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Cape Cod, Massachusetts

Provincetown

magazine

Szymkiewicz
on Gays

Waters
without Divine

Up your Cape
with a Volkswagen

MARINE
SPECIALTIES



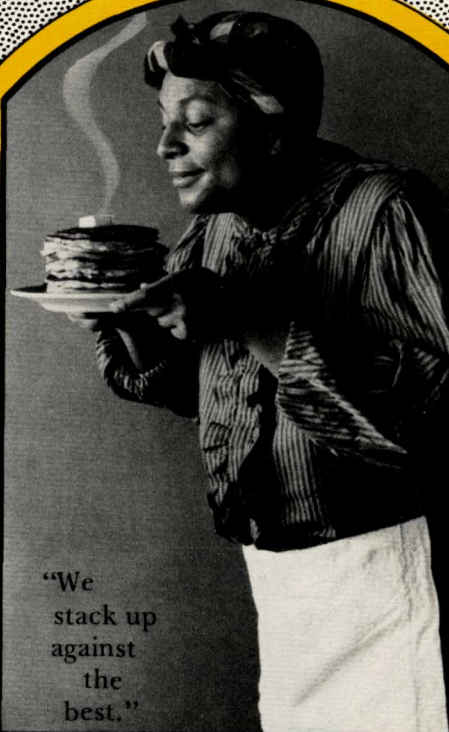
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On the Couch

A word from publisher Jim Smyth

This place grows on you.

I'm hooked.

As a kid I remember the freedom—the fun—that was Cape Cod. I used to come over from the mainland for swimming and loafing and meeting other kids who enjoyed talking on a higher plane; as if those of us on the Cape were somehow a little wiser, a little more grown up, or maybe even a little better than those who weren't. I remember the summer that the army made a war movie on the Cape. A make-believe Patton chased a celluloid Rommel all over the Sahara-like dunes. Afterwards, there was the prestige of finding spent artillery casings in the shifting sands.

I've missed it all for too long. Yearned is the word.

God, it's good to be back.

Not that things have been dull. My post-school occupations led me to work for a large trade publication in New England and, ultimately, into publishing my own chain of trade papers. We began in the South, expanded to the Midwest, and eventually had regional publications in nine major markets from New England to California. I think they were good publications. They were hard work and consumed a lot of my life, but they were fun. I had a lot of help from a beautiful lady who is no longer here and, somehow, it's no longer the same. The papers are still there, and the offices, and most of the people, but the lady and the old outlook and the fun are all gone.

Now, as a widowed "drifter," I find myself rediscovering New England and Cape Cod and Provincetown on a full-time basis. The attraction is magnetic: return seems to have been inevitable.

And, that's where *Provincetown Magazine* comes in.

I saw the premier issue of the publication as both a resident reader and as an experienced publisher. I was impressed by the unique format, the gutsy articles and the professional editing. Even with what I perceived to be an uneven management effort, I saw this concept/art/discovery magazine as a boon to the immediate needs of the community—and myself. I wanted to be a part of it. I *had* to be a part of it.

Here I am.

We want all of the people of this area to be a part of it. We're not naive enough to think we can be all things to all people, nor would we even try. But we certainly intend to represent the best interests of the unique population of the Cape.

We'd like to hear from you; hear what *your* views are. We'd like to hear your gripes and questions and recommendations, and maybe even a little bit of praise or condemnation every now and then.

Drop us a line—anytime. Or drop into our offices for a visit. We're at the Boathouse, 333 Commercial. That's a standing invitation. If I don't happen to be there when you drop by, you can rest assured that I won't be gone too long.

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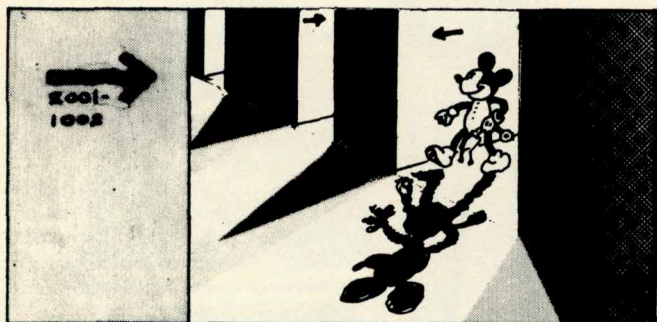
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McDonald's Emergency Take-out



The Drop-In Center called to ask if I could drive a hemorrhaging woman to Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis. It was Saturday night of the Blessing of the Fleet weekend in late June, heavy traffic and threatening to rain. Conditions were ripe for high adventure in the Center's para-ambulance station wagon.

Other than in my fantasies, however, nothing unusual happened until we neared the hospital. Signs directed us through a maze of odd-angled intersections and lopsided rotaries.

As we neared the grounds we began following signs reading "Emergency." The emergency pathway skirted this side of the complex, then that side, then through there, around here, over this, until we half expected it was a sinister plan that finally stopped at the morgue.

Once at the emergency entrance, we entered a long corridor that turned this way, then that way, past silent vending machines but no people. I feared we would meet fellow victims and escorts, bleeding and in pain, wandering the endless corridors in a Kafka nightmare.

We turned another corner and surprised the daylights out of the first being we saw—not a doctor, nurse, or fellow victim, but a mouse. The House Mouse perhaps, who had gotten his position in the hospital's liberalized equal opportunity program that made no bones about color, sex, religion, politics or species.

We finally found the emergency sorting-out room. The lady went into processing while I sat in a waiting room for two hours under the aura of an out-of-reach tv set tuned to a channel programmed by invertebrates. One half-hour segment featured a dentist and a baseball player talking about tooth decay. I established a counterpoint to this media-ocre theme by thumbing through a weary collection of *Reader's Digests* and hospital journals.

It occurred to me that in the context of America 1977 nothing unusual was taking place. The lady was eventually seen by a doctor who diagnosed the trouble and had her admitted. I saw other victims whose wounds had been bandaged and their terror removed. What troubled me was the bland ambience, the lifeless corridors, the processing slots and windows, the plastic chairs in the waiting room suggesting a McDonald's emergency take-out. It troubled me that this was normal and accepted and okay, that the way to approach the anxiety of crisis was by stifling it.

—Richard LeBlond

Intensified by the reflecting surfaces of sand, water, and car tops, Provincetown is two f-stops brighter on the average light meter than New York City, according to filmmaker/photographer Jay Saffron. This means there is four times as much light here.

Recorded on a mural at Angie's cafe, this quote from composer John Cage: "I told Schoenberg I had no feeling for harmony. Schoenberg replied if that was the case I would always be in front of a wall I could never get past. I said I'd resolved to spend the rest of my life banging my head against that wall. . . ."

If You Can Do This, You Can Do Anything

An Indian tribe in Mexico initiates its adolescent boys into manhood with this test of will and endurance: the boy is given a mouthful of water and then must run 10 miles into the noonday desert. On return he is expected to spit out the mouthful of water.

Overheard: "Provincetown is one of the few places where a straight person can go and look weird."

