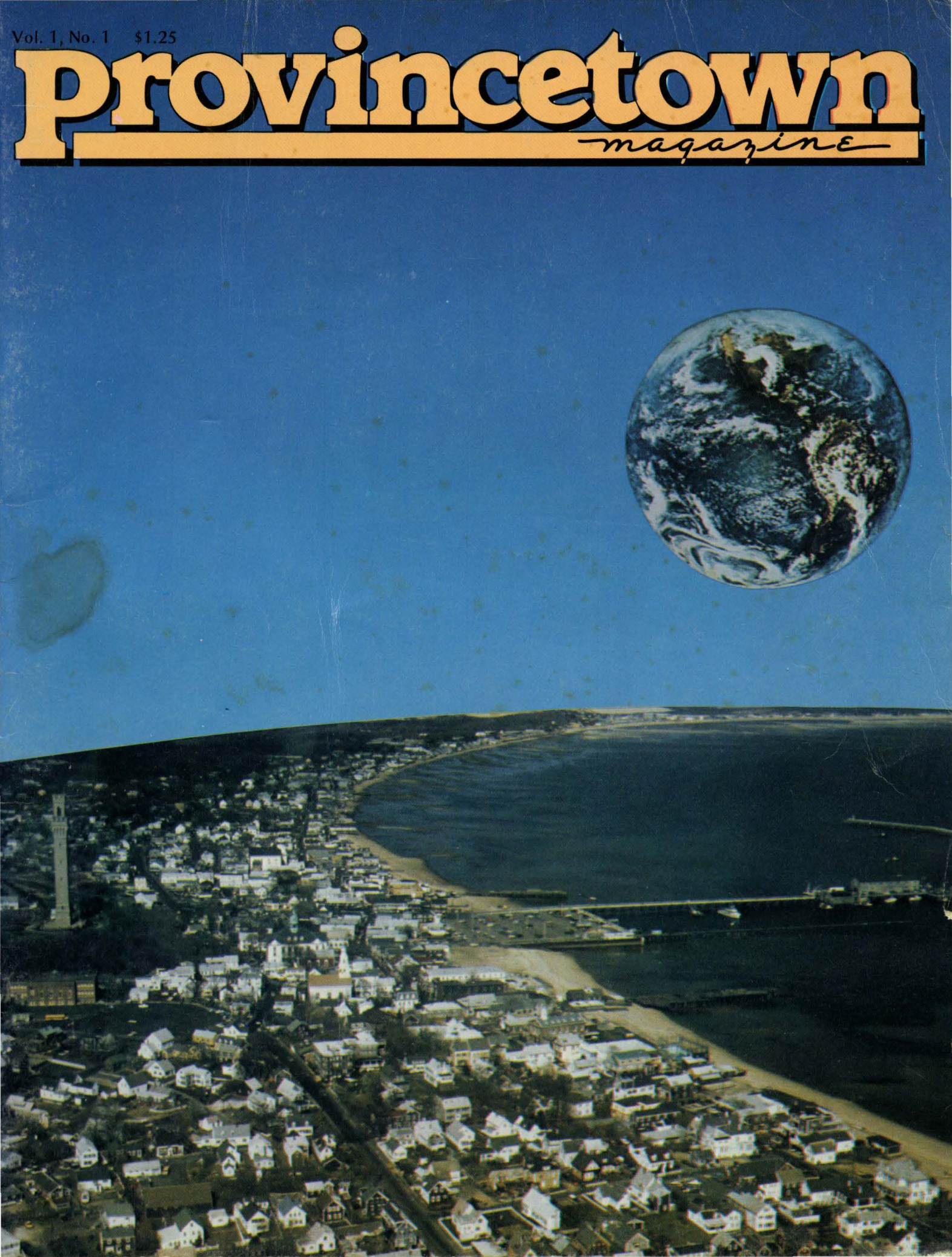


Vol. 1, No. 1 \$1.25

Provincetown

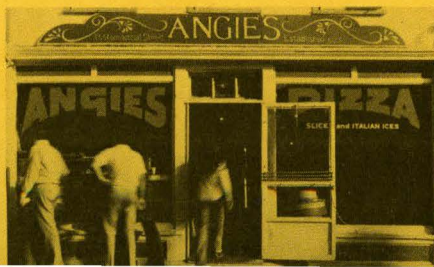
magazine





photos by Mark Mellett

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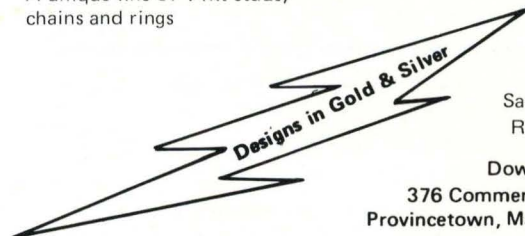


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As Louis would have it

a note from the publisher



THE END OF THE WORLD IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

We're doing a magazine people do a lot of things we're doing a magazine. You have to get the advertising together. You have to have some kind of editorial direction. I mean where are you going to go. One dollar and a quarter is a lot of money isn't very much money.

The writer wants to be famous sometimes she doesn't even want to sign her name to the thing. What do you know about ghost houses in Truro we say nothing she says Kill the story. Maybe we'll put Boz Scaggs on the cover. Maybe we'll aim at another market. Everyone has his own idea.

You search through the rubble you find your old loves. Failures you don't want to talk about. We go through the rubble and put it in the mag Wild Flowers Old Boats and Fishermen. Sometimes it's like a poem.

Provincetown is like that a poem a mood but you can still end up washing dishes for the rest of your life. A lot of things make me sick things I tell myself over and over again: that's when it's best to grab someone's hand and take a dive in the bay. You search through the rubble you find your old loves. You cut and paste and call the printer. Don't forget the last page rightside up.

O.K. anything you say. Provincetown's going to be a big success so is the magazine. It's small enough and big enough and unlikely enough. You have Wild and Tame and Gay and Forthright. You have memories you can forget.

The writer wants to be famous sometimes he doesn't even want to sign his name to the thing. He dresses up and no one knows the difference. Eugene O'Neill sticks to himself Tennessee Williams leaves town in a hurry. They put an old firetruck in the Historical Museum and call it a day. Sometimes it's like a poem.

They say it's the End of the World. A dollar and a quarter isn't much for all that. A dollar and a quarter isn't much for all that toleration of your kind Wild and Tame and Gay and Forthright. Provincetown is a big success ever since you left home. Everyone has his own idea.

But that's no kind of editorial direction.

Life on boats is a dangerous business. The Blessing of the Fleet gets bigger every year. Maybe we should put Big Daddy Amin on the cover. Gary Gilmore. A lot of things make me sick I tell myself over and over again: the Argo Merchant Spill little ducks washed up. What do you know about ghost houses? Nothing you don't know about nude beaches. Years go by and you're still paying summer rent. Failures you don't want to talk about. I'm thinking about someone too. Every page in this magazine is a world of its own.

Every page is a world that goes into another world one to another to another. They say it's the end of the world. You search through the rubble you find your old lover. The dune grass makes little circles in the sand.

You have to have some kind of editorial direction. Every word in this magazine is a world of its own. The Town Crier goes up and down trying to remember what to say. The boats jam up against the wharf too many gulls to count. Next issue we'll add another page of color. If you write about the gay scene try to be objective. If you write about getting busted in Truro don't mention any names. Everyone has his own ideas.

Old photographs of Provincetown come across like yesterday. Life on boats has always been a dangerous business but that's no kind of editorial direction, you have to look in the faces of the men. That's not to say we'd rule out a nude centerfold. You have memories you can forget.

The Argo Merchant spills seven million gallons of crude by the Georges Bank. In Santa Barbara we burned the bank for less someone says, remember having to wash off your feet with kerosene. They say it's the End of the World.

That's where to be at the End of the World.

The dune grass makes little circles in the sand someone's spotted an American Eagle at the dump. Another great cover. We go through the rubble and put it in the mag Wild Flowers Old Boats and Fishermen. A Gallery Opening for good luck.

There's a lot of sun in Provincetown but more important is the mood. What is the weather telling me today. Some go to parties and don't come back. You have to get the advertising together ten percent at a time. If you write about the street scene try to be objective.

We're doing a magazine people do a lot of things we're doing a magazine. Old loves become new loves Every love is a world in itself every page every word. If you don't print this person's story there's going to be trouble. O.K. anything you say.

There's a lot of sun in Provincetown but more important is the mood. The winter kills off the old. Children dress like pirates parade down the beach. It's been a long time since you tortured crabs but they're doing it anyway. Eugene O'Neill sticks to himself.

People are leaving the city aren't they? at least for awhile. You have memories you can forget Old Loves, time to relax. But that's no kind of editorial direction you can go anywhere you want it's the End of the World. It's the End of the World which is only the Beginning.

NORTHERN LIGHTS LEATHER

BOB CORCIONE
ST. GANDOLFO

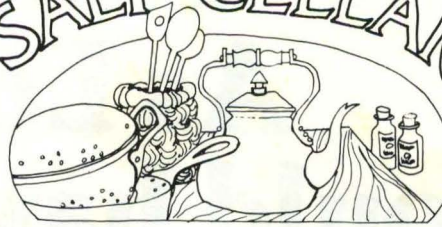
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Three Things Wrong with Massachusetts

Back in December the up-Cape shellfishermen met with officials to plan their strategy against geese, ducks and swans. They believe the birds are eating the shellfish.

"This isn't a new problem. What we're dealing with are birds that naturally migrate, but who aren't migrating any more. They wouldn't know how to go to Canada if you pointed it out to them," said Morris Johnson, Jr., Yarmouth Natural Resource Director.

Dr. James "Skip" Lazell, Jr., of the Audubon Society, said:

"There are three things wrong with Massachusetts. They are mallard ducks, Canadian geese, and swans. Something has to be done about those feral, semi-domesticated birds. They aren't native to this area and they're wrecking a lot more than shellfish.

"I'm solidly on your side," he told the gathering, "and if there is anything I can do about those miserable birds, I will, even though my bosses at the Audubon almost shot me when I said it before."

from the
Devil's Dictionary
of Ambrose Bierce

Abstainer. A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure.

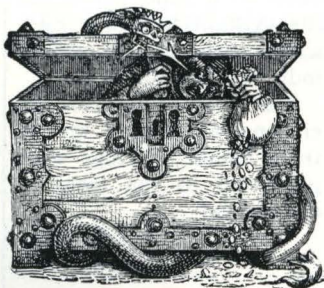

Achievement. The death of endeavor and the birth of disgust.

Acquaintance. A person whom we know well enough to borrow from, but not well enough to lend to.

Appetite. An instinct thoughtfully implanted by Providence as a solution to the labor question.

Beauty. The power by which a woman charms a lover and terrifies a husband.

Bigamy. A mistake in taste.

Errors of the Press

(Gathered by the *Salem Register*, 1827)

"The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable laughter."

"Robert Jones was yesterday brought up before the sitting Magistrate, on a charge of having spoken reason at the Barleymow public-house."

"A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer a charge of having eaten a hackney-coachman for having demanded more than his fare; and another was accused of having stolen a small ox out of the Bath mail; the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket."

One hard lesson from this winter's struggle: the poor freeze first.

According to Sharon Hayden, town archivist, Provincetown sent 248 local citizens into World War I. 193 of them were of Portuguese descent.

They say up-Cape that you could tell a Provincetown girl by the dexterous way in which she could flip the sand from her slipper by a twist of her ankle. —*Mary Heaton Vorse*

Some on Cape Cod believe that a sick person cannot die until the ebb tide begins to run. Ms. Vorse said "watchers by beds of sickness anxiously note the change of tides, and if the patient lives until the flood begins to set in again he will live until the next ebb."

Fishermen say the wind shifts at the moment of a turning high tide.

If you can dance with the captain, never dance with the mate. —*Cape Cod saying*

(From the log of the first mate of the Wellfleet schooner *Edith May*)

December 25, 1867. This is what is called Christmas, Sarah. I have been at work all day as hard as I could put in- and the second mate

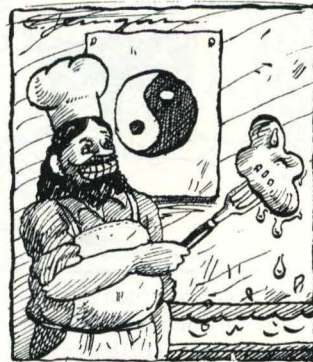
sitting on his behind looking at me. I say God damn a Provincetown 2nd mate. They go once a claming and then become captain.

At the Art Association: "Are you gay or bisexual?"

"Neither."

"What are you then?"

"I don't know. What's left?"

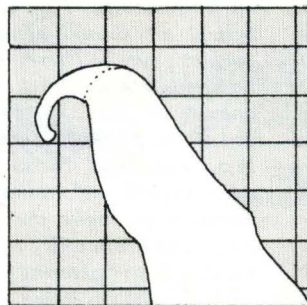


A local cafe has added to its menu what must be the ultimate American blend of health and junk food: wholewheat flippers.

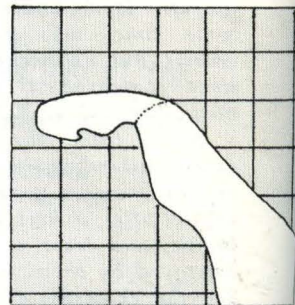
At present, along with a fringe of dawdlers whose souls go sun-bathing in reflected glory and the hangers-on of the "old school," there are still "new writers" in Provincetown. In spite of the fact that the town really has no particular *raison d'être* as a literary center, young people with some ability and no reputations

Evolution of the

The Provincelands Hook, an area of marshes and dunes, was built out from the northern end of the glacial deposits of Outer Cape Cod. Between 18,000 and 6,000 years ago, sand that eroded from the coast was moved along the east side of Cape Cod from north to south, where it accumulated as a part of the sand wave complex southeast of the Cape. By 6,000



5,000 Before Present



3,700 B.P.

do keep coming. Whether Provincetown will carry on its importance as a literary center through future years, I am not prepared to say, but as long as the "unknowns" continue to come here, I think it has a chance.

—Jeremiah Digges, 1937
Ed. Over our "dead" bodies.

*
Seeing only mudflats out her window, a woman renting a summer cottage asked the landlady where the water was.

"The tide's out," the landlady replied.

"Well, is it going to be back by the end of the week?"

*
At Piggy's:
"Line of the Year" contender:

"You be Anais Nin to my Henry Miller."

*
On Cape Cod the next most eastern land you hear of is St. George's Bank. Every Cape man has a theory about George's Bank having been an island once, and in their accounts they gradually reduce the shallowness from six, five, four, two fathoms, to somebody's confident assertion that he has seen a mackerel-gull sitting on a piece of dry land there. It reminded me, when I thought of the shipwrecks which had taken place there, of the Isle of

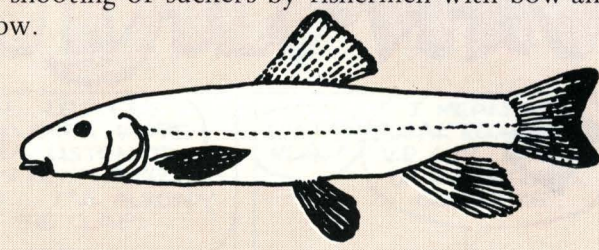
Demons, laid down off this coast in old charts of the New World. A drowned continent, all livid and frothing at the nostrils, like the body of a drowned man, which is better sunk deep than near the surface.

—Thoreau.
*
"If you think the same way everyone else does, you don't think."

A thought from Marstons Mills Public Library broadcast April 2 over WQRC.

Bill giving suckers even break killed

Congratulations to the *Cape Cod Times* for this headline on a story about Maine's refusal to prohibit the shooting of suckers by fishermen with bow and arrow.



the Might Have bin

Some of the article ideas that turned us on failed to materialize.

Like the ghosts of Truro. We had heard of an invisible child crying in an upstairs bathroom; of a piano playing in a house where the piano had been removed years before; of a dead blackbird found in an otherwise empty house locked from the inside.

Our investigative reporter ran head-on into the enemy of other-dimensional phenomena: reasonable doubt. We hope to be better armed as we chase after the flying saucers next issue.

And there was going to be an article about earth-

quake paranoia. People living in house-size lobster traps on pilings over shifting sands and hungry tides get edgy thinking about earthquakes and tidal waves. We intended to capitalize on that.

During the winter of 1975-76, several locals were called by quake-predicting mystics from as far away as Florida. It was said that only the combined psychic energies of residents and friends prevented a catastrophe.

Our researcher, not content with the mysterious, wanted Grade A scientific facts about earthquake probabilities for the Cape Cod-Massachusetts Bay area. Unfortunately, his inquiry to the Boston archives ended up in Falmouth. It might all be resolved next issue—assuming that in the meantime a tidal wave doesn't come around Long Point "like the hammers of Hell," as fisherman Richard Dickey puts it.

Maushope Legend
We also wanted to tie in the old Maushope legend with the conflict between the Indian tribal council and the property owners in present-day Mashpee. Old Maushope was a god who protected the Indians in the days of European exploration by wading out into the

Atlantic and tipping over ships. But he was fond of the *Mayflower* voyagers and let them stay.

Maushope had a weak spot on the crown of his head. White men learned this secret by loosening an Indian tongue with fire-water. They sneaked up on the sleeping god and fatally pommelled his crown with blue fir cones, the prescribed weapon.

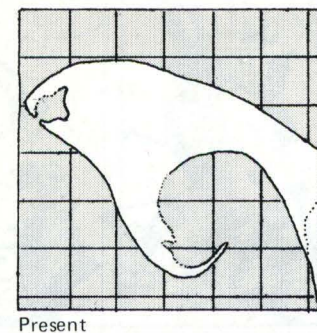
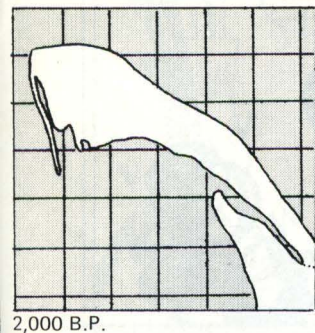
Or so the legend goes. He seems to be very much on his feet again.

Baptismal Horoscope
Then we lost our baptismal horoscope. Gerri Corrado bravely rode a Ma Bell odyssey to nowhere. She called bookstores, the *Boston Globe*, Boston Public Library, more bookstores, then astrologer Isabel Hickey—all in an unsuccessful attempt to find an *ephemeris* (timetable of the heavens) for the date of Provincetown's birth.

The date was a problem in itself. There seemed to be no way to determine when the town was first settled, so we opted for the date of incorporation, June 14, 1727. That fit well with the 250th anniversary celebration this year. We even got Cape Cod Community College to research the time of day incorporation probably
(continued on p. 64)

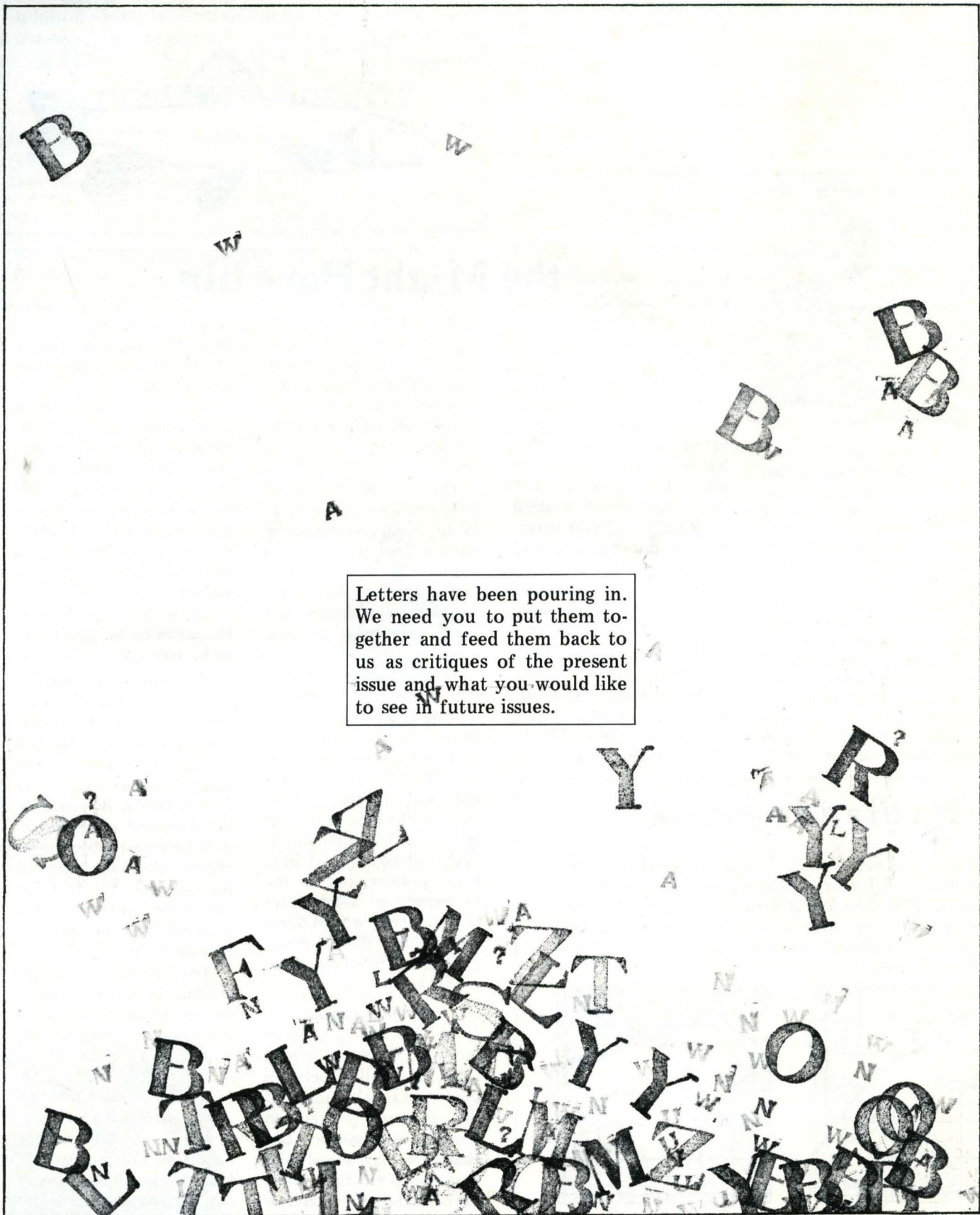
Provincelands Hook

years ago, sea level had so risen that deeper water over Georges Bank permitted more waves to reach Cape Cod from the east and southeast. The dominant direction of littoral drift, which had been to the south, then received a strong north component and material moved northward, accumulating to form the Provincelands Hook.



CMA PJOISNAP JORS

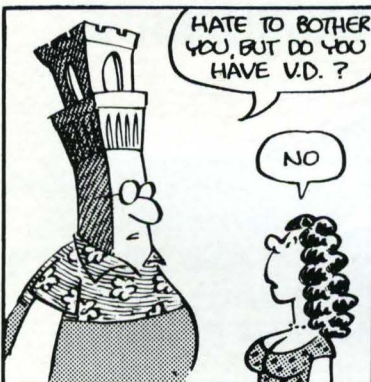
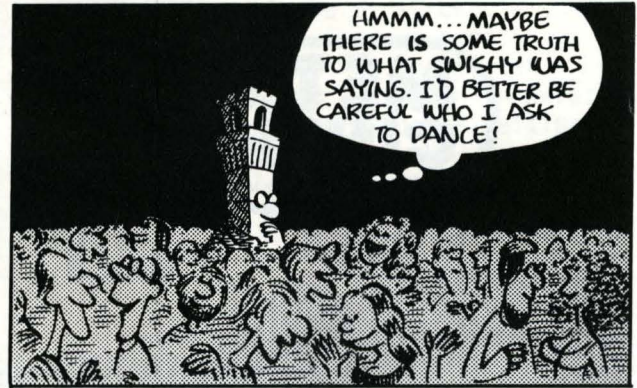
Letters



the Adventures of MONUMENTALMAN

by Gary Golden

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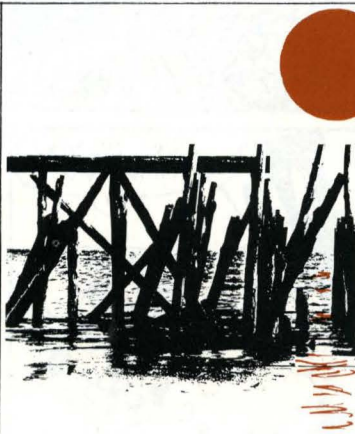
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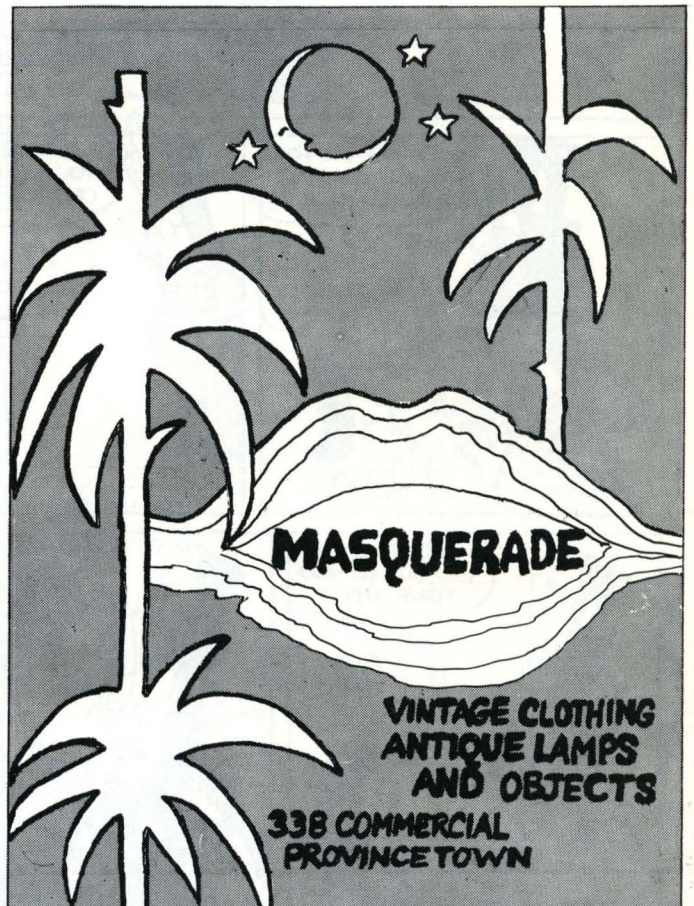
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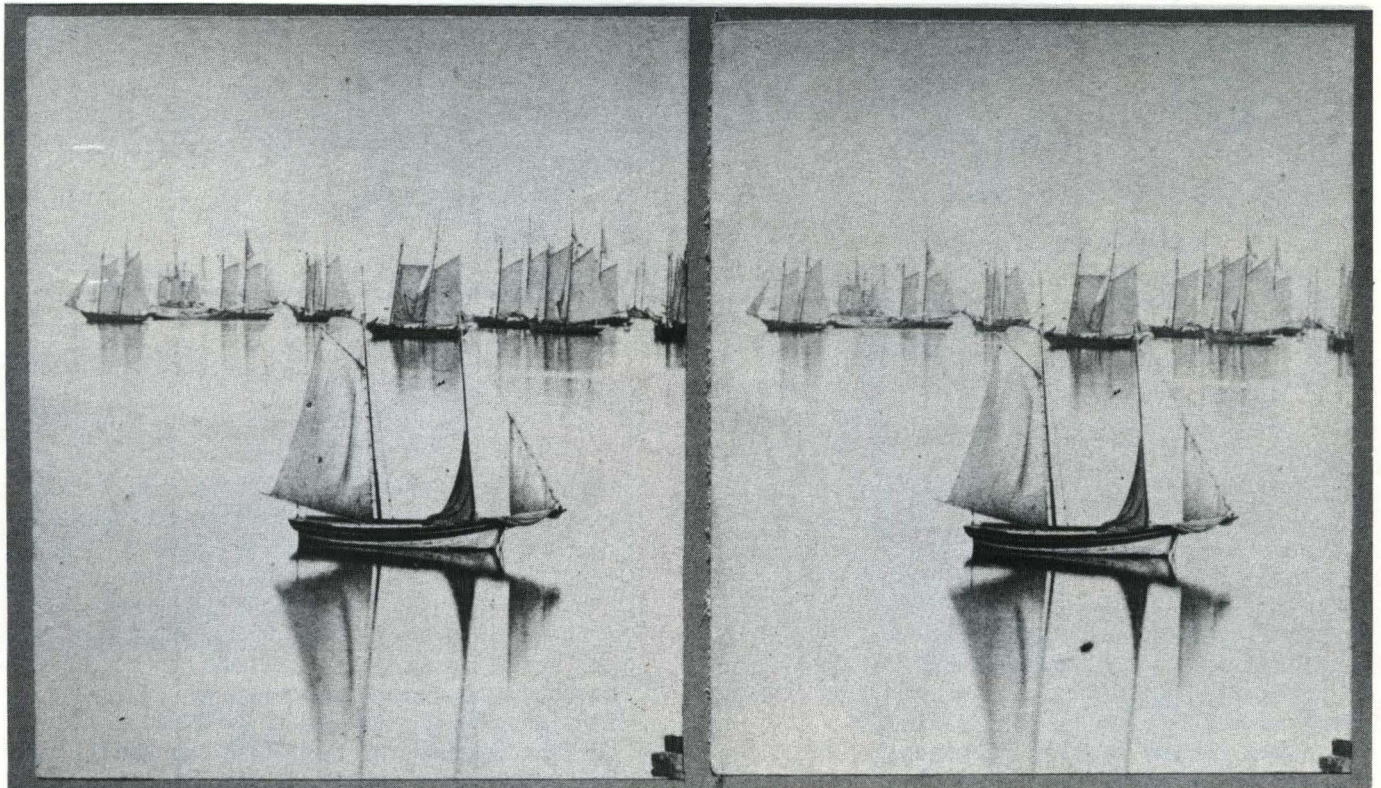


Your eyes where I float

Fetches from the airport with my hair unravelled
the eyes of strangers sticking to my fancy
best coat like dying oysters, self after self
trapped, abandoned in the magician's camera cave
saying fast and slow the responses
shaken from my bones' dice and rambling out
random as teeth on the green baize table
of the media, I am thin
onion skin that shreds in the hand.
The airport wind rattles my slats
where all the words have died
like seedlings deprived of water.
I am glass nobody. Shame steams my windows.

