

UUMH Newsletter

236 Commercial St. Provincetown MA

June 2023



“The members of the UU Meeting House hold sacred each individual’s spiritual and ethical development. We welcome all and seek unity in diversity. We commit ourselves in service to the wellbeing of the congregation and to all of life.”

~Mission Statement of the Unitarian Universalist Meeting House of Provincetown



“I know the world is filled with troubles and many injustices. But reality is as beautiful as it is ugly. I think it is just as important to sing about beautiful mornings as it is to talk about slums. I just couldn't write anything without hope in it.”

Oscar Hammerstein II



The questions abound--what *is* the “curtain” in *my* life? who am I really? what is my role? how does my story end? and sigh, will there be applause?

Theatre. Pretence or deep truth?

In the Western World, the Greeks began what we would recognize as theatre, although acting out stories must have taken place in the caves and around the campfires long, long before that. The Greeks codified the structure of beginning, middle and end, with a climax near the end brought about because a character flaw in the hero creates change. We have come to not just “expect” this structure in our theatrical presentations but actually, we need it, crave it. Even the commercials on television that pester us are constructed with it in mind:

beginning, middle, big aha moment, end

Family around table, milk spills (flaw), mom grabs paper towel in time, Smiles!

Imagine the scale--“do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti” without the the final “do;” we lean toward that silent “do,” we yearn to hear it. We need it to feel a sense of resolution.

So, too, when we enter the world of the theatre, we expect that format. In the modern era, many playwrights turn what we expect upside down and wrench it into shapes that seem brutal and exasperating, empty, nonsensical. All, of course, to make a point. Perhaps the idea is that life is not what it seems, or, that absurdity reigns. But whether the play is structurally familiar or the very opposite of that, the structure the Greeks put into place over two thousand years ago is still the catalyst for our reactions.



Worship Worship Worship
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Worship Worship Worship

June



Sunday, June 4: What Doesn't Kill You
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, June 11: Flower Communion
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, June 18: Father's Day/Juneteenth
(vote for 8th principle). Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, June 25: Taking In Goodness—Habits
of Attention Claire Willis

Sunday, July 2: On Moving Dianne Kopser

Sunday, July 9: The Guest Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, July 16: Not Your Job to be Pretty
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, July 23: The weight of the world
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, July 30: Lessons for Future
Ancestors Matt Meyer

Sunday, August 6: The Heroes of the
Story Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, August 13: Icarus
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, August 20: Augustitis
Rev. Kate Wilkinson

Sunday, August 27: The Presence of
Love Bruce de Ste Croix

LIVE!
and
On-line
Sundays
11 am
We live-stream
via YouTube.
Join in at 11 am
www.uumh.org
Click on Sermons

Summer's
Sermons

A note from Rev. Kate A note from Rev. Kate A note from Rev. Kate



Everyone in my family loves the theater. I grew up going to plays and even tried my hand at writing and directing plays when I was a little girl. It was a glorious exercise in fantasy. I have continued, as an adult, to see shows whenever I can. It was one of the things I missed the most during the height of the pandemic, and the first thing that I risked being in a crowd for.

Theater not only allows you to escape the narrative of your own life for a few hours, but it also lets you time travel either forward or backward to experience different eras and try them on for awhile. I think about the last two plays I've seen. One was set in the past. It was at the Trinity Repertory Theater in Rhode Island and I went with my parents. The play was "The Inferior Sex," set in 1972 as the battle to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment ramped up across the US. It featured Shirley Chisholm, and a cast of diverse women working at a feminist fashion magazine. It was interesting to talk with my mom about it afterwards and to compare notes about how things have changed and how they've stayed the same.

The other play I saw recently was a theatrical reading of the script Beanie's Last Stand at the Provincetown Theater. This play, written by local playwright Linda Fiorella, imagined a world in the not so distant future, when Provincetown comes under threat due to a changing political landscape that is violent toward the GLBTQ community. A group of friends hides out in a duneshack as they ask themselves, "could this really happen here?" It was a sobering reminder that it actually could. But it was also hysterically funny. I couldn't stop thinking about it for weeks.

