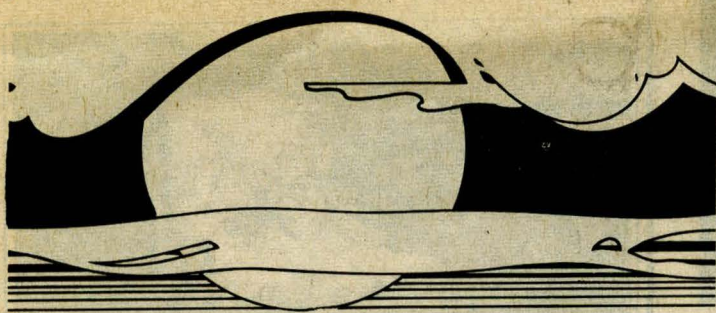


Kelly's Corner



By Jan Kelly

New moon—the nights are dark, and the days are bright. The tides are very high and very low. Bottle collectors and sea clammers arrange their schedules around the low tide; sailors and windsurfers, around the high tide. It is at sunrise and sunset that the clamming flats are bared, with dramatic light from the east in the morning, the west in the afternoon. Two hours are spent apart from town—all sand, light, eelgrass, and shallow water. It can give you a feeling of having traveled far and well. There's a mood change that happens to you during your activity in that wedge of time between tides; there's enough time and space for you to go a bit further into yourself, as well as earth's ocean. Dimensions cannot all be measured. Some are just experienced and added to you.

Midday is such a different feeling. At full high tide all those mysteries are covered with water, pressed down and darkened by fathoms. You glide over it all so swiftly, there where you plodded not so long ago, weighted down with clams. The sun is brilliant overhead and casts no shadows. Everything seems powerful, fast, and one-dimensional. The joy of wind on sail, of movement, and of territory swiftly crossed. These four daily changes of tide must have great influence on our psyches. The magnetism between moon and sea can't escape us completely. There is so much that happens to us through nature that we don't have to calculate, judge, or even understand. We are part of it and, therefore, work with it.

The Cranberry Classic tennis tournament had perfect weather both weekends. Post Labor Day weather is preferable to those "dog days" of August for sports. Sorry I missed most of the tourney, but my pulled calf wouldn't calve itself.

On these glorious autumn days when the lack of humidity inspires tap dancing in place of walking, you can see people engaged in so many activities that July and August leave little time for. Of course, the runners, the sailors, the bike riders, and skate boarders are all still out. But there are a few more sports you can see in Provincetown off season. I stopped to watch Romolo Del Deo, Vico Fabbris, and Peter Provençal paying bocci in Valentine's parking lot. bocci is outdoor Italian

bowling. You can see it played in the North End of Boston in the parks. Sunday suits, stogies, and bocci is a memory from my childhood. As I turned the corner, leaving the merry bocci boys, I made a quick turn on the bike to avoid a fellow on skates with a helmet and a lacrosse stick. Where was he going? And when I got out beyond the moors I spotted some butterfly catchers. Did you know that Vladimir Nabokov is a noted lepidopterist?

I finished my circle at the wharf where snapper blues are running. Snappers grow into those ferocious schooling, chewing bluefish who would take your toe off in the boat if you didn't have your boots on. Since the snappers are only practicing for their future ferocity, anyone, nimble or not, can have fun with them. Any old pole will do. Most people reserve a small one for the pier. A mackerel jig added to that will give you hours of pleasure. The bounty is edible. Pan fried, they make a delicious meal for you. I prefer them for breakfast. Cats love them raw and intact. If you don't want to fuss with them, there will always be someone delighted to relieve you of the burden.

Mitcham's opening at the Eye of Horus was a great success. Mitcham himself was proper as could be all day and evening long, so that made it easier for all the helpers. Henry Lewczak, Howard's good friend and printing aide from New Jersey, arrived with a salmanazar of champagne. Being a weight lifter of much masculine pulchritude, Henry had no problem pouring from giant jug to tiny glass the 160 servings a salmanazar holds. It is equal to 12 bottles—a case—of champagne. As the champagne flowed, the red dots went up, and the book dedications were spun off, each one witty and personal. Howard's old friends were delighted to see him, delighted to admire thirty years of work in a brief evening, and delighted to join in what was, for everyone there, our first salmanazar. It was all a grand success—the Henry/Howard coup.

The entire week was a success: Mitcham's arrival Wednesday, the Trash Fish Banquet Thursday, the Eye of Horus opening Friday, the dedication celebration of the Wells' donation of land to the Provincetown Academy of Performing Arts Saturday, and the Artists' Ball Sunday. I never slept until Monday night while the energy was so high and free.

