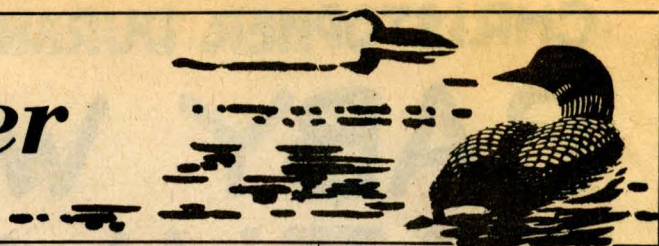


# Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



The chimney swifts have gathered up and flown; breeding season is over for them. Their high-pitched chattering and torpedo-like flight keeps me good company during the summer months. Chimney swifts feed exclusively on live insects; this necessitates catching them on the wing. The nest is built of twigs kept together by the birds' saliva. It is built on the inside wall of a chimney, an inactive summer chimney, of course. These birds are the acute positive of Omar Khayyam's "The Bird Is On The Wing." Besides the snapping up of airborne insects, the nesting twigs are snapped off while in flight and bathing and drinking are accomplished with a quick touch down on an open pond or other open water. This precision is such an attractive feature of the bird. Soon the weather will cool; chimneys will not be idle, two reasons for the swifts' departure. They are difficult birds to track. Until recently, it was not known where they wintered. But bird banding once again unravelled a mystery when some banded chimney swifts were found in the Amazon Valley of Peru, South America. The chimney swift is like a constant tourist.

The black-bellied plovers are at attention and soldiering the low-tide shoreline for those seaworms they love so much. They are like sentinels on their tideline territory. Another of their species will set them in a scare-off flight which lasts only a few feet, enough to move off the intruder. The black-bellied plovers are masters at finding and devouring sea worms. Get a pair of binoculars and watch the motions of these plovers and other shore birds. It looks like they are just basking, but each has a tailored and complete ritual of feeding. A scope is better for viewing but binoculars will be a start.

A man went into Nelson's Riding Stable and Bike Shop to rent a bike because he wanted to see the "promised lands." We didn't know if he was worse at geography or spelling.

Matthew Coes, 14, and Donald Edwards III, age 15, were discussing the dilemma of the skate boarders. When they are put off Commercial Street they head for the parking lots where they are asked to leave also. The third possibility really won't exist until long after Labor Day, any black-topped area for restaurant parking—and then it wouldn't be fun—no one to watch. Well, the boys were placing their argument as if to hear it for the first time and to gain a sympathetic ear. The selectmen would bring it up tonight. I suggested they go speak for themselves, either at public statements or when "skateboards" would be brought up. If there were an age limitation they could ask that it be waived. Well, they were ahead of me. "We have a lawyer." I hid my

surprise, mirth, and pride in their advanced move and just wished them the best of luck. Next would come the tin can. Just saw the boys. Coes is in negotiations with Jim Jeffers, our Town Manager.



Linoleum cut of Connie Black's "Kingfisher"

Constance Black, or "Connie" as we know her has written and published a collection of her poems "Fire and Light." It is printed by Galliman Fry Press in Bethesda, Maryland. It is illustrated by the author with linoleum cuts. Besides my own copy, I ordered one for the Provincetown Library, so all of us can have the opportunity to read these sensitive poems of one woman's interpretation of the universe. Connie and husband Carl lived with children Melanie, Laura, and Carl David for many years at their home on Priscilla Alden Road. A government job called Carl away and the family has been in Maryland for ten years. Connie writes that they have four years before they can return and they are eager daily for it. It will be interesting to hear their interpretations of the changes in town. Connie used to write original plays for the Provincetown Group as well as direct others' plays. I remember I was "The Lady



of *Larkspur Lotion*" of Tennessee Williams once and in Connie's original play situated in the twenty-first century I was Heaton Vorse's niece-lover and he was my Uncle Harry. Funny play. Heaton is such a good actor. He, I, Zorilda von Kleist and Edmund DiStasi were in Sean O'Casey's *"Pound On Demand"* and brother Joel O'Brien directed it. Good play. Well, go to the library and ask for Connie Black's book of poems *"Fire And Light"*. We should be up on our own history.

