
womantide.

PROVINCETOWN / SPRING 1983





LOST IN THE CROWDS?

by Randy Turoff

“There is enough support from within, for us to keep each other in sight, in touch . . .”

“The Women’s revolution is not merely about equality within a patriarchal society (a contradiction in terms) . . . power is experienced as *power of presence* to ourselves and to each other . . .”

— Mary Daly

WOMANTIDE has now been in existence for a year, providing a forum for independent expression of “out” lesbians on the Lower Cape. Through *WOMANTIDE*, writing, acting, art, photography and many kinds of lesbian art-forms and life-styles have been highlighted. We’ve been celebrating our visibility to each other, and we’ve been communicating our different feminist points of view.

Now that summer is approaching, the task of remaining visible to each other becomes a more difficult matter. The notion of presence to ourselves, “in season,” becomes a matched struggle against our own cynicism. This community, the Provincetown lesbian community before the summer starts, is intimately interconnected by friends and lovers reflecting each other. Summer brings, with the excitement, dispersions and ruptures, fourteen-hour work-days, harassment and misogyny into our daily routine. We become urbanized as our reflections are fractured, obstructed and lost.

Many of us came to be year-round members of the lesbian community particularly because we refused to see ourselves as the “outside” would define us. Some of us came to find positive new identities — Provincetown provides the most panoramic of work-spaces, with the whole Atlantic for elbow-room. And yet, come summer, the “outside” is inside, and resort-town values can replace community, in your beds and heads. We’re flooded by the values brought to us by tourists from New York to New Zealand, and we give them what they want. We play to the public and placate our bosses.

Each of us who has been through it and thought it through, knows exactly which roles of the summer script to avoid — which role will take me on the wild ride, which role will delude me into chasing summer rainbows, which game will lead to spacing-out, crashing, disappearing. This summer, some of us will repeat painful patterns in the pursuit of hearts, stars and dollars. Others will be enjoying the ecological environment, and the positive energies of their visiting friends. All of us will be stubbornly

surviving. Some will be searching for new ways to keep a wider and more diverse lesbian population together.

WOMANTIDE welcomes the continuing celebration of a growing and nurturing lesbian community, through our ART, LITERATURE, THEATER, MAGIC, MUSIC and SPECIAL FESTIVITIES. There is enough support from within, for us to keep each other in sight, in touch, without obstructing each others’ freedom. The lesbian community is growing nationwide as well. Provincetown is not only its residents, it is also a place of political and mythic importance in the Lesbian Nation. We can work on sustaining the *power of presence* to each other. We can work on sustaining the *power of absence* to those who would exploit us, to those who would sell us out for hearts, stars and dollars. □

“The destructive forces draw their power from the consciousness that supports them.”

— Starhawk

WOMANTIDE a non-profit organization

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WRITE WOMANTIDE

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LOOKING BACK WOMANTIDE'S FIRST YEAR

In Spring, 1982, a few town women called a series of meetings. More joined and formed what became *WOMANTIDE*, the lesbian magazine of Provincetown. Our modest beginnings produced a June 1982 first issue.

Gaining editors, contributors, volunteers and momentum, we published the expanded second issue in August, 1982.

In just one year, *WOMANTIDE* and supporters brought Provincetown's best energies together with parties, meetings, an auction, a dance, a film show, a brunch. And we published the first four issues of the magazine!

Following is an excerpt from one of the many letters we've received, addressed "to the readers of *WOMANTIDE*":

"Easter weekend was the first time I visited Provincetown. My lover and I spent a wonderful weekend soaking up the 'sunshine' that entered our lives, despite the lousy weather . . . As we are a racially mixed lesbian couple, we are not welcome to many places. It was the most wonderful feeling to be 'part of the crowd' at the Pied Piper.

"It was also the first Easter I spent away from relatives, and I've never spent a more memorable one. I would like to thank the women who made the 'Bunny Brunch' a success.

"Keep the spirit alive, and remember: Everybody needs some P-town in their lives!

"Forever envious of your lifestyle,

"Catherine Quintum, Brookline, Ma."