Then on a mattress on the Cambridge floor
while the snow comes down like all those
hasty words I spoke, inside drawn blinds
you fingerprint me. An eye, a nose
a mouth, two thighs, red, plum, pale
blue, ivory, puce, black, you layer me,
you build me stroke by stroke.
An embryo I float in your eyes.
Slowly my body swells, the frozen
surface breaks and runs down in sweat.
Our laughter clambers to the ceiling
rampant as a grapevine. How was your trip
you ask, and I say, okay
and stop your mouth so you do not
ask me anything, anything at all
in words.

Marge Piercy



courtesy of Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association

This is one of the earliest photos of Provincetown Harbor, taken in the late 1860's on a humid day with a light easterly breeze. It is mounted here as a stereo view. The boat in the foreground is typical of the small crafts used in the first half of the nineteenth century by shore fishermen.

350 years before the mast: a history of fishing in Provincetown by George Bryant

Fishing of all varieties has been the mainstay of Provincetown since the arrival of the Pilgrims. According to Shebnah Rich, the historian of Truro, "Mackerel fishing at (Provincetown in 1650) was held by the Colony at Plymouth as public property, and rented to the fishermen, and its profits appropriated to public purposes. The first free school established was supported from these proceeds."

From these casual and transient beginnings the town developed a permanent population by the time of the War for Independence. Unlike many other fishing areas such as Cape Ann, where early fishermen always combined fishing with farming, Provincetown residents depended nearly 100% on fishing as a livelihood.

By 1835 Provincetown had 78 solar

saltworks producing marine salt for cod and mackerel preservation. The population had grown to 2,000. The Town Assessor's records for that year indicate that nearly every taxpayer had a heavy interest in fishing. Practically everybody owned a boat or a share in a vessel. Vessel owners generally owned saltworks. Many owned boats but no houses.

Occasionally a person was taxed for one cow.

Figures gathered by the State Committee of Valuation in 1831 show how dependent the town was on fishing, even in relation to the other Cape villages. The other twelve Cape towns had combined totals of 6,745 acres in crops, 2,079 in hay, 39,010 acres of pasture for cows and sheep and 70,745 of woodland suitable for timber and firewood.

Provincetown did not have even a fraction of an acre in any of these categories.

Many Changes

Between that time and the Civil War there were many changes in the industry and the town. Mackerel fishing by hook and line was abandoned in favor of seining.

The bank cod fishery grew. The trap

fishery was developed during mid-century. Among the pioneers of the latter were Solomon Bangs, Jr. and Sr. who owned extensive trap rights in Provincetown. Here, as in the rest of New England, the 1860's were very prosperous for fishermen. Fish were abundant and the prices good. Sylvanus Smith, the fishing theoretician, fish dealer, fishing master, and author, said "The 60's were the fat times. Just before the Civil War one vessel was sold for \$2,000, and this same craft a few years later sold for \$7,000, showing how quickly things came back when confidence was restored."

The Civil War era was the time when great numbers of Portuguese settlers began to come to Gloucester, New Bedford, Stonington, Provincetown, and other seacoast towns. Along with the Cape Bretons, known as 'Herring Chokers,' they provided the muscle and brains to run the various fisheries at a time when the original settlers were tiring of it.

Smith clearly gives the impression that the New England fisheries would have gone idle for lack of workers if there had been no immigration. The fishing industry of Provincetown would have died 50 years ago if the Portuguese had not come here.

In 1936, Capt. Alex Kemp, the last surviving Grand Banks skipper, who was then 82 years old, told a *Cape Cod Times* reporter that he was not quite sixteen when he shipped from Cape Breton to Provincetown to go fishing.

"The inducement for us Nova Scotia fellows was that the Provincetown vessels paid off in gold at a time when the greenback was worth 72 cents." Back in Canada, company store scrip was the reward.

"The salt fish boom here reached the peak in 1883. This was a great town then, a sailmaker and blacksmith on every wharf, and calkers, painters, and riggers to beat the band," said Kemp.

From 1870 to 1900 Provincetown had the largest population of any town on Cape Cod.

In the introduction to the *Second Resident Directory* of Provincetown in 1890, the editor, W. A. Hopkins, said, "The present population is made up of three, I had almost said distinct elements. The descendants of the early

settlers; people from the Western Islands who are numerous; and many from eastern Nova Scotia who are of Scottish descent."

Capt. Kemp reflected back to that era: "You wouldn't be here six months when the townspeople would have your weight and measure. If they found you were a right man, they didn't care where you hailed from and they'd kick you to the front as fast as they could."

Mixed Crews

As Provincetown vessels sailed through the years their crews' make-up reflected the population mix of the town itself. The crew on the *We're Here* in Kipling's *Captains Courageous* was typical.

It is a little known fact that Kipling based much of his novel on the stories told by his good friend and family physician, James Conland, M.D., who as a young man had gone codfishing out of Provincetown to pay for his college tuition.

"*Captains Courageous*" is a good portrayal of a Grand Banker's life out of Provincetown during the period just after the Civil War. (Kipling's) indebtedness to Conland is acknowledged in the fact that the work is dedicated to him." The quotation is from the magazine *Cape Ann Shore*, July 10, 1926.

The early years of the present century saw the Provincetown codfishing offshore bank fleet reduced to nothing. The last vessels were sold to Gloucester at the time of the First World War. Provincetown then depended on the inshore vessel and trap fishery.

Portuguese Predominant

This century, the men of Portuguese stock became the predominant force in the fishery, though they had been leaders since they first arrived.

Mrs. Grace Collinson, Provincetown historian, has sketched the places of origin of Provincetown's people of Portuguese origin as they arrived in this



courtesy of Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association

The salt codfish operation of Philip A. Whorf in the years before World War I. The building behind the man wearing the derby is now Don's Cafe and Oyster Bar at 539 Commercial Street (photo taken by Irving Rosenthal).

country through the past 125 years or so. The official records in the Town Hall generally made only two distinctions: they listed people as coming either from the Western Islands (Azores) or continental Portugal.

The people from the Azores were the first to come here, having shipped as skilled whalers with the ever-undermanned vessels that would call on those islands to fill out a crew, just as the Grand Banks skippers headed to Cape Breton for masters and dory fishermen.

The Portuguese men were responsible for building the inshore fishery. The *Provincetown Advocate* of February 22, 1871 tells of their daring:

"Our Portuguese fishermen are very reckless. They go out in all kinds of weather and upon all days. It is quite strange that no more are lost. Many fish upon the Sabbath, as do some of the Irish fishing vessels of Boston, we learn."

Expanding Influence

Through the years Provincetown and the other major fishing ports furnished not only sailors for the Navy, but also talent to develop other fisheries,

explorers, and men skilled in trades related to the fisheries.

In 1745 Provincetown fishermen were among those who conquered Fortress Louisburg on Cape Breton, and thereby secured the Banks fishery for the British Crown.

The fortress was taken by a group composed almost entirely of New England fishermen, a fact that was recognized in the Treaty of 1793 which gave the newly independent Americans extended rights to the Northwestern Atlantic Banks and the bordering shore areas for fish curing.

From early on, Provincetown's offshore fishermen had the choice of 245,000 square miles of fishing banks. These banks extended from the 39th parallel nearly to the northernmost tip of Labrador and consisted of submerged areas not exceeding 100 fathoms in depth.

Pioneer Fishermen

New England fishermen pioneered the cod and halibut fisheries of the U.S. Pacific Coast. The *Anacortes American* (Washington state) reported early this

century: "The owner (J. A. Matheson) of the proposed new plant is one of the best known men in the fisheries industry on the coast. He began codfishing in Provincetown, Massachusetts, forty years ago (approximately 1874) and has been in the harness almost continuously ever since. He was among the first to recognize a new field in the waters of the North Pacific."

The Arctic explorer and teacher, Admiral Donald Baxter MacMillan, was the son of a local fishing captain. Although he never went all the way to the Grand Banks as a boy, he was left with his grandparents and cousins on Cape Breton while his father's vessel was fishing, to be picked up for the trip back home. This youthful activity made a lasting impression on him. Adm. MacMillan's father later died at sea.

Dr. Vannevar Bush, "the engineer who marshaled American technology for World War II and ushered in the Atomic Age," was the offspring of Provincetown fishing families.

Bush was appointed the head of the Office of Scientific Research and



Freeman and Hillyard wharves in the fall of 1875, behind what is now Lands End Marine Supply. Most Grand Banks fishermen returned in September after two or more months fishing off Newfoundland. In the distance is Railroad Wharf with a barque tied alongside. Note the 6 or 7 unit outhouse at the leading edge of Freeman Wharf.



David C. Stull, the Ambergris King, cutting off the head of a cowfish (Risso's Dolphin) early this century behind his chronometer oil shop at 465 Commercial Street. Nearly all of the ambergris—a perfume base extracted from whales—marketed on the Atlantic Coast passed through his hands.

Development by President Roosevelt in 1941. In that position the mass production of sulfa drugs and penicillin was achieved. In the same office Bush supervised the research that culminated in the building of the atomic bomb. In 1957 Bush became the chairman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Corporation.

It should be mentioned that both MacMillan and Bush were proud of their Provincetown origins and backgrounds and contributed heavily to the material on display at the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association museum under the Monument on Town Hill.

Capt. Nathaniel E. Atwood was another local contributor to science. Atwood is cited dozens of times in Dr. D. Humphries Storer's *Fishes of Massachusetts*. Storer says in the introduction to the book, "I am indebted to him, the best practical ichthyologist in our state."

Capt. Atwood's early days were spent on Long Point where he fished with his father. His family was too poor to own a clock and instead reckoned the time by the tides.

His education was totally informal yet he was elected a member of the

Essex Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The town sent him to the legislature and senate at Boston. He was a nationally known expert on the fisheries and a friend of Dr. Louis Agassiz of Harvard.

Capt. Atwood fished and collected specimens in the course of his work for

Storer and Agassiz over a period of years in his boat, the *Scomber Vernalis* (spring mackerel). Several fish bear Atwood's name.

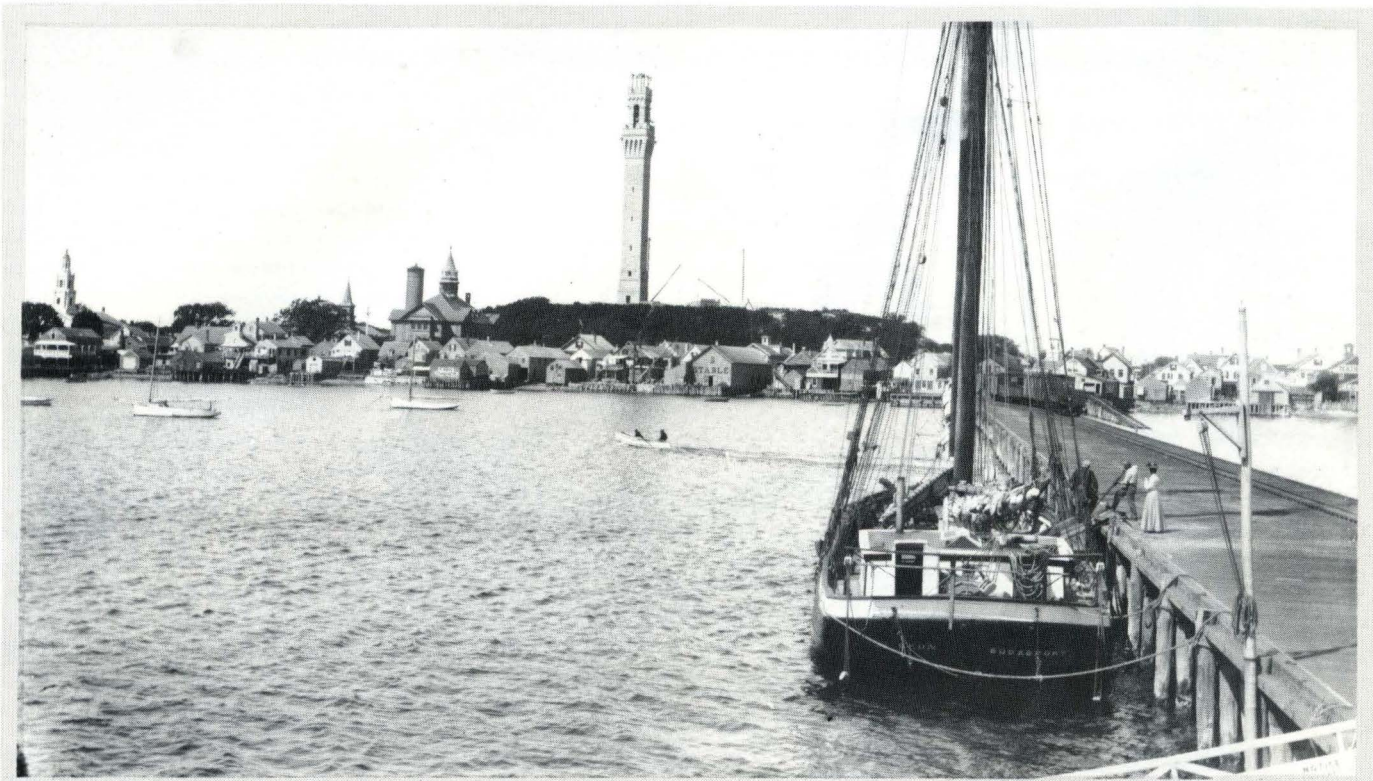
George Bryant is a selectman and often-published local historian.

The Fische Eating of Cows

In the late 19th century the impact of the town's fishing economy was felt not only by the people but also the cows. In a feat comparable to teaching a lion or a tiger to be a vegetarian, the practical people of Provincetown found a novel way to feed cows on this narrow land.

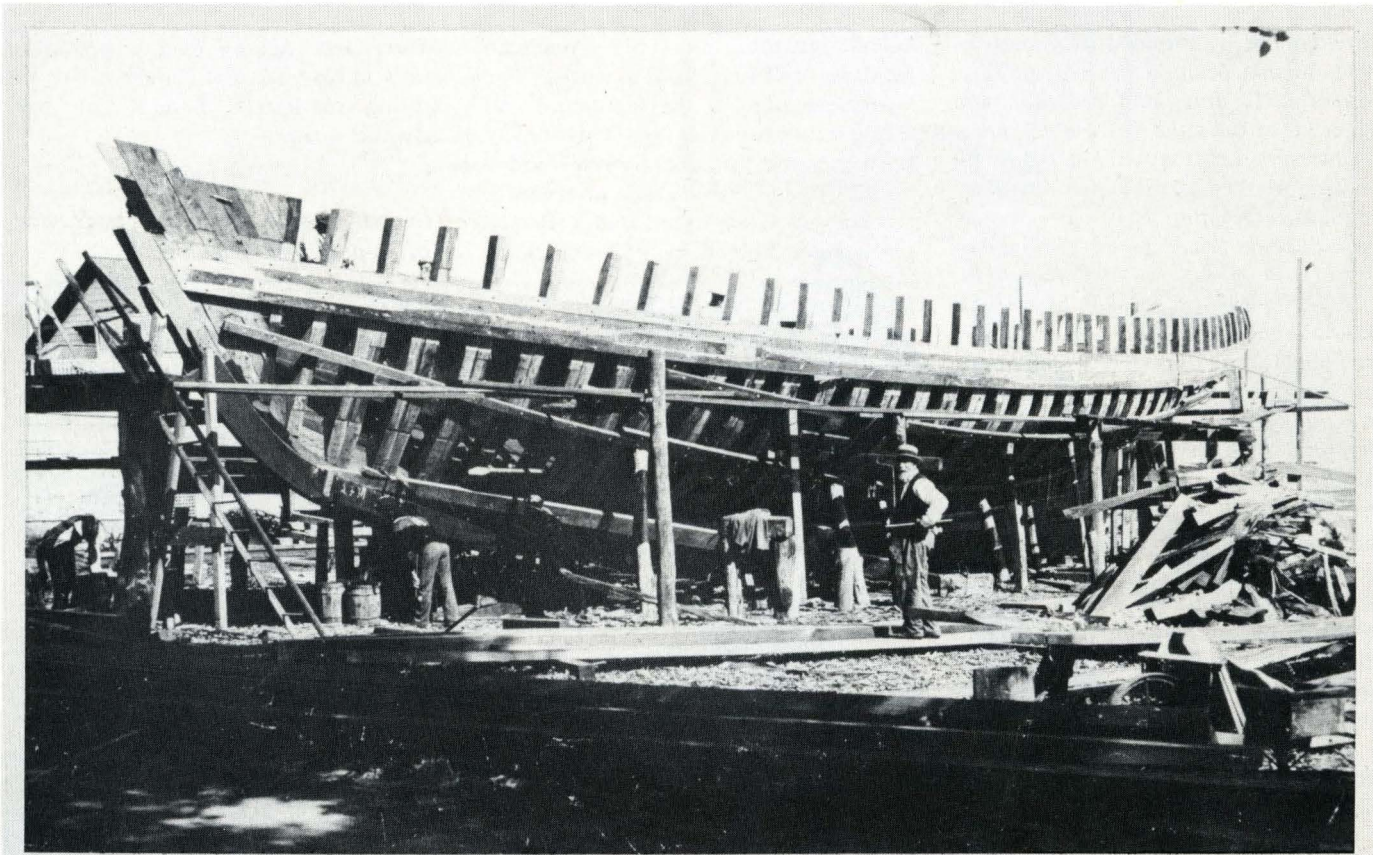
The "Bulletin of the U.S. Fish Commission" for 1881 tells of "The Fische Eating of Cows of Provincetown, Mass.,"

Captain (Nathaniel E.) Atwood has kindly given me facts in respect to fish-eating cows. Prior to the passage of the Massachusetts Statute forbidding owners of cows to allow them to roam at will (which statute was enacted to protect directly the beach grass which checked the drifting sand), the cows flocked to the shore while the fishermen were cleaning their catch. These cows sought with avidity the entrails and swallowed them. They seemed to be willing to eat the heads also—but lacked the ability to reduce their bulk sufficiently to allow of this. A species of ling or blenny, weighing three pounds or more, and discarded by the fishermen, was freely eaten by the cows. Cows when first arriving at Provincetown from the rural districts refused fish; but their owners, by adding minced fish to their cows' rations soon taught the cows to imitate their neighbors in respect to eating entrails.



courtesy of Cape Cod Photos, Orleans

August, 1909 view of the town from Railroad Wharf with a Maine cargo schooner in the foreground. During this month the last stone was placed on the Pilgrim Memorial Monument. It was dedicated the following summer by President Taft.

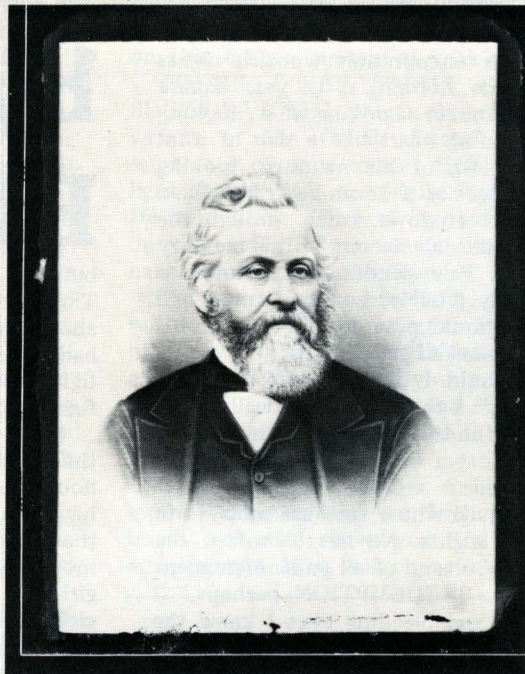
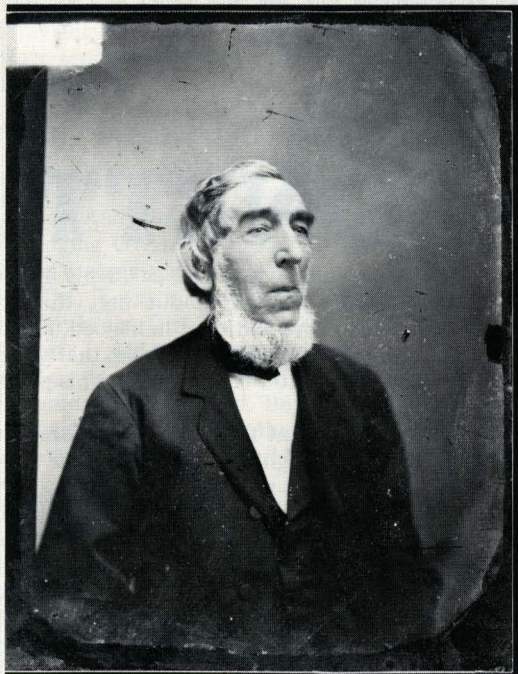


courtesy of Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association

The building of the schooner yacht *Charlotte*, August, 1900. Some claim that the designer of this yacht was Starling Burgess. The *Charlotte* was launched in 1901 from the shipyard next to what is now Bryant's Market. The man in the foreground is the builder, John G. Whitcomb.



Contact prints from nineteenth century glass plate negatives discovered by workmen remodeling the town library in 1976.





counsel with parf

by
ED BONETTI

He said that, "yes." After uncountable whorish nights that left him doubly twice alone. Looking at it, "yes," square in the bleeding eyes of his mirror. Looking at it, looking upon it laid out in his brooding heart like a slab of iron, doubly twice alone in the silk of his memory, looking through the early morning blues as if doom-news had filled his room, came through the windows, came through the crack under the door while she lay sleeping in his memory like a reed of yellow pulp. Pale slender neck. Mournful cheeks full of shadow. Lovely. Lovely. Lovely doomed-bad beauty and "yes," as if he should pray for the pain in his heart. Actually it was the remnant of gristle in his gut.

"Cosmo," he asked, "Should I pray. Should I pray?"
("An admittance of guilt," I thought. "The wall of his ego crumbling, no longer solid in the presence of that reed of slender beauty.")

"REPENT! Why not?" I said.

Repentance: that side of guilt whose face is a smile. Chin up, Parf. No more whorish nights. No lies to soften the touch. REPENTANCE. Yes. Solvent of all guilt. Merriment in the blood. The new life. "REDEMPTION perhaps," I thought. Looking into those sad bleeding eyes I knew the solution was at hand.

His head drooped lower and his mouth poured forth the soul of his blood. Three days after this para-tantamount

bullshit. Three days of trying to trap the lie in his dream. Three days of disreputable thinking about her, thinking about the slenderyellowreed who had slept in his bed, he still had the image in his mind of that tight round ass; that young tighty-round waspy ass; that butter-cup ass held in his palms, firm as a ripening lemon.

Now: sitting across from me at the table by the window: the marsh filling up under the light of a sparkling blue afternoon; the eel grass green as green is green; a solitary cloud no bigger than a young girl's breast on the edge, on the edge of that glorious moment, on the edge of that momentous moment, that fascinating momentous moment of becoming girl-girl: a cloud soft as air swelling white-pure under a sky clear as liquid crystal, his eyes rolled back and again in his mournful agony. Poor poor Parf, again thinking of her warm neck, yes, the warm linearity of her slender neck; the quiet mouth—a sullenness of shadow there turned so slightly down



Charnick

at the corners. Again he, poor Parf, poured out the blood of his hairy gut.

"THE FIRST RECOGNITION THAT I HAD," he poured, "THAT IF A WOMAN-GIRL CAN'T GIVE HE AIN'T NO MAN TO GIVE IT."

And he had loved her. He had loved her in the web of that mystery of touch; of that slow tenderness of blending; all slow tenderness and joy it was in the webbing of it all. And he said he came. He said that he came to know that it was loving at times out of a kind of incognito laxity.

I said, "Oh, great tender girl-girl." The feeling of being just that, he said. Hold it, I said. You don't have to go that far, Parf. We both know the virtues of diversity, of variations of mood. And the word rang in his brain. Parf's tortured brain ringing GIRL. Girl-girl. The word ringing in his brain with the incarnate quality of the sound becoming that in his brain. Girl. It was a sound of all perfection he said he could hear in his brain. Girl. Girl be girl is in the sound of the word. Easy Parf, I said. Quality of all perfection, he went on, of what it is to be GIRL YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, he said. Easy, buddy-sucker, I said. But he went on like a mumbling hobo caught in a trance in the biting wind of some forgotten Ohio town thinking of how it could have been. Girl. It was in the sound of the world.

"WORD, Parf," I said.

"Yes. Yes, world of it," he said.

It is said with the tongue. Quality of all perfection said with the tongue.

"GIRL." THE SOUND OF IT CURLED FROM THE PRECISE TIP OF THE TONGUE.

We decided to sit by the fire and I watched the firelight play across the sad lines of his face.

"Tell me," I said: is it true that your former wife was at one time in her boredom a

MILITANTLIBERATIONIST?"

Speak sucker-brother. And then wrote a book on the SEXUAL IMPLICATION OF INTERCOURSE

without so much as an illusion to the sexual pleasures inherent in the art of macrame? And isn't it also true, I went on, that she is at present at work on a collection of

POEMS, I SAY POEMS, BELIEVE THIS OR NOT SUCKER VICTIM, poems elucidating, I say elucidating, the virtues of the female finger? Speak brother sucker, a semblance of your former dignity is in the offing. The firelight played, YES, the firelight shone in the lines of his face. He went silent. (They all do that. Always looking for a way out. Poor Parf. Poor lonely sucker-buddy Parf.) I put my hand on his sinking shoulder.

Let me tell you something, sucker-victim. You're leaky but not sunk. Let me say there is no way out of sucker-trap, but I say this in contrast to the bruised ligament of your love affair; in contrast to that young tightly-assed love affair that drove you into counseling with me; in contrast to that toothless guy in his oily-soiled green khaki work shirt and trousers, unshaven of course, which means that his face, like yours, lives in a constant shadow, driving his ratty nineteen fifty seven Buick breathing rot from its rear end. In contrast to this, I ask, who, when you find yourself crying your culp among the rocks, is going to save you?