James Otis, Barnstable, to the British, circa 1760: "Our fathers were good people, we have been a free



Enough to feed an entire subculture, this entree in Wellfleet's July 4th Parade won first prize in the commercial class for Russ's Sub Shop & Delicatessen. Owner Russ Swart described the contents as "chicken wire, a screen door, bushel baskets, flour, water, oil, mayonnaise, pickles, tomatoes, and hot peppers."

Jokes from Little Kids

Debbie, 6:

"What's the biggest pencil in the world?"

"What?"

"Pennsylvania."

Jimmy, 8:

"Hear about the two peanuts in the park?"

"No."

"One was assaulted."

Three nameless girls, singing to the tune of Frere Jaques:

"Marijuana, marijuana,

LSD, LSD,

Spiro Agnew makes it,

All the teachers take it,

Why can't we?

Why can't we?"

people and if you will not let us remain so any longer we shall be a great people.”

Two halves don't make a wit.

Time is nature's way of keeping everything from happening at once.

Overheard: “He hasn't got the courage to tell her to get lost. He's trying to vibe her away.”

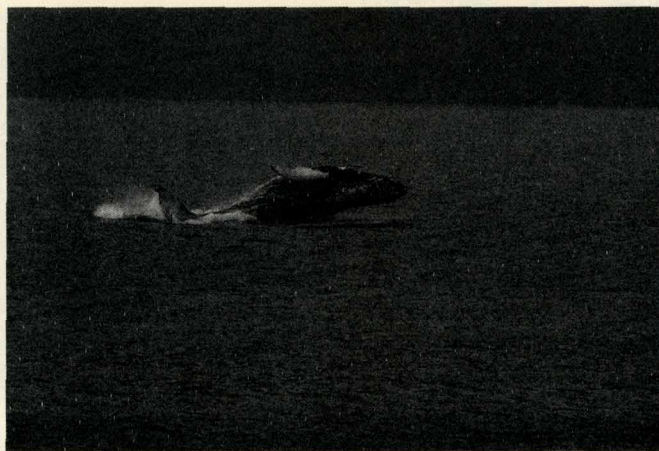
Overheard at last year's transvestite convention: “Alright, who left the toilet seat up?”

The line between nature and art is not always drawn. Witness this recollection of Susan Glaspell, writing of the early days of the Provincetown Theater Company.

“I may see it through memories too emotional, but it seems to me I have never sat before a more moving production than our ‘Bound East for Cardiff,’ when Eugene O'Neill was produced for the first time on any stage. Jig was Yank. As he lay in his bunk dying, he talked of life as one who knew he must leave it.

“The sea has been good to Eugene O'Neill. It was there for his opening. There was a fog, just as the script demanded, fog bell in the harbor. The tide was in, and it washed under us and around, spraying through the holes in the floor, giving us the rhythm and the flavor of the sea while the big sail-or talked to his friend Drisc of the life he had always wanted deep in the land, where you'd never see a ship or smell the sea.”

Kathleen Silva should be credited for the photographs appearing with the “Keep on Shuckin'” article in the Vol. 1, No. 1 issue.

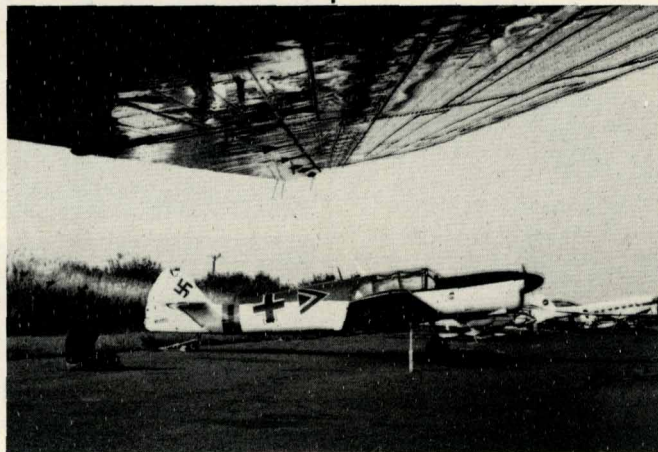


“Salty,” a 35-foot humpback whale, takes a breather off Race Point in this photo by John Swords taken from the Dolphin III in late May. “Salty” has been around for two seasons and hangs out with a lady named “Pepper.”



Cheer up. Monumentalman and his exploits return next issue.

Natural historians of the Lower Cape claim the area was a richly forested paradise leveled by the early settlers for firewood and house and boat building. No doubt many trees went up in smoke and structure. But if the words of Captain John Smith can be trusted, the present character of the Cape tip was established before the European arrival. In 1616, Smith wrote ungraciously that the Lower Cape “is only a headland of high hills of sand, overgrown with shrubby pines, hurts [blueberries], and such trash. . . .”



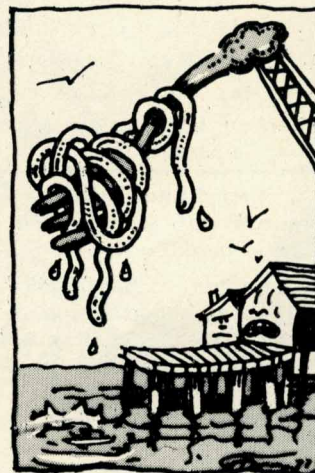
This heavy anachronism, a Messerschmitt ME-108 fighter from Nazi Germany, has been hanging out at the Provincetown Airport. It belongs to Dean Smith of the fishing boat *Menco*. Smith acquired the sleek, powerful nemesis of World War II a couple of years back from a French air force officer, via Kensington Aircraft of Plum Island, Ma. Designed in 1934, less than 1000 ME-108's were built. According to Smith, his very flyable plane “redlines” (top speed) at 212 mph.

Harbor Spaghetti

Provincetownians were stunned this August when the Army Corps of Engineers discovered the harbor bottom to be glutted with spaghetti.

“There are enough noodles down there to feed Italy for years,” one Corpsman remarked.

Thought to have accumulated from the sewers of seaside restaurants, the noodles have been blamed for the harbor's problems with shifting sand.



After several unsuccessful attempts to remove the stuff, the Corps came up with an ingenious idea. A huge fork—35 feet long and especially made for the effort—was attached to the crane of a dredging barge. The fork rotated on the harbor bottom, gathering up large quantities of spaghetti.

“I'd say we got about 80 percent of it,” an official said. “The clams will get the rest.”

Meanwhile, restaurant owners have been required to place all leftover spaghetti in barrels, which are then buried at the dump.

“The stuff is nearly indestructible,” one restaurant owner said.

SNAP JOINS SNAP JOINS SNAP JOINS SNAP JOINS SNAP JOINS

Gary Hallgren



I WAS SPEAKING OF MY NEW NOVEL OF EGYPT FEATURING THE GREAT GOD KA... LOUDER? MY EGYPTIAN NOVEL AND KA... KA! MY NOVEL... KA!! KA!!

More of Mailer at the Museum of Art's Black Velvet Evening on page 50.

Carnal Knowledge

(courtesy of a *Cape Cod Times* book review)

The Dragons of Eden, Speculations on the Evolution of Hyman Intelligence. By Carl Sagan.

When is a Yin a Yang?

