the competition between environment and development?

JB: Developments continue to be built,

and a growing population will have a negative cumulative effect on land and water quality. The construction of Ocean Walk will create a big loss. However, laws regulating filling in wetlands help: The preservation of a freshwater pond at Key West Towers, the natural beach in front of 1800 Atlantic, and Little Hamaca are encouraging victories.

SH: Are environmental groups making headway in trying to buy any of the remaining parcels at present?

JB: Yes. A number of salt ponds are under negotiation for purchase: 124 acres are in various acquisition stages, 70 have already been acquired.

The Florida Keys Land Trust, for example, has 14 acres under option. Discussions are underway for the leasing of 40 acres owned by DNR. Forty-three acres are pending in a land trade. Profits from sales of Jimmy Buffett's new food products will go to the salt ponds through the Friends of Florida.

Several groups, including the city, the Friends of Florida and the Keys Land Trust maintain trust funds earmarked for the salt ponds. Over \$1 million has already been received in either land or money. Creative funding packages could include CARL, grants, Land Authority monies, land trades, transportation funds, donations and other sources.

SH: You are saying environmentalists

have not lost the salt ponds?

JB: Yes. A year from now, we will see a public park and recreation area in the salt ponds.

SH: What can our readers do to help acquire more land?

JB: Ultimately, the amount of land we are able to protect depends on our ability, as a community, to make our voices heard in Tallahassee. This is a critical time for CARL funding. Readers can contact our city and county commissioners, state representatives, the Governor and the CARL committee, asking them to help us by according the salt ponds the priority ranking to which they are entitled under the area of critical state concern designation.



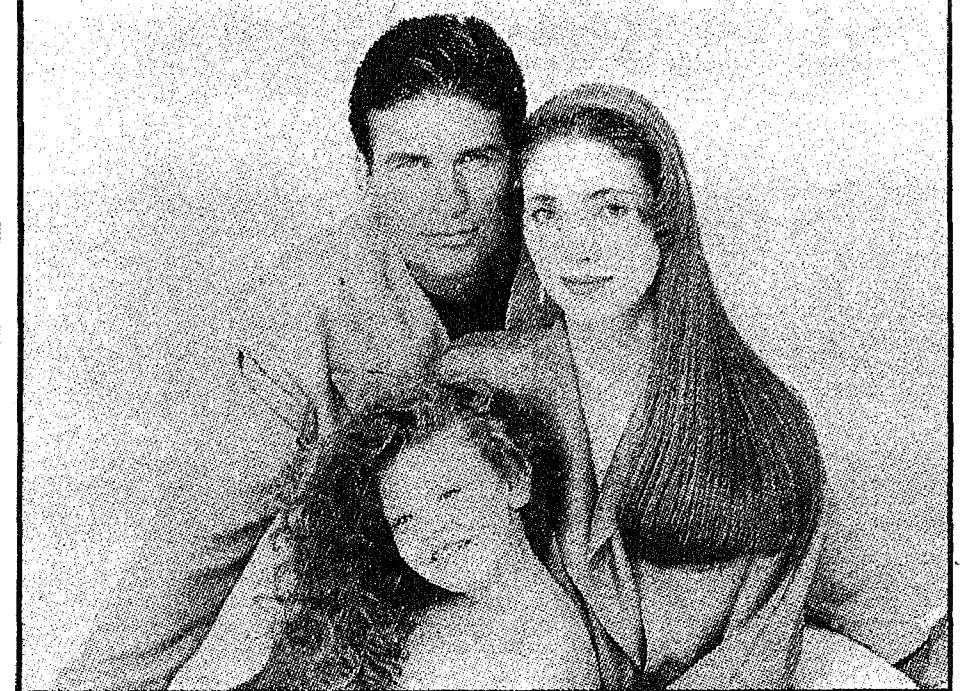
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Journey into the Soviet Heartland

Or, "Comrade Toto, I don't think we're in Key West anymore."

by Bill "Trogg" Strubbe

As we round the bend, we see hundreds of people lining the roadside waving American and Soviet flags. Children are dressed in chocolate brown school uniforms. The little girls are wearing huge starched bows in their hair. The whole village is there to greet us, some waiting for hours just to see Americans pass by. I walk near the curb and shake as many hands as possible, pat children on the head, sign autographs and accept small gifts and endless bouquets of flowers.

The people are smiling; their features are broad, Ukrainian. My gaze is pulled to the face of an old woman. Her cheeks, ancient and wrinkled as an apple doll's, framed by a traditional babushka, are covered with tears. She jabbars in Russian, gesturing to her heart, to mine, to the blue sky, grasping her hands together in joy. Except for the word *mir* -- which means peace -- I can't understand a thing. But in my heart I know exactly what she is saying: our presence, my presence -- the first foreigners in her village since the Nazis -- confirms her hope that maybe we really can live in peace.

Onto her blouse I pin a button picturing a cow with a balloon coming from his head that reads, "No Nukes." She gives me a bunch of chrysanthemums and marigolds picked from her garden, grasps my hand, and we walk through her village together.

It was August, 1988. In a fantastic, emotional, exhausting, and highly caloric diplomatic roadshow through farmlands and villages of the Ukraine, 230 Americans -- the largest capitalist delegation ever permitted into the Soviet Union -- joined hands with 230 Soviets. Together we hoped for disarmament and an end to the enmity between the superpowers.

It was a modest anti-nuclear demonstration and symbol of unity which culminated under the nose of the Kremlin in



Writer Bill "Trogg" Strubbe holds hands with a new Soviet friend. Photo courtesy Bill Strubbe.

Moscow's Red Square. Ranging from the ages of 6 to 74 years old, the Americans hailed from 30 states, the Soviets from all 15 USSR Republics. Participants ranged from farmers, doctors, students and retired veterans to artists, dancers and housewives. Among the walkers were Key West resident Gaila Loring and myself, a former resident.

Breaking Bread

Volodya, my host, offered a simple dinner of bread, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, soup, cheese and smoked fish. Word of an American spread quickly, and neighbors poked their heads into the kitchen to say hello and take a peek. The fact that I was

sitting at the table and spending the night with a Ukrainian family was a minor miracle of history. In the USSR it is forbidden, in fact illegal, for foreigners to stay in a private home. But with the advent of glasnost, rules were loosening up, and for the peace walkers the regulations were suspended altogether. In some villages our home-stays were pre-arranged, though often an American was befriended and invited in by a local along the road.

Communicating through smiles, laughter, pats on the back, and a Russian vocabulary of 100 words, I showed Volodya and his family photographs of family and friends, my artwork, scenes



Peace walkers welcomed the Ukrainian tradition of sharing home-baked bread and salt. Photo by Bill Strubbe.



Soviet architecture decorated with relief and iron work. Note women waving from balcony. Photo by Bill Strubbe.



Three times daily, tables, chairs, silverware and china were set up for meals -- even those the middle of an orchard. Photo by Bill Strubbe.

from the states: Yosemite, Key West, the San Francisco skyline, my house. Communication was hard work.

Partway through the meal, a bottle of home-brewed *samogon* (vodka) appeared on the table. Being a lightweight in the drinking department, I had been duly forewarned of this spirit's lethal nature. I also knew it would be rude not to partake.

Gingerly I tested the liquid with my tongue. My host laughed and the grandfather indicated with a quick flip of the wrist and toss of the head that I was to down it in one fell swoop. So I did. Oh, baby! Drops that spilled onto my lips and chin burned like acid. My fit of coughing elicited a round of laughter. But I stood firm in my resolve when they tried to coerce

me into having another.

The next morning, after hugs, an exchange of small gifts and promises to write, I climbed in the sidecar of Volodya's motorcycle for the drive back to the forest camp. A grinning grandfather placed the samogon in my lap. Back at camp, I shoved the bottle of illicit home-brew into the hands of bored KGB and security guards. They were thrilled.

We were not going to starve. Our insistent Ukrainian hosts kept us stuffed. Any hopes of losing weight from the 10- to 20-kilometer daily stint was offset by the quantities of food piled upon us. Food was served in dining tents or in the open. Paper plates and utensils were not available, and we ate from china in the middle of forests and fields. Thousands of dishes and utensils were washed daily.

As well as three hefty daily meals, local people often set up tables in front of their gates spread with fresh fruits, watermelons, sour cream and honey, warm bread from the oven, cakes and pastries, boiled dumplings filled with onions and potato, fresh pressed juices. We renamed the walk Feasting for Peace, as we rolled down the road from one table to the next, testing the indigenous treats.

The time of year was right to sample the fruits of the orchards and fields: apples, pears, plums, grapes, tomatoes, peppers, and crenshaws were in abundance and heaped upon us. One of the nightmares of a peace walker was a babushka running out of her yard to give you a big watermelon. You couldn't refuse it. You had to carry the

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thing to the next rest stop.

Tomatoes ripen on the windowsill.

We heard conflicting figures about the accident. The townspeople claimed information was never disseminated even to those directly affected. Their anger, frustration and fear was evident. One man we talked to, whose wife bore a child a month after the accident, said their home

As we leave she offers me an apple from the basket. I take one, bite it, and wish that it could be one of her apples. I'm sure hers taste better.

I met Andrei the second day of the walk on the shore of the Black Sea just outside the Southern seaport town of Odessa. This bespectacled, slight, slim man with a

Andrei has been jailed several times, the longest period for a year and a half. He told of terrible incarceration conditions. Once he says he was repeatedly strangled with a towel to the point of blacking out, and was deprived of sleep for three weeks. Another time he was forced to live in a cold, concrete



Always aware of the consequences, even under glasnost, Andrei lives in fear of arrest. Courageous and undaunted, he speaks his mind in hopes of creating a freer country, a more peaceful world. The last time I saw him was in Kiev on the steps of the hotel. He was surrounded by a cluster of reporters, interested Americans, and, undoubtedly, the ever-vigilant KGB.

The ubiquitous presence of security and KGB during the walk had a stifling effect on the Americans. The guards were there ostensibly to protect us and our belongings. But it often felt more like they were keeping track of us and the local citizens at bay.

One evening at dusk, a young American woman named Susan and I, sick of the damp and rain of the two previous days,

Continued on page 34

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Glenna, Phone Home

by June Keith

Glenna is the dazzling, dark-haired beauty with the drugstore reading glasses perched on her regal nose, reading poetry from a podium, swaying gently to jazz at Cafe Exile on Sunday nights.

Glenna is the girl in sweats and rhinestones, eating apple pie and sipping endless cups of coffee at Wags late at night, her rippling laughter lighting up the languor like firecrackers.

Glenna is the consummate party guest, a Key West diva, the quintessential queen of razzle-dazzle.

"She's beautiful," says gallery owner Richard Heyman.

"The most beautiful woman in Florida," says Reach librarian Frank Taylor. "A luminous presence."

"Really A-1," says poetry critic David Jackson, a regular fan of her readings at Cafe Exile.

She has invited me to her apartment tonight to talk. She has promised to tell me about her connection with extraterrestrials, and to share some poetry.

I have brought along my rune stones, with the intention of doing a reading for her. I know she likes such things.

Glenna's home, a second-story



Glenna Moore at home, which she has decorated in "close up the house, James, we're going to the Hamptons" style. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

apartment in a Frances Street conch house, mirrors its occupant's personality. It is elegant and casual, humorous and sentimental all at once -- like Glenna.

An entryway is draped, from the ceiling

to the floor, in gray, white and black chiffon. The design on the material resembles a frozen landscape, with stark black branches reaching up like bony arms toward the sky ceiling.

The kitchen contains, in addition to standard fare, a table-long workshop where Glenna designs her unusual, one-of-a-kind bracelets and earrings. Her jewelry is currently sold at Saks Fifth Avenue Stores, and in the Museum Shop at the Smithsonian Institution.

In the living room, a corner desk is heaped high with a clutter of papers, cassette tapes and a red telephone. There are two fat stuffed easy chairs, and a long, low sofa draped in white sheets. The sheets, Glenna says, once belonged to artist Way Bandy.

"I call this my 'close up the house, James, we're going to the Hamptons' look," she says.

On a table between us is a vase of gladiolas, a tray laden with a silver thermos of coffee, china cups and saucers, plates and dessert forks, and lemony, cheese-filled cakes.

"These flowers are for you," she beams.

Glenna Moore grew up in Cambridge, Illinois, population 1500. She is the first-born child of well-to-do parents. She is named for her father, Glen. Her brother Bill, a military career man in Arizona, is two years younger.

One of the first scenes Glenna remembers from her childhood is Bill and a babysitter telling her that they could see fairies dancing on the roof. She could not see the fairies.

"You just have to tune into that frequency."

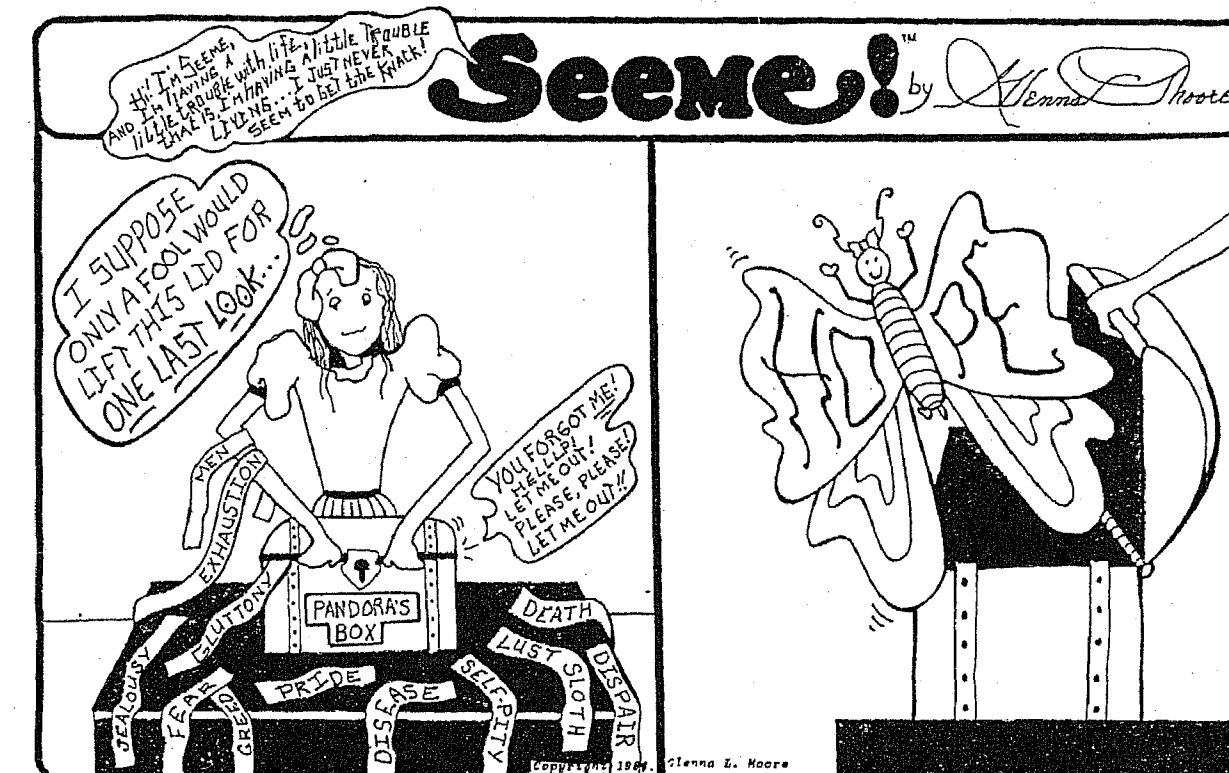
"They would point out the fairies' tiny dresses and little shoes and I believed that I was the only one who could not see them," she remembers. "Since then I have seen leprechauns, space people, fairies, and every sort of lore. I know now that they exist. The thing is, they exist at other levels or frequencies. You just have to tune into that frequency."

Glen Moore was an alcoholic. When he was up, he was right on top of the world -- dashing and dapper, exciting his children with promises of extravagant journeys and extraordinary, get-rich schemes. But Glen Moore's plans always seemed to collapse beneath the crushing weight of alcoholism, leaving the little girl Glenna confused and disappointed.

Her parents were very much in love. That was always obvious. But Glen was often sick, and it was her strong-willed mother who headed up the family, made the decisions and held the little family together.

In school, Glenna was the prettiest girl with the best clothes, the best manners, the best house, and her own horse. She was elected to a number of offices in school, and chosen for many honors.

In 1961 she was crowned Miss Henry County and awarded a silver and diamond ring. She wears that still, at times. It is a symbol of her triumph over a difficult



childhood and adolescence.

Glenna left Cambridge to study art and literature, first at Stevens College in Missouri, and then at the University of Wisconsin. Then she settled in Chicago, where she worked as a photographer's assistant in a large studio.

She was 25 when she went to New York City for a weekend. She instantly fell in love with the place where anything and everything seemed possible.

"It was goodbye Midwest," she says.

Glenna, talented and genteel, hit the Big Apple in the mid-sixties. She was wildly enthusiastic, hungry for adventure, full of charm, and disturbed.

When her father died, Glenna added a hefty inheritance to her list of assets, a large chunk of which went to a parade of psychiatrists. Her relentless sorrow was diagnosed most often as chronic depression. She tended to romanticize her depressions and suicidal notions.

"I had a 24-hour-a-day death wish," she says. "I was suicidal --- but I wanted to have a little fun, too. If I jumped, hopefully it would be off the Eiffel Tower."

She had dozens of jobs. She modeled. She designed clothes for Oleg Cassini. She appeared in a Norman Mailer movie

entitled *Maidstone*. She traveled to Europe and the Far East. She dated rich and famous men.

"I would take a notebook into bars with me and write while I drank, just to show that I was an intelligent person -- not just some woman looking to pick up a man."

Playwright Bruce Jay Friedman and actor Anthony Perkins suggested Glenna try her hand at acting.

"On a dime I made a sudden decision to change my life," she remembers. "I joined the Warren Robertson Theater Workshop and decided to become an actress."

But she discovered that it was writing, not acting, in which she was interested. *Seeme*, Glenna's cartoon figure who can't quite get the knack of how to live, was born in acting workshop.

"One night, right around that time, I went to one of my famous people parties and there was a psychic there who said, 'Miss Moore, you are going to be a very famous actress. You're creative and unusual.'" Glenna shrugs her shoulders and laughs.

"That was 20 years ago. But ... who knows?"

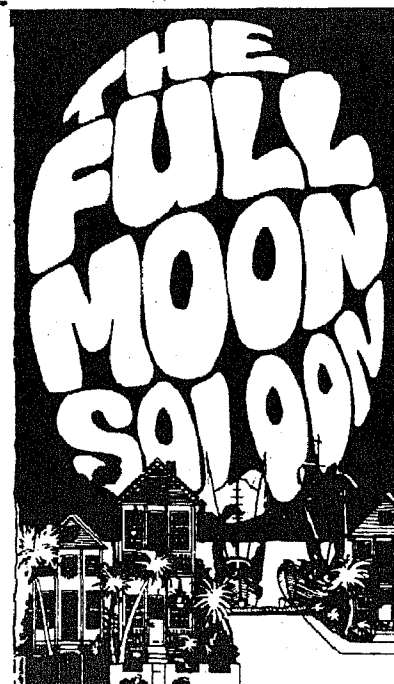
Glenna spent 17 years in New York. The end of a love affair also marked the end of her affair with the city. She moved to Minneapolis -- and that's when the really



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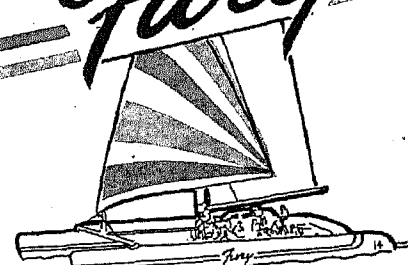
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fun stuff started happening.

She says that she began to be visited by space creatures. That she was taken aboard a spacecraft. She also began to project herself, on the astral plane, into other places while her body slept.

"Nothing fascinates me more than the human potential for expanding our consciousness and alternate sources of communication," Glenna says. "I'm interested in how dolphins and whales and elephants communicate with each other. Think about it! Dolphins even look like space people, with their little eyes and their flippers."

She believes other forms of consciousness have information to offer mankind that will help save our planet, and that she has been chosen to channel these initial contacts. She feels that it is entirely possible that she will leave the earth aboard a spacecraft, and be assigned a mission. She has seen UFOs here in Key West; she fully expects to see them again.

"Information was channeled to me in Minneapolis that a fleet of ships would be in North Carolina on a certain date," Glenna says. "I told parapsychologist Dr. Andrija Puharich, and he assured me that the communication I had received was valid."

"My friends thought I was nuts when I told them what I was doing, but I did it. I put my stuff in storage and went to North Carolina with Andrija to sit on a mountain top and wait for UFOs."

A fleet of spaceships appeared, but they did not land.

"The energy was not right," Glenna says regretfully. "I didn't know what to do with myself after that ... I had planned on leaving with them."

So Glenna drove to Key West, which brings us to the happiest times of her life -- the last four years.

Glenna now believes that her chronic depression -- her hell -- was chemical in nature. And today, it is under control. There is peace of mind.

"My threshold of unhappiness is continuously upgrading itself," she says thoughtfully. "I just can't find my way to hell anymore. Oh, maybe an occasional short trip."

Lately Glenna has been spending a lot of energy on her poetry. She is working at getting together a collection for publication, but her task is a difficult one -- there are so many poems.

**"... I had planned on
leaving with them."**

She has been writing poems for 25 years.

The crowd of poetry fans who gather at the Cafe Exile on Sunday nights has grown from week to week.

"My instincts are a writer's," Glenna says. "And having to come up with poetry every weekend has prompted me to write for more practical reasons. Nowadays I don't necessarily wait for emotions to overwhelm me to take me to the typewriter."

"I try to get out to Exile every Sunday night," David Jackson told me. "Glenna is really very good. Her poetry is not mainstream -- it's personal, and fun, and marvelously sardonic."

Larry Berk, who leads a poetry workshop at Florida Keys Community College, agrees:

"She's talking out of herself -- out of her life," Berk says. "She deals with lyric form, using metered lines that are perfect. She doesn't drop a beat. Her work is high energy and very entertaining. I suggest that people go and listen to her."

"Here," Glenna says, picking through a pile of black-and-white photographs, magazine and newspaper clips, and posters. "Let's skim a few things off the surface of this mess."

She presents more poems, photographs of Glenna the model, Glenna the clothing designer presenting her first line of fashions, posters advertising lectures and workshops on metaphysics.

Finally, it is very late. I suggest that we wrap up the evening. We are both yawning. The breezes are blowing cooler as the moon transverse the sky.

"Let's ask the oracle of the runes about your communications with extraterrestrials," I suggest.

Glenna reaches into the bag of rune stones and pulls out the blank rune, the rune of the unknowable. It symbolizes the end and the beginning; the rune of Karma.

She is not surprised. ☐

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In Search of Sunset

by Geddy Sveikauskas

Driving westward down the Keys against the sun in the rented Thunderbird after a late start out of Miami, Susan arrived too late for sunset on her first visit to Key West.

Where on earth had she heard of the famous Key West sunset? She hadn't, she said. She's a flatlands Midwesterner and she sometimes got homesick. She just assumed there'd be a good sunset in Key West, sort of like the one off Lake Michigan. So the following day we went down to see the sunset, and found it had been canceled, or close to canceled, because the elements had not cooperated.

During the next few days, however, we experienced the full tourist's range of sunsets, including one next to the telephones at the future sunset pier at Truman Annex, another two or three surrounded by the cacophony of sensation which is now Mallory Dock, and a final one while nursing an obligatory margarita at the Ocean Key House. We had our full complement of sunsets, and then some.

Yet even this plethora of sunsets was curiously unsatisfying. The life-affirming shared celebration I had enjoyed on previous Key West visits was missing. What was wrong?

The sun sets just as successfully, after all, in millions of places in Key West. It is even rumored to rise and set independently of human participation. For me, it had always been the communal aspect of the Key West sunset that had made sunset, sunset. Everyone, innocent or sophisticate, native or newcomer, young or old, could -- and did -- participate in that one breath-taking daily druidic moment.

I remembered what my friend Jon Zwickel, whose family owned the Ramada Inn here for several years, had told me. "What makes Key West so attractive is the influence of so many diverse groups," he said. "It's not put on for tourists. There's a day-to-day sense of being who you are in Key West. There isn't any place like it."

In that same conversation, Zwickel confirmed the strength of the Key West hotel market for me -- scarcely a surprise to anyone living here. In recent years new competitors had been filling specialty market niches, he said. Because of the costs of construction and land, the top end of the market was particularly strong. Several new luxury hotels had been built.

"Even though the higher end of the market is being developed, it seems the shops on Duval are getting more and more low-end," said Zwickel. "I can't believe people paying \$225 a night at the Marquesa are buying T-shirts."

"What makes Key West so attractive is the influence of so many diverse groups."

Jon Zwickel, former hotel owner

Though I was perfectly willing to believe that Key West was changing, I wasn't ready to believe that there was one sunset for the sleeping-bag set and another for the denizens of the posh hotels. Where was the symbolic sunset celebrated by its strange extended community of worshippers? What penalty of civic enterprise has allowed the deterioration of an attraction so well known that I had assumed its fame had spread even to the Midwest? Why wasn't the community rallying an intelligent effort to unite everyone's sunsets and make a few bucks for Key West in the bargain?

Mallory Dock, complete with its sign ("All Key West police department officers are authorized representatives to advise any person to leave the premises. Failure to vacate the premises after being so instructed may result in an arrest for trespass after warning."), was resolutely downscale, despite its colorful melange of entrepreneurs. The penned-in setting wasn't a help. Who wants to see the sun set beyond a cage of a customs pier?

Lovely as it was and skilled as the trio playing music on it every night were, the pier at Ocean Key House didn't meet my sense of a public sunset occasion. This was a private-enterprise sunset, with individual tables and guest pelicans. The sunset belongs to everybody, or it belongs to nobody.