The thought experiments of theater broaden our minds, play with our emotions and open us to experiences beyond what we would ever find in our own day to day lives. Stories come alive on the stage and in our hearts. Like church, going to the theater is a way to grow, stretch and transform our souls.

I'm going to a play tonight, actually. I can't wait!

Rev. Kate

In Memoriam



John Burrows has passed away. John once lived on Masonic Place; he had a gallery in town and was a member of the UUMH.

John was a leading expert on antique textiles and decor. One of his tactile and lasting efforts was arranging for the historically accurate high quality foyer carpet and runners we now have on the stairs and in the aisles of the UUMH. He was perhaps best known as the co-founder of Provincetown Bear Week.

“What you leave behind is not what is engraved in stone monuments but what is woven into the lives of others.” — Thucydides

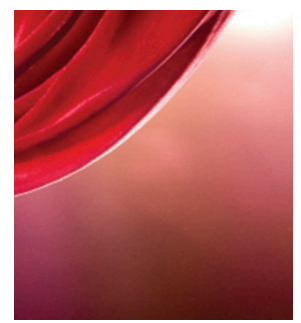
From the Board
From the Board
From the Board



I want to thank the UUMH Board of Directors for so enthusiastically supporting the 3rd annual Provincetown Juneteenth Celebration. And for hosting it on our Meeting House lawn. This town-wide celebration will feature speeches, a picnic, and performances. All ages, all races, all walks of life are invited and included. It's a celebration not only of the end of slavery, but also of black creativity, black excellence, and black joy.



The event will be held on Monday, June 19th, from 2-5pm. I hope that many of you will be there. Please let me know if you'd like to volunteer! But you're also welcome just to attend.



The day before, on Sunday, June 18th, we will be voting again on the proposed 8th Principle of Unitarian Universalism, which says:

“We, the member congregations of the Unitarian Universalist Association, covenant to affirm and promote: journeying toward spiritual wholeness by working to build a diverse multicultural Beloved Community by our actions that accountably dismantle racism and other oppressions in ourselves and our institutions.”

Hosting Juneteenth is such a great example of working to build a diverse and multicultural Beloved Community. I’ve never seen such a diverse group gathered on our lawn as I did at last year’s Juneteenth event. The event is a glimpse into the future of what can be if we continue to use our resources, time and energy to dismantle racism and to see ourselves as truly connected to one another across differences. And if we learn how to not just tolerate but actually celebrate each other!

I know that there is overwhelming support in this congregation for the 8th Principle, but we did not have a quorum of people to vote on it at our recent Talk Soup. We need everyone to show up for the second vote on June 18th. Indeed, so much of antiracism work is about just showing up. So I’ll see you on the 18th and again on the 19th as we live out our faith through our actions and build the future we dream about.

Rev. Kate Wilkinson

“As a playwright, I have to present both the world as it is and the world that it can be. That’s my responsibility.”
-- Kimmika Williams-Witherspoon, associate professor of theater studies and playwriting



A Committee Report
A Committee Report
A Committee Report



The Fundraising Committee

Last month's newsletter's theme of "Come what May" resonated strongly with me, as a good bit of our Board planning this year has been forward-looking and contingent on the sale of the property that was left in trust for the Meetinghouse by the Acker-Bosworth Trust. (You may recognize the origins of the name of Acker-Bosworth Hall there!)

Thanks to some diligent footwork by our member Moses Kafka, we have quotes for significant physical upgrades to make our beloved Meetinghouse greener and more energy efficient. This is in keeping with our values as expressed in the Seventh Principle, "Respect for the interdependent web of all existence of which we are a part." These include insulating the attic, adding electric heat pumps to heat and cool the offices, and eventually replacing the oil boiler, which (sort of) heats the Sanctuary and AB Hall. The last would have the added benefit of allowing us to both heat, cool, and dehumidify the building, improving air exchange as well as making the Sanctuary more comfortable in the summer. Of these projects, adding office heat pumps is the quickest and least expensive, estimated at about \$20,000. This has the benefit of taking care of Rev. Kate and Kenneth as well because the current oil burner system does a poor job of heating the offices, and those rooms have no cooling at all.

