

Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



Why is Nature so seemingly perfect? The beauty of a fanlike fern in summer: the same plant in winter is a stem of beads, preserving the species for the next season. The seemingly mindless flight of birds, migrations by a sun clock, seasons by the same clock and then the spectacular: sunsets and tides. Time is of two qualities in nature: brief but repetitive and ongoing. Nature does not have to last long individually, but repeat. Conform or expire. Why is it perfect each time? We look in awe at some thing a human individual cannot achieve. Well, we are intellectual as well as physical and so our perfection would be so complex and multi directional. No one could live long enough. If they would, their physical frame would perish as the mind would mature. To be at all capable of perfection requires timing we don't have. It's rather like a wet desert or a soft mountain.

How did you stand that humidity? The Bay was so calm, a wave was an event. It was like lake water in a sea and it was more populated than Commercial Street during that heat wave. When it's hot, your mind conjures up visions of heat. One of the funniest and hottest I think of is from a trip to Boston last summer—same heat. Passing the Horticultural Society, I was shocked to see black flower boxes entombing dead geraniums. I think we welcome hurricane weather as a relief from the humidity. We land on earth again. My 6 year old friend Danny Kanis thinks Hurricane Danny is named for him and he is trying to live up to the reputation. He was showing me his "gravity haircut," a Californian innovation the tonsorial art. His mother Diane hung him upside and down and Auntie Pamela cut the locks as he hung in mid-air. Best haircut he's ever had.

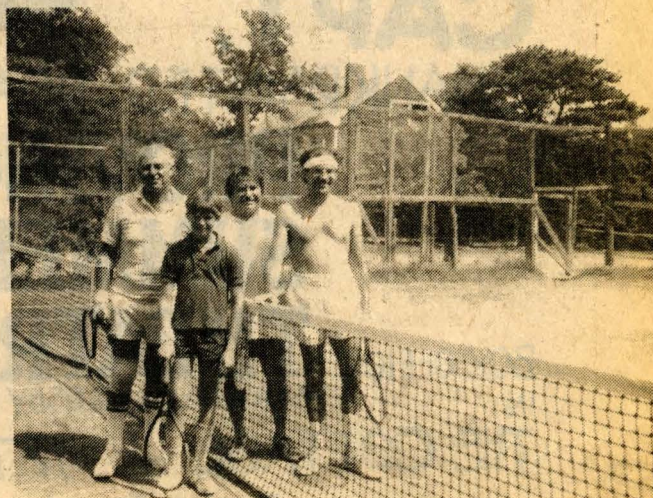
The library still needs volunteers for book shelving, shelf reading, exhibits, publicity, story telling for children, book mending and cataloguing. You can check at the library any day or evening, state whichever activity you prefer, and which days are best for you. The library is open 9-5 and 7-9 pm Monday through Friday.

The Painters Palate Party at Rhoda and Will Rossmore's houses and pool was the most sumptuous feast of the season. Two beachfront houses and a pool in between, what a setup for a party. An open pit was used to cook the roast lamb, chicken, bluefish and bass. The salads were a course and a meal unto themselves and the desserts were sinful. Those two courses were individually prepared and donated. It was open bar and Ted DeColo's music. All the ingredients for a great evening. Just as everybody thought they had

gone camel-like through the meal, seriously regarding a fast for the next few days, the music got lively and everybody was happy to dance off their excess. After all, there is only an "eeeeee" between fast and feast. The Bacchanal progressed to the pool where an impromptu water ballet was performed by fifteen or so of the merry-unto-saturation guests. Wonderful party, thank you Will & Rhoda and all donators. Proceeds to the Art Association.

Sal Del Deo will have an exhibition of "Recent Provincetown Watercolors" at the Eye of Horus Gallery August 23. One man's view of a town he loves and has painted for forty years. You'll like all of them and maybe one so much you'll want to own it.

What a week for tennis. Saturday we were at it from 8 am to 4 pm. Besides regular play, we had the artists' and writers' tournament. The seniors team up with the kids, the artists with the writers and the clash is on. Marcia Brill and I were the only women, so we teamed during that 90 degree heat. We ended the day playing against Frank Milby and Hoot Gibson—painter extraordinaire of local scenes and Tabulah player—Tabula Rasa. It's the only comical tournament, though they all have that element. Monday started the Lee Falk, Jacques Kahn 24th annual invitational tournament. This is a Truro tradition begun and maintained by Lee Falk, originator of the comic strips *The Phantom* and *Mandrake the Magician*. The Phantom is close to a self-portrait so if you see a fellow who looks like the Phantom, minus mask, it's probably Lee Falk. Jacques Kahn has written for *The New Yorker* for years and has also written *Hands of China*. Mr. Kahn has traveled exten-



John Ciluzzi, Frank Milby, Hoot Gibson, and Anson Avellar

sively in Africa and is working on a book about the famine and drought conditions there. Well, in the mixed doubles twenty-four of us were pitted against at each other for two days. The ninety degree sun was the easiest part of it. The darkly handsome Bill Brill was my partner. It's always a pleasure, Bill. Ros Baxandall has become a fierce net player at doubles. Surprising, since she's so new to the game of doubles. Ros teaches American History and Womens' History at State University of New York at Old Westbury and is a writer of books on womens' history. She has just finished a biography of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, friend of Mary Heaton Vorse. Always provocative, brilliant and causing a stir, Ros caused what may be the only one at this Tourney. The net was low. "Let's raise it!" reasoned Ros. "Let's just leave it, not our court, maybe there's a reason," said the opposition. Undaunted, Ros raised the net and a nest of yellow jackets with it. Be ready for action when Ros "box a lot" as we call her, is around. Her son Phineas is just back from a summer of eurailing through Europe and is off to Wesleyan University next week as a scholarship student.

