



By Jan Kelly

Kelly's Corner

Labor Day has come and gone, a downshift in our gears. Lines will shorten and finally disappear. Commercial Street will be navigable and quiet. Each weekday at 2:30 the burst of energy from school's letting out will be the noisiest part of the day. You'll be face to face with the noise which is only drifting sounds from recess or lunch in the school yards. The first day of school is high excitement from the timorous kindergartners to the swaggering seniors. Although they groan and dread the imminent event, all the students catch the energy and actually enjoy the first day. Their minds are half in class and half on their skateboards, surfboards, and other paraphernalia of leisure. The teachers will be geared for Marianne's P-town Pulsations Aerobics afternoon session. Learning will go on in spite of it all.

First day of school goes from beach clothes to plaids. Break-dance outfits lead the fashion show this year 80 to 90 per cent, and the acrylic full-length garb will only let you know the height of the wearer. Hats, glasses, and facial expressions of the grimace variety keep identities hidden. The teachers will spend more time trying to control the jerking around desks than teaching. Fads are an interesting study. It's a delving into distraction, an allowance by the participant to let the most bizarre unthought-of-before garb and behavior take them over. Off with rigidity! On with freedom! Nonparticipants have reactions, too. Positive is a smile and a head shake; negative is a scowl and a head shake. Under the right circumstance, the former would be right in there. The latter never will be. Fun is not on their agenda. We can be hardest on ourselves.

The Audubon trips to the North and South Islands of Monomoy were highly successful. Clear weather and a refreshing breeze set the pace of the day—a continual trek through several habitats in search of common and endangered species of birds. Monomoy was one island until the storm of February, 1978, when the wind and wave action separated the island into two spits: what we call the North and the South Islands. The storm also

cut through the hook at the east end of Provincetown.

Provincetown and Monomoy are the two sections of the Cape which are continually gaining territory; it's only an inch or two a year, but the rest of the Cape is losing. Nothing to startle or thrill real estate agents.

Monomoy has been part of a federal wildlife refuge since 1944, one located in a flyway for migrating birds, and it would be sad indeed if this area were not protected. The North Island is flats, dunes, and salt marsh, a half-hour trip from the mainland by ferry. On this particular trip two boat loads of six people each visit this island. Except for a half-hour lunch, you are on the go for the day. (The North Island is the easier if you want to introduce yourself to these Audubon tours.) I listed 28 species on Wednesday, the oyster-catchers and black skimmers having the most dramatic plumage. I added a Wilson's phalarope to my lifelist. The erratic behavior and the needle-like bill were the giveaways. Three of the twelve visitors were on their first birdwalk. It's quite dramatic to start your lifelist with a Hudsonian godwit or a piping plover, instead of a robin or a bluejay. Voles and muskrats live on the island, adapting to a totally sand environment. There are no large muskrat houses but undersand tunnels.

The South Island trip is made up of six people; it is twice the water distance for the ferry. The South Island has a freshwater pond, dunes, and thickets. My list for the South Island was 54, 5 of them added to my lifelist. The thrill of seeing several yellow-crowned night herons, black-crowned night herons, and snowy egrets flocking together in the trees was so satisfying. One tricolored or Louisiana heron was among them, and an immature little blue heron in calico plumage took a good slow flight around us. A family of deer watched us without alarm, and a doe munched by the marsh mallow in the afternoon sun. The shore birds were numerous and cooperative about being viewed. Two other Wilson's phalaropes were spotted, and I got lightheaded watching them in the scope. And the ducks, widgeons, gadwalls, blue-winged and green-winged teals, mallards, and black ducks. We saw Canada geese and one swan. The glossy ibis seemed to be in all the habitats. The viewing is lengthy and uninterrupted because there are no predators for the deer, and only the marsh hawks disturb the birds. It was a great day. Bob Prescott leads an excellent, constantly informative trip. Fatigue and exhilaration compete on the ferry ride back, as well as control the next few days. So many birds and plants to check. The field guides are never on the shelf; the cross-referencing goes on until the knowledge is yours. These trips are booked well in advance, but there are a few vacancies left on trips to both islands. You can make a reservation and receive more information by calling 349-2615. The Audubon's Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary trips will go through December and resume in April. The emphasis each month will change, according to which species are migrating. The deer, muskrat, and voles will ever be there. A trip would be a wonderful birthday present or an extra gift to any foreign visitors you may

have visiting. Show them America at its best.

When I woke up the next morning after the first Monomoy trip, my ears were burning. I presumed someone was saying something nice about me, but after 15 minutes I thought that people don't speak well of other people for this long. They just say their good things and end it. Of course, when speaking bad of people, it's open market on analysis. I realized then my ears were sunburned! Don't forget the sunblock on that delicate part of your anatomy. A day in desert conditions will get to them.

Michael Horowitz and Elizabeth Rodgers enchanted us again with a program of Bach, Hindemith, Schubert, and Dutilleux. We are so fortunate to have live concerts from first-rate musicians such as these. Chamber music and solo music, presented in a small room of simple design, are such pleasurable ways to pass the evening. You feel you have a "joining in" with the musicians, not the overpowering, almost abstract, conditions of a symphony orchestra, but individuals...close and observable. The satisfaction of the players—their reward for years of practice and discipline—is your obvious pleasure. Michael and Elizabeth are strong and content in concert, easy to watch, easy to listen to. Perhaps next year they will give us more than one concert. We deserve it.

August 12 through 18 was the "nighthawk watch," a census by the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Only one was reported to Bob Prescott at the Wellfleet Bay Sanctuary, and it was the walking club, the Marching and Chowder Society, aka Kelly and her Alta Kakkas, who found it. It was Monday, August 13, midmorning, in the scrub beyond the far end of the loop in the Beech Forest trail. Buddy Meyer was feeling quite Marco Poloish as he had us march through briars and thick underbrush. We flushed the bird from ground-resting. What a thrill. The last time I saw one was the first week of September in 1978 while mushroom hunting on the

other side of Race Road off the bike trail. That one was sitting on a tree horizontally as they do, no legs showing. They always think they're more camouflaged than they actually are. That's why it's humorous to see one sitting on the sand out on the dunes, thinking he's disguised when he is so very obvious. They belong to the family of goatsuckers. They received that name because, while shepherds were milking goats, this species of bird would be diving in the area of the udders. It was presumed they were catching drops of splashing milk. They were really catching the insects attracted to the milk. The misnomer remains in all the guides, immortalized in Latin to this day.

Bonnie Fuoco's show opened last night at the Handled With Care gallery at 182 Commercial Street. "Shop of the Dream Merchant," a selection of interiors and still lifes, will be exhibited from September 6 through 12. Bonnie is a painting in herself. I introduced her to some friends on Commercial Street about midnight one night—in a quiet section, not in the central vortex of activity. Bonnie was garbed in several heralding colors of a casual nature, high-top black sneakers, and roly-poly red socks, and she was dribbling a basketball. You've got to practice where you can, so why not at midnight on Commercial Street. Bonnie was a basketball fanatic in her teens, and so, when a thoughtful sister visited for her birthday, she gifted Bonnie with a basketball. "Dribble, dribble, bounce, bounce," Bonnie continued as we chatted, passing the ball with each introduction. I don't know what kind of basketball records Bonnie has set, but she does set the record for never ending a sentence. Just as well. All her energy goes into her artwork. She is visual and graphic. I enjoy my conversations with her since I've never minded doing the talking. I first saw Bonnie Fuoco's work at the Art Association and have been following it since. We may start a fan club for her at this show. Do see it; I think you'll enjoy it.

ibises and herons in flight