To that end, the Fundraising Committee will be organizing a fundraiser so we can move forward with the office heat pump projects. For the heat pump segment, we hope to raise \$20,000 from our congregation and friends. We are very grateful to Joseph Acker and John Bosworth for their transformative gift, which will allow the bulk of this work to occur.

I'm hoping that the Covid rates will remain low enough that we can return to having the Chili Cook-Off in the fall, but in the meantime, we will do another online fundraiser.

Thanks in advance for your contributions, volunteerism, and kindness, and all the ways you participate in the life of the Meetinghouse. We are very fortunate to have a generous and engaged congregation here at our beautiful spiritual home at the tip of the Cape.

- Will Hildreth, Board President and Co-Chair of the Fundraising Committee.

JOIN RACIAL JUSTICE PROVINCETOWN FOR

A SILENT VIGIL FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE



**THE FIRST
SATURDAY**
OF EVERY MONTH

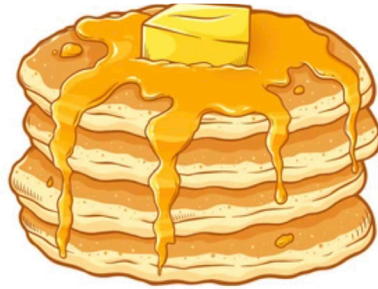
**FROM NOON
UNTIL 1PM**
AT TOWN HALL ON
COMMERCIAL STREET

**WEAR A MASK AND MAINTAIN
SOCIAL DISTANCING OF 6 FEET**

At your discretion >

[FACEBOOK.COM/PROVINCETOWNRACIALJUSTICEPROJECT](https://www.facebook.com/provincetownracialjusticeproject)

**Pancake Breakfast is Back!!
First time since 2019!!
AB Hall immediately following the service
on June 11.**



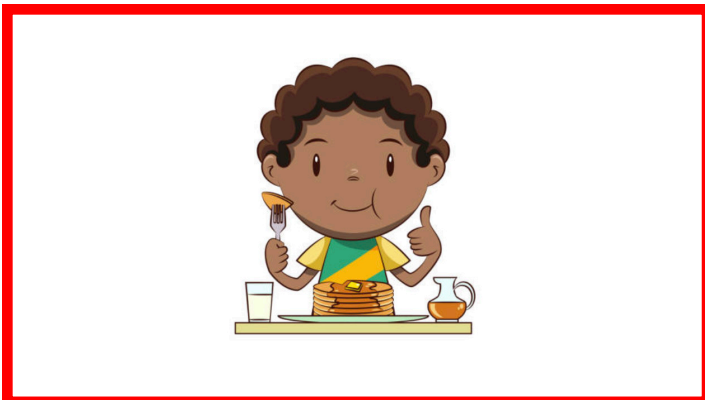
Pancakes and syrup with all the trimmings.

This will be a Sunday when our sexton is not able to be present – your help is greatly appreciated both before and after the event!

Let us know ahead of time, or jump in as needed.

Contact: larela2012@gmail.com or Kenneth in the UUMH office.

Contributions of complementary breakfast items welcome.





"The people who give you their food give you their heart."
Cesar Chavez

Please remember our
Little Free Pantry.
People are depending on our
contributions as prices climb.



UUSC

Mary Katherine Morn, President and CEO of the UUSC, joined us on May 21 to give the sermon and share UUSC's history and current purpose and work.

It was an honor to have her with us. We aim to increase our individual memberships in the UUSC in order to better support their great work around the world. Look to this page in your newsletter every month for updates on how our support makes a difference in addressing the great need of our brothers and sisters who are suffering.

UU Meeting House News,

I'm sending you a quick reminder, following up on my last message to you.

It's critical that we meet [our 2023 Annual Fund campaign goal](#). Our partners are relying on us, and we're relying on you.

