



Kelly's

By Jan Kelly

Summer is winding down now. It is like looking through the wrong end of a telescope—far away, untouchable, almost unrecognizable in its insignificant size. It all goes so fast. We need vacant moments to reflect and get the perspective right. With a little thought we can move the scope around to a proper view.

I feel a little sad that the street will empty out soon. The Fall Arts Festival will soften the blow. Columbus Day and even Thanksgiving are busy times on the Cape. We really couldn't take that constant traffic for much longer, but, as long as they're enjoying themselves, the natural order of things makes it pleasant having tourists around.

When I had the TV on for my three minutes a day to watch the weather, did I see adult popsicles for sale? I did have to see a minute and a half of news while waiting for the weather. I came to the conclusion that poverty should be abandoned and education should be rampant.

Have you seen John Brown on Commercial Street eating fast food at a slow pace? Timing. Do you see and hear Richard Rogers on Commercial Street? His bike is squeaky; you can't miss that rhythm. He often wears a red beret. Now, if you are interested in existential sculpture, stop this bike and make an appointment with Richard. This is the method of approach for an invitation to his studio. Let me know how it goes when you do.

People can't accept any bare spots in town. Any spot that is buildable is up for constant discussion. My parking lot has been dreamed into cottages by adults, a MacDonald's by teenagers, and all else in between. It's still the only vacancy in town.

The last three films of the Thursday night library series are *Public Enemy*, *Room at the Top*, and *A Taste of Honey*. The show starts at 7:30. There is no admission, but seating is limited, so early does it. The library is of more use than checking out books every other week. The Wednesday night lecture series is a regular success this season. The children's story hour on Friday mornings is varied and well attended.

Also, the Provincetown Library is now a Portuguese language resource center. A collection of Portuguese books is being sent by the Consulado de Portugal in New Bedford. This will aid the nucleus of people who started their Portuguese lessons at the high school last fall, as well as our local bilingual population.

The program of events is published every week.



Kelly patrolling Commercial Street

Check it. You never know what might strike your fancy. Too many people have entered the video world, leaving the library behind them. If you got use out of it at one point in your life, there's a chance you will again.

Remember the story of Christine Graquinto who does 30 people's laundry (60 loads a week) as an extra job? Christine is unique, but at the same time she's a member of the black-and-white army—the summer worker. The quick step is the only dance they do all summer. Without their force no one's summer vacation could be. No merchant's summer, either. They are a layer in the economic strata—necessary and important—and most of them are charming. Try a conversation along with your order or your browsing.

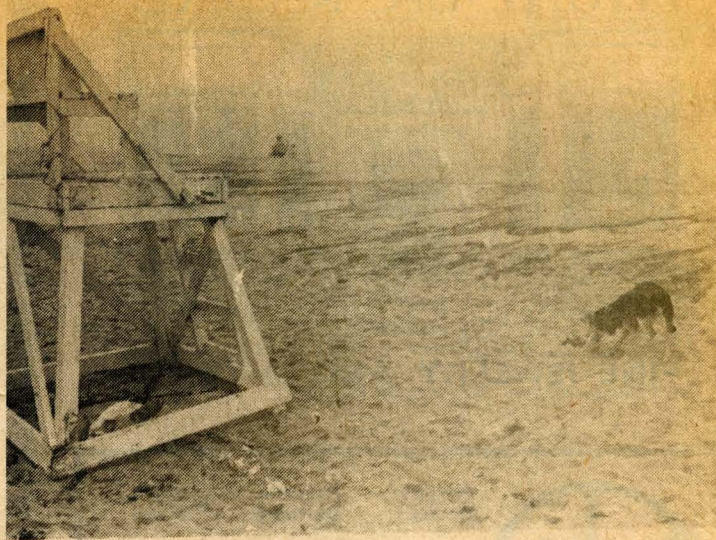
How many jobs does your summer have? Most Provincetowners have two for the summer. Some have three and four; they seem to fade from the human race when the sun is high and the streets are crowded. You can see the same friend in two or three outfits a day, each tailored for the job to be performed in that segment of the day. Those who garden during the day practically have to wear white gloves to cover their nails while serving dinners in their basic black-and-whites. The variety of hairdos to cover up "no time to wash, blow dry, and set" are ingenious. It's hard to recognize your friends when they go from airy wisps to close-fitting helmet styles. The variety of paper clip, staple, or safety pin repairs (instead of a needle and thread) is clever, too. No home time; jobs get it all. Summer has mixed feel-

ings for the workers, but there is that long winter to do what you want when you want with summer money to coast on.

