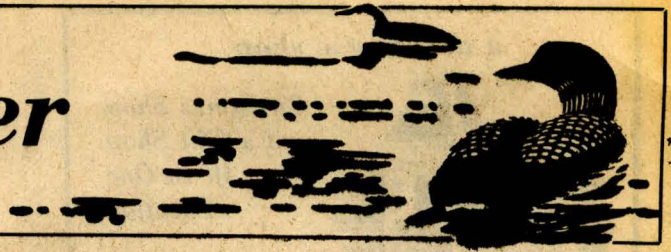


Kelly's Corner

by Jan Kelly



My chickadees in the Beech Forest look ragged from raising their broods, but they will not be deterred. Their Spring—Summer call of "Phoebe" can still be heard and they are starting on their next brood. By the end of August these winged creatures will really look bedraggled, but they are eager to be parents and spend most of the good weather very capably doing just that. Winter is their vacation.

The Friends of the Library annual book sale will be taking place Tuesday, August 6, from 10 am to 2 pm in front of the Library. Donate beforehand and buy the rest of your summer reading material on the 6th. The price is right and many of the books will be, too.

Look for Keith Donahue's sophisticated "Palm Beach Ladies" painting at 595 Commercial Street on July 25. Artist's reception 6-8 pm. Laurel Brooke will play her home made drum—quite a magical combination.

The Richard A. Florsheim Art Fund has purchased a Boris Margo painting entitled "Through the Window," painted in 1938. This painting was purchased as a gift to the Krannert Art Museum, University of Illinois at Urbana—Champaign. Dr. Stephen Prokopoff, director of the museum, had this to say about the painting, "I was particularly struck with the remarkable innovative strains that emerged in Margo's work and the great beauty of the work." You know Boris, straw hat, full smile and moustache, taking his constitutional every day. Over eighty years old and still going strong. If you don't know him, I think you would like to. He's so gregarious, all you need do is look in his direction; conversation will follow. If you were to choose a word for Boris, it would be gusto. Watch out for the handshake and watch out for the hug.

And do you know what a Chartreux is? I didn't until recently. A Chartreux is a French breed of cat, brought back to the Western world by the Crusades, one of the many breeds they brought back. The Chartreux is stocky, thickly pelted with grey fur and has small ears. The build, the fur and smaller ear size denote a breed from a cold climate. A thin, long-limbed, short-haired and long-eared cat would come from a warmer climate—equipment for keeping cool. Those ears are easily frost bitten so put to a minimum by the Chartreux. The first Chartreux were brought to the Carthusian monks at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse in Grenoble, France. We can speculate that the cats were given as a gift in exchange for food and lodging. Cats were prized to keep the rodent population down. We know the Carthusian monks for their very fine secretively made green liqueur of 115 proof, more than for the



Boris Margo

cats. The 90 proof yellow liqueur of the same name followed the green at a much later date. The taste of both is delicious. Try it next time you are out for an after dinner drink. Savor it, besides being delicious, it is historical and unique. It is still made by the Carthusian monks of Grande Chartreuse and the recipe is still a secret. You don't see less expensive copies of this liqueur. It is the only ancient liqueur which is green. The twentieth century brings us green coloring for creme de menthe, pistachio and Midori, but no one but the Carthusians know how chartreuse is naturally green.

Well, these wonderful, willful, yet docile cats lived with the monks for centuries. They are the most affable breed; their behavior is more like a dog than a cat. I would say more like the Labs, both black and yellow and golden retriever, consummately companionable. They are particular in what they want and what they do but not argumentative or demanding. For instance, this photo is of Boris, kingly cat of Collette Sullivan. A can of food opened in haste, left in a bowl and Mistress in a rush out the door? Fine—but food abandoned. You

had nothing to do with that so I'll have nothing to do with it. Slivered pork roast, diced sirloin, Perdue oven roaster, no, only niblet size, but with a small dipping cup of mayonnaise in the center? Now, I'm your cat. Collette pampers Boris to perfection. Boris was a stray who joined Collette at the campground. He couldn't spend all his first summer with her; he was married and a father, too. Boris took equal time tending the four kittens. Fall came, kittens were given away and then Boris dedicated himself to Collette. It was the first trip to the vets that Collette became aware that Boris was no ordinary cat, breeding-wise. She just thought he had an extraordinary temperament for an ordinary cat. Boris is not the only Chartreux in town. A relative, coincidentally named Boris, visited Etta and Bernie Feinberg at the Kibbutz apartments each summer. He lived for years as the gentlemanly caller at the same door of the changing tenants for his handout. He survived masterfully and with dignity all winter. Two years ago he was adopted by Mary Lewis, renamed "Tiger", and has a grand life in his Cape Cod cottage and summer garden. Floyd, another relative, lives farther east and is fed by Suzanne Sinaiko.

Handsome, sturdy, lovable cats. No one can say "no" to them. Their limbs look like drumsticks of a hefty capon. Their pelts were used for centuries—up until the 1950s—as poultices for rheumatoid arthritis. Forgive me this, but history notes these zaftig bodies were used in stews for centuries. Well, when you are cat gazing, do look for a sturdy, thick-furred, color grey body, mild to noble behavior. You may be seeing the ancient and present breed of cat, Chartreux. Fitting that Prince Boris should choose Collette, for she is French-born herself. Lots of Borises in this column.

The Trash Fish meal at the VFW Hall was sold out and delicious. A glimpse of the Fall Trash Fish Banquet which will be held at the Lobster Pot this year. I like the final choice of an alternative name to trash fish—"Nouveau Fishe."

Have you seen Blooklips yet? It followed our open house and the Center for Coastal Studies "Nouveau Fishe meal" so we were ready and blessedly, as always, "Blooklips" was ready. They are funny, they are outrageous, they are clever and they are doing a good job. The show has so much talent, so much natural talent for humor, you feel that if the five wild yet mild people of the troop were put on stage with no script that they would fill the same time slot with the same



Collette and Boris

unpredictable whimsy and humor. It's a fantasy night of entertainment, yet so serious, yet so political. I say wild yet mild because Blooklips and I bumped into each other shopping. Where? Ruth's Rummage, Supportive of Health Associates. It's in the Magazine's "Advantages" building, corner of Center and Bradford. On stage, the makeup, costumes, and jewelry of Blooklips is crazy, unearthly. Here at a thrift shop minus, the makeup, costume, jewelry, they look unmistakably Blooklips yet. But mild, gentlemanly, sharing advice and giving opinions. Well we couldn't resist, "How does this mauve look on my lemon skin?" "Throw a few ruffles around that will iron out the wrinkles." "Earrings!? I thought they were braces!" "No orange, no orange, my parrot hates it!" One was ready to dress as Lady Di, another as Margaret Thatcher, another as woman of the year. All craziness quelled at their exit, Ruthie said, "You know, they're some of my best customers."

Second full moon, the thirty-first of July. As I wrote before, you won't see two full moons in one month again until May, 1988. But just a glance at a calendar lets you see in numbers, rounded forms, how quickly and systematically your life passes. That's one sense. How we live it, and how we form those numbers into words is another sense. Not counted, not easily calculated, and filled out by your human and sensual demands, and offerings of these counted days. Could you care who is counting or how they're counting when you have so much worth in each noted step of your life?