



## Kelly's Corner

By Jan Kelly

The start of the day in the woods of Provincetown is the most convenient way to euphoria I know. Each day celebrates the gradually changing surroundings. Take a week off and you have to orient yourself once more. No slowing down, no waiting. The broad life patterns of woods, ponds, and dunes go on despite what our tiny lives focus on. Reason and balance are always there when you observe the season in its growth, height, and decline. These days the "drink your tea" sounds of young towhees is almost comical against the full-throated adult sounds. The towhee is a beautiful bird with clear cheerful notes. Many nested on the east side of the Beech Forest bike trail this year. Listen to the towhees and chipping sparrows trilling on the high branches and the compulsive gulps of the bullfrogs on the dips in the trail at the lower, wetter areas. Waxy white Indian pipes and delicately shaded reindeer moss thrive there. Goldenrod and dusty miller are up on higher ground with the towhee. All the while this observation is taking place you, too, can be picking your breakfast blueberries. They are so abundant this year, both the high-bush and low-bush varieties. I even saw an early old-man-of-the-woods mushroom as I exited. I particularly like this species with steak *au poivre*. Ah, euphoria! A serendipitous foraging trip can lift you through the whole day. A trip to any nontrafficked area is a wonderful way to start and to end the day. Better to be part of something than apart from it. Entertainment doesn't have to be passive.

It's wonderful to see more galleries opening in Provincetown—energy returning to the community as an art colony rather than as a tourist center only. You can find most any genre you prefer. The openings are a good introduction; they are festive, social, and they get you there. Most of us are veterans. This season I must admit I have not gone to openings. Maybe just this year I'll miss the white wine, Jarlsberg cheese, and chat, but I will not miss the art. I am enjoying a season of going on afterdays and quietly viewing the work of so many gifted people. My observations and appreciations are easier and more lasting in the silence and emptiness of large rooms walled with other people's ideas of beauty or reasons for being or self-expression. It all seems to make more sense to me. In a town where your social life starts at dawn, goes on through all the shopping, post office, and banking chores, and continues through sports, talks, and sumptuous food until the last



Myya Beck and Marmalade

moments of the day tick away, you need a little time to think quietly. A gallery to yourself is one way of doing it. I spent an hour in the coolness of the Art Association and Museum viewing Hawthorne's water colors, the members' exhibit and, most especially, Alvin Ross' work. I used to enjoy watching Alvin Ross build a painting. Each day bits of graceful perfection were added until the perfect painting evolved and ended the struggle. I mostly remember the daily growth of a canvas depicting white-shelled eggs in different stances and shadowings. How patient, I thought, and how worthwhile to be patient. I'm so glad he worked so much and so well before we lost him. He insisted that beauty is the strength of life and shared it with us.

Gerry Studds will be having a private reception at Lowell Limited, 168 Commercial Street, on Tuesday, August 14, from 5 to 7 o'clock. Wine and hors d'oeuvres will be served. The suggested minimum donation is \$25. RSVP by August 6; the telephone number is 487-3435.

I hope you've made your travel plans for the next year. American cities and national parks, Europe, the Orient, or the armchair. The reason I'm urging you is that Mt. Everest is booked for the entire year and prices have gone up. Don't let tourists complain about Provincetown prices. Just retort, "Even Everest has gone up."

We can have some of our best vacations right here in our tiny two-mile by less-than-a-mile patch of paradise, whether you prefer Commercial Street or the backside. There will be no disappointments. If you want a stretch of Commercial Street to view as a prep course, go to Spiritus Pizza and look at Charnak's photographic mural of the faces of Provincetown's characters. After you get your three credits for this course, step out onto the street for a live version of the same—more than amusing.