As for Truman Annex, who could tell? There had been little work since my last visit six months ago. The model at the sales office looked as beguiling as ever, and the mix it promised of public and private use remained an attractive concept, but a bare concrete dock does not a community sunset make.

It wasn't a surprise to me to learn that the Simonton Street pier, Mallory Dock and the Ocean Key House pier had all been the subject of considerable governmental acrimony and legal wrangling. Perhaps Truman Annex will be, too, before Key West is through with it.

In 1987 Key West had 4432 transient units, according to Brooks White, whose new edition of the Monroe County Statistical

Abstract will be available early this year. Of these units, 320 were campground spaces and 235 were apartments for transient residents (almost surely an underestimate, says White). The remaining 3877 transient units were concentrated in 129 establishments, mostly the major hotels and motels (1704 rooms were in establishments of 100 units or more, 889 in establishments of 50 to 99, and the remaining 1284 in places of 50 or less). That's a lot of units for a place the size of Key West.

Before his recent departure for less green pastures, Denys Larsen of the Key West Hotel and Motel Association, whose members include all but 5 of the hotels in town and 8 of the 28 guest houses, had been keeping statistics on both the occupancy rates and average daily rates of membership facilities. The Key West occupancy rate averages a fairly robust 82 percent, according to data provided by about 70 percent of the KWHMA membership; nationally the rate is 63 percent. Though the average daily rate fluctuates widely by season, the annual average for all establishments may be close to \$90.

There's a symbiotic relationship between the ring of upscale waterfront hotels and the elegant and historic core they virtually surround.

The numbers indicate that the gross revenue of lodging only in Key West is about \$100 million a year. Figures for the Tourist Development Fund bed tax indicate a total revenue of less than that, about \$75 million annually, but White seems to believe the bed tax receipts data underreports actual revenues.

At any rate, everyone seems to know how enormous a role the hospitality industry now plays in the local economy. An extremely conservative estimate is that at least a quarter of spending of all kinds in Key West is tourism-related, and the largest single chunk of that spending is generated by the hotels and motels.

Tourism-related communities typically present a range of

experiences appealing to people at different points on the economic scale. Key West is no exception. There's a symbiotic relationship between the ring of upscale waterfront hotels and the elegant and historic urban core gone more-than-slightly funky they virtually surround. The hotel industry needs the identity the city provides, the spectacularly unpredictable entertainment it supplies, and the workers who live in it. The city -- its other means of livelihood uncertain at best -- needs hotels for the well-heeled clientele they let loose on the local streets.

It's no surprise to any careful observer that the many of the hotels face both ways. On their water side are beautiful and tranquil views, kempt and manicured landscapes, azure pools and tiny beaches covered with imported sand and adorned with beach chairs. On their land side is the community of Key West, as fine a setting as any destination resort could ever hope for, an idiosyncratic and benign walking environment with many unique attractions.

What's different about Key West -- though similar places have similar problems -- is the way the community has allowed its disputes to interfere with those things that might, like a more successful shared sunset, be of benefit to everyone.

Though the partisans of Key West's local popular wars will deny it, it seems obvious to a stranger that Key West could benefit from cooperation among its diffuse and fractured interest groups. There will always be those who believe that what's good for their

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business is good for the entire community, just as there will always be those who think there's no such thing as change for the better. But these warriors need not be the majority.

The hotels need the town in other ways. For instance, several hotels have invested in restaurants that serve a number of people much larger than they could attract solely from their own lodging facilities. Don DeFeo, general manager of the Pier House, for instance, estimates that 40 percent of his restaurant customers are guests at the hotels, 40 percent are day trippers and other short-term visitors, and 20 percent are locals. Even without considering its employees, this substantial enterprise, like many others, cannot depend only on its guests for economic survival.

Key West's Growth Management Ordinance (GMO), everyone tells me, was a landmark in the evolution of the city's relationship to its hotels. A couple of years after passage, the GMO seems accepted, albeit reluctantly by some, as Key West's legitimate response to a difficult growth situation. Based on the limited housing market from which the hotels could draw their work force from on and an historically unprecedented surge in the number of hotel rooms, the city took what seemed at the time a dramatic step. From the perspective of only two years later, the action seems far less revolutionary.

**The hotels need the town in other ways.
Several have invested in restaurants
that serve a number of people
larger than they could attract
solely from their own lodging facilities.**

I talked with former Assistant City Planner Tom Wilson before he moved on to a new job in Miami about whether he thought the GMO had been a success. Judge for yourself, he said. In 1985 and 1986, the two years prior to the ordinance, 1500 hotel rooms and residential condominium units were added. Several large projects (Conch Village, Bayview and the Key West Convention Center) were entering the long development pipeline toward approval. Now the situation's changed. In the two years since passage, by contrast, only 239 transient units have been approved.

Because of the city's policy of requiring three new residential units for each transient unit, the hotel/motel development situation has clearly changed. Wilson, however, saw plenty of pressure, particularly from real estate interests and property managers who want to encourage transient use. Advertising to attract new customers to Key West hotels has not abated. The GMO is not the end-all of city policy, Wilson added. "Things are happening that still need to be expressed [in law]," he said.

The planner derided the thought that the free market would have eventually stimulated the private sector in Key West to

produce affordable housing for workers in the new hotels. "It would take more stimulation than this little community can afford," he said wryly.

Wilson emphasized that he didn't want to pin the full responsibility for the housing situation on the hotels alone. "It's the whole commercial sector in the city right now," he said. "The TDC, the promotional emphasis, the Chamber of Commerce, and tacit support for them for a number of years from the city government."

Though Wilson felt that "the city has changed for the worse as a whole" in recent years, he pronounced the situation "not all bad." The economy is stronger now than it was before, he said.

If Tom Wilson sees the planning glass as half-full, Elliot Baron, a community activist and writer, sees it as half-empty. He sees the GMO as nothing better than a series of loopholes.

**"We're a side destination
for a lot of people.
Key West is not Aruba."**

*Digger O'Dell
Ramada Inn General Manager*

"They're outwardly trying to put the brakes on it," he says. "It's far from ceased. When it comes down to the wire the current city commission isn't willing to stop it."

He cites his concerns: The GMO only requires approval of residential units, not their actual construction; the bonus point system in the legislation allows for abuse; the GMO doesn't stop the erosion of residential units from greater commercial activity in them, from new guest houses under ten units in size, and from the un-division of housing units. Baron also says the variance process as pursued by the real estate industry has undermined the preservation of residential units. He suggests that the zoning regulations shouldn't favor the development of transient units over residential units.

Hotel and motel owners and operators are not necessarily opposed to limitations on the development market, of course. On the minus side, restrictions on expansion in their industry limit their freedom and cramp growth in their tourism development capability. On the plus side, limits on market supply at a time of booming demand is likely to increase profitability.

Ramada Inn general manager Digger O'Dell stresses the hotel industry's fragility. "This island is contingent on people having that extra buck," he says. "We're a side destination for a lot of people. Key West is not Aruba."

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Though Key West hotel and motel occupancy rates and daily takes are among the highest in the nation, O'Dell says expenses are very high as well: not only is there a chronic labor shortage but also the costs of utilities, building maintenance and construction, land, insurance and even food are high. Few Key West hotel operations are extremely profitable, he adds. Many have made more money on the turnover of properties than through their operations.

O'Dell, who says he's been a general manager of a large hotel/motel establishment longer than anyone in Key West, said he can understand the feelings of people who are opposed to further growth in his industry. "People have seen Key West grow too fast," he says. "It's a laid-back island. They're afraid of killing the goose that laid the golden egg."

"It's an old town, and a lot of it looks old," muses O'Dell. "I'm not certain what the biggest attraction is. Probably the sun. Kick back and relax."

Hitchcock Film Festival

Friends of the Library, Key West, are sponsoring an Alfred Hitchcock Film Festival on four consecutive Wednesdays through March 22 at 7 p.m. at the May Hill Russell Monroe County Library, 700 Fleming Street. All are free and open to the public.

March 1: *The Lady Vanishes* (1938) with Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, and Dame May Whitty.

Lockwood is a vacationing debutante who awakens from her nap to discover that the jolly old lady sharing her train compartment has vanished. When the other passengers deny ever having seen the woman, Lockwood suspects a conspiracy. The result is mayhem and madness in the traditional Hitchcock style.

March 8: *To Catch a Thief* (1955) with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, John Williams and Rene Blanchard.

Cary Grant is at his charming best as a retired jewel thief. When a series of thefts along the Riviera occurs, and suspicion falls on him, he goes after the impostor. He falls for Grace Kelly, so it is a love story as well as a real comedy thriller, with a chase over rooftops this time.

March 15: *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1934) with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Peter Lorre, and Cicely Oates.

This espionage thriller established Hitchcock's popularity with American audiences. A British couple's desperate

attempt to rescue their kidnapped daughter and prevent the assassination of a foreign political figure lead to a thrilling cops-and-robbers shoot-out.

March 22: *Suspicion* (1941) with Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Cedric Hardwick, and Dame May Whitty.

A timid wealthy girl marries a debonair charmer, whom she slowly discovers to be a liar, cheat, and quite possibly a murderer. Cary Grant chillingly portrays the husband the young wife believes is trying to poison her. Pure terror and suspense in this one!

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Signs & Symptoms

HARC gives Old Town advertising poor diagnosis

by Elliot Baron

Many tourists find Old Town's historic charm Key West's biggest attraction. But while historic restoration of private residences flourishes, the aesthetic quality of the Duval Street commercial corridor is suffering. The Historic Architectural Review Commission, the board established by state statute to oversee the preservation of the district, has been unable to control the downhill slide.

Chief Building Official Paul Cates concedes that many violations go unchecked. "No question," he said. "There's a lot of room for improvement with our enforcement."

Architect and HARC Chairman Dennis Beebe describes the proliferation of signs in the district, much of it illegal, as *visual pollution*. Beebe says there are two problems: the city's guidelines for sign design are insufficient and the city does not enforce them.

Based on number of buildings, Key West's historic district is among the largest in the nation. But cities with smaller districts follow more extensive guidelines. "Ybor City in Tampa has a 92-page guide," Beebe said. "We have five pages, and they're not even numbered. Our guidelines are not up to snuff." In all fairness, Key

West's five pages are printed on both sides.

While other Florida cities including Coral Gables, Tampa, Gainesville and Delray Beach have full-time landmark officers, Key West has no such official. "The building department is overworked and code enforcement is overworked," Beebe said. "Nothing happens when a complaint is filed." Beebe says the city only pursues violations when "there's a major fine anticipated."

"The only causes the city will go after are the ones where they can reap a lot of money. And that's definitely wrong."

Sharon Wells,
State Historian and former HARC Member

State historian and former HARC member Sharon Wells agreed: "The policy of the building department is not to enforce HARC guidelines when there are infractions. The only causes the city will go after are ones where they can reap a lot of money. And that's definitely wrong."

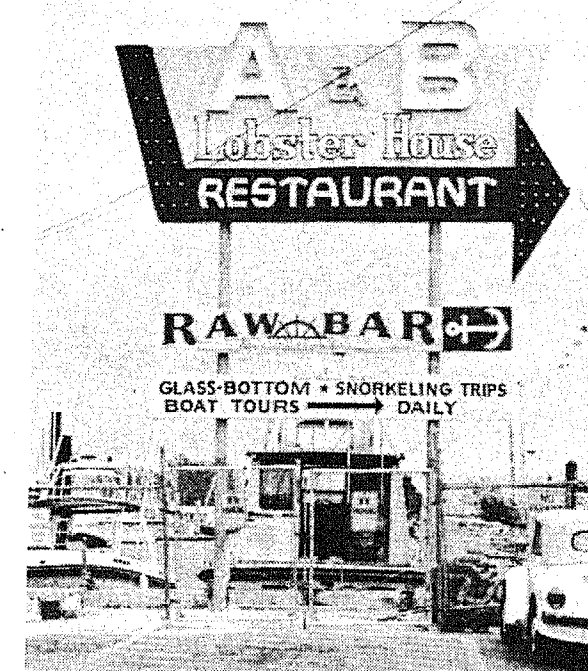
Old Island Restoration Commission (as HARC was previously named) was created by state legislature in 1969. The statute established the commission, in part: ... in order that the quaint and

distinctive character of the Old Section of the City of Key West, Florida may not be injuriously affected, and in order that the value of the community of those buildings [that] have architectural and historical worth may not be impaired, and in order that a reasonable degree of control may be exercised over the architecture of private and semi-public buildings erected...

It further specifies that OIRC permission must be obtained prior to any construction, remodeling or alteration, repair, repainting or demolition. There are three sections on signs, stating that "for the public welfare" an OIRC permit must be obtained before any sign may be displayed in the historic district.

While some businessmen obey the rules, many don't. *Bandit* or *outlaw signs* appear, like mushrooms, overnight. "It's not fair," Wells explained. "A lot of owners take pride in their place of business. They get HARC approval for their signs. Others just throw them up helter-skelter. They're the ones responsible for the tacky, honky-tonk atmosphere on lower Duval Street."

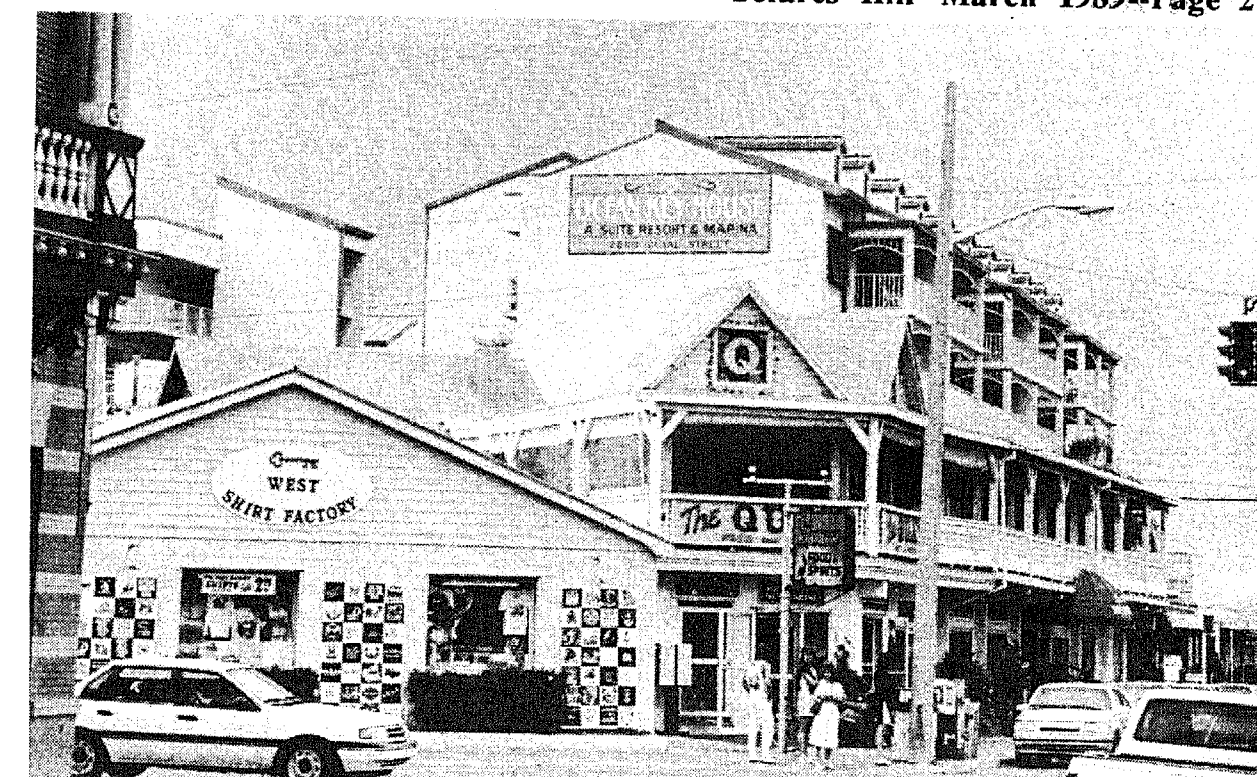
To receive a permit, HARC requires scaled drawings that indicate dimension, design, materials, lighting and proximity to other signs, as well as photographs of the



Nobody at city hall knows what to do about this sign, located on city property and in violation of several codes. A&B Lobster House owner Ed Felton said the sign has been there "since 1947, when my daddy finished the end of the street and put in the seawall." Felton said that sign was blown down by a hurricane. The sign shown was erected in 1972, after Felton spoke to Charlie Aguero, who was then city manager. None of the three signs shown here have permits. Code enforcement is investigating action. All photos by Elliot Baron.

site and adjacent properties. The board evaluates, approves, denies, or suggests modifications based on:

- Size -- No more than 10 percent of the



This Ocean Key House billboard is a bandit sign that simply appeared one day. HARC Chairman Dennis Beebe noted that its size, height, advertising content, and the fact that it is painted directly on the building's wall do not conform to district design guidelines. He also said the sign was not HARC-approved. Gerry Tinlin, general manager of Ocean Key House, has been verbally notified of violation by Code Enforcement Officer Ron Armstrong for proceeding without a permit. Tinlin failed to return phone calls to Solares Hill.

square footage of a facade may be devoted to signage. The board sometimes recommends less so the sign does not overwhelm a location.

- Number -- HARC guidelines limit number of signs at any location to a primary and secondary sign.

- Color -- HARC requires color compatibility with historic structures. Day-glo colors, for example, are not recommended.
- Letter Style -- Modern lettering styles are discouraged. HARC prefers traditional letters in a size proportional to the sign.

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THE WAY YOU WANT IT
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Includes restaurant, pool, apts., parking lot and
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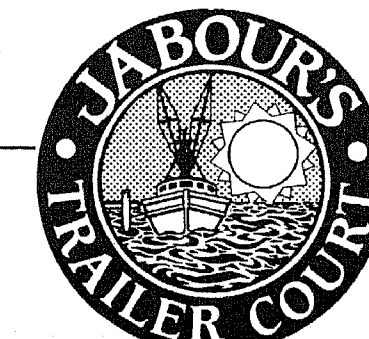
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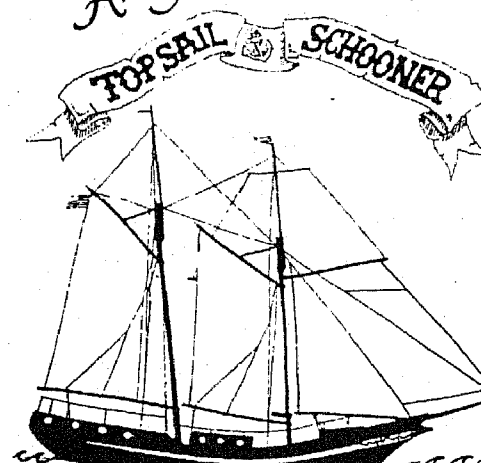
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Beebe believes this sign, another bandit, would not have been approved by HARC had it come before them. He disapproves of the large, modern lettering, modern trim, colors, overall size and advertising in addition to the name of the business. This sign was simply attached to the frame of the previous occupant.

Many believe a sign does not need to comply with guidelines if a nonconforming sign previously existed at the same location. The concept of grandfathering is recognized in zoning, where an existing business may continue to change hands although more restrictive zoning would prevent the establishment's opening today.

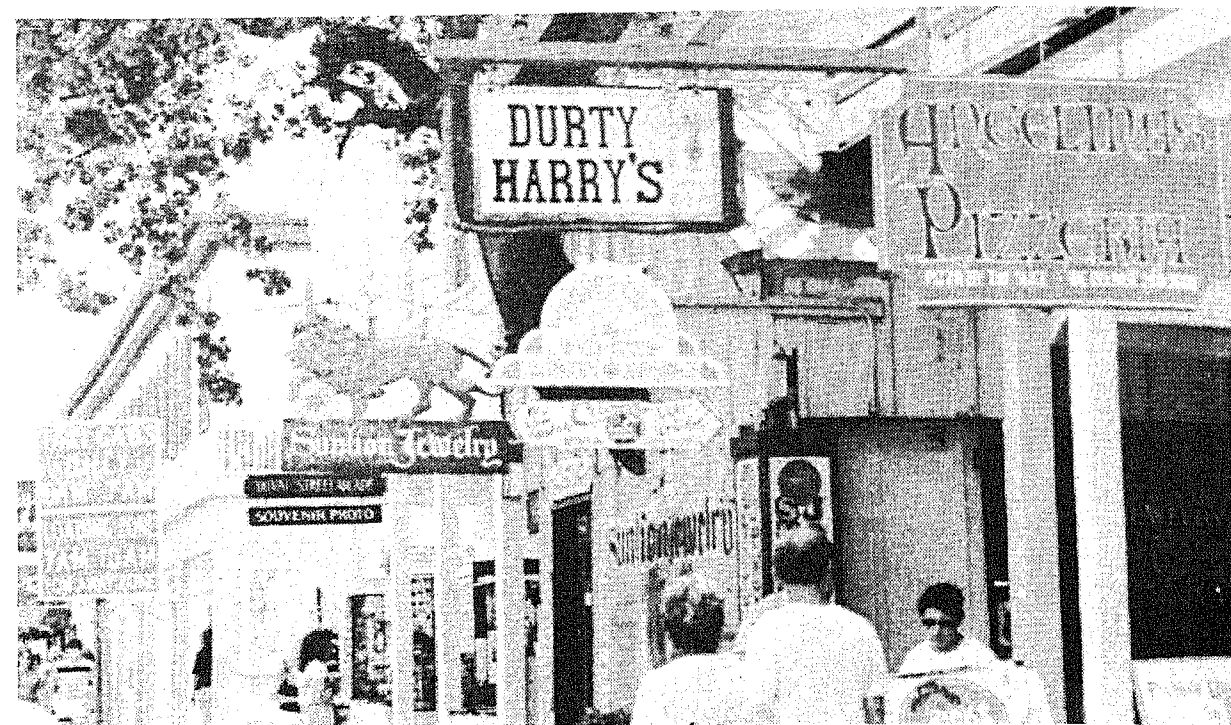
But the 1969 state statute which established HARC wipes out grandfathering of signs, stating that any sign which no longer advertises a going business must be taken down within five days.

Shop's owner Mike Moody said he believed he had a permit. A check with the city revealed that was not the case.



This is the only backlit plastic sign to receive HARC approval. Former HARC member Sharon Wells explains that though HARC had denied a permit for a backlit sign at that location, the city commission overturned the decision. Shortly after, the Quay moved in. The board, not eager for a repeat performance, approved their sign.

"Everything about the sign is inappropriate," said Wells. "The number of signs on that building is an atrocity."



This shot exemplifies what Beebe calls signage pollution. Sidewalk signs (lower right) are illegal, but it's the number of signs that is staggering. Sunilion Jewelry, alone, has five signs. "There are about 18-million businesses down that alley and they all want a sign on Duval Street," Beebe said. "Dutty Harry's and the yogurt shop are about halfway down the alley, yet they have signs on the street."

While reducing visual clutter is an important goal, it is also true that many off-street businesses are dependent on foot traffic from Duval. Perhaps at such locations, one approved sign could advertise all the businesses located off-street.



These signs demonstrate that international corporations are able to conform to local historic guidelines. Beebe praised the quality of both the wooden Burger King and Conch Train signs, noting the appropriateness of their size.

- Material -- Wood is preferred; metal and fabric are acceptable; plastic is unacceptable.
- Lighting -- Only incandescent external lighting is permitted. Neon, fluorescent lighting and back-lit signs are not permitted.
- HARC prohibits portable folding signs, signs on any public street, roof-mounted signs, signs with moving elements, signs painted on exterior walls, bus stop bench signs, and fringed or pennant string banners.

Beebe wants the guidelines expanded and illustrated so applicants will know exactly what is and is not allowed.

He hopes businessmen will voluntarily conform to the guidelines. "Every business in Old Town reaps the benefit of being located in the historic district; they advertise they're here," Beebe said. "Yet, many are counterproductive when it comes to maintaining the historic character. They're going to kill the golden goose."

Beebe wants the city to be more aggressive about preservation. He wants sign sizes reduced and a sunset clause written into the code to bring existing signs



Beebe calls this a prime example of the banner syndrome, which he found festive. He appreciated that the banners limited their advertising to the name of the store, rather than "open 9 to 5" and "we have sweaters."

into compliance within several years. He points to Sannibel Island as an example where sign size and materials have been standardized and "the businesses there don't complain."

He would like to see stepped-up enforcement. "A code is a code," Beebe said. "Why can't code enforcement deal with it? Close [the offending businesses] down or fine them. There should be some legal mechanism in place." Historian Wells

doesn't believe the city is firmly committed to policing the situation. "The city has been ineffectual and unwilling to assign staff to enforcement. It's a major fault."

Beebe said that at present HARC is unable to accomplish its state-mandated purpose of preserving the district's historic character. "We're overworked and underpaid," he said. HARC members serve without compensation.

Without increased initiative on the city's part, he sees things getting worse. Beebe thinks the "fluorescent facade" which has developed recently is the most obnoxious problem facing the district today. Some T-shirt shops have installed fluorescent fixtures on the exterior of their buildings. "That's totally illegal," Beebe said.

He finds garishly lit display windows and brighter-than-daylight interiors equally offensive. Under the present guidelines these are permitted. Beebe wants to amend the code to allow only incandescent fixtures inside, as well as outside, commercial establishments.

Years of HARC pressure on the city to assign a full-time staff coordinator to handle HARC matters may soon pay off, however. Assistant City Manager Zane Nutter said there is sufficient funding in this year's budget to create the position. But City Manager Rick Witker has yet to request this of the city commission.

"Ideally, the candidate will have a strong background in historic preservation," Wells said. That background is essential to rewrite guidelines and illustrate what is and is not permissible.