"I think it is safe to assume that what Nantucket wants is continued local representation in the State legislative body and that the word secession is simply a label for this desire."

Mitchell T. Todd, Jr., Nantucket selectman.

Riding on the Punch Line

On this day (July 22, 1873) the first railroad train rolled into Provincetown, and a gay celebration marked the occasion. Perhaps the story which will last longest about the Provincetown end of the railroad is that of the visitor who kept at the conductor to let her know when the train reached Provincetown. She varied her reminder once by asking if he was sure the train would stop at Provincetown. He replied, "Lady, if it doesn't,

there will be a dem big splash."

—from *Sand in Their Shoes*.

Duffy Did It



Giddyup, Horse Mackerel

A trip in the trapboats is exciting when the horse-mackerel [tuna] are running. To watch one of the men "gaff" a five hundred pounder over the gun's, with a quick heave, is worth getting up at any time of night. The fishermen will tell you of the trapman who saw his great horse-mackerel slipping away from him, stripped off his coat and jumped astraddle, riding the fish around Provincetown Harbor until, like a bronco-buster, he had him tamed, then had a special saddle made for him and carried the mail 'cross-Bay to Boston.

—from *Cape Cod Pilot*

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Laim Peter Brendon O'God: Little Peter, the world's largest cigarette holder.

Icky: The last of the elderly stars to fall asleep at the top.

Sundry: She conjugated the verb for kicks and power.

Killy: Superstud on superbike: a loser with dreams of parking space.

Wanna: Once you turned her on, you had to turn her over.

Manly: A young fisherman destined for a pot belly and a lean-to near the A&P.

Dizzy & Lizzy Tyre: They made hoagies no one could ever finish.

PROVIDENCETOWN

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PROVIDENCETOWN

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THE DESOLATE DUNES OF CAPE COD...
WHERE HACKS MAKE UP QUICKIE NOVELS
...AND PLUNGE INTO NEW TAX BRACKETS



Parody by Elliott Edwards

Truth be known, Smaxum couldn't get it up unless there was gore all over his knuckles. He shrugged it off and killed the last of his drink. Smaxum drank sweet vermouthe with just a twist of Sterno. It made his brain feel like it had leprosy. Layers of insight peeled away and Smaxum was left a great wad of malevolence looking to make something messy.

He liked the Bladder, it was a good place to drink. Smaxum wanted to get nice and low and just wait to get covered up.

A woman approached, smelling of old beer. Hell, she looked like old beer, yellow and flat and watery. She wheedled, he belched; she pushed and he got rude. He forgot it quickly. When he'd licked the last of the Sterno off his fingertips he left. The light from the Bladder faded and Smaxum found himself lurching down Commercial Street.

Two women blocked his path in front of the Meat Rack.

"You're an asshole, Smaxum."

"Huh?"

She was slender and conventionally attractive. She reminded him of a baton twirler from a Texas college.

"Person, I've been drinking and I'm gonna throw up on my shoes."

"Good," said the smaller woman.

Smaxum had a maxim: "Always beat the snot out of everyone as soon as possible."

He charged. Baton twirler used Smaxum's bulk against him, throwing him into the benches. Queens and pigeons scattered. She spun and expertly stomped his kidneys. With his nostrils deep in pigeon guano, Smaxum was dimly aware as he passed out that he had made good his threat to throw up.



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Laim Peter Brendon O'God tried to decide which can of worms to open next. He didn't much care for movie-making but he loved telling people what to do. He lit a Gillette and stubbed it out, wondering why it was he insisted on smoking razors.

Killy was righteously peeved. That greasy Eskimo Silverfish had stolen his Chipper. Used to be Killy had had a big Harley Hog, a chopper to end all choppers. But money got tight and he got a Honda 125, a nice tinny little Chipper. It was a drag having girls on 10-speeds pass him but that didn't give Silverfish the right to rip him off.

He set it up just so. Listerine helped him. Listerine usta be McFearsone's Ol' Lady until he made pooch food of himself on the Interstate. Now she just hung out around the Limp Spears' clubhouse in case anyone needed foot. Listerine gave great foot. She set it up. Silverfish was a mass of legs and erectile tissue by the time Killy grabbed him. Silverfish pulled out a picklefork and brandished it. "You be one big Gherkin to me, Killy."

Killy paused long enough to let his rage get nice and frothy. Then he snuffed everything in sight: Silverfish, Listerine, the picklefork and a mangy cat that happened to be underfoot. He felt good, big and real. He wondered how a copulating Eskimo had thought of the word Gherkin.

Dewit was sleepy when he finished hacking up his hack job; he was numb with what he'd done. He had no feelings so there was no anxiety. He rubbed his eyes with chubby little hands.

Wanna came in. "They mess around, Tommy."

Tom felt his Right Guard failing. He was just squishy and unappetizing enough to know it. What if Wanna really did? What if his jockey shorts had a hole? Dizzy and Lizzy had flicked their tongues and rolled their eyes 180°; still, fantasy was one thing, reality made you need a shower.

Wanna had slipped her clothes off and put on a hockey uniform. Tom felt desire tweak his little kit. She drove a slap-shot into his thorax. She was remarkably good for a novice.

Smaxum painted fast. He did everything fast. It only took 45 minutes to cover the canvas. In the foreground clowns were being eaten by piranhas while to the left English gamekeepers were wing-shooting flying hyenas against a magenta sunset.

Icky stared at it. "Too commercial, Smaxum. Raise mushrooms, or bore me. You are incredibly mediocre."

Lispy had made a career of being ashamed. Everyone called it "sensitivity." He knew better; the wimp masochist was strong in him. He thought it was because he liked men but that wasn't it. The truth was simple: Lispy was a basket case.

Once a fish house of dubious lineage, the Tyre House now covered two-thirds of Provincetown's land areas. Third world nationals manned the facades, ballistrades, gazebos, and pantries that comprised the areas within the port-cullis.

The party sputtered along. John Denver, John Davidson and a host of lesser Johns spewed pop pieties from a Sears record player.

A balding man in French maid's dress offered an Archies jelly glass filled with powder. Subsequent snorting revealed it as Coffeemate.

Three gelding Great Danes were brought in and molested by a man who made a great deal of the fact that the dogs

were male.

A stocky woman with a "Disco Sucks" t-shirt blundered against the walls in a Seconal haze.

The Bishop from a third string Midwestern city offered a 14-year-old boy \$25 for the privilege of eating his shorts.

An academic discoursed loud and long on misplaced motivational drives of the upper middle class. Smaxum tore the man's ears off.

The gossip columnist floated up to Killy, her voice a Saran Wrap whisper. The words bounced off the shallow brain pan. An animal, she gloated. Sphinx Erectus. She loved the way his knuckles dragged when he walked.

Sumbitch was half Smaxum's age and twice as interesting. She had a broad masochistic streak that drew her to burnouts like Smaxum. Like everyone in Providencetown she was one dimensional, hers being a vapid optimism.

On the boat Manly had replaced Lispy. The movie had gone for pummel over caress. Killy felt like a Limp Spear again. Stomping brought out the best in a man. The BEST.