THE DANCE

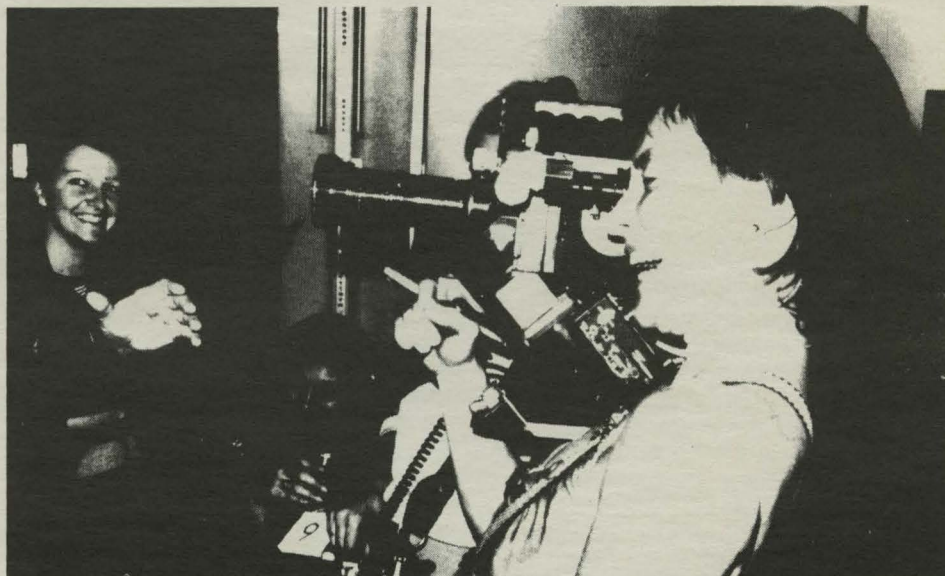
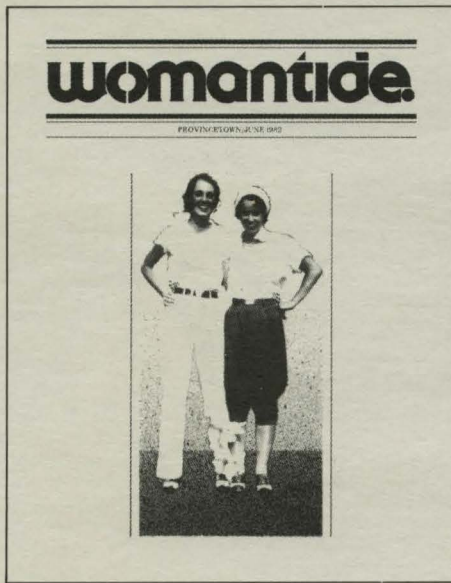
For a Provincetown first, *WOMANTIDE* sponsored a dance at the Town Hall to support independent lesbian expression, on March 5, 1983.

The site was lovingly prepared by the following volunteers-pro-lesbiana:

COORDINATORS: Randy Turoff & Linda Weinstein. **MUSIC:** Mary Alice. **BARTENDERS:** Betty Villari, Ann McCord & Marilyn Grove. **TICKETS & SALES:** Sherry Dranch, Fanne Fernow & Susan Mitchell. **HEARTS:** Kathy Weisfeld. **CREW:** Malu Block, Karen Hokanson, Marianne Maloney, Kerry Shaefer, Kathy Weisfeld, Alice & Fran from Brookline. **DOOR PRIZES, COURTESY OF:** Gabriel's, The Greenhouse, Remembrances of Things Past, & Womencrafts.

Special thanks to Pam & Linda for providing cabaret furnishings from the *PIED PIPER*.

And thanks to the *GODDESSES* for the terrific weather that weekend.



ABOVE:

WOMANTIDE first issue, June 1982.

LOVERS AND BROKEN HEARTS BALL, Provincetown Town Hall, March 1983.

GERTRUDE STEIN READING WOMANTIDE, second issue cover photos auctioned in limited number at our first fundraiser, September 1982.



BARBARA HAMMER, award-winning lesbian filmmaker, presents a *WOMANTIDE*-sponsored evening of films at the Provincetown Art Association, December, 1982. The evening ended in a solstice circle led by Barbara. *WOMANTIDE*'s December 1982 issue came out that night.

BUNNY BRUNCH AND EGG HUNT fundraiser held at the Pied Piper on Easter Sunday, April, 1983.

The G Spot

by Ann McCord

One of WOMANTIDE's ongoing goals is to make available a forum for research, commentary and experience-related writings on sexuality by lesbians of the Provincetown community. We are pleased to publish the following article by Ann McCord, on an aspect of female sexuality which we feel will be of interest to all, and which came to her attention as a result of her research, professional discussions and her experiences in sexuality workshops.

The G-spot is a small spot located about two inches up the front wall of the vagina. It is a mass of glandular material that expands and enlarges upon stimulation. It will, with continued stimulation, produce a vaginal orgasm, quite different from a clitorally focused orgasm. Millions of women have known this for thousands of years, I'm sure, but millions have not. Considering the contradictions in clinical research and theory, and arguments among women regarding their own experiences, the existence of the G-spot is an interesting and welcome piece of news.

I can remember vehement disagreements between women in sexuality workshops in the early seventies. Of course, any sort of vaginal penetration was considered male-identified and politically incorrect by some in those days. Other women would smile, and say they liked that sort of thing. The battle lines were drawn. Especially on the issue of possible female ejaculation. That really did it.



Seems it's all true. The medical and clinical research on this subject began in the late forties when a German ob-gyn named Ernst Grafenberg was doing contraceptive studies on the cervical cap. In an article about his work he mentioned a "zone of erogenous feeling" that his patients identified inside the vaginal wall. Later he wrote an article on "the spot," but it went unnoticed by almost everyone. No doubt, women had been speaking of its existence for years, but who listened?

Later, in the seventies, a registered nurse and sex educator, Beverly Whipple, joined forces with psychologist John D. Perry and began serious research on "the spot." In 1980 they collaborated with Alice Kahn Ladas, a psychologist also doing related research. The three of them named the organ the "Grafenberg Spot" in honor of one of the first contemporary physicians to "find" it. It is quite likely that women have named this pleasure spot many other things over the years, but currently we are talking "G-spot." These three have written a book called *The G-Spot*, available from Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Their findings make a major contribution to the understanding and explanation of female sexuality.