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Made famous by the Half Shell Raw Bar, a spicy blend of Tomatoes, Onions, Potatoes and Conch.
- CONCH FRITTERS \$3.25
The original Land End Fritter, spiced just right and loaded with Corn.
- APPALACHICOLA OYSTERS \$3.75 half dozen
On the half shell with Lime and Housemade Cocktail Sauce.
- STONE CRAB CLAWS market price
Served cracked and chilled with Key Lime Mustard Sauce.
- INDIAN RIVER CLAMS \$4.00 half dozen
On the half shell with Lime and Housemade Cocktail Sauce.
- CONCH SALAD \$3.95
Marinated with Jamaican spices, Florida Orange and Lime.
- PINK GOLD \$6.95
Peel your own half pound of chilled Key West Shrimp.
- BAYOU WINGS \$3.95
Spicy, hot Chicken Wings with Celery Sticks and Bleu Cheese Dressing.
- CUBAN NACHOS \$4.25
Refried Black Beans, melted cheese, Guacamole, sour cream and Salsa, served with Corn Chips.
- GARDEN SALAD \$2.50
Seasonal vegetables, crisp greens, and fresh fruit with our House Dressing.

SALADS

- CHICKEN CAYO HUESO \$5.50
Grilled Chicken with seasonal Melon, Bananas and Coconut, in a light Curry Dressing with Mango Chutney.
- MARINA SEAFOOD SALAD \$6.75
Seasonal shellfish and seafood served over Pasta Salad, in a Lemon Basil Dressing with fresh fruit.
- CAPTAIN'S SALAD \$5.95
Hot charbroiled Beef Tips served over crisp greens with vegetables, pickles and our House Dressing.
- GARDEN SALAD \$2.50
Seasonal vegetables, crisp greens and fresh fruit with our House Dressing.

SANDWICHES

- LANDS END HAMBURGER \$4.25
Charbroiled to your liking and served traditionally with Lettuce, Tomato and Onion.
- Cheese, Bacon or Sautéed Onion 50¢ extra.
- KEY WEST GOLD AND CHICKEN \$4.95
Local Shrimp, grilled Chicken, Tomato Salsa and melted Jack Cheese on Cuban Bread.
- THE FISHERMAN \$5.75
Today's Seafood Catch, battered, deep fried and served on a roll with sautéed Onion and melted Jack Cheese.

MAIN PLATES

- FISH AND CHIPS \$5.65
Local fish, beer battered and deep fried, with French Fries and Tartare Sauce.
- FLORIDA CRAB CAKES \$5.95
Served with Lime and sour cream, Tomato Salsa and Caribbean Rice.
- SHRIMP AND OYSTER PIE \$6.25
Seafood and Cream, baked in a casserole with seasoned buttered breadcrumbs and served with Cornbread.
- CUBAN NACHOS \$4.95
Refried Black Beans, melted cheese, Guacamole, sour cream and Salsa, served with Corn Chips.
- TODAY'S CATCH \$6.75
Seasonal shellfish and seafood in a savory casserole of Tomatoes, white wine, herbs and spices, with Cornbread.
- SEAFOOD MARINER \$7.25
12 oz. of U.S. Beef, charbroiled to your liking and served with Lemongrass Butter and Steakfries.
- COCONUT SHRIMP \$9.95
Deep fried and served with Mango Chutney, sour cream and Caribbean Rice.

DINNER

MAIN PLATES

- FISH AND CHIPS \$6.95
Local fish, beer battered and deep fried, with French Fries and Tartare Sauce.
- FLORIDA CRAB CAKES \$7.25
Served with Lime and sour cream, Tomato Salsa and Caribbean Rice.
- TODAY'S CATCH market price
Battered in Lemongrass Butter with Bananas and Pineapple, and served with Caribbean Rice.
- SHRIMP AND OYSTER PIE \$7.50
Seafood and Cream, baked in a casserole and topped with seasoned, buttered breadcrumbs.
- COCONUT SHRIMP \$11.95
Deep fried and served with Mango Chutney, sour cream and Caribbean Rice.
- SEAFOOD MARINER \$12.95
Seasonal shellfish and seafood in a savory casserole of Tomatoes, white wine, herbs and spices.
- GROUPE MARQUESAS \$12.95
Sautéed in a light nut crust with Lemongrass Butter, Pineapple and Banana, served with Caribbean Rice.
- FLORIDA LOBSTER market price
Broiled Native Lobster Tail with Drawn Butter, Lime and Caribbean Rice.
- SHRIMP SCAMPI \$11.50
Key West Shrimp sautéed in Garlic Butter with Lemon and Basil, served over pasta with Parmesan Cheese.
- CHICKEN CAYO HUESO \$6.95
A salad of grilled Chicken with Melon, Bananas and Coconut, in a light Curry Dressing with Mango Chutney.
- N.Y. STEAK \$12.95
12 oz. of U.S. Beef, charbroiled to your liking and served with Lemongrass Butter and Steakfries.
- B.B.Q. RIBS \$10.95
A full rack of Baby Back Ribs, glazed with our own tango sauce and served with Steakfries.

OUR LOOK IS NEW, OUR MENU IS NEW, OUR PRICES ARE THE SAME LOW PRICES OF LAST YEAR

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WATERFRONT PATIO RESTAURANT & BAR
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The Deposit

by Ann Boese

Thoughts ricocheted in Tom's mind as he drove his ailing Corolla down Seastar Boulevard toward the bank. The thugedy-thug coming from the left side of the engine was a reminder of the chaos afflicting not only the car but all the machines in Tom's life. Battery, lawn mower, stove, microwave -- all of them deteriorating within the last couple of months. It took 10 minutes to microwave a potato last Thursday; it took 25 minutes last night.

The breakdown of the VW van was particularly painful: the motor hesitating on the way to the airport; Tom's daughter and her friend watching the dashboard clock from the edge of their seats. Three-quarters of the way there the van had begun to choke and sputter. Tom pulled off the highway onto a steamy sideroad where the vehicle lurched to a deathlike halt. The girls groaned. They missed the flight.

Days later, Tom thoroughly investigated the engine problem. Heat and smoke -- he would have to cancel his retreat to Osenda, Arizona. Every year for nearly a decade, he had reserved one month to drive the 1,176 miles to Osenda for reflection and meditation. He loved it there: the lowly jackrabbit squatting beside the magnificent



boulder. Osenda--the purple-and-gold center of life. There he had made big life decisions: to leave the Catholic church, to divorce, to move from West to East and from North to South. It all was necessary -- the decisions and the trips. But neither would be possible this year.

Fat plastic yellow and orange letters ahead spelled "Sunshine Bank." Tom flicked on his turn signal, pulled into the

bank and positioned his car at the end of the long line waiting for drive-thru service. A red Mercedes 450-SL with a license plate that read BUCKS idled silently in front of him. The windows of the smooth little car were rolled up. It looked cool inside. In its rearview mirror, Tom could see the beautiful blonde seated coolly in the driver's seat. He thought back about 15 years to the Porsche he owned then. It was a silver-grey Targa; very fast and very cool.

A honk blasted from behind. Then another. Without a glance in the rearview mirror, Tom focused ahead. The red Mercedes had moved up, and the space it left was causing bank customers behind him a lot of anxiety. What the hell difference did it make? Tom thought about the space and the reaction. What difference did 15 feet or 15 seconds or 15 years, for that matter, make? He cranked the Corolla into drive and lurched toward the Mercedes. Sweat glazed his forehead and salted his collar.

An old man in a 1971 Impala was at the drive-thru terminal. The man sat with his head bowed for a long time and Tom thought the man was either sleeping or dead. He imagined the headlines: "Man Dies at Bank Window -- Waiting customers riot over service delay." Then the AP photo: an angry crowd overturning the car, dousing it with gasoline; the blond lighting a match.

Finally, a spotted skeletal hand holding a purple transaction canister crept from the

old man's window and came to rest above a black plastic bassinette. The hand let the canister drop. The bassinette folded the canister into the terminal, where it was sucked away by the vacuum tube connecting banker with bank.

Tom reached down on the passenger's seat for his checkbook. The pink deposit slip was already completed. He ran through the information: Kevin O'Mally -- \$500, rent; Denise Sorenson -- \$1000, rent plus deposit; Brenda Capperelli -- \$300, partial rent; Anne Schultz -- \$6.58, phone calls to Milwaukee. The deposit was \$1,200; he needed the rest back in cash to pay for mechanical repairs. It brought his total balance to \$4,572.36. He looked back over the balances for the year. Last July he had \$8,000 in checking and \$22,000 in savings.

That was before the cross-country vacation, the trip to his daughter's high school graduation, the tenting of the house for termite extermination. Then again, it was in July that he had quit his job in the county Building and Planning Department. Slowly but steadily, that's when the accounts really began to deplete. Ultimately, he figured, it was everyday life that cost him real money. The car, the van, the girlfriends, the restaurants, the cigarettes, the rum.

Among the roots, barely discernible, was Tom.

And then there was the impending expense. The daughter ready to start college, accepted at the best, believing that Dad had saved all along. Just like the card commercials made it out to be. Dad sitting in a leather chair, smoking a pipe, the *Wall Street Journal* in his lap, the apologetic Spike at his feet. Dad picks up a bright blue envelope, opens the card inside and smiles. The image of a squeaky clean coed, sitting at her desk, thinking not about the Laws of Motion, but of Dad, appears on the screen. Thanks Dad, reads the card. Thank you, honey, says Dad.

The Impala had disappeared, the Mercedes was at the terminal. The Corolla bucked forward. Through his open window Tom heard whiny tones passing between blonde and teller. His mind jumped back to the college problem. He *did* believe it would be solved, though he didn't know how. There was a mother and a scholarship involved; that lightened the load some. And he had seriously considered fixing up the front of the house and renting it as another apartment. There were four units now, including his own space, and plenty of room for one or two more. An additional \$500 a month could almost take care of his portion of the tuition. Of course there were expenses involved. The apartment would need a refrigerator and stove.

Another whiny exchange, and the Mercedes zipped silently forward across the lot and swung around the corner, out of sight. Tom pulled up, put the car in park. He reached out the window and pressed a

black button with *service* lettered on it in white. The bassinette unfolded from the terminal and extended a cylinder just within reach. He stretched through the window and grasped it, recoiling as his underarm touched the hot chrome of the car door.

Irritated, Tom placed his deposit in the vessel. An advertising brochure lay inside. The brochure was something new, something to read while he was waiting. Tom had never really looked at one. To him all advertising was the same -- wasted paper, wasted ink, wasted trees, wasted time. Only once had it been of any use: when his daughter turned his junk mail into art.

I've got my pad of forms, now let's get your life down here on paper.

Last summer, she snipped pictures and shapes and colors from flyers and magazines. Then she arranged them into a six-foot-high collage. It was a tree. Tucked among the foliage were photos of Tom's daughter, ex-wife, mother, mother-in-law, father and cat. Among the roots, barely discernible, was Tom.

Tom snapped the canister shut and tossed it into the waiting space. Like a bomb hole in a jet plane, the receptacle sucked it out of sight. He imagined the canister moving 1000 miles per hour down through the tube, under the asphalt, beneath the town, up through a hole in a mountain, and shooting end-over-end through the sky, beyond the earth's atmosphere and into outer space.

The girl with silver eyelids and coppery lips behind the bullet-proof glass was wearing long sleeves. Thank you, have a nice day, she said. The canister appeared. Thank you, Tom responded and the girl looked up and beyond him. Tom lifted the canister into the car and opened it. He picked up his transaction envelope; the brochure still lay underneath.

He picked it up and studied the woman on the cover. She wore a maroon corduroy JC Penney's suit and was posed as the loan officer. I'm here to help, the woman's friendly smile and posture seemed to say. I've got my pad of forms, now let's get your life down here on paper. In 20 years, her children's children would find this brochure in a trunk and ask, Is that *really* grandma?

Tom turned the brochure over. Long columns of numbers with percent signs were listed there. He opened it up: inside lay a second transaction envelope. He compared it with the other. One was thin, the other was fat. He peeked inside the fat one. Crisp and clean, there was over an inch worth's in there.

Tom sat quietly for a moment. Then came questions. Had the bank made a mistake? Could the money belong to BUCKS? Or was it the old man's? Should he inform the teller? His ears grew warm.

He removed the entire contents of the

canister and placed it back in its bassinette, careful to avoid the chrome. Noticing a rapid thudding in his throat, he turned to the teller who seemed to nod to him but was really talking with another customer. Then he put the Corolla in drive and jerked away.

Motoring back along Seastar Boulevard, Tom delighted in the coolness of the early evening air as it whipped and whirled about the Corolla's blue interior. It was relaxing, and with the relaxation came hunger. Tom pondered his dinner possibilities: sweet and sour chicken over rice; linguini with marinara sauce; Salisbury steak, mashed potatoes and green beans. He decided on the chicken, and thought maybe he'd watch a movie, drink a couple of beers. He contemplated the comfort of his worn-out couch, the slow safe rhythm of the ceiling fan forever turning above it. And he indulged an image of perfection: the lowly jackrabbit squatting beside the magnificent boulder. He saw purple, saw gold.

Then Tom sighed, lightened up on the gas a little, and thugedy-thugged on home.

Health Fair

The annual Key West and Big Pine Key Health Fairs, organized by the University of Miami School of Medicine, are back again March 4, 1989, for their 19th year.

University of Miami medical students and local physicians have volunteered on Health Fair day to provide local residents with screening tests and education on preventive medicine. The tests and advice are free, except the blood test which costs \$16 to cover the laboratory processing fee. The screening tests that will be available this year include blood pressure, vision, hearing, peripheral vascular, skin cancer, pap smear and breast examination, podiatry, hemocult, tuberculosis, height, weight, and oral screening.

Physicians, a dietician and a pharmacist will be available for questions and answer sessions, and pamphlets and videotapes about diabetes, Alzheimers, and arthritis will be provided. Moreover, a Community Health Program CARE-A-VAN (a mobile screening center staffed with registered nurses), Vial of Life, Visiting Nurses Association, and Hospice will be set up with information tables.

Last year 750 Keys residents were screened for medical problems. An even bigger turnout is anticipated this year. Everyone is invited to take advantage of this unique opportunity for health care on March 4, 1989 at the following locations: Big Pine Key, at Big Pine Methodist Church, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.; and Key West, at Glynn Archer Elementary School, 1302 United Street (entrance on Seminary Road at the junction of white and Seminary), from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

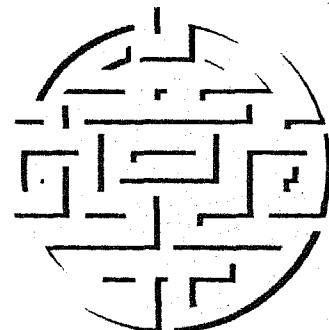
FEELING DISORIENTED?

Do you have a melancholy yearning, manifested by obsessive thoughts of Lo Mein? You may be suffering from...

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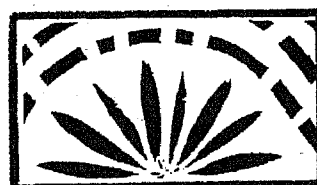
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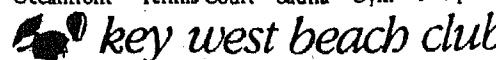
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Talking with Chief of Police Tom Webster

by Marsha Gordon

Thomas Edward Webster, Key West's top law man, rode into town under a cloud of dollar signs. Was anyone worth what we were going to pay him? His taxable income in 1988 was \$72,300 plus benefits and amenities that include, among other things, a leased car and a clothing allowance. And what does anyone from "away" know about our island's unique problems, anyway?

Tom Webster, a native Floridian, has been here now for almost two years. It's time for a little assessment of the job he's doing as police chief. Is he worth the big money? What's up? We went to his office to ask him.

He doesn't get too many points for neatness. The top of his desk was a jumble of papers. Indeed, it seemed as if the chief would have to call in the Department of Missing Papers to find anything. But Webster found the answers to my questions.

SH: What kind of police department did you find when you got here?

TW: I found a department with a reputation to overcome; a reputation of inefficiency, corruption and favoritism.

SH: Let's take these one at a time. Inefficiency?

TW: Operative procedures were virtually nil. One of my first charges was to beef up the internal affairs function of the department so the citizens' complaints could be investigated and met to the best of our ability.

SH: What about corruption and favoritism?

TW: By and large the department was OK. We had a couple of "customers" in the department that had to be addressed. We also had to incorporate some immediate training needs to keep in line with the Florida Department of Law Enforcement [FDLE] requirements. That's the agency that sanctions certification and recertification of various members of the department. If we are allowed to stay on course as we have in the last 22 months, we will overcome that reputation.

SH: The department's reputation with other law enforcement agencies was not the best. What's the status now?

TW: The Key West Police Department was isolated from the sheriff's department, the FBI, the DEA, Customs and FDLE, because of suspicion, corruption and inefficiency. This has been overcome. We're included in meetings and intelligence. We share case work and task-force with them. We have joint operations going on. We work well with all departments now.

completely self-serving, malicious and slanderous to me personally, to the department and to the city.

Apparently, not many people will take a stand to address these individuals but myself and a very few others. [These are] some of the most incredible political shenanigans I've seen in my government career.

I firmly believe in open communication, in addressing complaints and perceived problems. However, that particular group has chosen not to communicate with this



Chief of Police Tom Webster says he returns every phone call he gets. Photo courtesy Tom Webster.

SH: There seems to be some disagreement between you and the residents of Bahama Village. What's going on?

TW: In my opinion, a very small group, maybe two people, have enticed a small number of people to make an issue where none exists. I've been told these people do not speak for the black community. I find them to be

office at all. They have plainly stated they will not talk with the police chief.

SH: What about charges that you are a racist?

TW: Blatant slander without any merit, without any facts. Every charge that is brought to this department is investigated. Files are a matter of public record for anyone to review. I

find it strange that none of these documents or resources are ever taken advantage of.

Quite frankly, I would challenge that particular group and ask: What have you done for your community?

SH: Where is the department in minority hiring?

TW: We're well represented by minorities, including females, Hispanics and blacks. We can't compare affirmative action in Key West with the cities of Miami, Jacksonville or Tampa. It's very easy to cover this island with an ad in one of the local newspapers and radio stations.

Our problem is that our salaries are not competitive with other law enforcement agencies in South Florida, including our own sheriff's department.

SH: Is it then an economic problem?

TW: Yes, the sheriff's department took a big jump ahead of last summer. Talking in generalities, there's a \$5,000 to \$6,000 differential in the South Florida market. Then there's a 30 to 40 percent higher cost of living here in Key West. A certified police officer can go anywhere he or she wants to for more money and less expense.

Our most recent resignation went to a law enforcement agency in Broward County. His cost of living will decrease between 25 and 30 percent and his salary will jump \$6000.

We're losing men, women, blacks and Hispanics. The only common denominator is economics.

SH: What can be done about this?

TW: If we intend to survive, to maintain the identity of our police department and our city, we must become competitive and offer a working atmosphere that includes a physical plant and equipment.

The only way to do that is to raise the revenues. We need \$1 million to \$1.5 million dollars over the next one to four years for the physical plant and we need to increase our operating budget by at least \$1.5 million.

SH: What's the money used for?

TW: A police department is labor-intense. About 80 percent of all money goes to salaries and related items.

SH: Do we have the required number of police officers for a city our size?

TW: A city this size should have at least 100 sworn personnel and about 30 support personnel. We presently have about 22 support personnel, and we're budgeted for 75 to 76 sworn personnel. We maintain an average of 10 to 12 vacancies in the sworn positions because of economics.

That's the difference between a police officer at your door in five to ten minutes versus one to two hours.

Our city has approximately 42 percent of the population, and at least half of the crime rate. The sheriff's department outspends and outmans us three-to-one.

We're looking at a service population on a daily basis in excess of 50,000 people. Tourism is definitely affected by the delivery of good services. Whether [it's for] residents or transients, we have to provide law enforcement functions for everyone.

At this point we have a slow response time and we are prioritizing calls. We will not be able to address barking dogs and ordinance violations when [crimes] such as burglary and narcotics violations are occurring.

... people say that you do not answer calls about known crack houses.

SH: But people say that you do not answer calls about known crack houses.

TW: We do answer those calls. But we are unable to keep every complainant advised of our progress. We want and need the public to give us that information.

Narcotics is very hard to infiltrate. The narcotics criminal is very well financed and has a very good network of organization. Over the years we have decriminalized the laws; we've made sentences shorter and shorter. The FDLE tells us the convicted narcotics dealer will probably see four or five convictions before he ever sees any jail time, and that time will be minimal.

Narcotics is a moral issue. It must be dealt with through education, the home and the church. It is not a law

enforcement issue.

SH: What's the police department's role in dealing with the homeless?

TW: There are certain things we can do and certain things we can't. Vagrancy laws have been unconstitutional for at least 15 years. Abusive language is hard to listen to, but unless there is some kind of battery or assault connected with the words, it's just words.

However, trespassing on private property is illegal. Property owners who post No Trespassing signs have more of a chance of keeping their property clear.

SH: There are those who say you should be out on the streets more.

TW: My job is to manage, direct and administer the police department. Certainly, I think a police chief needs to be in touch with the community. I would love to go out and actually get involved in street activities, but then the police chief, as any police officer, finds himself spending the majority of his time in court, in depositions -- a high price to pay and totally ineffective. In addition, the administration of the tax payer's dollar is not looked to.

SH: Are you available to police personnel?

TW: There is a chain of command that needs to be followed. I return all of my phone calls, keep all my meetings, and certainly, everybody, regardless of their rank and tenure, can get to the police chief.

SH: Anything else you'd like readers to know about you and the police department?

TW: The Key West Police Department is open for business in a legitimate business manner. Complaints will be addressed in a professional manner, across the board, city-wide, with little attention paid to special interest groups.

I will not pay attention to the special interests groups that want a little bit more than their share. I am here to provide a smooth level of service for all the residents and service population of Key West.

The first function any community provides to its citizens is public safety. The city needs to determine the level of service it wants to deliver. □

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The Agony of
the Crucifixion

by Allen McKee

Something
coming at me
whatever it is
there's more

Garbage men
are carting off
my waste

Eyelids open
I breathe in
dog breath
my feet
feel plush
the pencils
are aimed
at the ceiling

"He's up,"
whisper the roaches

Lizards blink
in the bathroom
the toilet
still works

That's important

Ants marching
across the wall
some are dead
in the honey jar

A languid spider
is unimpressed
by my presence
all the ice cubes
are black

There's gas leaking
in the stove
espresso pot
blows up
the phone rings
I don't know
who I am

Solar flares
on the sun
penitentiaries
are ready
to explode
and Ted Bundy
smiles

Dan Quayle skis
on \$25,000
Duffy Strobe
zips bible and
picks up his lunch

Bicycles are chained
to the fence
the old man
in the bushes
coughs
and wipes Christ
off his chin

Smoke from the
first one
bites my lungs
Buddha falls
from the porch

I decide
to live
another day

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by Rick Sitz

The sailors would anchor and say what they saw.
They'd speak of big tankers and bright blue macaws,
the sun-ups and downers, the swimmers and downers,
and speak of the Sea as an absolute law.

There're no other places that they'd rather be
than bobbin' around in the wide open Sea,
with the wind at their backs and their next port to lee,
a wonderful place is the mighty, blue Sea.

Love her. She'll have you. She'll make you her own.
From the deck of your ship she'll allow you to roam.
'tween the tropical isles in her phosphorous foam,
with her as your love you are never alone.

The sailors would anchor and say what they saw.
They'd speak of big tankers and bright blue macaws,
the sun-ups and downers, the swimmers and downers,
and speak of the Sea as an absolute law.

Grandma Was a Hellcat

by Sandra Russell

After Harry Russell left the seventh time
Grandma played shortstop for money
traded her wedding ring for baseball tickets
taught her sons to pitch
and chased them with a poker
for swimming in the river.

She played poker, numbers
and house with a gentleman
whose name no one remembers,
kept a flask in the flour bin.

Her son stood next to his father
at a game in '47.
Introduced himself
in the bottom of the ninth,
remembered his father's name,
eyes, broken finger.

Introduced himself again in '51
after his father called him Jim.

Grandma attended Harry Russell's funeral.
His other women were there
who knew nothing about baseball.
His sons carried the coffin.

Originally published in *Croton Review* #8, Spring, 1985

FILIGREE

Untitled

by Kathi Rogers

Dancing in the dark
in the back of my mind
is a little girl
whirling in circles
ponytail flying
intent on the feeling
of grass
flattened under her toes
arms akimbo
pulled by the force
that spins her
faster and faster
trees
sky
clouds
tilting crazily
around and around
knowing she
'will dizzily drop
but never stop!

Untitled

by Anonymous

Dream Thing

by Edna Michael

Sitting on a park bench gazing at trees,
pondering things lived, almost forgotten,
I spotted a tiny multicolored dream thing
sitting on a leaf.

I wondered -- then speaking aloud, I asked,
"What are you? What is your meaning?"
and to my amazement, it answered,
"I am the world."

"You," said I, "are not the world.
The World is great and vast.
You are a tiny multicolored dream thing
sitting on a leaf."

"No," it answered calmly, "I am the world
for I am in harmony and my meaning is clear."

"You," said I (quite angrily now), "are
nothing more than a deluded little bug!
I am much more than you, that is plain to see."

"No, indeed," it replied, "that cannot be,
for to be less than you, would be not to be!"

Feeling the power of my race now soaring through
my veins, I threatened, "If you are the world,
then with a flick of my fingers,
I can destroy the world!"

And it answered, "No, you would not destroy
the world, you would destroy only a tiny
multicolored dream thing sitting on a leaf."

Mallory Square

by Susan Papp

There's something magic
About the ocean today
It heaves and hoes
In a certain splendid way

No words can describe it
The birds and the boats
The tinkling boat bells
Birds chirping notes

The sun before me
All golden with rays
It charms me tonight
While the ocean just plays

WHEN IT STORMS IN KEY WEST

by K. Scott Strong

IT BECOMES CLEVELAND
OR ANYWHERE
YOU DON'T CARE YOU JUST
HOLD YOUR LADY UNTIL
SHE LOSES HER JOB

Hello Again Hell

by Glenna L. Moore

Yesterday
I was riding that rainbow
Riding high in the sky!
Not a moment was dull
Neither was I --
Surrounded by Colours
I dared not ask why
Today
Is so muted.
My eyes have gone dry.
The torrents of last night
Have emptied my shell --
The Colours are gone.
The flowers don't smell.
I send a small greeting.
"Hello again, hell."