Killy realized Manly Sorta was an Eskimo just like Silverfish, a greasy fat-chewing little sucker. The blows landed and the cameras ground, Smaxum intervened and welts were swapped.

Icky stood before the mirror naked, 40 years old, a sag here, a pouch there, but the belly miraculously undistended despite years of nonmovement and gin.

O'God had hauled her out of obscurity and she obscurely missed the blankness of her porch.

Killy put his Chipper through its paces, his bunched basket hot as the Honda's oil. He drempt of stomping mammals, that was where it was at. Hot oil, the tightness against his leathers. He wanted to fuck sand. He was like a huge distempered puppy flashing along the highway.

Tom Dewit pulled on his virtue like a bodyshirt. It was a little moth-eaten but served his purposes. Sundry and Wanna were tangled in a sort of homonid train wreck, limbs flailing like mollusks on meth. "Why are you doing this to me?" Tom pouted.

Icky Piece permitted the night wavelets to slobber across her feet. Cliches filled her usually empty head and she was happy to be merely boring rather than vacant. It was a place where fish swam then rotted. The enigma of chew and excrete was heavy upon her.

Killy loomed up. He was very like her porch. She hardly cared. The sand was cool and his teeth shined like those of a mink with an overbite.

Killy rinsed off his galoshes. Stomping Icky had been cool. He felt muscular and masculine, untroubled by cerebrum. His machine gobbled the road. It had half eaten Sandwich when he hit the slick. A case of K & Y Jelly had fallen from the back of a truck rushing its precious cargo to Providencetown. The patch was a 20-foot mucousy wad. Killy dumped hard. He wasn't hurt badly by some fluke, but a watermelon hurtled out of the blue and mashed his skull. Seeds lodged among the convolutions. He was only a little deader than the others. ■

Elliott Edwards is a freelance writer and assistant editor of Providencetown Magazine.

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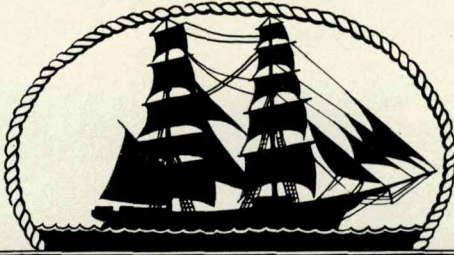
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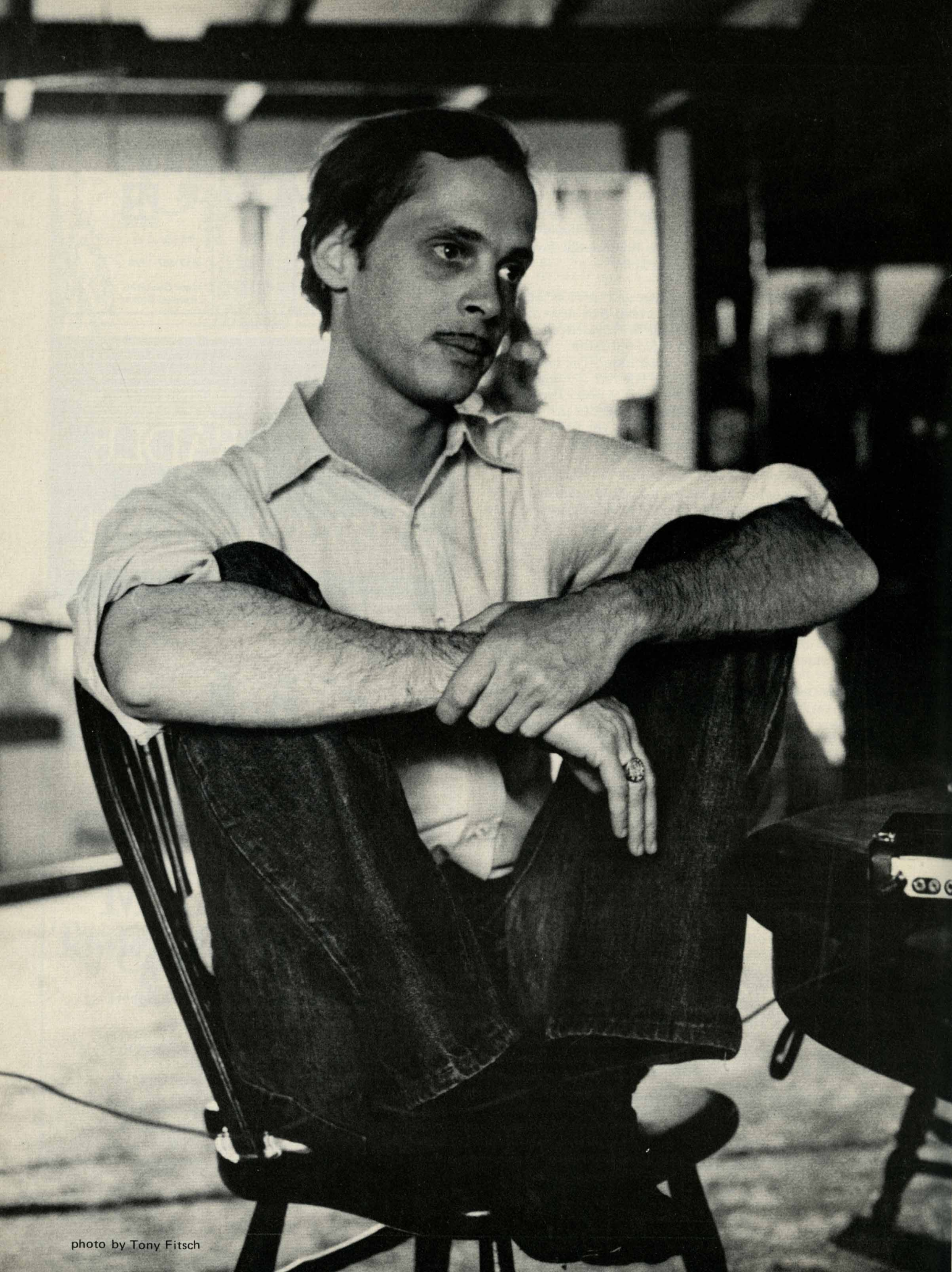


photo by Tony Fitsch

A lot of people were upset that we put the baby in the refrigerator...

An Interview with John Waters by Louis Postel

In Provincetown, as in most small towns, everyone's a star: a star for something. Hair, teeth, former lovers, athletic ability. We're mythic, larger than life, like gods, which is terrifying and wonderful.

John Waters is bigger than life and is now playing simultaneously in New York, Tokyo, Paris and Mortville, Maryland. Once upon a time John worked at the Provincetown Bookshop across the street from the Crown and Anchor. A polyvinyl plaque is planned for that spot sometime in 1990.

When I asked Waters how he got money to do his films in the beginning, he said he borrowed it from his parents. His father is in the fire department and doesn't think much of his son's films, doesn't even go. There are a lot of people who don't think much of his films: *Mondo Trasho*, *Multiple Maniacs*, *Pink Flamingos*, *Female Trouble*, and now *Desperate Living*, which world-premiered here in Provincetown this summer. All but *Desperate Living*

starred a mammoth transvestite named Divine (mythic!) whom Waters calls "the most beautiful woman in the world."

