

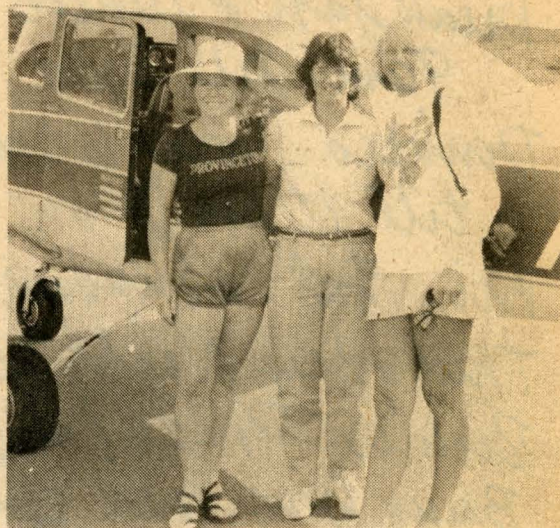
KELLY'S CORNER

If you were to spend 15 minutes with closed doors and windows at my house, you would be mildly drunk, just for breathing. Eight gallons of elderberry wine are perking. Stolen from the birds for next year's table, the purple clusters have begun their many-stepped journey from bush to glass to taste buds. Five days in the primary fermenter with sugar and yeast for volcanic bubbling and extraction of all taste and color. My fingers are purple from the cleaning. You can see how these berries were used in the days before chemical dyes to enhance the shades of wool and cotton. Rich when new, a more faded hue with each washing. After the primary fermenter a five-gallon carboy with fermentation lock will hold the liquid for 2-3 months, until fermentation stops. The fermentation lock lets air out and none in. The wine must be packed several times during this period and the dregs at the bottom discarded, bitterness out, good taste remaining. From there it will be siphoned into awaiting sterilized bottles with clean tight corks. Then the waiting. One year is good, 2 is better and so on. I have some Elderberry wine which is fourteen years old. A special occasion pulls one forth and then the occasion is more special. The joys of winemaking go on and on. The work is in the beginning.

Summer is crowded with interesting invitations. One of the best of this summer was Marge Gibbons asking Que Linda, Roz Baxandall and me to go for a plane ride over the Lower Cape. Roz had to play a tournament at the appointed time, so Que Linda and I went. Que Linda had just finished and won a 3 ½ hour singles match, the semifinals of the Lower Cape Open. A bit late and tired, her excitement never waned, wet palms and all. She won the finals on the Monday having survived the flight.

We met Marge at the airport at the Cessna 172 Skyhawk, a 4-seater which felt lighter than a car. Que Linda was armed with a camera to take a shot of her house from the air. I wore my only shirt that has a printed message. A black French jersey with *Provincetown* in orange letters. I figured if we went down at sea that shirt would function like an Irish knit fisherman's sweater. They know by the design of the knit which village the unfortunate drowned man belonged to along the coast.

Marge Gibbons is all competence and interested at that wheel. When she was eight years old, Marge's dad took her up in a plane and let her sit at the wheel. The pilot let her fly the vehicle. The image and the thrill never left. In 1979 Marge took 3 lessons in Hyanis. She was nervous and stopped. "I had a lot of anxiety about it. I thought I would be comfortable but I wasn't." In 1982 Marge tried it again. "Once I got the hang of it, I liked it. I relate to it up here more than down there." Marge says she is so used to driv-



Jan, Marge, and Que Linda, ready to fly

ing a car, 60,000 miles on her new one, that she can drive with her thighs. The wheel of the plane is like a car but to steer is the opposite. You use your feet and that was the lengthiest adjustment. So Marge has been flying since 1982 and has 115 hours in the air. She finally got her license in March, 1986 after four years of "ups and downs." "Please don't say 'downs' Marge," we asked. What was also different was that when you are on the streets and roads in a car you have margins, limits, but when in the air solo, the question comes, "Where do I go?"

The airport is there but after lift-off you don't see it. There are no guide lines and no structure. The sky is all schematics. First flights you stay near the airport and your landings can be bumpy, but if you can walk away from a landing, it's a good landing.

Marge likes all seasons for flying, but cold and dry winter air is best. The plane performs better. Marge's interest is not professional; she flies for pleasure and transportation, "to get somewhere." When talking of flying you can hear by tone and choice of attitude how much respect Marge has for the sky, for flight and for her craft. She also enjoys birding and canoeing. She says she has lots of air and water in her chart.

