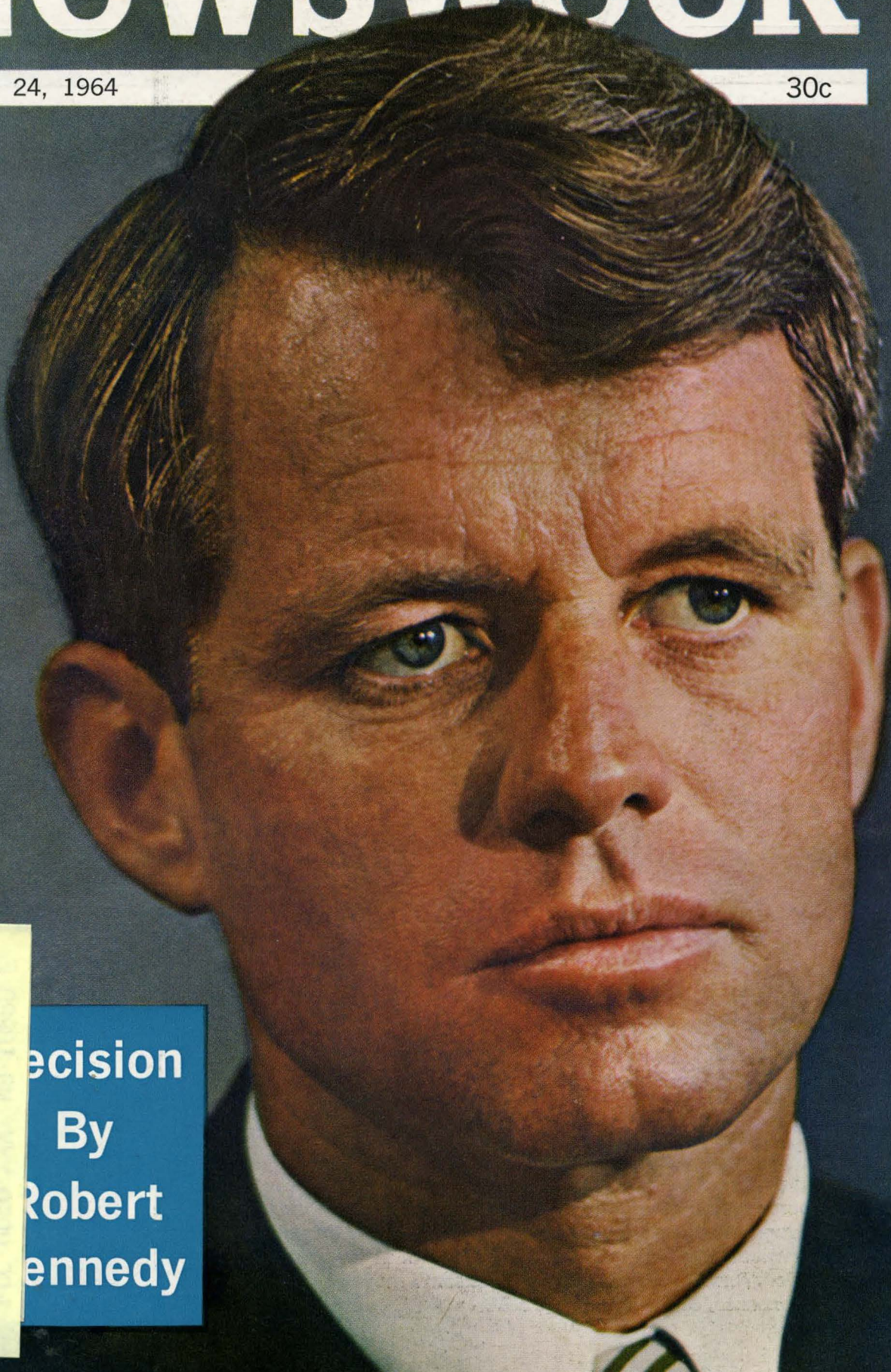


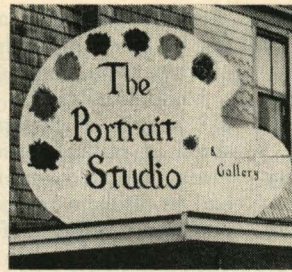
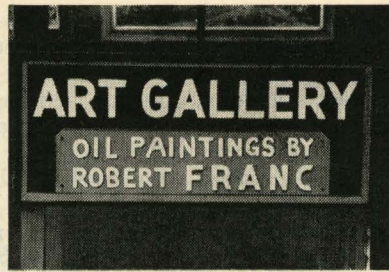
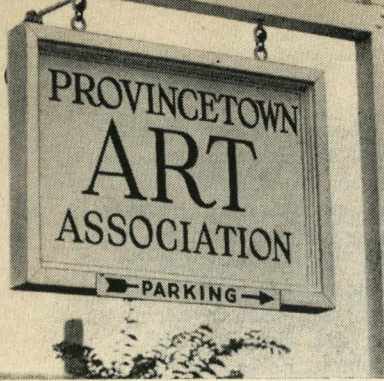
Newsweek

AUGUST 24, 1964

30c

A close-up, color photograph of Robert Kennedy's face, looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. He has short, dark hair and is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a striped tie.