A younger member of our history is Diana Horowitz who has had a successful show at Steve Fitzgerald's Hell's Kitchen Gallery. Diana's charcoals and oils for this show are of Rome, Paris, and Provincetown. Diana is a beautiful girl and the beauty comes right through the fingers onto the canvas. This fall Diana will be going to Brooklyn College which is affiliated with the Brooklyn Museum of Art. There she will finish her master's degree. We expect to see Diana's work in New York galleries soon. She is confident of her definite and growing talent and has the forceful personality to follow it through. Most of the show sold, so if you didn't buy a Diana Horowitz this summer, put it on your shopping list. Make it your whole shopping list.

Two other independent women are Pat Miller and Carole Kaplan of "Honeesuckle Rose, A Special Store." After years of working in other's shops, Pat and Carole decided to cut one step and open their own shop. There are so many delicate and fun items in this shop. On entering, you start right away with Betty Boop memorabilia. There are Victorian greeting cards. Their tee shirt is a tiger cat dressed in a sailor suit holding a fish that says "P'town"; hairclips, fish kites, boas, pool and boat accessories for cocktail time that are really fun, bathing suits, shorts, intimate apparel and art deco lamps. The Kama Sutra line is so beautifully packaged. A powder duster of real feathers with a wooden handle, honey dust it is called. There are edible massage oils, bath foam with loofa enclosed and a scallop shell to scoop out the bath beads. Oh yes, and there are tiaras for the dress-up crowd. You'll enjoy a visit. It's at 405 Commercial Street. Could change your life.

The Tennis Club is doubly hectic as they are planning a fun day of tennis, gourmet food, comedy, music and dancing. The day is Saturday, August 31 and it will go from 1 to 11 pm. From 1 to 5 pm there will be free tennis and exhibition tennis. David Kay, John Hamilton, Jack Dunham and Seth Beckenstein will clout it out on court number one. From 5-7 there will be a pot luck gourmet dinner. Some of the best cooks in town play tennis there and much of the food will be restaurant-donated. Good alternative to the downtown crowds for dinner hour. From 7 to 11 pm there will be dancing; an art auction and variety show will be interspersed. It's called a tax dance. The taxes for the club have tripled and there has to be some way to raise the money. You can help and have fun at the same time. The donation for all this fun is twenty-five dollars for a single, forty dollars for a couple and \$10 for juniors. It's a tax dance. Wear your tax shoes.

When you're not dancing there go hear "Rick the Stick" at Piggy's Friday and Saturday nights. Rick specializes in 60s rock and original tunes. He's always a great help to us through the winter at our talent shows to raise money for WOMR. Besides playing at Piggy's or Cap'n John's, he is available for hire. Rick the Stick, you'll love his talent.

I heard an old blues song on the radio last night and they lyrics seem to be stitched thread-by-thread for Provincetown. Can you picture someone on the meatrack or several other locations in town singing "I tell you this is a funny place; the men speak tenor and the girls speak bass"?

So Labor Day thuds upon us, slides under our feet and takes new ground, surrounds us with lower temperatures and reality, taps us on the shoulder and reminds us we are not *"Ode On A Grecian Urn"* but will be caught if we don't slow down to a more natural pace. But summer is so much fun: the hordes of people, the activities, the art, the music, the constant swapping of ideas and the good times. Winter is for sorting it all out and preparing for the next three month carnival. Not by bread alone, but by tourists too. We're sad to see them all go, but we'll stay and keep everything in readiness for their return. I was talking with Maurice Enos and Helen Silva about the great boost summer is, the companionship you can feel in a crowd. You can also get far away from it when you want. But Maurice and Helen confessed they would miss you and will await your next-year visit. We all hope you won't let the whole winter go by without an off-season visit. Think about it.

Helen and Maurice, circa June 30