The funds we raise now are essential to advancing the work of our courageous partners advocating for deep, systemic change — such as Pacific Island students fighting for climate justice by taking the world's biggest problem to the International Court of Justice.

Their success at the global level toward addressing harmful climate impacts will benefit generations to come.

But to do that, communities on the forefront of justice work need your steady support.

[Please don't wait to make your 2023 Annual Fund contribution.](#)

Thank you for helping to create a better world together — one built upon equity and compassion.



With appreciation,

Mary Katherine Morn
President
Unitarian Universalist Service Committee

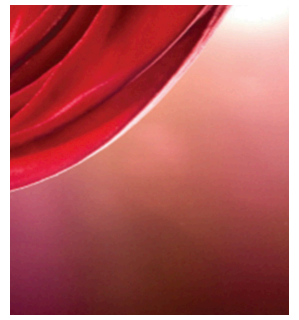
P.S. We're off to a good start toward our goal, but still have a ways to go. [UU Meeting House News, click here to chip in what you can](#). Every dollar counts. Thank you!

To donate, please go to UUSC.org and follow the prompts there.

DONATE



Poet's Corner



At the Theater, by Rachel Field

The sun was bright when we went in,
But night and lights were there,
The walls had golden trimming on
And plush on every chair.

The people talked; the music played,
Then it grew black as pitch,
Yes, black as closets full of clothes,
Or caves, I don't know which.

The curtain rolled itself away,
It went I don't know where,
But, oh, that country just beyond,
I do wish we lived there!

The mountain peaks more jagged rise,
Grass grows more green than here;
The people there have redder cheeks,
And clothes more gay and queer.

They laugh and smile, but not the same,
Exactly as we do,
And if they ever have to cry
Their tears are different, too —

More shiny, somehow, and more sad,
You hold your breath to see
If everything will come out right
And they'll live happily;

If Pierrot will kiss Pierrette
Beneath an orange moon,
And Harlequin and Columbine
Outwit old Pantaloon.

You know they will, they always do,
But still your heart must beat,
And you must pray they will be saved,
And tremble in your seat.

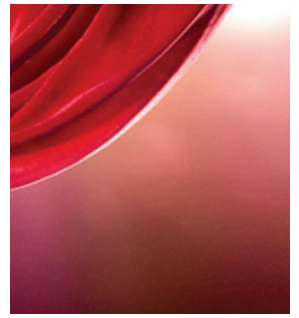
And then it's over and they bow
All edged about with light,
The curtain rattles down and shuts
Them every one from sight.

It's strange to find the afternoon
Still bright outside the door,
And all the people hurrying by
The way they were before!



I was privileged to see *Angels in America* in 2017/18 in both London and New York. Joe Pitt was played by Russell Tovey in London and by Lee Pace in New York; the rest of the cast was the same in both productions. It was fascinating to experience the difference a single cast change made. There is a dramatic height difference between the two actors, which most notably changed the dynamic each had with Roy Cohn (played by Nathan Lane). The subservience of Joe Pitt was a lot harder to believe as Lee Pace towered over Nathan Lane! There were also, of course, differences in body language and delivery. What I hadn't anticipated was how those differences affected all the other actors.

-- Kenneth Sutton



"When you come into the theater, you have to be willing to say, 'We're all here to undergo a communion, to find out what the hell is going on in this world.' If you're not willing to say that, what you get is entertainment instead of art, and poor entertainment at that."

--David Mamet

I hadn't been involved in the theatre since college, but then the U.U. decided to have a Talent Show (I think it was just called a "Talent Show" that year, not the snarky "Talent/No Talent Show"). I wanted to do something and finally found a funny monologue by the British actress, Joyce Grenfell. It was about a kindergarten teacher putting on a Nativity play with her young students. People seemed to really enjoy it. Not long after that Jane Lea told me about auditions for some short plays at the Provincetown Theater. With Jane's encouragement I went to the auditions which were held in AB Hall. To my surprise I got a part in Daniel Cleary's play, "Aether". That was the beginning of my long participation in community theatre in Provincetown and Wellfleet, both as an actress and a playwright. It also led to many happy adventures doing musical skits for the U.U. talent shows with wonderful pals including Char Priolo. Pat Medina, Jean Jarrett, Donna Heitzman, Dianne Kopser, Maze Peters, Lori Hovenstine, and Lisa Bergeron (in various productions). Brenda Silva usually accompanied us on piano. Although people remember "The Pirates", we also did skits as Peter Pan and the Lost Boys and Fagin and his pickpockets. I have a lot to be grateful for to the U.U.M.H. including many great theatrical experiences which have made my life richer! (And eternal thanks to Jane Lea for being my "agent".)--Sasha Curran