It is no wonder that we lesbians argued amongst ourselves. With a history of being chided by Sigmund Freud and his followers for having "immature clitoral orgasms," instead of "mature, vaginal orgasms," we were ready to fight. We understood the politics of being responsive to sex designed for men's pleasures. And then in the fifties Kinsey told us that there was "no evidence

HAVE FUN DARLINGS!

of vaginal orgasm" in his research. Later, Masters and Johnson found that *all* orgasm originated with or involved the clitoris, therefore there were *not* different kinds of orgasm in women. I presume these studies did *not* include a great many skilled, loving, interested and patient lesbians.

6 *Manual penetration allows for specific control in giving pleasure to your friend.* 9

So . . . on with the specifics.

Women describe the differences in orgasm this way: the clitoral orgasm, intense and focused, seems to involve the pubococcygeus muscles (those we use to stop ourselves in the middle of urination) in a powerful gripping movement. The vaginal orgasm is often experienced as a "bearing down" of the vaginal walls — with a more diffused sensation, and ejaculation of fluid from the urethra (not the vagina), which is definitely not urine.

The fluid ejaculated during vaginal orgasm tests as a specific and special fluid. Some women experience the sensation of needing to urinate as they approach orgasm, and the fluid does come from the same canal which carries urine from the bladder, but again, is not urine. The amount of fluid released ranges from a little to a lot. There have been many incidents of misunderstanding and embarrassment between lovers because this fluid is mistakenly believ-

ed to be urine. Some women joke about needing plastic sheets! There is also a collection of case histories by Whipple, Perry and Ladas that makes for sad reading.

Nevertheless, we can be delighted at the news of the G-spot's existence, even if it is old news to some. It seems likely that everyone who looks for her G-spot can find it. We all have one. What fun. Take time with a friend. Here's a lesbian primer:

(Ground rules we know) Clean hands. Short nails. Loving, relaxed atmosphere. This is not a contest.

Slide one or two fingers, palm upwards, slowly inside your friend's vagina. Draw an imaginary line from the urethra's opening to her bellybutton. The G-spot is somewhere along that line, on the front wall of the vagina. Keep a steady, comfortable pressure and slide your fingers up and

6 *It seems likely that everyone who looks for her G-spot can find it.* 9

down that line. Manual penetration allows for specific control in giving pleasure to your friend. Ask her what she feels, what she likes. Try sideways. Try slowly. Try whatever. Have fun. Make love. And try again. Don't worry about success or failure. Just keep fooling around. It's nice. And it works!

Ann McCord is a feminist psychotherapist in private practice who lives year-round in Provincetown. She works primarily with the lesbian and gay community. As a founding member of YONI, a Western Massachusetts Sex Education Project, she led many workshops for women on sexuality during the 1970's, and facilitated pre-orgasmic women's groups for years ("pre-orgasmic" is the term used to describe women who have not experienced orgasm yet). Her experience as a counselor includes co-founding the Advocate Training Program for Rape Victims at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, and counseling at the Everywoman's Center at the same university, for some years.

LESBIAN NATION AS

An Interview with LINDA NORWOOD

WOMANTIDE caught Linda Norwood just before the opening of the Cellar Bar for the summer season, and Sherry Dranch conducted the following interview.

SHERRY: Linda, you're a bartender, manager, observer of human frailties, comedienne . . . most recently you've been running one of the two lesbian bars in town. How would you describe your role in managing it?

LINDA: Other than as the bartender, mixing drinks, my role is making people feel at ease with each other, making people feel wanted and at home. Which is important in a town which by midseason can get hostile, and make people feel a little strange and alienated. There's the townie/tourist kind of thing and I try to make women feel welcome when they have just wandered in and, you know, are walking around with that glazed-eyed kind of "boy-I'm-glad-I'm-here-but-where-exactly-am-I?" attitude.

My role is also to provide some humor. I really am a frustrated comedian anyway and I really view the back of the bar as my stage-of-sorts. It's hard for a woman doing comedy because unless you're doing "underwear humor" or heavy sex humor and have big tits, traditionally you've had a hard time. Women are starting to take off, though . . . But it's hard within a gay context to be humorous without being offensive.

SHERRY: You are offensive . . . All those jokes about 14-carat ovaries. I mean I think your *humor* is still offensive. I mean on a good night.

LINDA: On a *bad* night I'm mildly obnoxious.

SHERRY: How have the bar dykes changed since you first started tending bar?

LINDA: Things are really loosening up about make-up and clothing. There's more room now to do what you want to do . . . not that you have to dress up. Women are finding it's more acceptable to be feminine within their own contexts. Clothing and make-up aren't quite the signposts of your consciousness that they once were, that's one change.

Another is that women are branching out more. We're seeing a whole generation living here who have grown up and come out of a feminist movement. You and I have both grown up with feminist values. Women who came out in the 50's or before didn't have as clear a set of values and that's why the butch/femme roles provided some sort of perspective for them. And now you see that more rarely, at least in clothing and hairstyles.

SHERRY: You were tending bar down here a couple of Halloweens ago in a beautiful long black wig and off-the-shoulder gown .

LINDA: I was trying to be Grace Santini. I thought Grace was the prettiest girl in town. I was striving.

