



## Kelly's Corner

By Jan Kelly



Mitcham and Kelly

The beckoning of frost moves with that low-lying mist of the equinox. Warm water and cold air cause a floating layer above the ponds—cloudlike, mistlike, romantic unto a dream. Spending too much time out there would make anybody incurably romantic. At Great Pond two mallards dabbled among the lily pads for their early dawn repast. Not breakfast; I don't know if they stop feeding long enough to call the interval a fast. As the ducks quietly dunked and fed, grackles in flocks clucked noisily overhead until the flock landed in two or three trees to cluck, and "hinge," and reconnoiter, then to start up again. Grackles sound like so many rusty hinges when they are flocking. Soon they'll all be gone. Those trees where they flock will need a rest; that weight, that shaking, and that "fingernails on a blackboard" sound would unsettle any mighty oak's roots.

Zero Yoga is a good way to get your winter exercise program going. After all, yoga is for any age. Peter Stander is a Kripalu-certified yoga therapist and instructor. The Kripalu Center in Lenox, where Peter studied most recently, is named for the residing guru's master in India. Zero's classes are held in Wellfleet Mondays and Wednesdays at 6 pm and in Truro Mondays and Wednesdays at 8 pm. Did you notice an omission here? No Provincetown classes. Why? There is no space available to date. Most Provincetowners are cyclists and are not able to travel to Truro or Wellfleet, but they are just as worthy of the therapeutic relaxation as Upcapers. Peter's classes have always been successful. They are part of Provincetown and have helped many people to lower blood pressure, stretch out tight muscles, increase concentration, and, of course, add to their feeling of well-being. Classes certainly are quiet, so noise would not be a factor in space searching. If you know of any space that would be suitable for these yoga classes, please call Peter at 487-1934. He will be most grateful. If you would prefer private sessions, your own space would be adequate.

I saw some photographs of magnified computer chips. At this scale they looked more like Mayan designs, aerial shots of primitive religious landscaping, or geometric nomad rug designs. We just seem to keep moving in the same circles. We think we've got something new. Well, it is new—new to us, but it's all like variations on a theme.

Have you ever visited the First Congregational Church in Wellfleet? Wellfleet's Congregational Church is the only church in the world that rings on ship's time. Lawrence Gardinier was the selectman who rallied Town Meeting and won money and support to install such a clock. Gardinier himself built and assembled the mechanism. That was in 1952, and the ship's time chimes on. It's worth a visit to Wellfleet to hear this unique sound. One, five, and nine o'clock are two bells; two, six, and ten o'clock are four bells; three, seven, and eleven o'clock are six bells; and four, eight, and twelve o'clock are eight bells. The half hours are struck by adding one stroke to the previous even. This device has been written up so much that it has become known to an international audience. I first heard about it in Ceylon, along with the fact that Warren Costa was the head of our Lions Club here. Would you expect those two bits of information thousands of miles from home?

The Marine Fisheries Advisory Commission will hold a public hearing to discuss and obtain public comment on a petition it has received. The petition proposes to close seasonally the area between the Race Point lighthouse and the Old Chatham Lifesaving Station at the Race Point bath house and extending outward from shore 1.5 miles. The hearing will be Friday, October 12, at 1:30 pm at the Provincetown Public Library. If you have any ideas and would like to join in and be heard on this subject, this is your chance. There are strong opinions on each side of this topic, so the discussion should be lively.

I was just chatting with a friend about the great humor of Clayton Snow. Ever theatrical and witty Clayton. One day I observed Clayton pulling up in front of the Post Office, station wagon full of the "children" (his pug dogs), hair flowing in the wind, a bespangled and braceleted arm hanging out the window, a jumpsuit for casual wear—like a Scarsdale type running errands. As Clayton started up the steps, I noticed he was limping. "Clayton, what happened to your foot?" "Oooh, I twisted my ankle terribly this winter." "Well, I hope you won't have any permanent damage." "I'll never dance on points again."

I must get some trim painted on this house. The hours are brief till I grab a cold champagne and get out to the airport to meet Mitcham—that foot-stompin'



painter, woodcutter, chef, author, jazz lover, bon vivant, and handful even on a good day! He expects either a brass band or a cab to the Fo'c's'le.

Well, Zorilda and I got into the Mighty Blue Tank and headed for the airport. Betty Newman was there discussing plans for London. I started talking about Singapore. Zee asked me, "Why would you want to go there? Aren't people dying in the streets?" "No, Zee. Singapore is an elegant capital, the haunt of Somerset Maugham, Rudyard Kipling, and Joseph Conrad. You'd wear silk for dinner every night, Zee." "What? A parachute? All white and maybe a little orange now and then, or one of those spotty ones?" The plane finally arrived, and a new pair of white sneakers on the other side of the plane told us Mitcham had arrived with it. Sporting his new shoes and an odd gait, round the wing came Mitcham in a chimney sweeper's shirt and a blue blazer. I was wearing my silver tap shoes, and Mitch and I danced down the runway, champagne bottle aloft! "Hi, Kid! Hi, Kid!" He and I and Zee laughed just for the fun of it.

Then we were off to New Beach for bubbles and sunset. Mitcham really loves the salt air, so crisp in September after muggy New Orleans. The Crescent City is built around the Mississippi River, and there is a lot of marshland there. It's humid-to-uncomfortable in summer. Mitcham's usual source of salt air is the bay, and in forty years he had never been to New Beach. "Oh, look at that sun. Smell that air. Beautiful, beautiful," Mitcham was howling. Anyone who went out for a quiet sunset or evening of fishing was in for a surprise. Sundown over, we went in hot pursuit of a martini for Mitcham. Pucci's provided one waterfront view for Mitcham; Pepe's the next. Howard checked his old kitchen and chatted with Pepe, who will be married next month. (His fiancée had served us the drink at Pucci's.) Howard has taught Pepe a great deal about cooking, starting when Pepe was sixteen. Well, we dropped Howard off at the White Horse Inn, where Frank Schaefer was so gracious to him. All Howard wanted to eat was herring in sour cream, and we couldn't get to the Borscht Belt. That's only the first four hours of Mitcham's visit. Will we all survive the next week? Doesn't matter if we do; we'll exit laughing.

Zee and I winged it to the good old Lobster Pot and its great food and hosts—always. When they saw my tap shoes, "Oh, dance on the bar!" I did. Tippy-tap up and down the bar. It's easy to get up, but how do you get down? Not unassisted, I found. Crash, bang, bump, but not a bruise. Joy McNulty bought us a drink. She's always got something special for you. Then sashimi and tempura put us right. A great meal.

I just got a phone call from Howard's printer, Henry Lewczak. Henry was at the airport hidden in the employees' cubicle with some superdooper zoom lens, and he photographed shot after shot there, from the welcoming at the plane to our driving off to New Beach. I know there's no privacy in life, and that's good. Nothing to explain. It's all on the surface.

HOWARD MITCHAM

THE EYE OF HORUS GALLERY 84



THE EYE OF HORUS GALLERY 84

HOWARD MITCHAM