My theatre debut was at the age of three on the Wellesley College stage. Dad was Director of the Theatre and I played the child of Yerma in the Spanish tragedy by that name. I took direction well, but ruined the tragic high point when Yerma was seeing me for the last time. My real mom, in the wings with me, had reminded me not to look at the audience so...as I solemnly crossed the stage, led by my "stage father" I simply used my other hand to block my view of the audience. The snickers began and erupted in laughter. I was noticed!

Dad understood so I was recast with my little sister Robyn for several more children's roles over the years. We ate M & Ms from a garbage can while playing impoverished Chinese peasants in coolie hats, and we were Norah's children in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." We loved it all, rehearsals, costumes, make up, and being spoiled by the college students who looked after us while Daddy worked. (Ali McGraw was our babysitter for a couple of those years!)

Backstage was a wondrous place to play and explore, and my little sister Robyn was my fearless leader. Circular metal staircases, tucked behind the heavy curtains and pulley ropes, led up to rows of dressing rooms with exotic costumes and interesting make-up littering the tables in front of long mirrors. The college girls transformed into be-wigged, made-up women wearing long period dresses and completely captivating me! We felt very special hanging out with the cast in the green room, and our skill sets by the age of six included deep curtsyng, flicking a fan to punctuate a conversation and a few opening fencing moves with an epee.

Behind Alumnae Hall was a Greek amphitheater with carved stone benches, fancy ones down in the front, and a stage of grass. We wore Greek togas and tragic masks in one play. In another we shared the role of Astyanax with "big dolly" because we couldn't stay still long enough, after being thrown to our death off stage. The wings were formed by rows of fir trees planted just so. What a place to play, and to put on our own imagined grand productions. At our home on the campus we would put all our dolls and teddy bears on the stairs and perform plays for them in the front entryway. They were always an appreciative audience.

When I was about 11 (in the 60's), Dad got a new summer gig - at the Eugene O'Neill Provincetown Playhouse on the Wharf in Provincetown! Mom brought us down to visit him and took us to the aquarium that is now a food court and to Race Point and Herring Cove. Mom loved those outer beaches, as did we. Robyn and I scattered her ashes there in the mid-eighties. I'm so glad that she's here in the area.

Back to the Playhouse. By 1969 we were old enough to visit for a week and we had a new theatre complete with a beach (!) to play around. Dad rented a big house and sublet rooms to the apprentices in a commune style arrangement. Richard Gere was an apprentice and though he was unknown, this thirteen year old girl developed quite a crush! We went to several shows and one night Dad played a horrible, scary man named Jake, who shot someone! We were terrified and told him to go out to the bars and send us home with an apprentice please. He said it was his best review ever! (and he got good ones.)

Shortly after Dad passed in 2004 we were looking at condos in Provincetown. I knew we had found the right one when I saw the sign on Snail Road designating it "Eugene O'Neill Way."

I will always be grateful that the theatre brought me to my beloved Provincetown.