Halloween is great. I love anything that brings out the camp. I love a parade. We should have a Virgin's Parade . . . except that if one got sick the other one wouldn't want to march alone. . . . I think we should have a Gay Humiliation Day . . .

SHERRY: . . . for all those who have too much Pride . . .

LINDA: Right. Gay Hubris Day. No, no. Gay *Humiliation*, to dump on all the things like Man/Boy love, all those things you just *don't like* and feel real bad about. Haven't we come that far?

SHERRY: Have you had any feedback from women who object to your encouraging women to drink?

LINDA: I've had that feeling myself. For a number of years when I was a student, and helped run a feminist bookstore and newspaper too, *Hera*. I felt it was morally reprehensible to be encouraging women to congregate *just* around liquor, you know. I felt that this was wrong, that bars were our only option, and yet women's centers didn't seem to be the answer either.

But I resolved it with the Cellar Bar being what it is. It's not a forced drinking situation. You *can* promote a calmer, more comfortable atmosphere where people can exercise their intellect, or play relating-games at the bar. Very nice whole evenings develop out of that, where a group of people go out of the door at the end of the night as *friends*.



SHERRY: How did the Cellar Bar become primarily a women's bar?

LINDA: The Cellar used to be a mixed townie bar which in the late '70's was doing rather poorly. It had always been closed for the winter. At one point it was noted that there was nothing really for women to do in the winter-time . . .

SHERRY: It was noted?

LINDA: Yes. Someone woke up, stopped eating for a minute and said, "Hey, this is boring! One can only eat so much and play so much scrabble! Why not have a women's bar?" And Betty Villari was the original manager — that was the winter of '79. It worked over the winter and they kept it through the summer. Marcia Foote took over as manager in March and then I took over in 1980.

SHERRY: Could you tell us some bar stories?

LINDA: The problem with good stories is that the people who read them are going to recognize themselves. I can't go maligning anyone, you know.

SHERRY: Well, there's "malign" and "maligned."

SEEN from the BASEMENT

Photos by Linda Weinstein



LINDA: A lot of what's entertaining in that bar is the conversations going on.

SHERRY: You mean the ones you eavesdrop on?

LINDA: Well, gee Sher . . .
. . . One of the funniest things about the Cellar Bar is that it's just that one small space so . . . in order to get any *real* privacy at all you have to go into the bathrooms, which I kindly refer to as my "office." I often ask people if they'd like to see me in my office.

SHERRY: And you have a blackboard there for notes . . .

LINDA: Yes, the boards are just a treat — a whole new level of communication was created when they were put up. *Relationships* have been formed around messages written on those blackboards: "I like you." "I like you too." "I like you a whole lot." "How much?" You know, very interesting dialogue.

SHERRY: Norwood's office. The only place to be private.

LINDA: Right.

SHERRY: With a dozen people at a time.

LINDA: Yeah, exactly. "Sue and Mary have to go to the ladies' room and Ann and Donna do not." In the summertime I sometimes find myself needing to use the bathroom, and go back and find large crowds of people waiting there, although the *bar* may not be very crowded at all.

Actually the colors of the bathrooms were inspired by a dream . . .

SHERRY: They're checker-board, aren't they? Black and white and yellow . . .

LINDA: I dreamed I was using the toilet in a checker-cab one night. I woke up and thought, "what a wonderful idea!" and I went down and painted them that way.

Oh, I have a touching story. One evening it was early, there were about 5 or 6 men sitting at the center of the bar and then there was one older woman sitting at one end, and another older woman sitting at the other end. I was struck by that — you don't usually see older women come into a bar alone. And here were 2 such people at the same time! So I struck up a conversation with both of them, you know, running from one end of the bar to the other and back. And it turns out that both had recently broken up with lovers, I think within a year or two. And both had been with their previous lovers for upwards of 10 years. And they were *both* telling me how *strange* it felt to be going to bars again and how lonely they were.

It kept striking me how much in common they had. And being an observant woman, and thinking how crazy it was that they should be separated by this gulf of manhood here, I was waiting for my chance . . . One of the men left and I suggested to one of the women that she should move up and sit with the other. She did, and I introduced them — I do a lot of match-making in the bar. Because I observe shy people. And I sympathize with them, having once been shy myself, when I was three . . .

Anyway I quietly brought into conversation the things they had in common. They stayed a while and the bar business picked up and then I heard the one make mention that she hadn't had dinner yet. And I went over and I . . . actually asked the other if she'd like to *have* dinner with the one who hadn't had dinner yet. They did. And then they came back the next night together.

And a year later I got a beautiful shell in the mail, which is still up on my shelf at the bar as you come in, and a letter in which they told me they had been together since.

SHERRY: They sent you a shell.

LINDA: I was very gratified by that. Then I thought, "A lousy shell!"

SHERRY: No tip!

LINDA: I am now going to make a list for *WOMANTIDE* of what everybody usually leaves . . .

SHERRY: Please don't . . .

LINDA: I've had funny things happen: I've seen women stealing my tips . . . Mary Green told me that she once watched a woman gather up her tips and then come right over to her and try to buy a drink with the money!

SHERRY: Only in Provincetown!

LINDA: The neat thing about this town is so long as you're *not* pushing too hard, or grinding yourself into anyone else, you can pretty much do whatever the fuck you want. You really can. The limits are just unreal. I've lived in a lot of places in this country and I've never been anywhere where there's so much freedom. That's why I'm willing to work like a maniac here all summer. Because it's worth it. □



Play it again, Slattery!