Ed Bonetti's The Wine Cellar, a collection of short stories, is imminently due from Viking. Counsel with Parf is an excerpt from a novel-in-progress.

ALAN PERSONS

by
Richard LeBlond

I thought of the title before I wrote the article. The moment I began mulling over the material, I debated retitling it to "Industrious Person's Guide to Wild Foods." The art of gathering requires more than the want of a free meal. It wants devotion, a love of nature, and a lot of calories for the return.

Nature pricks the skin with thorns. Tick and poison ivy wait in ambush. Murky bogs remove shoes with a single suck.

What, then, is the lazy person to do?

I didn't go far for a specimen. One of my inner selves is a lazy person, and moody to boot. I have had a hell of a struggle getting him out into the woods and fields of Cape Cod, though he always feels better for it. We began with short trips along roadsides, picking the easily-plucked. Nature charmed his senses and awakened his old love of discovery.

Now we see mint in the amorphous green, and single out the filmy asparagus at 35mph from the window of a car.

I remember our first walk, on a road skirting the backside of Provincetown. A sunny day in mid-June, full of incense, buzzings, and countless shades of nameless colors.

"What's this?" he said, pointing to one of the plants growing beside the road.

"I don't know."

His eyes, two little mouths, spoke lucidly: I thought you were an expert. What do you mean you don't know? How can I trust you?

I defended myself, a thing I am more and more loathe to do, as it inevitably supports the other person's argument.

"There are over 500 species of flowering plants on Cape Cod, and maybe as many non-flowering ones. Possibly no one knows them all. I only know the best tasting."

Where the road cut through an oak forest, we found bracken fern pushing

up little furry brown fists into the air at the ends of furry arms. In seconds I had a handful, snapping them off a few inches below the clenched tip.

"Does breaking them off like that kill the plant?"

"Yah, it probably does. I doubt the bracken lives on in its root, but for sure



Bracken
Pteris aquilina

it doesn't sprout again the same year. You make me think of an Indian prayer I once read: 'One life must sometimes give way to another so that the one great life can continue. I ask your permission and consent to this killing.' "

My lazy friend snapped off a bracken shoot and examined it near the end of his nose.

"What's all this fuzzy stuff?"

"That rubs off between the fingers. More comes off in water, and the rest disintegrates in the butter sauté. These are good raw even with the fuzz. Tok them with your finger to knock the grit off. Kind of nutty-like, aren't they. Mucilaginous. That's the slimy quality. Probably make a good gumbo. Got to remember to try that. They're excellent sautéed. Taste a little like mushrooms, a little like asparagus."

I put the handful of fern tips into one of the umpteen bags I had brought along, and we continued down the road. Pines and oaks mingled on either side of

us, shading sassafras and wild sarsaparilla.

"Hey, can you eat these?"

"That's a Juneberry tree. You're picking up the feel pretty fast. Those are one of the finest berries known to man.

"Look at it for a moment. Try to see its characteristics, what makes it look different from the other trees. Notice the long and slender trunks, that several trunks come up from the same root crown, at least around here. Those large whitish splotches on some of the trunks are typical. The grayness of the bark is almost metallic, and if you look at it closely there is a sheen of maroon behind the gray. The tree flowers in May, white as a snowball. That's the time to come out and find it. Stand on a clear hilltop in May and you can see hundreds of Juneberry trees."

The tree my friend had found was drooping with maroon fruit twice the size of blueberries.

"Juneberry has many names. It's called shadbush, serviceberry, sugar plum and juicy pear. It was a favorite of

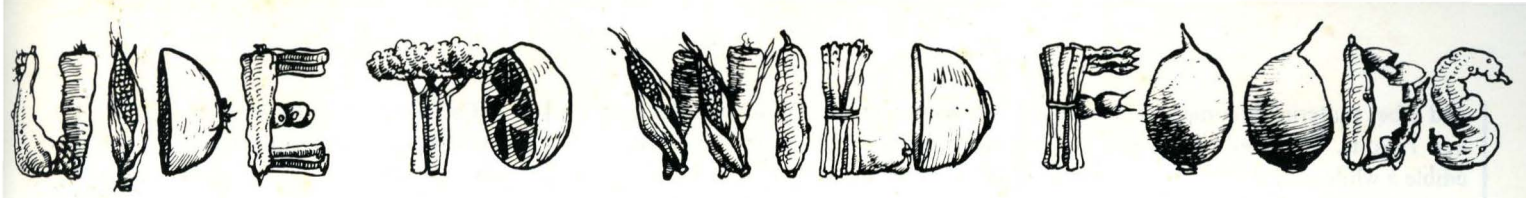
Juneberry
Amelanchier canadensis



the Indians for making pemmican with buffalo meat. Juneberry pie is out of this world. Let's get a bunch of them."

"Why don't we just eat them here?"

An expert at arbitrary self-denial, I succeeded in filling a pint carton by the time my friend had covered the bottom of his, and he ate those before we had



gotten another 100 feet down the road.

On the far side of a sandfill, a field of grass sheltered and hid from view my favorite patch of wild strawberries.



"I've got to show you my strawberry patch. It's past season now, but come back here next May and you can pick a quart in half an hour. Berries no bigger across than a fingernail, sweeter and sharper tasting than any cultivated strawberry. 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.'"

We found a few shrivelled berries beneath the saw-toothed leaves in the straw of last year's grass. A year to wait before another bowl of strawberries and cream, strawberry crepes, strawberry soup and strawberry ice cream.

The World's Simplest Method of Making Ice Cream

It is the best ice cream I've ever eaten and takes 10 minutes to prepare. Whip a pint of whipping cream until it is stiff. Add a teaspoon or two of vanilla extract, quarter to half a cup of something sweet, like maple syrup, then fold in wild strawberries or whatever and put the works in the icebox to freeze. Occasional stirring while it freezes helps to smooth out the texture.

Wild strawberry leaves—green all year—make a fairly good tea. The leaves have an exceptionally high vitamin C content, four to five times that of oranges. Steeping extracts much of the water-soluble vitamin.

The wind must have changed. The strawberry diversion was wiped out by a fragrance that captured and occupied

awareness. It was the atmosphere. I stared at a grove of trees on one side of the field. I had forgotten about them. As recently as the last gathering of strawberries I had reminded myself to keep an eye on them, to be here for that moment in June when the locust blooms.

"Whew...do you smell what I smell?"

"Locust blossoms." Great green trees cluttered with pendants of white blossoms, the glorious finish to an ancient 1,000-year plan by a dynasty of Chinese emperor-botanists.

"We should be here early in the morning while the dew is still on them and before the sun has drawn out the incense."

"What for? You mean come here early in the morning to smell them?"

"No, to gather them. One of the hundred great delicacies of the planet. Locust blossom fritters. The fragrance is also the flavor. Dipped in batter, deep-fried, sprinkled with sweetness and cinnamon...let's fill a bag. They're not in season for much more than a week or two."

My friend tucked his nose inside a bumble-free bunch of blossoms, eyes shut, smiling. Another world. He might have stayed there forever, the flesh-like petals brushing his face with the sensuality of a lover. There is no avoiding



the sexiness of the locust. Instant aphrodisia.

There were other pleasures in the field. Clumps of red clover were scattered about like lavender brushstrokes on the landscape.

"Red clover makes a fine tea. I'm partial to it."

"I thought it was rabbit food."

"It makes a good tea. Something like China tea. Smells like mown fields of alfalfa. Pinch off the tips and leave them in the paper bag to dry. Then crumble them up for tea. Most herbs dry well in a paper bag. I tack them on the kitchen wall. Clover keeps blooming right into fall."



My lazy friend didn't seem too interested. An unlucky break for the clover. Its subtle year-roundness was no match for the momentary locust euphoria.

A colony of 30 to 40 milkweeds had risen three feet above the surrounding grass. Straight-stemmed; large leaves growing horizontally in pairs every six inches or so. Several of the plants were budding. Milkweed buds resemble enlarged broccoli buds. The entire plant is a whitish green.

"This is milkweed. One of the all-time greats in the wild food business."

"How do you do."

"It's edible from May to August at several stages of growth, each a gourmet entree. The six-inch shoots in May can be steamed like asparagus. The buds can be steamed or cooked in a casserole. The flowers will be blooming soon, and afterwards come the pods: fat, soft and tapering at the tip. Each stage of the milkweed gets edibly better, and the pod has few rivals in the vegetable kingdom. They're at their best when young and firm to the pinch. Then they can be cooked and eaten whole. As the pods develop, though, the inner seed

and fiber material becomes, well, seedy and fibrous. The shell of the pod stays edible a while longer.



Common Milkweed
Asclepias syriaca

“Back to the flowers. They’re big, bushy, mauve and constantly visited by the bumblebees. I’ve read more than once that the Indians used to make sugar from milkweed flowers. Modern experimenters have not been able to overcome the bitter element of milkweed. Every wild food book talks about this bitterness, and all milkweed recipes begin with double and triple boilings to remove it. So for years I double- and triple-boiled my milkweed, until one day I tasted it after a single boiling. Not a trace of bitterness. The next time I was in the field I tasted the white sap dripping from a broken stem. It was sweet. Who knows why. I’ve found them that way from here to Eastham. These, I think, are the sugar milkweeds. Someday I’ll give it a try.”

Our foray was nearing its climax. Just ahead was a great cattail marsh, and I am a near-hysterical cattail promoter.

“How much farther are we going?”

“We’re here. This is it. The cattail. Vegetable shmoo. Water buffalo. Plant of a thousand uses. Available all year. Stays in one place and moves around at the same time. Unique and ubiquitous.”

“What are you babbling about?”

“Once you eat a budding tip or a pollen muffin there’s no going back to the way things were. Henceforth your life must take into account the seasons of the cattail.”

The marsh was full of long, sword-like leaves and four to seven foot high fruit-

ing spears. In the muck, inch-thick roots crisscrossed and interconnected just below the surface. It was possible the entire patch was a single plant. Cutting the spears, which I was about to do, does not kill the plant. It both hinders and promotes growth by ending one effort and urging another.

“Let’s sit down and look at them while I talk.”

“Good idea.”

“Everything the cattail does is edible or otherwise useful. The roots are full of starch. The easiest way to collect it is to gather a bushel of roots between October and April when the energy of the plant is stored there. Then cut them into three-inch segments, peel off the outer rind and rub the white, sticky core between your palms in a big tub of water until the starch is loosened from the fibers. Let it all settle to the bottom, decant it, add more water, stir, then let it settle again. Pour off the water a second time, and strain the gray-white glump on the bottom through a sieve to remove the fibers. Now you can either dry it in a slow oven, or use it wet. Mixed 50-50 with commercial flour, it makes a thick-textured biscuit or pancake that tastes something like buck-wheat.

“In the spring the sprouting spears can be found inside the central leaf mass. They’re mild and sweet and tender. Good raw in a salad.

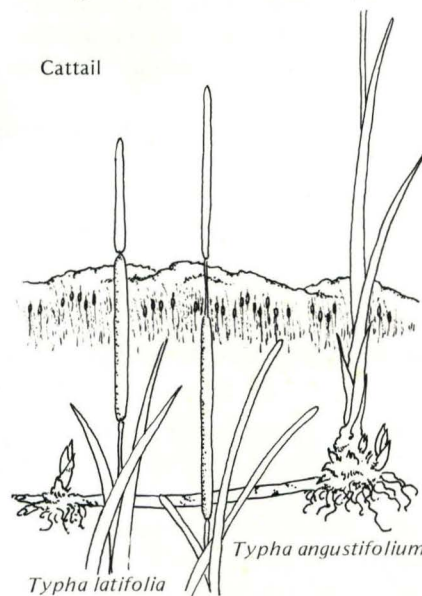
“But all this is prelude to what’s going on now and into the first couple of weeks of July. If you look carefully you can see spears with dark green tips and others that are golden. The tip comes in two sections. The uppermost is at first a tight granular dark green mass. The lower part is softer and lighter green.

“While the tip is green, cut the stem a foot and a half down. Gather several. Otherwise, you’ll be right back out here to gather more. Put them headfirst into a kettle of boiling water for four minutes. Using the stem as a holder, twist the upper section of the tip along the length of a cube of butter until it’s good and doused. Strip the flesh off the inner spike with your teeth, holding the stem in the same position as a flute.”

“What does it taste like?”

“Cattail. Corn? Artichoke? Cattail. Last summer I experimented a bit and came up with a pretty good cattail chowder.

“About those golden tips. The tips continue to come out from the middle of June to the middle of July. But each one stays green for only a few days. Then it begins to turn yellow as the pollen develops. It is actually a flower. The lower section is the seed chamber, and that’s the part that turns brown and becomes the ‘cattail.’ The upper part withers after pollination. You want the moment when the upper part is blown up with pollen and waiting for the first wind to scatter it. Dip it into a bag and shake it around. If your timing is good, it shouldn’t take more than an hour in a good-size patch to get a pound of pollen. Mix it with equal shares of white flour and cook up muffins, pancakes, crepes, breads, whatever. The flavor is unimaginable. You won’t be able to



Typha latifolia

Typha angustifolia

figure out why you can’t go into the A&P and buy a five-pound bag.

“And there’s more from cattail: the leaves for weaving, and down for mattresses, insulation, and a dressing for wounds. It’s been used as a medium for penicillin production. The cattail is an intensely productive plant. The roots alone produce 32 tons of flour per acre. Yet here it sits, a mammoth, secret warehouse of untouched nutritional deliciousness. Makes you wonder, doesn’t it.”

“I’d like to go home now.”



Daniel Marcus

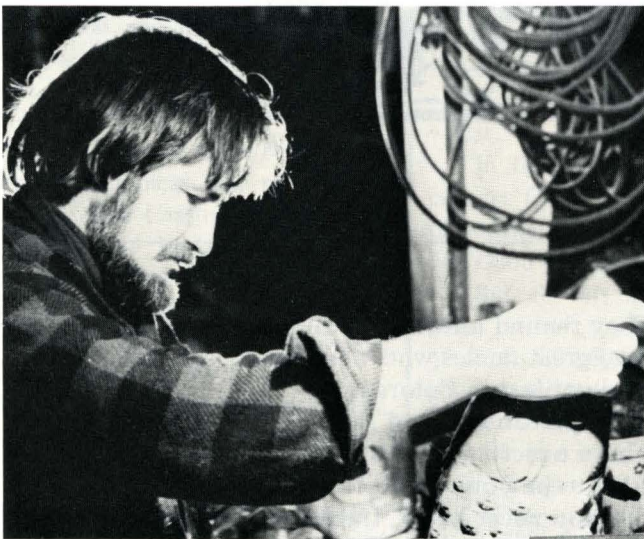
Dreams by Mary Oliver

When the rain is over
I go to the woods.
The path is a swamp, the trees still dripping.
And the creeks!
Only last week they poured smoothly,
Curled like threads about the mossy stones
And sang with the voices of birds.

Now they are swollen and driven with muds and
ambitions.
They gallop and steam
As though, crazed by this week of rain,
They sense ahead—and desire it—
A new life in a new land
Where vines tumble thick as ship-ropes,
The ferns grow tall as trees!

They remind me of something, some other travelers—
Two great-uncles who went west years ago
And got lost in Colorado
Looking for the good life.
I have a picture of them: each is smiling,
Glad to be young and strong.
But you never know, traveling, around what bend
The dreams will curve to an end,
And what will happen then.

It was a long time ago.
Still, watching the tame creeks boil away,
My heart in sympathy pounds like a quick hoof.
I think with pride of my uncles who went west
Full of hope and vision;
I think they became healthy as animals, and rich
as their dreams
Before they turned some corner and became
Two graves under the leaves.



Al Davis

The Art

of Craft

by Susan Remington

Griffins and gargoyles, fishy fountains, a squat square sculpture covered with faces and asses titled "News Media," sleepy seagulls perched on wooden legs... these are the creatures who inhabit Al Davis's world. They are products of his instinctive feeling for the power in the raw, primitive statement, handled through the medium of clay.

After educating himself in business and fine arts, Davis moved to Washington, D.C., and worked for the Smithsonian Institute. He designed and constructed mural panels in the Museum of History and Technology. He was represented in the Corcoran Gallery during his three years in Washington.

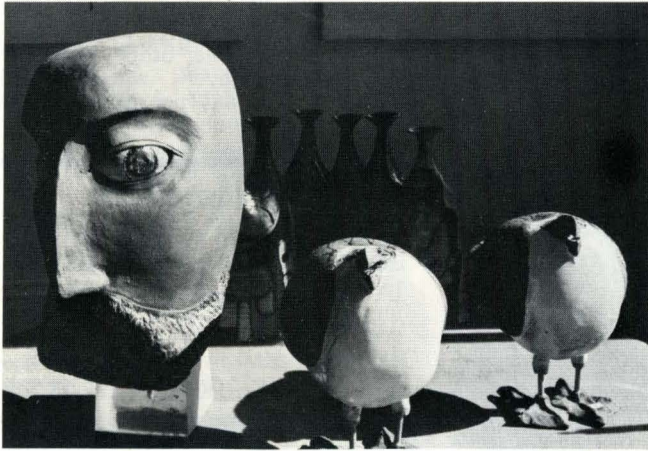
"I did a lot of political satire... pieces about what was happening all over Washington. It was the Johnson-Nixon era, and the amount of bureaucracy was incredible."

Disgusted with the institute's own politics, David left the Smithsonian and worked on his own, doing commissioned pieces. One of his more spectacular creations, the "Fire Fountain," is a combination of water and gas flames created for the citizens of Bethesda, Maryland.

Before the permanent move to Provincetown, Davis lived in Roxbury, Conn., an artist's community. During this time Davis became acquainted with sculptor Alexander Calder. "He really was like his work."

Discussing the major influence in his life, Al said, "I've always admired primitive art. Most of the influence in my work comes from American Indian, South American, Eskimo art. I don't feel there's much difference between primitive and modern man. For instance, you could put a Henry Moore sculpture in Stonehenge or on Easter Island, and it wouldn't go that badly.

"My style of pottery and clay sculpture goes back to a time when people had sculpture in their homes to admire and enjoy. I have no doubt I could live in a primitive culture and get along today because of the inherent understanding and humor. All the Indian cultures have had a sense of humor. In



fact, I've always suspected when the Indian passed the peace pipe to the white man, it was actually a colossal joke."

Davis puts in an eight-hour day, six days a week, at his studio. The pace is his. During the summer, he often works late into the night. Around 1:00 a.m. he boards his sailboat and quietly skims over to Long Point. "From there, the town looks the way it must have for two hundred years. . . just a cozy fishing village nestled in the curve of the Cape."

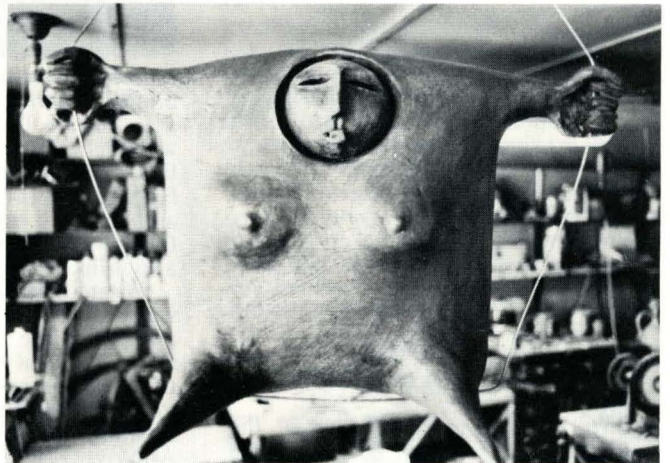
The ocean appeals to Davis as a living-working environment. In preparation for a year of sailing, he has reduced the size of some of his sculpture forms. The designs will be incorporated into gold and silver jewelry, a craft he can easily do on board.

Aware of the danger in mass-produced craft items, Davis states, "There is no doubt the skill with which craftsmen do their crafts has improved in the last ten to fifteen years, but the concept of the lifestyle has suffered. People who practice crafts have tied themselves down to large overheads. To me, being a craftsman is a lifestyle. If I wanted to make a lot of money, I'd do something else.

"There is, however, value in making the same item over and over. The old craftsmen did that, and there are some really fine things that have lasted and come down to us. Each time they made the item, they put something different into it."

Seeing the limitations of contemporary education, Davis accepts apprentices.

"I've had four apprentices in the last seven years. Out of the four, three are still working with crafts. The ratio for an art school is one student out of twenty will continue in the field. Again, it goes back to an understanding of creation as a lifestyle."



Susan Remington is a free-lance writer and contributor to the Cape Cod Times.

Eugene O'Neill: Playwright or German Spy?

by Mick Rudd

On Wednesday, March 28, 1917, the relatively unknown playwright Eugene O'Neill spent the night in the basement of Provincetown Town Hall in jail with a writer named Harold de Polo. The charge was vagrancy. Police Officer Reuben O. Kelley had arrested the two artists in their room at the New Central Hotel (now the Crown & Anchor) at the instigation of the officer in charge of the U.S. Radio Station in North Truro.

For America the First World War would not become official for another eight days but with rather uncharacteristic zeal Provincetown had already captured its first German spies.

According to *The Provincetown Advocate* that week "the arrest was made for the purpose of ascertaining if O'Neil (sic) and De Polo were the men who had been seen and challenged while prowling about the radio grounds."

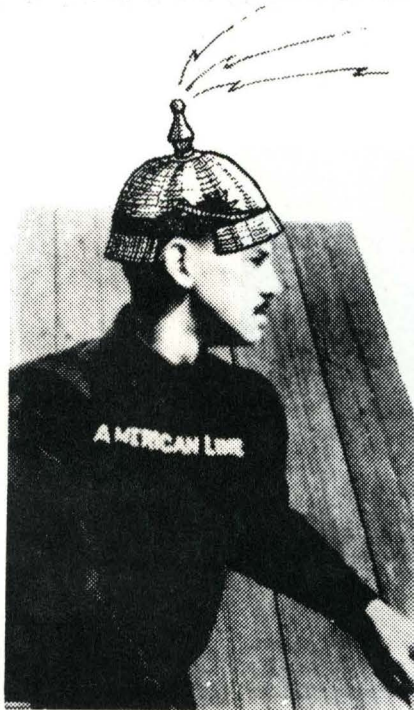
A scant two hours after the arrest, Fred Weyand of the U.S. Secret Service left Boston in his automobile to come here and interview the suspects. Owing to a couple of flat tires, he did not reach Provincetown until nine o'clock that night and did not enter their cell until 10 p.m. Their interrogation lasted an hour.

Meanwhile, their hotel room had been searched and its contents thoroughly examined. Later *The Advocate* would note: "there was nothing found or seen on the premises or in the effects of the pair to verify or bolster the underlying suspicion that the men were German spies."

The next morning, Thursday, the two artists were taken before a judge in Second District Court who decided they were not vagrants and set them free. The Secret Service agent stayed on, chiefly to read O'Neill's in-coming correspondence.

Did ye neverr read of
the Gerrman spies and
the dirrty work
they're doin' all the
war?

Shortly after April 4, 1917, when America officially entered the war and while he was presumably still under surveillance, O'Neill tried to enlist in the U.S. Navy. The Navy was recruit-



ing heavily among the young and able-bodied fishermen in Provincetown but they turned O'Neill down. Why? — wasn't he the same Able Seaman E.G. O'Neill who had sailed aboard a Norwegian three-masted sailing ship and various steamers like the S.S. Genclair? Yes he was. Did the Navy also think he might be a spy?

Whatever the reason, Seaman O'Neill was thoroughly dejected by the whole affair. Yet the worst was still to come. O'Neill's local draft board in New London was not only willing to overlook his arrest record but was in fact insisting he become part of the U.S. Army. O'Neill balked; conditions in Army camps and French trenches did not appeal to him and posed an actual threat to his health, having spent six months in a tuberculosis sanatorium when he was twenty-three. His inactive tubercular condition, which he had concealed from the Navy, was well documented for the Army and O'Neill was exempted from the draft. Thus ended O'Neill's involvement in the First World War.

O'Neill found himself in a position to actually benefit from the bizarre circumstances surrounding his case. He would write a play about his experiences, as he invariably did, and in this case the play, *In The Zone*, played on the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit for forty weeks during the last

year of the war in 1918. It provided an income of \$50 a week for O'Neill, making it financially possible for him to marry Agnes Boulton Burton, a writer who had spent the winter in Provincetown with him. Indeed this play was the first of O'Neill's to be produced by someone other than the Provincetown Players, who paid no royalties, and was consequently his first commercial success.

He bends down and
reaches out his hand
sort o' scared-like,
like it was somethin'
dang'rous he was
after, an' he brings
out a black iron box!

The young playwright was arrested because of a suspicious-looking black box: his typewriter case. Sometimes O'Neill would walk out on the dunes and beaches on the 'back side,' the ocean side, with his typewriter to find some solitude and perhaps some inspiration. From a distance, one supposes, a tall dark slender man with a mustache bent over a black box on a desolate beach conceivable could be tapping out signals to German U-boats offshore.

U-Boat Menace

And to be entirely fair to Provincetown, it must also be mentioned that while we weren't actually at war with Germany at that point and while no one could claim to have actually seen U-boats operating in our area, the whole notion was not as unlikely as it might seem. In fact, the experience of Provincetown during the year and a half America fought in the First World War would bear out the worst of this town's fears and then some. The town constable may have never captured a real spy but the townspeople, especially the fishermen, became involved in the hostilities to a degree that would amaze most Americans today. Provincetown fishing schooners (including the famous *Rose Dorothea*) were torpedoed and sunk by the Germans on Georges Banks, and as the war progressed, sighting a German U-boat on patrol was as common as sighting a whale. Witness this account from *The Provincetown Advocate*, June 13, 1918 of a face-to-face encounter between a Provincetown captain and a German U-boat captain on the Hatteras

fishing grounds:

"At the German command to stop (the submarine had fired a warning shot across the bow), the *Nicholson* was hove to and her crew of 25 men left her in two boats and were approached closely by the submarine. Thereupon Captain Gonsalves hailed the submarine, begging the officer who appeared on the undersea boat's deck to refrain from destroying his schooner, he claiming that he was a poor man, owned a large part of the vessel and would be ruined if she were sunk. Capt. Gonsalves' plea fell on respective ears evidently . . ." for he lived to tell the tale. The newspaper goes on to intimate that what probably saved Capt. Gonsalves and his schooner was the appearance of a steamer which the U-boat pursued and sank in full sight of the whaler. Capt. Gonsalves, having been ordered to return immediately to shore by the German officer, left the area and did not render assistance to the survivors from the steamer.

The proximity of the war to Provincetown was felt in other ways as well. After a winter when ice had often prevented the majority of fishermen from pursuing their way of life, the port of Provincetown was closed to shipping for the first time in her history

For all's we know he might'a been signalin' with it. Ain't you read how they gets caught doin' it in London an' on the coast?

ory on June 6, 1918 "as a precautionary measure against U-boats." Because of the same threat, summer visitors were hesitant to rent cottages. The 'Personals' column in *The Advocate* that June notes that a perennial summer visitor "has fallen down on the contract — having written the cottage owner to say that, owing to fear of German submarines, she should stay aloof from Provincetown this year." The U.S. Shipping Board had taken over the Boston steamer, the *Dorothy Bradford*, to use as a training ship for the merchant marine in New York harbor and the Cape Cod Steamship Co. decided not to run a smaller boat to Provincetown that summer, announcing that: "many interruptions in the service and a material falling off in the number of excursionists were to be expected, because of war conditions." Even the Provincetown Art Association's immensely popular five-day Chautauqua had to be justified on patriotic grounds that summer: "Chautauqua has the indorsement (sic) of President Wilson as a recognised war activity" they proclaimed in all their advertising in *The Advocate*.