A Poem by Maria Silverman

They pour out of the stage door glowing
still glowing
the grease paint
freshly wiped off
the sear of it still picked up in the street lights
as if their pores were still packed
with lead oxide or white wash
gleaming like the old days

they shine like candles in the heavy crowd
clustered
hushed and then shouts
programs thrust forward to fan the flames
of the foot lights
which still illuminate them from below they appear taller than they did on stage
heads loom larger in real life
even though
they are now uncorseted
bespoke heels off
hats doffed
they still are bathed in limelight sparkling on the city street
their skin sequined
their leather jackets reflected in the marquee
Is it our attention
the Bellows to their billowing auras?
or the hours spent burning in front of dressing room bulbs
popping in the heat
of the curling irons and steamers
or how they simmered on stage in the follow spot
guiding our eye to their essence over and over
or is that their extraordinary effort, the epinephrine which illuminates a mara-
thon runner even more than their sweat?
or when a swimmer emerges triumphant from the golden water
or an oarsman glides perfectly onto shore
they have been somewhere else traveled far into another world
into another spirit
brave as a warrior who doesn't know how things will turn out but charges in
anyway
or is it that the gelatin filters permanently dyed their bodies azure blue or
magenta
They clustered together
their voices raised above the dead and clapping each other's backs like they've
just won the big match
They've been through something together which separates them from us
We are the dark outline to their bright center



We are only witnessed their combustion warmed ourselves in the glow of it
and now they burn on
and we're supposed to walk away into the cold night
even once the curtain call is over
and the stage lights dim
And the house comes up
even with the orchestra lights raised
Everything somehow looks less bright
more dull
less special less clear even
looking at this cast now waiting for us pale people to just go away so they can keep their
fire going from the embers assembled at the corner bar

I remember that I was once one of them I too was cast in quartz
breathless from burning so bright
having traveled to the sun and back in those two hours

but it doesn't matter now
tonight I am just an anonymous audience member
matte and indiscernible
having lost my luster
I tried to ignite myself in their presence thinking of the ghost light left in the dark of the
theater
incandescent bulb held in a wire cage
waiting
waiting
for the lights to come up
when the curtain rises again

There is a moment in all of the theater of life when training, practice and rehearsal becomes performance. This is true in music, dance, the spoken word and even sports. It is the moment when we allow ourselves to disappear and we become one with the performance. There is no time to think or judge or edit what we are sharing because that takes time and in performance there is no time; there is just the flow of what we have been training to share as art. One can't think, "oh, this is next" because performing is being totally present in the moment; being at one with the dance and any thought disrupts the genuine flow of the art or sport. We absent ourselves and allow all that we have trained, practiced and rehearsed to take over our very being. It is a moment of transformation and sacrifice of self to the art. It is the moment where we are the gift we share with others. There is a moment of surrender to allow our bodies to be free to be at one with the art, song, dance or words completely. There is a moment of freedom that often we don't remember because that moment and our spirit are one and the same.

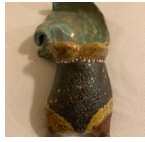
There is a moment of joy. --Bruce de Ste. Croix

Among Ourselves



Love is the Spirit

- There is so much pain and violence in our world today. Let us hold each other up while we bear witness.
- We send all our love and support to Dianne Kopser and her mom, as they navigate tough times.
- We stand with Mary Abt and Ave Gaffney in the care of their beloved dog, Finn.
- To all who helped Michael Fernandes and Susumu Kishihara finally move home: Thank You! It's been a long, strange ride.
- To Kat Black and Chris Valasquez, we love you and know that aging parents can be a heavy load.
- Holding Mel and Alison Dwyer in our loving hearts.
- We are here for both Deb Felix and Dave Hawver. Both of them have a sibling fighting with health issues.
- We bid a fond farewell to our member, Peter Gallagher. His smiling face will be missed.
- Such a lovely event to honor Tracy Kachtik-Anders in early May. It was a great opportunity to give her the love she deserves!
- We will miss Linda and Barbara Loren-Murphy as they move on from Provincetown. What a gift you have been to our community. No words can ever express our gratitude for your kindness and diligence! May good health go with you both!
- So great to have Lek and Will back among us!
- Great to see Katina Rodis in the pews.



Ceramic Wall Vessels

One Day ART Exhibit!

This is a "POP-UP" Art Show.



Recent ARTWORK by Rik Kapler aka ~WAVE

You are invited to an ART Show on Friday, JUNE 16th from 1-8 PM.

