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# KELLY'S CORNER

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by Jan Kelly

Grapes and cranberries are falling due, the final fruit of the warmer half of the year. These hardier, more durable fruits can manage a light frost, can survive and sweeten by that chilly touch. The low lying bog and the heightened arbor both act as protection temperature-wise for these vines. The bog retains heat, the cranberry can stabilize. The wood of the arbor retains, the leaves do also, protecting the vines and the grapes. The final offerings of summer are rich in color and taste and if stored properly can remain fresh through the winter. The cranberry can last in its raw state. The grape is more limited and needs processing. Wine, jam, jelly, compotes, and just frozen as is, are possibilities. Spend your time conserving the grape. The cranberry can wait for that long winter day with an unallotted portion of time.

If you don't have a grape arbor, it's easy to build one and plant a vine or two. Not too much space is needed and the effect is homey, beautiful, and rewarding. But for this year you may know someone with a heavily-laden arbor and no plans. The next alternative is the woods. Wild grape vines can be found in back roads and deserted stretches between the bay and sea. It is usually a sign that a house was nearby. Check for foundation bricks in these areas. The presence of the wildflower Bouncing Bette is another clue. The past generations used this species of soapwort as a soap substitute when lye was difficult to obtain.

Mostly the grapes will have given their energy unto leaves only, but sometimes, the crawling tendrils have flattened themselves along walls and ferreted some mineral nourishment and therefore still produce grapes. Someone's home long ago. Someone's place of comfort and source of food you will be looking at. You can use their belated offering until you build your own arbor.

Have you ever gone to Herring Cove on Labor Day Weekend, looked to the north to see the beach regaled with balloons, ribbons, and festive people and wondered if you were in a dream sequence? You were observing the annual celebration of Provincetown's Aqua Shooters. Katie Frischmuth, Debbie Hann, and Priscilla Jackett join together the Saturday closest to Priscilla's birthday, Sept 8th. A complicated but well-planned production of water ballet and heavy nonsense takes place. Katie started water ballet at Byron Junior High School in Ohio. Here the preview and birth of the Aqua Gam Production took place. Then, Marilyn Mervar Rodes joined Katie at Chagrin Valley Country Club where they were "Bubblettes." From there they grew to be "Sharks" at Shaker Heights High School, Ohio.

At this point of their career, lighting and decoration were added to the production. The hungry athletes would escape the pool and wet-headed run to town for jars of sauerkraut. This seems to have been the strength stabilizer, the steroids for the group. But all this involvement was practice for the eventual founding of the Provincetown Aqua Shooters.

The "best beach friends" began to mutter and frown about only swimming and sun bathing while at the beach. Katie's high-pitched "Let's do something constructive," pierced the non-activity of the group and gave helium to an airy idea. So they started practicing stars and twirls. Marlin turns were just that, the turning point. Once that difficult maneuver was conquered, production was the obvious route. Syncopated clams at one point and one-legged dolphins at the next, the show is varied and choreographed with great imagination and humor.

The first production was in 1983. Tickets at 35 cents each were sold and netted \$80. There were door prizes of 2 hand-painted tee shirts. Artistic director Marilyn Mervar Rodes, designed and painted them. The 35 cent tickets went into a jar. A then-tiny Casey Clark drew the two winning tickets. Cilla Lyons of Timbuktu Travel Agency won one shirt, James Richmond, "Lady R," won the other. Seems "Lady R" spent all his walking around money on those 35 cent tickets. The show began—

Steve Albright (Halfbright) was the MC. He was to be part of the act, a swimmer, but at rehearsals his laughter would get out of control. He wasn't serious enough so he became the announcer, delivering the history of the Aqua Shooters as well as the upcoming program. After the announcements, Abby Orton, who was in charge of tickets, approached the ankle-deep Aqua Shooters in matching turquoise bathing suits, sun glasses, and accessories, with a tray. On the tray were 3 shot glasses and "Sid K Shooter Sanchez," a thermal penguin holding chilled tequila. Abby squirted 3 shots of tequila into the waiting frosted glasses. The Aqua Shooters held up their glasses and gave the solemn toast. Even the gulls listened. "We are the Aqua Shooters. We shoot to please." (The shots are drunk.) "We give it our best shot." Then the portable tape deck played Bette Midler's *Old Cape Cod*. "Don Wand," Earl de-Pearl gave the final check of costumes. Surgical gloves dipped in glitter, glasses, (drinking and sun) with tubing in all directions moving tequila mouthwards, costuming perfect. Bobby Weatherbee, the glitter fairy, ran down the beach with one more sprinkle of glitter for the three mermaids.

The show was on—water ballet of a unique design.

The crowded beach see-sawed between silence and roaring cheers at the ongoing spectacle. A great success. A show with no peer. The Slippery Sirens went through each movement with precision and great seriousness, clams, marlins, stars, dolphins, and twirls. No movement was missed. The finale shook the sand.

The Aqua Shooters poised and smiling gave the final note. "We aim to shoot to please again." Dotty Freitas approached the sea celebrities with flowers. The presentation was gracious. The crowds roared and clapped approval, balloons were loosed. The day was a success and the party was on. Now, are you going to miss this spectacle next year?

This has been a full season for music in Provincetown. The Muse Series at the Universalist Church, the Chamber Music at the Art Association balance Roomful of Blues, The Dyketones, and the Rev.

Friday night at the Dance Gallery of Saint Mary's of the Harbor, a room full of locals and tourists were treated to an evening of music and dance more special than imagined. Larry Richardson of the internationally known Larry Richardson Dance Company of New York joined with the magic flute of Elizabeth Nyffeler and the excellent pianoforte of Ralph Elsaesser. Larry Richardson danced solo that evening, strongly and beautifully. This proud and disciplined body, so knowledgeable of the mechanics of dancing made very difficult passages seem effortless, truly a master.

Larry Richardson is the director of a fourteen member dance company which performs not only in New York, but travels and performs regularly in Europe and the rest of the United States. They have also performed in Central and South America, the Far East and the Caribbean. You can see the company perform on December 8 to 14, 1986 at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre in New York City. They will celebrate their 20th birthday season.

Elizabeth Nyffeler on flute stole all your dreams and replaced them with new ones, so masterfully did she weave through the music of Platti, Devienne, and Moscheles. Elizabeth Nyffeler is the foundress of *Ars et Musica* in Aranno, Switzerland. These annual festivals of dance, music, sculpture and painting are widely popular in Europe and with visiting Americans. They are in their 17th year now.



*the Aqua Shooters in matching suits, glasses, and accessories getting ready for their act*

Ralph Elsaesser is Professor of Musical Studies at the University in London, Ontario, Canada. As a performer his energy was athletic and precise. His accompaniment to the flute and to the dance filled out the evening to a roundness that made it complete. Impressive by his music, impressive by his stance, the night of music and dance was controlled and gifted

to a most delighted audience. Bravo!

Que Linda, Pino, myself, Herbie and Roz Schwartz enjoyed the evening so much we were ready to sit, watch and listen all over again. But beauty is fleeting, the mind and soul must only try to hold it.

Get ready for lots of noise and laughs. Howard Mit-cham will be here for his Autumnal Equinox Village. New Orleans will enjoy the respite.