

# KELLY'S CORNER

by Jan Kelly

What a summer for barometers. I use a weather glass for my barometer. A weather glass is a hand-blown replica of the 16th century weather tool used on the wooden ships through the centuries. Not only is it useful, but it is attractive. A large tear-drop shaped glass with a spout and a glass ring to hook onto its wall bracket, it is easily readable from any part of the room. You fill the glass through the spout until the water level is three-quarters of an inch above the connection between the spout and bowl. Most people add red, but I added blue food coloring dye to make the water level readable. Blue for the sea and sky, red seems a bit angry and hot to me in this case. From eight to twenty-four hours in advance, a slow but steady rise of water to the top of the spout will be your storm warning. If the water bubbles at the top of the spout, then the storm is advancing rapidly. If the water rises quickly the storm is localized—a change of course and the water drops to the normal level. If it drops rapidly during a storm, that means the storm's nearing its end. If there is a sudden increase in temperature, the water may rise temporarily, but this is a false alarm. They really work. Other than that, I use the birds. When gulls hug the beach, when landbirds rest in groups in the trees, the glass is low and the winds will blow.

What do Susan Baker, Ilona R. Smithkin, Diane Shumway, Roz Smith, Marian Roth, Mary Weeder, Emilie Walker, Carol Donahoe, Carol Pugliese, Erna Partoll, Dee Kennedy, Joyce Johnson, Janice Walk, and Mary Kass have in common besides being good artists and good women? They founded the 331 Gallery on the 14th of July. You're wondering why this preoccupation with the number 14 as I did? The practicality of it all was explained in four words by Roz Smith: "7 days, 2 shifts." The woman's world of keeping house and home together by the scheduling of meals, laundry, child care, pet walking, cleaning, shopping, and bill paying is the reason for this scheduling.

The gallery space is under Hersheldon Leather across from Cafe Blase. Lee and Jules Brenner excavated and built the space this past winter. The space had not yet rented. Roz Smith, Marian Roth, Carol Donahoe, and Mary Weeder set up the gallery of 14. Erna Partoll is the bookkeeper. Dee Kennedy put an eye catching drift wood sculpture at the entrance. Roz is the mouth. Carol Donahoe, Marian Roth, and Diane Shumway spent 3 days hanging the show. All the women put forth their individual efforts and communicated on the run and I mean swiftly. In short days the idea became a space with human beings, action, and art holding it together. Lee and Jules Brenner, ever patrons of the arts and sympathetic to the needs and goals of artists, *donated* the space. They were present at the



David Warshaver-Pinciss modeling

opening and beaming with good will. It all happened so fast the Brenners and the artists were getting used to it at the same pace as the patrons. And the intricacies of licensing and regulations and town ordinances. Ask Roz Smith about the Keystone Kops adventure of the fire extinguisher. Well, it's all together and peaceful now so go enjoy the 331 Gallery of 14 women.

They were even thinking of having a token male night—one token for the slot—a night when only men can show at the 331—maybe.

Aerobics was a special interest class on Friday—water aerobics. As we were just moving more easily into our stretch routine, a splash and then steady stream of water from the ceiling surprised us. Undaunted Marianne went on "Stomach, chest, head, hold. Head, stomach, chest, hold." Denise jumped up to get Woody the maintenance man at the Martial Arts Building. "Face right, left, drop chin to chest, back." Sarah of *Blue Bossa* jumped up. Four garbage cans, 2 buckets, wads of newspaper and rags arrived. A cataract of plumbing. We all moved closer to the mirrors, away from the creeping water. Denise, Bette, Sarah mopping and brooming the in-house rivulet. "Flex, point, flex, point." Michael Jackson sang above the cascade de la toilette. Despite the noise, confusion, and creeping water, we decided we were cooling off. Drop ceiling air conditioning. Two maintenance men, four garbage cans, 2 sheets, one blanket, 2 mops, and one broom later, Tina Turner was belting over it all and keeping us going along with our vigilant Marianne. Well, we held out as long as we could. Any crack in the ceiling was *Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head*. We broke up and all got to work mopping up. Bette



331 Gallery

White with broom and wrist weights was getting her upper body, upper arm exercise. Sarah, a towel under each foot moving skating fashion was getting her inner thigh exercises. Kathy Oliver struggling with a rag mop was getting lower back exercise. Well, we did get it cleaned and dried, fluffed, and folded for the 10:00 class. In the remodeling above us, the carpenter had moved a commode from the wall and unknowingly broke a pipe. We knew. He blushed.

Kathy Skowron and I decided to leave it all and find our exercise in her kayak, bird spotting on the breakwater. It's a treat to be on the harbor, good company, sun and views all around you. I must say the inner side of the breakwater could use a little eau de cologne. On the other side it's fine. What's going on? The breakwater offered excellent views and shots of cormorants, but no herons, not that day. The eider of weak wings are there again this year. That's a mutation, we're not sure is how many years old or how many years it will last. Quiet day. That kayak is on automatic pilot and heads to Pucci's when work is done. Nachos and dos equis can give you the strength to paddle home. Getting the kayak on the car again is more work than all the paddling, only because it resembles work. Off to Robenia Smith's to collect eight boxes of books for the Friends of the Library Book Sale to be held August 6th, 10-2. Rain date:

Thursday. Be there early. The quality and variety of the books will assure you of a find. Before that sale we'll get that kayak in the West End through the inlets of the moors. The automatic pilot will head us to the Moors for lunch that day. And we will kayakakayak ourselves through another pleasant afternoon.

I hear Philadelphia has 13 tons of garbage in the streets. Next day, 16 tons. Is somebody out there weighing it and leaving it?

I saw a young mother on Commercial Street. Like so many tourists she was carrying one oar. She was actually waving it a little and saying to her young son: "Just wait 'till I get you home." How do they sell these oars? Wait for a second single oar searcher to arrive before they will sell the first one? Or do they sell them singly as a comment on tourism?

Que Linda, Joanne Warshaver, and I were discussing the clothing stores in town. Silver slippers from Sumo, Joanne's sunsuit from Hannah's, Jane Bloom's painted dresses in Molly's Pride, and Giardelli Antonelli. Joanne's five year old brown-as-a-berry munchkin son, David Warshaver-Pinciss, followed the conversation with his eyes and then finally piped up, "Penney Patch is a nice store."