Divine isn't in *Desperate Living*, and neither is another Waters Company player, David Lochary. There are those underground pundits who said Waters could never make it without this berserk duo, but he did and did well. For some reason, the only thing that didn't work about *Desperate Living* was the world premiere party following the show, which was not only desperate but flat as onion dip left in the sun. 1977: the year eye contact went the way of the B-1.

Waters has quit his job at the Bookshop but he will return to town soon to write his next gross-out spectacular. Meanwhile, if you feel the need to embellish your own mythic proportions with a little stardust, hang around: Waters regulars Cookie Mueller and Sharon Nieps are right behind you on Commercial Street.

PM: Last year you had a lot of trouble with a theatre in suburban New York where your film was closed down. . . .

WATERS: Where I got busted.

PM: Was that cleared up?

WATERS: Well, we had to pay a fine, a \$5,000 fine, plus legal fees and that was to plead guilty. In order to plead innocent, it would have cost about \$20,000. We figured it wouldn't be worth it to pay \$20,000 to be able to play in Hicksville, New York. Even if we had won, the district attorney watched *Female Trouble* and thought it was obscene, so it wasn't worth it. But that's the only trouble I've had; *Female Trouble* played everywhere else without any trouble—it's even played in drive-ins in South Carolina, but I guess you have to go to a

city to see it. They play it in some really small towns, but not in Mom and Pop theaters. There's really nothing I can do about it. I wish it were playing on Main Street in every city.

PM: I remember one time we were at an opening at The Elgin and someone asked you who was the most beautiful woman in the world and you said Divine. Then we went down to a real big gay bar on Bleeker Street, The Road House. There was a guy standing there dressed like a cop and I thought Divine was going to be a really big hit in there. Instead, she seemed to put everybody off.

WATERS: Well, in those kind of gay bars, they don't want drag queens. It goes against the image of the heavy cruise; everyone's

trying to out-butche each other and they don't want drag queens around.

PM: I guess I don't think of Divine as a drag queen.

WATERS: I don't either, but they might have, and this was right when it opened, so probably none of them had seen the movie yet.

PM: Would you ever write for a mass audience, say, for television?

WATERS: I'd rather write for myself. It's much more rewarding to write your own thing. That way, you make sure it's the way you want it. I'm writing an article right now for *Oui*, but that's different; it's not like a movie or television show.

PM: What's that about?



The Stories So Far

PINK FLAMINGOS: Cast: Divine, Edith Massey, David Lochary, Mink Stole. Color, 16 and 35mm, 95 minutes. Divine, living in a pink trailer outside Baltimore, holds the title of "The World's Filthiest Person." Connie and Raymond Marble are out to "outfilthy" Divine and take the title for themselves. The Marbles' main claim to fame is their business of kidnaping hippie girls, impregnating them, and selling the babies to lesbian couples. In a series of disgusting adventures, Divine and her family capture the Marbles and execute them in front of the tabloid press.

MONDO TRASHO: Cast: Divine, David Lochary, Mary Vivian Pearce and Mink Stole. Black and white, 16mm only, 90 minutes. Waters' first feature in the world of trash, about which *Variety* said, "A very amusing satire on the films which exploit sex, violence and seaminess. Should give pause to some established film-makers who think they have their fingers on the pulse of the film-going public."

FEMALE TROUBLE. Cast: Divine, Mink Stole, David Lochary, Mary Vivian Pearce, Edith Massey, Cookie Mueller. Color, 16 and 35mm, 95 minutes. Self-imposed X-rating. *Female Trouble* is the sordid story of the outrageously insane life of Dawn Davenport (Divine) from her cha-cha heeled formative years as a J.D. in an all-girls high school to her death in the electric chair 14 years later. Divine changes careers in this movie from waitress to go-go girl to hooker to mugger to burglar to kidnaper to fashion model to acid-throwing victim to bride to superstar to tireless mother to mass murderer. Plus a wild scene in which Divine plays both rapist and victim, man and woman. . .

MULTIPLE MANIACS. Cast: Divine, David Lochary, Mary Vivian Pearce and Mink Stole. Black and white, 16mm only, 90 minutes. A monster movie in which Divine is raped by a 14-foot lobster.

THE DIANE LINKLETTER STORY. A 12-minute tongue-in-cheek reply to Art Linkletter's Neanderthal reaction to his daughter's LSD-connected death.

DESPERATE LIVING. Cast: Liz Renay, Mink Stole, Susan Lowe, Edith Massey, Mary Vivian Pearce, and introducing Jean Hill. Color, 16 and 35mm, 95 minutes. World premiered in Provincetown this summer. Release expected in September.

WATERS: It's about trials. I go to all these trials all the time. I went to Patty Hearst's trial, the Manson trial, and the Watergate trial. It's a humorous article on trial groupies, the undercurrent, the people who go to trials all over the country. They say, "Oh, hi, I saw you at the Angela Davis trial."

PM: Let's talk about some of the violent scenes in your movies. Like one of your characters who put a fork into her girlfriend's hand.

WATERS: But that was almost like a comic strip violence, because after she did it, Liz Mae just said, "that hurt." It was like when Woody Woodpecker falls off a mountain, then gets up in the next frame and walks away. Well, that's what violence is like in my films. I don't think it's that heavy. Some people do, but I love violence in movies. I don't think it hurts anybody: I think it's a good release. I always have violence in my films. I've never hit anybody in my life. Even as a kid I never got into a fist fight, but I think having it in films is entertaining. Some of my friends' kids have seen my films when they were seven or eight years old. I don't think it hurts them. As a matter of fact, one of them is in this one, the one who plays Peggy Gravel's kid. During the filming, when she was yelling all that stuff at him (because she caught him playing doctor), he wasn't even there; he didn't have to listen to the abuse she was hurling at him. They're trying to pass this law that no kid can be in an X-rated movie, even if they're fully dressed.

PM: I thought that *Desperate Living's* greatest statement was about the oppression of children—the mother throwing all that stuff at them. What about the refrigerator scene?

WATERS: A lot of people were upset that we put the baby in the refrigerator. Well, it wasn't like we had chilled it for a week; it was only in there for a few seconds. We did two takes of it, then ended up using the first one.

PM: Do you have a lot of out-takes which you can use?

WATERS: Yes we do. I have one where Jean Hill walks into the nudist camp and slips in the mud and the whole set falls on top of her. Then in *Female Trouble*, I have some out-takes where some lights collapsed on an actor right in the middle of a scene.

PM: Is there any connection between Provincetown and Mortville in *Desperate Living*?

WATERS: Well, I wrote the movie here; I thought it up here and in a way it is, it's about a little town, it would be a town about the size of Provincetown, only Baltimore. I think it's the two of them put together and, of course, exaggerated. Nowhere's as bad as Mortville.

PM: Something that I always wondered about is your interest in the Manson family—how you thought they were cool or something.

WATERS: I didn't think they were cool. I said that if you're going to be bad, do it

well, and they did. If you're going to be rotten you couldn't have been rotten-er than that. They intrigue me. Of course, I don't approve of what they did, but I think they tried to scare the world and that they did.