LIMBERMAN

by Henry Hough

LIMBERMAN
YOU'RE SO COOL
DANCING IN THE STREET
IN FRONT OF ME
AND EVEN THOUGH
YOU ARE POOR
YOUR LEGS MOVE
AND YOUR ARMS SWING
LIKE A RING OF FIRE
BUT WHERE OH WHERE
DANCES YOUR MIND
LIMBERMAN

YOU MOVE WITH THE
GRACE OF HEAVEN'S ANGELS
WHILE IN YOUR SOUL
THAT HELL OF LIFE
CALLED STRIFE FILLS A VOID
LEFT LONG AGO BY HAPPINESS

OH ALL THE PEOPLE
STAND AROUND LAUGHING
AT YOU LIMBERMAN
TO THEM YOU ARE
ONLY A PAWN EVEN THOUGH
YOU DANCE LIKE A KING
AND TO ME YOU ARE A KING
YOU'VE LIVED LIFE YOUR OWN WAY
YOU LOOK HAPPY EVEN WHEN
INSIDE YOU ARE SAD

Underwater and the cowfish

by Judith Kazantzis

I see a caricature face
in close-up, eye to the top front of the head
fixed, astonished in profile,
left simple as the right.
Benign this fish,
come upon in roly poly markings
meant to hide the face plus tail
above or behind an ample sea fan.

A lavender sea fan: among the bare branches
a leaf of scrawl, sepia brought
in green light from invisible.
Still as a weed; that is, not still
but not one of us. Face with tail
like a high minded teacher
faintly ashamed, faintly reproving.
It backs like a tug, fluttering
its screw tail, one side being
alert to my body, white and titanic;
the other side saying whoa.
A large diver intent
strokes silently five feet beyond us both,
me and the gentle cowfish.
A knife is in his hand, he is naked.
Both of us but not to each other
are asking, what if --

This other cowfish cowers under
a byre of toffee weed.
The water's whirled by swells --
a thickness thinned out with shafts of sun
as yellow as powdered egg;
mostly opaque as if a spoon had
stirred sun into sea
and bland to my quilled eyes
trying to get at the fish.

I sprawl like a longbodied man o' war.
The sepia handwritten shield
dips one edge off the weed,
one iota off camouflage.

What it's doing is what I would,
if a fool fish gazed at by
myself, kind as I am; or
if myself naked on the white sand
say, of a hot beach
and a pterodactyl hatched out
through the cloud haze and kept
absorbing me without a blink.

I haven't explained
how the cow became the fish
or fish in terms of cow.
This is a learned postscript, done from
Monroe County Library, Florida Section,
charming section of a courteous turn of the century
Dutch Boer Mex receptacle of much
indigenous bustle and sharpeners: flowers
here bloom nearly forever and prefer huge
trumpets or the hydra tongued petals of orchids.
Bullfrogs hop wildly out of our cisterns,
stacked snail on big, and bell and belch
by night when it pours. The tiny gecko,
its nervous body all stripes, gets stranded
again in the kitchen. The fish eagle rows
the top of the pine, its gold circled
eye hooked to the waves. The catbird wakes
me up with its territorial buzz-saw,
flipping its tail, opening its beak
along the backyards, one to the next.
Cat to cow. But the sea is a whole
other shelf. I'll tell you tomorrow.

Note: The cowfish like the rest of the boxfish is as
prehistoric as the pterodactyl itself. All but fins and tail it
wears a shell, not scales, and also can be cooked in same for
Thanksgiving under its other name, "turkey of the sea."

DESTINATION HOME

by Henry Hough

THE SHINING SUN
ON HIGHWAY SEVENTEEN
IS FILLED IN
WITH IMAGES OF A MAN
MEMORIES OF A LIFE LONG AGO
FORM IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND
WITH REMEMBRANCES
OF BYGONE TIMES
AS THE VISIONS OF A PAST
FLOAT BY IN TIME

BULLETS FLY
AROUND AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOY
WAITING FOR THE MEDICS OR DEATH
TO TAKE HIM AWAY
TWO SOLDIERS PASS BY
AND ONE SEEMS TO NOTICE HIM
THE LOOK ON HIS FACE
SEEMS TO ASK
WHERE ARE YOU GOING
WHERE AM I GOING

EIGHT MEN
CARRY A CASKET TO A PLANE
BENEATH
THE RAIN SOAKED AND MUDDIED FLAG
OVER IT
IS ATTACHED A TAG WHICH READS
DESTINATION HOME

POETRY by K. Scott Strong

Saxophone Joe

by Sandra Russell

Saxophone Joe
grinned his way
from British Columbia in '71
sports his cocked-hat British satire
at Simonton Street Pier,
does the improvisational
six a.m.
naval officer
protocol crawl,
belly-up does Henry Miller doing
England:
"How could he --
do it in the club!"

Takes his therapy
scouring coffee cups at the kitchen sink.
Girls propped on stools
dot the kitchen,
making more cups,
making girl talk
of questionable wages,
the value of assassination,
use words like incestuous
and ethical.

Joe dries his hands
on his parliamentary wig,
hangs it on the towel rack:
"I say," he says,
"he never should have
done it in the club!"

That Night in Chicago

by Glenna L. Moore

White Street Beach

by Allen McKee

Water flashed its claws
and the beach had teeth
but could not eat
the tin, glass and bone.

All the sea gulls
were poisoned,
black-webbed feet
pointing to the sky.

White salied bellies
and broken gods
rolled in the surf.

Dolphins held mass
calling for salvation
from the other side
while blue-shelled crabs
paced the breakers
tap -- tap -- tap.

I laughed
and turned away.

that night
in chicago
he took my hand,
i smiled
rose
to meet him
and dance
with the band.
the music was
soft,
just played
for a dream
properly placed,
like the space
in between,
cushioning
side-steps,
polite, and
serene.

he was so handsome
and gentle,
with me.
i was eighteen,
he,
fifty-three.
but there
on the dance floor
chicago could
see
there was something
between us
that couldn't
be seen,
dancing
like that,
with a space
in between.
and as he escorted me
back to my chair,
i looked at the waiters
who'd been standing there
smirking, and winking,
as if we could share!
some dirty joke
in the cold midnight air.
and i tried to pretend,
that i didn't care,
if they thought
something more than
sheer beauty
was there.

but now,
ten years later
i cannot
defend
sheer beauty
or love
sometimes
even a friend
cause i left
chicago
that very next
day
and that's the
last time
i felt lovely
that way
cause daddy
died shortly
and i soon
found out
what dancing
to music
is really
about.

CONSTRUCTING SYLLABLES --
MUSIC THAT CAN'T FLY

Transformation

by Kirby Congdon

My face -- changed --
returned to Youth.
Friends, frail,
spoke of age
while I, though strange,
had a timeless look.
When morning broke
and I awoke
to test the truth
of what had passed
before my glass,
I rejoiced to claim
each familiar feature
of that new creature
was one night older
but otherwise the same!

Edna St. Vincent Millay

by Marion H. Smith

She led us through the brambles
Of her berry-pricker wit;
She let us see the shambles
Of a heart that love has bit;
She preached the fun of living
In the temporal caprice;
She taught the rue of giving
A ninety-nine year lease;
And if, creating beauty,
She showed us goodness too,
Still more, rejecting duty,
She gave us something true.

The Agony of the Crucifixion

by Allen McKee

Something
coming at me
whatever it is
there's more

Garbage men
are carting off
my waste

Eyelids open
I breathe in
dog breath
my feet
feel plush
the pencils
are aimed
at the ceiling

"He's up,"
whisper the roaches

Lizards blink
in the bathroom
the toilet
still works

That's important

Ants marching
across the wall
some are dead
in the honey jar

A languid spider
is unimpressed
by my presence
all the ice cubes
are black

There's gas leaking
in the stove
espresso pot
blows up
the phone rings
I don't know
who I am

Solar flares
on the sun
penitentiaries
are ready
to explode
and Ted Bundy
smiles

Dan Quayle skis
on \$25,000
Duffy Strobe
zips bible and
picks up his lunch

Bicycles are chained
to the fence
the old man
in the bushes
coughs
and wipes Christ
off his chin

Smoke from the
first one
bites my lungs
Buddha falls
from the porch

I decide
to live
another day

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The torrents of last night
Have emptied my shell --
The Colours are gone.
The flowers don't smell.
I send a small greeting.
"Hello again, hell."

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"No, indeed," it replied, "that cannot be,
for to be less than you, would be not to be!"

Feeling the power of my race now soaring through
my veins, I threatened, "If you are the world,
then with a flick of my fingers,
I can destroy the world!"

And it answered, "No, you would not destroy
the world, you would destroy only a tiny
multicolored dream thing sitting on a leaf."

LIMBERMAN

by Henry Hough

LIMBERMAN
YOU'RE SO COOL
DANCING IN THE STREET
IN FRONT OF ME
AND EVEN THOUGH
YOU ARE POOR
YOUR LEGS MOVE
AND YOUR ARMS SWING
LIKE A RING OF FIRE
BUT WHERE OH WHERE
DANCES YOUR MIND
LIMBERMAN

YOU MOVE WITH THE
GRACE OF HEAVEN'S ANGELS
WHILE IN YOUR SOUL
THAT HELL OF LIFE
CALLED STRIFE FILLS A VOID
LEFT LONG AGO BY HAPPINESS

OH ALL THE PEOPLE
STAND AROUND LAUGHING
AT YOU LIMBERMAN
TO THEM YOU ARE
ONLY A PAWN EVEN THOUGH
YOU DANCE LIKE A KING
AND TO ME YOU ARE A KING
YOU'VE LIVED LIFE YOUR OWN WAY
YOU LOOK HAPPY EVEN WHEN
INSIDE YOU ARE SAD

Underwater and the cowfish

by Judith Kazantzis

I see a caricature face
in close-up, eye to the top front of the head
fixed, astonished in profile,
left simple as the right.
Benign this fish,
come upon in roly poly markings
meant to hide the face plus tail
above or behind an ample sea fan.

A lavender sea fan: among the bare branches
a leaf of scrawl, sepia brought
in green light from invisible.
Still as a weed; that is, not still
but not one of us. Face with tail
like a high minded teacher
faintly ashamed, faintly reproving.
It backs like a tug, fluttering
its screw tail, one side being
alert to my body, white and titanic;
the other side saying whoa.
A large diver intent
strokes silently five feet beyond us both,
me and the gentle cowfish.
A knife is in his hand, he is naked.
Both of us but not to each other
are asking, what if --

This other cowfish cowers under
a byre of toffee weed.
The water's whirled by swells --
a thickness thinned out with shafts of sun
as yellow as powdered egg;
mostly opaque as if a spoon had
stirred sun into sea
and bland to my quilled eyes
trying to get at the fish.

I sprawl like a longbodied man o' war.
The sepia handwritten shield
dips one edge off the weed,
one iota off camouflage.

What it's doing is what I would,
if a fool fish gazed at by
myself, kind as I am; or
if myself naked on the white sand
say, of a hot beach
and a pterodactyl hatched out
through the cloud haze and kept
absorbing me without a blink.

I haven't explained
how the cow became the fish
or fish in terms of cow.
This is a learned postscript, done from
Monroe County Library, Florida Section,
charming section of a courteous turn of the century
Dutch Boer Mex receptacle of much
indigenous bustle and sharpeners: flowers
here bloom nearly forever and prefer huge
trumpets or the hydra tongued petals of orchids.
Bullfrogs hop wildly out of our cisterns,
stacked small on big, and bell and belch
by night when it pours. The tiny gecko,
its nervous body all stripes, gets stranded
again in the kitchen. The fish eagle rows
the top of the pine, its gold circled
eye hooked to the waves. The catbird wakes
me up with its territorial buzz-saw,
flipping its tail, opening its beak
along the backyards, one to the next.
Cat to cow. But the sea is a whole
other shelf. I'll tell you tomorrow.

Note: The cowfish like the rest of the boxfish is as
prehistoric as the pterodactyl itself. All but fins and tail it
wears a shell, not scales, and also can be cooked in same for
Thanksgiving under its other name, 'turkey of the sea.'

DESTINATION HOME

by Henry Hough

THE SHINING SUN
ON HIGHWAY SEVENTEEN
IS FILLED IN
WITH IMAGES OF A MAN
MEMORIES OF A LIFE LONG AGO
FORM IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND
WITH REMEMBRANCES
OF BYGONE TIMES
AS THE VISIONS OF A PAST
FLOAT BY IN TIME

BULLETS FLY
AROUND AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOY
WAITING FOR THE MEDICS OR DEATH
TO TAKE HIM AWAY
TWO SOLDIERS PASS BY
AND ONE SEEMS TO NOTICE HIM
THE LOOK ON HIS FACE
SEEMS TO ASK
WHERE ARE YOU GOING
WHERE AM I GOING

EIGHT MEN
CARRY A CASKET TO A PLANE
BENEATH
THE RAIN SOAKED AND MUDDIED FLAG
OVER IT
IS ATTACHED A TAG WHICH READS
DESTINATION HOME

POETRY by K. Scott Strong

Saxophone Joe

by Sandra Russell

Saxophone Joe
grinned his way
from British Columbia in '71
sports his cocked-hat British satire
at Simonton Street Pier,
does the improvisational
six a.m.
naval officer
protocol crawl,
belly-up does Henry Miller doing
England:
"How could he --
do it in the club!"

Takes his therapy
scouring coffee cups at the kitchen sink.
Girls propped on stools
dot the kitchen,
making more cups,
making girl talk
of questionable wages,
the value of assassination,
use words like incestuous
and ethical.

Joe dries his hands
on his parliamentary wig,
hangs it on the towel rack:
"I say," he says,
"he never should have
done it in the club!"

That Night in Chicago

by Glenna L. Moore

White Street Beach

by Allen McKee

Water flashed its claws
and the beach had teeth
but could not eat
the tin, glass and bone.

All the sea gulls
were poisoned,
black-webbed feet
pointing to the sky.

White salted bellies
and broken gods
rolled in the surf.

Dolphins held mass
calling for salvation
from the other side
while blue-shelled crabs
paced the breakers
tap -- tap -- tap.

I laughed
and turned away.

that night
in chicago
he took my hand,
i smiled
rose
to meet him
and dance
with the band.
the music was
soft,
just played
for a dream
properly placed,
like the space
in between,
cushioning
side-steps,
polite, and
serene.

he was so handsome
and gentle,
with me.
i was eighteen,
he,
fifty-three.
but there
on the dance floor
chicago could
see
there was something
between us
that couldn't
be seen,
dancing
like that,
with a space
in between.
and as he escorted me
back to my chair,
i looked at the waiters
who'd been standing there
smirking, and winking,
as if we could share!
some dirty joke
in the cold midnight air.
and i tried to pretend,
that i didn't care,
if they thought
something more than
sheer beauty
was there.

but now,
ten years later
i cannot
defend
sheer beauty
or love
sometimes
even a friend,
cause i left
chicago
that very next
day
and that's the
last time
i felt lovely
that way
cause daddy
died shortly
and i soon
found out
what dancing
to music
is really
about.

CONSTRUCTING SYLLABLES -- MUSIC THAT CAN'T FLY

Transformation

by Kirby Congdon

My face -- changed --
returned to Youth.
Friends, frail,
spoke of age
while I, though strange,
had a timeless look.
When morning broke
and I awoke
to test the truth
of what had passed
before my glass,
I rejoiced to claim
each familiar feature
of that new creature
was one night older
but otherwise the same!

Edna St. Vincent Millay

by Marion H. Smith

She led us through the brambles
Of her berry-pricker wit;
She let us see the shambles
Of a heart that love has bit;
She preached the fun of living
In the temporal caprice;
She taught the rue of giving
A ninety-nine year lease;
And if, creating beauty,
She showed us goodness too,
Still more, rejecting duty,
She gave us something true.

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Back to the Future

Commission retightens girth on development

by Elliot Baron

From a public relations standpoint, the timing couldn't have been better. In a recent *Today Show* broadcast from South Florida, Hawk's Cay developer Don Johnson was asked if the Keys could be overdeveloped. Johnson responded that, due to a sensitive county commission and very strict laws, the environment was safe.

Only three days earlier, the county commission, in a dramatic surprise action, had voted unanimously to abandon its crusade against growth control and had requested the state to adopt guidelines as stringent as any previously imposed. The vote reversed the direction in which the county has been moving for the past three commissions.

The Florida Legislature passed the first "Principles for Guiding Development" in 1979. The principles were written with good intentions, but failed to include protection of near-shore waters, including

the reef and fisheries, and left the county too much leeway. This was rectified when Governor Bob Graham and his Cabinet adopted a more stringent and specific set of rules for Monroe County in 1984.

Ever since, Monroe County has been at war with the state. A suit, filed by several individuals including then-County Commissioner Ed Swift and then-State Legislator Joe Allen, Jr., charged that the state had usurped home rule. With Swift's vote, plus those of Commissioners Wilhelmina Harvey and Billy Freeman, the county took over the lawsuit (and attorney David Paul Horan's legal bills) in what was to become known as *Monroe County vs. Graham*.

The next commission brought in what Commissioner John Stormont called "the Lytton and Hernandez crowd, still beating the dead horse and still paying David Paul Horan." While the legal bills mounted, the county's relationship with Tallahassee continued to sour. Recently, a compromise was reached. The county would drop its lawsuit if the state agreed to replace the strict 1984 guidelines with the lenient 1979 version. Environmentalists were aghast.

When State Legislator Ron Saunders held public hearings up and down the Keys last month, it was clear from the public

outcry that the local citizenry did not care much for uncontrolled growth. Explaining why he thought the commission reversed direction, Saunders said, "I think they listened to the public. They were persuaded by the will of the voters."

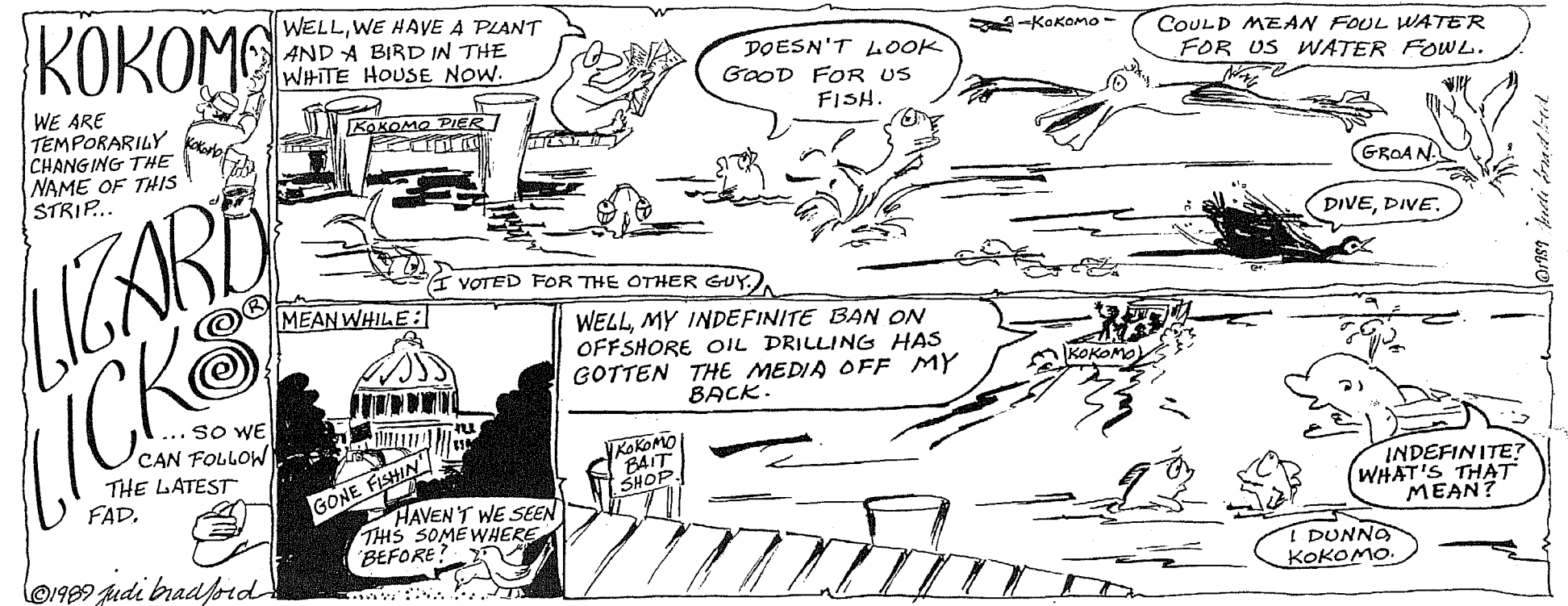
Saunders believes that the county will now be able to work with the Department of Community Affairs to "get the principles squared away and wind up with a fair and workable land use plan." He cautioned, however, "It's one thing to say you want stricter principles, but let's get specific -- what, in particular, do you want to strengthen?"

Saunders had already filed a bill for the spring session to adopt the negotiated 1979 principles into state statute. He said that he will need the final draft by later this month.

Commissioner Stormont, who made the motion to return to the stricter guidelines, said that while there was discussion at the meeting to impose controls that were even tighter than those mandated by the 1984 principles, it was not the intent of the motion to include those in the upcoming session. "I want the language to read, word for word, as it appeared in the 1984 principles," he said.

Stormont explained that he did not feel there was sufficient time to address changes for this session. He thought that any attempt to do so would simply result in a deadlock. With the protection of the 1984 principles firmly in place, he felt the commission could then address additional controls.

For putting aside their longstanding feud with the state and moving forward with solid plan for the future, the members of the county commission should be individually commended.



Letters to the Editor

To Solares Hill, Bill Huckel, George Halloran, and Other Friends:

As you are aware, my father, Bill Westray, passed away at the end of January after a long struggle with cancer.

I would like to thank everyone for their kindness and understanding to my father during these last several weeks.

At the family service the minister stated that my father will live in his children's memory of his character and ideas. I believe the same is true for his friends in the Keys. My father believed that service to county, family and ideas is a continuous lifelong objective, that is never finished. That the measured acts of an individual are more important than words, wishes and hopes. That the half words of life, *maybe, tomorrow, later, sorry*, etc., were not part of my father's language, believing as he did that a man's actions spoke the truest.

I would like to thank everyone responsible for organizing and attending the "Bill Westray Appreciation Day" in December. Also Harry Powell, City Commissioner, for the City Proclamation. This day gave everyone the opportunity to express to him their feelings when he could listen. He was very pleased and grateful.

A special thanks goes to George Halloran and Solares Hill for the sensitive article about my Mother and Father.

Please continue the fight and when the telephone does not ring early in the morning (for I have had my share) think of who you should telephone to protect the people from the actions of the few.

Yours sincerely,
W. Ken Westray



Putting the finishing touches on a new marine archaeology exhibit at the Library of Florida Keys Community College, above, are two staff members of the Mel Fisher Maritime Heritage Society, Wendy Martin, left, exhibit specialist, and artist Katherine Amundson, center.

The exhibit allows students and the visiting public to better understand the importance of marine archaeology in the Florida Keys. FKCC and the nonprofit Mel Fisher Maritime Heritage Society have a cooperative program for student instruction in the techniques of marine archaeology. The exhibit will continue indefinitely. Photo by Dylan Kibler.

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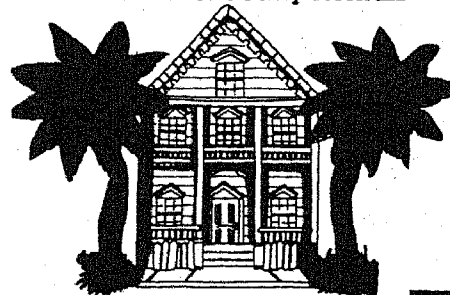
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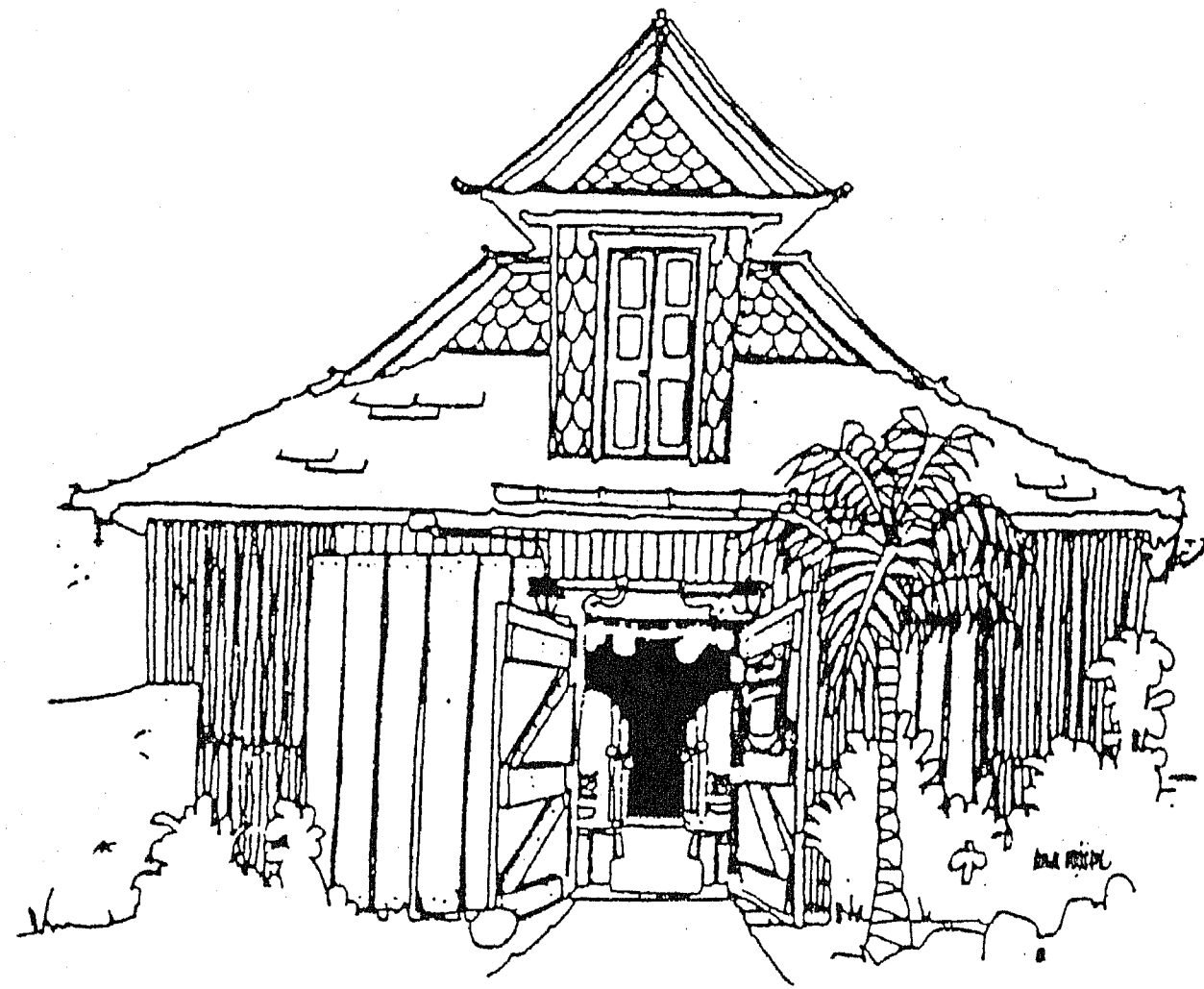
Red Barn Fundraiser Stages Art with Theater

Each year the Red Barn Theatre mounts one fundraising event. Long-time Barn patrons have attended Show Biz Balls I, II and IV, used "Bubba Bucks" currency, and turned out in droves for an auction in Old City Hall which marked the first occasion that building had been open to the public in 20 years.

