

AFTER DARK



**PROVINCETOWN —
WHERE KICKY
MEETS QUAIN**

**MICHELLE PHILLIPS:
ANOTHER MOVIE,
ANOTHER MAN**

**CHRISTOPHER
PLUMMER'S
PASSION**

**MARGOT KIDDER:
SUPERMAN'S
SUPER GIRL**

by William Como



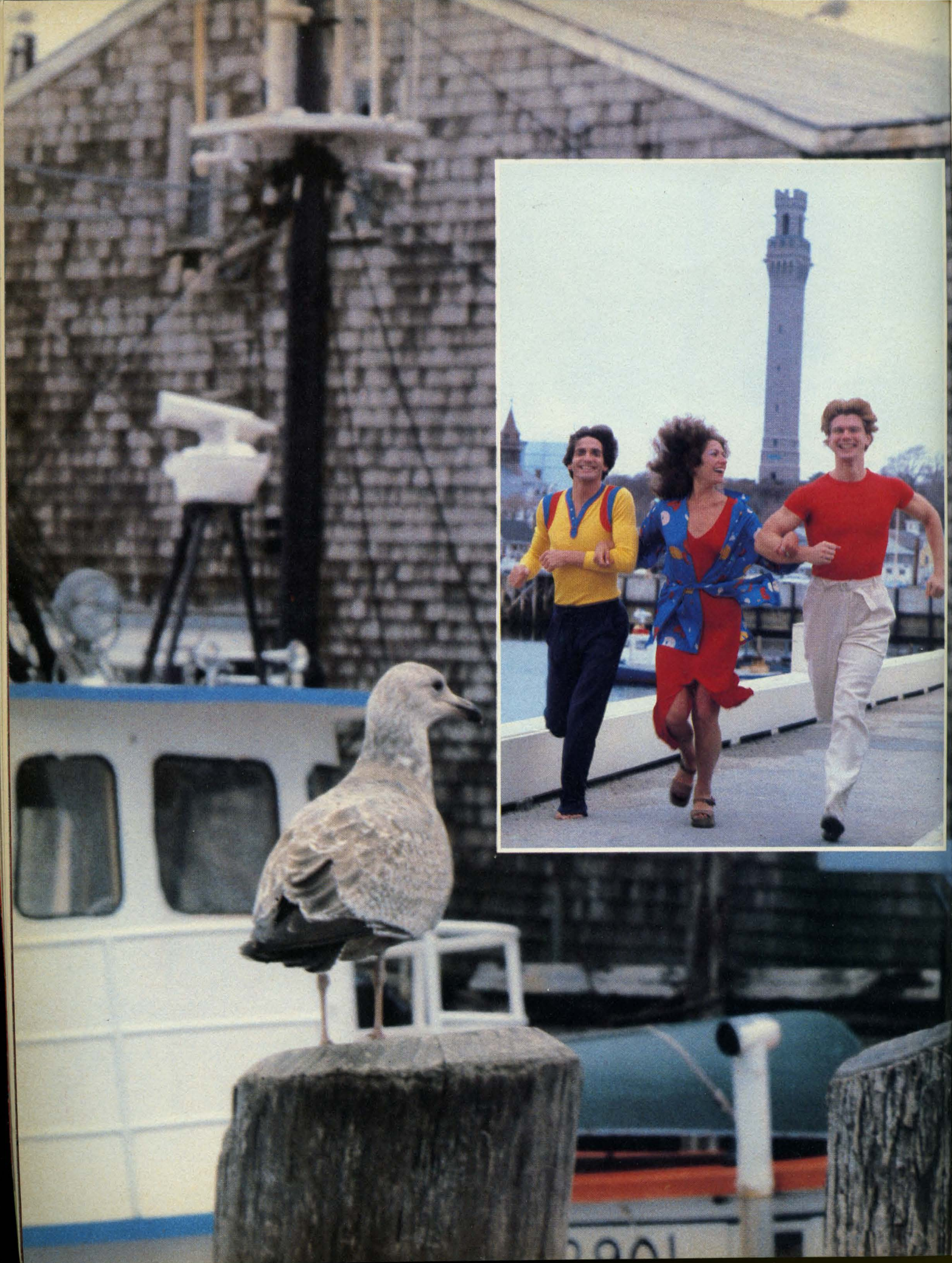
They told me the house on Gull Hill was haunted, that the ship captain's wife had hung herself in the library tower a year after it had been built on a large sand dune in 1862, and that her spirit roams the old house during the quiet hours of the night. Now, that tower is the most coveted suite at Lands End Inn in Provincetown, Massachusetts. I moved into it for almost a week while the *After Dark* crew produced the travel and fashion feature in this issue. Except for the eerie sound of wind and occasional creaking wood during the wee hours, I wasn't troubled by her ghost. Instead, I was delighted by the sweeping view of Cape Cod and the bay that confronted me when I looked out the windows that circled the tower. It seemed as if I were on top of some primitive mountain, looking down over a vast, uninhabited bit of land, almost entirely surrounded by water. Commonplace matters disappeared. I felt as fresh as the white-washed panorama that loomed around. And I was ready to explore its heady atmosphere.

In a similar manner, Provincetown delights those guests who return summer after summer, as well as visitors who come upon it for the first time. Scrubbed, salty, and possessed of a vigor all its own, this New England haven manages to maintain the ambience of its early, hardy history (that dates back to the pilgrims), combining it with the allure of holiday pleasures and pastimes.

Snuggled on the inland side of the bay at the very tip of Cape Cod, P-town's (as it's nicknamed) narrow cobblestoned streets wind their way, like the tributaries of a small river, through the town to its main street—Commercial Street, which runs the full length of the fishing village from its northern corner to its southern end. Colorful guest houses, boutiques, restaurants, shops of all sorts, and a disco or two, dot the town. Their day-and-night bustle contrasts dramatically with the serenity of the sprawling dunes and beaches upon which, as legend has it, the haunted eyes of Captain Higgins' wife look down each night from the house on Gull Hill.

The summer knows the charms that await the now-voyagers in Provincetown, where everyone exults in the pilgrim's passionate progress (left). Beginning on page 36, this month's issue lavishly captures the kinky and the quaint in this sand-and-sun blest resort.

*Yann Le Gac (right) is featured prominently in Maurice Béjart's controversial ballet *Amor di Poeta*, which was presented when the *Ballet of the Twentieth Century* appeared recently at the Minskoff Theatre in New York. Theater critic Patrick Pacheco discusses the polemical and riveting genius of Béjart and his company beginning on page 64.*



Provincetown is a place of contrasts; a solitary gull surveys the harbor, as revelers make their way to the hot spots. Colorful clothing (inset) is right for this summer. Brian Grant wears a pullover (International Male), Marlyn Manos wears a wraparound (Clovis Ruffin), and Ric Warner is poured into a T-shirt teamed with pleated slacks (John Stavros).

PROVINCETOWN: PILGRIM'S PASSION

by Jason Thomas
photos by Kenn Duncan

It's dawn. The sun is still low across the Atlantic, but the fog is already burning off into a heavy dew. Still, softly but relentlessly, the foghorn sounds its warning. There is a black cat scratching at the door of the rented flat. While most live in these rooms for only a few days at a time, the cat seems to be the permanent resident. He is wet from the dew and continually runs to the towel rack in the bathroom. His night of terrifying wharf rats is over, and he wants to be soothed and petted. He gets what he wants. Throughout his black and purring life, a succession of strangers have given him what he wants. Now, everybody and every cat wants breakfast.

On the sandy shoulder of Route 6 someplace outside of Provincetown, a boy and a girl are hitchhiking. They met in the winter in Aspen. In his knapsack is a sketch pad and some charcoal pencils. In hers, a bikini. They are sort of in love. Both will try to sleep on the dunes tonight, and tomorrow he will go to Robert Motherwell's studio to see if he can meet the great artist. She will stay on the beach and meet other men. Love affairs are ending and beginning.

It's one a.m. and the bars close promptly. The air is filled with energy. Everyone is still too sober. Nobody is danced-out. There is only

one answer—sex. There is the ritualistic stampede toward a small patch of worn grass in front of Town Hall. It's "meat rack" time. In the next sixty minutes, gays will make soon-to-be-physical friendships with other gays. The straights are doing it, too. The park benches are throbbing with barely pent-up physical reaction. The double beds in the guest houses never need Magic Fingers.

Provincetown, that collection of Cape Cod artists, writers, sun-seekers, sex-searchers, discos, restaurants, and saltwater taffy is indeed schizophrenic. To some it is a collection of junk food and Taiwan souvenirs stranded in a shifting dune. To others it is inspiration for a painting or a novel.

Let's start with a little history. At the extreme western end of Commercial Street (one of two main streets in this small town) is a bronze plaque set in stone commemorating Provincetown's first tourists: the Pilgrims. Here the Mayflower and its somber and stern cargo of persecuted people first landed in the New World back in 1620. Incidentally, the stone with the bronze plaque is not Plymouth Rock. It seems that the Pilgrims did not hang around here for very long but promptly sailed down the coast toward a more suitable place. Maybe, as local legend recalls, the proper Pilgrims were shocked at the antics of the Indians leaving some of the waterfront discos. Anyhow, the major landmark of Provincetown

is the Rapunzel-like tower behind City Hall in honor of the signing of the Mayflower Compact.

In the 1600s, the fishermen came. They were not rich folk. The houses they built were simple but sturdy. The fact that many of these houses are still standing today is attributed to the ship-building talents of those early Cape Cod fish chasers. About 1760, deep-water fishing and whaling became the main industry. The village was a British stronghold during the Revolutionary War; the sixty-four-gun Frigate *Somerset* ran aground and wrecked off Race Point in 1778, seriously damaging the British capability to blockade American ports.