Marge Gibbons is an occupational therapist by profession. She lives in Brewster, but works all over the Cape. She is involved with the Chatham Visiting Nurses and the Pre-school Special needs in Rockland. She is also a consultant to many nursing homes on the Cape. Another involvement of Marge's is her stuff-

ed animal toys for special needs people. She has a monkey in a wheelchair, a penguin with a walking stick, a Koala bear with glasses, a brown bear with a prosthesis, a leg, and a rabbit with an artificial arm. They are called "Special Friends," are copyrighted and patented. *The Associated Press* covered Special Friends in 1982 and Marge was on the *Good Morning America* show with her line of handicapped stuffed animals. But Marge said it was so much work she didn't have time to enjoy life or to fly. So the Special Friends gave way to the Cessna and the tennis racquet.

This gutsy little woman, second generation Irish had her life mapped out at a young age. Being of a nurturing and idealistic nature, occupational therapy was an obvious career choice. Being of an adventuresome nature, flying became her play. She's quite something on the tennis court, tough and an individualistic style of play, but to fly with her so easily, so smoothly is to view her strength and joy in action. The Lower Cape is beautiful. From the air you are suspended over this beauty and have it all at once. Dunes, beaches, bay, backside, wooded areas, ponds, and landmarks are the logical beauty you see and of course the sky, the eternal sky. Thanks, Marge. It was an experience of fun and beauty. As she left us Marge was off to London for ten days.

Do you remember four years ago at the First Annual Prize Competition at the Art Association when Sal Del Deo won and was awarded the first prize by Alice Neil? Well, this year at the Fourth Annual Prize Competition, Romolo Del Deo kept it in the family. His Saint Sebastian encaustic oil painting won first prize and \$1,000. Encaustic is an ancient form of mixing molten wax with pigment. The Egyptians knew of and used this method. Hyman Bloom was highly successful using this process in Boston in the 1930's and 1940's. And young Romolo has created a winner in the 1980's by the same method.

George McNeil, exponent of abstract expressionism and well-known New York artist was the juror of awards. He deemed St. Sebastian as an expressionistic painting. Prizes 2,3, and 4 were each a different style. Richard Baker won the second prize of \$500 with an oil painting, *Profile*. Nancy Simonds won third prize, \$250, for a non-categorized painting, *Still Life With Trivial Pursuit*. Timothy Harney won fourth prize and \$250 for a mixed media painting, *The Last Couple*. These four paintings and a full and wonderful show around them can be seen at the Art Association from 10-4 daily. There are several galleries within the Art Association and each has its particular genre of art displayed. Please visit.

Romolo was not present to enjoy his success but his proud parents, Josephine and Salvatore were. Not able to contain this family joy they went straight to the



Romolo Del Deo St. Sebastian, No.1

phone and called Romolo who is in Pietrosanto, Italy near Carrara. Romolo voyages regularly between the states and Pietrosanto to continue his work at sculpting. He is now working on a life-size figure in marble and 4 smaller figures in bronze. All pieces deal with mythology and the classical Romolo, who won a medal in the Carrara competition last year, had the good fortune of free portage of this work by the Carrara Commission.

Well, despite the time, 4 am in Italy, and the slow exit from sleep, Romolo was thrilled at George McNeil's choice and the honor bestowed on him in his hometown.

St. Sebastian has a story, too. No, not that savage martyrdom, but his journey from Romolo's New York studio. St. Sebastian was hanging on that canvas in "bad shape" as Sal put it. The painting was locked in the studio, Romolo in Pietrosanto and no one with a key.

Romolo's cousin, Bobby Palmer called the upstairs tenant. No key. Well, the upstairs tenant probably reads mystery stories. He had the imagination to try the fire escape. The window was not locked. He could get through the elevator and into the apartment. He called Bobby Palmer who carted the sagging St. Sebastian to Provincetown—true cousin, Bobby. Josephine, Salvatore, and sister Giovanna all helped to restretch the canvas and to make a new frame. All the family helped. They told Romolo he will receive \$700. \$100 each to the stretchers and framer. Whatever this family does, they do together, across the water, between the cities, but especially in Provincetown.