100 Alden Street, Provincetown
Seashore Point Residency & Friends

In THE POINT ROOM on the Second Floor,

I will be exhibiting Ceramics, Monotypes & Polaroid-transfers.

Please, stop by anytime between 1-8 PM to view recent work.

Enjoy a light refreshment, schmooze & more.



~WAVE

ugowave@gmail.com
Instagram faeriewave16

TRURO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Glass Showcase
June 1st~30th 2023



Instagram faeriewave16

Ugowave@gmail.com

#RikKapler aka ~WAVE

MAKING~WAVES



THE COLORS OF MUSIC

celebrating our 25th season!

Unitarian Universalist Meeting House 236 Commercial St Provincetown MA



featuring

Craig Combs & John Thomas *piano*

Arian Carlos & Trish LaRose & Pamela Murray & Carolyn Rogers *vocals*

Ken Field *saxophone* Eric Maul *flute* Frederick Jodry *organ*

music that evokes emotions, colors & melodies
from around the world & through the centuries

SUNDAY JUNE 25 5PM



COVID
PROTOCOL
mask
recommended

\$25 admission \$20 seniors \$50 limited priority seating ages 12 & under free
advance purchase brownpapertickets.com handicapped accessible

YouTube @Great Music on Sundays @5 archived concerts for 24/7 viewing donations welcome venmo

ptownmusic.com



JUNE 11 - 12, 2023



since 2011

WorldFest

Provincetown's International Cultural Festival

 WorldFestPtown

FREE to ALL!

236 Commercial St Unitarian Universalist Meeting House of Provincetown



SUNDAY JUNE 11 2-5pm DANCE & MUSIC!

outside

LUDO MLADO

3 hours of music, traditional costumes, dancing & free dance workshops so everyone can join in the horo dance!

Ludo Mlado is a folklore dance ensemble based in Boston MA devoted to preserving and spreading awareness of the rich dance traditions of Bulgaria and the Balkan people.



MONDAY JUNE 12 7pm CONCERT!

inside

JAH-N-I ROOTS BAND featuring JahRiffe

performances by musicians in our international J1 & H2B community write to us at info@ptownmusic.org

world roots reggae: "...a vibe, an aura, a frequency that transmits messages through our inner ear and being. A message that reminds us who we are." - JahRiffe

WorldFest is a great opportunity for international students/workers, residents and visitors to learn about and share our diverse Provincetown culture

co-sponsored by Unitarian Universalist Meeting House & Great Music on Sundays @5 supported by Mass Cultural Council



Every month, it seems, we have a page commemorating yet another life lost or tragically wounded because of systemic racism. If we fight the good fight together, if we make “good trouble,” we can change the world.



from *The New York Times*

Published June 12, 2020

Updated June 14, 2020

“Violence against black people is nothing new — not in real life and not in the theater. Especially in the last few years, playwrights have been telling the stories, sounding the alarm and predicting our current upheaval. Newer works, too, created under the stress of grief, have been trying to put George Floyd and Ahmaud Arbery and Breonna Taylor and too many others in a larger context.

The problem is that just when we need to see these works most, so many have disappeared into the darkness of shut theaters. Luckily, some are streamable; here’s a sampling of just a few. They investigate from many angles and in many styles what it really means to say Black Lives Matter.” JESSE GREEN

Pass Over, play by Antoinette Nwandu, transposed to screen by Spike Lee, is available on Amazon Prime.

Scraps, by Geraldine Inoa, is available on YouTube.

Black Light, by Daniel Alexander Jones, is available on YouTube.

Citizen: An American Lyric, by Claudia Rankine, is available on YouTube.

Pipeline, by Dominique Morisseau, is streaming on Broadway HD (a fee is involved.)

Anna Deavere Smith has created many presentations. Check her work out at YouTube and the 92nd Street Y, and PBS.

**“Artists are the gatekeepers of truth.
We are
civilization’s radical voice.”
— Paul Robeson**



Structure, language, content, characterization, symbolism, staging, lighting. These are some of theatre's correlaries to, for example: canvas, tools, media, style, subject, color; and to: key signature, tempo, style, tone, instrumentation, range.