*Judy Slattery as go-go-woman-cum-dancemaniac does her second-favorite thing in the Provincetown Theater Company's Spring production of **Play It Again, Sam**, directed by Linda di Benedetto with the assistance of Alex Hlyuchi. Congrats to the dynamic duo, Alex & Linnie, and to Judy Poor (production manager), too, for coordinating so much good dyke energy.*

TWO POEMS

SETTING ON A COUNTRY AFTERNOON

— For Anne Sexton

*Perfect begonias,
small red and orange suns,
float face-up
in ribboned waterbowls,
their roots
worming below
like rumors.*

*I think I see you,
pale beside the petals;
low clouds strung
like peaceful, grazing herds.*

*My eyes fail
like words
as I turn toward you.*

*Young girls
in a blossoming crowd
are excited
about the coming rain.*

*One whispers
the story
we already know
of the maiden who marries
the snow
and finds herself
forever free in summer.*

*With a ragged storm
round my head
I find
where you were,
instead of you,
a pair of familiar heartprints.*

*Have you gone
to the lethal river's edge,
with a plan to wed this water?*

by Beverlee Hughes

AT THE JAIMIE ROSE

I'm Heartbreak, I'm her favored pet.

The green parrot's looking out the window, clinging to the curtain. "Yeah Har'" says Emilou. "You guard the property. You're watching."

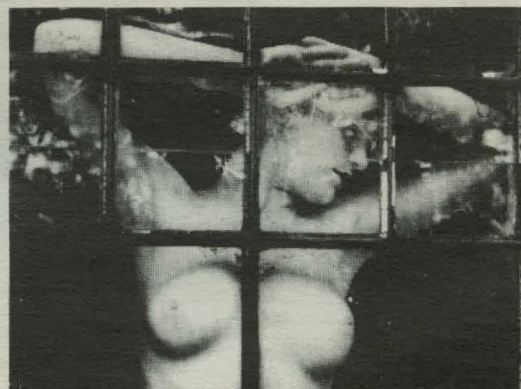
Heartbreak has a hard black tongue, wrinkled grey fingers, and muscular thighs. Since the clipped wings grew in, the bird's gone butch. She's swaying upside down on her chains, surveying the courtyard.

Some people won't even come into the courtyard of the Jaimie Rose. They say of the black-hennaed one: She uses people, takes you, unscrews your head, drinks your blood and throws you out as an empty.

Heartbreak gets what she needs. She has you trained, the way you perfect your act at feeding time, sensing what's not said: the cheap moves of my eyes following your sly invitations, watching you masturbate through countless obsessions.

My book may be an open heart on your desk. But honey, who can blame you for not wanting to read.

by Randy Turoff
New Orleans '81



COMING

A Story by Fanne Fernow

I go through the motions of getting ready for bed. Safe between the pale blue sheets, it doesn't matter that my sagging flesh is still wet from a quick shower or that my clothes are heaped on the bathroom floor. I am drunk.

My only concern is the spinning bed. I think of Dorothy's house in the Wizard of Oz, spinning all the way from Kansas to land on the Wicked Witch of the East. I put my hand on the wall hoping that the spinning will stop, but instead it spins with me. I smoke a joint and hope that sleep will come soon.

I am not ready for this loneliness which has permeated my life once again. There is little comfort when the operator asks if I will accept her collect call.

She is in Provincetown, my Provincetown. She broke my heart and then she stole my Ocean Dream. Our loving had been drunken and crazy. She had ended our madness and then left town.

She made the leaving look easy. All it took was a Saturday afternoon yard sale, a Monday night bus to Boston where she caught the Tuesday morning boat to Provincetown.

She had never been there before, but she had trusted my judgment. She told a mutual friend: "When Fanne talks about something she really loves I just want to sit in it."

She tells me she is standing in a phone booth on the west wall of the Adams Pharmacy. She is drunk too. I picture her clearly, smoking a cigarette, holding the receiver between her ear and shoulder.

I yearn for her now. But my thought shifts to P-town as I hear the night noises through the phone. "The bars just closed," she says.

I tell her that I am jealous. I want Provincetown, the 10-day vacation in early May hadn't been enough.

"You can have it if you really want it," she says. "Forget the responsible excuses. Do you really care about your career anymore? Who cares about a house full of furniture? You don't need it you know, just get rid of those fucking possessions and come."

We say goodbye and I am alone with my Ocean Dream. Perhaps it is time to let it come true.

I had been planning my escape for years, certain that the time would come when I would leave Buffalo, New York and settle in Provincetown. But maybe my present desire was linked with a submerged hope for renewed love. Could we possibly inject some reality into our passion?

The motives didn't matter. Provincetown and I had been friends

since 1972. In times of joy and unrest, the tiny town had always given me what I needed.

The bed spins again and sleep comes.

I sleep a heavy, dreamless sleep and awaken to more thoughts of my Ocean Dream. Can I put together enough money to survive the winter? If I have time, will I be able to finish the novel?

At the office, the air conditioning and the computers are out of order. The pop machine is empty and my telephone won't stop ringing. It has been like this for the five years I have been here and now I resent it. I know it is time to leave.

