KELLY'S CORNER Variation on Thrown brown Line None -

Two thrown ropes dictating the placement of crocus on my lawn.

by Jan Kelly

My visits with Peter Hutchinson are always enjoyable, crystal clear spots of communication in a too wordy world. Sometimes they peak in clarity feeding that joy of speculation and thought. Sometimes I think of Peter as a gift. He is a friend, of course, but often he escapes those mortal drapings and soars, not leaving you behind.

The subject of our current conversations is Peter's new book, An Art and Gardening Journal, printed by Peter himself and dubbing "Xtra Press" an actuality. Peter printed it himself so that he could have the final product and physical appearance his way, not edited by another, color plates and handsewn.

Seventy-five, copies and five artist's proofs were printed. The investment was hefty and done willingly. The cost per volume is \$300. Peter is not overly concerned about the price. A wait of ten years to realize his investment is not unreasonable. The book did take thirty-five years to write, starting out as a novel several times and gradually moving to its present biographical, autobiographical form. Time is not clocks and appointments to Peter. It is a factor dealt with within space. The comments of having less time as life goes on will lead you to think in agreement. When a youth, spending ten days on an oceanliner and crossing the Atlantic while doing little more than eating and sleeping seemed normal. Today, at middle age, one-third of a day 22 PROVINCETOWN MAGAZINE crossing by plane seems an endless voyage. Time is a variable by perspective.

Well, the book is handsome and large, hardcover, 9" x 12", color plated, handsewn, and free of all dead thought. It is as fresh as any bloom in this garden and external as we are. Gardening is the function of the book but by natural gravitation, friendship, memories, and ideas philosophize the gardening. Travel is the broadener of the author this garden. The garden itself becomes autobiographical in this sense. To read the section, Planet Horths is to realize that Peter Hutchinson has duplicated the world's various flora in one-quarter acre influenced by four seasons. With the use of sand, stones, acid soils, and a structured pond effected by snow, sun, and an ever-changing temperature, the five continents are represented in this microcosm. When you visit this tiny and precise garden, it is to journey then to voyage. Time and space are not so much defied as controlled to give a total understanding of the earth's flora and geography in a brief passage of time (all continents and cultures are recognized through plant life). The insects and small animal observations add an above-earth, unanchored speculation of the world. Scientific observation and artistic interpretation blend in all of Peter Hutchinson's work. The essential ingredients of daydreaming and speculation are evident and touching truth after

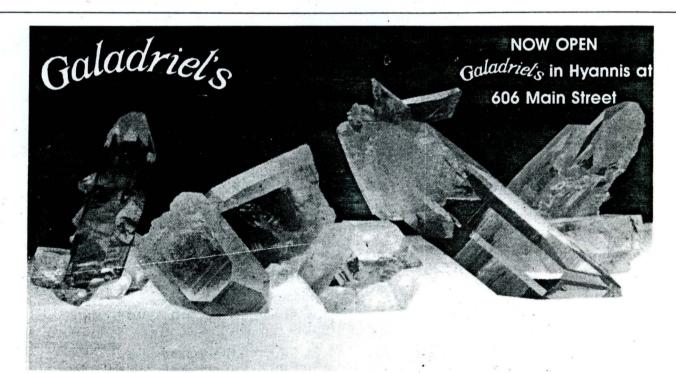
years of experience. His observation of his cat, it's black fur looking red in the sunlight due to his advancing age is not an instant or casual observation. It is that of a trained eye, thinking always about what it is looking at.

There is a section of personal letters in the book, that special silent communication of friendship which also manipulates time. Ongoing, able to refer to the past and being in written form, they can be catalogued and reread indefinitely. Teeney Du Champ, widow of Marcel Du Champ and once wife of Pierre Matisse, Jackie Monnier, her daughter, and Anne Dagbert of Arte-Presse are represented in their duplicated letters, personable, and on gardening. Their connecting thread is that they are all great gardeners.

The section of dreams and projects is a special sharing. The reader is brought into the friendship, and these personal hopes and courageous thoughts are shared. Most readers would be quick to dream right along with Peter. To visit Tierra del Fuego, to swim the Hellespont as Lord Byron did, but to add the dimension of an underwater camera, to build one of his environmental pieces on an iceberg, and to release polar bears in the Antarctic and penguins in the Arctic are some of Peper Hutchinson's dreamed projects.

Inside-out living. Peter talks of going in an out of his work: the travel is outward, the gardening is inward. In the reading of this book, we are taken from boyhood in England, college days in Illinois, and Army days in Korea through New York to Provincetown. It is in Provincetown that Peter has created his own world in his immediate environment, that quarter-acre adjacent to his home and studio. His efforts have been so successful that beyond personal satisfaction the garden is registered with the National Wildlife Federation through its backyard wildlife habitat program as No. 3526. The concentration of this garden is so great that only the trained eye can ferret the full information. I prefer a tour with the "Lord of the Manor." It's a seasonal visit in an outside museum.

Peter Hutchinson does quite well with indoor museums as well. Hutchinson is an internationally recognized artist. The Museum of Modern Art in New York has three pieces of Peter's work, one narrative and two environmental. His work is displayed and is in the collection of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. His American galleries are two, John Gibson having shown Peter's work for fifteen years. In Europe, Peter's gallery is Galerie Denise Rene'-Hans Maire in Dusseldorf, Germany. His work is in the collection of Mus'ee Pompidou D'Arte Moderne in Paris and the Haussmann Foundation in Basel, Switzerland, Peter is also the recipient of a grant from the National Endowment of Arts, N.E.A., and of the Adolph Testher Gottlieb Foundation. I am expecting much more good will come to Peter Hutchinson from the release of this brilliant and unique book.



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