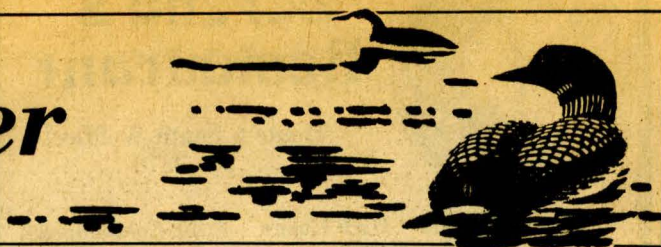


Kelly's Corner



Jan Kelly

June, only thirty days. Let's live one day twice as hard so it will feel like thirty-one. The moon is full on the 2nd; that's Bonnie Fuoco's birthday. Fuoco means fire in Italian and the full moon is the strawberry moon. Gardens are starting to bloom, making you forget there was ever frost or snow there. The longest day of the year, the summer solstice is the 21st. That is the first day of summer; hot, blooming, crowded, fun, summer. The days are long from Daylight Savings on, the 21st of June is the zenith and then the arc moves downward. The flowers of spring have tagged and teased us along to summer, crocuses or croci, daffodils to tulips, to fruit trees, to shadbush to highbush blueberry to beach plum, to Scotch broom, to lilacs, to full green. July will be the fullest and greenest. Lilacs always make me nostalgic. They remind me of when I was three years old and my first club house was a lilac bush. Covered in color and scent, I held court.

June will bring us graduation and Blessing of the Fleet and of course, June weddings. I had to be in Boston for a family wedding last weekend. It was a formal affair. As I watched my male relatives dressed in tails, whereas, I usually see them in informal garb of the 80s, T shirts, jeans, nylon jackets, I thought back to my pre-walking days.

Up until you're about 3 years old you don't have too many places to go and not too much to say, so you are a grand observer. One of the homey objects I would peruse at least once a day was my parents' wedding photo. They looked so glamorous: tails and long white dress and veil. I took it for granted, but about age three-and-a-half, you begin to notice that your mother doesn't wear peau de soir with sewn in seed pearls while doing the dishes and your dad doesn't wear tails to work on the carburetor. All humans do have a will to fantasy and if tails one day out of a long life fulfills this, o.k.

Harmony, Frank Veara, the cop who never arrested anybody, is back on his post at the Shawmut bank parking lot. Though Joe the barber and I yell, "Harmony!", to each other year round, each time I pass, Harmony himself is only there in season, pounding the beat across from the barber shop. Last year we had him an extra month. He couldn't escape to Florida until the doctor had done a final check on his gall bladder. Well, the gall bladder is gone, operation a success, so we won't get Harmony an extra month this year. Joe the barber and I will just yell at each other one month more this coming winter.



"Miss Liberty," acrylic on canvas, courtesy of Bayer Fine Arts

All these buses! I feel like I'm living in the Port Authority building of N.Y.C. I found out they are buses full of whale watchers. The people are pleasant, but the noise and rumbling I can do without. All these buses, I thought. Are they coming for the shops and to see a few eccentrics; at this rate the eccentrics would be salaried and on the unemployment line in winter. But it's whales they are watching and we can go our ambulatory way.

You need vacations, relaxing times for the mind and body. Even when you're not on one, you need a mini vacation everyday. Cocktail hour can get boring and a nap can get lazy. Not everyday for either anyway. Vacation means change, so vary your hour or so off a day. We are fortunate enough to be in the minority who live on the shore. High tide has the wonder of crashing waves, distant ships and flying birds. Low tide has beach combing, treasure hunting for old bottles and bird watching. The shore population is changing and

one species which is becoming more numerous here is the black-headed gull, also called the laughing gull for its diagnostic sound, and sometimes the mackerel gull for its preferred diet. I saw one chasing a tern down to grab the tern's sand eel breakfast. No luck. I wonder if it was just harassment. The black-headed, or laughing gull, seems to prefer the West End of town, so walk from the breakwater at low tide. You will hear them before you see them. The sound is a triple "ha", like a laugh, and then a series of chuckles. You'll see what handsome gulls they are. You won't need binoculars, you can get so close, but binoculars will make it all easier and more interesting because then you'll want to study the Dunlin, yellow legs, tern, and solitary sandpiper.