I make an appointment with a company man. "I just don't want to do this anymore." There is no anger, no hysteria. I am doing the right thing.

He gives a five-minute dissertation on the growth of my career.

Yes, I know that I have been lucky to find success at such a young age. Yes, I know that I will have a hard time getting back to the newspaper business if I change my mind.

He gives me a chance to come to my senses. I tell him it is time to move on.

I have always been competent but I bother this man. I am a Lesbian. I no longer choose to dress for success and I think nothing of resting my tattered sneakers on my desk.

He says he understands. He doesn't really, but he decides to give me severance pay and a good letter of recommendation. We shake hands and I return to work.

It is all right about the air conditioning now, the computers too. I accept phone calls and charge through my work. I will be free in just four weeks.

Everything begins to fall into place. Disposing of my possessions is easier than I had anticipated. I sell some, store some and give the rest away. All I want is the typewriter, the stereo and the tea pot. New possessions will be acquired as I need them.

There will still be the usual worries — women to obsess over, other women who will obsess over me. There will never be enough book shelves to hold the books I own and someone will always have to change the vacuum cleaner bags. Life will be more simple. I will have my Ocean Dream. □

Fanne Fernow moved to Provincetown in 1982. Now sober, she is writing a novel, "In the Clear."

LAST TO HAPPINESS?



An ongoing concern of *WOMANTIDE* is to find out what lesbians passing through, and in residence, feel about Provincetown. Questionnaires were included in our first two issues in 1982. Ages of those who answered our questionnaire ranged from 18 to 50, and the average age was 31. A large majority of respondents were registered voters who claim they generally keep up with lesbian/gay issues.

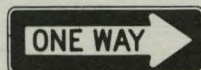


Occupations of respondents: secretary, university professor, athletic trainer, trucking supervisor, psychologist, dishwasher, social worker, enamelist, teacher, airline agent, chemical technician, postal supervisor, technical writer, court reporter, nurse.

And that's just a sample!



Respondents came from the Original 13 Lesbian States: Massachusetts (of course), New Jersey, Iowa, Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, New York, Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Missouri, New Hampshire, and Wisconsin.



The most popular request was for an alternative space for women to meet women. *WOMANTIDE* has been seeking such a space, but has not yet been able to obtain funding for, or donation of, a warm, comfortable and quiet place to meet.

Here are sample quotations from some of the questionnaires. Please remember that these are quotations and do not represent the opinions of WOMANTIDE.

RESIDENTS:

I had lived in a lot of towns — this was my last stop to happiness.

Great to walk outside and see dykes everywhere — supermarket, post office, real estate agencies, etc.

It takes time for some people to make friends. Not that easy to meet people.

Just living in a more open society. Where I don't have to pretend I'm straight.

Freedom of expression, less pressure, friendly, small town, quaint, smiles on every corner. Never a dull moment.

I left a pretentious, fearful city (Miami) to relocate in a supportive, predominantly gay community. I wanted to meet a new kind of gay woman.

I love the basic ease of living here.

I don't have to take a bus to work, the town is always changing, I can be myself and act out fantasies.

Small town. Can't stand the gossip.

I am pleased with the political and commercial savvy of the local lesbian community. A diverse and comforting presence.

I love it here. My lifestyle isn't really that important to me. I'm a lesbian — so what?

Q: — Before you settled here, what was your impression of the lesbian community?

A: — What lesbian community?

I feel that there is too much of a hierarchy between "business women" and workers.

I enjoy sharp-witted women with a fervor for champagne and nudity.

I'd like to start a Church of the Mother Goddess for Women. A Spiritual place for women, to pray to the Earth Mother and become strong in our hearts.

It's great — all the theory put to practice.

I am pleased to see an increase of lesbian visitors over the twelve years I've lived here. They seem to enjoy staying in our town and having a good time.

I ride bikes on the bike trails. Am free to hold my lover and to be who I am.



DEPART TO ARRIVE - A scene from the West German film by Alexandra Von Grote

OUT-OF-TOWN VISITORS

WOMANTIDE, hooray for you! Thank you for the smile you put back on my face. You made the sun shine for me . . .

Q: — Assuming that you enjoy being with women . . .

A: — No shit, Sherlock.

Q: — . . . under what circumstances would you prefer to meet them?

A: — Lesbian whale watch.

Thanks for creating WOMANTIDE.

Would like to "make it" with a townie, preferably one who owns a lot of condos. Could you arrange it, do you think? When are you going to add a "personals" section to WOMANTIDE?

Q: — How did you find out about Provincetown?

A: — Just stumbled on it with a friend in 1977.

WOMANTIDE makes me regret that I'm not a Provincetown resident able to share in what seems like a vibrant lesbian community.

Too many breeders.

Thank you for the inner strength you have/will give me.

On the whole P'town is Heaven — like anywhere else it has its cliques but mostly I have felt comfortable, nurtured and at home. The idea of a women's paper is a good one especially if it helps bring the non-tourist lesbian community together. Next season ('83) I intend to be a part of the seasonal community and hope I can participate in some way. □

COMING IN . . . AND STAYING!

WOMANTIDE ASKS SOME ORIGINAL LESBIAN SETTLERS: WHY PROVINCETOWN?