This year the Red Barn crew will team up with resident visual artists for a fundraising art auction on March 20 at East Martello Towers. Many pieces offered will be created by the artists especially for this event. Co-chairpersons artist Kathleen Elgin and writer/artist Vaughan Gibson have invited many area artists to submit works exploring one theme: the theater.

According to Red Barn staff member Susan Hawkens, "This kind of event is exciting for us because it involves strong artists from a totally different discipline." Gibson supports the project for this reason, and because "the format allows everyone to profit, which is unusual."

The format is an arrangement in which both artists and the Barn will share proceeds from the auction. An agreement between each individual artist and the Barn will establish a minimum for each piece, which will go to the artist; everything above that will go to the Barn.



Artists from as far as Miami, including former Key Wester Craig Biondi, will participate in the auction, which will be held Monday, March 20 at East Martello Tower. Ron Clemons, Whitehead Street Pottery, Jay Gogin, Cricket Barnes, Richard Watherwax are a few of the contributing artists. Ann Irvine is organizing the Guild Hall artists, and, of course, you can expect to see pieces by Elgin and Gibson.

Bidding will take place from the outdoor stage in the courtyard of East Martello. In case of rain, it will be moved indoors. Monday, March 20 is also the first day of spring, and the Red Barn extends an invitation to all art lovers to join them for this beautiful auction.

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One Night Last Week

by George Halloran

I sit down and there it is -- another Hemingway discussion. There isn't a lot of food on the table, but everyone's glass is full. The writer has the floor.

"He missed it. He goddamned missed it all. He missed Key West and he lived here for 10 years," says the writer, pulling from some inner storehouse of memories and emotions to which only he is privy. He's really into this and that means we will be, too. It is about midnight and the other tables are filled with drunks, divorcees and drug addicts.

"The only thing he got out of Key West was *The Old Man and the Sea* and that was good. *To Have and Have Not* was trash. He wrote it on a bet.

This guy is too good-looking. Though his woman has been making bedroom eyes for half an hour, he wants to talk Hemingway. She knows this could go on all night, so she gets up and leaves. No goodbyes.

"He knew he was good. He used to say he could write anything and they would pay for it and read it just because he wrote it. He bet a pal \$10,000 he could write this little story and then he did it. Seven weeks it took him. There is nothing to that book and nothing of Key West in it."

How does he know this? Is it true? I think back to reading the book 10 years ago and remember liking it. I tell the writer I liked it. He spits in my drink.

Another member of the party, whose family was associated with Hemingway for years, recalls what he terms the best line in the book: some prediction about locals being forced out of town by big money from tourism. The writer agrees. He likes this guy, whose dad was Hemingway's honest workman, his sidekick.

We are leftovers from a party of literary luminaries and artists plus one jazz drummer and a city commissioner. Talk has ranged through the ages and then come up short on the expansion plans for El Rancho, the motel at Truman and Margaret that didn't win any awards this year.

The owners want to fill in the open space

behind their parking lot with nine more units -- just under the cap so they won't be required to produce a community impact assessment statement.

They have already fallen into disfavor in the neighborhood through their hat-racking of a large sapodilla tree in the parking lot. What is wrong with these people? Are they trying to kill a tree that provides the only shade and slice of greenery in a parking lot the neighbors already term "bubonic"?

Any normal person would pamper the tree, if only for its cash value of at least \$10,000 in today's dollars. (That is, as opposed to Hemingway dollars which the writer says were worth 10 times ours. How does he know this?)

Watch any parking lot in Key West in the early morning. The first spots to fill up are those under trees. Who wants to unlock his metal motor box and get inside at 125 degrees? Your pants stick to the seat, your deodorant explodes, and you are angry before you even get into the traffic.

The South Florida Regional Planning Council -- one of your basic rubber-stamp agencies set up to "review" major developments in Monroe, Dade and Broward Counties -- requires a certain number of shade plantings per spot in any new parking area. Even Key West finally passed such a law. But again it affects only lots over 10 spaces.

Can you believe that by parking cars in the shade we could save literally millions of barrels of oil per year nationwide from reduced air-conditioning time? This is what the experts tell us.

So we are chatting away at the party, and one of our contestants has decided the new multi-million-dollar sewer treatment plant was unnecessary; all we really had to do was run a big pipe out beyond the reef and then downhill a mile or so past the dropoff. There we'd simply spew our waste into the open arms of Mother Ocean.

The only other guy on earth who seriously thinks this is a good idea is Charlie Wardlow (he pronounces it *Wad-Low*). He ascribes to the "feed-it-to-the-fish" theory but never explains what will eat the latex paint rinsings, plastic tampon

applicators and household death compounds that are dumped by the ton into the sinks and toilets of our city.

Where does all the used anti-freeze end up? What happens to the benthic community (bottom dwelling plants and animals) after 10 years of submersion in Ajax and ammonia? What will the ocean become after another century of mankind's filthy deposits?

Talk ebbs up the Keys. We discuss Big Pine -- the real battleground these days between the middle-income property-owner/developer and the remaining nature. In our lifetimes we will see the Key Deer annihilated, stamped out. There is no question about it. I wonder what each of us will tell people in other places and other times when asked what we did to prevent this butchery.

The man in whose yard we drink agrees the most blatant irony in all the Keys is the billboard for Key Deer Realty. Hooking the words "Key Deer" up to "Realty" is pathetic. The name draws on the allure of beautiful little creatures to sell property that will be fenced and built upon so the deer can no longer live there. An American tragedy, but not the hottest topic of the night as we wander away to Kyushu.

The hot spot is reserved for Hemingway. Dead for a million years but still talked about with hot passion over cold drinks. The writer actually works himself up over this thing.

"He lived here all those years and never really put it down on paper. *To Have and Have Not* was junk. All he got out of Key West was a big house that his rich wife bought him and *The Old Man and the Sea*." Again I defend the book, saying I liked Harry, the one-armed bum stacked against the world.

The writer stubs his cigarette in my food. I promise myself I'll read both books again right away. As soon as I can find them.

The waitress clears our table, and dumps the dregs down the drain, where they trickle slowly along the pipes until morning, running under our houses and stores, picking up reinforcements of all kinds for their march on the sea.

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Soviet Heartland

Continued from page 11

Soviets believe that the AIDS virus is widespread among Americans. They think a large percentage of American men are gay or bisexual and likely to have the virus, while American women are probably safer. Consequently, more women got to see the inside of Soviet homes. For a number of straight Americans, it was a firsthand experience of discrimination, something many gays experience on a daily basis.

In the Soviet Union, gays and lesbians officially do not exist. Homosexuality is just another one of the national hush-hush topics. As in most countries of the world, the factual discussion of AIDS has forced the acknowledgement of the existence of homosexuals. In the USSR there is nothing equivalent to the American concept of gay community; gay underworld perhaps best describes the situation.

The gay subculture is riddled with KGB and informers who use their information for purposes of blackmailing and inducing other homosexuals to inform on friends and contacts. Suspicion is rife, fear underlies every potential trust. There are no bars, no nightclubs. There are a few parks and squares that are frequented by gays in the larger cities. But if the homosexuals know about the spot, so do the KGB. Hotels are generally off-limits to Soviet citizens, and privacy at home is unlikely.

As told to me by my dissident friend Andrei, thousands of Soviet citizens suffer the horrors and deprivations of incarceration simply for their sexual orientation. The advances for human rights in the brief liberal period after the Revolution were obliterated during the reign of Stalin with the implementation of article 154 of the criminal code which punishes homosexuals by jail sentences of from three to eight years. The Stalin purges killed thousands of homosexuals.

During the Khrushchev years, article 154 was replaced with article 121, which eliminated the minimum sentence. Currently there is talk in the USSR of rescinding the anti-gay laws, though the



Key Wester Gaila Loring and friend stroll down a Soviet lane. Photo by Bill Strubbe.

gays we met were dubious it would come to pass. Until then, as with Soviet Jews, feminists, free thinkers and representatives of minority groups, homosexuals will be treated as a threat to national order and security and subjected to harassment, surveillance and imprisonment.

Yankee Spirit

If many Soviet walkers viewed the Yankees as demanding and sometimes ungrateful, wild and unruly, they were also charmed and inspired by our spontaneity, unreserved openness and commitment to Democracy. American walkers were often disturbed by their Soviet counterparts' acquiescence to authority and lack of initiative, but were taken in by their hosts' seemingly unlimited generosity and warmth.

Americans cherish personal freedom and individuality above all else, while Soviet

society places a high premium on the advancement of the common good, sometimes at the expense of the individual's development and expression.

Perhaps the manner in which the Soviets pitched their traditional A-shaped tents in orderly lines while the American dome huts sprang up helter-skelter at camp each night symbolized underlying national characteristics. Just try and suggest to the Americans to set up in a line. No one would have dared. [E]

A slide show and discussion about the Soviet-American Peace Walk will be held at Unity of the Keys on March 6, at 8 p.m. by Bill Strubbe and Gaila Loring. The public is welcome to attend. Love offerings will be accepted. For information call 296-5888.

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Reef Relief Appoints Advisors

Billy Causey, John Halas, Harold Hudson, Ellen Cover and Marydelle Donnelly have been appointed advisory board members of Reef Relief, according to executive director Craig Quirolo. The current board of directors of the organization includes Bruce Etschman, Vicki Weeks, Bill Kuypers, George Halloran and Quirolo.

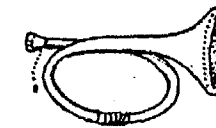
Causey, manager of Looe Key Marine Sanctuary, and Dr. Halas, biologist at the Key Largo Marine Sanctuary, were instrumental in the creation of Reef Relief's mooring buoy system. Harold Hudson, better known as the "Reef Doctor," is a biologist with the Department of the Interior

and will soon become a member of the national marine sanctuaries program in the Keys.

Dr. Ellen Cover, a former instructor at Florida Keys Community College, is an advocate of an expanded reef management program for the Florida Keys. Marydelle Donnelly, an educator, works for the Center for Marine Conservation in Washington, D.C.

Jerry Cash and Lee Hallman have resigned as directors.

For information about Reef Relief, call 294-3100. Tax-deductible memberships are \$20 a year. [E]



Last Stand News

• Last Stand general membership meeting will be Thursday, March 9, 1989 at 7 p.m., at Fellowship Hall, Peace Covenant Presbyterian Church, 2610 Flagler Avenue, Key West. Bring a friend.

• The nominating committee offers the following slate of officers and directors for Last Stand in 1989.

Election of board members will take place at the annual meeting; officers will be elected at the first regular meeting of the new board following the annual meeting.

Chairman: Jim McLernan; **vice chairman:** Marsha Gordon; **secretary:** Ted Thomas; **treasurer:** Dan McClure; **directors:** Peter Anderson; Joan Borel; Sam Chapin; Frances Froelicher; George Halloran; Richard Lewis; Jim Robinson; Sharon Wells; Linda Wheeler.

• Airport noise control is coming together. The public hearings are Tuesday, March 21, Key Colony Beach and Tuesday, April 4, in Key West.

For more than two years Last Stand has worked to place this before our county commissioners, and they need support at the hearings. A position paper has been prepared by Last Stand and is available through any officer or director. Your phone call will elicit an immediate response, and they urgently need help.

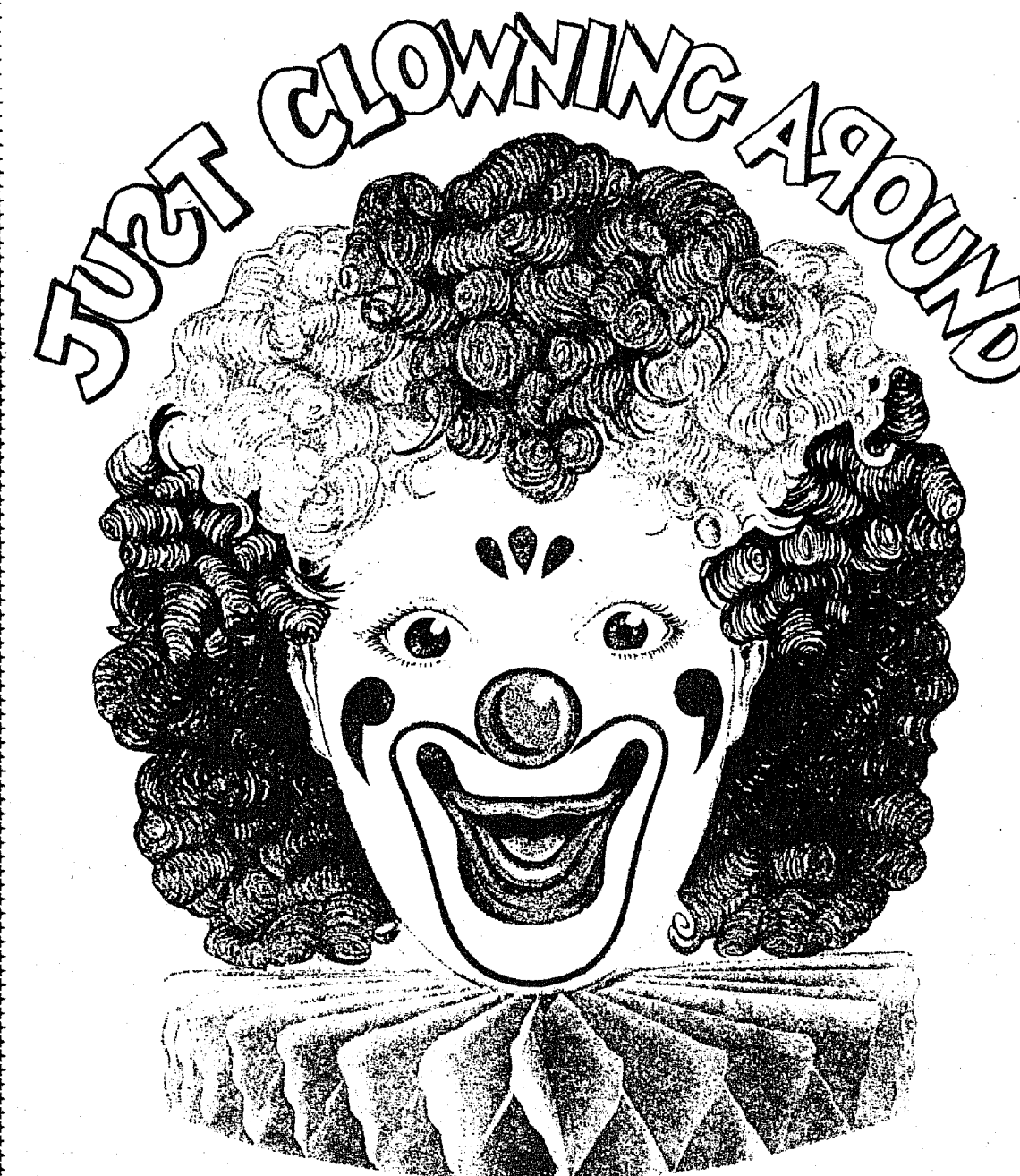
Remember: Enactment of this proposed legislation will not eliminate jets. It will scrub out EALS B727 and the older, noisier, and most objectionable F28s used by Piedmont. It is patterned closely after the court-tested New Haven, Ct. noise control ordinance which has been in effect for over three years and has proven acceptable to the airline operators, the airport management and the area residents who long suffered the same problems that have plagued Key West and Marathon.

• Commissioner Jimmy Weekley's ordinance calling for new hotel density limited to the housing density of surrounding areas will be presented for final hearing at the city commission on Monday, March 6. Hotel/motel development interests will be there in force. Those who support the ordinance should plan to attend. [E]

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I sit out front waiting for Carmen to pick me up. We are invited for luncheon with her Great-Aunt Argentina in Auntie's lofty apartment clear up near the widow's walk of an aged wooden house on a shady lane downtown.

What about the Carmen thing, I ask myself, picking a dead leaf off the autograph tree. Carmen's own company seems to appall her. She is someone who is deaf to anything you say. In a so-called conversation, she will listen to nothing you say. Now she wants to speak of the Navy pilot who, following a week's breathless love shenanigans, has skipped out on her.

Carmen is deep but transparent. She longs to be exalted on that very shaky premise -- her fairness of face. Her mind is not particularly arresting. Her ideas are banal. She possesses no passions except securing a man. Her religion is lukewarm Catholic. Her energy goes to pumping up body beauty with nightly mint julep masks for pores, and eating glands meat for sexual appeal.

There she is. Her appealing face. A voluptuary. We drive off.

She is terribly disappointed, she says. The Fausto's Food Palace butcher promised her a thyroid today. She had to take a pair of stringy old gonads that came in on the

truck. My self-control breaks here when the conversation sinks to this level, and I burst out, "Have you tried eating eustacion tubes?"

As we turn off onto this lane, Carmen points out something on Simonton Street, that busy Key West artery. Someone



unscrewed and went off with the pay phone. We alight before her family's prodigious yellow clapboard house that stands big as an oceanliner. It is surmounted, cupolaed, belfried, pagodaed. There is a turret, a spire, a lookout tower and one onion dome.

Carmen and I walk around the gumbo limbo tree and past something like a holy water sprinkler but may be a hanging fern contraption. Four garbage cans are neatly lined up behind a coral rock wall.

A sign is painted on: "Thursday's garbage is picked up Wednesday." Carmen says, "As you can see we are now in La La Land."

"It seems very quiet," I say.

"Oh, the family all are down, strung out or lying around in the halls of de Poo Hospital honoring the expected demise of Great-Cousin-Twice-Removed Luz. It is the C.D.W.," Carmen explains. "The Cuban Death Watch."

At the head of the long stairway the Bleeding Heart of Jesus is attached to a wonderfully carved door. We go in to Great-Aunt Argentina, gone 93.

She sits there like a graceful chair or an end table. She has an air of distinction that resists the calendar years. I am seeing fragility and force joined. She wears a little monkey fur cape and leopard-print pajamas. A blood-red ruby the size of a half-dollar signals from a finger. She uses a pince-nez. Her papa sent her to be educated at the Sarbonne.

She now has consolidated her position in the remote apartment, with an elevated taste, though there is the feeling that her rooms look like they might possibly have been once touched up since the War Between the States. There is an emerald tapestry love seat. A green Tiffany lamp adorned with a big red rose. Velvet draperies of a deep shade of green, fringed delectably. A pewter head of Chopin. Some silver polish left in one of his eyes makes him look near-sighted and alarmed.

Black watercolors hang on the walls. Carmen has said that Great-Aunt Argentina's foundation stone is her hatred for Great-Uncle Sebastian, her estranged husband for half a century. He resides somewhere down in the labyrinthine quarters of the house.

Carmen says innumerable years ago he made a mis-step. According to Auntie he is demoniacally imaginative in his excesses. Auntie says that he is like the Cuban night hawk -- an egg in every nest. Actually, the only discernible misdemeanor was a lady a

mite younger and in better repair than Auntie. This Auntie cannot forgive. For years Auntie kept trying to hire some men from Homestead to have Uncle torn apart with wild black stallions. Like Bible women she wanted to rend her garments. Once she gave him honey she had made out of poison ivy. He enjoyed it and had no bothersome reaction."

Auntie is ready to serve us a charming lunch at her small, glass-topped table centered with fragrant star-shaped flowers. She has made us crepes so thin you could read a letter through them. Her own tamarind sauterne enhances an omelette aux l'herbes. Carmen later tells me that Auntie is brought each night a sliced onion and cheese served on a Wedgewood plate. For she eats almost nothing.

Auntie begins the lament of Sebastian's sins. "He sent a stingray flopping up my stairs at 2 a.m. Flip-flop, flip-flop, until its sting whipped against the landing."

Auntie says, "Oh, how I regret that I did not wed my young sweetheart, a beautiful artist in Spain who was thrown into prison by Franco. Having no water in his cell, he mixed his paints with urine."

Here, Auntie drops off for a sudden nap. Carmen pours more of the tamarind wine into our vaseline crystal glasses, and gives this toast:

And Noah said to his wife
As they sat down to dine
I don't care where the water goes
As long as it doesn't get into the wine.

Carmen leads me through the long bow window out to the widow's walk. We can look down and watch Malcolm Forbes' yacht slide past in the Gulf with other world-class boats. Cascading over the ramparts up here is a brilliant canopy of bougainvillea vine with showy purple flowers and arching stems. A bougainvillea

For years Auntie kept trying to hire some men from Homestead to have Uncle torn apart by wild black stallions.

doesn't put its energy into building a heavy trunk. It cunningly climbs over other plants searching for sills, boards, knobs, until it tops. Auntie with scissors has snipped a peephole through the vine. We peer down at the lonesome face of Uncle Sebastian. Filled with dolor he sits beside his goldfish pond. In his platterlike beret. Nursing his wounded sensibilities.

Carmen says, "For years the trends of his mind were unenviable. He dreamed constantly of drowning Auntie in the cistern. Finally he decided that she is

absolutely unkillable.

Events eventuated. He began to assume a desolate El Greco look. He now knows that he rained on his own parade. He now does penance by lugging sacks of earth up those stairs for Auntie's roof garden. He is allowed only this, and the ritual of taking the flags down nightly -- the flag of Cuba, the flag of Spain, and, of course, the Stars and Stripes.

"Come over here and see the Garden of Olives," Up here up high Auntie has a flourishing mini-garden of old-fashioned mode -- pineapples, tomatoes, cosmos flowers, hollyhocks. Remington, her pet white mouse, sits musingly on a sweet pea stem.

Now Auntie revives. She continues as, though she never stopped. "Sebastian's hens have asthma, and I must listen to them wheeze all day down there. Oh, if he were an ant I would step on him."

As we walk out to the car, I consider the waspish sexual glow that overcomes this tiny, vexed woman of nine decades. She is translucent and lighted up with her obsession.

An unbending woman. A glittering solitaire. How hapless that with her old husband she is missing the intimate friendship which of course seems to be the stuff of a good marriage. Carmen starts in on the Navy pilot's treachery with a few asides for his disloyalty, faithlessness and unreliability.

We reach home before she gets onto his violation of allegiance and/or his bestiality.

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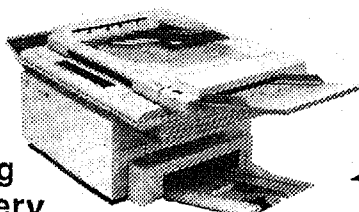
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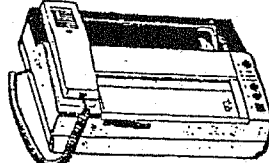
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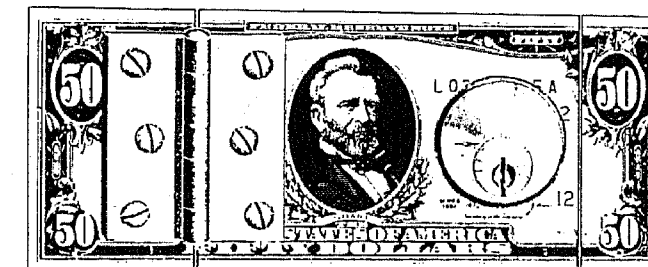
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From the Moon to the Earth

by V.K. Gibson

Thinking up titles for each of my columns has become somewhat difficult as the years pass. It's rather like naming paintings. Usually, when the column heading is coy, it's because the commentator has chosen to deal with two unrelated subjects.

As a writer I have followed with great interest the recent stink caused by Ayatollah Khomeini and his pals -- booga-booga -- following publication of Salman Rushdie's book, *Satanic Verses*. The news media has pursued this story with the zeal normally accorded the elopement of an English princess with a stable boy.

Well, why not? It has all the elements of melodrama: a death bounty of millions of dollars offered by the religious dictator of a nation; mobs of angry people rioting around the world; an author driven underground for who knows how long.

