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# KELLY'S CORNER

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by Jan Kelly

Herring Cove or "New Beach" as it is still called though the newness has been tided in and out for so long that not one grain of sand could be counted as an original, is a favorite spot for sunset viewers. Shoreside fishermen visit the morning and evening tides casting popping plugs with great vigor and expectation or resignedly waiting by a sand-stuck pole soaking a seaworm or a sand eel.

Kite flyers work the wind. Dogs, children and adults of all sorts and ages stroll, sit or stretch out. Some just sit in the car. It's all good. The ever-present beach is an extension of people's territory. Large enough for privacy, visual enough for social contact and ever-changing and beautiful.

I prefer the early morning fishing, since fishing does demand concentration and the deserted beach is a natural setting for this mental exercise. A few bottle and can collectors, a few romantics in their sleeping bags, Tony Muco at one spot piping and patiently waiting for the electric bite at the bait, and Sam Oppenheim at another spot chin up, eyes out to sea, hoping for a snag on the line, but enjoying the view and the activity as much. These moments of peaceful thinking and lingering with a line are alternatives to the easel, canvas, and brushes which will occupy the balance of Sam's day. New Beach is Provincetown's largest playground, meditation point, easy-walk fishery and view of the end of the day.

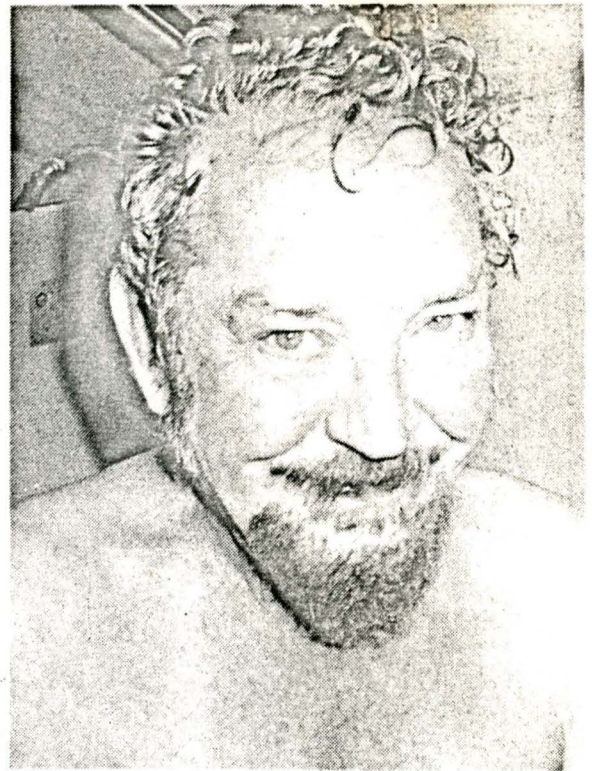
Howard Mitcham is on his Fall Equinox pilgrimage to Provincetown. For 40 years Mitcham has traveled between New Orleans and Provincetown. The pattern went late spring until the first snowflake. Running the Howard Mitcham Art Gallery in the space where Bryant's displays its international libations, where Howard could not force Paul Klee etchings and Emil Nolde woodcuts on the public for \$25 each and later head chef at the various seafood restaurants in town kept the wild man geographized north for longer periods of time. Now that Mitcham has become an author penning out volumes of history, instruction and high humor, we have to content ourselves with seeing him when he can take a break from his New Orleans study/studio and when royalties roll in. It's *Creole Gumbo and All That Jazz* that has him treating all of town royally this visit. The book is now in paperback and is selling better than ever. Besides the worthy recipes, the history of jazz illustrated with photos, plates, and complete lyrics of vintage jazz songs makes the book good reading, even without the food factor. I'll do a special article on Mitcham's books so you'll be more familiar with them. And if you buy all of them, we'll see more and more of our favorite upper Bohemian. You can buy all his books at the Provincetown Book Shop. The next one you'll see in print

will be all the information Mitch can pack between two covers concerning the quaintly curious quahaug. This trip is even better than we expected. Mitch's beautiful daughter Sabina is with him. They are having their first reunion in seven years. Sabina lives a busy life in Chicago tending Ron Sr. & Ron Jr., Mitcham's son-in-law and grandson. The break is good for both of them. They are being feted wherever they go. Everyone is so happy to see Mitcham again and to meet the beautiful smiling Sabina. Her visage is a phantom of a Botticelli muse from "La Primavera."