WOMR has so many programs of individual merit. I can't think of a type of music which isn't researched and presented. You also have the added entertainment of the individuals of true personality who present this music to you. Provincetown has a heavy population of just such personalities with self-styled lives. Most people who live in this tiny town have the time and resourceful energy to research their tastes and interests in life. Turn on WOMR and you will become aware of some of these individuals. It can be a surprise to learn that an acquaintance of so many years has such a thorough knowledge of one field of music. WGBH is the only station rivaling us for planned programming. Entertainment planned by thought.

One very entertaining program is *A Trip Down Memory Lane* by Jimmy Majestic and Jack Hannon. Jim and Jack are both involved with music for their livelihood and life. They are encyclopedic on show tunes and club and jazz singers. The great humor makes the show a good laugh as well as a good listen. Besides golden oldie recordings Jim and Jack have rare recordings, including many of concerts here on Old Cape Cod. *A Trip Down Memory Lane*, Saturdays from 4 to 5, is now requesting an underwriter. The show is enjoyed by too many people to just let it leave the air, but because of a busy summer you may not be aware that shows like this require financial support. If you can contribute to keeping the show of nostalgia and Cape musical history on the air, please do. If not, suggest such a generous community action to someone who is able. You will be helping many people.

Music—The science or art of pleasing, expressive, or intelligible combinations of tones. We had the very best of those combinations Monday night at the First Universalist Meeting House. The Cape and Islands Chamber Music Festival presented a top-quality program of Handel, Rachmaninoff, Gounod, and Franck. Joshua Bell, now a sage sixteen, played, with Jennifer Langhan on cello, a passacaglia to open the program. Joshua has played violin with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Indianapolis Symphony, and the St. Louis Chamber Orchestra. He is beautiful to watch, beautiful to listen to. I learned later that young Joshua is Sandy McGinn's nephew. I do hope she will play some of his interpretations on WOMR. Lucy Shelton's voice was flawless, lilting through the summer night. Samuel Sanders gave able introductions, good humor, and fine piano accompaniment. Stephanie Chase capably handled the second part of the program with a fine playing of Cesar Franck's *Sonata in A Major* in that beautiful trompe l'oeil room of the Universalist Meeting House and with fine company. There wasn't a better way to spend an evening. Many musicians were in the audience thoroughly enjoying another's talent, labor, and presentation. The Cape and Islands Chamber Music group is only five years old. If their performances were not part of your summer this year,



do arrange the commitment and pleasure for next season. Live music has an added effect whatever its genre. This group has guaranteed quality, also.

The Provincetown Summer Theatre has two good comedies next on the program. Academy Award nominee Sylvia Miles will play in the great chuckler *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. A clever play, as well as funny, it's a spoof on the theater of the absurd. It was funny and quick to succeed in 1962; it will be as funny in Provincetown in 1984. Laughter is good for all of us. For a moment you forget it all, and then perspective comes clearer and easier for a long time. *Oh, Dad* will play August 22 through September 2. Then *Beyond Therapy* will play September 4 through September 9. Too bad—August is the month all the shrinks are here in Provincetown and Truro. We'll have to enjoy the humor without them. Well, tell your best friend about it.

Conrad Malicoat will be having a show of his new work at Anne Lord's gallery at 389B Commercial Street from August 24 through September 6. Peter Macara will be showing his work at the Outermost Gallery at St. Mary of the Harbor also from August 24 but until September 15.

The rose of Sharon bushes are thick with bloom. The thinning of these ornamentations is one of the warning signs that Labor Day is near. Sea lavender is waning. Goldenrod has yet to bloom. Bright colors will slowly fade into earth tones. Grasses and trees will dominate the landscape again. Flowers seem so temporary, just the showy display to insure these plants' continuation. Pistils and stamens contoured by colorful fleshy petals blooming through the year's easiest weather. They insure the green of the planet, the oxygen, the earth cover. Their life seems quick and short, but it is extended in the roots of green. The pace of summer seems fast, the winter slow on a plant, animal, and human scale. Commercial Street, the dunes, the backshore, the skies. Migrations are on for all of us. How life is measured. The slow pace when thinking is heavy, a preparation for action; a quick pace for joy, movement at any rate.