PM: It was more like their style; it was like Gary Gilmore.

WATERS: Well, looking back at it now, that's what *Female Trouble* was about, a drag queen Gary Gilmore. It was very similar—someone who just wanted to be famous and wanted the electric chair. That would be like the Academy Award in their field.

PM: You didn't go to the Gilmore trial?

WATERS: No, he bored me. I didn't think he had any style. I did think the *Playboy* interview was brilliant, but his crime was dull: just shooting people in gas stations. That's not very original.

PM: What was your favorite trial?

WATERS: Manson's was the best trial. Patty Hearst's was real good, too. I mean, that's the only thing I like better than movies.

PM: The Hearst trial left me confused.

WATERS: I don't think she was guilty. She lied, she was brainwashed by them, she was brainwashed by her parents, by Bailey. She was a weak person who could be influenced in any direction.

PM: She looked weak?

WATERS: She looked a lot better in the newspapers than she did in real life. Of course, how good are you going to look when you're in prison.

PM: I want to ask you about your backers. At some point, have any people approached you with big bucks?

WATERS: People have come to me, but all the backers I've had were people I knew. They weren't like some guy with a big cigar saying, "Here, kid, here's a grand, go make a fortune, but if you don't, you'll wind up in the river with cement on your feet." I try and stay clear of that type of thing because they want to come in and tell you how to do it and they were people whose judgment I don't think that much of and besides they weren't really producers, just people with a lot of money who thought they'd get invited to a better party.

PM: There must be a lot of pressure involved in production, especially when it comes to finances.

WATERS: It's all budgeted. *Desperate Living* ran a little over budget, but I think for \$65,000 there's a lot on the screen. Most low budget movies have about five actors on the set; this one had about 200. All those sets were built, nothing was location. The whole Mortville was fake, even the interiors were built in a loft.

PM: Do you feel that every time you start a new picture that you have to get a new momentum going?

WATERS: No, most of the people are real eager to do another one. The only time that people lose it is when a movie's over. Everyone gets depressed because they're so used to incredible schedules, the hours, and a lot

of hard work. While you're doing it, you're thinking that you can't wait until it's over, but as soon as it is over, you're bored because it's going to be at least a year or two before you can do another one.

PM: It's pretty easy getting them all together?

WATERS: Yes, and this time I have some new people in it. I like the idea of using new people. I'd really like to get Annette Funicello.

PM: Do you think she's available?

WATERS: Well, since she got the Catholic Mother of the Year award, I doubt it. She's very close to Anita Bryant, that kind of straight.

PM: When Divine wasn't going to be in *Desperate Living*, were people put off by it?

WATERS: No. In a way everyone was kind of excited, because it was a whole new thing. I missed Divine when we were making it because she was always incredible to work with. Everybody missed her, but when you start making a new movie, there's new excitement. Most of the cast was uptight about Liz Renay only because nobody knew her. She turned out to be wonderful, a real jewel to work with, but we didn't know that. She could have been a real asshole. She could have pulled the star bit, but she was the exact opposite and balked at nothing.

PM: How did you find her?

PM: What was one of the most important things you learned from making this particular film?

WATERS: I used to shoot one day a week and the project would last for months. If we only filmed for 15 days, the production would last for six weeks. We filmed this all in six weeks but it took six months preparation for those six weeks. It was a lot easier to do that. I've learned from all of them that rehearsals are the thing. We had hours of rehearsals so we could shoot on three takes. Most movies don't ever rehearse, they just rehearse on the film and keep doing it until they get what they like. To make a film for \$65,000 you can't do fifteen setups because there's no way you can come in on that budget. The rehearsals relax everybody so they can get into their parts... like Susan Lowe, who played Mole. That was a hard part for her because she's really nothing like that. At first she was trying to talk exactly like a man and that didn't work so the rehearsals made her feel more at ease. She also had to do that wrestling scene which meant she had to take wrestling lessons.

PM: Who thought up that wrestling costume she had on?

WATERS: Van. Van Smith thinks up all the costumes. That was actually the first scene Susan filmed. You film movies completely out of sequence, which is more economical. You film all the scenes that take place in one room, then move to another room. If you had to set up the lights and all that equipment in sequence it would take a million times longer. Everyone's made enough movies, so it doesn't bother them. All movies are made like that.

PM: Did it bother them in the beginning?

WATERS: No, they got used to it... all movies are shot out of sequence. Sometimes they start at the end, we didn't do that. We did have to shoot around their appearances because after Mink and Jean went to the Ugly Expert they came back with different color hair, so we had to do all the scenes before that because there was no way to make them look like they did at the beginning.

PM: What movies have you seen this year that have really impressed you?

WATERS: I like Fassbinder's movies a whole lot because I think he manages to make an art film and a trash film at the same time.

PM: Anything else?

WATERS: I like Peckinpah's new film, *Cross of Iron*. I liked *The Car*.

PM: *The Car*?

WATERS: It's about this car that kills people, but you could hold up a cross to it and it couldn't run you over... it was like *Dracula*. It's a motor drama. Baltimore gets all the exploitation films and I see them all.

PM: Was that the real Sexual Reassignment Center in the film?

WATERS: No, that was the lobby of my apartment building. The outside was the outside of Johns Hopkins where they do the



Susan Lowe and Liz Renay in *Desperate Living*.

PM: Getting back to trials and human rights, there seems to be an incredible torture industry going on right now. Gerry Studds, our Congressperson, said that the House voted a \$700,000 appropriation to train torturers from Argentina... in Louisiana or some place. When he tried to cut off the appropriation, the Administration, the Pentagon, and the Senate all came down on him saying that we need more flexibility with Argentina. What I would like to see is this whole torture trip exposed.

WATERS: That's what we tried to do in *Desperate Living*—the queen Edith was an Idi Amin type, just some tyrant who thought up some ridiculous things to do, just to humiliate people.

PM: I loved that when she said, "You're strictly for my amusement; I have no responsibility for your welfare."

WATERS: Right.

WATERS: I read her book *My Face for the World to See*. Then she streaked Hollywood Boulevard for publicity. At 51, she streaks. Then she had a mother-daughter strip act. I went to see that... then I took her to The Brown Derby and signed her up, the perfect cliché. For our date at twelve noon, she wore a full-length pink evening gown cut to the waist... so I knew she'd be perfect.

PM: Your editing looked tighter than on your other films.

WATERS: I had the same editor I had for *Female Trouble*. We both edited, but we also filmed it with more editing in mind. There were a lot more shots and more angles. In *Female Trouble*, there were a lot of long takes. For one whole scene the camera would just sort of turn on. But this time we had more time, more money and knew more. Every time you make a film you learn more... you learn from your mistakes.

operations. A doctor there showed me slides of what sex changes look like.

PM: Were they anything like what you had in the film?

WATERS: Yes, you know how fake it looks. Well, that's what they really look like. They're hideous. I couldn't make it *that* hideous, but we tried.

PM: Van did that?

WATERS: No, Van didn't do that. Another guy did, who also did some other special effects.

PM: They're really slaughter jobs?

