

ABOUT THE REACTION TO THAT RYE KELLEY STORY. There was quite a bit of it. One fellow called up to say that he and his neighbors dealt with Kelley and some other developers back in the 1960s. It's quite a story; it involves thousands of units, a most creative use of zoning by the people anxious to stop development in their area, and other sidelights that I found interesting. There'll be details on this when I track it down but, for now, I'll settle for the sweet cruelty of a tease. Believe me, it's amazing.

THERE WAS ALSO QUITE A REACTION from an old friend, Bert Muhly. Bert's the fellow who's been putting his time recently into agitating against the assault on Central America that's been coming out of DC the last few years. Before that he served on the Santa Cruz City Council for 7 years, was the Mayor twice, and invented the environment when Gary Patton was still trying to learn how to throw the bounce pass. And before that, Bert Muhly was the planning director for Santa Cruz County, which is how he got into the story on Rye Kelley.

Kelley was talking about the good old days when developers were welcome around here, and he was putting Pajaro Dunes together, and he said: "Bert Muhly said 'You can go ahead and put some highrises in over there if you want to.'" Bert Muhly got real upset when he saw that little remark in print. You got to understand that Bert Muhly helped write the California Coastal Act and had two reasons for resigning as planning director: the Seascape Corporation and Rye Kelley.

So, Bert's got the tape of the conversation with Rye Kelley and next week we'll see his version of how that relationship went. Should be good. Bert can be wonderful when he gets righteous and forgets about the rest.

ALL RIGHT, ABOUT THOSE LETTERS. We got quite a few of them on the Kelley story, all on the same day, all making reference to the same basic points, and kinda nasty about Bobby's work on that piece. Let me lay to rest the rumor that my mom wrote those to generate interest in my writing. It's not true.

The general drift of the letters is that the story depicted Rye Kelley as the victim of environmentalists and bureaucrats and that it reads like something produced by Kelley's public relations department out on Park Avenue in Soquel. Fair enough. But I had hoped people would be more understanding that a freelance journalist can't afford the good things in life — a late model American car, a condo at the Dunes, and a season box seat at the Wingspread theater — without an occasional kickback. ■

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