In the 1800s, whaling was the industry. The original English stock was diluted with an influx of Portuguese, and the town's restaurants still display that Portuguese background. Today, the fishing industry thrives with catches of eleven million pounds annually unloading at MacMillan Wharf.

Then came the tourists. The population of Provincetown bloats from about 4,500 in winter to 35,000 in summer. There are about 100 guest houses, 65 restaurants, and 350 business establishments. The total real-estate value is a whopping \$85 million.

The results of this history and human homogeneity is today's Provincetown. Every summer from Memorial Day to fall, traffic clogs the narrow and twisting brick streets.

... as the fishermen walk toward their clapboard houses, heads slightly bowed with fatigue, (we) realize that their lives are an island of emotional stability in a sea of creativity, a surf of disco music, and a tide of sex.

People stroll—and cruise—Main Street. Families build sand castles on the twenty-story-high dunes.

The town is surrounded by the gigantic dunes and hammering surf. While the drama of the landscape and the violence of the seascape should be a classic example of nature's ability to overpower man, nature, at the same time, has decided to be benevolent to Provincetown. The warm Atlantic breezes keep Provincetown comfortable long after Boston and New York are shivering under ice. Real-estate agent Kent Coutinho picked fresh geraniums last December from his garden for a Christmas centerpiece. By March, the last of the icy blasts of real winter are little more than chilled winds.

There are few neon lights. And no McDonald's.

The dunes and the beaches are much as they were when the Pilgrims decided not to stay here. Only bicycle and hiking paths cut through the sand, if the sand and the wind permit. The entire three-mile length of the town is rimmed with beaches. The water can be waist deep at the sea walls at high tide or 100 yards away at low tide. Just outside of town are miles of giant dunes and deserted beaches; even in midwinter natives go to the dunes and lie in the sun, sheltered from the wind and cold by natural solar heaters. Occasionally a beach shack still survives. Orchids grow wild. It is easy to understand why the artists are here.

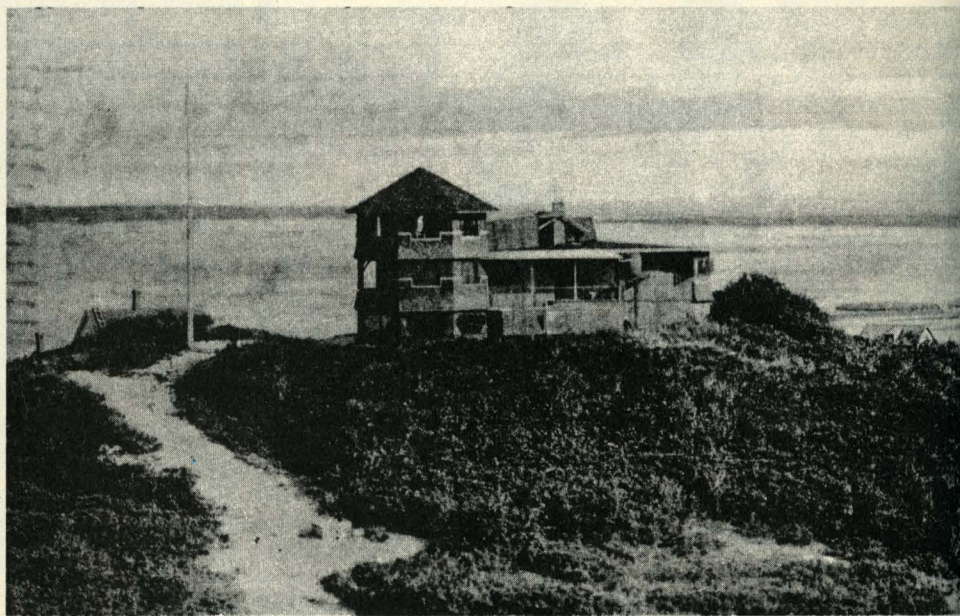
"Here Cape Cod artists find inspiration for their work and a place to sell their works," explains Barbara Baker, the director of the Lower Cape Arts Council. "And they stay here."

The artists are everywhere. The poorer ones rent a room (cheap is still possible here), and they sketch people or seagulls and sell to the stampede of tourists. More successful artists such as Robert Motherwell and Bud Hopkins open their own galleries. It is possible to buy a sketch for the cost of a lunch or spend \$100,000 on a museum piece.

"There is no Lower Cape style," Miss Baker adds. "The work you see includes realism, abstract impressionism, neo-realism, and conceptual art. The quality varies from gallery to gallery."

In September, the council is sponsoring an art festival. They chose September because it is not the peak tourist time. The fiery sunsets and silvery water make it one of the most beautiful months.

The heart of the Provincetown lifestyle is the guest house. The rambling guest houses start at the beach line and climb the dunes surrounding the village. Once they were the homes of seamen or the weekend Victorian excesses of the Boston middle class. While the very rich might have gone to the Hamptons



Lands End Inn, a guest house, and (at right) a life-saving station at the turn of the century: Local legend says the mistress of the house hanged herself in the tower a year after the house was built in 1862. A jade figure still rests undisturbed over the fireplace . . . all part of the curse. Few dare to disturb that piece of jade.

or built marble palaces at Newport, those who were merely well-off built their wooden "cottages" at Provincetown.

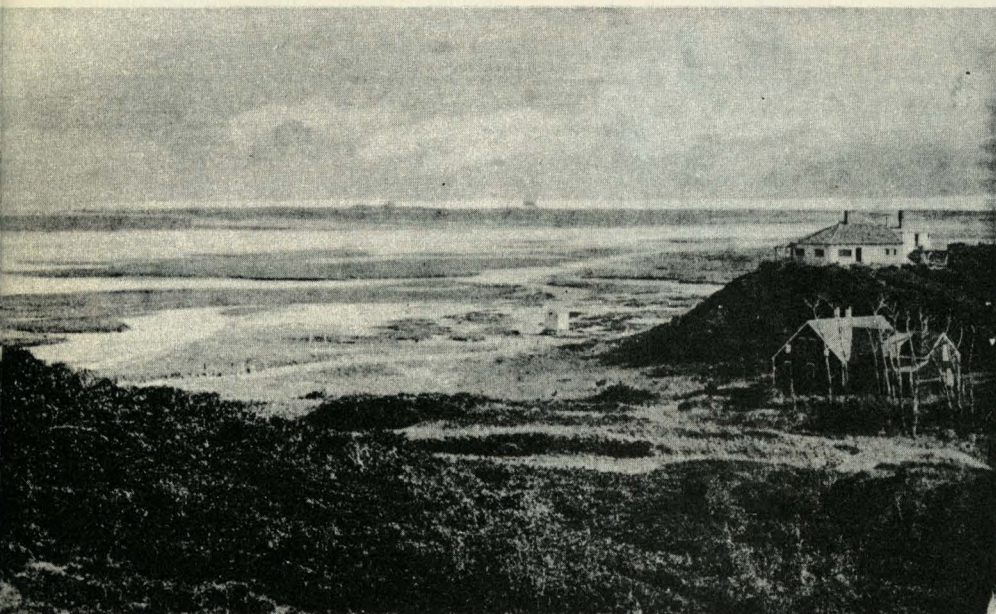
A guest house has nothing in common with a hotel. Most are simply houses where the owner has rooms for guests. It might be necessary to share a bath, but the room will probably be decorated with antiques. No liquor is sold but set-ups are included with the cost of the room. So is a Continental breakfast. There are seldom television sets. They are even more seldom missed. Rooms usually cost from twenty to forty dollars. It is more like staying at a house party.

There are gay and straight and mixed guest houses. It could be confusing. "Not at all," says Alpina Stanton, who with her husband manages the twenty-two-room Coat of Arms guest house. "Everyone is very open in Provincetown. All they have to do is ask."

Or they will be told anyhow. Straights who venture into gay guest houses are gently nudged in the proper direction. A pair of gays who venture into a straight house will be notified quickly but nicely that they are in the wrong place. Then they will be referred to a nearby gay guest house. And for those who cannot decide where they belong, there are the mixed guest houses. Just ask.

Each guest house has its own particular personality. At Dexter's, bedrooms are clustered around a series of sitting rooms and there are "very, very private patios and decks." The Moffett House is 250 years old and the art studio of the late artist Ross Moffett. At George's Inn, it is possible to sleep surrounded by antiques. At Haven House, there is one of the few pools in town; water

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must be shipped in and locals allege that Haven House is filling the pool with Perrier. At the Dune's Motel, there are fireplaces and bathtubs—a rarity in this shower-oriented town. The Sea Drift Inn is a collection of ancient houses. The elegant Somerset rests behind a picket fence and garden. The Masthead has cottages with private kitchens. The sprawling Provincetown Inn has 100 rooms and telephones—another rarity in ever-so-civilized Provincetown. The Anchor Inn is convenient to the downtown action. And the beautiful Hilltop Lands End Inn has the finest views of the town and bay through ancient stained-glass windows.

"It is important to try to find a place that fits your personality," says one guest house owner. "While most people come to Provincetown alone, they do not remain alone for long. It is impossible not to be friendly in a guest house. We try to have the right mix and most of the time we are very successful. I have people from Montreal, Boston, New York, and Key West who always come here at the same

time each year. It is one week of reliving a brief fantasy."