And who can blame him? Some years back a production company tried to film the life of Mohammed. This was no Rambo-esque piece of nonsense, but a big budget movie by serious film makers.

Respected Islamic scholars were hired to assure historical accuracy and utmost decorum in the script and shooting. The person of the Prophet himself, it was decided, would not be shown -- only his shadow upon occasion. I seem to remember that Mohamar Kadaffy (Duck), the pin-up boy of Araby, helped finance the film.

Even so, fundamentalist Islamics issued death threats.

These people are not to be fooled with. Rushdie, given his history, should have had a hint. Why did he do it?

It's interesting to note that Rushdie received an advance of several hundred thousand dollars for this project. Publishers do not hand out such money without cause. Clearly they had hopes for ...

For what? An exciting response? A lynching or two?

Certainly it's possible for a book to be both commercial and literary. At this time, with no copies available, it's hard to determine how good *Satanic Verses* might be. The writers of *PEN*, I note, are defending Rushdie's rights but not the book itself.

Salman Rushdie suffers from a shoddy level of criticism. The overwhelming majority of those who attack him have never, will never, read his book.

Even (or especially?) the issuers of death threats will probably not read the book. It is hard to believe that they have only considered fragments lifted out of context.

But, what of the basic question of attacks on religious/ethnic beliefs and traditions? If a modern equivalent of *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* were published all hell would break out from another quarter.

Yet, what if a writer's inflammatory observations happen to be true? It then

comes down to personal bias. If the history of Islam contains chapters of violence and repression, what about Shintoism? Or Christianity, which brought us centuries-long, mass persecution of Jews and "heretics" and the ruthless conversion of whole quarters of the earth.

The Islamic world has every right to protest any book they choose and to defend their beliefs with moral indignation. (Violence is not a matter of freedom but of opportunity, privilege or duty; each qualification is horrific, is it not?)

Writers in the West have every right to free expression of ideas.

All of these points would garner little interest, were it not for the widespread threats of violence and their enlivening effect upon the media. Therefore, the most interesting thing about this unfolding drama is the collision of the 20th century with the 12th century.

Like the great cosmic dragon of Hindu mythology, representing the universe as it endlessly swallows its own tail, we see the past and the future falling into each others' arms. It is not a happy embrace.

...Rushdie received an advance of several hundred thousand dollars ...

Now as we leave the moon and soar off to earth, I'm pleased to discuss the new "gallery" created by Larry Berk in the Florida Keys Community College library.

The exhibition space consists of a long wall and the area immediately fronting it. Several shows have taken place; most recently was one displaying works of five artists inspired by Afro-American culture, including the nationally important Jacob Lawrence.

On Friday, March 3 from 6 to 8 p.m. a new exhibit will open featuring three artists.

Sculptor Gloria Shaw is well-known in Monroe County. She studied at the Art Students League in New York City, and has taught sculpting in clay at the college level since 1981, first in Marathon and later at FKCC.

Shaw, when asked about artists who have influenced her perceptions, mentions Jacob Epstein and Jose de Creeft. Her classes focus on representational clay work, often in conjunction with life studies, but her contributions to the upcoming exhibit are abstract stone carvings. She enjoys working in soft stones: translucent alabaster, and soapstone.

"There's a great place up in West Palm Beach, a heaven for sculptors, where you can get anything you want," says Shaw with relish.

Malcolm Ross, also highly respected, was educated at the State University in

Buffalo, and Columbia University. He divides his time between homes here and in New York, and has resided in Key West for seven years. He is most known for refined, stylistically accomplished pastels and works on canvas. His male and female nudes demonstrate an admirable mastery of classical draftsmanship.

"People sometimes get upset with frontal male nudes, but they seem to accept rear poses," confides Malcolm.

This artist is sometimes inspired by fantasy subjects, such as mermaids. He tells me that he is also creating figures in clay for the upcoming exhibit.

Jerry Cash is a familiar figure to Key West, both as himself and as the husband of the charming and indomitable Carolyn.

It will not surprise many people to learn that Cash studied art at Bravard College, in North Carolina, with a special interest in pottery and sculpture. But he also had a secret life, known to only a few, which I shall now expose.

"Years ago up in Charleston, South Carolina, and later in Columbia, I was a banker," he confessed.

But the white collar life was not for him. He met and married Carolyn in 1971, and together they operated a resident riding school. Besides introducing debutantes to stallions, they lived on a mountaintop and milked goats. After eight years of this they were ready for a change, and bought a boat and sailed off into the sunset.

The sunset led to Key West. Eventually they became landlubbers and property owners, and, because of their social activism and social elan, achieved a prominent position in the community.

In recent years Cash worked for Treasure Salvors as their archaeological artist, producing historically accurate drawings of the many artifacts recovered from nearby waters. He also moonlights as a charterboat captain.

Last January he began teaching a ceramics class at FKCC. Before things could really happen he had to repair the kilns. Electronics wizard Dale Barnes also assisted in this formidable labor. That done, enrollment for the course burgeoned as word got out about the course, and Cash has had to multiply his sessions to accommodate the overflow.

The class covers all phases of pottery/vessel-making: the coil method, clay slab, the wheel. Working in clay, according to Cash, is very therapeutic and allows student to uncover their talents.

For the upcoming exhibition he spent several months creating several large vessels.

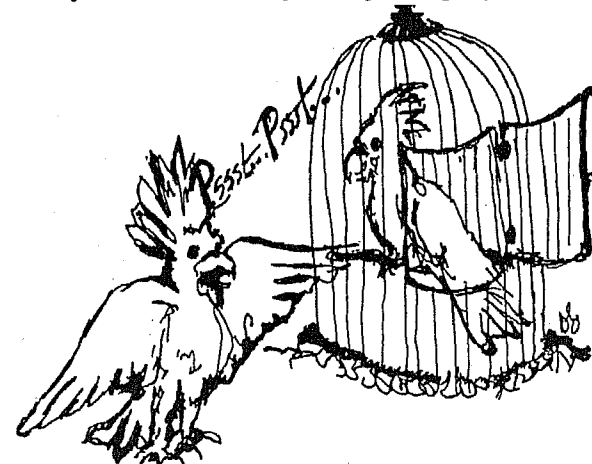
The various galleries of Key West are stuffed with two-dimensional art. It's especially nice to see new sculpture, pottery and ceramics. Loys Locklear, Roberta Marks and Lee Dodez, among others, have produced and exhibited works in clay for quite some time. But there is more than room for another ceramist of talent in Key West.

Political Whispers from the Birdcage

by Bud Jacobson

They're out there, wheeling gracefully through a warm air current, scanning the ground for unsuspecting voters to grab, peering into the shadows for campaign workers and behind-the-scenes cash contributors -- political hawks -- a species that will never make the endangered list anywhere!

The game played in Key West is not nearly as fatal as, say the game played in



Washington where the politicians consult every oracle in sight trying to figure out what to do with the embarrassment of a guy like John Tower, or one of his ilk.

Around here, there's more fun involved. Granted, some feelings get hurt and toes painfully broken, and cash goes down the drain for the losers, but at least you don't get pilloried in the national press and made to look like an idiot in those political cartoons.

The local press, radio news and a sort of comedy TV talk thing in the evening (one of Elliott Baron's favorite targets) are the only outlets given to political hopefuls. They can be a tough source of critical review.

Nothing for real is going to happen on the scene until a few months from now, in the muggy heat of late summer, when some of the circling hawks will clutch the horns of the dilemma and look the situation in the face. (That's a quote from Bob Benchley, in a weak moment.)

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Word is filtering in from the east end of the island in the neighborhood of Henry Kokenzie's homestead that the now-retired chief of the county's veteran affairs office is checking out the wind and water for a possible flight into city hall politics.

Big Hank, as he is sometimes called by his cronies at the American Legion hall, has many years of living in Conchtown and years of on-the-fringe political experience. He knows hundreds of solid voters, the buttons to push. And he is tireless. Besides, he loves politics.

Some years back, in the 1960s, Kokenzie was selling cars when he decided on a run at city hall. But there were old hands in the game ahead of him. His campaign expired for lack of fuel.

He is expected this year to make a serious run for the brass ring.

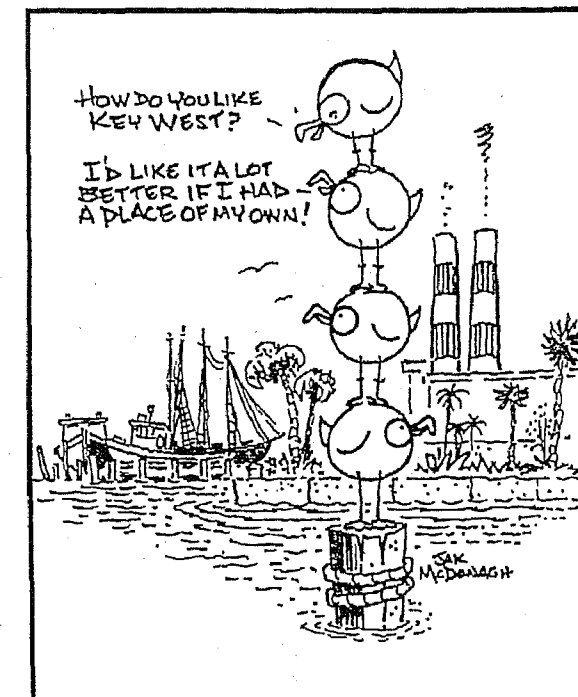
A relative novice in the political arena, Steve Eid, according to the whispering rumor-lovers who hang around the county bench, might be on the race course against incumbent City Commissioner Sally Lewis.

Eid and his brother are the developers of the Solano Village area in back of Searstown. Both men landed in federal court last year charged by the Corps of Engineers with filling wetlands without a permit, even though they had been warned and notified several times.

In court they were defended by lawyer Michael Halpern. They lost the case. The jury came back favoring the engineers' arguments and expert testimony given in front of U.S. District Judge Lawrence King.

There is some talk, but it is being shrugged off as "far out," that Fran Ford, one of the town's fervent environmentalists and former head of the tree commission, might be interested in city hall. Not so, she tells friends.

Commissioner Jimmy Weekley, whispers have it, is wavering back and forth about his bid for re-election; rumor is the family elders want him more heavily



involved in the grocery biz. He has scored a number of points as a commissioner and backers are urging him to hang in there at city hall.

There were guffaws recently over a slide-and-slip in the *Miami Herald* which had the Strand Theatre filing for re-organization in the federal bankruptcy court. The story had the Strand with \$208,000 in assets and almost \$95,000 in debts -- should be the other way around, no? Also, the story said the Strand was the movie house that featured *Deep Throat* for many years. It wasn't. It was the old Monroe theater that ran the porno flick for years. The Copa dance palace is where the Monroe movie house was.

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Gallery Hopping

by Gordon Lacy

Salvatore Dali left \$87 million when he died. Isamu Noguchi left quite a bit less money and a hell of a lot more good will. Andy Warhol, too, was a multimillionaire when he packed it up, and like Dali he left little affection behind. Even Picasso, another fabulously rich artist, was better beloved. The experts are divided on Dali's works: half say that his death will not raise his prices, the other half predict they will skyrocket. History will decide.

We count our blessings that we did not succumb to a smart European huckster several years back and buy phony lithos with Dali's authentic and senile signature -- 40,000, I believe -- faked and distributed by his secretary.

Poverty can be an asset; only the wealthy can afford fake art. The proposed litho was tempting and the terms ridiculous: all cash before noon the next day, half price \$750, owner leaving town. When you separate the bald terms from the charm, the compelling sales talk and the idea of owning a real Dali, the truth was apparent.

It is easy to scoff at Dali. But he was a man of passionate imagination where his public image was concerned, and a man of passion about his dragon-lady wife Gala, whom he stole from Dada poet Paul Eluard.

At his last big Paris retrospective a few years back, my patience was sorely tried by several airplane views of Christ on the crucifix. While I know that taste and art do not mix, the lurid cheapness was not offset by the red-hot technique.



My concentration has been broken by a call from someone who demanded the meaning of *SoMo*. Someone else asked me that a few months back. The term first popped into my mind and out of my mouth at a dinner party, falling too loudly into a silence. I turned to Alice Terry and threatened, if ever taken up on it, to cite her as the author. If South-Houston in Manhattan, the art center of the world, can become SoHo, why can't Key West's southernmost equivalent be called SoMo?

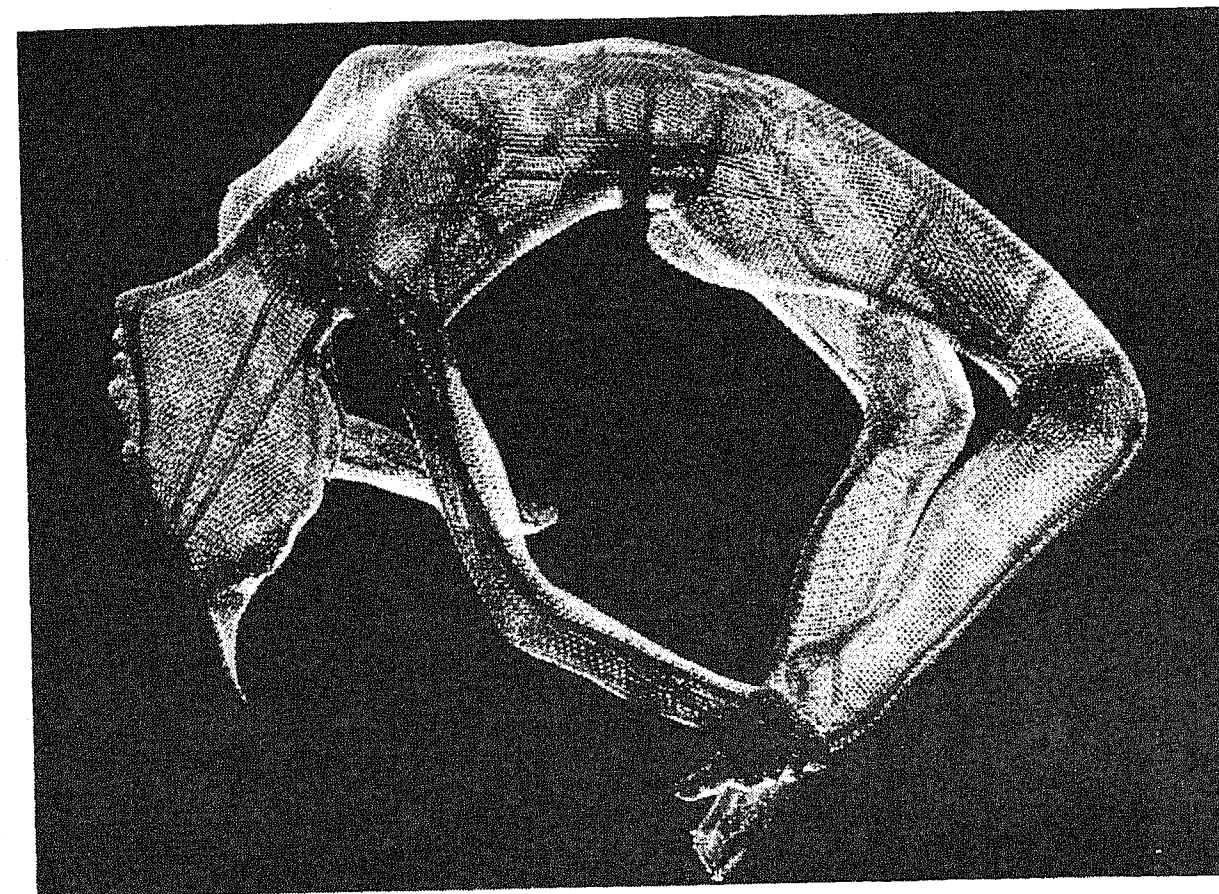
The Alice Terry retrospective show at the Lane Gallery in February was beautiful for all of us who loved her. Her works from over the decades were on view. It was stunning to experience her evolution as she

searched to perfect her techniques: the early convoluted studies, some in pencil, of forms and symbols that were more like thoughts than anything else; the watercolors starting with a figure and ending with her perfected "arrangements" of fabrics and flowers; the pastels, another medium which she mastered most successfully in her Greek landscapes, amalgams of style, the colors intense, the details at a minimum as though in her passion she saw only color and shape. There were several oils -- a medium she tackled on friends' advice and in which I felt she was never really at ease.

Someone wisely bought the three small pastel sunsets that for me were the tiny gems in Alice's oeuvre. Sunsets conjure calendar art and postcard horror unless they were created by Terry, in whose hands they were brilliant and varied and ever-changing. I repeat, gems.

Mid-month at the Lane saw the works of three artists. Berle Weinstein was represented mainly by pastels, though there is one oil that looked like a pastel. This is obviously the work of an accomplished artist who takes full advantage of the drama in light and shadow and has a thorough academic base. Several people spoke to me of the "emotion" that charged this work; it was convincing.

David Newton was represented by many small constructions and three semi-abstract



THANKS by Chris Scala. Photo courtesy the Great Southern Gallery.

oil paintings that were arresting. John Burgess, who certainly has no academic training, was showing naif paintings at St. Thomas' local moeurs, neatly observed and somewhat riotously painted. In addition, John has painted some jokes reminiscent of New Yorker cartoonist R. Chert, with a

vibrancy and larkiness that blew my mind. And over a door loomed a voodoo evil eye, mascaraed. Our frequently confused and often sad world may well need what Burgess offers: high glee.

V.K. Gibson' one-man show opens at the Lane Gallery on March 19; it's an event

to look forward to.

The folk art show at East Martello turned up some surprising stuff. I heard one gallery owner, referring to the sophisticated work of Amy and Susie DePoo, muttering that "... just painting animals does not make one a naif painter." I liked Pepito Suarez' two painted wood-carved panels: one of a 1940s Plymouth and a man carrying bottles had a nice swing to it, and the other of the Lighthouse I liked too. Lena Zarate had some fun bottles painted with Conch scenes. Jack Baron's 1979 double portrait of the Get Real Sisters was achieved with a minimum of brushstrokes.

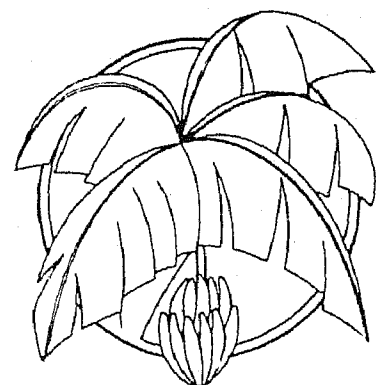
Birdcages by Claude Valdez fell below the definition of naif art. Denys Fitzpatrick's collages of tiny cuttings of stamps depicting birds and flora were nothing if not sophisticated.

Harry Moon is a true naif artist. Many of his "colorings" originate in dreams of his native Isle of Mauritius. His work is surprising and pertinent. He has never exhibited before and deserves an encouraging pat on the back.

Amy DePoo's wonderful slithery green enamel snake on copper and mother Susie's noble animals on wood are doubtful as naif art. As Helen Harrison explains, the DePoo's are "outsiders," artists who do not show and are represented in no gallery. We are privileged to see work of this quality.

Helen Harrison and David Eckhardt put this vanguard show together. Thanks to them and to Susan Olsen for charting a new

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course for the museum, which is now serving a purpose other than duplicating downtown galleries.

I was pleased to find three northern sea scenes by Michael Palmer at Gingerbread. Borne from this artist's always slightly off-center point of view, the works were delicate in their cool whites and blues. The Patricia Townsend paintings I wanted to savor again had been sold. So much the better for this witty lady. I hope she is working to replenish the stock.

From March 26 to April 15 John Kiraly will be showing his new acrylics. Wendy Turner is showing lithographs of her newest poster, a very handsome floral.

We are losing two of our main collectors to Miami Beach. Judd Aronson and Paul Josephson are moving. Sixty works from their collection will be put on sale March 12 (by invitation), including work by Robert Franke and Van Eno, among others. They will be sorely missed by all of us, especially by the cultural machinery of this community whose cogs they greased so faithfully for many years.

Artist Warehouse has a couple of Van Enos, too. Karen is showing some attractive African hand-woven, hand-painted wall hangings and two oils by Costa Riceno Lempira which invoke European school of classicism.

Chris Scala's ocean-cultivated sculpture THANKS will be on show at the Great Southern Gallery. The Moodys provided a lucid press release: "The initial sculptural form (sic) was placed in the lagoon and

made the subject of a precisely controlled process that emulates the manner in which marine organisms generate their shells. Otherwise known as induced mineral accretion ..." Anyway, Scala sculpts this coral, as he does marble and travertine. Scala will give a workshop-demo on March 3 from 9 to 11 a.m. for a small fee. You all had better turn out that evening from 6:30 to 8:30 for cheese and wine and sculpture from the sea.

Richard Watherwax's new collection of photographs called *Scantily Clad* which by title alone should guarantee a full house, will open on March 10 at Nancy and Michael Shannon's Lands End Gallery. Also on hand will be new work by Michael Shannon, glass sculpture by Jim Daugherty, pottery by Chuck Marksberry and Don Brooks, Bob and Michel Kennedy's watercolor series of prints, Barbara Gallagher's new oil and many other works.

Audubon enthusiasts must not miss *The Birds of John James Audubon and Dorothy Doughty*, featuring his Double Elephant Folio and her Porcelain Bird Series. The exhibit ends May 14.

Michael Fierman, who uses Aristos as a working atelier and is helping Barbara out in management, has found a source of painted wood carvings by Frank Balbontin. Collectors be advised. Michael is the organizer of the art show/sale at the Islander Restaurant.

The Florida Keys Community College Library, under the direction of Larry Berk, recently celebrated Black History Month

with a gala reception and exhibit of Black art. Though the food was excellent and generous, the law prohibits hooch in learning institutions. When will we quash these archaic bars to civilized living?

A highlight of the show was the word of Jacob Lawrence, whose series *Toussaint, L'Ouverture* is justly famous. We are looking forward to his visit. The show included two interesting paintings by Black artist Romare Beardon, and three smooth and delicate scenes of what we used to be able to call Bahama Village by John Morell, whose work has progressed steadily.

The next show at the library will be a faculty show of works by art professors Gloria Shaw, Malcolm Ross and Jerry Cash. It opens on March 3 at 7 p.m.

Lucky Street Gallery is inaugurating an every-other-Thursday-night lecture series starting March 2 at 7:30 p.m. The first guest will be Roberta Marks' *The Creative Process; An Artist's Evolution*. Her talk will be accompanied by slides.

Theodora Bergery is one of our most sensitive painters in the sense of style. Her gouache landscapes and seascapes are lyrical in sustained and rich colors. However, this is not just "pretty" painting. The technique contains depth and texture. Bergery recently had a dealers-only show in New York. One collector owns 22 of her works. Theodora is currently preparing shows in Cologne, Zurich and, well, Pittsburgh. On March 23 she will hold an invitation-only reception in her home to show her latest work. Please call 294-7470.

Jack Baron's annual one-person show will open at the Woman's Club on March 4 from 6:30 to 9 p.m. This show, called *The Circus*, has been eagerly awaited, especially since friends posed for the characters involved. The party will be hosted by Al McCarthy and Ralph Wright. Samples of Key West Aloe's new scent, "Circus"



FLOWER/FLOWERS

by Richard Watherwax

"Mostly women, a lot of humor, and some serious pieces," was photographer Richard Watherwax's description of his upcoming exhibition at Michael Shannon Gallery. "There will be about 40 photographs of familiar faces --- Cleopatra, Marie Antoinette, and, of course, my fat cat." The show opens Saturday, March 11, at Michael Shannon Gallery, Lands End Village, at the foot of Margaret Street in Key West.

named in honor of the show, will be distributed. The show runs until March 11.

The large New York City auction houses appear to have discovered a huge new market for the works of what is known

as Second Paris Generation, an eclectic bunch of artists not necessarily having any French connection at all like Canadian Jean-Paul Riopelle, Hans Hartung, Silva De Veira and Serge Poliakoff. The First Generation included Picasso, Modigliani

and Von Dongen. I suppose it is only normal that the fifties are now all the rage, the art world apparently having exhausted the twenties, thirties and forties. Check your attics and closets, your fifties memorabilia may turn out to be worth a lot.



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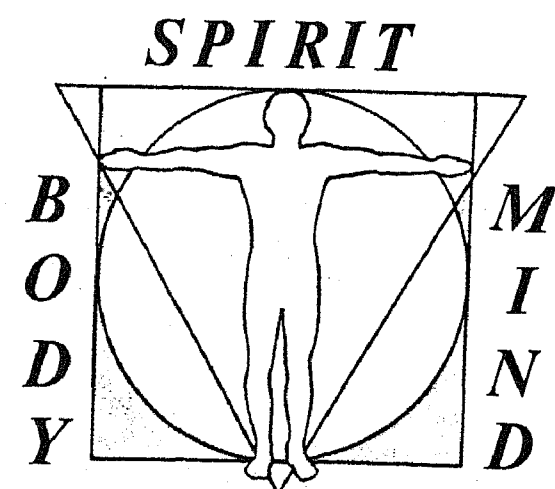


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Many people have told me that they are experiencing the flux and flow of noticeable, challenging changes in careers, relationships, finances and health. It is a time of inner re-evaluation of belief systems. We are being stretched to meet our consciousness face to face. No more sweeping problems under the proverbial rug. No more excuses. Let's look at the person in the mirror and see what really is there. Be truthful. Be willing to shine the inner light through the shadows.

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A woman I know has chosen to stay on drugs -- cocaine and pot -- for now. These habits are closing down her heart chakra -- depressing the immune system, lowering self-esteem and bringing more emptiness to the emptiness already there. Drugs cause illusion. When will she see, feel and sense that only more illusion can come from this? Eventually when all is stripped away she



Renate Perelom, editor

will die internally or externally or both.

Where are you in your life? Are you unwilling to face something because you are not ready to make the changes? Be prepared, they will come anyway. We either grow or go.