Decision
By
Robert
Kennedy



Art in Provincetown: Fifty years of tradition vs. ignition

Sharks, Go Home

Even before artists flocked to the salty, sandy, sunny town 25 miles out into the Atlantic on "Massachusetts' bare and bended arm," Provincetown was regarded with suspicion by its neighbors. It seemed as if the Pilgrims had been immediately succeeded by buccaneers and other hell-raisers, such as the "mooncussers," who lured ships onto the dunes on dark and stormy nights, cursing the moon when it came out to spoil their shenanigans.

Since artists have replaced ships as the most notable attractions in the area, moon cussing has been replaced by art watching. "It's a town of voyeurs," says one artist. "It's impossible to do anything without half a dozen people watching."

Last week P-town was celebrating 50 years of art watching with the golden anniversary of the Provincetown Art Association. Almost 200 works filled the Association's Hopper-white building on Commercial Street. The show had to be hung in the old salon fashion, with paintings sometimes three rows high on the wall. But, despite complaints from some of P-town's modernist faction, the crowded space gave just the right Provincetown feeling of something old embedded in something new, like a sea horse in clear plastic.

The old was epitomized by Charles Hawthorne's picture, "Cleaning Fish," painted in 1899, the first year of his art school that started the whole thing. Longtime resident Philip Malicoat, a Hawthorne student, showed "Pastorale," done in the lyric way of academics everywhere. And a painted collage by Robert Motherwell, done last year, with its Frenchily disheveled elegance, stood for the international avant-garde that has done little more than leave its footprints on P-town's velvet sand.

Anti-Gloom: What Motherwell loves about Provincetown is its dual nature. "Provincetown is New York in miniature," he says, but it also has a bright and sunbaked quality like that of Sicily. "Hans Hofmann and I," says Motherwell, "are both very anti-gloom."

Hofmann, Provincetown's leading ornament whose art school picked up from Hawthorne from 1934 to 1958, lives at the other end of Commercial

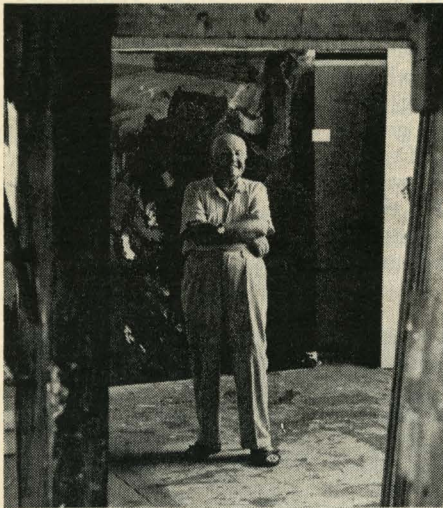
Street from Motherwell. Between the two houses is what Motherwell calls Times Square and Hofmann Coney Island—a long, narrow midway smelling of beer, home-made fudge and hot dogs. This is the seedy, frayed T-shirt of P-town, with its blob-it-yourself instant art shops, Greenwich Village Fabergés, and peeling portrait mills.

The midway, the voyeurism, and the traditionalism of the Art Association have made Provincetown for many a maritime Montmartre where the excitement takes place not at high noon in studios, but at midnight on the beaches where the skinny-dippers play. Hofmann, a warm and judicious man, does not like to invoke controversy. But at the opening of the Golden Anniversary show, he said: "I wish the Art Association a long existence and from time to time some healthy troublemakers which hold the creative spirit alive."

No Sniping: Representing the healthy troublemakers is Al Hansen, a young New York artist who directs the HCE (Here Comes Everybody) Gallery, Provincetown's best, and shows his own elegant and witty collages at the more far-out East End Gallery. "The Art Association is a great case of arteriosclerosis," Hansen says. For him the uniqueness of Provincetown as an art colony is the selling aspect. "East Hampton and other summer places don't sell," he points out. "There are just collectors sniping away in the dunes, trying to get works cheap."

Sales in Provincetown have fallen off this year, but no one is really worried. And the split between tradition and ignition is an old P-town theme—the Art Association used to put on two shows a year, one for modernists and one for saner types. But every artist, from hack to Hofmann, has been drawn to Provincetown by the same magnet—the pristine naturalness of the place, nature's own classicism that transcends esthetics.

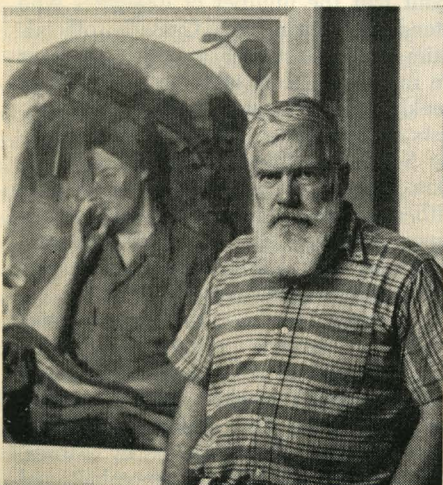
As for the jivers, the Keystone Kodakers, the gypsy daubers, every year they pass away and the real residents—the "Live H'yuh," remain. As the Portuguese fishermen sing: "The summer is gone; the crazy people are gone; even the sharks are gone; only our old friend and enemy, the sea, remains."



Hofmann: Healthy trouble needed



Motherwell: New York plus Sicily



Newsweek photos by Robert R. McElroy

Malicoat: Genteel academicism