The Olympics rage is on in Los Angeles. We are all either too busy or too East Coast-oriented to attend, so we will have our own Olympics in Provincetown. The waitron who served the most lobsters, the biker that had the most accidents, the bartender who had the





what's wrong with this picture?

most hangovers, the local who had the most out-of-town guests or the largest zucchini or the worst case of poison ivy, the one who didn't miss the beach a single day—nor easters included, the one who never got to the beach, the one to attend the most openings, the tourist who sent the most post cards, half the audience that attends Lenny's performances in the Smuggler's Lounge at the Moors (he has the most faithful followers), the one to lose the most fillings on "Cape Cod saltwater taffy" (strange name for a candy, isn't it?), the top aluminum can collector, the one with the most parking tickets, anyone who works on Commercial Street from one to three, our doughty post office and bank staff members, the Chamber of Commerce, Gert at the Pilgrim House (for wearing that corset in 90-degree heat), as well as that live lobster in front of the Crown in August, the parking lot attendants, the wharfinger, the regular force as well as the rent-a-cops, Gene Poyant—Town Crier *extraordinaire*, anyone who went to Hyannis for any reason in season, and anyone who stayed here every day throughout the season—all Olympic-class performers! The prize is Labor Day with the promise of another season coming up.

The year-round and genuine Olympians of Provincetown are our Fire Department and Rescue Squad, dedicated and so well trained. What would we do without them? Not well at all. They are never taken for granted because each Provincetowner not only respects them but feels secure that they are there should the day ever arrive that we personally require assistance. It's more of a comfort than most inhabitants of big cities experience. We do feel protected.

The tennis tournaments continue to be the bone of everybody's game—backbone, wishbone, bone to pick, and ribs. The teasing and camaraderie are constant. They are a good ploy to keep your game peaking and varied, though. Keeping it all in balance, to win without losing at all, but losing is just not winning it all. Somebody's got to lose, so it's not that grave. There's only one Phoenix, but why shouldn't you be it? Que Linda constructed a tennis ladder for us—a unisex

ladder. Ira Bloom never could be budged from top place during his stay here. Lawyers can be the toughest on the courts, but Ira says it is even worse with him. He teaches law at Albany Law School. "It's a bit sad for me though," he confided. "Nobody wants to play me; they just want to beat me." Que Linda has each of our names printed on a cut-out racket hooked onto an antique ladder. The scheme is to challenge anyone whose name is above yours on the ladder until you hit the unbudgable Bloom. It's all the great fun of a good-natured group trying to better their games. If you're interested, drop by or call 487-9574. Bert and Nute have the answer.

On your downtown evening jaunts, one very pleasant entertainment alternative is the program of show tunes at the Town House cabaret. Toby Hall traveled to New York and, after extensive auditioning, enlisted the talents of Laura, Joe, Bill, Ted, Karen, and the belting Lucille for ballast. A touch of Broadway on Commercial Street. Toby has put together an excellent, smoothly moving program. Go in and try your nightcap there on your next night out.

The restaurant fare in town has been wonderful this summer, but some nights you just don't feel like dressing up or venturing out. Some nights you just want that feeling of having chosen before eyeing a menu, very loose clothing, no set time, and playing "Home Is My Castle." Do you order a clambake dinner to go? Really too messy for white linen and grandmother's jewelry. The best place for a clambake is beach's edge, weather permitting. (If not, put a plank across the bathtub—a total-body-immersible finger bowl and a lot of laughs.) Well, you can order Chinese fare from Yang Sea. That keeps everybody happy. Or you can order pasta from the Pasta Place. Lucia and Joanne have a complete menu of pasta, raw or cooked to order. You can have linguine, fettucine, ziti, or shells. You can have ravioli: cheese, spinach and cheese, or meat and cheese. You can have lasagnas, and you can buy pints of seven different styles of sauces and cook the raw pasta at home. They even have the salad and garlic bread for you. It's all delicious. You'll feel like you are sort of eating out, sort of eating at home, and sort of eating in Italy.

The other part of eating at home is that you can choose your own dessert. With all the delicious indigenous and exotic fruits available you can do whatever to guide them into fantasy desserts, excellent ice creams, or sherbets. Juices to soak them in, fragile sugary wafers to bite along with them, and swallows of still wines to accompany them. I could divide my soul between fresh raspberries and a good champagne. I hope it happens. Soon—

I'll be emceeing a children's talent show at Captain John's (Piggy's) on Shank Painter Road on Sunday, August 12. The requirements are to be under 16 and to have talent. The prizes are \$50 and \$25. Call 349-7611 for further information. We have so many talented children here, it's a pleasure to guide them through their acts. There are always a few first-timers to surprise us and delight us, too. See you there.