Years ago a friend shared with me a formula -- a recipe of sorts. She said that when we meet tests and challenges we are graced with peace and enjoyment. Tests and challenges push us beyond limitations into trust. We are forced to face our resources. And if they are limited we ask the Godself inside for help and reach out to ourselves and someone else -- a professional, a friend; someone who is clear, who has the inner compassion and strength to suggest, guide and finally let us go. We must do the inner work. We must meet the dark night of the soul in our quiet moments when our soul communicates with

our purposes, goals and dreams.

When we meet the challenge, a sense of peace and enjoyment greets us. This is a warm acknowledgement that we have done our best. To do this one must be true to the here and now, to the moment.

Whenever someone shares a problem I ask them, What are you thinking now? What are you feeling now? How are you breathing now? What is your physiology now? What would you like to experience now? And then go from there.

Anthony Robbins, author of *Unlimited Power*, wrote that whatever we do in private we will be rewarded for in public. Our inner work will be shared and we will attract like energy. In the quiet moments feed your spirit with affirmation, meditation and the innate knowledge that you are in the right place doing the right thing for the right reason.

This month many rich programs and classes are being offered in our community. Gary Young of Island Wellness provides events for growth and support. Show your support with attendance and participation. Check the calendar of events; something is there for everyone. Peter Calhoun returns on March 11 to continue shamanic work. In an interview with Peter, I discovered the vast range of his healing abilities. He does work with nature and the elements to produce change. Unity of the Keys has ongoing classes and courses. Dr. Papon's homeopathic study group meets at Island Wellness Mondays from 7:45 to 9:15 p.m., and explains self-care and natural healing.

I leave you with this thought: Keep your

inspirational flame alive and aware by paying attention to that soft voice that speaks to you in dreams and quiet meditation. Honor the inner you. Thank yourself for being alive and thank your mind and spirit for providing choices that support you and bring value to others.

We are all in the same boat. Let's row together so we can flow with change. We will continue to be faced with tests and challenges. Let's go and do life now!

Love and respect,
Renate.

Calhoun Comes to Island Wellness

by Reva Morris

Peter Calhoun will return to Key West to continue his teachings of the shamanic way. The shaman heals by guiding the patient to the sphere of the sacred and allowing him to experience human nature as a totality, a whole. The patient's energies are deliberately reweighed and brought into harmony. To offer a patient insight into a higher self, the shaman must be able to discern the patient's state of imbalance, and he must have eliminated imbalance in himself. He must walk in balance, which is another way of saying he must walk with inner beauty.

One method of correcting imbalance is to use shocking or bizarre action to alter a person's perception. This is termed *de-automation of ordinary consciousness*. Shamanic technique may be anything that disrupts and confuses normal stream of thought, and then produces a new rhythmic pattern.

Dancing is another way of restructuring our consciousness. Drumming, musical rhythm, chanting and harmonic overtones are capable of affecting brainwaves and altering states of consciousness. Monotonous rhythms or dance movements synchronize or harmonize confused or disorganized thought fragments and associations. In this way consciousness settles. It becomes like an empty screen on which can be reflected intuitive elements of experience and visions that are ordinarily suppressed by our ceaseless and chaotic stream of thought.

"The shaman usually receives his creative power through a particular medium -- lighting, an object of power, a vision,



Shamanic healer Calhoun. Photo courtesy Peter Calhoun.

helping spirits, light phenomenon, song, dance, and also crystals. Shamans make use of crystals to glean the cause of internal illness. Some shamans use crystals during healing as a magnifying glass to enhance the power of their vision. They can extract the illness from the body by means of these crystals." (Quoted from *Dreamtime and Inner Space* by Holger Kalwirt.)

A shaman is intimately connected with the well-being of our planet. He is able to let the vital energy of Mother Earth pass through himself to his people. He has a profound empathy with natural processes and a deep understanding of the relationship between humans and nature.

On the shamanic path life is experienced as an endless celebration, an external dance and rhythm, and a psychic communication and union with all living things.

"To the initiate life is a vibrating, harmoniously synchronized melody. The shaman works with this feeling of sharing the rhythm of the cosmic dance of the fields of energy that are the source, the matrix, of all matter. Essentially it is the process of sharing that makes the shaman what he is." (From *Dreamtime and Inner Space*.)

Share the teachings with Peter Calhoun on Friday, March 10, from 7 to 9 p.m. at Unity of the Keys, 3424 Duck Avenue. Love offerings will be accepted. A workshop will be held with Peter Calhoun on Saturday, March 11, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Island Wellness, 530 Simonton St. There is a \$85 fee. Private readings and healing on appointment. Please call 296-7353.

Now!

by Tom Pannesi

Now, now, it's alright • It's all ready,
now • Now, you can go • Stop, now •

These are a few of the ways we use the word *now*. This is a very important word in our language and culture. Nobody wants to wait for anything. And why should they? Most of us have places to go, things to do. But what's been on my mind lately is the value of living in the *now*; getting the full value out of my life, *right now*.

I wouldn't dream of waiting more than a few minutes for my order at Burger King. So why should I wait to get the most out of my life? And why do I put up with so much? Or why do I let the past drag me back? These are a few of the questions I've been asking myself. It has made me realize that I'm no longer a "satisfied customer".

Letting go of the past, I've found, is one of the first steps toward living in the present. I'm talking here about resentment and anger or regret. What good does it do to carry around all this heavy baggage?

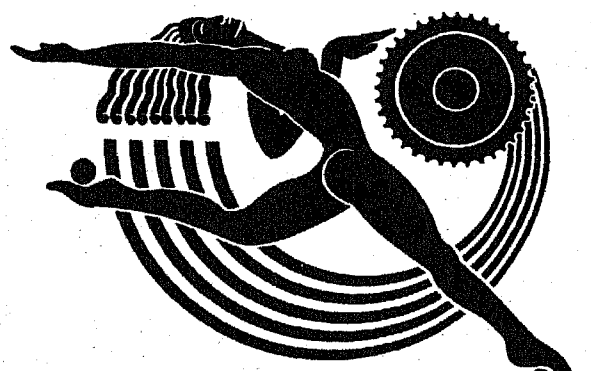
Sure I'm angry at my folks for pushing me behind a desk and not recognizing and nurturing my creative abilities. But what am I supposed to do, go around for the rest of my life resenting them for it? Or better yet, punishing myself by working in an unfulfilling job? No, no, this would be foolish. The wise thing for me to do is to let go of all that. Take full responsibility for myself. Recognize and value my abilities and act on them. And bring them to fruition. Now. Sure, it's scary, but isn't that exactly where the "life" in our lives lies?

To let the perceptions and evaluations of others determine the course of our lives is madness. I have found that there is a support system out there willing to help me change. All I have to do is ask. I want life to be deluxe with all the trimmings. On second thought, make that a double deluxe!

Right now, if you haven't heard about it yet, is the time to join our "healing circle," based on the teachings of Louise Hay and others who believe in self-healing. It is made up of people who believe in self-love, and self-expansion and experiencing the joy both within themselves and the universe.

We are planning to meet at Island Wellness, 530 Simonton, 296-7353. The time and day will be announced. There will be no fee, only a donation to pay for the space. Please join us in our circle of love and sharing.

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9:15	L.I.A.		L.I.A.		L.I.A.*	L.I.A.*	
11:00	AQUA		AQUA		AQUA		L.I.A.
12:15	L.I.A.		L.I.A.		L.I.A.		
5:15		WALK		WALK			
5:30	L.I.A. & AQUA		L.I.A. & AQUA		L.I.A. & AQUA		
6:45	L.I.A.		L.I.A.		L.I.A.		

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The Pathless Path

By Swami Chetan Shreya

Looking inside, searching for one's own truth is perhaps one of the greatest challenges and maybe the ultimate challenge one can embark upon. I saw recently a sign in a downtown crystal and gift store reading,



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"If you're not working on yourself, you're not working." Mmmm! Food for thought.

As mankind has evolved through everchanging civilizations, with almost continuous warfare in some part of the planet or other, there has been a corresponding advance in knowledge, science, research, health and technology. This has accelerated incredibly in the last 100 years. Present day. Paraleling these events has been the spiritual quest of man giving us the major religions of the world such as Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedism and numerous philosophers of life from Plato and Socrates, Zen and Tao to Gurdjieff and Alan Watts.

Coming from a background of a strict Irish Catholic mother and the resulting indoctrination of church dogma, my teens found me, and much of my peer group in a state of rebellion. The Beatles had just finished their "Sergeant Peppers" album. Long hair was the fashion and the "mini-skirt" was "in". TM was the fad and, after a Bohemian college lifestyle, a "career" in industry seemed dull and boring. I decided to travel.

From the chaotic Casbah of Morocco to the silent pillared remains of Greek amphitheaters, I wandered, witnessed, watched and wondered, leading a lazy Jack Kerouac "On the Road" existence. Eventually I drifted through the Middle East. The Mullah's wail was in my ears as he called the faithful to prayers atop the pinnacled minarets of magnificent mosques disgorged, through the Kyber Pass onto the plains of India. It seemed to be a milling madness of masses of people of color and confusion, exotic sounds and fiery spices.

India fascinated me. As I travelled on the proverbial "shoestring" budget from the white marbled walls of the Taj Mahal to treks in the snow covered Himalayan Mountains of Nepal I became increasingly inquisitive about the religious of these people. From Hinduism, Jaonism and the most illuminating of all to me, Buddhism. Ah! What an experience to sit under the same Bodhi tree (well perhaps a seedling of the same) where Gautama had attained enlightenment.

Sometime later after I had returned to live in the West, a friend came to see me. He had been in an Ashram, in Punrie, India as a sannayassin (deciple) of an Eastern guru called Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. He had been given a new name I found difficult to pronounce and, wore bright red clothes and a bunch of beads with this guys photo in a locket around his neck. I was sceptical of "gurus" and that scene. I felt I knew the answer and didn't need anybody else. But I loved my friend and seeing the inner charge happening in him, his lightness and laughter, mirrored my own self-disatisfaction of being stuck. When visiting my friend at a local Rajneesh Ashram I couldn't help but feel the warmth and friendliness of the people living communally there. They embodied the

spirit of their Master whose motto seemed to be Love, Life and Laughter. They even had their own bar!

Earlier that Spring my father had died and in my sadness and numbness I picked up one of Bhagwan's books. It's hard to say when I fell in love with the beauty of this man. Somehow his words penetrated to the care of my being through my defensive fearful walls. What I read became a knowing truth...deep down truth. I was blown away! It felt like I had met the Master I really needed, a light along the path. I was full of gratefulness to existence for the metamorphosis happening to me. Like the caterpillar shedding its skin to become a butterfly, I was shedding, letting go, my old perceptions and moving out of my head and into my heart.

Visiting Rajneeshpuram, the experimental commune city in Oregon, I felt the incredible presence of this enlightened man. I did meditations and "growth" therapy groups. I became a sannayassin. My new name was Swami, meaning 'master', (in reference to being master of the self and not a slave to the ego). Chetan Shreya (Consciousness of Virtue), Bhagwan's meditations helped me go deeper within, to touch the silence and glimpse Nirvana. On meditation, Bhagwan writes "Unless we turn people towards meditation on a vaster scale than has ever done before, there is not much hope for the future, for the future humanity".

Being with Bhagwan these last four years has been a central focus in my life, especially when I'm feeling like I'm taking two steps back for every one forward. When the slope is slippery he is a spiritual anchorman for me. Life is one. Celebration is all. I can't take him seriously and that is exactly OK. Each lover of Bhagwan has his/her own individual connection to him, not through brainwashing, but through the heart.

Bhagwan has talked on numerous subjects, religion, philosophies. In literally hundreds of books he gives his compassionate insight and wisdom on an abundance of issues, both on an intimate, personal level and the global view point.

Bhagwan is outrageous, courageous and uncompromising. He gives himself ultimate freedom to say what he wants, unfettered, truthful, often causing politicians to feel threatened. He was pressured to leave the U.S. after plea-bargaining to unvalidated charges, his health and safety being a key factor in his agreeing to do so.

The experimental commune city is now closed down, mistakes had

been made; Bhagwan himself declared that he was not infallible. An experiment is what it is, risky. For him it is the moment, the here and now. The very present is the essence, the reality (The thought.) No goals, no successes, no failures...just divine being and trust.

In this 'New' age of 'New' thought, Bhagwan's message comes through for a new Man. A new dawn of consciousness, whereby an alchemy, a transformation of each individual's self raises that of the whole and thus the safety of our planet, our home, of which we can only ever be temporary guardians.

Recently, I have been feeling intensely connected to all other seekers of whatever persuasion...whether on an environmental level such as Reef Relief, Greenpeace, or spiritual masters such as Da Free John, Maraj, Sri Chinmoy, or on the level esoteric through crystals, tarot or channelling.

An eastern mystic once said, "There are as many ways as there are men. I respect all other points of view. We may agree to disagree. But if this is the garden then we are all the flowers in it, unfolding with our own unique fragrance."

I learn and grow from many sources that feel nourishing to me. The works of Louise L. Hay and Sondra Ray, with their use of positive affirmations, have been an inspiration to changing the concept of myself, as well as healing destructive patterns in love and relationships. What a mystery we all are!

My own realization through experience is that 'Life itself is the path.' I was always on "it" whether I knew it or not. Bringing some awareness to it makes the going a little clearer. To the age-old question, Why? I don't know, but it is a blissful not knowing.

Bhagwan has stated his whole purpose is to provoke us to "wake up" to our own true selves. We are all Buddhas, we are all enlightened, we are all God, no exceptions; we just don't know it yet.

And thus I try. I grow, I search, I seek, I laugh, I cry. From the valleys depths to the highest peaks a myriad of scents and blooms emerge. A serene silence, love. From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam:

"Look to the Rose that blows about us 'Lo,' Laughing, she says, into the World I blow: At once the Silken Tassel of my Purse Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw".

Special Events

Special Events at Island Wellness, 530 Simonton St., 296-7353:

March 11: Peter Calhoun, teacher and shaman, will conduct a healing workshop, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. \$85 per person.

March 18: Crystal healing with Phillip Barbita, \$30. Call for details.

March 21: A New Way of Living with Val Menchetti, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., \$10.

March 29-April 6: Peter Close returns to Key West to give a one-day workshop on Mediumship and a half-day workshop on Flower Clairsentience. Call for details.

Special Events at Unity of the Keys Church, 3424 Duck Ave., 296-5888:

March 5: Jim Toves will give a workshop on self-acceptance, a key to inspirational growth; 2 to 5 p.m.; love offering.

March 6: A slide show: Soviet-American Peace Walk, by Gala Loring and Bill Strubbe; 8:15 p.m.; love offering.

March 10: Workshop on conscious correct breathing and breathing/rebirthing as a spiritual aid; 7:15 p.m.; love offering.

March 10: Presentation by Peter Calhoun, shaman and teacher; 7 to 9 p.m.; love offering.

March 15: Awakening Hearts Celebration: multi-media slide show with nationally acclaimed photographer Mark

Tucker, time to be announced; love offering.

March 17: Unity St. Paddy's Day Party.

March 26: Easter Sunrise Service at 6:00 a.m., White Street Beach.

For Your Information

• **Unity of the Keys** offers prosperity support group every Wednesday at 8:00 a.m., along with many other 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.

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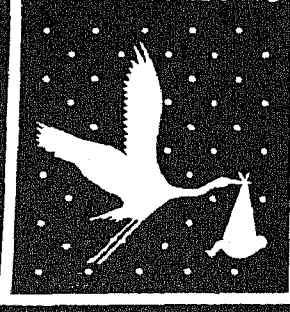
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Frances R. Rouse

The Lottery and Education

by Jerry Grapel

I recently found myself waiting in a long line at a local convenience store. I generally reserve these moments to catch up on current events like Lady Di's marriage, Dolly Parton's weight, or the latest in three-headed babies. But on this particular occasion, my attention was grabbed by the cycloptic presence of a big, green-faced computer, hogging the energy from its perch behind the cash register, in close

proximity to stacks of *Hustler* magazines and endless rows of cigarettes.

At first I thought the store had stepped into the world of space age efficiency, minutely tracking the path of its inventory from truck to pantry, minimizing waste, maximizing profit. It didn't take long to realize my error. That sparkling monument to Japanese inventiveness was nothing less than the State of Florida's latest effort to further educate its masses. Behold! The lottery had arrived.

I found this all a bit unsettling. Having finally paid for my ice cream, I hurried out the door, eager to leave the crass, neon world of the Florida State Lottery behind. Somehow, I felt repelled by this ultimate answer to our state's fiscal problems.

State-run lotteries are nothing new in this world. Most of the countries I've traveled in have some kind of lottery, usually dispensed to the public by the old, weak or handicapped, selling their pieces of numbered papers inconspicuously. These lotteries are so old, having been handed down from forgotten dynasties, they have come to form an almost invisible part of the whole weave and fabric of these cultures. Contrast this with the State of Florida's -- drum roll, please -- Instant Millionaire Game!

That sparkling monument to Japanese inventiveness was nothing less than Florida's latest effort to educate its masses.

The second coming of the Son of God could hardly hit this state with more fanfare than our lottery. Obviously, the State of Florida has spent millions marketing this Edsel, with clever slogans, slick art work, neon-colored splendor, to television campaigns, in a bilingual effort to leave no stone unturned. From a distance, the Florida State Lottery Game looks more like the Matilda Bay Lottery Game.

Let's get this straight: our government is actively inducing its citizenry into a form of behavior I consider somewhat less than positive.

I hope I'm not taken for some kind of Khoumenian prude for having uttered such a Disneyesque thought. (Do they sell lottery tickets at Disneyworld?) I am well aware that human beings, being the humbly evolved creatures we are at this juncture in time, might find a certain degree of drama in various games of chance. I'm not above making a bet on the World Series. I can understand a game of poker or gin rummy among friends. Far be it from me to cast a leery eye at my mother's weekly game of mahjong.

What I don't like is gambling as somebody's *business*, let alone the fact that our government is the focal point of it. Perhaps there are even more profitable sources of revenue for the State of Florida? How 'bout ... The State of Florida's Moon Over Miami Brothel System (slogans, jingles, sexy flamingos ...)

"Hold it!" you might say. "The lottery money goes toward education. It's a good cause."

Education is a good cause, perhaps the most basic good cause in any complex society. However, we are making a fundamental mistake by believing good education can simply be bought. Education is something that must be valued, respected, and cherished in our minds. One has to feel it, want it, be motivated for it. It's much less a matter of money than we might be led to believe.

An overcrowded classroom with 50 children wanting to learn, with a positive attitude as to what that classroom is for, *will* learn. Conversely, that same classroom, with 20 unmotivated students, with students more educated in the brain scrambling world of car stereos, *will* be a place of repeated intellectual failure.

I don't pretend to have all the answers as to how to motivate people intellectually, but I know money is not the essential key to this dilemma. What's more, education can never be confined to only the classroom. None of us are immune to the influence of the culture of society we live in. When the State of Florida, in the name of education, induces people to accept lotteries as a normal part of their lives, it does a disservice to education. It lowers consciousness and keeps our intellects frozen in a banal plane. Funding education with a lottery is useless unless the participants view it more as a way to further education than as a way to win 5, 10, or a million dollars.

I think it's relevant to point out that in all the state's efforts to promote its lottery, in all its art work, slogans, commercials,

pastel colored, flamingoed logos and neon-lit hype, from Pensacola to Key West, there is not the barest mention of the word *education*. This does not further the cause of education. Good education is more in our heads than our wallets.

All of what I've just said above might sound a bit romantic and impractical, the starchy-eyed ramblings of a man who doesn't live with his two feet planted firmly on the ground. If that's how it sounds to you, I can get more "practical." Practicality, especially in our American culture, usually translates into dollars and cents. This ever more fervent devotion to dollars and cents can probably take some of the responsibility for whatever decline in education we've experienced in this country. But if it's money you want, I'll talk money.

Is it necessary to commission an expensive market researcher to reach the

conclusion that the most humble stratas of our society account for the most action in the lottery? I'm willing to bet (there I go, gambling) the lottery business in Liberty City is far more brisk than on Star Island or Bal Harbour. This means the extra revenue for education generated by the lottery is disproportionately paid for by low income people. In its harshest terms, it might even be thought of as an additional tax on poor people.

That's a pretty good trick. Who needs good education when you can get away with that?

I just got back from the convenience store again. The line wasn't too long this time, but I still couldn't help but notice the glittering LOTTO computer sitting back there with the stacks of *Hustlers* and rows of cigarettes. Educationally speaking, that's just where it belongs. ☐

Key West Preschool to Host Craft Fair

The Key West Preschool Cooperative, Inc. will be sponsoring an Arts & Crafts Fair on March 25, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. at Bayview Park. Featured are handmade crafts, games, food and live music. Try your luck at the raffle! Rain date will be April 1.

The Key West Preschool Cooperative is new to Key West and a unique concept in preschools. It's an opportunity for parents to actively participate in their children's first structured learning experience. Parents work as assistants to a qualified teacher and

help the children to explore the world around them and build self-esteem. The school is open from 9:00 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and is open to children ages 2 to 5.

The school is an HRS certified non-profit organization. The funds raised from the craft fair will help buy books, playground equipment, art supplies and other items needed to keep the school going.

If you would like more information about the craft fair or about the school, please call Brenda Freeman at 296-4097.

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MARCH CALENDAR

If you have an event you wish to include in the Calendar, please send your information to: Solares Hill, 930-C Eaton St., Key West, Florida, 33040.

STAGE

- 3/1-5 **Vampire Lesbians of Sodom**, outrageous comedy, 8:30 p.m., Waterfront Playhouse, 294-5015.
- 3/1-12 **The Red Barn Theatre presents Pumpboys and Dinettes**. Held over! Wednesday thru Sunday, 8 p.m., 296-9911.
- 3/1-12 **La Cage Aux Folles** at Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre, 296-2120.
- 3/4-5, 9-11 Festival of the Continents presents **Shadow in the Sun** at the Strand Theatre. Call 296-5882.
- 3/15-4/9 **Some Things You Need to Know Before the World Ends (A Final Evening With the Illuminati)** Wednesday through Sunday, 8:00 p.m. at The Red Barn Theatre, 296-9911.
- 3/15 **Mitchell Rose and Diane Epstein** in an evening of dance, comedy and theater at the TWFA, 294-6232.
- 3/17 **Pygmalion**, 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. at TWFA, 294-6232.
- 3/22-4/2 **Safe Sex**, a play, at the Waterfront Playhouse, 8:30 p.m., 294-5015.
- 3/24 **Munich Concertino** at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, 5 p.m., 294-6232.
- 3/25 **African-American Dance Ensemble** presents traditional West African tribal dance at TWFA, 294-6232.
- 3/25 Festival of the Continents presents **Amigo**, a Mexican pop artists group, 8 p.m. at Key West High School. Call 296-5882.
- 3/31-4/1 **Momix**, a world leader in dance companies, at TWFA, 294-6232.
- 4/8 **Miami's "Caddy Shack Four,"** Key West's "Everready Quartet" and "Miami Spice" will harmonize in Barbershop style at TWFA at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$8 and available beginning March 15 at Bargain Books, 1028 Truman Ave.; Summerland Hardware, Summerland Key; Jen's Stop 'n' Shop Stores on Sugarloaf and Big Pine Keys; and at the TWFA box office.

ART

- 3/3-5/14 **The Birds of John James Audubon and Dorothy Doughty** at the Audubon House on Whitehead St.
- 3/4-11 **Jack Baron Paintings and Sculptures**, *The Circus*, call Peggy McClain at 294-4958.
- 3/7 **Jim Salem** in a one-man-show at East Martello Museum, 3501 S. Roosevelt Blvd., \$3 adults; \$1 children. Call Susan Olsen, 296-3913.

EVENTS & FUNDRAISERS

- 3/3 **Picadillo Luncheon**, Noon to 2 p.m. at The Parish Hall, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Eaton and Bahama Sts., 296-5142.

- 3/3-4 **Old Island Days House & Garden Tour**, Five homes open to the public, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Call Bill Anderson, 294-9501.

- 3/4 **Outdoor Book Sale**, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. behind Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming St. 294-8488.

- 3/4 **Southernmost Runners Club**, Smathers Beach, S. Roosevelt & Bertha. Time yourself. Debra Pansire, 296-6364, 745-8116.

- 3/4 **Florida Keys Health Fair** 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. at Big Pine Key Methodist Church; 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. at Glynn Archer Elementary School, 1302 White Street, Key West.

- 3/4-5 **3rd Annual Key West Hi-Noon Lions Tennis Tournament**, Call Iggy Carbonell and Pernell Larsen, 296-3029.

- 3/6 **Russian Slide Show** from the Russian-American Peace Walks, presented by Gala Loring and Bill Strubbe, 8:15 p.m. at Unity of the Keys, 3424 Duck Ave. Love offerings will be accepted. Call 296-5888.

- 3/7 **Key West Garden Club "Floral Design"** Eva Newhouse, 296-3440.

- 3/11 **Conch Shell Blowing Contest**, Ocean Key House, 3 p.m. Call Bill Anderson, 294-9501.

- 3/11 **Flagging of the Old Island Armada**, 5 p.m. sharp for the blessing of the Armada, Duval Street at the Gulf. Call Bill Anderson, 294-9501.

- 3/18 **Dining for the Arts**. Dinner in private homes (fundraiser). Call Lynn Kaufelt at 294-5155.

- 3/18 **Key West St. Patrick's Day Bar Stroll**. Approximately ten bars will participate in this Old Town stroll. Sketch designs for T-shirt contest being accepted now. \$100 prize. Call Rick Dostal, 292-1961.

- 3/18 **Old Island Restoration Foundation's Annual Free "Members and New Members Only" Party**, 6 p.m. in garden of Wrecker's Museum, 322 Duval, 294-9501 or 294-9502.

- 3/19 **Annual Architectural Trolley Tour of Key West** sponsored by Friends of the Library, \$20. 296-4411.
- 3/25 **Arts & Crafts Fair** sponsored by Key West Preschool Cooperative, Inc. at Bayview Park from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

- 3/6 **COMMUNITY EVENTS**
City Commission Meeting, first and third Monday of each month, Key West City Hall, City Commission Chamber, 525 Angela St., 6 p.m. Always open to the public. Televised on Channel 5, 292-8200.