It's not surprising then that the persecution of strangers in this town suspected of being agents of Kaiser Wilhelm did not stop with Eugene O'Neill. In fact, he got off rather lightly compared to the experiences of others. In March, 1917, around the time O'Neill was arrested, a public



safety committee had been proposed with the following admonition: "Preparedness is the offspring of wisdom . . . It is well to be prepared for eventualities; though no grain of Cape Cod sand or drop of Cape waters be pressed by hostile foot or vexed by hostile keel as a result of the present national unpleasantness." Note how this complacency had given way to a meaner, more sinister form of confidence by the end of November, 1917: "It is rumored that a shot was fired at one suspicious acting character near the board of trade building early Monday morning, and that suspicious acting persons were seen in the vicinity of a west end cold storage plant the following night, and that an automobile, containing two men arrived in town at eleven o'clock that night, its occupants acting queerly according to report, all

An' look here, ain't you noticed he don't talk natural? He talks it too damn good...

of which inclines us (Publisher Hopkins) to remark: 'Johnny get your gun.'

By the following March (1918) *The Advocate* was reporting that the

man on guard at the government store house had shot at a burglar with his rifle, missing him. That summer the Navy threw an armed guard around town hall when a bomb threat was received and William M. Ramos was fined \$15 for disturbing the peace (quite literally) when he shouted "Hurrah for Kaiser Bill" during a bell-ringing, horn-blowing public celebration of an Allied victory.

Perhaps the clearest indication of what was going on behind the scenes, however, is offered by this letter to the editor, dated May 9, 1918, written by the minister of the Methodist church, in behalf of a new doctor in town, Dr. B.R. Whitcher, who was having more than a problem getting new patients: "Now there has been a story afloat that he (Dr. Whitcher) is a German, with an attitude of pro-Germanism. This is ab-

An' was he ever open with us like a good shipmate? No; he's always had that sly air about him 's if he was hidin' somethin'.

solutely false. He is by birth and heredity, and in education, thoroughly American. I am certain the good citizens of Provincetown will not allow the reputation of such a valuable citizen to be crushed by the poisonous tongue of gossip."

Looking back at Provincetown through the yellowed pages of ancient *Advocates* it is not surprising to see how Eugene O'Neill could have become the innocent victim of mass hysteria. What seems a revelation, however, and perhaps yet another measure of the enigmatic old man of American drama, is how he transformed the actual experience into dramatic art.

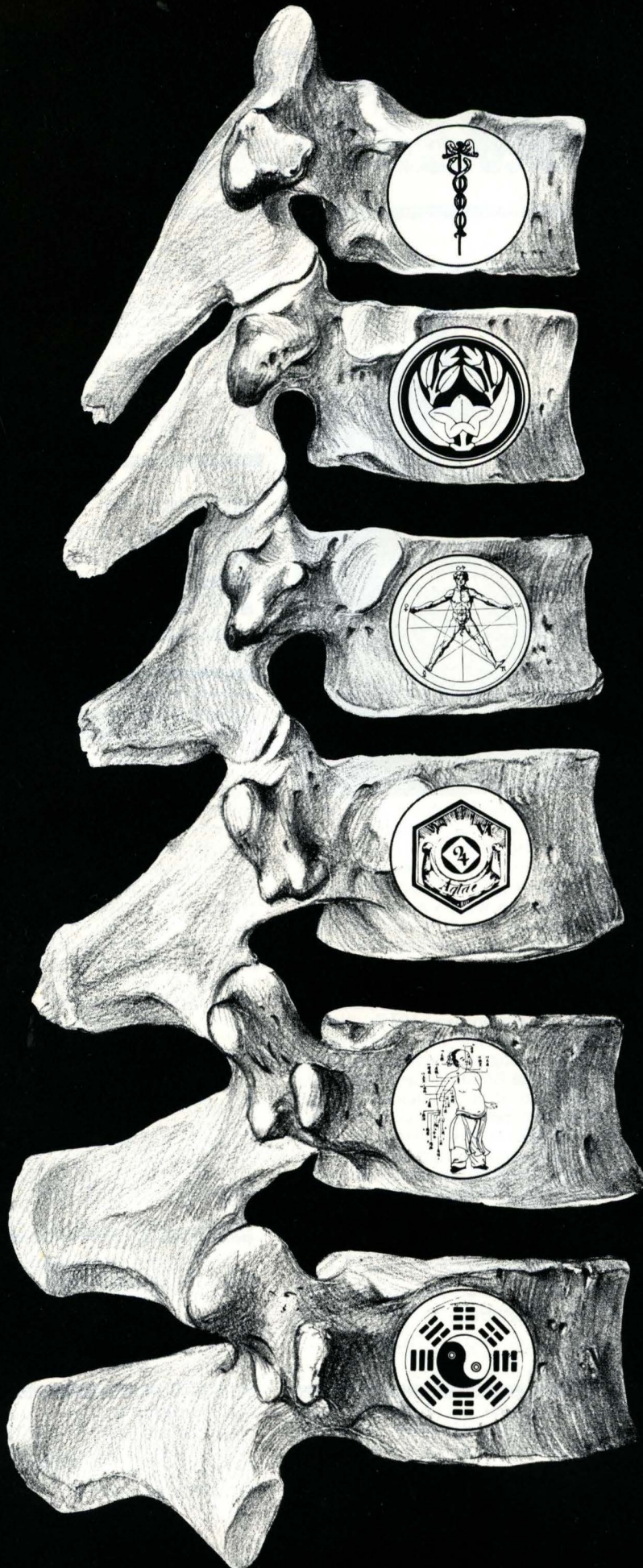
The Black Box

In The Zone is the story of an innocent seaman who is accused of being a spy by other members of his crew during a voyage through submarine-infested waters. They finally confront him and take away from him a black box he has kept under close guard throughout the trip. They open it. No radio is discovered, no weapons, not even a portable typewriter.

Old love letters and dried rose petals flutter out instead.

Mick Rudd was formerly a reporter and editor for The Hartford Courant. In 1974, together with Gillian Drake, he started Shank Painter Printing Co. in Provincetown.

(excerpts are from O'Neill's play, *In the Zone*)



“
There was an old Chinese custom
that you paid your doctor
when you were healthy,
and when you were sick
he took care of you for free.
I'd be more than willing
to enter into that type of practice.

”

Jackson: What type of medicine do you really do? I know it says "Chiropractry" on the door, but beyond and including that, how would you describe yourself?

Leaf: By law I am a licensed chiropractor. Within that field I have joined a specialty group called Applied Kinesiologists. That's a discipline really. Part of it involves nutritional work; part of it involves work from the Orient. We combine philosophies of the Chinese meridian therapy, acupuncture, and acupressure.

Jackson: Would you consider yourself and your type of medicine to be standing apart from what is generally considered and accepted as the AMA, regular, everyday doctor in America?

Leaf: Most definitely. I feel that the basic health care delivery system in this country is not a *health care* delivery system. You enter the system when you're diseased. It's a "disease care system."

If you get more involved in health maintenance, you prevent disease by balancing nutrition, balancing energy

A Visit with Dr. Leaf

Dr. David Leaf of West Barnstable is gaining a reputation for his synthesis of Eastern and Western medical philosophies.

by Rebecca Jackson

flows in the body. I feel my *forté* should be keeping people healthy instead of getting them over something they've already got.

Jackson: Do you feel people are ignorant as to the way health in their own bodies works? Would you be able to treat them more efficiently if people had a different attitude towards medicine and health?

Leaf: The problem lies in education. People know more about and take better care of their cars than they do of themselves. If you go back to the Greek word *doctor*, it means teacher. Your doctor should be teaching you better care of yourself. This usually doesn't take place. From television on up, we're taught to trust someone else to make our decisions for us.

Jackson: Would you agree that everyone's best doctor is him or herself?

Leaf: No doctor heals you. All a doctor does is to allow you to get better. The doctor may give you a medication, he may do something to you. But whatever he does, he just enables your body to heal itself. Healing comes from within.

Jackson: How much of the healing process that occurs between doctor and patient is actually physical and how much is some kind of intangible, non-physical relationship that is set up between the two?

Leaf: It must be inherent between the patient and the doctor that the patient believes the doctor will heal him. I've heard psychiatrists quote 80% factors; if the patient feels good about the doctor 80% of the time, he's going to get better. A great deal of it is that when a patient goes to a doctor, he expects to get better.

Jackson: Could you talk a little about the basic difference between the Eastern and Western approach?

Leaf: The Oriental approach depends upon balance within the body. The classical Oriental approach to medicine describes balance as the necessity for man to live harmoniously within nature. The different seasons of the year, different foods, different emotional states—all these things have an effect on the body. So the Oriental approach is one of total balance of the energy patterns in the your various emotional states are, and balance of the energy patterns in the body that flow along meridians that have been mapped out.

Western medicine is more of a germ theory. When something goes wrong, we come in from the outside and attempt to treat the symptom. To fight an infection, we take antibiotics. There's a place for that when the body can't handle the infection for seven to 10 days. When it runs beyond that, then yes, you've got to get something because obviously the body can't help itself. So there's a place where the Eastern and the Western can be mixed very well. But once you get over the infection, then you must try to find out why your body couldn't handle it. You've got to find out which system isn't working properly.

Jackson: Rumor has it that it's mostly women who come to see you. Do you think that's true? If so, why?

Leaf: I would say the proportion is about 60% female to 40% male. A male is more likely to believe that whatever is the matter will go away by itself, that it'll be gone by tomorrow. A female is more likely to worry about what she will look like and what kind of shape she'll be in 20 or 30 years from now. I think that's why I see more women. You can talk to a male about what kind of health he will have when he's 40, but he feels he's invincible. The females seem to be much more down to earth about it.

Jackson: Do you think women in general are any more open to a new approach to medicine such as yours?

Leaf: Well, I'd have to say maybe the women of Provincetown are more open than women in other areas of the Cape. I'm dealing in something on the fringe. It takes a little getting used to. However, I don't have people coming in who reject this approach once they've learned a little about it. Basically, I think you'll find in any doctor's office a higher ratio of females to males.

The number of males who come in who haven't been to a doctor in 10 years is quite high. A female is indoctrinated from age 12 that she is supposed to go every year for a physical and every six months for a pap test.

Jackson: Perhaps a lot of people are hesitant to pay out money for health when they're not sick. They're more inclined to fork it over when something is really the matter, even though this may mean more of a financial burden in the long run. How do you feel your fees compare with other doctors'?

Leaf: I think I probably get the lowest fees on the Cape. Look, I drive a Datsun with bald tires! When Uncle Sam takes 40% or 50% of what you make anyway, there's no sense in pushing it any further.

My goal is for a patient to learn just one thing each time he comes to the office. I hope to speed up the healing process, and if in doing that I can teach a patient something about his own health care, then I've achieved something.

It's a matter of paying it now or paying it later. You can pay for preventative care or end up paying for a hospital visit. One day in a hospital costs about \$300. The sicker you are, the more you pay. The impetus is to keep you sick, not get you healthy, because more money is made that way.

Jackson: Is there hope for more of this approach to medicine, preventative health care, here on the Cape? Or do you feel the obstacles are rather steep?

Leaf: I don't see very many obstacles. Four years ago, I saw maybe 20 new patients a month. This year I've averaged 80 to 100 new people a month.

There are a lot of new young M.D.'s in the group I'm in, and everyone is talking the same way. Preventive medicine is the way of the future. It's just a question of time. It's going to take 10 or 12 years, but then there will be a dramatic change. There are still a lot of older ideas that need to be broken down and destroyed, but it's coming and it's coming fast.

Rebecca Jackson is a craftswoman and a student of herbal medicines and naturopathic philosophies.

by E.J. Kahn III



former Advocate editor
talks about being

BUSTED

The winter of 1972 was a curious one, as Outer Cape winters go. A voter registration drive put 1,000 new names on the town rolls; the youngest Board of Selectmen chairman in Cape Cod history was elected; a non-profit coffeehouse and a "free university" flourished; the high school basketball team reached the quarterfinals of the state tournament; the United States Drug Enforcement Agency seized its largest haul ever of marijuana off the coast of Jamaica and announced the drug would have been smuggled into this country by a band of Provincetown and Truro fishermen, and, coincidentally, the editor of the *Provincetown Advocate* was busted for possession of grass.

I can say fairly confidently that bust was a coincidence, and not part of a town-wide conspiracy. I was the editor of the weekly newspaper at the time.

Getting busted in the winter in Provincetown is not all that unusual. Nor, for that matter, is having drugs around one's house. About the same time the Feds, the Coast Guard, and the Jamaican police were converging on the Cape Cod crew in the Caribbean, Provincetown's Drop-In Center was initiating an in-town study that would conclude, statistically, that Provincetown had as high an incidence of drug use among its residents as any community in the country. That study, forwarded to the National Institute of Mental Health in Washington by then-Drop-In Center director Eric Chivian, resulted in an eight-year \$800,000 windfall for the Outer Cape clinic, and the conviction that drug use in Provincetown if intolerable, was also virtually uncontrollable.

Enter the Undercover Agent

Although that conclusion was widely believed, it was not universally held (as it is not, I'm sure, today). Provincetown Police Chief James Meads, for one, didn't buy it. Meads took over the Provincetown department in the late Sixties after his predecessor, Francis Marshall, took a special drug investigator's job with the state police. Meads has been a successful and influential chief, partly because of his judicious public displays of power—the introduction of police dogs to the force, team patrols on every downtown corner during the summer, strict enforcement of idiosyncratic town bylaws like one requiring pedestrians to "move along" at the request of an officer. Another part, no small one either, could be tied to his employment of an undercover investigator who could, in one fell swoop,

produce dozens of drug-related arrests in the off-season community.

At each spring town meeting, residents—often characterized as “liberal,” “outsiders,” or “hippies” by the old-timers—would rise to inquire why the town felt it necessary to appropriate money for such undercover work when common sense told *them*, at least, that these busts were a drop in the bucket, did nothing to deter the flow of drugs in town, and were extremely inconvenient for the people arrested.

“there sure are a lot of them”

Just as routinely, the funds would be appropriated—often by overwhelming margins. As a sop of sorts, money for the Drop-In Center also would be voted (after bitter debates stretching over two or more nights) with knowing smirks from the back of the hall that, “It takes one to know one . . . but, damn, there sure are a lot of them, aren’t there.”

That winter of ‘72 there were a lot of them. And damned if they didn’t all seem to be voters, thanks to a landmark Supreme Court decision earlier that year waiving residency requirements.

The Supreme Court ruling had been of no small interest to the *Advocate*, which had strongly supported the voter registration drive. It had occurred to the staff more than once that we were well on our way towards making a handsome complement of political enemies. Managing editor John Short (who was himself to become the chairman of the Democratic Town Committee as a direct result of his participation in the voting drive) occasionally considered taking the front page flats—the final paste-up of the page that the printer would use to make the press plates—home with him for safekeeping. In our more rampant paranoid stages, the possibility of being set up on drug charges and arrested by local police occurred to us. We were both young; I was the chairman of the board of directors of the Drop-In Center; we had many friends that used various drugs; and we had even experimented with stimulants ourselves. We seemed to be good targets.

It never occurred to us that I would be busted on a Wednesday night, trying to put the paper to bed, by the Truro police, who simply wanted to get their town census together. Never.

Census in Every Nook and Cranny

Once a year, or every two years depending upon the community, a town census is held in every nook and cranny of the Commonwealth. This census is

put to a variety of uses. Town managers and selectmen can argue for increased state and federal aid if substantial population jumps have been noted. Town clerks can cleanse their voting lists of the deceased and departed. And the police and fire departments can get a better sense of which neighborhoods require increases or decreases in patrols and monitoring. Most cities and many towns hire paid civilian census takers to do the door-to-door canvassing. But some extremely small ones—like Truro—ask their police officers to make the census rounds during their regular patrols. On such a round one late winter Wednesday morning, a young Truro cop, fresh from a stint at the Barnstable Police Academy, stopped at my Truro home to find out exactly how many folks lived there, and noticed a rather attractive, extremely healthy, but unfortunately too-young-to-harvest marijuana plant growing in a clay pot in the kitchen.

All this I found out that night. The eager officer—recognizing the plant (“Gentlemen, this innocuous green growing thing is marijuana, and if you forget everything else, do not forget this”)—had hurried back to the station house and sworn out a search warrant. At dinner time, the entire department swept down on my unsuspecting household of roommates who—when your luck runs bad, it goes completely—had decided to throw a dinner party that night.

“I think they’re looking for you”

Oblivious to the action in Truro, I went through the usual Wednesday ritual of proofreading and paste-up, breaking to have dinner with, of all people, my lawyer. Midway through the entree, a frantic John Short turned up at the restaurant holding a clipboard. On the top sheet of paper were written 11 names. “I don’t know what to make of this,” Short said. “But I just got a call from the jail, and they say all these people have been arrested. I think they’re looking for you.”

I read the names. My roommates, my roommates’ girlfriends, *my* girlfriend. Some names I didn’t recognize at all. “What should I do?” I asked the lawyer. “Finish your dinner,” he suggested.

I’d always wondered what it would be like to turn yourself in. Now I know, and I suspect it’s preferable to being arrested. I walked into the Provincetown station, and saw several Truro officers standing around.

“I bet you’re looking for me,” I said. The sharp-eyed student who’d

spotted the plant grinned maniacally. The booking was painless, and I rather liked the mug shots George Baker took of me. After introducing myself to the people in the cells I’d never met before, we all were released, and Short and I began to wonder how to deal with this in the paper. We decided on an understated story on an inside page. No cover-up, we figured, but let’s not blow it out of proportion either.

Law Bites Own Tail

A police search turned up little more than the plant—some loose marijuana (it was a party, after all), nothing else. Nevertheless we 11 defendants found ourselves facing 55 counts in Orleans District Court—possession, cultivation, conspiracy—the book had been thrown. It occurred to me the hammer was coming down a bit harder than it might on your average towns person.

But ultimately, there is justice. In those days, the District Attorney’s office had not yet set up a system of assistant D.A.’s at the district court level. The result was every police department had to fend for itself. Most had one prosecutor—an officer who’d been specially trained—to handle all that town’s cases.

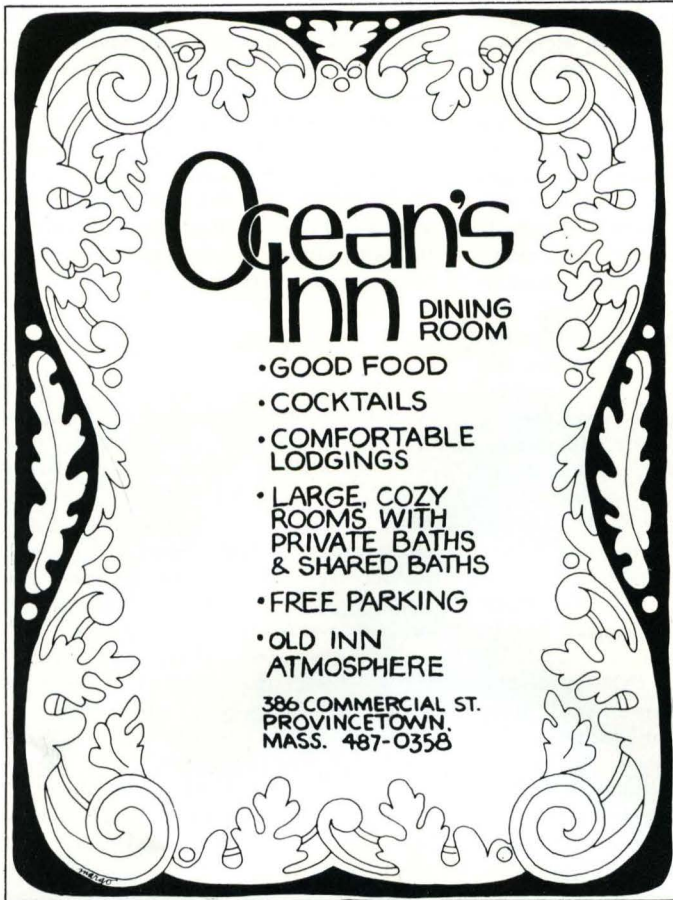
Truro was no exception. Its prosecutor was, at the time, involved in a legal battle with the selectmen over a compensation payment. Coincidentally—God, a conspiracy freak could have a field day with this—he’d retained the same lawyer I had. Conflict of interest, he said, I can’t prosecute this case.

That left the lawyer’s role to the police academy hot-shot, and here he was on less firm ground. After a half-hour of stumbling prosecution, the Orleans judge called time-out. Another hour of conference in chambers, and we were free. No convictions. Four acquittals. Seven “no findings.” Another understated story on an inside page, and it was back to work.

Mighty Fine Truro Home-grown

Two years and no arrests later, I was off to Boston. Both the Drop-In Center and the *Advocate* have continued to flourish, as has, I gather, the drug scene. Occasionally I wonder what happened to the poor plant in the kitchen. If it hadn’t been confiscated, there’d be some mighty fine Truro home-grown around these days.

E. J. Kahn III is an editor of Boston's Real Paper and a sometime resident of the Outer Cape.



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Dancing



"The original concept for 'Dreamscape' called for one main character.

A woman, first seen performing simple household tasks, slips in and out of various fantasies and interacts with other dancers, who represent aspects of her subconscious self. "I would go to the studio and try to feel like I was in the dancer's body. My strongest intuition was to create moves for her that she would do naturally." -Gretchen MacLane

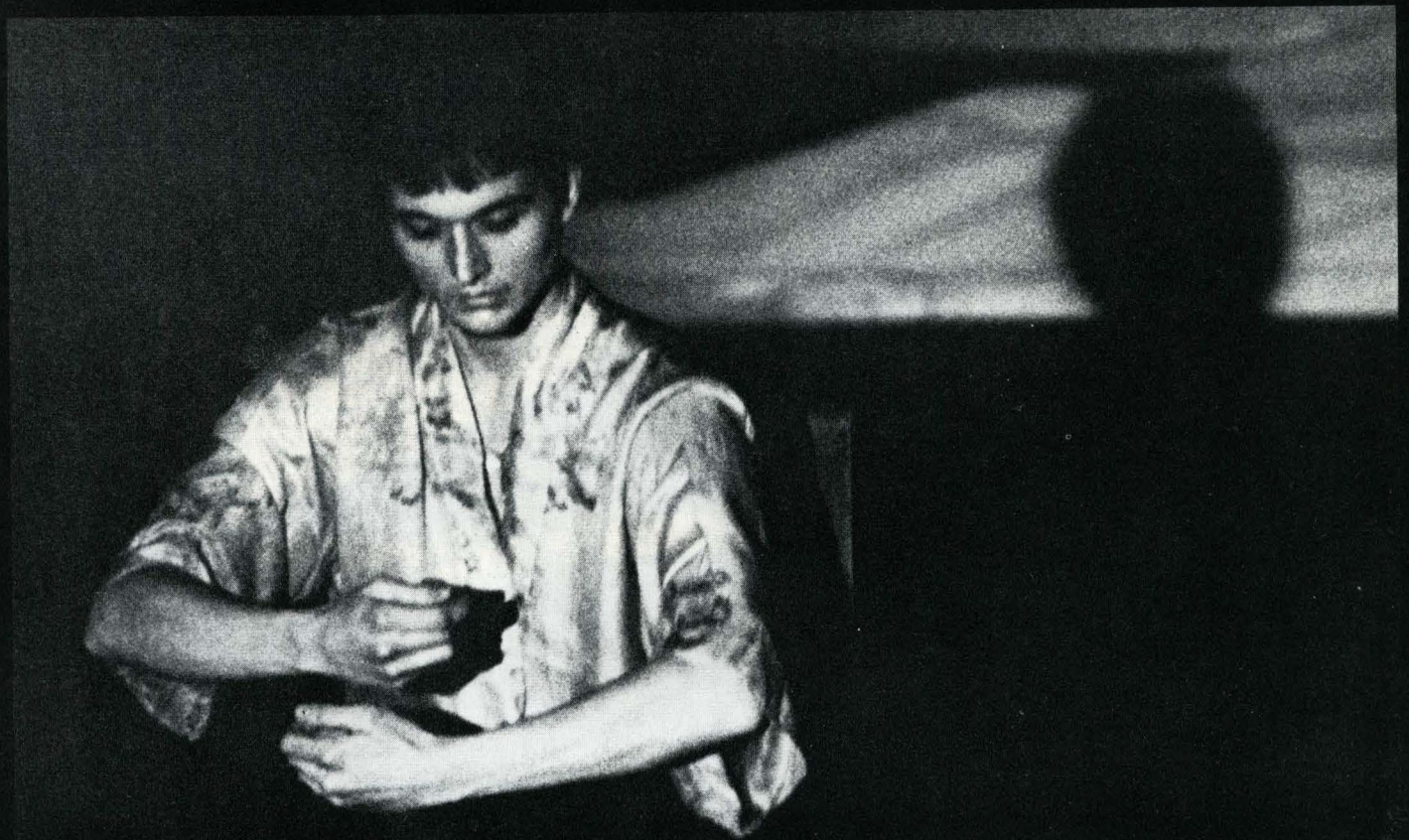


Members of the Provincetown Dance Group, led by Gretchen MacLane, photographed in performance of "Dreamscape" at the Provincetown Art Association.

by Tony Fitsch



"Right now, this dance might be too intense for me to want to do it. I really try not to think of the theatrical aspects. At the time I was as intense—and tense—as the dance was." —Marie Pace

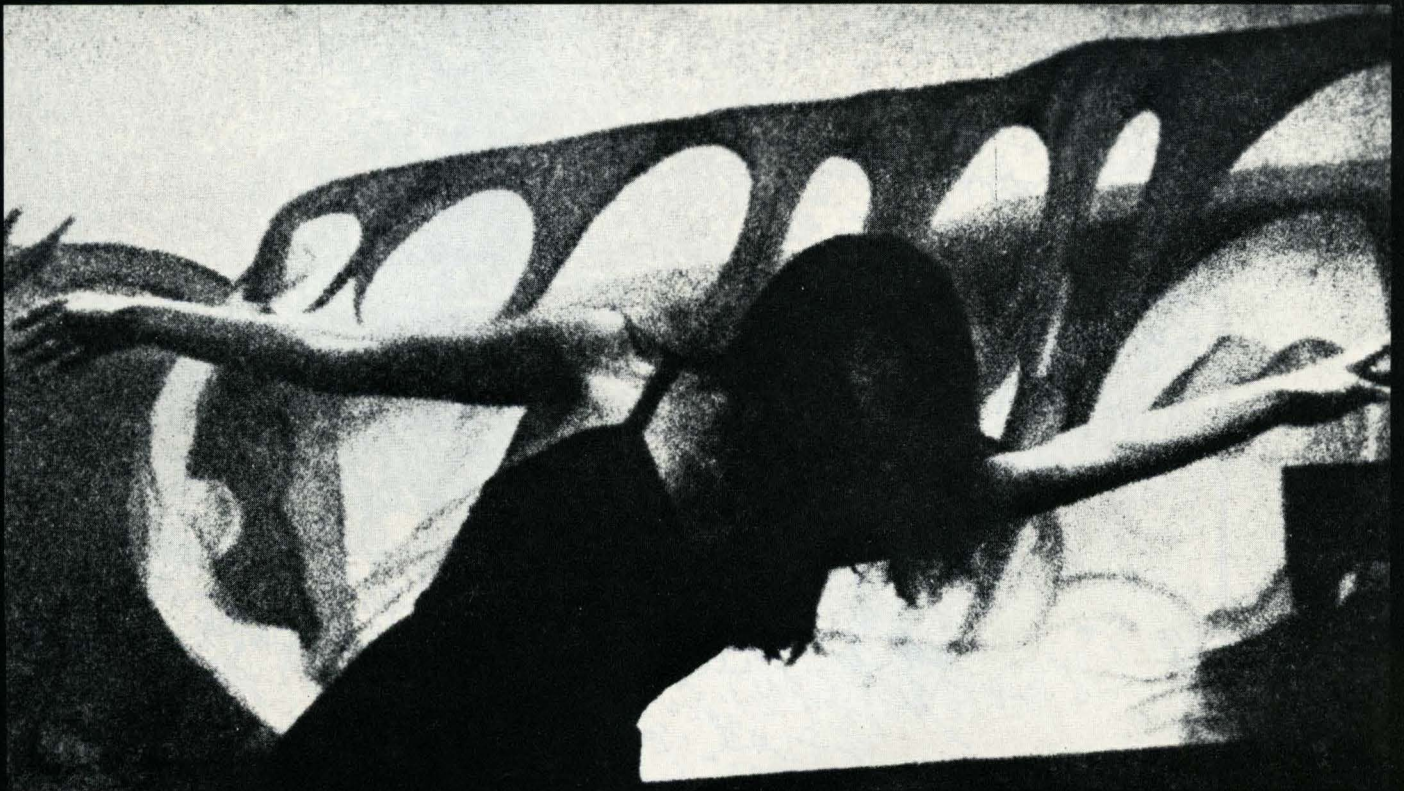




"Dance happens on many levels simultaneously. Muscles and cells are totally immersed in the movement and the music. I would say all the sensations are stimulated even more during performance. Then, there are realms . . . to be more than just yourself, to be a body that is a vehicle for sources outside itself." —Marilyn Manos