Those weeks are no longer just the summer months. Christmas and Thanksgiving find the fireplaces of Provincetown roaring and gratis dinners cooking in the kitchens—all at off-season rates. Early spring is chilly, but it's a dramatic time to walk over the moonscape dunes and watch the Atlantic turn from blue-green to silver underneath angry and smoldering skies. September and October are the most beautiful months, with the traffic jam of summer gone and the house staffs more relaxed, even if the cotton candy stands might be closed.

Provincetown is a place to be with people. Or to be alone. It is a place where it is still possible to sit on the end of a pier and watch the fishing fleet return. And as the fishermen walk toward their clapboard houses, heads slightly bowed with fatigue, realize that their lives are an island of emotional stability in a sea of creativity, a surf of disco music, and a tide of sex. Somehow it is all so reassuring.

FASHION: HOW NOT TO CRAMP YOUR SUN STYLE

It was only a few short fashion years ago when the designers happily launched a Gatsby summertime look. Suddenly it was as if everyone had just stepped from the luxurious world of the mysterious Jay Gatsby and the languid Daisy Buchanan. White suits and pink silk shirts were for everyone. Newport was everything. There was even talk of the return of spats. Finally, thought the designers and manufacturers while drooling anxiously over the Gucci covers of their passbooks, summertime dress would not be limited to cut-off jeans and tank tops. The world was about to get a heavy and expensive dose of class. It was all going to be so wonderful.

It was all a big dud. The Gatsby look sank as quickly as Robert Redford's bullet-ventilated body in his marble pool. While Redford/Gatsby was torpedoed by a misguided, jealous public, the formalization of summer was drowned in a flood of movie nostalgia.

This was good and bad. It was right that few people actually wanted to look as if they were stiffly dressed by a wardrobe mistress. Still, it was unfortunate that the result was a few more years of dull and uninteresting summer clothing centered around stretch tennis pullovers with alligators, penguins, and aardvarks on them.

This summer there is some choice. Perhaps the most interesting development is the return of the summer tuxedo—the white dinner jacket. While lapels of most jackets are smaller, those of the dinner jacket remain fairly wide. This is because white dinner jackets must last many years and it is safer to take a middle road. Anyhow, white does not seem to be stopping at the jacket. Designer Pierre Cardin has added white pants to his tightly cut dinner jacket for a total white look that has already been seen from Studio 54 to Catalina Island. Note: bow ties are much smaller, or a casually tied piece of ribbon will be adequate.

White shoes are back. The best are white canvas; some are machine washable. But for those who do not mind constant cleaning, the white buck (Pat Boone's lasting contribution to the development of civilization) is fine. Also, there are the two-toned saddles in suedes and canvas.

The sport coat is also making a summer return. Unconstructed jackets (little or no lining) in lightweight cottons or (better yet for



The board of directors of the Provincetown Business Guild (clockwise): George Littrell (moustache at top), Ed Brady, Don Robertson, Arpina Stanton, Ed Arruda, Dexter Ross, and Paul Christo on the steps of Lands End Inn.

richies) silk might possibly be the new uniform of the 1980s. Since both these fashionable fabrics wrinkle, the designers have solved the problem by pushing up the sleeves causing "wrinkles on purpose." Actually short-sleeve summer sport coats are the real answer.

Sport coats can be worn with jeans or the newest loose-cut combination of jeans, running pants, and beach slacks in bright colors. Underneath? In hot weather (or hot discos) forget the shirt. More modest types might wear a tank top or T-shirt. The day of the collar shirt with a sport jacket are over . . . in summer.

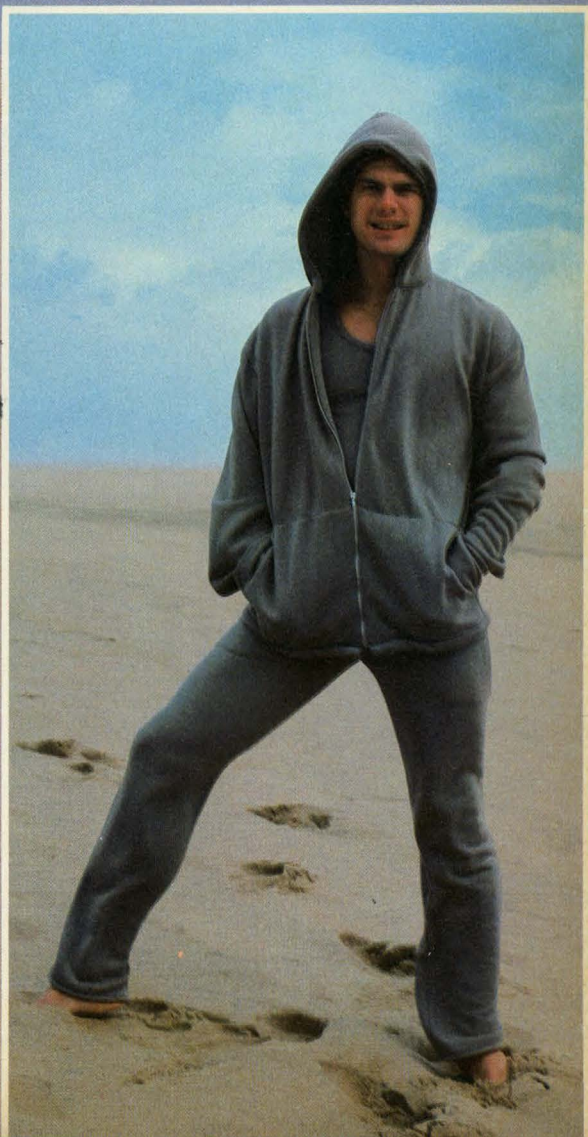
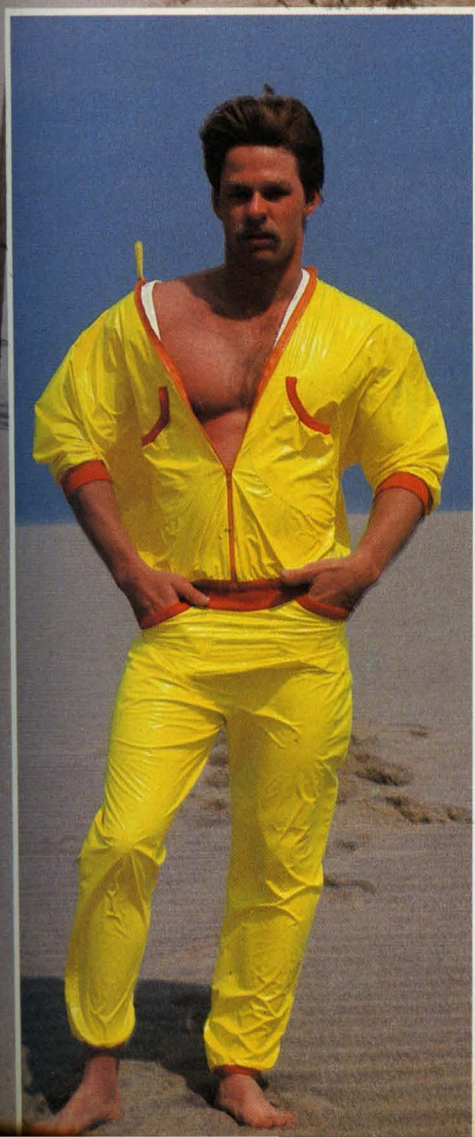
Even the athletic gear is more formalized this summer. Whites are no longer necessary on tennis courts, but this summer they are classier. Nothing looks better with a summer tan than white. Also, that pink or mint green tennis shirt ensemble might just become a bit too unforgettable after a summer of tennis games. Any jogging clothes from warm-up pants to running shorts (the kinds with split seams up the sides) are acceptable anyplace at most trendy resort communities. A straw hat or baseball cap is fine. Mirrored (no one can tell where you are looking) glasses are still part of the summer uniform, as are every possible color and pattern of running or tennis shoe.

And bathing suits? Well, since everyone has been rushing off to the gym and awakening to a regime of push-ups for the last several years, it is just possible that we are in about as good condition as we are going to be. During the last few years, the new body beautifuls have shown everything. Beaches were loaded with the briefest of bikinis (or nothing) designed for maximum tanning and viewing. The bikinis will still be around. But the baggy bathing suit has returned. It might be wafer-thin plastic or a boxing-trunk-inspired gym look. Or it might be simply the kind of sensible suit most people wore as kids back in Indianapolis. It is just a sign that most health-conscious American males who have gotten into shape are no longer showing everything—all the time.