The celebration of the land donation by Ray and Nicky Wells was one of the most pleasant gatherings I have ever been to. Because I was a shucker, until the last oyster was opened, I was caught up in the audio aspect of the day. The strains of Mozart, played by four gracious musicians who volunteered their talents, combined with the buzz of sociable, happy, and excited human voices, circled the trees and me. When I was able to join in, I was delighted to hear that enthusiasm which can be generated by a group of excited creative people—all ideas, plans, and possibilities for next year. A wonderful day: smiles and ideas everywhere, an iced bank of oysters, champagne in buckets, a striped awning sheltering a platform of formally dressed musicians, white balloons in clusters all around a glade in

the woods. At the end of the ceremony the balloons were released. Most floated skyward to the Atlantic Ocean. Some were attached to bicycles, others to wrists and belts. There were no cars; nobody sped away from this occasion. Ballooned bikes wheeled away, and people meandered away. At the pace of the group's parting, conversations were lingering, the excitement spent. A permanent building, a home for the theater company and an academy for the performing arts, is what is intended. The work comes now.

And we have more work. Young artists cannot afford the rents of Provincetown. A plan for housing is needed in order to attract gifted young people to increase the quality and perspective of our art colony. Whether it is a donation of land with the idea of building nonluxury basic housing, or the offer of space in a private home, the need is evident. There is the other side of the thought—if people are going to make it in the art world, they will make it regardless—but that's a bit harsh. We lose many artists that way. Supportive help is a pivotal point in many people's lives. There will be much more discussion on this subject in Provincetown. Start grinding the grey matter so that you will have input in your town's future.

Cindy Savidge called me asking the name of the massage place downtown: "Hands Something" or "Something Hands"? Well, doubt is like the mycelium of a mushroom—a secret, quiet undergrowth, not seen, not obvious, threadlike in its spreading. If some one were just to ask me the name of the place, I'd be fine, but between the two of us we went through Happy, Gay, Consulting, Helping, Healthy, Magic, Glad, and Friendly Hands before we could remember "Wonderful Hands."

Can the people walking around town with Walkmans on their ears just add earmuffs when the weather gets cold?

The Center for Coastal Studies is ambitiously readying for Coast Week 1984 during the week of October 7-13. The reason for this well-planned third annual week of lectures, films, walks, talks, and a potluck dinner is to offer an education about and an appreciation of our coastline's beaches, marshes, and dunes. The schedule is not only social and active, but also reads as if you would receive 3 credits at the end. These events are open to the public and are free for members, excepting the whale watch. If you have never walked over the dunes or have never gone to Hatches Harbor, this would be an excellent opportunity for a first time. Information is detailed in the September/October newsletter. Visit the Center for Coastal Studies at 59 Commercial Street or call 487-3622 for more information.

Frank "Harmony" Veara is back on his feet and in harmony again. We miss him at his post at the Shawmut Bank parking lot. Hope he's back there soon, and I will continue to yell "Harmony!" as I cycle by, but Joe the Barber has to answer now. Frank was dubbed Harmony because he was a policeman who never arrested anybody.

The Provincetown Housing Authority hosted housing authority boards from around the state last weekend



*the champs and the cheerleader
Que Linda, Jean Kent, and Yours Truly*

at the Provincetown Inn. A jolly dinner initiated the weekend of work and seminars. Representative Howard "Rick" Cahoon and his wife Joanna were present. Rick has been helpful to the Provincetown Housing Authority on each occasion he was asked. He would sit with us at the negotiations in support of the project for housing senior citizens, aiding our communication. David Crawley, our architect from Plymouth, and his wife Elaine were also there. The final drawings are 50 per cent completed and have been accepted. It was indeed a celebration for all of us. It has been a long difficult struggle, a saga for board members—not just a Monday night meeting commitment but a long-lasting visceral one—and we are grateful for the guiding expertise of Rick and David.

Although the work of the Housing Authority has been difficult, there was fun, too. Mostly inside jokes which lent comic relief to the tension that goes with so much responsibility. One per cent of our project will be set aside for art, so we began to think of a senior citizen's playground. Why not? The tire swing could be a spare-tire swing, and the chinning bars could be double-chin bars. Square-wheeled roller skates for slow going, and hexagonal wheels for those under 70. One-liners helped us through work which was serious-to-grim. When discussing the problem of garbage pickup at the Aunt Sukey-Harry Kemp site, we began to relate Zorilda tales about how she solved the problem. In this part of town there is no garbage pickup; residents carry their own to the dump. For the first two years Zee lived there, she would arrive at your house for dinner carrying a bag of trash. "Hi, can I drop this here?" Most guests arrive with a bottle of wine; Zee brought her private garbage.

To the person who asked why I was cycling down Shank Painter Road in the predawn dark wearing a bathing suit: I was on my way to the flats for a sea clam tide, but I always have to feed Bruna Lecce in the laundromat as my first outdoor chore of the day. That's her favorite bathing suit.