"Sometimes when it's going so well, you can be performing the dance, feeling the emotions you're supposed to be feeling, watching yourself do this, and watching the audience at the same time. It seems like every second takes an hour and you're able to be in four or five places at once." —Marty Steiger

"It seems whenever you're pulling out a lot of emotion, people who have to receive that emotion are taken back. They don't want to be real close to that, you know. That feeling. I mean it's frightening to have someone's gut emotion coming at you." —Joan Connors

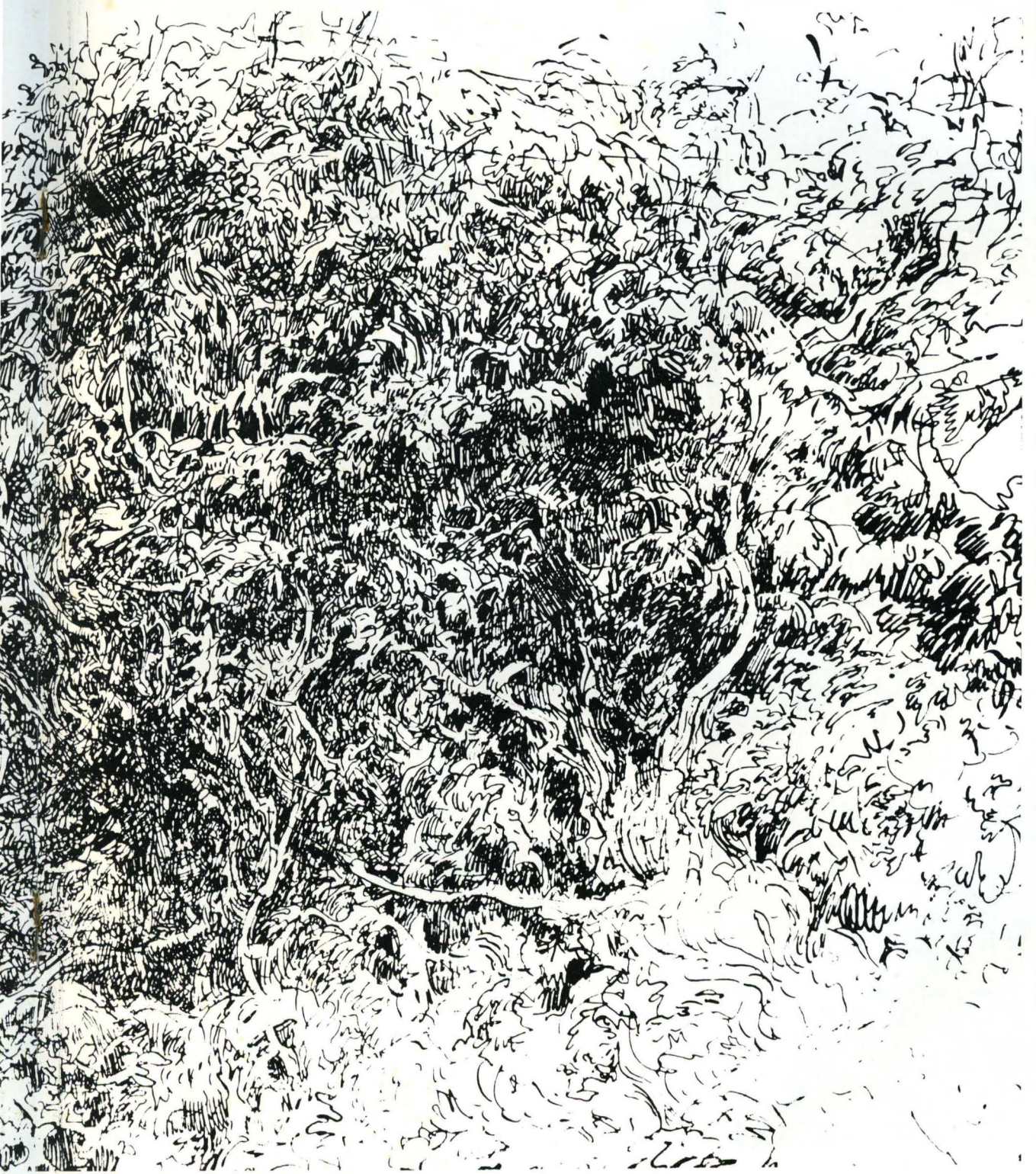




Portfolio: *Phil*



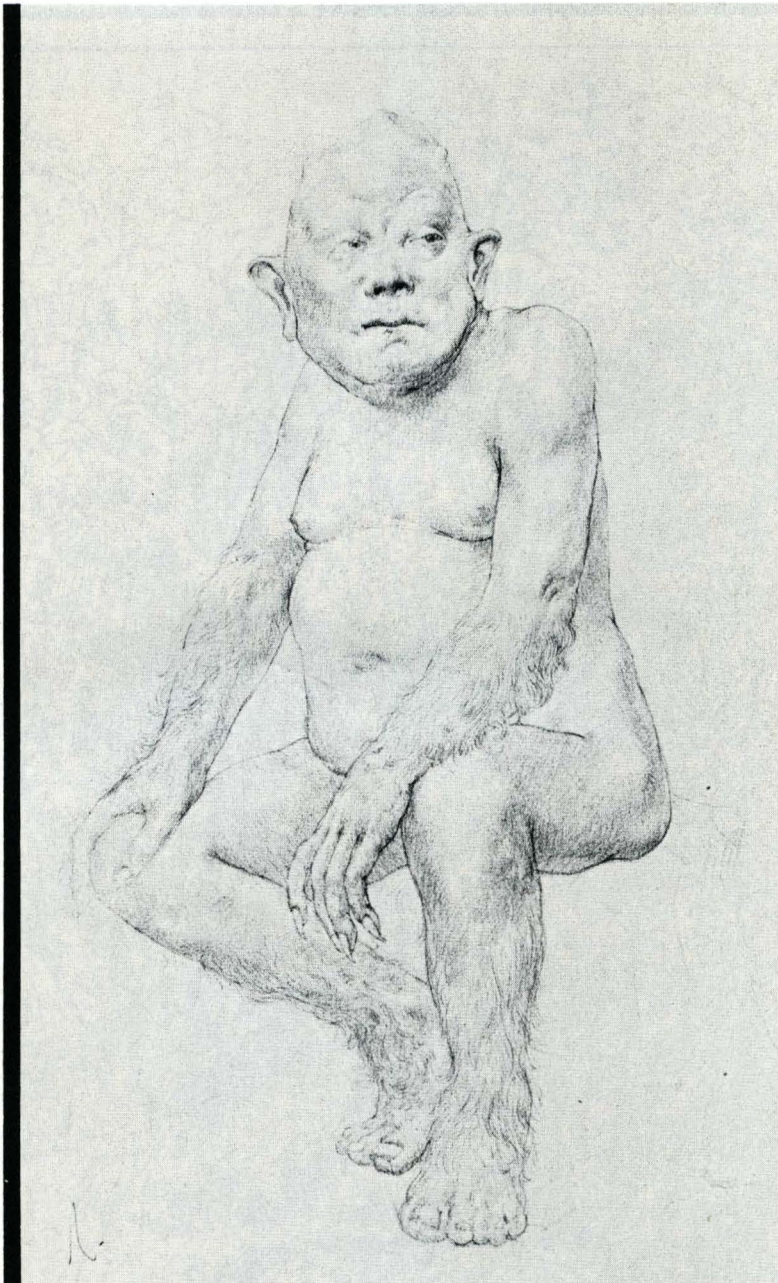
Ed. K. ...



Landscape—pen & ink—13" x 7½"

"I like to draw, I like to carve. I'll work with whatever material comes to me. It's all the same."

Richard Iammarino



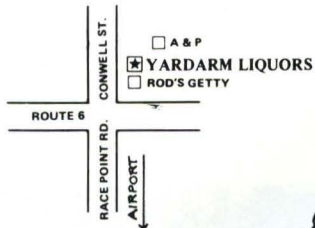
Satyr smiling—silverpoint—6" x 7"

Abstracted head—ballpoint pen—6¼" x 7"

Seated figure—silverpoint—7" x 10¼"



"The Provincetown Monster"—oil—50" x 60"

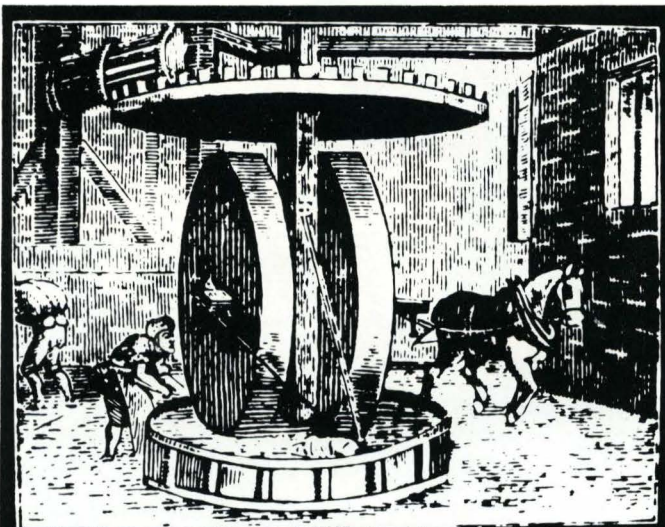


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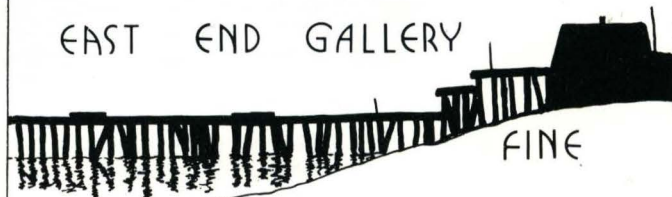
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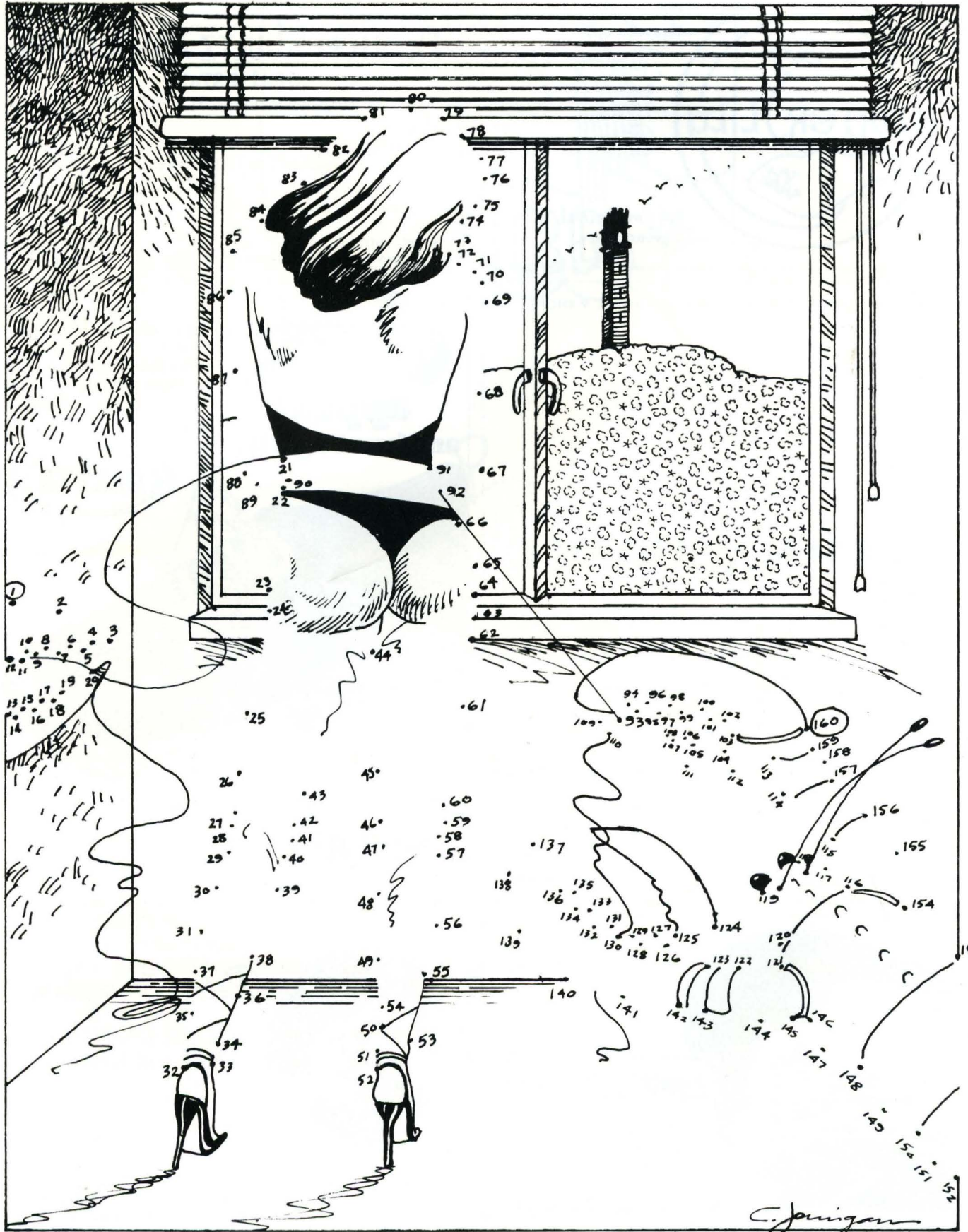
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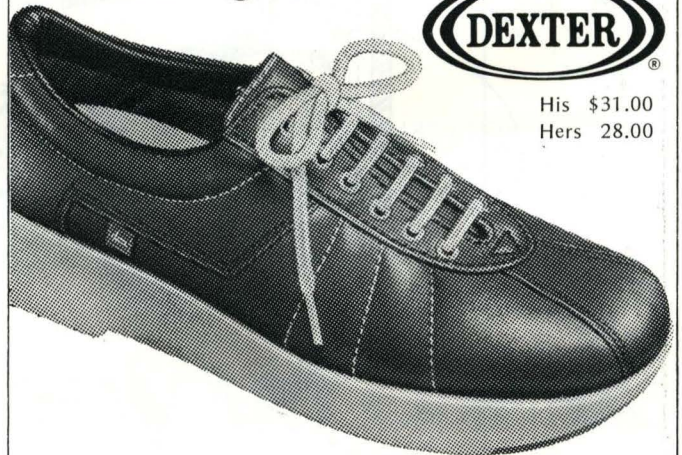
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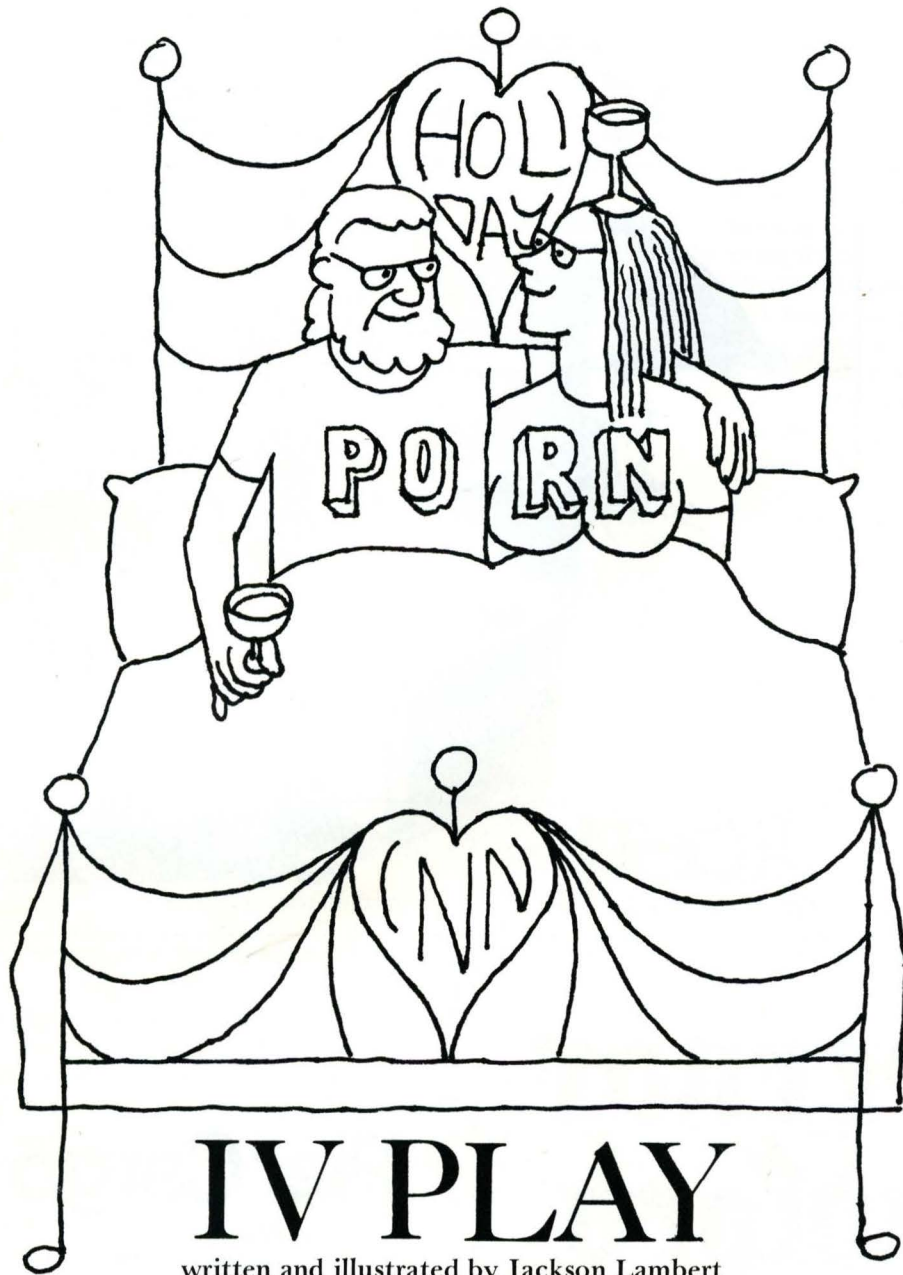


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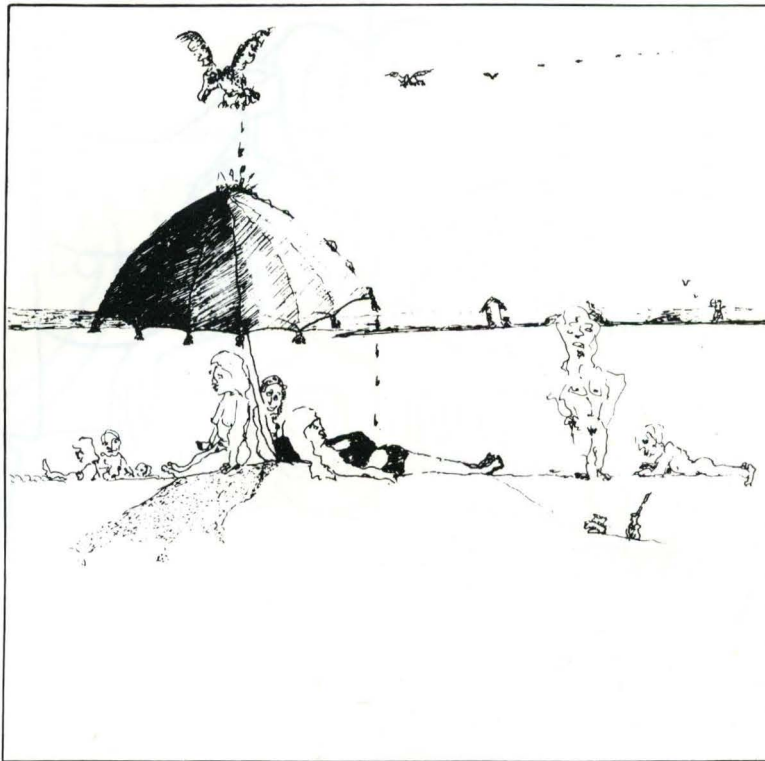
Madge languidly lay aside her Proust at the engrossing passage on page 317 where Swann almost does something, as Ralph nestled against her meatloaves, kissed her mangoes and cupped his gropers around her mangelwurzels until her limp zitis got all rosy tensed up. She wriggled her cold little hand warmly around inside Ralph's hairy breeks and manipulated his ardent leeks lovingly until both their jellos were aquiver right down to the very soles of their tennis shoes.

With gentlemanly consideration, it being a hot day in May, Ralph loosed Madge's bodice and tenderly tripped his gingers over her moist tripes and grits. They fell mutually to the Axminster carpet, where she freed his swollen mottle and guided it to her frijoles. When she came to she was aware of Ralph's coming II in his rough, sweat-slippery wattles.

After allaying their appetites with a light lunch of Mumms and watercress sandwiches and cleaning up the leftover tapioca, they reposed themselves on the kitchen chaise lounge, where Ralph ground Madge's round and warmed up his hot dog in her refectory, just to her taste, until it was time for lawn tennis.

They netted a few balls around the lawn and exercised their oreos until evening, when after conviviating with the fun-loving natives at the Holiday Inn cocktail lounge, they engaged chambers on the premises and retired with a fresh supply of Mumms and Planter's dry roasted peanuts. Madge was feeling intensely as they fell abed and only Ralph's expertise of her swollen yamahs and bottom round brought relief from her condition.

Goodnight, Madge. Goodnight, Ralph.



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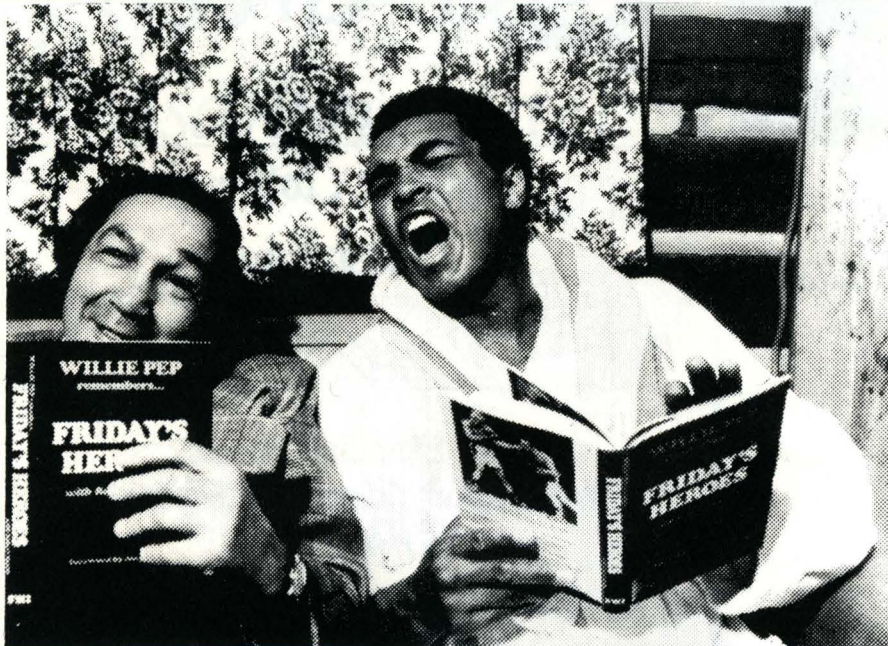
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Interview

Featherweights and Heavyweights at the Provincetown Inn



Willie Pep and Muhammed Ali horsing around.

Duffy the master cartoonist sits under one of the Tiffany lamps in the Lounge. He wants to give character to one of the girls he's going to characterize for ten dollars, an' what do you do darling? he says. Nothing, she says. Swims, her mother says. Great, Duffy says, I'll draw a little bikini on you.

Willie Pep, former Featherweight Champion of the World, a man with more fights than anyone living, and his friend Jo Jo Silva, a former light-heavyweight contender and now a manager of the Inn, are having a reunion. We asked Jo Jo if he was thinking of opening up a training camp in Provincetown:

Provincetown Magazine: Don't you think there are too many distractions in Provincetown for a training camp?

Jo Jo: No, you'd set up a certain room (at the Inn) where they would train every day and their managers and trainers with them... A fighter wouldn't get distracted because he knows he's got to get up every morning like at Grossinger's.

PM: Willie, what about Jo Jo; his training and fighting?

Willie: I saw Jo Jo fight once in Boston. Jo Jo was a dynamite puncher

but Jo Jo goofed a lot, he didn't train. In boxing you've got to work out. You can't just go in there and fight and not train. So he goofed by not training; you can't bring out the best in you if you're not in shape.

You got to be very dedicated. You got to get up every morning; go to bed at night before 11. You got to eat the right food. Three meals a day good solid food steaks and chops. You got to eat good, live good, and train good. If you don't do that you're not going to make it.

Sex is taboo with boxers. After a fight you can fool around. I'd go out with women during training but I wouldn't go to bed with them because that's out. I went on dates. I went out but I didn't drink. I'd have a coke or something; got in bed before 11. That was hard to do but I was very fortunate.

Yeah, I made a lot of money boxing. In fact I grossed a million, but you know I goofed a lot. I married a number of times but I came out all right. I live in Connecticut. I got a wife and a little girl. I got a job with the Boxing Commission as an Inspector and this is right down my alley so I'm all right.

PM: Did you know Jo Jo from the beginning?

Willie: Jo Jo was a little after my time you know; he's a young guy about thirty or thirty-five. But I knew Jo Jo when he started boxing around Boston and New Bedford and, matter of fact, I boxed in New Bedford fifteen, twenty years ago and Jo Jo boxed a four-rounder on the card. I was finished up and Jo Jo was just beginning.

I boxed as an amateur for two and a half years. You'd receive a watch and sell the watch the next day for 10, 12 dollars. This was back in the 30's, 39 and 40.

I did this for 65 amateur fights; then I turned pro and that's for the money, that's for the blood. I boxed more fights than anybody living.

I boxed two hundred and forty-one professional fights plus 65 amateur fights; that's over three hundred professional fights I boxed. And I got two of the longest winning streaks in boxing history. I won 62 in a row and I lost fight 63 when I fought the lightweight champ of the world. I was featherweight champ and in my 63rd fight he won a decision over me. Then I won 73 in a row. That's pretty good, 62 straight and 73 straight and I boxed two hundred and forty-one professional fights and lost eleven. I'm pretty proud of my career.

I got it made now, I don't fight anymore. I've got a wife and a tv set and they're both working so I'm all right, OK?

Jo Jo: Who was that fellow you fought, Willie, that you bet you'd beat without throwing a punch?

Willie: I boxed a fellow named Jackie Graves. The first two rounds naturally I went out and boxed the guy and the third round of this fight which was a ten round fight I didn't throw one punch. I blocked and weaved and I ran and I hid and so I went through the third round. The bell rang and the end of the fight all three officials gave me that round. I didn't throw one punch but I made him miss. He fell down a few times; never hit me.

A fellow becomes a boxer, he's not a wealthy kid. Boxing's a tough business. I come from an ordinary family. My father was a working guy, a laborer. I decided I wanted to be a fighter and he didn't say no and I became a boxer, had my first fight when I was fifteen, my last fight when I was forty-four... I boxed twenty-nine years and I'm all right till I hear a bell.

I get shaky when I hear a bell.

