

Kelly's Corner



By Jan Kelly

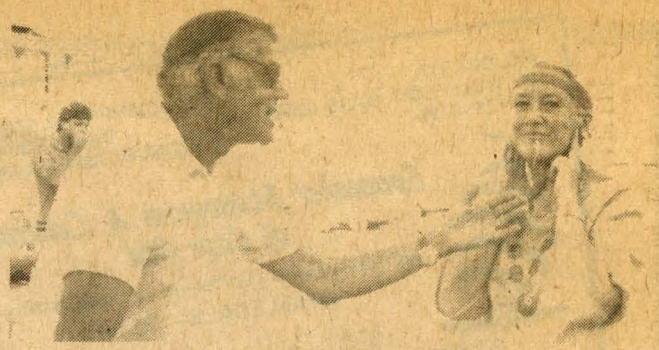
The cycles of nature—we are all forced to follow them. The force is gentle but unswerving. You can't avoid it or change it. Acceptance is a great part of mature living. No chokecherries this summer, drooping moisture-laden and low enough for human hands to pick—or even astringent and high for birds to pluck—and no fluke in the harbor. Fluke are our summer flounder. They keep professional and amateur fishermen busy from July to whenever summer ends. Sometimes Mother Nature crosses her arms across her mountainous bosom and gives you a lesson in patience, time, and self-abnegation. I checked my chokecherry wine supply immediately after that dour and disappointing discovery, and I think I can make it till next season. As far as the fluke is concerned, I should have been suspicious when I realized I was still eating blackback in July. The decision was made for all of us. That can be a comfort sometimes.

Aren't the wine lists of Provincetown's restaurants improving steadily? Sal's specializes in Italian wines and can give you an idea or two for your next trip to Italy. Most of the other restaurants carry a tasting chart of Italian, French, Portuguese, and American ones. At Chez Kelly we try all the wines our cronies come across in their wanderings. We are on our thirteenth country now, and, of course, we always have the homemade brew of Lower Cape flowers, fruits, and herbs. These beautifully tinted wines have a kick that leaves you with a hoof impression for days. The critique is not quite like Andre Simon would state it. We had to draught our own.

A. Gurgle, gurgle.



Grigor Gurevich



this week's darling couple: Cy and Miriam Fried



Frank Milby and Lennie Legs

B. Ummmmmm.

1. It has the wild bouquet of the woods.
2. It has snap and slash.
3. Aged to its prime.
4. The pale color is deceptive.
5. An aphrodisiac; I'm rising.
6. Tannin. Could be used to tan leather.
7. The wines of California could never stand Up to the backbone of this vintage. Different coast qualities.
8. Probably has good diuretic properties and produces next-day headache through dilation of the brain's membranes.
9. All things considered, we give it seven stars ★★☆☆☆☆.
10. What's the diff? You only live nine times.

Did you ever notice the in-and-out flow of traffic at Spiritus and Dodie's? Provincetown is getting its daily fix of "a slice," a slice of the best pizza available. Workmen with tools, babysitters with babies, beach bodies coated in sand, shop workers turned out smartly and on a brief break, those who take a moment from bustling to the hardware store or post office, the stroller, the library patron, even the tourists stop and enter for a healthy snack *a l'Italiano*. Pizza has been taken from what we considered teenage fodder to gourmet proportions in Provincetown. If you have never tried slices from Spiritus or Dodie's, I wouldn't want to be the one to add a new addiction to your long list—or would I?

We of the Regreening of Provincetown have put

down our shovels until after Labor Day. Lopes Square and the Grace Hall parking lot, as well as all our less obvious projects, look much the better for our efforts. The post-Labor Day plan is that we will plant 50 or 60 trees on public and private property. On public property Regreening will pay for the tree, as well as the peat moss and fertilizer. On private property the owner will pay for the tree, the fee being greatly reduced by the Regreening discount, and we will provide the peat moss, fertilizer, and talented labor force. Our trees have a 95 per cent survival rate. We will be planting through October, so, while you are travelling around town, choose a spot you think would be improved by the presence of a shade tree and bring this to the attention of the Regreening Committee.

