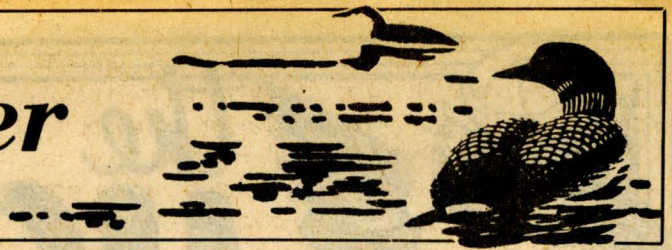


# Kelly's Corner

Jan Kelly



June is the month of nest building for more than birds; humans as well as turtles occupy themselves with this domestic preoccupation. Remember, drivers especially, turtles are slow, low slung, and of dark coloration, but try to see them in the road. Besides these three attributes which make it difficult to spot them easily, turtles are often where they shouldn't be, on the highway and other lesser travelled roads. The first week in June you will see the greatest number. It diminishes, so that by July, all turtles should be back where they belong. They are travelling to lay their eggs in a sandy sunlit spot, usually the dunes. After the turtle lays the eggs, she covers up the egg-filled hole and lets time and sunlight do the rest. The sun's heat penetrates the sand more each day until incubation temperatures eventually reach and hatch the eggs. The road kill of turtles I have observed so far is four. It's tragic. I know it's hard to spot the slow, dark, low-to-the-ground amphibians, but please make more of an effort. The turtles will appreciate it.

Saturday evening in Town Hall not enough of us enjoyed a splendid performance by members of The Boston Ballet and The Hyannis Ballet in a program called "Artists of the Dance." The dancing was good and the individual commitment was noticeable on all faces. Stephanie Moy and Roy Reid opened the program with a dance set to the music of Gluck. The troupe never let us out of their grasp until we were back on Commercial Street. Noy is delicate, porcelain fragile, Roy Reid balanced her with masculine grace and pulchritude. Kristen Manning and Victor LaCasse danced the next number, "Spring Waters" set to music by Rachmaninoff. Kristen's pretty face became beautiful as her relaxed and honest smile gave you some idea how much she knows and enjoys her chosen life work. Victor LaCasse so capably went through his classic movements one could almost forget how athletic this dancing is. That is, you could almost forget it if he had a shirt on. Victor LaCasse and Gia Firiland performed a smart 1980s break dancing modern dance piece with "Silk and Feathers"-like costumes to match. The piece "Impressions" with music by Emerson, Lake and Palmer also gave a modern view of dance. The troupe of young women gave a well-rehearsed and lively performance. One member of this troupe was so young she still had her braces on. Sorry for those of you who missed the program. The publicity could have been better. Jarie of Town Hall announced it in Aerobics or I would have missed it also.

Did you get your water bill, yet? It will be cheaper for us to drink champagne and to bathe in milk.

And a happy birthday to Howard Mitcham this week.

Nobody knows how many years that mad satyr has. Maybe more than we could count or less than we could ever guess. Mitcham has been able to sit back and let success roll toward him this year. With five different publications of information and humor circulating for him, the world is circling back to him. This past winter he received an invitation from the city of Philadelphia from the office of the city representative written by Phyllis Rubin Polk with an 18 carat gold seal asking if he would join with twenty-four other well-known chefs in a celebration of "The Book and the Cook." Mitcham was eager to go; he loves a party, but wrote back and told them he would need accommodations for his "interpreteur" since he is "a little hard of hearing." Sure, I would accompany him. He dug up the old "Cape Tip Gourmet" stationery we had when we wrote for the Advocate and we were on our way.

I stayed in New York for a week or so first at Suzanne Sinaiko's. I met her very charming brother Francis who lives in Mexico and was in NYC for a cornea transplant. We all enjoyed the pampering and recuperation techni-



Victor LaCasse and Kristen Manning of the Boston Ballet

ques. Francis has a vivid life. Seven years of it was spent in the Belgian Congo as a director of mines. Such an intelligent metalurgist. I marched him off next morning to the Museum of Natural History, five blocks away, to the precious, semi-precious and rock collection. What takes most people twenty minutes to go through took Francis and me three and a half hours. Francis read nothing, he had just had his eye operated on. In French, his and Suzanne's first language, he gave data on each and every rock. He even knew