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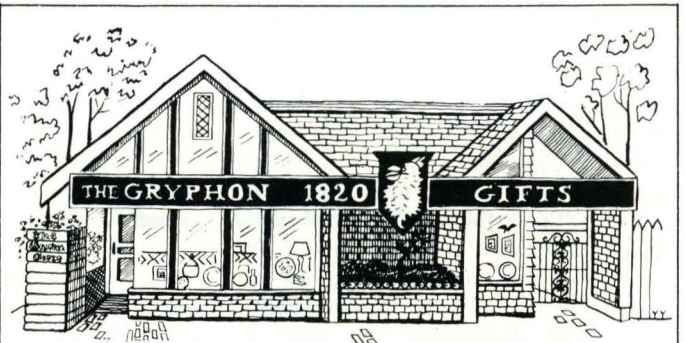
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Pleasantries from the Cape Archives

by Craig Little

Since Cape Cod is one of the country's favorite natural playgrounds, there's little wonder that so many tour guides and capsulized histories on the area have appeared. Thoreau probably touched the whole thing off, admitting after his famous walks here during the middle of the last century: "I did not see why I might not make a book on Cape Cod."

But there are plenty of facts and reputed occurrences that don't regularly make the tour books. Following are some of these.

Earnest Mermaid

Henry Hudson, the famous English navigator who sailed in the service of the Dutch, made a landing on the Cape in 1609. He reported seeing a mermaid in the harbor, "looking up earnestly at the men. From the waist up, her back and breasts like a woman's, her body as big as one of us, her skin very white, and long hair hanging down behind."

As the Cape progressed into domesticity, the usual problems began to develop. A Sandwich man was the loser in the first divorce granted on Cape Cod, 24 years after the first settlement here. For the activities that led to the divorce, he was fined and publicly whipped. But he turned out to be a very determined man, and soon earned himself a second whipping. After that he left town.

Provincetown was the first Cape town to be visited by Europeans, but it was one of the last to be dignified with the title of "town." The smallest in size of Cape Cod towns, it was also the densest in population (a land area of 8.35 square miles with 355 people per). The town has reached a year-round population of 4,443 by 1880. the census of 1880.

Odd Story

It was during this period that one of Provincetown's oddest stories materialized. In 1886, a certain "Professor" George Washington Ready, a Pearl Street resident, sighted what he said to be a great and terrible sea monster in a brackish inlet. Apparently, a good many

other people were convinced by Ready's story, since Herman A. Jennings rushed the news to a Yarmouth Port newspaper, the *Cape Cod Item*. The story was then picked up by the press all over the country.

Contemporary historian Edward Rowe Snow says of Ready's claims in the *Item*: "They included some of the strangest statements ever made by an inhabitant of Cape Cod."

It may be simply coincidence, but Ready, who said he'd visited all over the world "and a good many other places besides," also happened to be Provincetown's Town Crier, and Jennings was later to become town auctioneer in the 1890's. It's just possible the nation's press was huckstered into carrying a sea monster fable by two adept con men.

After all, it was Josef Berger, writing as Jeremiah Digges in his 1930's Federal Writers' Project book, *Cape Cod Pilot*, who said of Provincetown, "...the place has come to be viewed by the outside world only through an atmosphere of metaphor and exaggerated description."

Fatal Mistake

It was to the Outer Cape in 1717 that the notorious pirate Sam Bellamy sailed after a "lurid cruise in southern waters." It was a fatal mistake, since his ship, the *Whidah*, went aground on Wellfleet's Atlantic side during an April storm. Two hundred Wellfleeters took part in plundering the beached hulk of the ship, and they did their job well.

When Captain Southack, the government representative from Boston, arrived on the scene to claim the treasure, all he found was one doubloon. The rest was securely hidden in local sheds and under local floorboards.

Incidentally, the two survivors of Bellamy's crew, one of them a Cape Cod Indian who called himself John Julian, had helped the Wellfleeters secrete several wagonloads of booty. They'd celebrated in a tavern with the locals, but were soon given up by their captors and taken back to Boston along with seven

other pirates taken from a sister ship to the *Whidah*.

Worse than that, they were subjected to several days of Cotton Mather preaching at them in their cells. One of the pirates went mad, and another began to sing hymns. The Indian escaped to an unknown fate, and another man was acquitted at the subsequent trial, but the rest were hanged. What eventually became of the treasure is not recorded.

Mooncussing

There is some question as to whether deliberate shipwrecking—mooncussing—actually existed on Cape Cod. Most historians speak as apologists and claim that it was really chance looting; that is, if a vessel happened to wash ashore, there was no harm in relieving the hapless ship of its cargo, which would be lost otherwise.

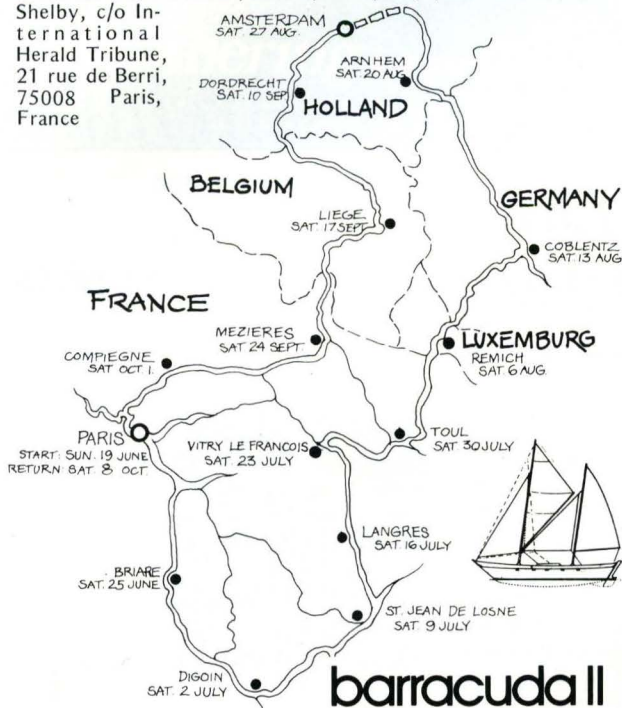
Still, there are those who feel otherwise. A Provincetown saying went, "Don't get ashore on the back side of Truro; there's women waiting there on the beach with a brick in a stocking."

The Cape has changed since those early days, and there are those who would say the change hasn't been for the better. Thoreau commented on two Italian organ grinders he saw on their way to the Cape's end: "Thus the great civilizer sends out his emissaries, sooner or later, to every Cape and lighthouse of the New World which the census taker visits, and summons the savage there to surrender."

If that's how upset he was over two organ grinders, you'd have to wonder what he'd say if he knew there are now over 2,000 hotels, motels, inns, guest houses and cottages squeezed inside the Cape's beachline.

Craig Little is on the staff of the Cape Cod News, Orleans, and has lived on Cape Cod five years. Mostly he likes to lie flat on his back on the beach during the summer.

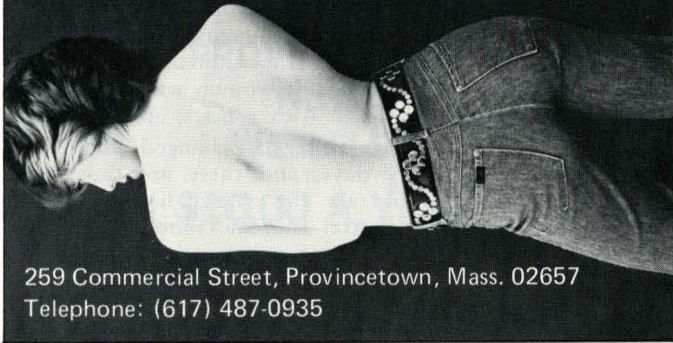
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They took their time there wasn't much to see. She had nothing else to wear only blankets. Even the lawn needs work she said and the graves. Chase things away they come back he said.

You work twelve years and nothing to show. You make a dollar at a time and there it goes alot of strange faces.

The sea parted berry for berry. He's not exactly a murderer of small boys she thought. Some go on forever some never leave. The town is perfect not always the same. You make a dollar at a time.

She handed him his share. Even the lawn needs work she said.

They took their time there wasn't much to see. The sea rests alone the town is perfect not always the same. Chase things away they come back he said. She had nothing else to wear only blankets.

You work twelve years and nothing to show something like her marriage one child too many. Chase things away they come back he said. He's not exactly a murderer of small boys she thought. She had nothing else to wear.

Paris she thought she could make more money in Paris. The sky was going down into nothing particular. You work twelve years and nothing to show. You make a dollar at a time and there it goes alot of strange faces. Some went below the surface she loved to watch.

You make a dollar at a time. She handed him his share some go forever some never leave. The sea rests alone the town is perfect not always the same.

She handed him his share. Thanks he said. Not exactly a murderer of small boys she thought.

Thanks he said. She wanted his opinion marriage or divorce or stalemate someone would lose his head. In the city it was easier to change roles.

Even the lawn needs work and the graves. She handed him his share. Thanks he said.

One chair had a leg missing but was otherwise in good shape he felt he owed it to her to be good to her he took her arm. Not exactly a murderer of small boys she thought. The sea rests alone the town is perfect not always the same. Marriage divorce or stalemate she wanted his opinion. The sky was going down into nothing particular. In the city it was easier to change roles. Paris she thought you can make more money in Paris.

You make one dollar at a time. The best thing is to pick them up at school and leave them somewhere else he thought. He thought the sea would cover everything anyway. You can always tell the one child who is one child too many.

Even the lawn needs work and the graves she said. She handed him his share. Some went below the surface. Thanks he said. He's not exactly a murderer of small boys she thought. She handed him his share some go on forever some never leave.

In the city it was easier to change roles. The best thing is to pick them up at school and leave them somewhere else he thought. They took their time there wasn't much to see. The cold coming from one person goes back a long way I know this town he said. You make one dollar at a time.

She handed him his share some go on forever some never leave. The sea rests alone the town is perfect not always the same. You make one dollar at a time. You work twelve years and nothing to show. He felt he owed it to her to be good to her he took her arm. Not exactly a murderer of small

tranquil



boys she thought.

Even the lawn needs work and the graves. Some never leave. Some went below the surface she loved to watch. He thought the sea would cover everything anyway. You can always tell the one child who is one child too many.

They took their time. Some went below the surface she loved to watch. She had nothing else to wear only blankets.

Paris she thought. The sky was going down into nothing particular. You work twelve years and nothing to show something like her marriage one child too many. She could make more money in Paris.

The best thing is to pick them up at school and leave them somewhere else he thought. She handed him his share. Thanks he said. You can always tell the one child who is one child too many.

The town is perfect not always the same. He thought the sea would cover everything anyway. The cold coming from one person goes back a long way I know this town he said. You make one dollar at a time.

—Louis Postel



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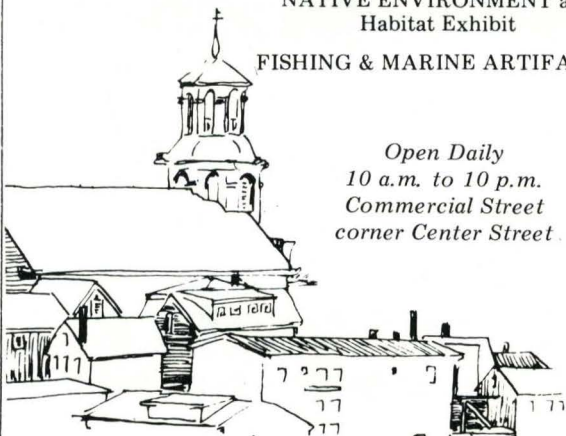
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night. Who and what was I? Dragon Lady came into
my mind, and it fit."*

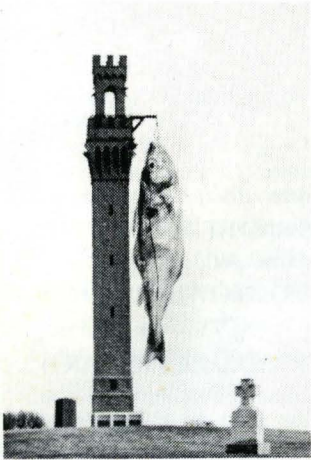


*Price on request from
Provincetown Magazine*

DRAGON LADY

BY

Bono.



MONUMENT

Not so many months ago a few rascals rowed in on a craft called Skully-jo. They scattered a handbill around town and disappeared as suddenly as they came. In the handbill was an announcement for a Monumental Idea contest. Through luck and sleight of hand, we have gained possession of the responses to that announcement.

Dear Editor,

I have been working on a dynamite plan for years. With extensive modifications of the base and interior, the monument can be altered into a spaceship with enough room for all of Provincetown's registered voters and their families in the event of a global nuclear war. I have written to NASA and they are keeping an eye on me and my project. The only problem is, where would we go?

Jeff Silva
Bradford Street

Ed. The moon seems out of the question, as it shrinks down to nothing every month. Mars is a more solid bet, but there are no fish in its ocean and a global nuclear war would have a serious effect on the tourist trade. Keep your fingers crossed.

Dear Editor,

If the monument were used as the base for a power-generating windmill it would make the town electrically self-sufficient. The blades could be 250 feet long and would make a circle 500 feet in diameter. That would be one hell of a thing to see, don't you think?

Andrew Boles
Freeman Street

Dear Editor,

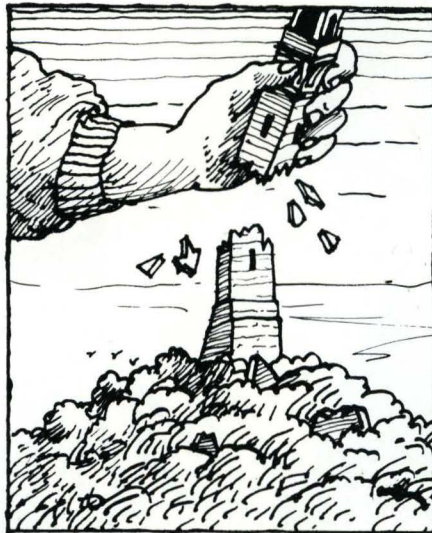
The monument is perfect for the vertical axis of a sundial. Not everyone has a wristwatch, and it is too far from the top to see clocks in the windows on Commercial Street. This way a person could always go to the top and know not only the time, but the *true* time. How many people know that true noon in Provincetown occurs at 11:41 a.m.? When it's 'clock noon' in this time zone, the sun is directly over Herkimer, N.Y., not Provincetown.

Rita Xavier
Conwell Street

Dear Editor,

It is incomprehensible to me that the monument has never been used as a lighthouse. Boats could see it from 50 to 100 miles away.

Marie Holland
Bradford Street



Dear Editor,
Tear it down.

Name withheld
Plymouth, Mass.

Dear Editor,

I propose the monument be used as the terminal base for a cable-car suspension system to Boston, hooking on to a suitable skyscraper at that end. Also to blow up the bridges and turn Route 6 into rice paddies.

Joe Thomas
Bradford Street



Dear Editor,

Just to show where this sleaze trap's vibes are really at, why not construct two huge xxxxx at the base and pull a xxxxxx over the top and advertise it as the world's largest xxxxx?

Anita Rombeck
Race Road

Editor,

According to the Treaty of 1640 between the Plymouth Bay Colony and the confederated Algonquin Nation of Cape Cod (Mashpee, Hiannes, Nauset, Wamponaug and Pamet tribes), the rights to the land and revenues thereof pertaining to said monument and its uses, are claimed and contested by the heirs of said treaty, and to show good cause in the First District Court, Barnstable County, why or why not thereunto. Subpoena enclosed.

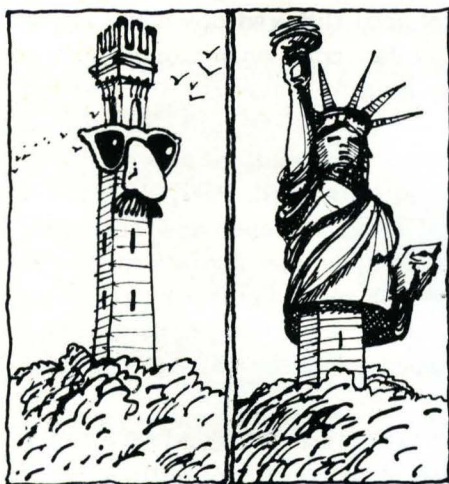
Mashpee Tribal Council
Mashpee, Mass.

NTAL IDEAS

Dear Editor,

How about disguising the monument during off-season. A big plastic nose and eyeglasses will obscure its attraction, and give the shopowners an earlier opportunity to leave for Florida instead of hanging around for the 'big Sunday' that never comes.

Marcus Welby
20A Bangs Street



Dear Editor,

Cover the monument with a giant plastic replica of the Statue of Liberty. Tourist ships coming to America for the first time will think this is New York, especially when they see the prices.

Cindy Jeroniga
20 Bangs Street

Dear Editor,

This winter shucking scallops in the harbor looking at the monument after reading your great first issue of Skully-jo, I got to thinking how could all these good shuckers I like to work with keep on shucking during the summer and I

got a very good idea. We can put the railroad in again and bring in walnuts from the walnut regions and conveyor them up the monument ramp and drop them off the top onto a big concrete cracker and then all the walnut shuckers go to work sorting them out and throwing them back onto the railroad cars that brought them in. Simple, huh? Let us know when it's ready.

Melissa Sims
Alden Street

Dear Editor,

I'm not a pro-developer and I'm not a rabid conservationist either. But I can read the writing on the wall and I say if you can't lick 'em, join 'em. The monument is an excellent smokestack for an oil refinery. We should be more mature and face reality and make the best of it.

Louis Oliver
Commercial Street

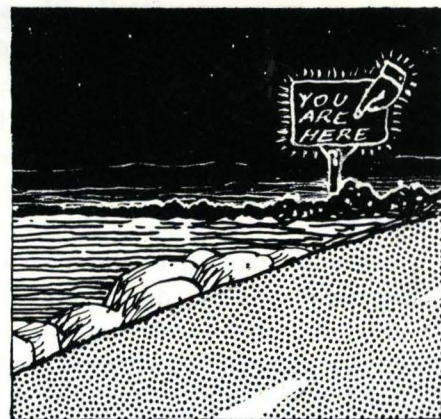
Dear Editor,
Sit on it.

Fonzie

Dear Editor,

This town hires a lot of good-for-nothings doing just that. Someone should be posted on the monument to look for tidal waves. This is a real danger. If someone were up there with flares and signal devices a lot of lives will be saved. This is a big earthquake region *and we are past due*. Twice last year earthquakes were avoided only because good human beings combined their psychic energies to prevent it. This cannot keep up, however, because there are too many unbelievers. This must be done now. We cannot wait to the next town meeting.

Henry Souza
Tremont Street



Dear Editor,

Erect a giant neon sign on it proclaiming "You Are Here" with a hand pointing downwards. This will let the tourists know where they are. Many people turn around at the Herring Cove rotary and head back out on Route 6, not realizing they are here.

Thomas Coleman
Florence, Mass.

Dear Editor,

I have a solution to the summer parking problem. Cranes erected at the top of the monument could hold strands of automobiles like beaded necklaces. It would not only be functional, but pretty too.

Mike Connant
Commercial Street

Dear Editor,

We could sell monument chips as a municipal industry. Some of the money from sales could go into a fund to build a second monument, maybe even bigger, maybe even the biggest in the world. People used to chip away at Plymouth Rock for nothing and a lot of money was lost that way.

Doris Moore
Winslow Street

ARTEMIS

WE LOVE YOU

by opal nations

The moon influences the tides, the liquids of the ocean, and the ocean's liquids react by covering surfaces differing by means of movement or travel, according to the moon's predestined whims. All that lives and many inanimate things contain, from persons to glasses of pop, liquid substances; the moon influences the tides of these things also, the liquids of the human internal being inclusive. The human beings react by covering surfaces differing by means of movement or travel, according to the moon's predestined whims, a form of hypnotic blindness.

The human blood is the ocean and the tidal flow, and caring nought of consequence the moon works at will, and does not concern itself with earthly problems.

The blood in Oscar Fingleslosk washed him forth over the ground, and the blood of Helen Tunkflamst washed her also over the ground, until being unable to proceed according to wish, Oscar and Helen were washed together completely and embarrassingly, torso to torso.

"I beg your pardon, I believe we've run aground," said Fingleslosk. "Why don't you look where you're washed up," said Tunkflamst, irritably.

This remark annoyed Fingleslosk for he knew that she knew that they knew that the blessed pizza in the blue had thoughtlessly landlocked them, a power beyond human control.

This remark angered Fingleslosk, and the tide of his sputum rose, as his mind lent itself to the moon's stronger powers of change.

The juice in his mouth flowed over and poured as wine from a chalice all over Tunkflamst's face.

Featureless and resembling a melting glaciation, Tunkflamst wished she were a nuclear breeder. Fingleslosk was five thousand and fourteen years old, his solar powered cardio-transistor ticked on and on even though the fresh complexion of his skin had left him many centuries ago.

Tunkflamst was three and one-half thousand years old, and was now wearing out her six hundred and thirty-second prestressed, trim-fit, moulded rubber body-form. Six drifting plastic cups of coffee washed themselves up against the ankles of Fingleslosk and Tunkflamst, they were beginning to experience the flotsam and jetsam of the day, the turmoil of earthly day to day existence. Rollers and breakers of pigeon shit deafened everything, as like stormclouds they hastened over the sky, drowning light commercial aircraft in their wake.

Tunkflamst, her face now drained off looked bleak as she whimpered and blabbered stories about her mother

and her father Gluebert, whom she likened to Fingleslosk, for when he caught a bad cold, he'd go out lusting and raping geriatrics in old people's homes and young bamboo shoots in expensive Chinese restaurants.

A naval petty officer, washed ashore, absent without leave and unable to control his blood-tide swept up behind Fingleslosk, the brass buckle of his dress tunic causing Fingleslosk excruciating pain as it dug into the cartilage of his lower lumbar vertebrae, coupled with the fact that the naval officer's face was buried completely under a dark mat of facial hair, and that these said fibres were torturing the nape of his neck, as at five minute periods a wad of soggy, much-chewed Three Nuns pipe tobacco slithered down the inside of Fingleslosk's shirt collar, coloring his mind with endless hallucinations, namely a number of obsequious linguists having it off with left foot fitting leather motorcycle boots bound in bandages and stuffed with cottonwool soaked in linseed-oil. Petty officer Lungscotch meanwhile rolled his eyes and conjured up images in his mind of a summer Santa Claus, wearing crimson bermuda shorts and a beachnut tan giving out gift packages of Linda Lovelace jigsaw puzzles to mentally handicapped children on the sands of Hermosa Beach.

The gutters flowed with tides of elderberry and beef flavored melted ice cream, fruited with an endless number of drifting cockroaches.

A business man in a dapper grey suit wearing the parts of a miniature pocket calculator in the gums of his teeth, which flashed computerized numbers as he conferred with colleagues, washed by, but was somehow obstructed sideways on, between the shoulders of Fingleslosk and Tunkflamst, and thence came to a stop.

Over the next handful of hours, during which time neither one of our unfortunate landlocked persons could free themselves, quite a knot of persons had joined them in like predicament: A telephonist by the name of Mavis Swunk, whose boyfriend had drifted up the Fraser River with a can of deodorant and a tube of tooth paste; Boris Thung, a plumber permanently

blinded through loss of teardrop tide control, brought on by the loss of his pet hamster Earmuff through a hot water pipe leading to the mummified corpse of Glenda Heatspoon, under the L. A. Playboy Bunny Club where the bodies of World War One bunnies were kept perfectly preserved in lustful state under full provision of Hugh Heffner, where, as needs require, to remain long after his impending death; Lickcomb Pasteover, a research chemist working on an experiment with malathion, an organic insecticide, the theory being that when used by man as an oral contraceptive the man could not fertilize the woman but excrete a number of full grown orange trees bearing a harvest of delicious pest-free fruits, a boon to farmers and anti-overpopulationists; Fibula Fetish, an attractive female hairstylist who designs poodle hair wigs for poodles in her spare time and likes to knit sweaters for her mother with the hair from the chests of her female ex-lovers and stolen dead beaver pelts from the Provincial Natural History Museum; Jock Rackjobber, the six thousand year old pimp from Intestine, Florida, the only man known to have an ongoing love affair with Ernest Bruise, the first man to pick his nose whilst walking on the moon, Jack in his spare time

peeled eyeballs to feed the crowds of hungry mormons gathered on street corners to masturbate onto plastic talking Japanese icons and into the dangerous jaws of rare tropical carnivorous plants. The lumpen street-wrecked crowd remained landlocked for many days as do many at various times, all over the city, awaiting the yellow pizza's reprieve, like many during the days when life and unlife lost control of their fluids, their bloods, their saps, their milky sustenance, under the dominations of selfish sky matter. Days when animal urine ripples in streams over the hills under a tide of supersonic fighter vapor trail. Nights when the tide-waters of falling dew ring in the ears of dreamers, and the excrement of bats make mires of much icing a thick spread, even on the tallest of skyscrapers, when in the chill of the air an abandoned huddle of land-wrecked citizens, patient, a vision of pathetic helplessness, try to comfort themselves each in their own way, by singing and accompanying themselves with disco hits, beer ballads, dirty bath-time songs, and popular melodies such as from "The King and I" and "The Sound of Music."

Opal Nations is one of Canada's leading new writers. He owns and operates the Strange Faeces Press in Montreal.



photo-collage by Paul Grillo

Keep on Shuckin'

by Stephen Eder



Paul and I are walking down MacMillan Wharf one freezing February morning. He's stuffed inside an old Coast Guard jacket and a green pea cap. The rest is a beard twice as thick as mine and two burning red eyes and a leaky nose to match. He pulls his knife on me.

"Look at that blade, man," he says. "I'm going to cut those mother's guts out today and make me some real money."

"Far out," I say.

Now if you were standing there and heard the exchange, say you were down there as a tourist taking snapshots of the fishing boats, crazy Paul and I might have put you off a little. What are we? Low budget hit men? Maybe we're a couple of local psychos and it's only seven o'clock in the morning and there's no cops in sight. No need to panic. We're only shuckers.

A shucker, or cutter, is a person, a person who needs money. That day if possible. We need money to keep the kerosene burning in the stove and the lights on through this bitter winter so we open scallops on the boats. Ten bucks a ten-quart pail.

Paul's worked up because he's just made himself a custom shucking knife. The blade is five and a half inches long. The tip is sort of wide like a fancy butter knife. It narrows to a quarter inch at the shank before disappearing into a handle built up from two rolls of electrical tape. The blade is bent slightly sideways in a crescent so he can scrape inside the convex shell of the scallop.

"I'm a lefty man. I ground this blade for me and only me. You watch. I'm going to cut five buckets today. Five. Fifty bucks!"

Now all we need is a boat to cut them on. The Zerda's due in this morning from a drag off Nauset, up-Cape.

Martian Soybean Farmer

Most of the other shuckers use store-bought knives from Land's End Marine. They look pretty much like Paul's. You also wind up buying a pair of rubber boots, insulated rubber work gloves and last but not least, a set of Helly-Hansen "oils." Oils are the bright yellow rubberized overalls with suspenders that fishermen wear. You slip them on over layers of clothes and thermal underwear and look a little like a Martian soybean farmer.

That's your kit. Total outlay about fifty bucks give or take a few dollars depending on how much electrical tape you use to customize your handle. Just add a scallop boat and you're in business.

photographs by Esteranne Mitura

Back at the other end of the wharf, about two dozen other shuckers are waiting for our report. Men and women mostly in their twenties and thirties. Paul and I are down here as advance scouts to see if the Zerda's come around Long Point. There she comes. It's 7:15.

"Five buckets!" shouts Paul. We hightail it back to the Wharf Luncheonette to sound the call. It's biting cold and we're jogging against the wind.

Around the counter and hunched at the tables, the shuckers are fueling up. Hot coffee, homemade blueberry



muffins and ninety-nine cent breakfast specials. Look at them put those pancakes down!

We spread the news. The shuckers grunt and nod. They try not to look too relieved or excited but deep down everyone's kind of up for the day, weather and all.

Shuckers are good people. They're not stuck away and bummed out in their winter rentals. Shuckers are motivated.

So ten minutes later we motivate ourselves back down MacMillan, swarm off the wharf and onto the Zerda's decks.

Lumpers in the Pen

Below decks in the pens, the lumpers dig in with shovels and load scallops into wire bushel baskets. Meanwhile, the shuckers grab themselves a galvanized pail, climb into their oils and pick a spot to work.