Sabina is seeing Provincetown not only as a single person but through the eyes of her father who has put so much time into this strip of sand. Town has changed in its pursuit of progress and in many ways too abruptly and too severely for Mitcham. Did you see him standing in front of Conrad's which was his beloved Fo'c's'le and part-time writing office for years? It's the "Fossil" now for all that history. So Mitcham was hollering mid-Commercially Street things about "pink" and "quiche" lamenting the loss of the beer-soaked boards. I don't think he could bear to go to Cookie's, his semi-permanent writing office where the first booth had a plaque for Mitcham and served as his storage and mini-reference library. "Plagerize; that's why God made your eyes." We used to sing.

Well, people of action keep with the present and once those lungs were deflated of hollering and those arms weary of waving, Mitcham trotted off to the Old Colony to refuel—and to get on with the next project. A sunset, view of the crescent moon, whalewatch-gourmet-dining-potluck party aboard Suzanne Carter's Portuguese Princess. Suzanne is an old croney of Mitcham's and in her usual gracious manner offered Mitcham use of the boat for his party and his friends. Jackson Lambert made up a hilarious poster, some of it unprintable here. A paste-up of Mitcham and Darlene dominates the "Mitch's 50<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party." It's his 19th 50th birthday party. Darlene Doherty is Mitch's next-door neighbor in New Orleans. A dedicated nurse and head of the cancer ward at Mercy Hospital, Darlene's high intelligence, keen psychological insight and nurturing ways are all blessings for Mitcham. We sent a copy of the flyer to Darlene, each writing our individual message. Mine? "You're the one having the vacation, Darlene."

Always a project, always a party, Mitcham will feast on all levels right through his vacation. We're all having a good time with him. Once he gets home it will be work time. Mitcham has to mat seventy of his "Bits of Genius" woodcuts for an upcoming show in Tokyo. Can you see and hear it now? Mitcham's wild New Orleans accent raving at the smiling, bowing, and mystified patrons of the Tokyo Gallery, the strings of a Koto and the singular, constant drip of a bam-



*Mitch & Sabina on their Ptown sojourn*

boo and stone fountain vying for sound space? Kimonos, obis, padded feet and eyes gone round with wonder all focused on the erratic movements, the waving arms, the ubiquitous beer and cigarette and the booming source of so much information. Mitcham will yell "Hi kids!" and all will bow at the honorable salutation. Good luck Mitcham and thank you for a treat of a visit this Autumnal Equinox.

The Provincetown Housing Authority greeted the Blackstone Valley Association of Housing officers at the Provincetown Inn last weekend. Each September a conference is held to air problems and to brainstorm for solutions. This dedicated nucleus has a high energy level which involvement and concern promotes. Solving the problems of others, providing and guiding public housing is not a joyous task. It is just that, a task. It's a good feeling to be in a group of people who do have a sincere concern for the welfare of others. The conference used to be held at a different location each year, but you'll be glad to know that Provincetown is the first choice of all concerned and so the sand spit has started another tradition, the site of the Annual BVAHO Convention.

Reggie Cabral of the A House is well-known for his charity work in Provincetown through the years. So

many worthy organizations have been helped by Reggie. The most popular and renowned A House has been the setting for innumerable benefits. It's a most generous gesture. All these benefits have been great successes. Now Reggie is preparing for a long overdue benefit for the Animal Shelter. It has long been known that help is needed, and in typical Reggie fashion, Mr. Cabral has come forth to offer his help. Carrie Seaman is delighted and grateful for this upcoming help. October 10th, the Friday of Columbus Day weekend is the date set. Posters and advertisements will remind you and lead you to the spot. Give a dollar for a dog, some cash for a cat; they all need it. They have a bank account so you can send a check to them: Provincetown Animal Shelter, 6 Central St., Provincetown, MA 02657. If you want some fun spending your money, see you at the A House, Friday, October 10th.

The facial expressions of singular people coming for apartments are mirrors of their thoughts. Half of a duo in front of you asking for their space, delineating what they require for comfort. Smiles are hidden behind thoughts, woven grey in to the red of the problem. The communication is in the expression; it tells the story wordlessly. Love is beautiful, but dangerous.