WATERS: They try to do it, but they don't work because they can't get a hard on. They either always have a hard on or never have one but they can't come or anything. They take the skin on top and graft it so it just hangs down. Then they're left with hideous scars all over their chests. The doctor told me he tells people not to do it and they still want it.

PM: Enough people want to do it?

WATERS: Oh, I'm sure he has a waiting list. Dr. Money's his name. He's on TV and in magazines all the time. He's a great guy.

PM: You're going to New York from here... how do they treat you there? Do they treat you like a maverick?

WATERS: Well I have a good distributor and he gets all my films around. They're playing in Paris with subtitles, and also in Australia. They sent me to Hollywood and they had a huge opening with klieg lights on Hollywood Boulevard, complete with motorcycle escort, another cliché. Yes, they treat me well.

PM: What are you doing in New York?

WATERS: The film isn't opening until late September, so we have to get the campaign ready and blow it up to 35mm. When it opens, it's exciting and scary at the same time because your head's on the chopping block... *The New York Times*, you know they're going to hate it.

PM: What about your lectures?

WATERS: Sometimes I do college lectures and that's really fun because I get to go to places I'd never go to, like Oshkosh, Wisconsin. I'd never go there otherwise. And Austin, Texas: I'd always wanted to go there. That's a great town.

PM: Where else do they send you?

WATERS: I went to Holland for a film festival.

PM: Do you ever go to Cannes?

WATERS: No, but I'd like to. *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble* both showed there but it's really like a big businessman's convention. My distributor goes; he's the one who sells the films. I don't want to get involved in going out to sell it. That's why I have a distributor. I hate to argue money with the owner. That's one aspect I would rather have someone else do. I used to drive around the country and do it and I learned a lot from it. The main thing I learned is that you can't do it yourself.



David Lochary and Mink Stole in *Pink Flamingos*. David Lochary died suddenly July 29 in New York

PM: Did you ever get really pissed?

WATERS: Yes, one time this woman in Los Angeles screamed at me, "Mr. Waters you have to realize we have carpet on the floor of our theater." I said, "Well, what is that supposed to mean?" "Well, someone might vomit." I told her that it would be like a standing ovation. She was really pissed off... but you have to expect that.

PM: Most of the exhibitors were pretty open to it?

WATERS: Mainly.

PM: Do you ever feel with a film that you wish you had done something different?

WATERS: No. I can tell exactly when people are going to laugh and when they're going to close their eyes.

PM: I think a lot of people feel what you do is significant for their own being. When I watched the opening credits and saw this gourmet plate, I thought, Oh, no, has John sold out?

WATERS: I'm glad I put that in there.

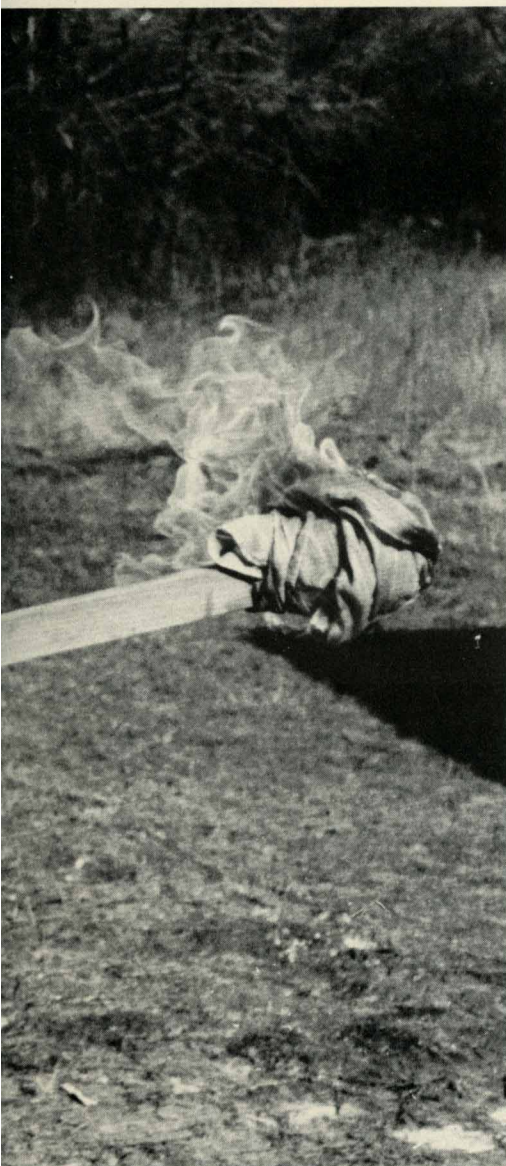
PM: I wondered if you'd sold out or were going to do some kind of fashion movie... then all of a sudden this gourmet plate has a rat thrown on it and I knew...

WATERS: Plus we had to cook the rat, and boy did it stink. We had to skin and cook it, but that wasn't as bad as having to get rid of that dead dog. Oh God.

PM: The one in the road?

WATERS: Yeah. We got it dead from a hospital that did tests on dogs, but then it started to thaw. Plus I had it in my trunk. My trunk had blood in it and I thought, Oh, isn't this pretty if I get spot-checked by the cops. It was wrapped in a garbage bag and I had to get rid of the corpse. I felt like the Moors murderer. When I took the bag out, I thought, Please don't break, especially in the middle of downtown Baltimore.

PM: Do you have a support group beyond



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ty. His death saddened many Provincetown friends.

your actors?

WATERS: I must. I play all the time.

PM: I mean, do you have a producer who oversees the production?

WATERS: Well, I have an assistant, Pat Moran. Her job includes casting and coordinating actors' schedules. Basically she functions as a stage manager.

PM: So, it's not that loose?

WATERS: No. You have to be really well organized to make a movie come off, especially with that many people. Making a movie is a team effort. Everybody's got to do his or her job or it fucks up.

PM: Would you ever use Provincetown as a location?

WATERS: I doubt it. It just looks too much like Provincetown. Baltimore isn't even in it. Mortville is totally fictitious. I use Baltimore because it looks like any city, anywhere.

PM: That's what Gertrude Stein said, "I want to tell no story so I can tell every story." How much of your scripts are improvised?

WATERS: None except for *Diane Linkletter*. They're all completely scripted.

PM: I like the first scene in *Desperate Living* where Mink Stole picks up the phone and it's the wrong number and she says, "You wasted thirty seconds of my life."

WATERS: Yes, and that was all written and rehearsed for months. Nothing is spontaneous.

PM: One thing about your films is a kind of anger... just a fuck you. It was also in *Network* where the people were mad as hell and weren't going to take it anymore.

WATERS: I hated *Network*. I thought it was preachy and such a message film and so overstated such as when everybody hung out the windows and yelled. I don't like Paddy Chayevsky; he's such a liberal. I hated *Marty* too; it reminded me of that. But the worst movie I've seen in my whole life was *Rocky*. I needed a vomit bag watching that.

PM: Why?

WATERS: Talk about maudlin, predictable. I could rage about that movie for an hour.

PM: Do you have any ideas for another film?

WATERS: Well, sort of, but what I do is fill notebooks full of ideas then pull it all together when it gets near the time. It's a little early. I just finished this one.

