



Kelly's Corner

By Jan Kelly

I'm delighted to see pipsissewa growing in so many different spots in the woods. Short years ago this plant was considered scarce, even endangered, but it loves that acid Beech Forest soil and is spreading. I used to have to take people to one lone spot to admire the few examples, but now the Walking Club and Chowder Society can take several photographs of this species right from the bike trail. The dark green with pale green markings is beautiful, and the very heady bowed blossom smells like a gardenia. The design of the flower is worth a study, too. Its common name is spotted wintergreen.

Herschel was a little slow on the walk. We thought we would buy him some motorized shorts to speed him up. We dropped the idea later; when President Bernie Feinberg described the meal he had prepared for lunch, Herschel hastened. You've got to be quick at these lunches. It's self-service to the point of competition. The ants couldn't survive on what is left. The walking club members are mostly Manhattan dwellers all winter, so, when summer comes, they love walking in the beauty of nature. In New England nature is not overwhelming and overpowering—no massive mountains, thundering waterfalls, or gaping canyons. This is particularly true of Cape Cod. Here you can join with nature; no experience needed. It is most natural to enjoy without effort the beaches and the flats, the woods and the dunes, and, of course, the sunset on the Atlantic. Some even get as far as the stars if they're out late at night, far from electric lighting. New England has seasons, the gradual change of an annual life cycle. There's the redness of an apple in a full tree that was—not long ago—a bare tree, then a blossomed tree. Soon after you pick the apple, it will be bare again. You can join New England's nature in all these seasons. Only an occasional blizzard or hurricane can cause anxiety—maybe excessive humidity can for some—but, for world climates, I would say it is one of the most human, cyclical, variable, and pleasant to be with on most days.



Eva and Nils Berg

Howard Mitcham's book *Tales From Byzantium* is ready for sale now. I received mine from the Hermit Crab Press, 634 St. Peter's Street, New Orleans LA 70116. The cost is \$12.50, but it's worth twice that and more. I helped Mitch proofread it while I was down there for Mardi Gras this year. It's a wonderful collection of any-age-group fairy tales set in a no-time Byzantine world. They are all distinct, enjoyable, and have that wonderful Mitcham humor about them. The woodcuts on their own are a good reason to buy the book. They are, as usual, bold and well done, but also clever in the Escher black-and-white sense. They were done by Mitcham thirty years ago, long before he was exposed to Escher's styles and theories. It was an innocent work done for his three children and then mislaid for years. Imagine Mitcham's delight when he found the original book and woodcuts among his mother's belongings. Send for it until Elloyd adds it to the Provincetown Bookshop's collection. Mitcham will be having a show of his woodcuts at Napi's Eye of Horus gallery in August. If enough of us write to him [Mitcham], maybe we'll get him up here for it. The humidity of New Orleans must be beastly now. He's down there struggling with *Leda the Swan* now. He'll be ready for a break.

Speaking of break, have you seen the break dancing at Capt. John's? This skill is taking athletic ability to lunar limits and back. The talent is amazing, and the love of this quickly growing dance form is spreading to all age groups. Every group wants to do it well, to have fun at it. Just be careful to start so that you won't be doing break-your-bones dancing. It may be a compulsory course from title one through High School this year. Some of those gyrating spectators are no more than five years old.

Seth Beckenstein, new pro at the Provincetown Tennis Club, is holding free tennis clinics the first and third Thursday of each month. To attend, you can be a curious nonplayer, a beginner, an intermediate, or a player who suffers from tennis elbow due to dusting off so many trophies. Because there's always more to learn about any subject, you may discover that weak spot in your game and finally deduce how to correct it. Call the club at 487-9574 for information.

The Friends of the Library will hold their annual book sale on the first Thursday of August from 10 to 4 in front of the Public Library. If you have any books to donate, please have them there by 9 am that morning (August 2) or, if absolutely necessary, not too many days in advance. All donations will be gratefully accepted, and please come and buy. Last year we had more than one customer buying their own books back, some being sentimental and some promising themselves that they would read it this year! For the patient browser there are many finds. Everyone enjoys themselves. The rain date is Friday, August 3.

Want a special day of true Cape Cod pleasure far from the noise and consumerism. A private day, a special occasion? Try a day of sailing on Captain Rick's *Starbuck*. The 32-foot double-ended auxiliary cutter is available for parties of up to six people. You can whale watch, drop anchor for swimming and snorkeling, help out with the sailing, or just relax. It's a beautiful craft inspired by a Norwegian lifesaving craft of the 19th century. The details give a feeling of great comfort. We in town followed its progress from bare hull to finishing touches and are so impressed. Call Rick at 487-0332 for reservations. It's a sail you will remember all winter. The log on the fire will remind you of the oil lamps below decks, and you will promise yourself another sail on the *Starbuck*.

The shorebird migration observation tours guided by Bob Prescott at the Wellfleet Sanctuary of the Audubon Society are filled long in advance. My cronies and I

booked last week for both the North Island and the South Island. Each is a daylong trip of birding and hiking which includes owls and possible birds of prey, too. The excitement of spotting new species is contagious if you're new to it. If you are a veteran, call the Audubon Society's Wellfleet Sanctuary at 349-2615 for a reservation. Bob or Diane will mail you a reservation flyer with details. If you are a novice, you might want to start with the Sanctuary itself. It's just off Route 6 a few hundred yards toward Provincetown from the Wellfleet—Eastham town line. Shorebirds will give you another reason to go to the beach.

For a wonderful evening of truly professional entertainment, do take yourself down to Town Hall to see *Ain't Misbehavin'*! The five-person cast will not leave you slack for one moment as they belt, croon, slink, and tap through Fats Waller's musical life. The stage is continuously busy with musicians and singers—just enough entertaining going on at all times—and the humor! My cheeks hurt from so much smiling. The tunes and lyrics are timeless. Though the word "radio" is often used (not video), it is not an anachronism. Yes, we still rely on radios, and you take it as just part of a song. Don't say "Oh, I missed it!" It will be held over one week, maybe two. That's how much the nightly sellout audiences enjoy this happy, sparkling portrayal of Harlem's musical life of the 20s and 30s. The costuming is so good, you feel you are in that time zone, and it's only when you step out onto Commercial Street that you realize it is 1984. Lusty, gutsy, foot-stompin', and fun—that's what your evening will be. Jimmy Majestic at the Golden Gull Record Shop on Standish Street had better have a good supply of Fats Waller tapes. Fats meant to give pleasure and to have plenty himself; you'll hear it in the music. Take a friend, go to dinner first and have champagne and aphrodesiacs to the point of obesity, then go see it—Fats Waller's *Ain't Misbehavin'*.

Apologies: That was quite a mix-up on the Etta and Bernie Feinberg darling-couple photo last week! Eva and Nils Berg of Pepe's Restaurant must have been shocked to find out they were grandparents. Daughter Astrid is really the one everyone is teasing on this occasion: "Why didn't you tell us, Astrid?" Thanks, all of you, for being good sports.

the real Etta and Bernie Feinberg
darling grandparents of Sophie Brickman