The hot-shot shuckers cut aft inside compartments along the stern. The rest of us work out in the open midships.

Up on the bridge Captain Donald Curtis is cursing his butt off about something. That's not unusual, it's just his style. He's all right, leaves the shuckers to their business and minds his own.

As the scallops come up from below on the winch, the lumpers on deck fill our boxes. Donald casts off from the wharf and steams the Zerda around the breakwater. We have to shuck there. The shells and guts can wash out into the harbor. It's the law.

So there we are. Me, Paul and a lady named Genie. The breakwater slips past. Donald shouts and swears as the crew lets the two huge steel mesh drags overboard to anchor us. Get your foot caught in one of those drag cables and you won't have time to kiss it goodbye.

The boxes and troughs fill with scallops and a few other sundries scraped up from the ocean floor. Starfish, crabs, slimy skate, little yellow tail flounders in *rigor mortis*, weathered quahaug shells and a little sand.

I grab a scallop, flat side up and insert my knife. Cut the tasty white muscle inside along the top shell, twist the blade to snag the circle of translucent guts around it, pull back on the knife and tear off both bottom shell and gut. Then I flick them overboard and, hopefully, not my knife. I'm left with the scallop sitting pretty on the other top shell and, with another flick, cut it into my bucket. As I complete this stage, my eye roams the box for the next candidate. This saves time. Never stop moving. Grab, cut, pull, fling, flick, look. Of course, you don't always catch the gut right. Sometimes, when your mind wanders, you fling and the gut's still hugging the scallop. Shuckers hate this. It's bad form. An added second or two trying to scrape the gut away without mangling the muscle. Seconds add up and cost you bucks.

Paul and I are doing all right but his tawny-haired young lady, Genie, is a star. Paul and I are wondering if she could lay a few tips on us.

"Hey, Genie," Paul asks. "How come I keep missing the gut?"

She watches him work for a few shucks.

"You have to hold your handle more at the bottom. You're choked up on it too far." She says.



Paul takes the hint and so do I. She's right.

"Hey thanks," I say.

"Five buckets. I'm going to do it today. I'm going to buy me a ten cent ceegar," says Paul.

Paul asks Genie if there's anything he can do for her.

"Yes," she says. "Get Donald to put on some music."

Paul's up on the bridge in a flash and suddenly through the speakers on deck the disco blares out.

"That's the way . . . I like it! That's the way. I likkk-ke it."

Twenty-four shuckers start to boogy while they cut. They're boppin' and weavin' but they keep on *shuckin'*.

To fill a bucket takes time for most. An average of an hour and a half. About 1,600 mollusk muscles.

One by one, the meats fall into the bucket. It feels like

forever so you try not to think about it.

Grab, cut, pull, fling, flick, look, and boogy.

The seagulls are having a ball. They're munchin' a gut the minute it hits the salt. They swoop and dive and laugh at us. Who said there's no such thing as a free lunch? We get to eat too. Crew first, then shuckers. By one o'clock I'm eating raw scallops and it's snowing big wet flakes the size of the meats.

Portuguese soup smells are creeping up the companion way from the fo'c's'le. Genie finishes her bucket first. She's already done three.

"Hey Donald!" she shouts at the wheel house.

Donald looks down at her pail and nods. The scallops are piled up high along the rim and almost overflowing.

He marks her down in the book for another ten bucks. Genie's oils are off a minute later and she's down for a totally earned lunch.

Paul and I finally finish up and join her. We take our buckets over to a large stainless steel sink. A crew member washes them down with a jet of salt water and picks out pieces of shell. "You guys have got to shuck them cleaner," he warns. Then he and a buddy scoop our work into large white bags for market. There's enough meats in the sink to send them both to the Bahamas for a week.

Hot Soup and Steamed Glasses

The kitchen is packed wall to wall with hungry shuckers. The 99-cent breakfast specials were burned off the first two hours. The second I climb down the ladder, Peter, the cook, sits me at the table with a bowl of hot linguica, kale and potatoes swimming in red broth. My glasses steam up.

It's like Thanksgiving down there. Arms shoot out across the little table grabbing white Bunny bread, butter, salt, pepper, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, cigarettes, and matches.

I say to Paul, "I don't know. Maybe it's better to make money doing some dull job indoors. I mean I get the feeling we're all either very smart or very stupid."

"I can't tell the difference anymore," he replies.

"Amen," says Genie.

Richard Dickey, tough and wiry with a sea-wise face, slips down the companion way. He's a primo shucker extraordinaire. Done five buckets already.

Richard sits down to his soup. The topic of conversation, indoors vs. outdoors, prompts this story:

Shocking Incident

"I used to work indoors," says Richard. "A friend of mine had an aquarium on the wharf. He made money, boy. Had a lot of freaky stuff in the tanks. Charged twenty-five cents a head and made \$300 a day.

"I used to take care of the tanks. Had an electric eel. People threw coins inside the tank to try to short circuit the bastard. I'd fish out the money when I cleaned his tank. Nothing ever happened. He was an easy-going eel 'til one day. He gave me a shock and the next thing I know I'm on the other side of the room smashed up against the other tanks. Damn near killed me. I'd rather shuck."

"How many bags have they filled," asks Genie.

"At least twenty," says Richard.

It's around then that Paul and I notice the little TV is on over the table. A soap opera. Millions of people across lunch-time USA are watching along with us, most in the warmth and comfort of their living rooms.

On the screen we see a young guy and woman having a chat in an office filing room. They are in love but she is the daughter of the boss, and he, just a clerk.

Genie says, "I'll bet they get married and she'll wind up making beds and washing dishes for the rest of her life."

"He'll get a big raise from his boss and have a heart attack on his fortieth birthday," adds Paul.

With that, we pile out from behind the table and back into oils, knives and buckets.

The lumpers fill the boxes and we grab, cut, pull, fling, flick, look and boogy.

Most of the scallop fleet is out there past the breakwater with us. I can barely make out the names on the bows through the snow. The *Joan and Tom*, *Gerda Riva*, *Little Infant*, *Jimmy Boy*, *Jennifer and Aaron*. The others are still at sea fishing.

Who knows when the scallop beds will finally give out. In the fishing business no one plans past the next twenty-four hours.

Donald has no idea that a week from today, a fire in the engine room will turn the *Zerda* into a useless shell.

All anyone knows is we got work for the day and maybe for most of tomorrow until the scallops run out below.

We're outdoors, cold and wet with snow but making money and getting plenty of fresh salt air.

You make as much as you're worth, nothing more, nothing less, man or woman. It's simple.

And the disco blasts away against the wind, it says, "That's the way, I like it, uh-huh uh-huh! That's the way I likkk-ke it."

Stephen Eder is a television film script writer. He is currently making video films of the fishing industry in conjunction with the Provincetown Library.

OFFSHORE OIL

When the blind rigs spout dust over wells in the desert, men will climb once more to the mastsheads of ships: too late, they will squint in their great thirst at the shimmering salt-wastes, and sing out for the mirage of the vanished whales. What fish are still left will huddle at the oasis; only camels will wander across the dunes of the sea.

—Philip Fine



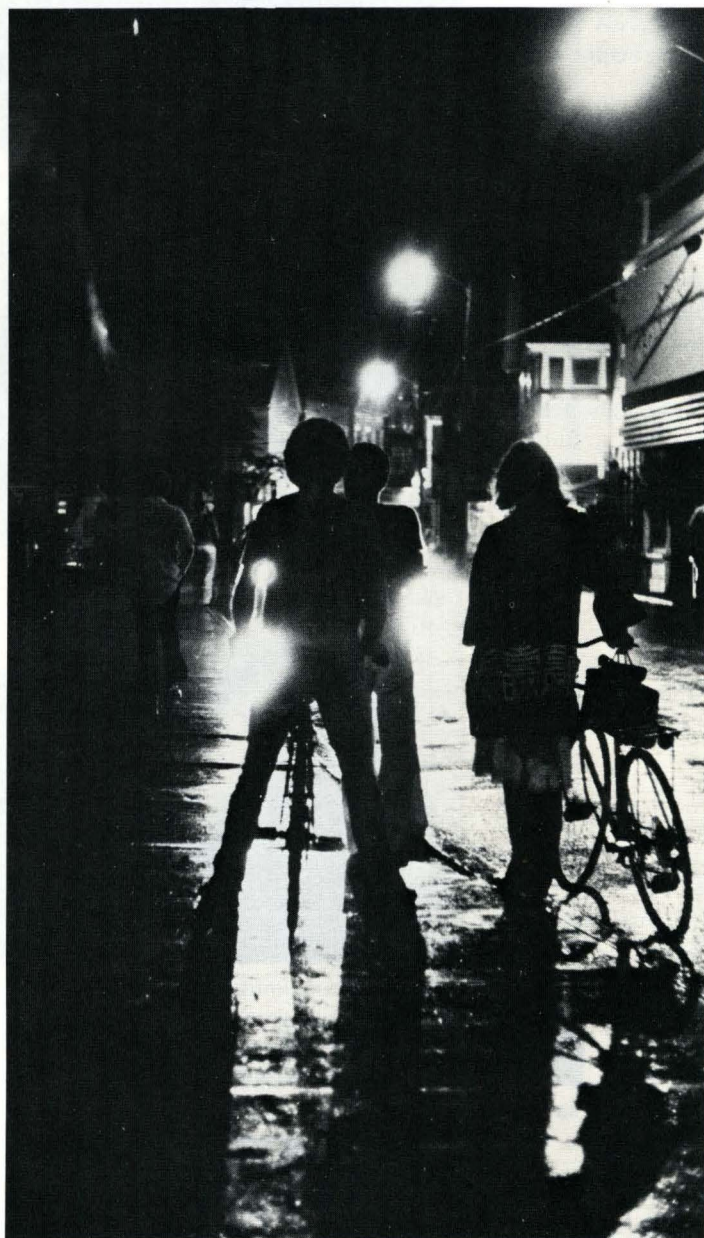
Tom Laird

MIXED NUTS



John Gregory

without peanuts



Tom Laird

Visitors' Guide

PLACES TO EAT & DRINK

Angie's: 333 Com'l St., 487-3388, pizza, sandwiches & pastries; open all day & after the bars close.

Cafe Blaze: 328 Com'l St., 487-3810, leisurely outdoor cafe, breakfast, after hours food & cold drinks; beer & wine.

Cafe Edwige: 333 Com'l St., 487-3851, breakfast menu: omelets, pastries, yogurt & fruit, etc.; vegetarian fare; beer & wine.

Ciro & Sal's: Kiley Court, 487-9803, Italian food, dinner 5:30 on; small, quiet bar.

Cottage Restaurant: 149 Com'l St., 487-9160, breakfast, lunch & dinner, home cooking at reasonable prices.

Don's Cafe: 539 Com'l St., 487-1964, breakfast to dinner, waterfront patio, bar.

The Flagship: 463 Com'l St., 487-1200, dining room overlooking the harbor, bar.

Front Street: 230 Com'l St., 487-9715, varied menu, warm & pleasant atmosphere, bar.

The Galley: a walk to the end of Mac-Millan Wharf for seafood platter, fish & chips, or a sandwich while you watch the fishing fleet come and go.

Governor Bradford Restaurant: 312 Com'l St., 487-9618, lunch & dinner, 3 bars, live music, dancing, game room.

Ocean's Inn: 386 Com'l St., 487-0358, old inn atmosphere, bar, outdoor patio, free parking.

Pied Piper: 193a Com'l St., (behind Spiritus Pizza), 487-1527, disco at night.

Red Inn: 15 Com'l St., 487-0050, country inn atmosphere on the harbor; lunch, dinner.

Rosy: 603 Com'l St., 487-0307, unhurried dining on the water; dinner: 7-11 p.m., bar til 1.

Spiritus Pizza: 193 Com'l St., 487-9856, pizza, open til 2 a.m. every night.

Town House Restaurant: 291 Com'l St., 487-0292, lunch & dinner, outdoor terrace, bar.

Weathering Heights: Shank Painter Rd. (across from Piggy's), 487-9259, chef Ron Coleman has been preparing seafood and steaks for years, dinner every night.

PLACES TO SHOP

Cat's Cradle: 244 Com'l St., ceramics, handmade gifts and art work; open daily 11 to 11.

Chrysalis: 349b Com'l St., 487-3637, a shop for dreamers; fine crafts, dreams and crystals.

Deirdre's Old Fashions: 373 Com'l St., good assortment of women's clothing and men's revamped clothing.

Earthfood: 214 Com'l St., 487-9527, complete line of health foods, vitamins, and beauty products.

Galadriel's Mirror: 246 Com'l St., 487-9437, gold and silver jewelry, arts, crafts and minerals.

Graphics, Etc.: 355 Com'l St., 487-1414, contemporary and nostalgic art, pipe and tobacco shop, gifts.

The Ironmongers: 419 Com'l St., 487-3365, gift shop, mostly antique, unusual variety.

Masquerade: 338 Com'l St., vintage clothing and antiques, open daily.

Natural Leather: 259 Com'l St., 487-0935, year round, leather and jewelry; bronze jewelry by Carl Tasha.

Northern Lights Leather: 361 Com'l St., 487-3832, leather goods, beautiful bags.

Outermost Kites: 234 Com'l St., Union Square, if you want a special kite, you'll probably find it here; wide selection in many designs and colors.

Patrician Shop: 212 Bradford St., 487-9256, large variety store, magazines, paperbacks, gifts, pottery, office supplies, film, plants, etc.

Patrick's Gift Shop: 306 Com'l St., 487-0590, large selection of gifts and cards, office supplies, well run and friendly.

Penney Patch: 279 Com'l St., small, friendly store, large variety of candy.

Pier Cargo: 290 Com'l St., 487-9025, large import store, reasonable prices; many curious items.

Provincetown Bookshop: 246 Com'l St., 487-0964, good selection of paperbacks and hardbound books.

Remembrances of Things Past: 376 Com'l St., 487-9443, antiques, gifts, stained glass, doll house furniture, interesting shop; open daily.

Sadie Green's: 3 Standish St., 487-3217, well organized, reasonably priced antique clothes and stuff; open daily 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Salt Cellar: 374 Com'l St., 487-3056, cookware, gifts, antiques; open daily 11 to 11.

Shoe Port: 273 Com'l St., 487-0979, only year round basic shoe store in town.

Studio Shop: 441 Com'l St., downstairs, 487-9119, complete line of art supplies; open year round.

Tumbleweed Connection: 212 Com'l St., 487-3753, records, clothing head hear, etc.

Tumbleweed Jewelry: 376 Com'l St., downstairs, 487-3083, gold and silver jewelry.

Uptown Strutters Ball: 212 Com'l St., clothing, deco, fiestaware; open daily 11 to 11.

Water Lily: 322 Com'l St., beautiful hand-blown glass and jewelry.

Waverly Shop: 249 Com'l St., 487-3643, fine jewelry.

PLACES TO STAY

Crown & Anchor: 247 Com'l St., 487-1430, modernized turn-of-the-century hotel, restaurant, 5 lounges, pool, mall.

Hargood House: 493 Com'l St., 487-1324, apartments with decks, by week, month, season on the bay.

Land's End Inn: 32 Com'l St., 487-0706, beautiful house, beautiful view.

Ocean's Inn: 386 Com'l St., 487-0358, large rooms with old inn atmosphere.

REAL ESTATE

Atlantic Bay Real Estate: 166 Com'l St., 487-0859.

David M. Colburn: 491 Com'l St., 487-0055.

Patricia Schultz Associates: 406 Com'l St., 487-9550.

Roslyn Garfield Associates: 115 Bradford St., 487-1308.

GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

East End Gallery: 424 Com'l St., new this year, works include paintings, sculpture, fabric designs and photographs.

Provincetown Art Association: 460 Com'l St., 487-1750, open Monday-Saturday 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sunday 2 to 5 p.m.; admission: adults 50 cents, children and senior citizens free; see ad for schedule of exhibits.

The Provincetown Heritage Museum: Com'l & Center Streets, 487-0666, open daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; admission: adults 75 cents, children 25 cents.

HAIR

Linda Werts: Miss Pat's House of Beauty, 3 Holway Ave., 487-1400, complete beauty services, open year round.

Peter Tompkins: 3 Standish St., 487-3844, open year round.

MOVIE THEATRES

See *Advocate* for schedule

Metro Cinema: 256 Com'l St., 487-3448, 1st-run films.

The Movies: 237 Com'l St., 487-3276, repertory films.

New Art Cinema: 214 Com'l St., 487-9222, 1st-run films.

BICYCLE AND HORSE RENTALS

Nelson's Riding Stable: Race Point Rd. (across Rt. 6), 487-0034, handy to National Seashore trails.

DRUG STORE

Adam's Pharmacy: 254 Com'l St., 487-0069, the only prescription drugstore in town; soda fountain.

PRINTER

Shank Painter Printing Co.: Shank Painter Rd., 487-1709.

LIQUORS

Yardarm Liquors: State Rd. (next to the A & P), 487-0700, large store, wide selection of beer, wine and spirits.

PLACES TO DANCE

Back Room: at the Crown & Anchor; 247 Com'l St., 487-1430, city disco Provincetown-style, good sound system.

Governor Bradford Restaurant: 312 Com'l St., 487-9618, 3 bars, live bands, game room and restaurant.

Piggy's Dance Bar: Shank Painter Rd., 487-9662, disco dancing, lighted dance floor, 2 bars, good music.

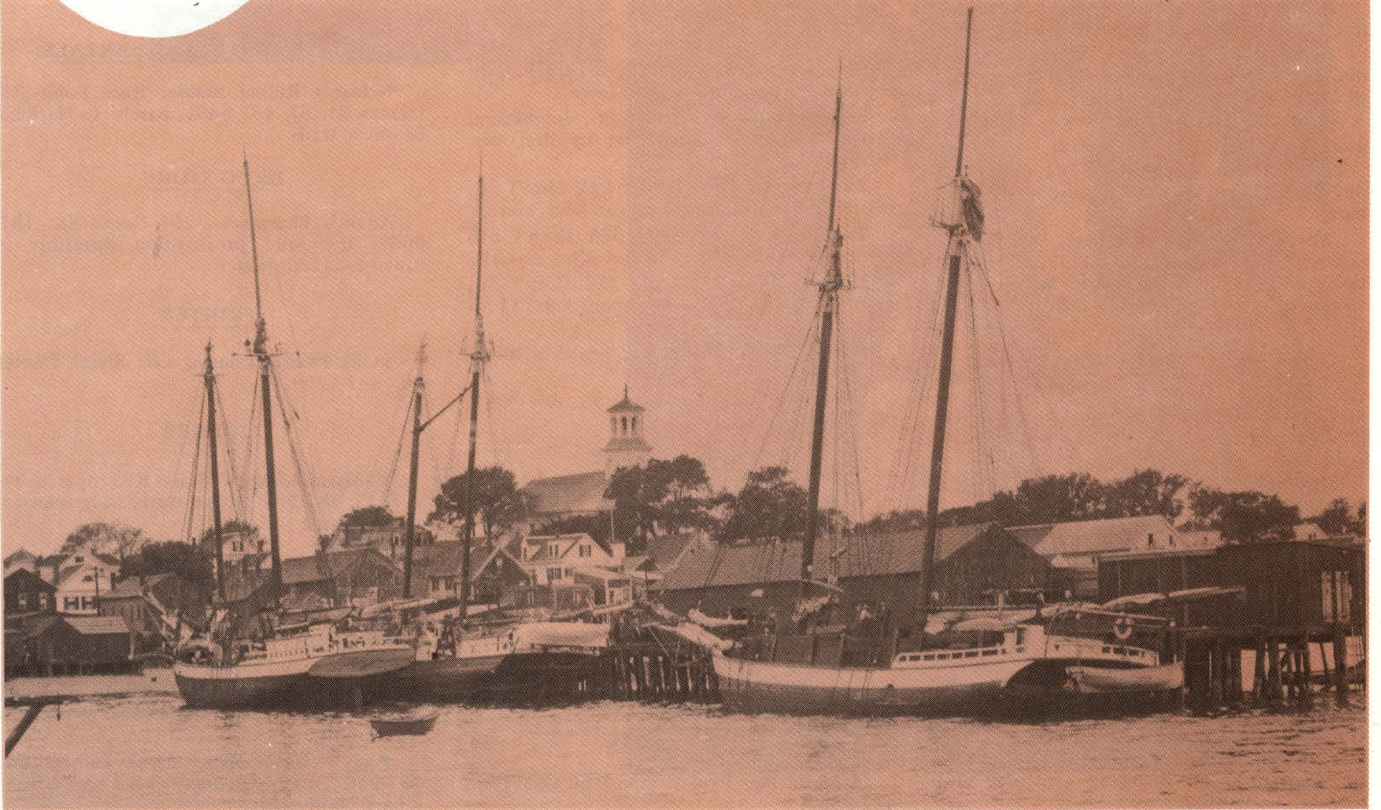
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All Decked Out for Summer

A TAROT READING BY BABE GERZOG

This Tarot reading in the Gypsy spread consists of six lines of cards—36 in all—and of course in this case the querent, or subject, is Provincetown. The lines are defined as follows:

1. The environment or conditions surrounding the querent.
2. The querent.
3. Hidden elements or influences
4. That which will be manifested overtly.
5. The central issue, heart of the situation.
6. Clarification.

The environment: Victory over enemies, and a manifestation of a protective friendship among the various towns on the Cape. There will be more and better communication among the businessmen and a breakdown of the many prejudices that presently hamper communications. Old habits, however, cause unnecessary delays.

The querent: Provincetown should make an excellent recovery economically and socially, but it will take several years to realize. Much of the friendship seen in line 1 will have to be initiated by Provincetown (this has already begun). There is caution suggested in taking on new debts. The ten of cups indicates a spiritual resurgence coming before an economic one.

Hidden elements: Good news from the larger towns (after

some delays). There's a strong indication of spiritual protection for Provincetown. There is also an indication of an offer from the state or federal government which should create a greater feeling of tranquility in the town.

Overtly manifested: A rekindling, on a wider basis, of interest in, and a greater understanding of, the occult.

Through the efforts of a particular individual (a lawyer, I believe) there will be more openness in the financial and political affairs of the town. This will not be seen until the middle of next winter at the earliest.

Central issue: Provincetown has always been surrounded by a mystical aura, but for several years it has been hidden by an aura of fear. The fear is being replaced by a new tolerance and a greater sense of balance. There is a warning here, however, to beware of charlatanism and sensationalism in the occult area.

Clarification: Slander by some hostile groups could cause difficulties in town towards the middle of summer unless egos are kept in tow. **The Tower** points to many changes in attitudes on the part of residents and on the types of visitors the town will attract. There will be some resistance (through a small sense of loss) to both physical change and change of an emotional and spiritual nature. For the most part, however, there will be greater willingness to accept new approaches and new ideas.

(continued from p. 7)
 day incorporation probably took place.

But the only *ephemeris* Gerri could locate had a gap from about 1640 to 1810. Bye-bye 1727.

June 14 would make Provincetown a Gemini, and a case can be made for the split personality. But one most frequently hears Provincetown described as Scorpio, a water sign, and characterized by emotional extremes.

"Scorpio rules sexuality," says Gerri. "Sex is an integral part of the creative process here."

Scorpio as the local sign is based on the arrival of the *Mayflower* on Nov. 11/21, 1620. (Nov. 11/21: a few centuries ago, calendars were found to be retarded by several days, and an adjustment to all previous dates was made. The *Mayflower* arrived Nov. 11 pilgrim time, Nov. 21 ours.)

We wondered how 1620 could be justified as the year of Provincetown's birth. The pilgrims left in less than a month. A minority of them, however, wanted to stay. These were fishermen, and they continued to fish off Race Point after settling in Plymouth.

It is probable the first European shelters were built by these earliest fishermen. If continuous seasonal settlement is used as the qualifier, then Provincetown may be the oldest town in New England. The reader can anticipate more on this matter.

Cover Story

Photo editor Tony Fitsch and pilot Ken Lambert took the double-exposure cover photo with a Canon 35mm camera and Piper Cherokee 6 airplane. The first exposure was recorded at 500 feet. The altitude of the second exposure is not known, due to the 18,000-foot limit on Ken's altimeter. We can safely say it was from 18,000 feet plus.

In subsequent issues we will install a department called "Provincetown Traveler," wherein local citizens will have an opportunity to tell of distant places here and abroad.

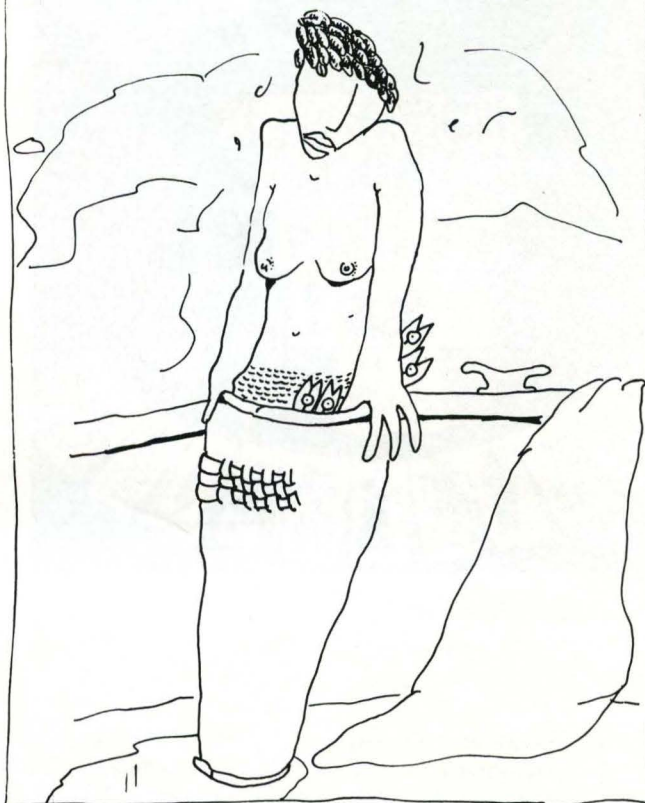
Plus a department called "Futures." At present these are community oriented: a plan for a garden co-op, energy alternatives, cottage industries, aquaculture—all geared to the self-sufficient community. Ideas wanted, new or old.

Full steam ahead.

On the Subject of an Aggressive Basket

Oh, raw straw enveloping nothingness,
 Emptiness. Bleak, blank surround of obscure,
 Intangible desolation!
 Wicked wicker . . . engulfing with your grappling
 Graftsmanship technicals. Twisted,
 Gnarled, deformed moldy wheat lengths!
 Degenerate, leave your webbed weave, flee.
 Wilt thou at least release my goddamn foot?

—David Wheeler



**THE CIMMERIAN SONG
 OF MR. DEATH: A EUGENIC SONNET**

BLUE TULIP BLUE TULIP COLD
 IN THE NIGHT IN BLUE TULIP
 THE TULIP BLUE TULIP NIGHT
 COLD TULIP NIGHT COLD BLUE
 TULIP COLD BLUE TULIP BLUE
 NIGHT TULIP NIGHT LET COLD
 LET ME TULIP TOUCH ME COLD
 TOUCH TULIP LET BLUE TULIP
 MY TWO LIPS COLD NIGHT LET
 TWO LIPS LET ME TOUCH BLUE
 TOUCH AND ME TOUCH MY COLD
 TWO LIPS TO YOURS AND MAKE
 LET ME AND MAKE US WARM US
 NIGHT BLUE TOUCH COLD BLUE

—Peter Frawley



George Crosby



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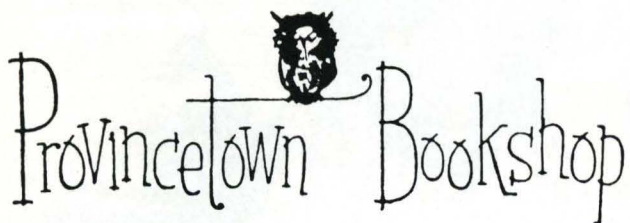
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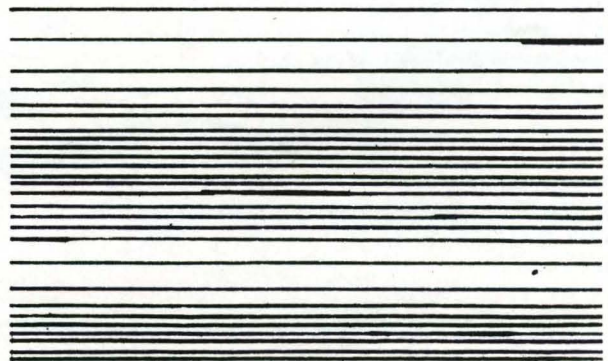
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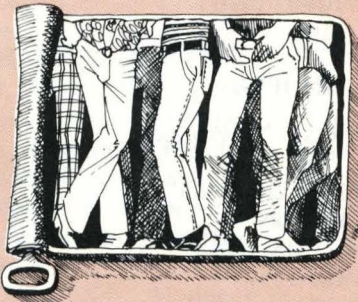
Provincetown·Ma·

244 Commercial Street

God's recent conversations with Anita Bryant notwithstanding, homosexuality is very much alive and still spending its summers in Provincetown. Herewith, the obligatory homosexual-oriented article and guide to current customs.