PAT SHULTZ: We're here because 25 years ago the people received the individuals as they came and welcomed them. If you had the energy and ambition to start small and expand, the Board of Selectmen *then* actually bent over backwards to be helpful. It was nice in those days that the town was so encouraging. Today it's incredibly difficult to increase your seating by two.

LENORE ROSS: Whenever I used to go to the bank for a mortgage there was no problem, whether I was female or what, or married . . . the bankers knew that we worked hard and had no qualms about it at all.

PAT: I've always felt that I've been totally accepted here. This was home. We got involved in forming the Drop-In Center and helped to found Health Associates. In Provincetown, you've got to give a little of it back to the community. And whatever we have given, we've gotten back tenfold.

LENORE: You *could* become too comfortable here and let the world go by. . . I'm not an activist as such but I'm very politically aware. After all, there's no hiding yourself any place in this world.

PAT: We're all drop-outs who are still concerned, but we're drop-outs from society as a whole.

LENORE: How can you say that?

PAT: That's why I came here. Really. I had to get my own head together before I could make certain decisions. I came from Detroit, and that was a place to drop out from.

LENORE: Not being able to get ahead, and hassled in the city, you came to Provincetown. And you call that being a drop-out?

PAT: Yes. I actually think it was the fact I felt I could be myself, I could be gay and still be accepted in this area, whereas in the city I never felt that was possible.

LENORE: In my job in New York City, I was a closet case. I came here for a vacation and I fell in love with the town. I got a leave of absence in 1958 from decorating, because I knew this was it. I really didn't care whether Mrs. Smith wanted a pink wall and a purple couch. I was so glad to get out, it wasn't funny. So I did chambermaid work for some of the best known artists in town, then my lover Gloria and I rented a restaurant called the "Lobster Bar," where "Alice's" is now. We wanted to call the place "Les Girls," but the Selectmen thought it was much too daring a name and they wouldn't sign a permit. We had to rename it the "New Lobster Bar." She

was out front and I did the cooking, breakfast, lunch and dinner. I broke more yolks . . . Some years later Pat and I were doing the Plain and Fancy restaurant at its present location and we decided to build a cellar bar into the building, which we had bought. We were the first to do such a thing, before "the Mews," and we did it ourselves, raising the building up on beams to build the cellar. We must have cleaned a thousand bricks . . . I'd come home freezing and crying some nights.

PAT: By 1968 things eased up a bit for us. There was no relaxation during the summers, of course, 18-hour days . . . But once the season ended, there was mushrooming, then clamming season started, then fishing off the pier. You had to invent your own socializing, and everyone visited friends a lot. There were no bars open in the winter. You had to drive to Orleans or to Hyannis to see a movie in those days.

There was the Sunday morning thing. We used to meet at the dump. Picking was the thing. That's when you cleaned out your yard and you cleaned out all the debris and you took a load to the dump and you brought a load back. And you went there and you saw everybody you knew, doing exactly the same thing. It was great, great fun. Then there were the holiday parties . . .

LENORE: We really made this place our home. We all did it ourselves, together with our friends. We're here, all right. We've got our plots . . .

PAT: . . . Our real estate in the cemetery.

LENORE: I'd like to build a gay rest home. Wouldn't that be fun, having all those young girls massage you? We have it all planned, you know. Gay men and women, amongst our own. □

Pat Shultz has been on the Board of Directors of the Provincetown Business Guild and of the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce. Since 1970 she has been running a real estate business. She was Lenore Ross' partner in the restaurant business for 15 years.

Lenore Ross was a restaurateur from the time she first settled in Provincetown until 1975. She ran an art gallery in town for two seasons, in 1980 and in 1981. She has been Pat Shultz' partner in real estate since 1970.

It had to be Provincetown, according to Pam Genevrino, because it's liberal, because there was no graft involved in running a gay establishment. She never noticed any problem that had to do with her running a lesbian-owned establishment operated by and for women, the "Pied Piper."

PAM: I haven't really noticed any kind of hostility or anything like that. Only because I'm the type of person that if I want something I'm gonna get it and I don't care how long it takes or who I have to torture to get it. If I feel I'm right, I'm gonna do it.

I love Memorial Day Weekend. It's predominantly a women's weekend down here. For me, to see that many women in Provincetown is absolutely breathtaking. I get elated from it. I make a tremendous amount of money from them there's no doubt about it. But to see a thousand women in one place enjoying themselves, absolutely thrills me to death.

Pam's ultimate dream is to put in an enormous swimming pool where the beach is, deck it off; put in a "smart" restaurant that's still affordable; build rooms and efficiencies over the front building — a sauna, an exercise room . . . all totally private, woman-owned and unique.