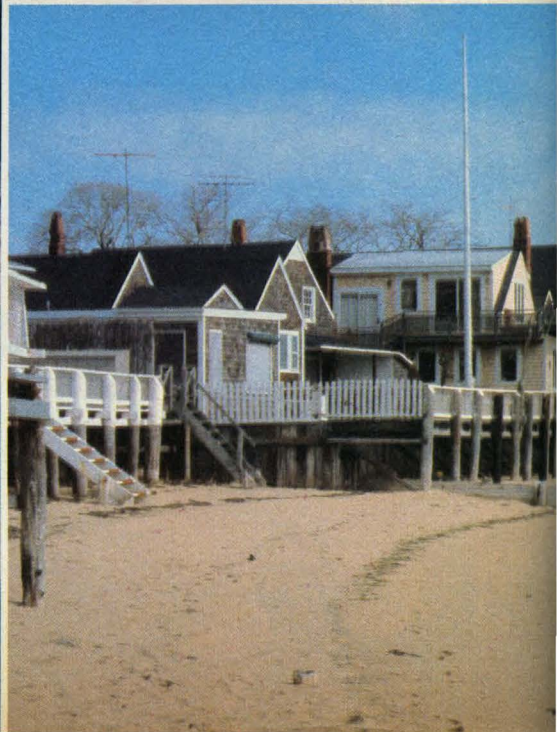
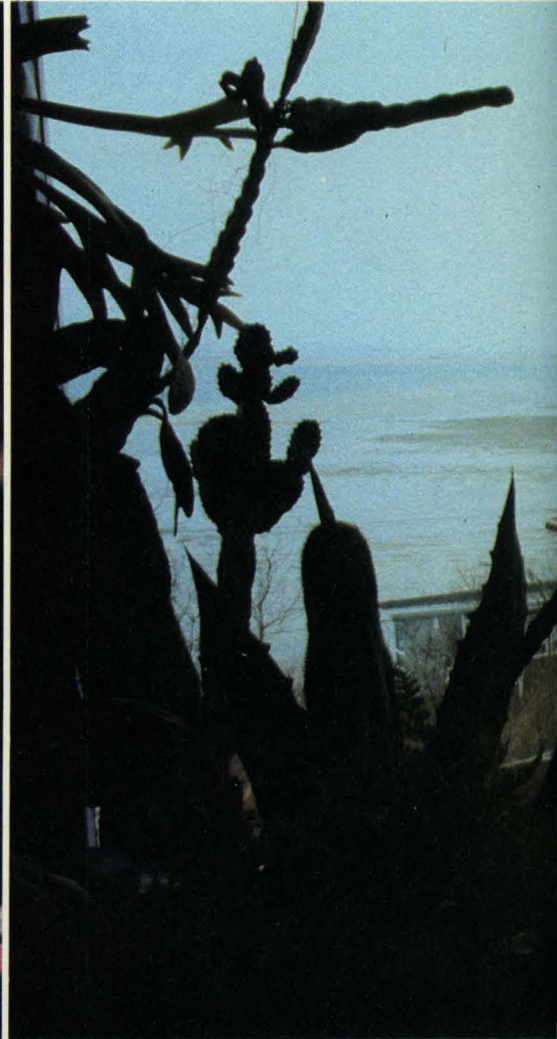
All this sounds complicated. But no one wants summer to be complicated. So the best way to plan a summer wardrobe is to select a pair of suitcases. Throw in a white dinner jacket, or white blazer for learners, with a couple of pairs of loose, bright slacks, a couple of unconstructed jackets, a few shirts, some tennis shoes, a bathing suit, and all those old T-shirts and tank tops that have been around for years.

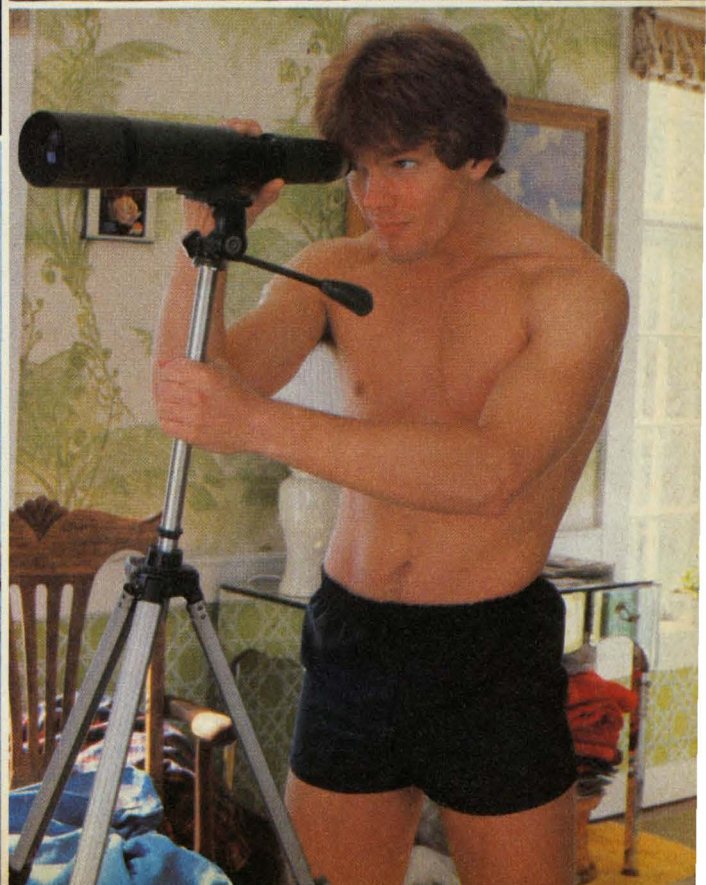
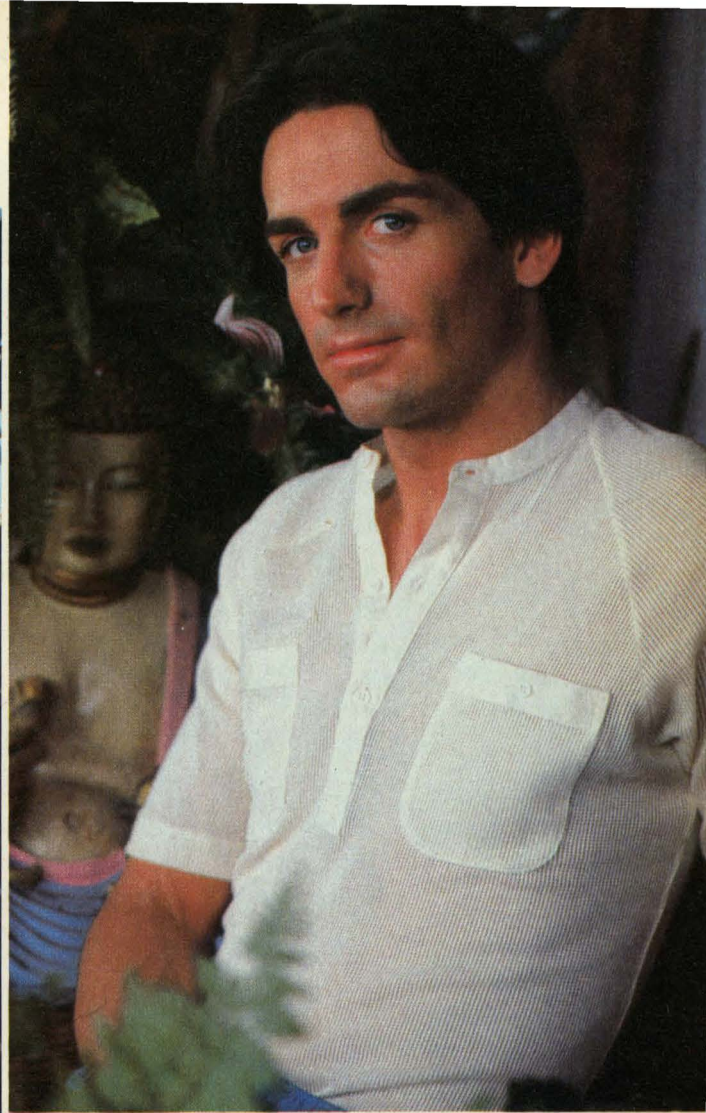
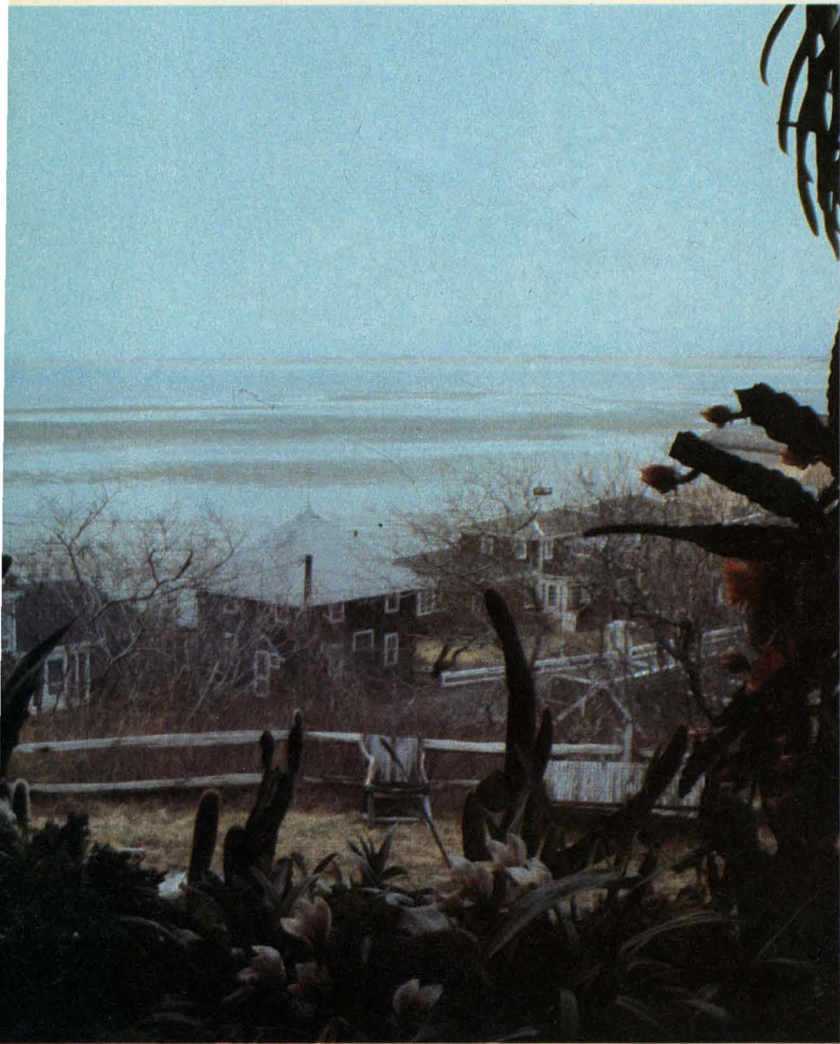
Oh, yes . . . Don't forget a warm sweater. It does get cold some mornings at the beach. You see, your mother was right all along.