BY STEWART LEBREO

GAY: AS IN HAPPY

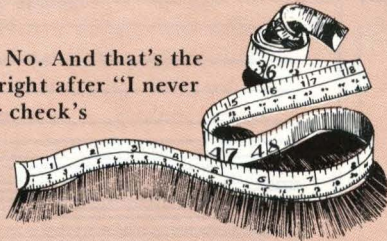


THE GAY BAR

It's ungodly hot and oppressively loud and uncomfortably crowded and fortunately not a grueling enough experience to separate the men from the boys.

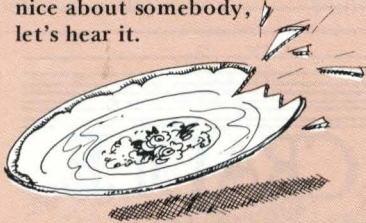
THE QUESTION

Does it matter how big it is? No. And that's the third biggest lie in America, right after "I never voted for Nixon" and "Your check's in the mail."



THE DISH

If you can't say something nice about somebody, let's hear it.



YOU CAN TELL SOMEBODY'S GAY JUST BY TALKING TO HIM.



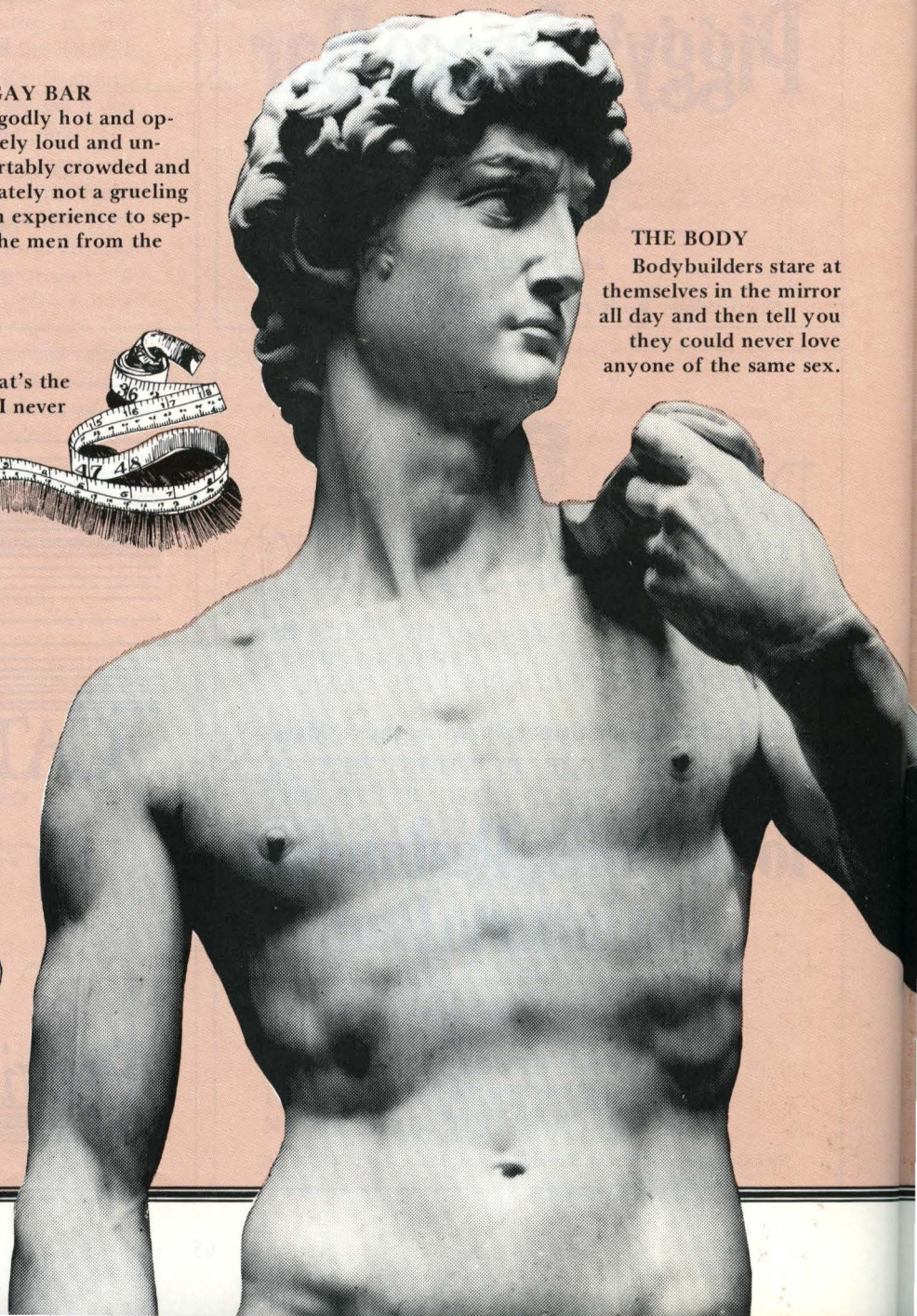
Uh, pardon me, are you gay?

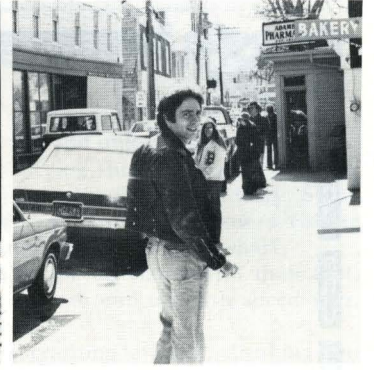
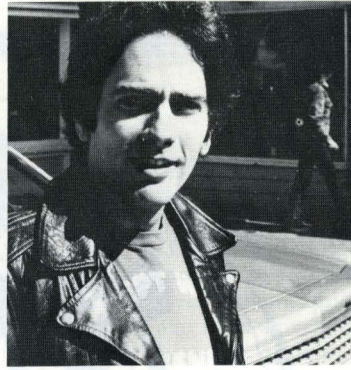
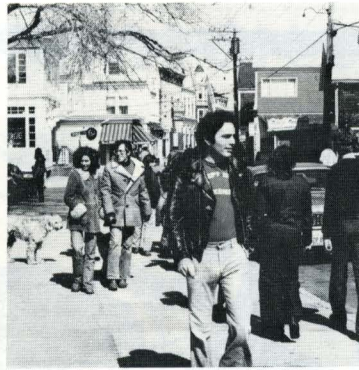


Yes.

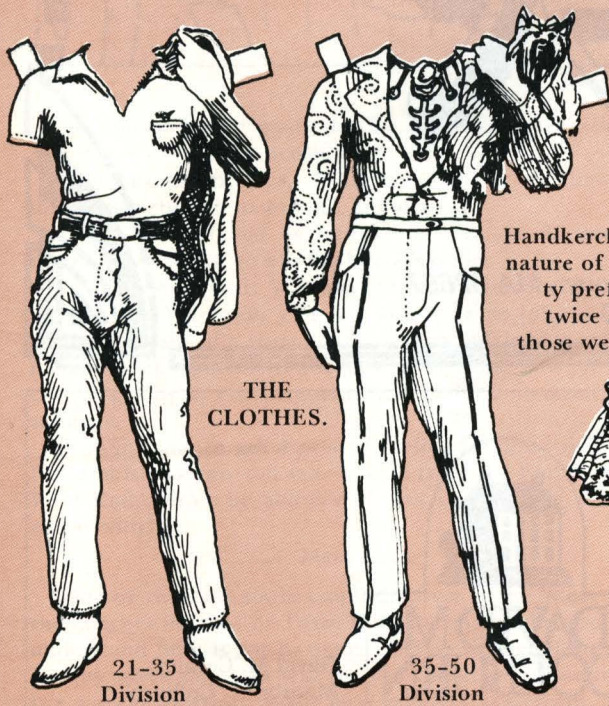
THE BODY

Bodybuilders stare at themselves in the mirror all day and then tell you they could never love anyone of the same sex.





BASIC Keep your eyes open: pull up your gut . . . it takes one to know one . . . walk three steps and turn . . . boy, is he easy.
CRUISING
MANEUVERS



THE CLOTHES.

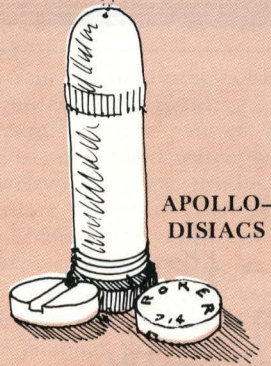
21-35
Division

35-50
Division

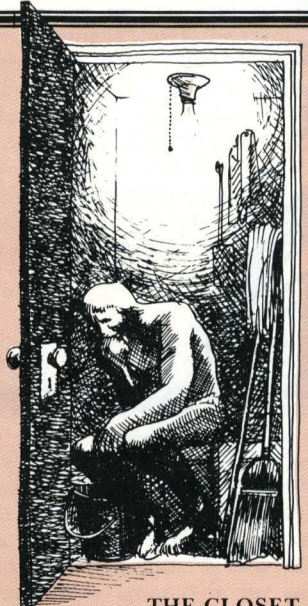
Handkerchiefs indicate nature of sexual activity preferred. Think twice about kissing those wearing yellow.



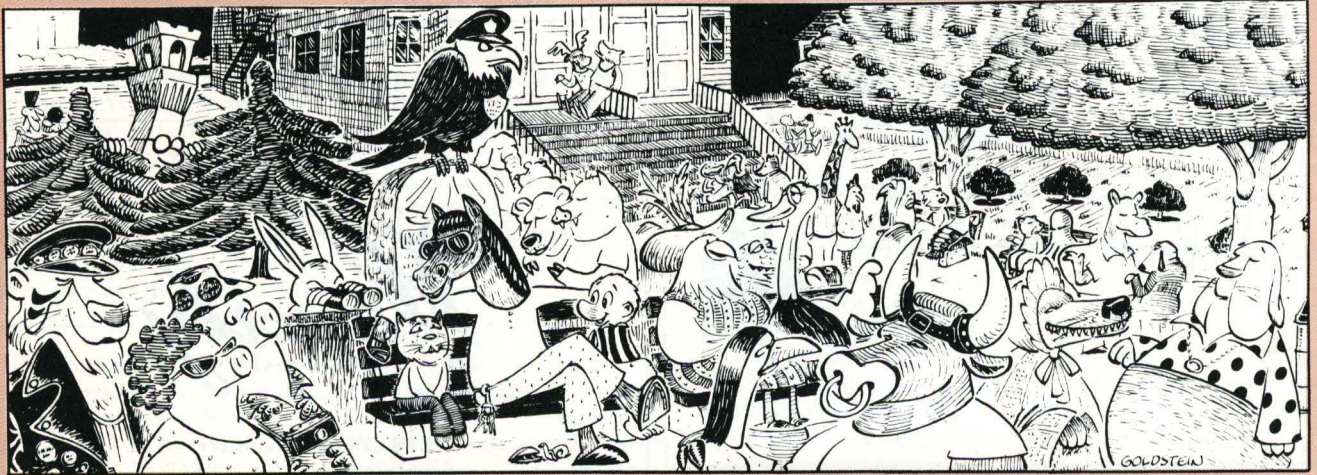
ACCESSORIES



APOLLO-DISIACS



THE CLOSET
 Non-existent in Provincetown, where the only sexual crime is non-participation.



WHERE THE BOYS ARE. Find in this picture of the Meat Rack: the policeman, the leather queen, the twink, the bull dyke, the stud hustler, the size queen, the tourists, the transvestite, the voyeur and the aging roué.

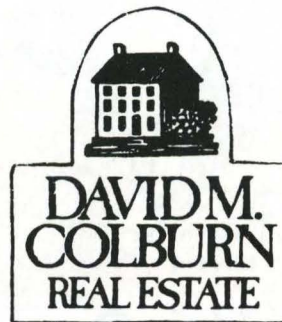
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PROVINCETOWN ON 2¢ A DAY by Donna K. Rushin



Daniel Marcus

So you've finally made the Big Break from wherever, and come in search of the ocean. . .

The bus driver says, "This is it, end of the line." You don't have enough to go back anyway. . .

Or you've hitched as far as you can on 35 cents and there's no place to go but back to Hyannis.

You have arrived. Welcome to Provincetown. Now what do you do? Where do you go? You have no job, no money, and the cousin of a friend of a friend of a friend is coming to reclaim their apartment the day after tomorrow. It is difficult to get by in Provincetown with little or no money in the summer.

You'll want to get a general feeling for the town. If you feel ambitious you can take a walk from the East End to the West End. Don't be alarmed if you can't figure out which end is which.

Meat Rack

One of the first spots you'll discover is the 'Meat Rack'—the benches in front of Town Hall. (It won't take you long to understand how it got its name.) If you sit there long enough on any given day you will see just about everyone in town. It's a good location. Right near grinders, ice cream, and the free toilets in Town Hall.

Accommodations are scarce and expensive. If you have a sleeping bag, it will be tricky business trying to find some place where you can spread it without getting arrested. On the beach? You might be able to do it once or twice, but it gets difficult with the police shining flashlights in your face. You can walk the streets all night and sleep on the beach during the day, passing yourself off as a chronic sunbather.

It is possible to connect with a night's lodgings in one of the bars, but that can be risky. You might end up paying far more than you could ever afford. You might not have much self-esteem left by the end of the summer.

Triscuits and Onion Dip

Getting enough food to eat with empty pockets is a problem. A person who would think nothing of setting you up with six bucks' worth of Tequila Sunrises might not think to ask if you've eaten that day. If you're like most people you'd be too embarrassed to ask someone to buy you a tuna cheese melt.

Keep your eyes open for art show openings. You can always fill up on hors d'oeuvres. But remember, you can't go

too far for too long on Triscuits and onion dip.

There are other more satisfying things to eat at no cost. Mussels can be gathered year-round and are quite tasty. Some people prefer them to clams. If you can borrow a fishing pole, you might catch a flounder or two off the wharf.

Some people go out and scrape up clams with their feet, but that seems like a quick way to end up with sliced toes. Besides, you need a permit.

After a week or two of crashing around, drinking too much, living off of hot dogs and tacos, walking the streets all night and prostituting yourself in the bars, it is likely that you won't be feeling quite like your old self. You will feel run down and edgy. You may have picked up one of Provincetown's more exotic summer diseases. Also, it is likely that your sense of reality has become altered. You may feel alienated and disoriented. Like nothing is worth the effort.

By this time you've probably had more than enough of Roughing It, of being On the Road, and may—shudder!—want to start looking for a job. You can look in the help wanted section of the *Provincetown Advocate* for starters, or you can work your way down Commercial Street knocking on doors. Some places hire live-in chambermaids or house boys (that's what you'll be called). If you get a job in a restaurant, you'll probably get one meal a day.

Hard to Get

The elite summer jobs may be hard to get, but who says you shouldn't try? There is the DJ, the bartender, the cocktail waitress, the dunebuggy driver, the crew on the sailboat, the clerk in the fancy shop, the waiter in the fancy restaurant.

You can be a prep cook, a dish washer, a window washer, a gardener, a carpenter, a model, a ticket taker, a counter person, a house painter, a town crier, a baker, a guide, a typist, or a night watchperson. You might get a job making jewelry or leather products. You might learn a new skill, explore a part of yourself that you've ignored in the past.

Chances are you'll clean toilets or wait tables for lousy tips.

In spite of work or the lack of it (which is worse?) your summer doesn't have to be totally grim. Though the streets are jammed, you can have the beaches and the bike trails to yourself if you get up early enough. You can rent a bike for a few dollars a day. And if that is too extravagant, you can go walking in the beech forest. It is gorgeous.

There are galleries and art shows, and poetry readings at the Fine Arts Work Center on Pearl Street. If you arrive before the season starts there are free movies and popcorn at the Holiday Inn. Not all of the bars have cover charges. It is possible to hear good groups at no cost. You can eliminate the high cost of books, magazines, and newspapers by going to the library. You can meet people at dance classes, art classes, tennis classes, rap groups, discussions, exhibits, openings, and readings.

The Drop-In Center is a good place to go for physical and mental health needs.

After memorizing these \$0 budget emergency tactics, you may not need them. You might have nothing to worry about. It does happen sometimes. But be careful. You may get hooked into staying for the winter.

Donna K. Rushin won a fellowship to the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. She is one of Provincetown's most popular poetry readers.

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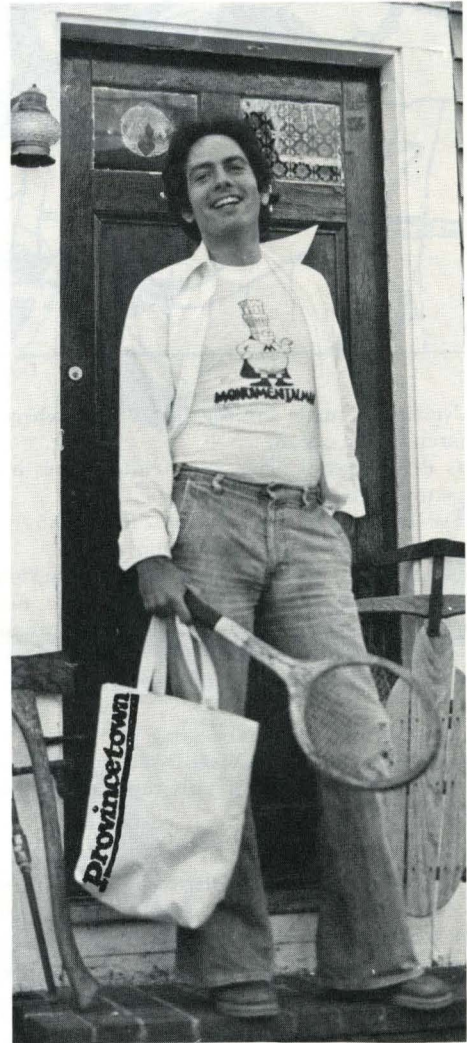
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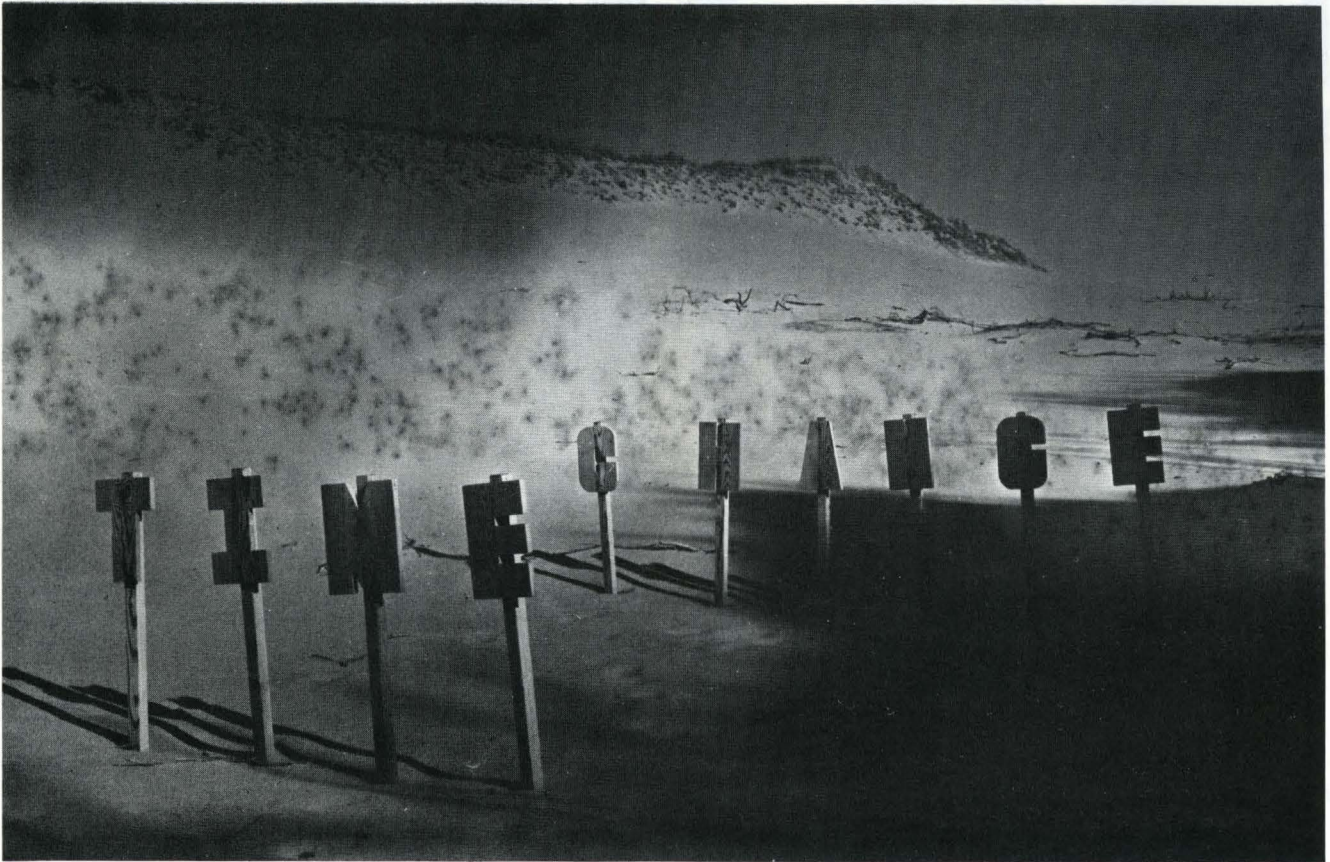
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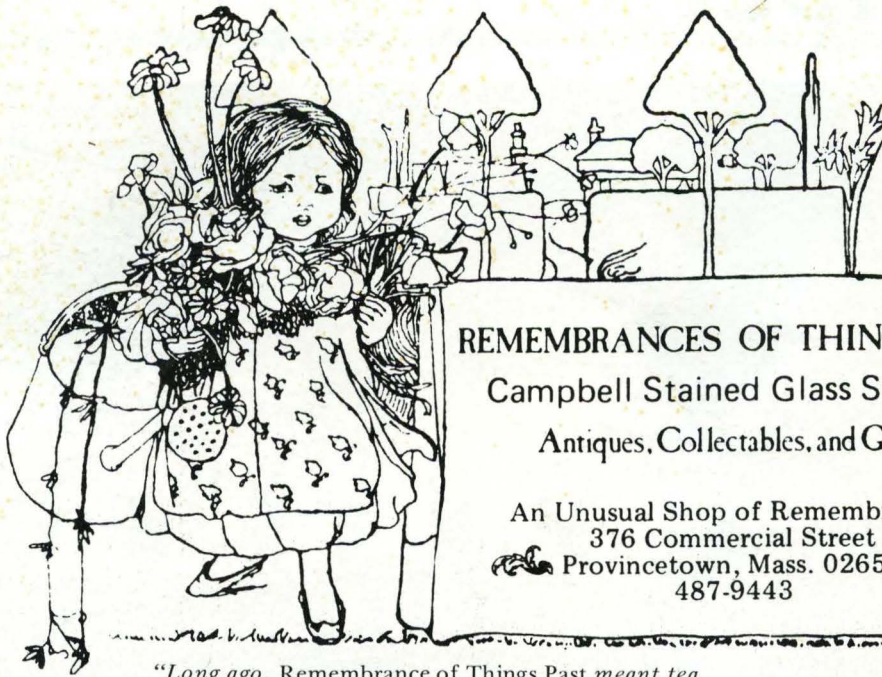
Ed Werner, a former Fine Arts Work Center fellow, created Time/Change on Dec. 25, 1976. At present he is teaching woodworking and sculpture in New Orleans.

Where Do We Go From Here?

Next time we'll discuss survival tactics for winter, the provocative case for Cape Cod secession, some brand new uses for our unique environment, the work of local craftsmen and and. . .but why spill all the beans now?

Next issue, too, we'll have the best work of artists, poets, photographers, and writers. Maybe even something of yours.

The first Noel issue of Provincetown Magazine. On sale October 15.



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H.G. Lyons

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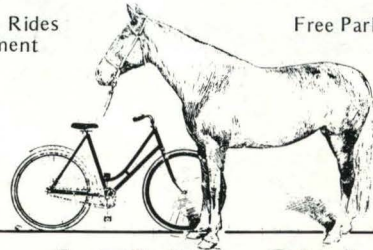
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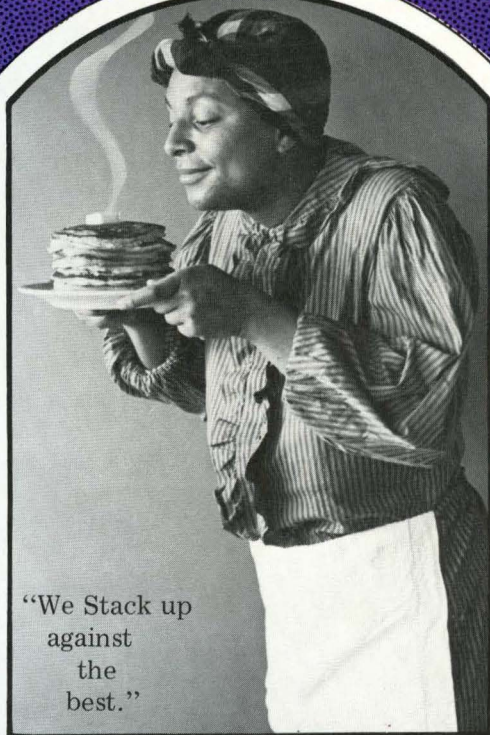
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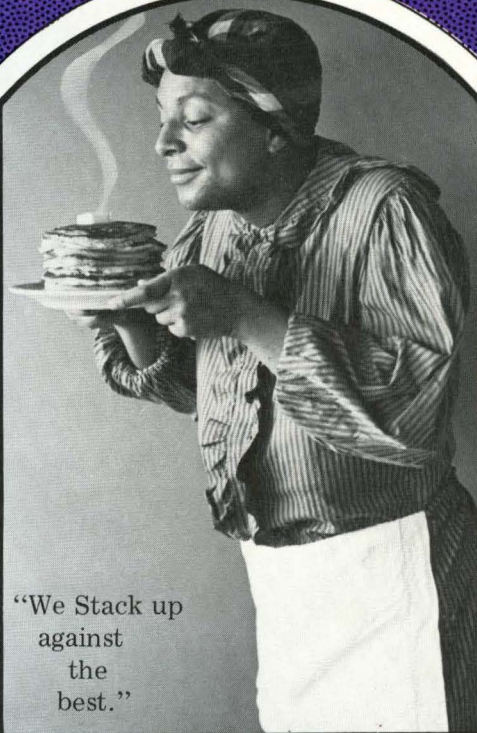
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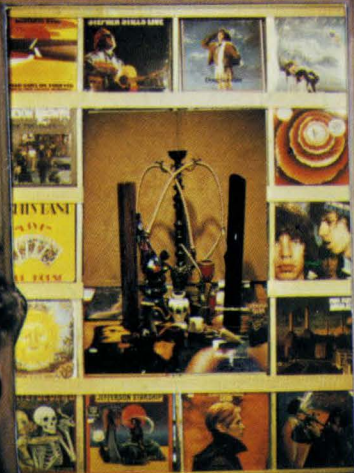


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