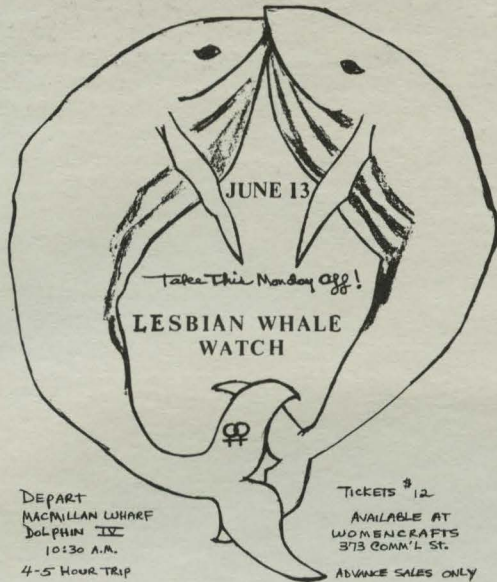
But the setbacks are still happening. In March, 1983, the Provincetown Zoning Board of Appeals denied a special permit to Pam and her partner, Linda Gerard, which would have permitted them to turn the streetside front building into a restaurant. Yet she is still undaunted.

PAM: A lot of women are "gung ho" when they first come to Provincetown; they think that it's the mecca of the world. And they say to themselves "here I am and boy I can do anything." Well you can. You have to do it step by step, that's all, and if you take it step by step you start to learn things. And you can learn from these men — except that you don't learn their mistakes. You learn where they profited and you pass that on to other women and you use it yourself. □

Pam Genevrino was co-owner of the Sandpiper Guesthouse with Jackie Keen in 1970, when they decided to lease the former "Ace of Spades Club," and turned it into the "Pied Piper." Pam became sole owner of the bar in 1971, and remained so until 1978, when it burned down. She and Linda Gerard, her current partner, re-opened the "Pied" in 1978, with its dance floor and two bars. The "Pied Piper" is now one of the most popular women's clubs in the the U.S.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WOMANTIDE



LESBIAN WHALE WATCH

On Monday, June 13th, 1983 at 10:30 A.M. the Dolphin IV will leave Provincetown Harbor with 110 lesbians on board, in search of Sapphic whales. You & your friends can be a part of this herstorical experience! This is a four-hour journey: you can take time off from work — let's party. Tickets \$12.00 at Womenscrafts, 373 Comm'l. No small children or pets, please.

LESBIAN/GAY PRIDE

MARCH in Boston on Saturday, June 18th. Copley Sq. at noon. New England Comes Out! Provincetowners wishing to form a group call 487-3393.

Died February 15, 1983

Jane Chambers was a poet, novelist and nationally-known and much-loved feminist playwright whose work we have been pleased to feature in WOMANTIDE. She was a frequent visitor to Provincetown in the sixties. In 1981 she was diagnosed as having brain cancer. Nini Lyons of Provincetown helped plan the memorial service which Jane wrote herself, despite her progressive cancer. We are hopeful that the memorial service, which was held on Long Island this past February, will be published along with some of her other unpublished work in WOMANTIDE, in the near future.

LESBIAN PLAYS WANTED FOR CONTEST NAMED AFTER JANE CHAMBERS

An international contest to encourage the writing of new lesbian and gay plays has been named after the late playwright Jane Chambers. Sponsored by the Meridian Theatre Playwrights and Directors Group, winning plays will be given staged readings next spring in NYC. Plays or musicals can be one act or full length, with a major lesbian/gay character or theme, and must not have been previously produced in the metropolitan New York Area. Deadline is Oct. 1, 1983. Bound scripts with breakdown and self-addressed stamped envelope should be sent to Meridian Theatre, c/o Pittman, 245 W. 51st St., #703, NYC 10019.

SUBMISSIONS

Year-round and summer lesbian residents are invited to join with the voices of independent lesbian expression on Cape Cod. Send us your cartoons. Share your photos, art work and literature, etc. Suggestions for articles also welcome. S.A.S.E., please. WOMANTIDE, P.O. Box 963, Provincetown.

LESBIAN LAY-OUT

Volunteers needed with experience in paste-up. Also contacts leading to inexpensive printing or typesetting facilities. Write or call WOMANTIDE.

HOW TO BECOME A WOMANTIDE SUPPORTER

Take Out a Subscription

Pick up subscription cards at lesbian/gay guesthouses, Womenscrafts, 373 Comm'l. St., Simon's Deli, 147 Comm'l. St., The Pied Piper and The Cellar Bar. Or request subscriptions directly. See page 2 for rates.

Take Out An Ad

WOMANTIDE is sent all over the U.S. Let women know about your business or organization through our ad-listings. Call (617) 487-3393 for information.

Buy A Copy

Single copies of WOMANTIDE are available at Simon's Deli, 147 Comm'l. St., at Womenscrafts, 373 Comm'l. St. and at Von Storch Designs, Pied Piper Alley. (price \$1.50 ea.)

Buy A T-Shirt

WOMANTIDE T-shirts and sweatshirts may be purchased at Womenscrafts, 373 Comm'l. St., Provincetown and at Von Storch Designs, Pied Piper Alley.



Photo by Linda Weinstein

GIO!

Gio will be performing all-original acoustic-rock at the Cellar Bar on summer weekends. Watch for details.

WOMEN'S SOFTBALL

Check out Motta Field (top of Winslow Street) on Sundays at noon.

CELLAR SINGER

Jesse Leary, singer/musician, will be appearing at the Cellar Bar, 247 Commercial St., on Fri. & Sat. June 10th and 11th. Two shows, 9 & 11 P.M. Watch for details and future appearances.

HUMAN RIGHTS COALITION

Dedicated primarily to lesbian/gay issues. Harrassment problems? Call 487-3393 or write Box 963, Provincetown, Mass. 02657.

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