The tennis club activity this summer is nonstop. We have our own Olympic pace going on every day. The men's B tournament was a good show of tennis. How's that shot of Frank Milby and Lenny Legs heading out for the finals? Good match; Legs won it. Watch out for Milby in the future. The women's A tournament was played half in fog (which was delightful) and half in the blazing sun. We all jumped into the bay between matches. When we returned to the courts, it was more like hammer and anvil than racket and ball. Que Linda took that tournament—again. This weekend it's women's doubles. Next weekend is the men's singles and the weekend after, a party to meet Seth, the new pro. Men's doubles follow on August 18 and 19. It will all end with the mixed doubles tournament on August 25 and 26. For these doubles tournaments I've devised a special prize—a weekend for one at a resort of the other partner's choice. After all the hopes, disappointments, frustrations, and subjunctive-mood playing, it will be well appreciated. Labor Day will end with the Artists and Writers tournament and a potluck party. The public is welcome to watch any matches at any time, and don't forget: the pro's free clinic for anyone interested is held the first and third Thursdays of the month at 1 in the afternoon. Seth Bekenstein is enjoying his first year in Provincetown, despite all the odd personalities he has to put up with. It's just not quite your typical teaching job. Each and every player is a valid individual with something different to bring to the game, but Seth is holding up under the strain very well.

Divil the Parrot not only has unsolicited company, but has it in his cage. Bluebeard, the lost-and-found parakeet, escapes her own cage to fly in with Divil. Divil has finally accepted the arrangement except at mealtime. He does not want to share his oysters and cole slaw with that miniature chirper, so Bluebeard, in the style of the dogs at the table of Dives, pecks at leftovers on the cage bottom. She doesn't like to dine alone. They're like an old married couple in two weeks' time.

Squid is abundant at the wharf and fun to catch. Why don't you dig around, find a fishing rod of any persuasion and no particular talent in the garage, back room, or the neighbor's garage, and try your hand at it? You'll only need a bucket and a mackerel jig; that's the

diamond-shaped lure at Land's End which comes in a package of three and is cheap. Charlie Whitney makes his own. He's responsible for an unnumbered amount of filled buckets of mackerel and squid. Night-time and dawn are the best times. Squid love to swim in the light at the wharf. Full moons really propel them shoreward, and those will be your best fishing nights. It's fun, and you get the bounty. Two tourists who had been mumbling that they were only on day five of a seven-day vacation and had run out of things to do became instant fanatics. Since they had never even seen a squid before, I xerographed a copy of *Gourmet Magazine's* article on squid [July 1983] which opens "More arms than a blind date. . . ." My favorite from the article is squid, feta, and celery salad. After steaming the squid, cutting it into rings, and cooling it, you add olive oil, lemon juice, salt, pepper, oregano, sliced celery, and feta cheese. You can have dinner's main course for one minute of stove time. Now that sounds good in July and August. I never ask guests a thing—just serve it. After all these years, they've given in. "Shell tell us later—next week or so—whatever it is we're eating." You can fry squid rings, stuff squid bodies, make stew hot and spicy like the Lisboas do, or make a pasta sauce. It qualifies as a mollusk and, though people say a lowly one, I'll never know why. Squid loves white wine; you'll love the combination.

Ah, Provincetowners. Sunday evening within a 10-minute span I hailed other bikers who were off to a concert, off to an art opening, off to a lecture—just while I was returning from a very special mime show. Mini-Manhattan I call those few east-central blocks of Commercial Street. I had the special privilege to be invited by Guta Ferdman to Edna Simon's home for a private performance of the talents of Grigor Gurevich. With masks, music, and a very talented umbrella, Grigor entertained, for an hour and a half, an audience of nonstop absorption. Grigor arrived from the Soviet Union in 1976. Since that time he has supported himself through performing mime and teaching. Grigor also started his own pantomime theatre. His artistic energy obviously demands an outlet, and he continuously seeks ways to involve himself in human expression. He is now working on a project of creating seven human sculptures and mural designs for the Newark, New Jersey, subway stations. Art work involved with public transportation makes the necessary trip to work less dreary and more a part of a human condition. Grigor is combining the creation of these sculptures with his teaching methods, developing the statues along with talented students. He is still available as a performer of mime, so I look forward to seeing him perform again somewhere in Provincetown. The self-contained show of such talent, ability, humor, and spark of life is more than just a pleasant passage of theater time. It sets the mind to thinking in images and not words alone—a good push to our stodgy brains; a release of energy to an alternate form of thinking. Methods-of-thinking is an art in itself. I do hope you all get a chance to enjoy the talents of Grigor Gurevich.