Brian Grant is dramatic on the dunes in a deep V-neck pullover (John Stavros). Kirby Fosdick is hot in a plastic sweat suit (John Stavros). And Ric Warner is completely protected from the sun in a hooded sweat suit (David Leong).

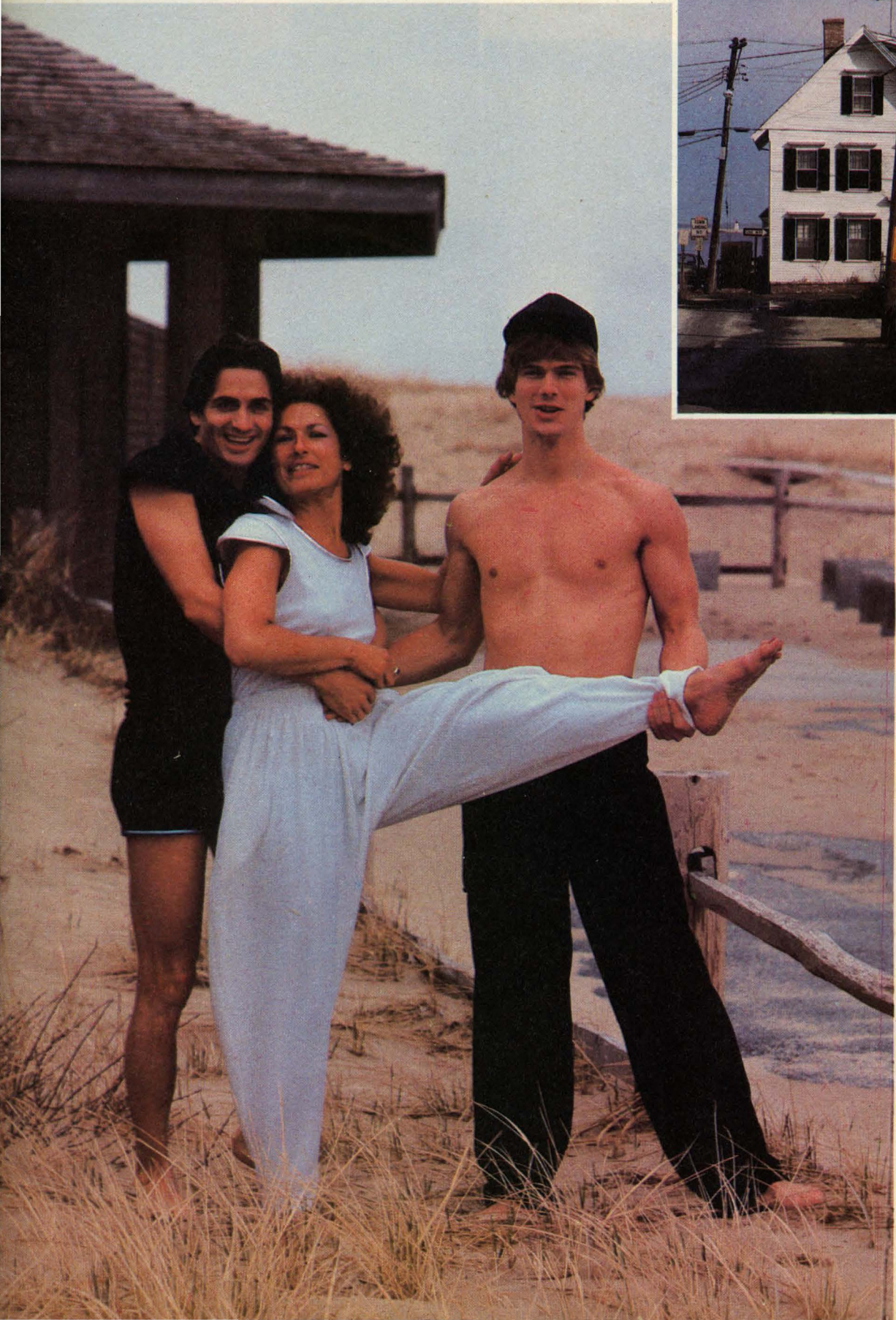


Suits have come to the resort. But there is a big difference between this unconstructed cotton version (Pierre Cardin) worn with a T-shirt (Pierre Cardin) and the wool, business looks of more structured, office times. Early morning, top center, the view from a balcony overlooking the village is almost tropical, but the sweep of downtown beach, bottom, is strictly New England. A loosely woven collarless pullover (Pierre Cardin) is cool for dancing, top right. The boxer bathing suit (Haberdashery of Denver), lower right, is important this season when bathing suits are meant not just for sunning and swimming but jogging and working out.

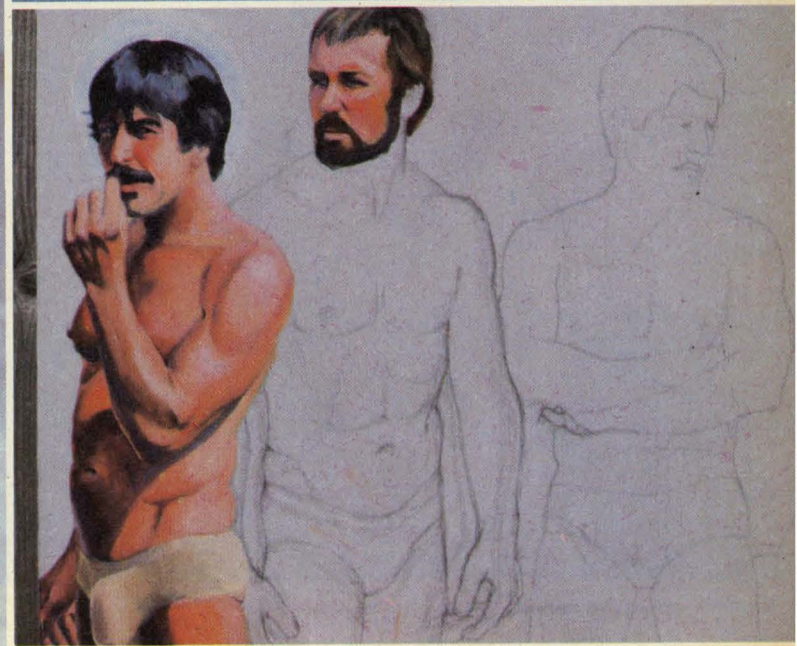
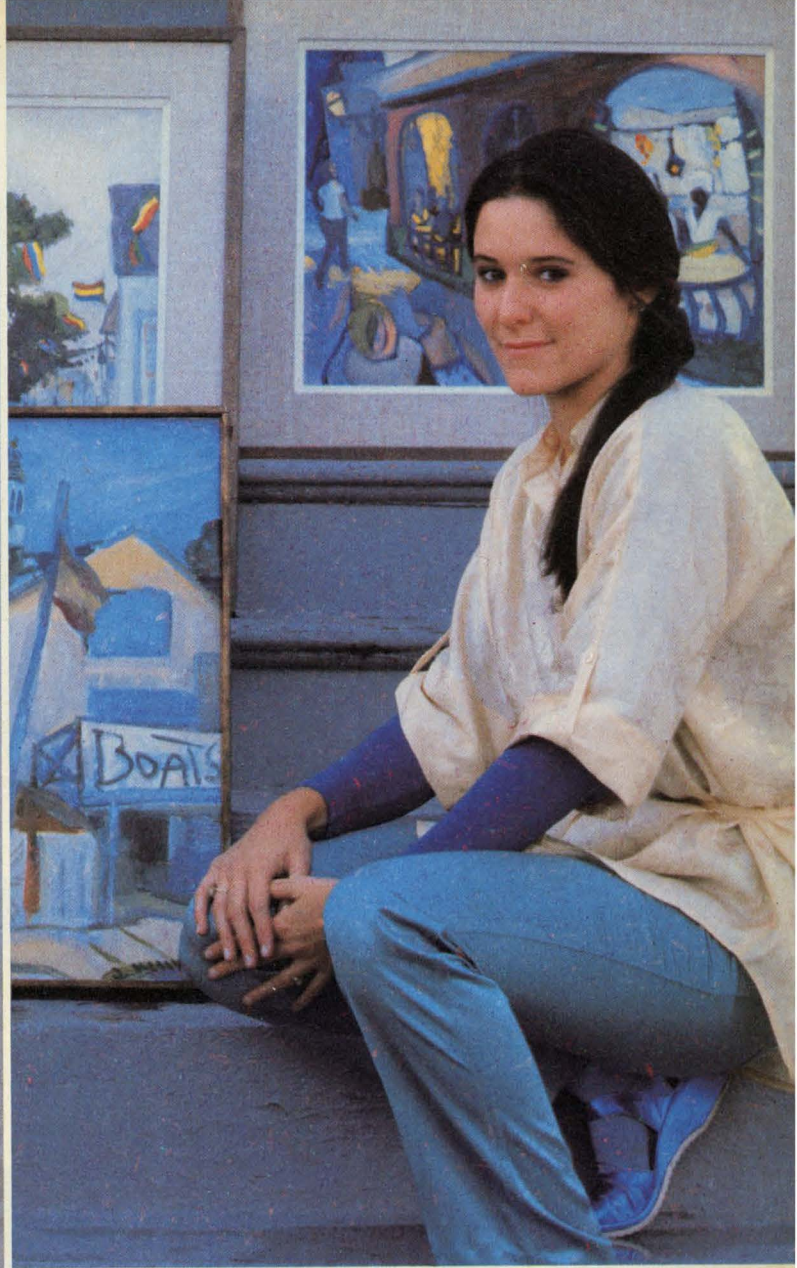
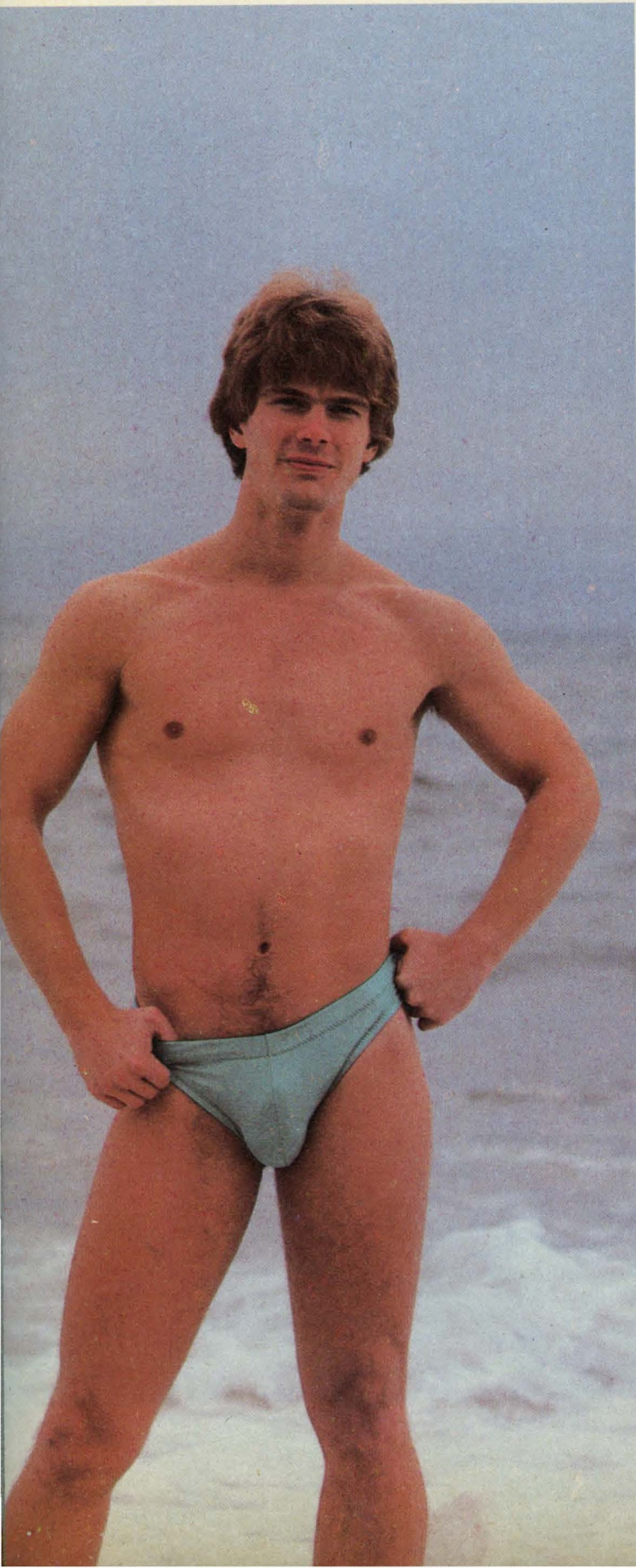


