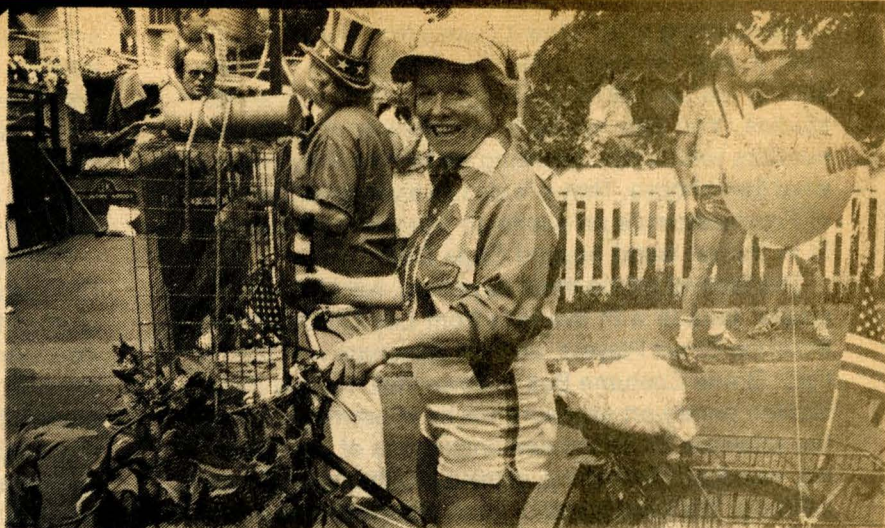


# Kelly's Corner



By Jan Kelly

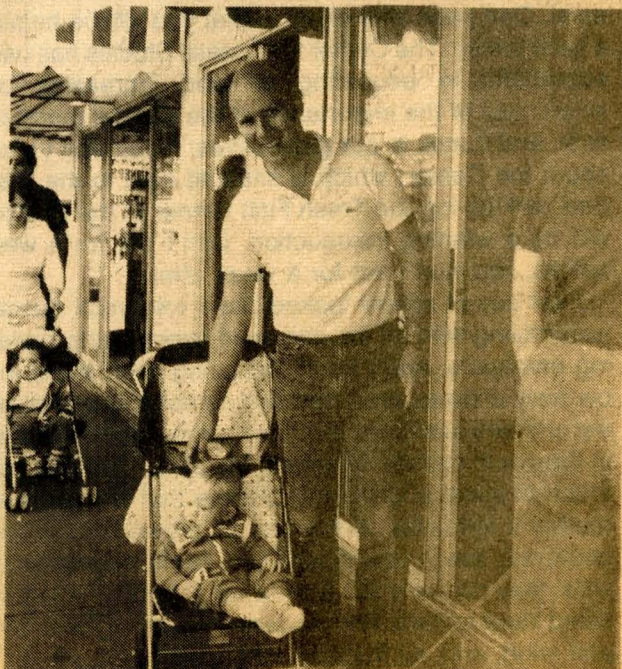
Oh, August was fun. It's hard to get September serious. Yes, August was hot and fun. Too hot and busy to cook, I only lit a match to light a cigar. I didn't even cook Soup of the Week, but my continued good health is a tribute to the Provincetown restaurants. There are so many quality meals—simple and imaginative—available on the Provincetown cartes du jour, and there's no town more friendly to the casual traveller except, maybe, Taormina, Sicily. The pleasure of living, the joy of life. You can't settle for fried fish and chips. Taste extends to walnut-covered swordfish, raw thin-sliced beef with capers, fish in the same raw manner, spicy chicken wings, shrimp wrapped in squid and broiled in pesto sauce, and for sweet-toothed diners a unique fantasy at each establishment. Now that the crowds aren't here to form long lines at our worthy restaurants, we can all take advantage of opportunities to taste the results of talented chefs' labors. A meal and an evening stroll is graceful September living. You'll want to spend all these Indian summer days outside—evenings, too. Enjoy the fair weather pattern. There are many places on the earth plagued by miserable weather as a regular course. Take advantage of ours. For much of the year we are capable of enjoying a vacation while at home. You know all your summer visitors envy your space and lifestyle. Don't take it for granted. Use it fully.

Euphoric is the only word for describing the last two weeks in September, the first two in October. The color of sky, sea, dunes, and hills peaks in its mature beauty. A feeling of fullness, completeness, is scented, seen, and listened to. This is the real end of the year; not December 31. All that has pushed through from seeds to blossoms to dropping fruits ends its cycle and insures the next crop. The end of growth, of show, interred for the future. New Year's Day is really the first frost. Dormancy has its own role in the seasonal scheme. Rest in itself is recuperative and gives force

to the activity. As the freckles move from my body, the sun moves in the sky. White time is coming.

The Fall Arts Festival will be held the third weekend in September. Open artist studios, drama, guided historical tours, music, and balls. So much work and planning goes into this autumn weekend, it only makes sense to have the festival last at least a month. Most everybody here can contribute something. Everybody can gain from it, and the tourists never see enough of Provincetown. They'd use any excuse to join us. Art for art's sake is more noble than T-shirt for T-shirt's sake, and I feel the reason for tourism could be easily, though gradually, switched from souvenirs and high social times to general sociality and enjoyment of the arts and the environment. The schedules for this weekend will be stiff, so study the activities and pick and choose what you prefer. During the weekend think about extending it to a month, of making it international, of letting it grow up and become a part of world culture.