where each one was from internationally down to Franklin, New Jersey and knew their weight at a glance, and of course each formula. An expert can make it all so easy. The rest of the week was taken up with the Rousseau, Kandinsky, Matisse and the age of Caravaggio exhibits as well as a celebration of Suzanne's birthday. Then off I went to Philadelphia to help Mitcham to set up his menu in the restaurant he was assigned to: Sansom Street Oyster House, owned and managed by the handsome and charming David Mink. They accepted all our Bohemians in as well as Mitcham's alligator stew and turtle gumbo. The seven-course meal developed smoothly. Only mystery was how to keep the red snapper tasting like itself and yet gourmet and extra. We finally arrived at the touches to accomplish this and I got the credit. They wanted to call it Redfish a la Kelly but couldn't. David's father ran another restaurant in town for twenty-eight years—"Kelly's." The new owners like and retained the name, so Kelly wouldn't work. Three days of work, two nights of greeting, the days filled with press conferences, a book signing at Strawbridge and Clothier, meeting Mayor Wilson Goode and being on TV with him, and visiting the other restaurants to taste the other chef's wares. Craig Claibourne was at Le Bel Fin, Joan Reardon was at Dockside, also owned by Mink, sporting oysters only in any form imaginable, Bobby Seale was at The White Dog Cafe, Anne Greer, Barbara Gibbons, Arthur Gold, Penelope Casas, they were all there. The food displays were so eye-energy developed, you didn't even have to eat the food, just view it. In my memory only embassies have that wild a flair. Suzanne came down, joined us and helped out, too. Suzanne is a great cook and loves good wine. We three went to the world-famous Bookbinder Restaurant. I had their famous baked crab. We all had lots of Meursault. The Bookbinder brothers, Sam and Richard, fourth generation owners, joined us for drinks. Philadelphia is friendly. It is also beautiful architecturally and clearly laid out. As Napoleon planned Paris, William Penn planned Philadelphia—no narrow cow paths like pre-car Boston planning, wide avenues and boulevards, all radiating towards the center. It has a Chinatown, where Joe Poon hosted us on Peking duck. It has a Rodin museum, the Barnes exhibit, a private collection of impressionistic art, a historic center with the Liberty Bell, seat of the First Continental Congress, spot of Washington's Inauguration and grave of Ben Franklin, inscribed "Inventor of electricity, etc.". This celebration was a restaurant renaissance and it was. Philly is a fish city with a wonderful market seven days a week. The Schuylkill river curves all of this. You can drive from Cape Cod, or fly. It's two hours Amtrak from NYC and it's worth a trip. Mitcham did beautifully, he charmed people, he made them laugh, he worked up a delicious meal for waiting lines of people. Another notch in his gastronomic writing/cooking career. "Ain't I a late bloomer?!" was all Mitcham had to say. But ever a bloomer and happy birthday, Mitcham.

The Tennysons have done it again. Not only are Lin-

da, David and Mother Tennyson a pleasure to have here year round, but they opened our summer with one of the happiest parties in Provincetown history. When you have good art local, national and international, beautiful jewelry and the precious work of Orient and Flume glassworks, oysters and endless champagne and hundreds of welcomed and appreciative people, how can you miss? David was handsome in his formal tails, sister Linda radiant in white sequins and Mrs. Tennyson stunning in a teal green handpainted dress. Champagne glass aloft, she told me what a joy her three children always have been to her. I haven't met Lee yet. There was not a frown anywhere. We danced to Dana Henrique's band in between oysters and champagne. Beautiful Wellfleet oysters. Molly Benjamin tossed me a knife as soon as she saw me. "Get shucking; they're starving." I'm sure the gallery was just as crowded next day with people who wanted to see the art as well as each other. I'll stroll back down and do a separate story on the gallery. Tennyson Gallery, Whaler's Wharf, manager Bill Evaul.



Molly of Molly's Pride

New shop in town, local owner, local crafts and will be year round. Molly's Pride, at 536 Commercial Street, is run by Molly Moore Motta and specializes in natural fabrics in becoming, well-fitting styles. Deborah Parker dance pants and dresses in the original black or colors, jumpsuits, oversized T shirts, hand-painted sweat shirts, hand-knit sweaters, Capri pants, Judy Merritt Lampl earrings, belts, wooden necklaces, Towanda photograph pillows, straw baskets and cedar buckeye wood boxes for treasures. These boxes will make an original gift. Handcarved and each one different, they have various and several compartments, many with a secret drawer. You must see them. I know you'll think immediately of someone who would like one. The hours of Molly's Pride will be 12 noon to 5 pm in June, 10 am to 2 pm and 5 pm to 10 pm in July, seven days a week. Look for the attractive flower sign painted by Philbert Roderick of Rescue Squad fame. Who knows how many talents this man has. This is his first sign. We could get him a billboard for his birthday and see what he does with that.