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.

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.

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 thru on piano and Mats on drums.

Mon. Fabric Painting at Studio 37, 9 a.m. to 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.

Sheriff Taps Investigators to Solve Big Pine Slayings

by Frank Jacobson

Sheriff Allison DeFoor, whose plate has been filled with one crisis after another since he took office in January, has, according to sources, been besieged by calls from Big Pine Key homeowners to get the killers of a young child and a 20-year-old woman. Both murders, horrible in the way they were done, are "sex-related" killings. DeFoor moved in early February to put his most experienced men on the case.

Lt. Richard Conrady, senior man in the department with 31 1/2 years' service, will report to Maj. Rick Roth, in Marathon, another veteran investigator -- both of them graduates of the FBI national academy -- who will be in charge of the special task group. They will work closely with a select bunch of detectives in the Lower Keys as well as investigators from the state attorney's office.

These murders have caused a sensation on Big Pine and scared the wits out of numerous women, young and old, who live in often scarcely populated sections of the large island. The assignment to solve them comes at a crucial period in Conrady's long career in law enforcement.

"Frankly, I was about ready to take retirement," Conrady said. "I've been running the patrol division and been sort of in a semi-backwater since I got back from that damn accident. Now, I'm enthusiastic and ready to get into the swing of a real tough investigation to put the icing on the cake before I retire."

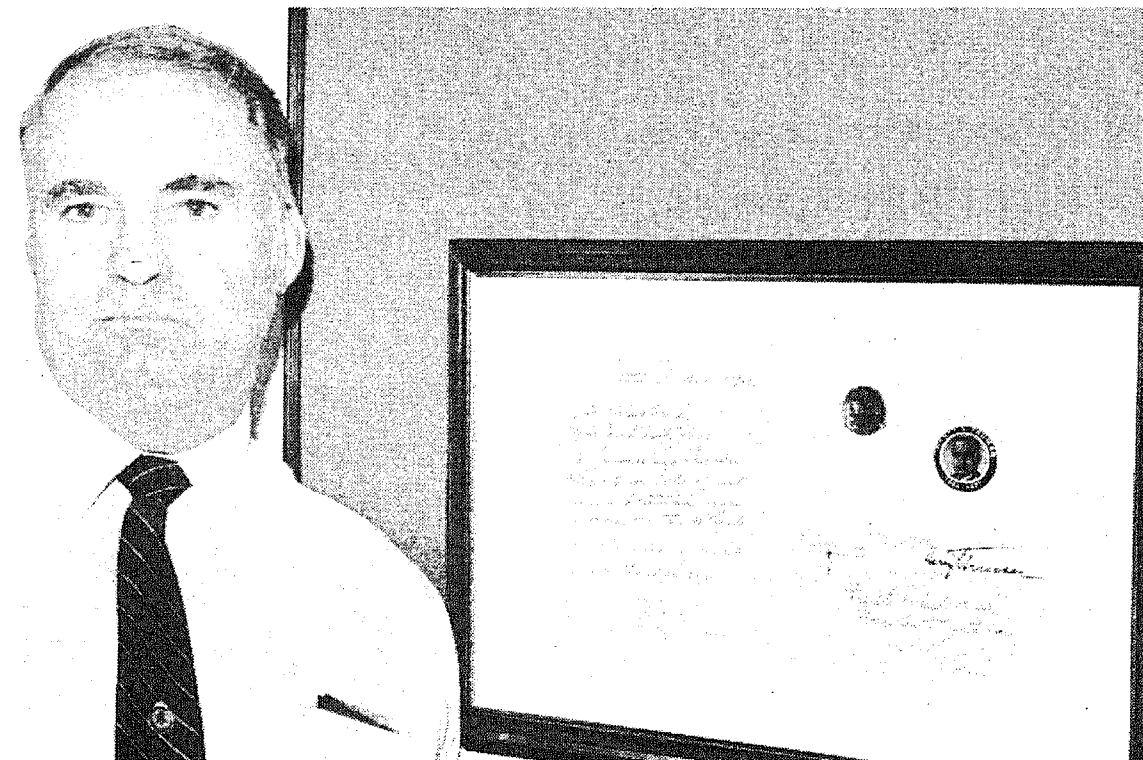
Conrady stands about six-foot, two-inches tall and has the face of a tough club fighter -- broken nose and a heavy, scarred brow in front of a receding hairline. Sometimes he acts slow and kind of puzzled when he talks, almost not very bright.

The appearance belies the reality. He's one of the shrewdest interrogators on the force. Besides that, he has tracking instincts honed to a fine point by his hobby -- hunting wildlife in season with a bow and arrow.

Much of the 54-year-old detective's activity in the sheriff's office was abruptly curtailed a couple of years ago when he and a partner were smashed headon. An oncoming driver fell asleep at the wheel of his car, careened across the centerline of US 27, north of Homestead, and at full speed plowed into Conrady's car.

Two men were killed instantly in that smashup and Conrady was more a bag of broken bones than a human being. It took one year to recover from the injuries and he will walk with a limp for the rest of his life. His right foot is attached directly to his shin by a metal device; he lost all his ankle and some of his heel.

"I've been given the job specifically of solving the sex murder of Lisa Sanders, the 20-year-old girl whose body was found on No Name Key," Conrady says. Is there a



Lt. Richard Conrady has over 31 years of law enforcement experience. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

connection between that savagery and the killing of a four-year-old child, Patty Lanza?

"I'm not saying now because we don't know. As I say, me and the other detectives are working on the Saunders case," Conrady says. "The investigation will lead us along, I think."

In some other recent moves sparked by those deaths and an increasing rate of crime on Big Pine Key, the second largest key in the chain, DeFoor has said he'd set up a part-time volunteer force of police officers; he would "expand" the force of regular deputies, and much of this work would be headquartered at the new patrol station at Cudjoe Key.

Conrady is a native of Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, the same place that Mike Ditka (Chicago Bears) and Tony Dorsett (Dallas Cowboys) hail from -- in the heart of the hills and industrial part of the state. He's from a large family and entered the Marine Corps in his late teens. At the end of the hitch in 1956, he landed in Key West as part of the contingent on the Naval Base.

"Eddie Agin and I were on the fleet boxing team and that's where the nose came from," Conrady says. Agin fought briefly in Key West after he got out of the USMC and is now in business here.

Conrady signed up with the sheriff's office in late 1958 when a pretty colorful bunch of "troopers," as Sheriff John M. Spottswood liked to call them, made up the county's elite force. With a population in the county about one-third of what it is today, and road traffic sparse all year long, the troops were relaxed.

Deputies like John DePoo, famed for his irreverent, dry humor and talent in various dialects, occasionally caused minor disasters. Others "on the watch," as

Spottswood liked to say, included Sidney Curry, Bobby Brown, Reace Thompson, Rene Raiole (who got into the CIA and never was heard from), Paul Stofer, Dario Garcia, Frankie Hernandez and many more.

The budget, then, was around \$350,000 per year. It's over \$13 million today.

Soon after he joined the sheriff's office, Conrady was given an insight into the gambling underworld of Key West when the department mounted a midnight raid on the city's dominant *bolita* counting house, that of Louis "Blackie" Fernandez. The gambling den was near the lighthouse on Whitehead and across the street from Justice of the Peace Roy Hamlin, a stalwart in law enforcement, it was said.

The budget, then, was around \$350,000 per year. It's over \$13 million today.

As the bedraggled gamblers emerged from the house, Conrady remembers, they could be heard mumbling to the sheriff who was standing near the paddy wagon, "Jeez, John, what'd we do to get this?" The law and the locals knew each other pretty well.

Along with the local color were some serious times as Conrady progressed from traveling the highway to criminal investigations.

"The late 1960s was kind of a turning point for crimes in this county," Conrady recalls.

He and Roth worked and solved a \$200,000 arson job at Coral Shores High School, arresting five teenage students who

had a gripe about the administration. Three years ago, he was crabbing in a small boat, by himself, when he discovered the decomposed body of a man, stuck in the mangroves. It was later believed to have been the probation officer from Key West. The cause of death is still unknown.

He tumbled onto a huge marijuana smuggling operation, a few years back, when his daughters told him about some strange daylight loadings at Cudjoe Key, on property owned by Joe Cates. Conrady and sheriff's men rolled into the property in their cars, a couple days later, just as a loaded truck was heading for the highway on the way to customers.

Ten arrests were made and over \$250,000 in trucks and vans were seized when they broke up the \$5-million-a-year

operation, according to Conrady.

In his career under five sheriffs -- Spottswood, Henry Haskins, Reace Thompson, Bobby Brown, Billy Freeman and DeFoor -- Conrady worked almost every kind of case including the taking of hostages for which he went to another, of many, special schools. He's gone up to houses where violent armed men have taken hostages and, not being armed himself, he has "talked the men into laying down their weapons and coming out peacefully. That kind of duty is good for losing weight."

The high point and the best duty he had, Conrady says with a smile, "was when I was personal guard and escort for President and Mrs. Harry Truman. I was very proud

and humbled to be with them."

In March 1960, President Truman sent Conrady a personal handwritten note from Washington telling him how they appreciated his work. The letter and a photo of Truman were handsomely framed as a Christmas gift by Conrady's wife. It hangs in his office.

Behind his desk, in a brown paper grocery bag, is a file about three inches thick of commendations, letters, diplomas, certificates and so on, all covering Conrady and his tour as a cop in Monroe County.

The betting in the sheriff's office -- on the sly, of course -- is that Conrady and Roth, and their detective force, will clear up the tragic murder cases at Big Pine and No Name, and maybe even a few other cases.

Sheriff Says Crime Wave Will Be Conquered

by Bud Jacobson

In a matter of a few months or so, lots of volunteer lawmen will be roaming the byways, highways, sideroads and back streets of the Florida Keys. Sheriff Allison DeFoor expects to field upwards of 2,000 "volunteer" police officers. Most of them will have the power to arrest, and will tote pistols in their belts. Their uniforms will be a little different from a regular deputy's, but the effect will be the same.

What if an innocent person gets shot, or lands behind bars for a long time and is not prosecuted for a crime and eventually is

released, and a civil rights lawyer steps in with a damage suit. Who carries the can?

"I am personally, legally liable and have fiscal responsibility out of my own pocket," DeFoor said.

Where does the county commission enter the picture?

DeFoor smiled. He admitted there would be some "legal questions here." County attorney Randy Lucacer, the man who advises the board of county commissioners, said "there's no doubt the county would get into it and in the long run, they'd probably be the ones who pay the bill -- meaning the taxpayers pay the bill."

In a public relations release a month ago, DeFoor had outlined plans for a three-part

"neighborhood policing program." He confirmed that all the men and women who involved themselves in it "would be unpaid volunteers" who would spend hundreds of hours in training and education, and who would operate "under the supervision" of a regular deputy.

What he sees is a kind of *posse comitas*, a large force of law enforcement types who would be available for traffic control, disaster relief, wide-ranging surveillance, large sweeping searches for lawbreakers and escaped suspects, and so on.

Though the call for the volunteer posse troops has not yet been sounded, DeFoor thinks there'll be hundreds who will be eager to help wipe out crime in the Keys.

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Sweet Sounds from the Chamber

by Dr. Elwood Bear

Although Key West has hosted some very good American chamber music soloists and ensembles, the 1988-89 season has brought a particularly impressive array of international artists, primarily from Hungary, Austria, Poland, Germany and Yugoslavia. These countries are proud of their string, woodwind, dance and keyboard virtuosos, and export them freely as ambassadors of culture.

The Arcadia Trio, a European group, will perform at Casa Gato in late March, concluding an extraordinary five-concert Impromptu Series under the aegis of the Key West Council on the Arts. This trio, which made its United States debut in 1984, is comprised of two prize-winning Slavic string players and a German pianist. They favor works of the Romantic and post-Romantic periods which they feel have been either neglected or are very little known. Their readings have been highly acclaimed for their "uniquely transparent sounds and its intellectual yet passionate approach."

The trio is comprised of two prize-winning Slavic string players and a German pianist.

The Casa Gato Series, until recently, has been one of the best-kept secrets in Key West. Its 80 to 100 seasonal patrons have enjoyed some outstanding performances during the past 16 years. The council's current board of directors is now attempting to share these concerts with a broader-based audience by having these events professionally recorded and released for radio broadcast to the Keys community. WKRY-FM is cooperating in this effort. A limited edition is available on cassette to patrons of the council. (One does not have to be a season subscriber to the Casa Gato Series to purchase a cassette.) For information about the recordings contact: Key West Council on the Arts Recordings, P.O. Box 4114, Key West, FL 33041, or telephone 296-3910 or 296-2682.

A small chamber orchestra, the Munich Concertino, will appear at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center on Friday, March 24, at 5 p.m. This eight-member ensemble will offer a program of Schubert, W.A. Mozart, and Leopold Kohl. The players, musicians from the famed Bavarian Radio Orchestra, combine a pleasing array of strings and woodwinds. It may not be the Berlin Philharmonic, but one can be assured of a quality performance. For information call TWFAAC at 294-6232.

The Festival of the Continents, in its final offering of the season, will be presenting La Zarzuela -- a 100-member high-powered musical troupe from Spain. They will be at the Reach Resort on April 5 at 7 p.m. The costumes and fiery tempos should guarantee high-spirited entertainment. For information call 296-8865.

Since the 14th century the monks of Tibet have been perfecting an amazing vocal technique ...

One province we haven't heard from -- nor did we expect to -- is Tibet! The ancient land at the rooftop of the world has sent its singing lamas to the U.S. as part of an extensive tour. They will appear in Key West on Monday, March 13, 8 p.m. at the Waterfront Playhouse. Their presentation is called "Sacred Music, Sacred Dance." Since the 14th century the monks of Tibet have been practicing and perfecting an amazing vocal technique of chanting a chord of three different notes synchronously. These lamas are from the Drepung Loseling Monastery, which until the Chinese incursion into Tibet in the 1950s was the largest monastery in the world, housing from 8,000 to 10,000 monastic holy men. Nearly a thousand of these lamas and monks have relocated to southern India, and have re-established the monastery.

Some of the musical instruments that counterpoint the chanting include the ten-foot-long horns (*dung-chen*), and the high-pitched trumpet (*gya-ling*), cymbals, hand bells and drums. Costumes and headaddresses add to the spectacle. Sponsored by the Tibet House, New York City, the performance promises to be the most unusual cultural event of the season for Key West. For information call 296-5713, or contact the Waterfront Playhouse at 294-5015.

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STEAKS & SEAFOOD

A & B Lobster House.....700 Front
Angler's Seafood House.....3618 N. Roosevelt
Billie's.....407 Front
Bill's Key West Fish Market.....2502 N. Roosevelt
Black Angus.....3824 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Capt. Bob's Shrimp Dock.....2200 N. Roosevelt
Crab Shack.....508 Caroline
Danny's Fish Market.....627 Duval
Emma's Seafood.....The Reach
Half Shell Raw Bar.....Foot of Margaret
Harbor Lights.....Garrison Blight Marina
Hukilau.....1990 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Islander Restaurant.....Front & Simonton
Logan's Lobster House.....1420 Simonton
Mangrove Mama's.....MM20, Sugarloaf Key
Martha's.....S. Roosevelt Blvd. (A1A)
O'Brien's at the Wharf.....2401 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Perry's Restaurant.....3800 N. Roosevelt
Pete's Raw Bar (Pier House).....431 Front
Portside Key West.....5th Ave. Stock Island
Rusty Anchor.....Foot of Margaret
Turtle Kraals.....512 Front St.
Two Friends Patio Restaurant.....512 Front St.

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.
The Grocer.....1220 1/2 Simonton



Maryanne and George La Vance attempt perfection gracefully at Las Palmas, Frances at Southard. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

Oliver JORDAN'S

808 DUVAL • 296-5858
Open 6 days • Closed Mondays
Lunch • Dinner • Carryout

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
Islander Restaurant.....Front & Simonton
Mira.....200 Duval
Portside Key West.....431 Front
The Quay.....12 Duval
Queen's Table (Santa Maria).....1401 Simonton

CUBAN

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

ORIENTAL

Amy's Filipino Cuisine.....Key Lime Square
Benihana.....S. Roosevelt Blvd. (A1A)
Bubba's Beijing.....The Reach
China Garden West.....3234 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Dim Sum.....613 Duval St. (rear)
Hukilau.....1990 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Portside Key West.....431 Front
Yo-sa-ke.....722 Duval

Allan Merrill's HUKILAU

Polynesian & Pacific Cuisine
Oriental
Steak & Seafood
THE KEYS MOST FAMOUS HAPPY HOURS
1990 N. Roosevelt Blvd
294-2188

EL LORO VERDE



A GOURMET MEXICAN RESTAURANT
404 Southard Street, Key West, Florida 33040
305-296-7298, Open Mon. - Fri. Noon - 11 PM
Sat. 5 PM - 11 PM Closed Sun. for the summer.

THE FULL MOON SALAD

EARLY NIGHT
LATE NIGHT
ALL NIGHT
FOOD
FUN
FRIENDS
1202
Simonton
Open 11-4am
Serving Lunch
and Dinner
Specials

PIZZA

Angelina's Pizza (till 4 AM).....202 Duval
Domino's Pizza.....3218 Flagler & 922 Truman
Little Nicotina.....628 Duval
Pizza Hut.....1980 N. Roosevelt

THE CRAB SHACK
908 CAROLINE ST.
294-9658
Across from the historic Turtle Kraals

Camille's
Where the Locals meet!
Breakfast & Lunch
8 AM to 3 PM
Closed Thursdays
Open 9 to 1 Sunday
703 1/2 Duval Street
296-4811

**EAT IT RAW
HALF SHELL
RAW BAR**

Serving the freshest
fish, shrimp and
lobster, direct from
our Fish Market.

**TURTLE
KRAALS**

HARBOR VIEW
DINING
LAND'S END
VILLAGE
296-4008

LATE NIGHT

Angelina's Pizza (till 4 AM).....202 Duval
Billie's (till midnight).....407 Front
Cafe Exile (All Nite).....Duval at Angela
The Conch Kitchen.....1202 Simonton
Louie's Backyard (till 1 AM).....700 Waddell
Margaritaville Cafe.....500 Duval
PT's Late Nite.....900 Carolyn

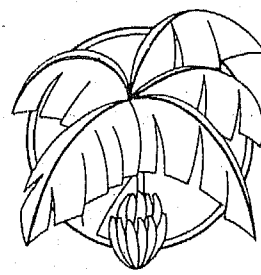
**CROISSANTS
& France**

The Croissanterie
of Key West!

Bakery & Cafe
816 Duval St.
294-2624

Sandwiches • Croissants
French Bread • Pastries
Open every day
but Wednesday
7:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m.

There's rumor of perfection...



LAS PALMAS

Entrees from \$13.95
The Classical Guitar
of Matthew Jampol
8 p.m. Saturday
Open 6-11 p.m.
International Menu • Island Dress
Reservations Please
Southard at Frances
294-7991

RESTAURANT GUIDE Solares Hill Entertainment Key West

Pigeon house patio

AMERICAN CAFE

LUNCH & DINNER
SERVED DAILY FROM NOON
John Wilcox at the Piano
6-10 p.m.
Sing-A-Long with Jay Foote
10 p.m.-? Tues.-Sun.
296-9600 • 301 WHITEHEAD ST.

MEXICAN

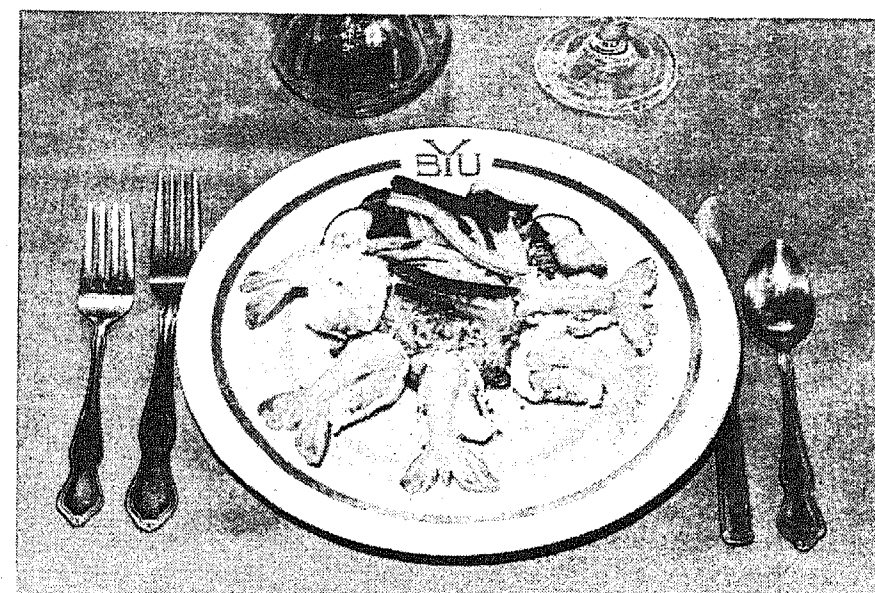
Chico's Mexican Food.....1908 Flagler
El Loro Verde.....404 Southard
Gringo's.....509 1/2 Duval
Taco Loco.....4 Charles St.
Pancho & Lefty's Southwestern Cafe.....632 Olivia

**PORTSIDE
KEY WEST**

Zesty International Cuisine
Full Bar • 431 Front

Dim Sum

A gourmet ASIAN restaurant
Exotic Chinese Stir Fries, Indian
Curries, Thai, Indonesian and
Burmese Specialties
WINE & SAKI BAR
6:00-11:30 • CLOSED TUESDAY
Reservations Suggested
613 1/2 Duval St. (rear) 294-6230



Shrimp Hemingway sauteed with shallots, garlic scallions and served in a light cream sauce is one palate pleaser found at Gloria's Garden, rear of 618 Duval Street. 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 Terraza de Marli.....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

Cafe Exile
European Cafe • Jazz Garden and Progressive Dance Club
700 Duval St. • Key West • 296-0991

THE QUEEN'S TABLE
DINER
6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.
LUNCH
11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.
7:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.
A favorite in the popular
WEST END LUNCH
The best motel restaurant
in town. The Queen's Table
S.A. Times (Jan. 31, 1982)

A&B RAW BAR

**BBQ
and
BURGERS**

RAW BAR

Oysters (Raw or Steamed), 1/2 Dozen -- 3.75; Dozen -- 6.95
Clams (Raw or Steamed), 1/2 Dozen -- 4.75; Dozen -- 8.95
Shrimp (Steamed Peel and Eat Cold) 1/2 lb. Large -- 9.95
All You Can Eat Shrimp (Steamed Peel and Eat) -- 7.99
NO DOGGIE BAGS OR SHARING PLEASE

The Belly Buster

1/2 lb. each, Fried Shrimp, Fried Scallops, Fried Clam Strips
with cole slaw and french fries -- 9.99
NO SHARING PLEASE

Sandwiches From The Sea

Fried Conch (konk) -- 6.95
Fried Fish -- 6.95 Fried Oyster -- 4.75
Shrimp Salad -- 6.95 Tuna Salad -- 4.95

Baskets

From The Sea
Oysters and Chips -- 6.95
Fish and Chips -- 5.95
Shrimp and Chips -- 9.95

Entrees, Combinations and Salads

Steamed Fish with Green Peppers and Onions -- 7.95
Seafood Platter (Shrimp, Scallops, Oysters and Fish) -- 10.95
Combination of two of the following:
Clam Strips, Fish, Oysters, Scallops or Shrimp -- 9.95
Salad Greens and Shrimp Salad -- 7.95
Stuffed Tomato with Tuna Salad -- 5.95
Stuffed Tomato with Shrimp Salad -- 6.95

Accompaniments

Conch Fritters, 1/2 Dozen -- 3.50; Dozen -- 6.95
Salad Greens -- 2.50 Cole Slaw -- 1.50 French Fries -- 1.75
Potato Salad -- 1.50 Squid Rings -- 3.25 Conch Chowder (bowl) -- 2.50
Onion Rings -- 3.95 Chili (bowl) -- 2.95

For the Sweet Tooth

Key Lime Pie -- 2.50
Cherry Cheesecake -- 2.50

FOR THE LANDLUBBERS

Sandwiches

BBQ Beef Sandwich -- 4.75
Platter with cole slaw and french fries -- 5.95
BBQ Pork Sandwich -- 4.75
Platter with cole slaw and french fries -- 5.95
Prime Rib Sandwich -- 6.25
Platter with cole slaw and french fries -- 7.45
Cheeseburger -- 4.50
Platter with cole slaw and french fries -- 5.75
Hot Dog -- 2.75
Platter with cole slaw and french fries -- 3.95
Chili Dog -- 3.95
Platter with cole slaw and french fries -- 5.15

Entrees

BBQ Baby Back Ribs, with cole slaw and french fries
1/2 Rack -- 5.95 Rack -- 8.95
1/2 pound BBQ Beef with cole slaw and french fries -- 6.50
Pound BBQ Beef with cole slaw and french fries -- 11.95
1/2 pound BBQ Pork with cole slaw and french fries -- 6.75
Pound BBQ Pork with cole slaw and french fries -- 11.95

Beverages

Iced or Hot Tea -- .75
Coffee -- .75
Lemonade -- .75
Sodas -- 1.25

GRATUITY NOT INCLUDED EXCEPT ON TABLES OF 5 OR MORE -- 15%
SORRY, NO CREDIT CARDS

A PICTURE'S WORTH



A THOUSAND SALES

Your customers know that full-color sells better . . . watch which brochure they grab!

The good news is that full-color is amazingly affordable.

We know how to combine a great concept, colorful photos, a creative layout and add engaging text.

For brochures, postcards or rack cards, we'd be delighted to discuss your project and give you a free estimate!

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