

Bohemian set that populated Greenwich Village long before most of its present occupants were born. Almost all of his artistic contemporaries had passed on, yet Harry remained as an anachronism within a generation that had been shaped by environmental conditions very much different from his own.

**Vibrant With Life**

And yet, he was at home with the younger generation, for while they were aware that he was the product of times and experiences that they could never know, he was wholly accepted among them. He was accepted, I think, because Harry never ceased to radiate life and because he was too busy with living to wait in a rocking chair for death to come.

Those who knew him only casually in recent years may have thought of him as a decrepit literary character who spoke of Shakespeare and O'Neill and who drank too much cheap wine. It is a tragedy that they could not have known him better, the Harry Kemp of a decade or more ago—The Poet of the Dunes who walked upright in unflinching steps with a freshness of life as was possessed by the wild flowers that he would wear in his lapel.

**"FRIENDS OF HARRY KEMP" FORMED -- GROUP'S PURPOSE IS TO ERECT STATUE**

The formation of "The Friends of Harry Kemp," a group whose purpose is to raise funds for the erection of Sheila Burlingame's statue of a Pilgrim woman washing clothes, was announced on Sunday evening at the start of a memorial hour in honor of the late Harry Kemp. The program was held at the Provincetown Playhouse and had been arranged in great part at the impetus of Helen Bishop. Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse served as honorary chairman and Edward Thommen, Playhouse director introduced members of the theatre company and the public, who spoke briefly of the Harry they knew, read from his work or from the things he had liked. At the conclusion of the tribute to Harry the capacity audience was invited to make a contribution for the casting of the statue.

A total of \$67.30 was collected for the casting and it was understood from Miss Burlingame that \$100-\$150 would be needed for a bronze casting of the piece. The group's plan and hope is to secure a site on or near the First Landing place in the West End to locate the memorial statue.

A small model of the statue, sculpted in stone by Miss Burlingame, was included in the decoration of the stage for the memorial service, as was a bust of the late Poet of the Dunes, also done by Miss Burlingame. The background was a thoughtful composite of some of Harry's possessions; his books, his eyeglasses, his cap and jacket with a Black-eyed Susan in the buttonhole, beach grass and wild plants from the dunes, driftwood and two portraits of him. The arrangement was made by Sunny Tasha, who later spoke with feeling and reluctance of the many things she had done for Harry.

If anyone had come to the Playhouse expecting the proceedings to be maudlin, they were necessarily disappointed. Harry Kemp loved life and it was of his joy of living that most people spoke. Catharine Huntington read a poem written for the Playhouse at the end of one of their summer seasons, Virginia Thoms related several anecdotes from the poet's life in Provincetown and Mark Mirsky delivered the closing speech from Harry's play "Solomon's Song." Mr. Mirsky also read one of Harry's poems and an Elizabethan sonnet underlined by Harry in a book given by him to the actor just a month ago.

Mrs. Grace Collinson told of Harry's reverence for the work of the Portuguese poet Camoens and read in Portuguese from the Lusiad, later offering her own free translation and a brief poem of her own. Mrs. Beaty Davis read a citation given to Mr. Kemp sev-

eral years ago by the Parent-Teachers Association, which spoke of the poet's efforts in behalf of young people and his willingness to aid and criticize their writings.

Capt. Manny Zora related an amusing story of Harry's first re-enactment of The First Landing. Capt. Joe Myron of Falmouth, Art Snader and Roger Hawthorne added their reminiscences of Harry. Rosa Lee, portrait artist, appealingly related how after she had painted a portrait of Virginia Thoms which met with Harry's approval, he had said, "Rosa, you can come to my shack anytime," and Miss Lee concluded, "I was very flattered, but I never did go."

Dan Bernstein read a tribute he had composed and read the preceding night at the Beachcombers.

Perhaps the most touching portion of the evening was the playing of three recorded tapes of Harry, supplied by Lief Woodrow, Dr. Daniel Hiebert and Margaret Brooks of Wellfleet. The first two tapes had Harry reciting some of his own poems; Mrs. Brooks' tape concluded the service. On it Harry's voice was strong and definitive. "Burn me up," he said, "don't let me rot in a grave. And scatter my ashes half over Peaked Hill and half over Greenwich Village."

**Poet's Last Wishes Heard In Memorial Program**

"Don't let me rot in a grave," the voice said. "Burn me up . . . scatter my ashes half over Peaked Hill and half over Greenwich Village." With great clarity, the late Harry Kemp made one of his most prominent and controversial wishes heard by an audience assembled from all over the Narrow Land through a tape recording belonging to Margaret Brooks of Wellfleet at the Provincetown Playhouse last Sunday night.

The memorial program, attended by a capacity crowd of 200, was arranged by a newly formed group, "Friends of Harry Kemp". It consisted of anecdotes, readings of his favorite writings, a number of tributes to his life and tape recordings of his poetry readings. The hour was not a depressing one but more of an inspiring service to the Poet of the Dunes, who died in his cottage on the morning of August 8. The group was directed by Helen Bishop, with Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse as honorary chairman and Edward Thommen, playhouse director, as master of ceremonies.

In announcing the formation of "Friends of Harry Kemp," early in the program, Mr. Thommen explained that the goal of the group is to raise funds to cast the Sheila Burlingame statue of a Pilgrim woman washing clothes near the First Landing Place of the Pilgrims in the West End, long an ambition of the deceased poet.

The stage setting at the playhouse that night was created by Mrs. Herman "Sunny" Tasha of objects that were part of the poet's life: his books, compass grass from the dunes, his cap, his jacket, decorated with one black-eyed Susan, two portraits by local artists, wild plants, driftwood, his pair of reading glasses, a bust of him by sculptor Sheila Burlingame.