Bill Evaul has worked diligently to keep the activities diversified, yet all pertinent to one common aim—The



stroller Daddy and baby

understanding of art. How it comes from the artist, and how it gets to your eyes via museums or gallery shows—so you will have the opportunity to visit artists' studios. You can attend a symposium of published curators and critics speaking as to how they choose what they choose. They will also give you an urban view of Provincetown's art scene so you will learn how we fit in the art world beyond Cape Cod.

The festival will be three days long, will start with an artists' parade with live jazz from Lee Child and the Bourbon Street Players, and will culminate with the Artists' Grand Costume Ball in Town Hall Sunday night. Contemporary art exposure will be in between. Check the schedule for all the demonstrations of silk-screening, woodcut printmaking, etching, sculpture, and water coloring. We'll have lots of good company that weekend, but think about the goal—a month at least and international—and watch out! Howard Mitcham will be in town with a wonderful retrospective show of thirty years of woodcuts at Napi's Eye of Horus. New Orleans is worn out; he'll start on Provincetown. It will be fun to see him.

The famous enduring gastronomic delight of the Trash Fish Dinner sponsored by the Center for Coastal Studies is on again Thursday, September 20, at the Red Inn. Tickets are \$25 for nonmembers, \$15 for members, and \$10 for children under twelve. There is a warmup cocktail hour at five o'clock. The first seating is at six, and the meal will continue until all the guests roll home. The wonderful array of distinctive foods is donated by Provincetown restaurants, so, if you missed any restaurant this summer and want to taste their viands, this banquet may arrange it for you. You could make a meal on the soups and chowders alone. You won't, though. Gluttony is an easy sin when the chef is right. This meal is in league with Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. Everyone gets satisfied. Fish in all its forms and all its glories all together in one great meal. One good side effect is that you will be helping a good cause. The Center for Coastal Studies has been successful in educating us and increasing our awareness of the importance of the coastal marshes, flats, and dunes in our global lives. If you don't know about the Center, which is situated next to the West End parking lot, the Trash Fish Dinner at the Red Inn will be a winning introduction. Don't eat for a week before; you won't eat for a week after.

First day of school looked like a mini rock concert assembling with all the sequined sweat shirts replacing cardigans, sport pants replacing even jeans and certainly dresses, and boots and aerobics shoes replacing ordinary sneakers. We have come yet another step in the youth culture. Elizabeth MacAdam had the only touch of plaid, and you can believe that was a grandmother's influence, but a pair of brown oxfords you could only see in your mind's eye. Excited against their wills, they do enjoy the first day of school. The human being loves routine. Routine sets the gears of both body and mind, and, no matter how much people complain about it, believe that they don't want it taken away. Ever

see Mr. and Mrs. America on an island beach? The first week is great; the second is fine; the third week they are eager for the job, chauffeuring the kids, lawn work, bridge club, and quiet nights at home. Even the Louvre or Mt. Kilimanjaro can't compete with the safe homey routine of their mortgaged castle. Routine for the retinue.

The final tournament is coming up at the Tennis Club—the Cranberry Classic—on the weekends of September 15 and 21. I have a new mixed doubles partner: Chris Roderick, a senior at Provincetown High. Chris is a handsome and delightful young man who makes the game even more fun than it usually is. His drop shot is suede to my velvet, so we call ourselves the Velvet-Suede Duo. Chris is on the high school team, which is ably coached by Eric Beck, and Chris has told me to watch Jimmy Roach, who is also a promising player.

I love to see fathers walking their babies. It gets Daddy out for a walk, too. Random conversations down Commercial Street, each one precisely timed by baby's patience. Baby doesn't care; business conference or social chatter, when it's time to go, it's time to go. Squirming and yelling work well on Daddy. Babies know they're never second rate with him. Dennis Clark is a regular stroller pusher. Sunday morning Mommy Madelaine sleeps in, and Dennis strolls the boulevard with his fashion-conscious daughter. Nineteen-month-old Morgan has her Daddy right in control. She has to have just these sneakers, just this hat, her oversize purse, and her sunglasses. Morgan carries that bag in the crook of her arm and trots on, watching the world through her shades. She looks like the world's smallest transvestite. Her new demand is earrings. There is such longing as to touch the hardest heart when she sees a set of ears bejewelled. Let's see how long it takes her. Madelaine and I are both after Dennis for always choosing winter socks. "Winter, summer, what's the difference?" asks Dennis. Morgan will know before she's two years old, the way she's going.

The saga of the \$2 dresses. Que Linda got them for everybody. Lynn Carter, Mae Busch, the whole tennis crew. All colors of the rainbow in all sizes and shapes. We looked like a Miss Commercial Street contest as we invaded the downtown. After our banqueting and steamy dancing, the rainbow separated until the morning. The phone rang several times the next day. "Did you wash your dress?" It was not a hygiene checkup. The \$2 dresses shrank. Well, I'm the only small, so it looks like I'll get all those mediums and larges and spend the rest of my nights in \$2 dresses. They'll be next year's T-shirts. Fun at the price.

I'm grounded today with a pulled calf muscle. My perfume is Tiger Balm instead of Kiehl's Rain Essence, and I'm staring at pictures of Aw Boon Par and Aw Boon Haw, who look like Singapore Smith Brothers. They are promising me relief in two languages. Just get me ready for the Cranberry Classic. No cranberries in Singapore. I hope no aches and pains older than a day, too.