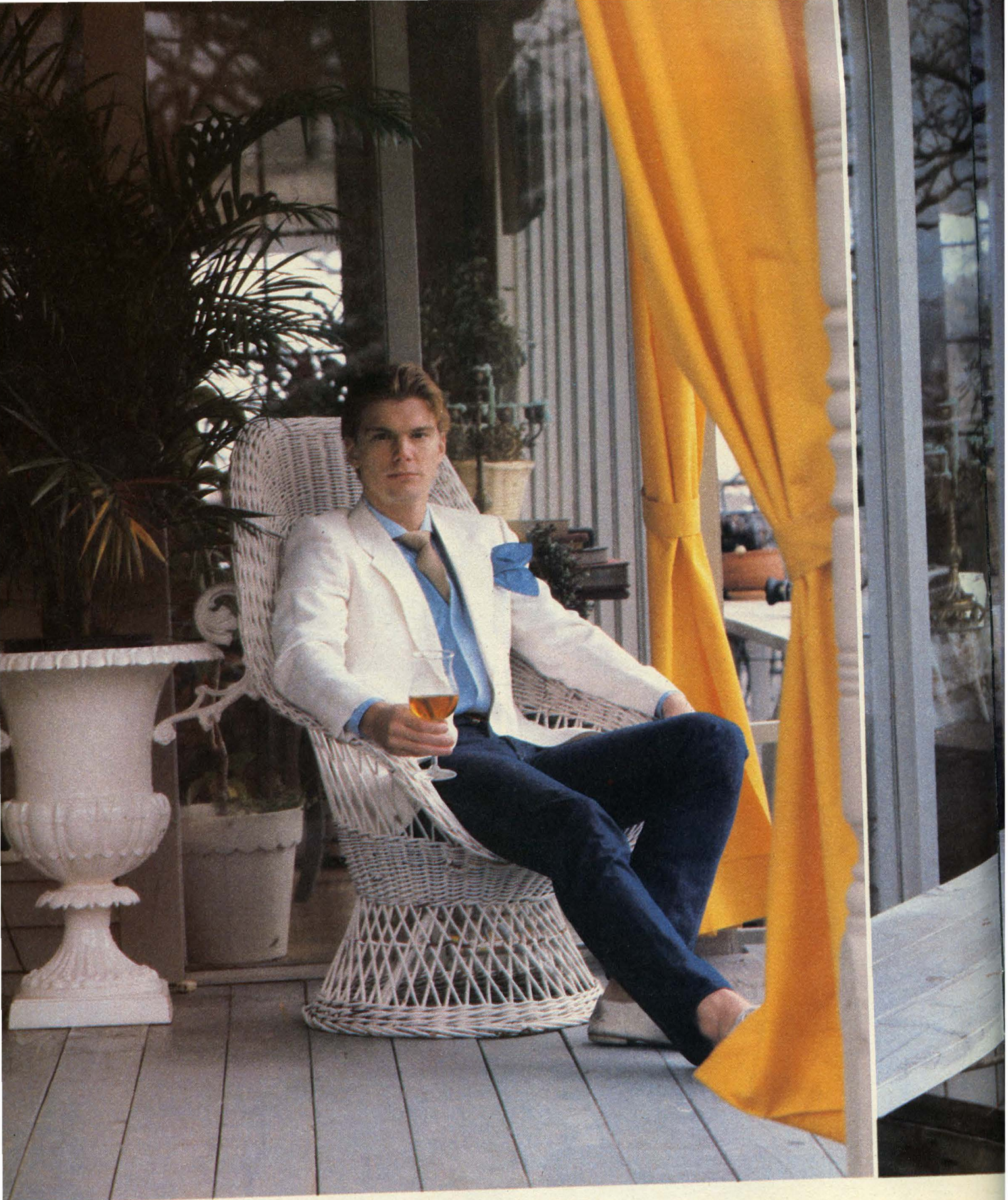


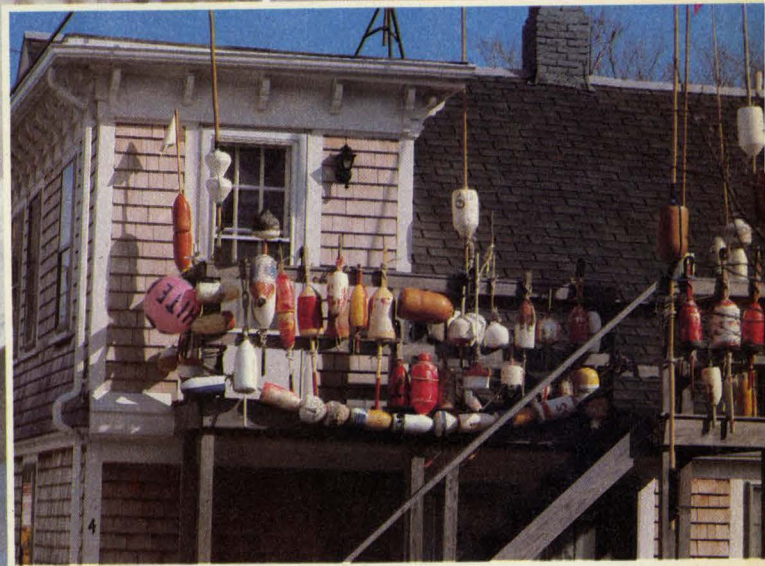
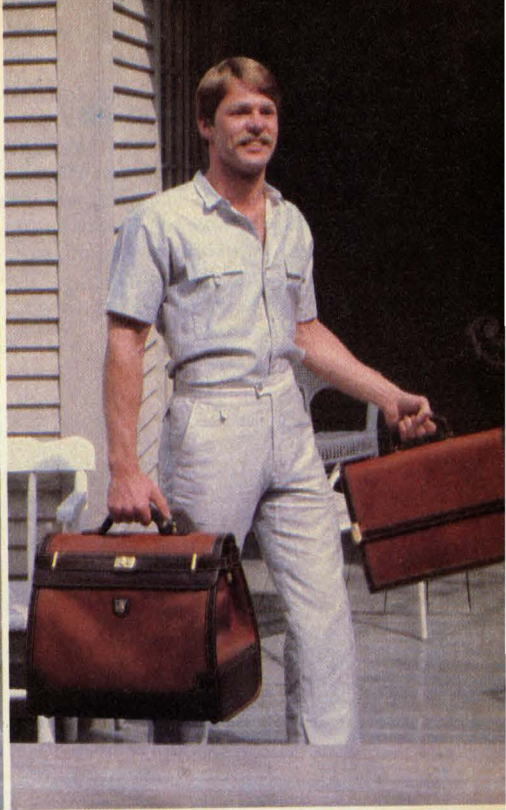
More bathing shorts (Le Gaspi) on Brian, but Marlyn Manos chooses to cover a bit more in a terry outfit (Le Gaspi). Ric is more military in his fatigue pants (French Jeans) and cap. White clapboard and shutters, at right, are everywhere in Provincetown.