Most of the score of people who mounted the stage spoke of Harry's love of life and recalled with feeling and sometimes with amusement, the things they remembered best. Catharine Huntington read a poem written for the Playhouse at the end of one of their Summer seasons, and Virginia Thoms related a number of anecdotes from the poet's life in Provincetown. Mark Mirsky read the closing speech from Harry's play "Solomon's Song" and a poem and an Elizabethan sonnet underlined by Harry in a book he had given the actor the month before.

Several members of the Beachcombers, Capt. Manny Zora, Town Crier Art Snader, Roger Hawthorne, Lief Woodrow and Daniel Bernstein added reminiscences, amusing stories and tributes in the program. Harry was the oldest active member of the organization and had contributed his talents time and again during its earliest years.

Capt. Joe Myron of Falmouth, Rose Lee, Mrs. Davis, Margaret Brooks of Wellfleet, and Mrs. Herman Tasha added their recollections as did Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Thommen and Mrs. Vorse. The recorded tapes of Harry's voice were supplied by Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert and Lief Woodrow as well as Miss Brooks.

A collection amounting to \$67 was taken up at the end of the program toward the project of the "Friends of Harry Kemp" and the public has been invited to contribute.

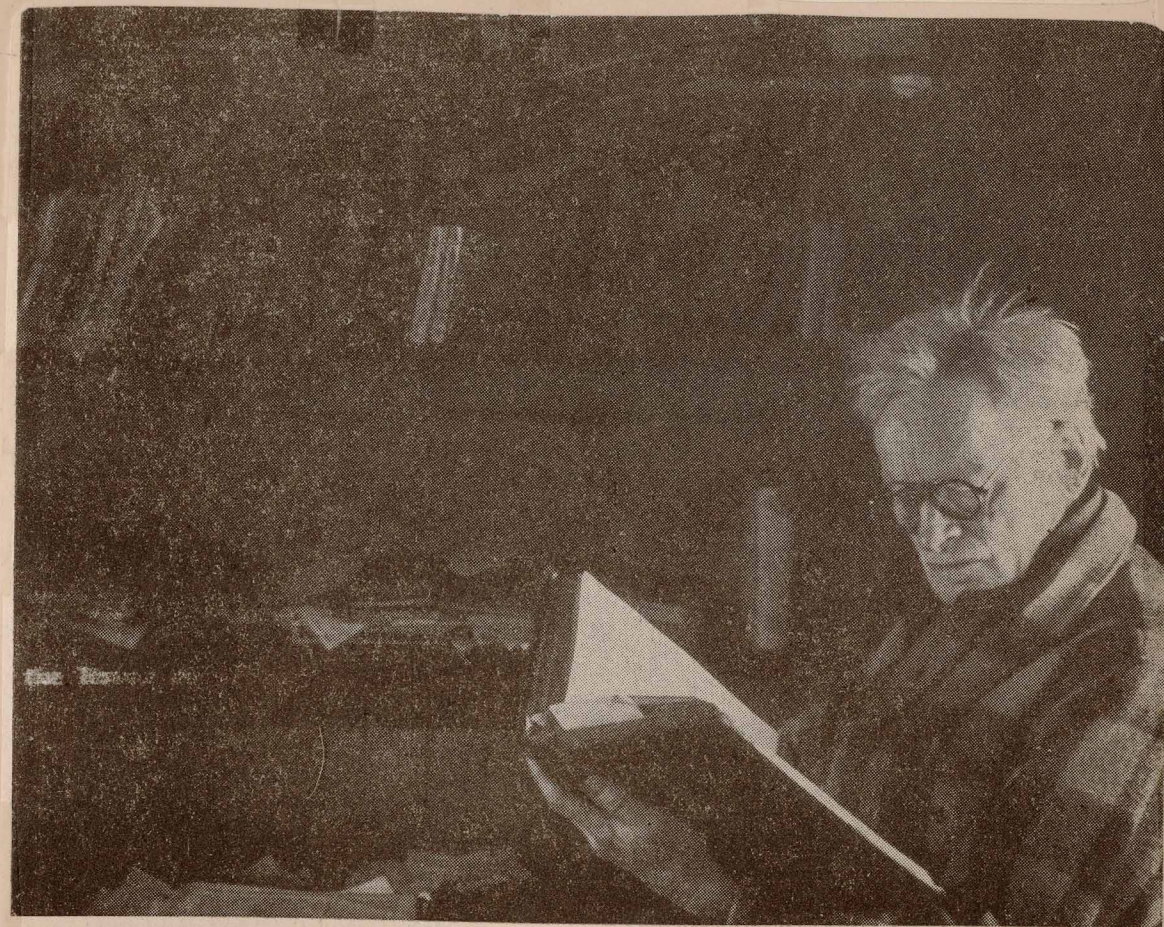
The most moving homage to Harry Kemp, written and read by his friend and fellow Beachcomber, Daniel Bernstein, who composed the piece shortly after Harry's passing, follows:

**Bernstein Tribute**

The cottage of Tasha Hill is silent. The familiar sounds of the poet have been stilled. The image of a figure surrounded by books as he worked at his desk is no more. Only memory survives the passing from this earth of Harry Kemp on the morning of August eighth. The Poet of the Dunes is dead.

And with his death there passes from the Provincetown scene an extraordinary personality who was as much a part of the town as are the sea and the dunes.

For many, Harry Kemp was a relic left over from the early art and literary colony days of Provincetown. And too, he was remembered as a member of the



From his early years and throughout his life, Harry Kemp was a constant student and omniverous reader. He found real enjoyment in translating the classics from the original Latin and Greek and with the aid of a Hebrew dictionary delved into the writings of the ancient Hebrews.