Marietta Hermanson keeps a running commentary of all, whether she is on or off the court. She was watching Ellen Hawkes' partner, Ray Elman since he will be her partner in next week's mixed doubles at the club. And he was something to watch. Anything that came near him, he treated like a salmon or an egg, poach, poach, poach, and on the mark. The finals will be played Sunday and trophies collected. Thank you, Marcia Brill for the taxing organization of the event.

The film "Volunteers" premiered August 15. *The New York Times* gave it rave reviews. Nicholas Meyer is the director and Ronald Roose is the editor. Nicky and Ronny have been life-long friends. Exactly that minus one hour. Both were born December 24 within an hour of each other. Both grew up with New York winters and Provincetown summers. Their parents still live summers in Provincetown, the busy boys visiting the households when they can. Both their fathers are psychoanalysts and still refer to Nicky and Ronny as their "little boys."

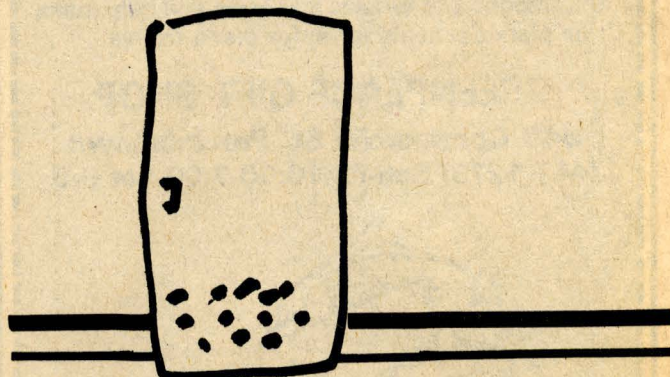
Nicky Meyer is already famous for the TV spectacular *The Day After* treating the subject of the effects of nuclear war. Also *Star Trek II, Time After Time*, and the *7 Percent Solution*. Ronny Roose is famous for *Easy Money* with Rodney Dangerfield, *The World According to Garp*, *Little Big Man* and *The Wanderer, Serpico*, and the TV production of *My Body, My Child*, starring Vanessa Redgrave. Ronny has also published a novel, *Galavant*, story of a quest, with Dail Press. The *Volunteers* is a comedy and the Peace Corps is the subject matter. It can be seen in Provincetown. I think I'll enjoy it, having been in the Peace Corps in Morocco. George Bryant, too. He was in Peru. Maybe you'll even see Ronny and Micky at the film.

Sunny Tasha and her grandchildren came to the Heritage Museum last week to decorate the display of Harry Kemp's shack on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Harry's death. The poet of the dunes received a day lily for his lapel, one for his small writing

table and Rosa Rugosa for atmosphere. The author of *Tramping on Life, Provincetown Nicknames*, and so many poems would have been pleased to see Sunny and the little Sunnies, two generations hence, bidding him honor. I wonder how he feels about having a road named after him.

Twenty-five years is plenty of space to think about a person. Less than a year can be confusing at times. Our wonderful friend and character Howard "Pokey" Snow, the Wellfleet Oysterman, froze on the back beach this winter. He was on his way home after a night of comaraderie and fun in Provincetown. An errand of buying some cranberries for Florence's kitchen needs was an adequate excuse to visit P'Town. He always left saying, "I'll be home." "But not this time," Florence said. The cranberries lay frozen in the front seat of the abandoned truck. A snow storm can cause confusion by wiping out your bearings. In that cold and wind there was not time to get your bearings and hypothermia claimed Howard. It is a kindly death I can tell you, having narrowly escaped it myself. When I think of Howard Snow, I think of salt. Not so common as "salt of the earth." He was that in a way, but more so salt of the heavens. The first salt before spice—before Crusades. Salt as a life-giving means to the old Cape. Salt of his sea, his oysters, salt in his talk, salt in his wounds—silent wounds. He was gentle to others' concerns, did what he could, but not beyond. Part of his intelligence dictated limits. Salt it down if you can't use it.

Howard Mitcham and I would like to publish a collection of Howard Snow's poems. I am just wondering how many of you are saying "I never knew Howard Snow wrote poetry!" Yes, he did. And good poetry. The Hermit Crab Press would like to undertake this project. Wife Florence Snow has given us the O.K. We would like to start the collection with Howard's poem, "Upon a Frozen Beach"—"Will This Be My Demise?" Howard questions. It's a bit hard to reread that poem yet. One problem we have is finding a good and easily printable photograph of Howard. I took one years ago. but can't locate it to date. I'm still looking. I do have many of his humorous notes he used to leave in my pre-phone days.



This meant twelve oysters in the bottom of the fridge. So please help by locating a good photograph of that one-of-a-kind man. Howard Snow—the Wellfleet Oysterman and so much more.