The Bikini bathing suit, below, (John Stavros) will be around as long as people like Ric stay in good enough shape to wear them. Artist Julia Kelly, right, hopes to be the next famous member of her family which includes: mother, Nancy Kelly, the sculptress; grandfather, John Whorf, the watercolorist; her late uncle, Richard Whorf, the television director. Artist Len Paoletti, bottom right, often captures in paint the faces and attitudes of the residents of Provincetown.

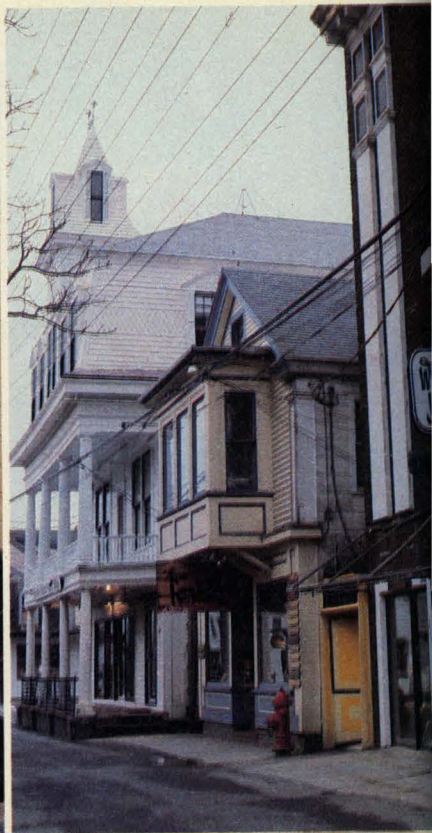


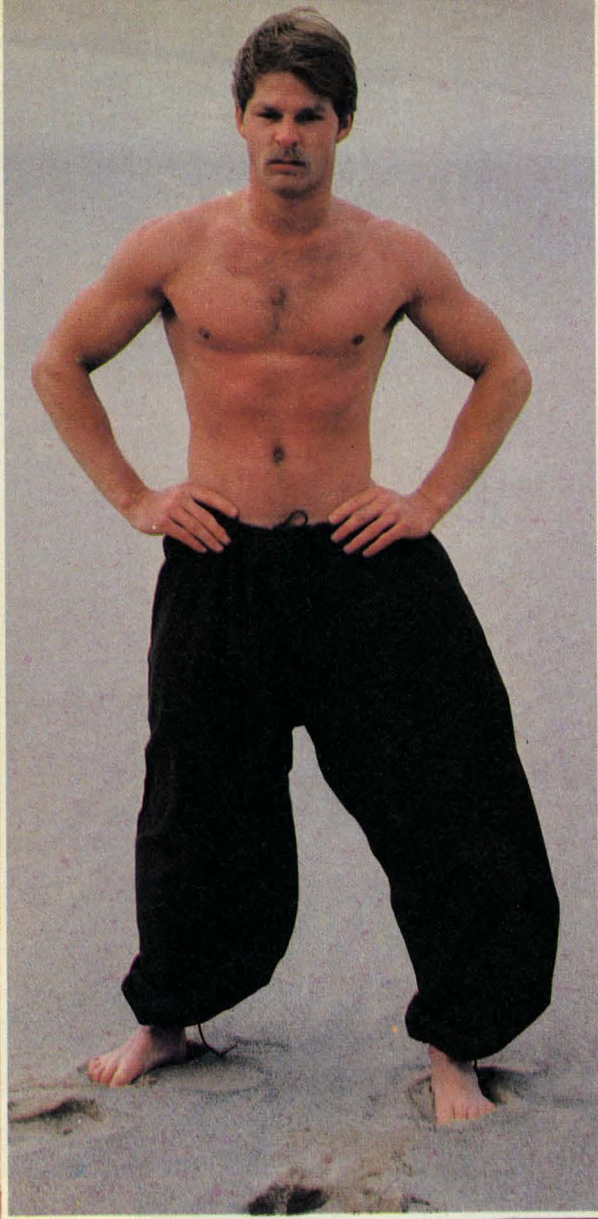


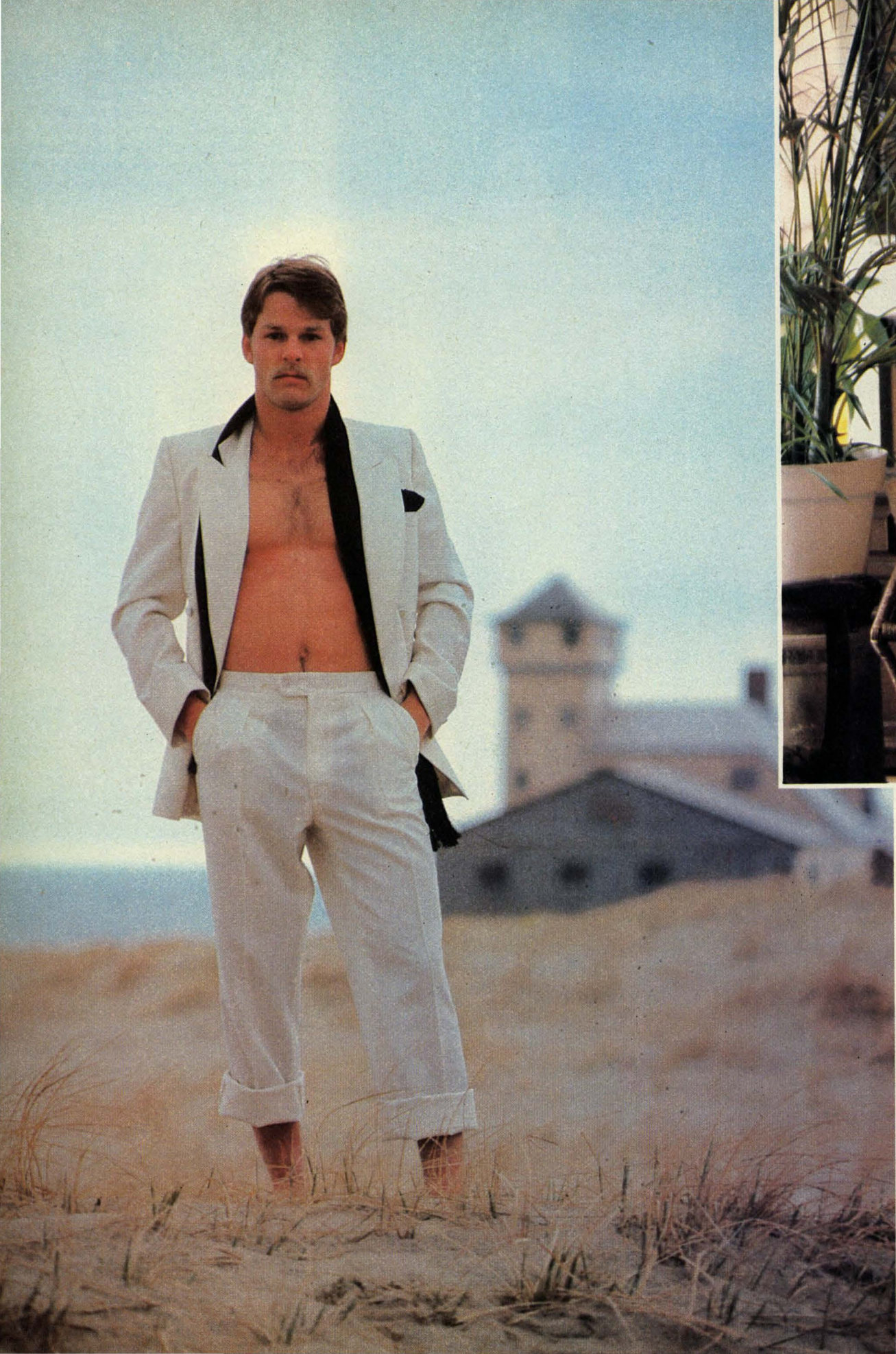


The white blazer, blue shirt (note small collar), and jeans (all Pierre Cardin), far left, have always been right for resort cocktail. A pebble-knit shirt (Pierre Cardin) travels well with fatigue slacks with bicycle bottoms (French Jeans), and soft-side luggage (Mark Cross), center. More military inspiration in this gray shirt and slacks outfit (Pierre Cardin) and superchic, superexpensive leather luggage, top right.