What they hold in common: originality and universality.

Art.

But what's it *for*? What *is* it?

Art creatively communicates emotions, ideas, and elicits responses.*

(It releases cortisol in our brains and we feel better, too)

It touches us not just emotionally and intellectually, but spiritually.

We are lifted. We are changed.

It inspires us.

It can move us to act justly
and because it changes us art changes the world.

Art is powerful.

Theatre may very well affect us more viscerally than other art forms because we see ourselves in the actors who are acting out stories that are at once intimately personal to us and yet known to all.

I went to a matinee, *Leopoldstadt*, by Tom Stoppard, two weeks ago. I was there, wholeheartedly there, with the family on stage as it grew and changed over decades--as it suffered and rejoiced. As the world's turning seemed torturous and indelibly, incredibly evil,

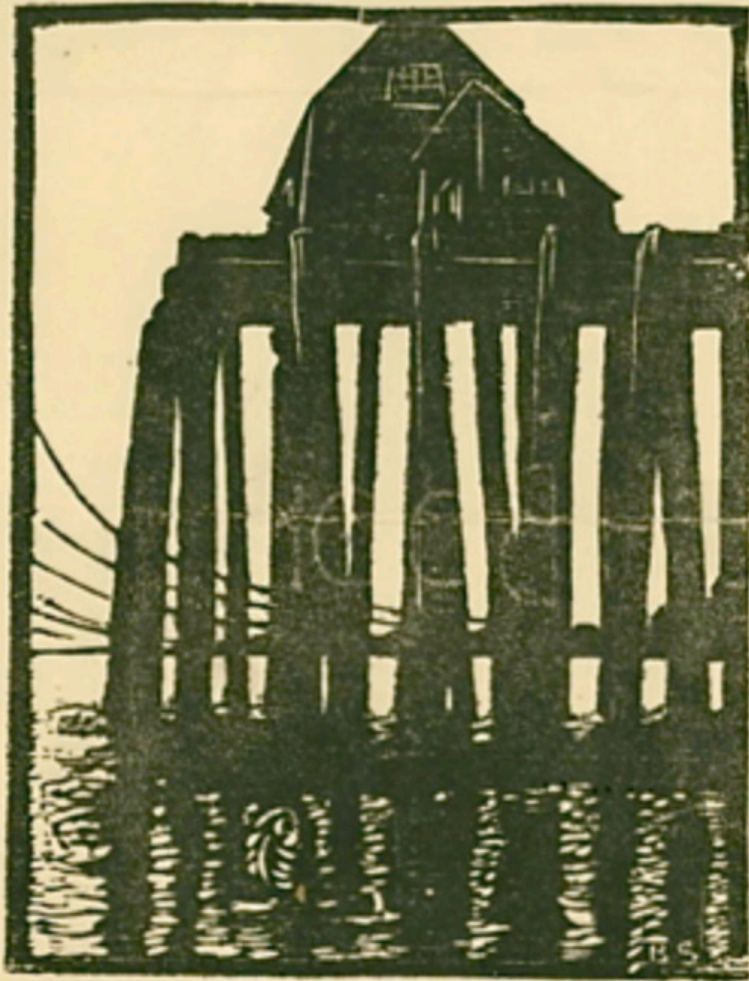
I was transformed.

At the end, the
audience was in tears and remained seated, numb, before erupting into intense applause.

From the darkness of the theatre we flooded down the aisles and stairs, out into the brilliant sunshine of Times Square, blind for a moment from the glare. Blind from the contrast, too, between one world and another world...not knowing in that moment which was "real."

*Try your hand at a definition of art! What is art to you? What is theatre?

The WHARF PLAYERS OF PROVINCETOWN



Season of 1927

Week of August Twenty-ninth

THE WHARF PLAYERS THEATRE

UP ALONG AROUND THE BEND

83 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass.

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The
Meetinghouse News

Kathleen Henry, Editor

Submissions are welcomed
and encouraged!
Please submit written work,
announcements,
and artwork,
by the 20th
of the month
to

meetinghousenews@gmail.com