Abbi Marchesani is back in town and busy painting every day. I met her at the laundromat as I carried a gourmet breakfast to Brune Lecce, the laundromat cat. Abbi thought it was such a wild luxury, a few minutes away from the easel, even if it was the laundromat. Abbi will be having a show at Bayer Fine Arts gallery at 445 Commercial Street, on Friday, June 7th, 6-8 pm. The party will spread to the garden, weather permitting. Abbi has been working in N.Y.C. through the winter. For her personal work she has an amazing amount of large oil and acrylic paintings. The format is larger than usual and the subject matter is balanced between New York and Provincetown scenes. Abbi's subject matter is always interesting but it is her high sense of color, so well executed, that usually draws people to her work. When your senses have absorbed the color, then you go on to study the details of Abbi's ideas. Abbi also worked in a computer animation studio this winter. I'm curious to see how that will effect her future work.

The Bayer gallery will be dealing in neo-expressionistic art, much New York and European art. Paul Bowen of Provincetown will show there. Keith Haring, the famous graffiti artist will have a show, 4th of July. Claude Simard and Miriam LaPlante are also scheduled as well as a nude photography show. The Bayer gallery at 445 Commercial, run by Sonny Bayer, and the Impulse gallery at 188 Commercial, run by Sam Hardison, will be joining to run a mammoth benefit for the Provincetown animal shelter. Their strong-willed wish is to have an actual building, concrete and wood, not words or promises. Watch for news of this progress.

Our Junior tennis players in that photograph were Matt Perel, Kabraul Tasha, and Aaron McKean, the good sports. Besides tennis lessons, the boys get language lessons. I always keep the score in Italian. New to tennis, some of them think that's the way it is always done. They get 3 credits for this language course. French and Japanese are thrown in free.

The Bacchanal, the Saturnalia, the Mardi Gras of openings was at The Buttery. Hosts Charles Oertel and Stephen Swain graciously opened their doors to all of Provincetown. Normally an affable mixture of people fond of food and drink, sighting table after table of gastronomic beauty and abundance, brought the best out in everybody. Not the beast, the best. It was an effort not to make finger food a two-fisted affair. The col-



Chris and Karen opening the Buttery

ors, the textures and the flavors were momentarily tasty and memorable. One table in the front bar had the first of these sumptuous spreads, and, keeping guard over it, a pendulum clock. The contrast, the two views of time and then the kaleidoscopic views of time that nourishing food and abstract numbers can push you to. Each room of the restaurant was comfortably crowded, the garden, too. Late-comers filled Kiley Court. Besides the company of each other, these hundreds of people enjoyed mussels vinaigrette, oysters on the half shell, spinach pate wrapped in a thin layer of smoked bacon, oriental chicken wings, endive leaves dipped in a Roquefort sauce, cherry tomatoes filled with a dill spread, escargots in papillote, tempura vegetables, a variety of cheeses, and the colorful and happy display that only fresh fruit and figs can give. The visual was enough to feed you but to the person we were gourmet-gourmand and we can all say the tastes were true. The service was formal, you felt welcomed. There was not a negative note to the evening; it was civilization in practice. The 19th season opening party and, of course, Dick Lescher was there for the 19th time. He is the original Poor Richard. Not from the look of him now. We all agreed, Richard too, that he looks like a stockbroker, so dazzlingly tailored. Thank you Charles and Stephen. Good season to you and as the Peter Hunt exit painting above the door reads: A toute a l'heure.

Chimney swifts are back. Fastest twitter in the skies and probably raising a brood in your idle summer chimney. If they are, don't light the fireplace no matter how damp it gets. Put another sweater on.