The narrow streets of Provincetown, top left, are packed during the summer months, but less crowded the rest of the year. Kirby suns at Race Beach, below, in a modified stretch boxer trunk (French Jean). Sunburns won't be irritated with this loose pair of Punjab pants (Unique Clothing), center right. Ric, far right, is squeezed into a stretch T-shirt (John Stavros), but his loose beach slacks (David Leon) are roomy enough.









The traditional summer tux, above, was always white, but the slacks were black. Here everything goes white and double-breasted and formal with the help of a small bow tie and long woven silk scarf (all from Pierre Cardin). Marilyn obviously pours a great wine while looking obviously great in a slinky, low-cut afternoon dress (Clovis Ruffin). Though the tux looks formal at night, we just wanted to show, left, how dramatic it would still be the morning after on a stroll home on the beach.



HIGHLIGHTS

Men About Town

All these gents own or are employed at guest houses and restaurants in the Provincetown area. Joining the locals are *After Dark's* three imported New York models. For those interested in laying over for a few days, the following list will provide you with desirable lodging:

Anchor Inn Beach House, 175 Commercial St., (617) 487-0432

Atlantic House, 4-6 Masonic Place, (617) 487-3821

The Boatslip, 161 Commercial St., (617) 487-1669

Burch House, 116 Bradford St., (617) 487-9170

The Captain and His Ship, 164 Commercial St., (617) 487-1850

Kenn Duncan



The Captain's House, 350A Commercial St., (617) 487-9794

Carl's Guest House, 68 Bradford St., (617) 487-1650

Casablanca Guests, 166 Commercial St., (617) 487-0859

Chancellor Inn, 17 Center St., (617) 487-9423

The Chicago House, 6 Winslow St., (617) 487-0537

Christopher Inn, 8 Dyer St., (617) 487-1920

Coat of Arms, 7 Johnson St., (617) 487-0816

Crown and Anchor Motor Inn, 247 Commercial St., P.O. Box 111, (617) 487-1430

Dexter's, 6 Conwell St., (617) 487-1911

Dunes Motel, P.O. Box 361, Bradford St. Ext., (617) 487-1956

Fisherman's Cove, 145-7 Commercial St., (617) 487-1997

Five Winslow St., 5 Winslow St., (617) 487-0456

George's Inn, P.O. Box 483, 9 Court St., (617) 487-9005

Gull Walk Inn, 300A Commercial St., P.O. Box 456, (617) 487-9027

Haven House, 12 Carver St., (617) 487-3031

Heritage House, 7 Center St., (617) 487-3692

Hill House Apartments, 348 Commercial St., (617) 487-1791

The Lamplighter, 26 Bradford St., (617) 487-2529

Land's End Inn, 22 Commercial St., (617) 487-0706

The Inn at the Mews, 359 Commercial St., (617) 487-3373

Misha's Inn, 9 Soper St., (617) 487-9268

Moffett Guest House, 296A Commercial St., P.O. Box 869, (617) 487-3172

Monument House, 129 Bradford St., (617) 487-9664

Normandy House, 1 Miller Hill Road, (617) 487-1197

Pilgrim House Hotel, 336 Commercial St., (617) 487-0319

Provincetown Inn, 1 Commercial St., (617) 487-9500

The Ranch, 198 Commercial St., P.O. Box 26, (617) 487-1542

The Richmond Inn, 4 Conant St., (617) 487-9193

Sea Drift Inn, 80 Bradford St., (617) 487-3686

Sea Side Apartments, 357 Commercial St., (617) 487-0227

Snookie's Nest, 12 Winthrop St., (617) 487-9603

Sunset Inn, 142 Bradford St., (617) 487-9810

Trade Winds Inn, 12 Johnson St., (617) 487-0138

Victory House, 5 Standish St., (617) 487-1319

White Wind Inn, 174 Commercial St., (617) 487-1526

Windswept Inn, 521 Commercial St., (617) 487-1735

Ye Olde Whaler, 538 Commercial St., (617) 487-2240

All inquiries pertaining to HIGHLIGHTS items should be sent to the attention of Louis Miele, c/o **AFTER DARK** Magazine.

DINING OUT

by Louis Miele

Provincetown dining is relaxed and informal; however, reservations are a must during the heavy summer season and holiday weekends, if you want to dine at a particular favorite restaurant. Prices are generally in the moderately expensive category; after all, the restaurants do cater to the tourists.

Some of the best and most popular restaurants are: **The Clambake**—excelling in seafood specialties of all kinds, located in the heart of town. The owner, Joy McNulty, runs her friendly restaurant with the assistance of her master chef Clem Silva, who works wonders with Cape Cod seafood. **Front Street** is a spiffy, classy, and intimate restaurant a few doors away. **The Cottage**, further up Commercial St., is more moderately priced. Food is hearty and homey, and they serve an excellent breakfast. **Cafe Edwige** is another great place for breakfast—lots of fresh fruit, juice, and home-baked goods. Service is slow, but the spacey group of waitresses in attendance are fun.

The following is a list of recommended restaurants:

Cafe Edwige, 333 Commercial St., (617) 487-3851

Don's Cafe, 539 Commercial St., (617) 487-1964

The Clambake Restaurant, 247 Commercial St., (617) 487-1440

The Cottage Restaurant, 149 Commercial St., (617) 487-9160
The Hideaway Restaurant, 229 Commercial St., (617) 487-3829
Inn at the Mews, 359 Commercial St., (617) 487-3373
Landmark Inn Restaurant, 404 Commercial St., (617) 487-9319
Long and Narrow Restaurant, 177 Commercial St., (617) 487-3286
Ocean's Inn, 386 Commercial St., (617) 487-0358
Pied Piper, 193 Commercial St., (617) 487-1527
Plain and Fancy Restaurant, 334 Commercial St., (617) 487-0147
Poor Richard's Buttery, 432 Commercial St., (617) 487-3825
Post Office Cafe & Cabaret, 303 Commercial St., (617) 487-0090
The Terrace, 133 Bradford St., (617) 487-0598
Town House Restaurant, 291 Commercial St., (617) 487-0292
Weathering Heights Restaurant, Shank Painter Rd., Box 1022, (617) 487-9259



Ava Williams, known as the Piano Lady, is the first recipient of Provincetown's Golden Gull Award, and resident musical charmer at Ocean's Inn in the popular New England resort.

After dinner, the two big hot spots to drink and boogie are the **Atlantic House Bar & Disco**, 4 Masonic Place, and the **Back Room**, 247 Commercial St.

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Mexican food not running very high on my list of personal favorites, it comes as a delightful surprise to discover **Fonda La Paloma** at 256 E. 49th St. in New York's Turtle Bay section. It serves superb, exciting Mexican dishes in an intimate and comfortable atmosphere, accompanied by some live, rousing south-of-the-border music.



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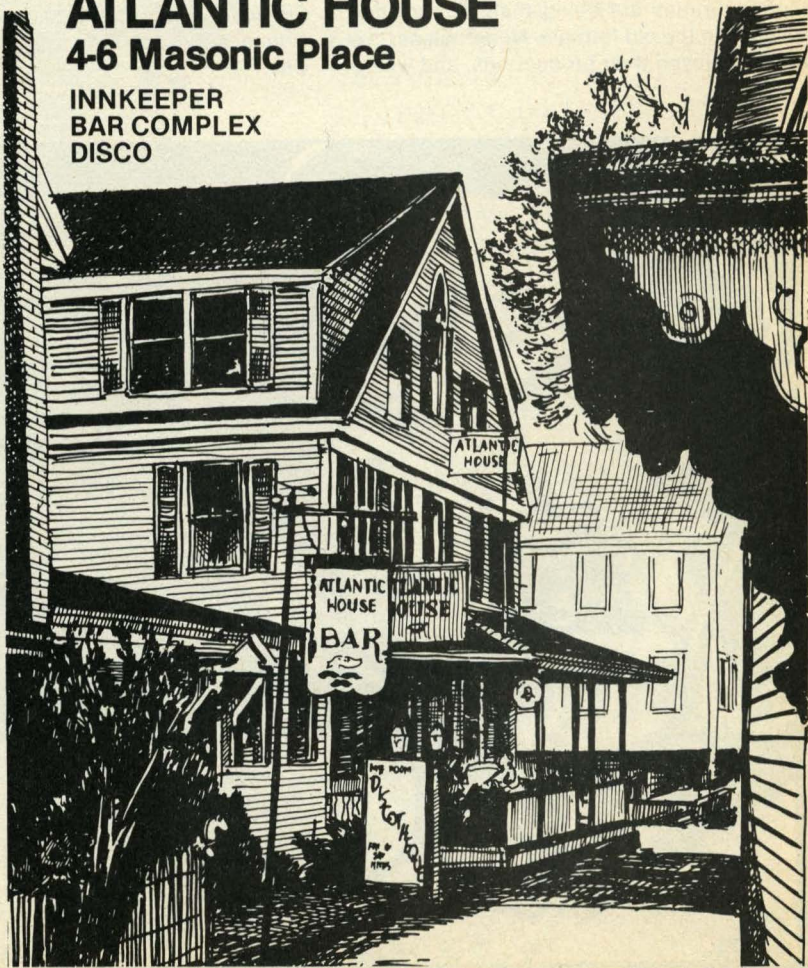
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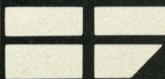
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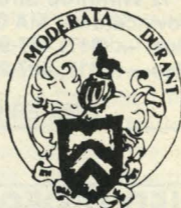
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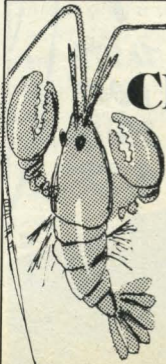
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