PM: I would really like to print part of a script, maybe from *Pink Flamingos*, so people could see how it's written.

WATERS: I can't do that because I have all these contracts and it would violate my contracts.

PM: Are these contracts for books?

WATERS: That's what I'm trying to do, get a book out of the screenplays.

PM: In some ways, they're more effective than the film, very suggestive. You sort of make the film up in your head while reading. But getting back to the films, are they shot in 16mm and then blown up?

WATERS: It's not blown up yet.

PM: Did you use several cameras and shoot it simultaneously?

WATERS: No. Always one; it's a hindrance using more than one sometimes. With one, you just have to make sure you cut the action right so everybody's in the same position. You need good continuity.

PM: When you started making films, what type camera were you using?

WATERS: An 8mm Brownie camera.

PM: What was the first film?

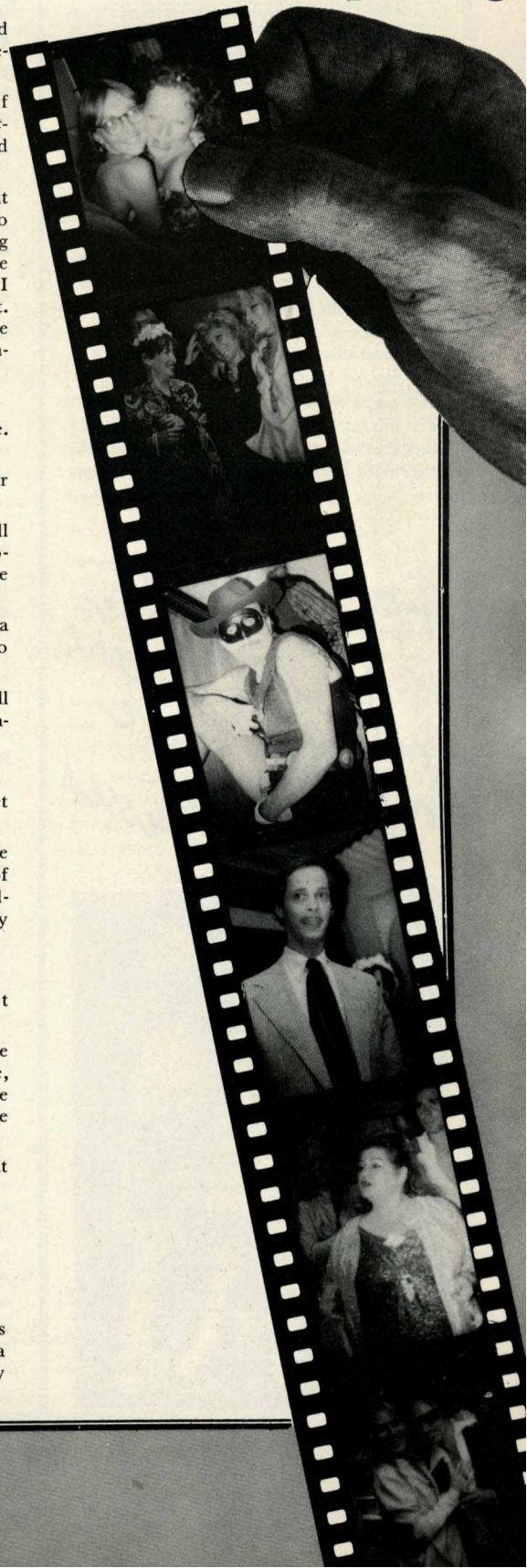
WATERS: *Hag in a Black Leather Jacket*.

PM: What was that about?

WATERS: It was so long ago, 1964. It was about the marriage of a black man to a white woman by a Ku Klux Klan man; very early Sixties.

Desperate Photos

...at the opening



PM: Did you film this alone or with others?

WATERS: Well, there was no dialogue.

PM: What do you think people expect from your films?

WATERS: Sometimes they come expecting a porno film because it's rated X. They certainly can't feel erotic or stimulated unless they are chubby chasers.

PM: Speaking of interviews, this man came to see me. He was working with Studs Turler for *Chicago Magazine*. He's going across the country talking to people about how they came out of the Sixties and what they are into now. I told him I was kind of asleep in the Sixties and I was the wrong person to talk to. What did you feel about the Sixties?

WATERS: I had a really good time then but I think I've had a better time now. I'm glad the Sixties are over. I was never much of a flower child. I never got into any of that and I never wanted to go to Woodstock. But I went to a lot of riots then; that was fun—not that I especially want to do it now.

PM: Is there any one riot that sticks out more than others?

WATERS: I went to so many of them... Let's see, I remember one where they threw horseshit at Agnew's guest arriving at the Inauguration; that was pretty funny. The people got out of their limos thinking they were being applauded because they looked

so nice. Only when they got out did they realize they had horseshit all over their faces.

PM: I've heard you characterized as the choir boy with pencil-thin moustache.

WATERS: My views have changed so much since then on a lot of things. I think you get a little more conservative as you get older.

PM: Does that bother you?

WATERS: No.

PM: Conservative in what way?

WATERS: Well, I wouldn't go out and riot. In the Sixties, I knew people who wanted to go pick sugar cane for Castro. Now that I think back, what an asshole anybody would be to want to do that. Castro puts gay people in concentration camps and steals movies and shows pirate prints. I hope we never take on relations with Cuba. But at that time I think we romanticized because we were told not to.

PM: It's more fun for you now?

WATERS: I think so. I like to work, that's when I'm the happiest. I'm like a workaholic. When there isn't any project getting on, it gets boring.

PM: How much authority do you delegate to other people on your crew?

WATERS: Vince Peranio does all the sets for my movies. I really trust him because he knows exactly what I want. He did all the sets for this movie just the way he wanted to and they turned out just like I wanted them. The same with Van. I tell him what the characters are and he does all the costumes and make-up. I think in my films the costumes and sets are important; that's part of the appeal of it. But I do try and keep a tight rein on the whole thing.

PM: Do you find that difficult?

WATERS: Yes, but all the people working with me know you have to do that, so it helps. A lot of people think making movies is a real good time, sitting around, and everyone's so high. Well, it's the exact opposite of that. Sometimes we work for eighteen hours straight and then I have to be up at six after going to bed at three a.m.

PM: The sound on this film is different from your other films.

WATERS: The sound you heard is going to be better, but what do you mean it sounds different?

PM: It sounds like it comes from a single source.

WATERS: That's true. It's just one mike. I think it sounds more real that way. Also there is a lot of shrieking in my movies; no one's exactly a shrinking violet. They're all a riot, every movie I make, every character is a riot.

PM: That's what Rilke said, "Without our devils, where would our angels be." That's what I feel after seeing your films. I feel either that I've been to an all-night orgy, completely blown out, or that I was on some kind of pilgrimage to somewhere.

WATERS: To Mortville. ■



Cookie Mueller

How did you happen to appear in John's first film?

COOKIE: Actually, I went with a close friend of his to see *Mondo Trasho*. There was a door prize offered which was a dinner at the White Tower, the hamburger joint that sells death balls. The dinner was being filmed; I won the door prize and they filmed me. That's how I met John and he liked me on film, so he used me in *Multiple Maniacs*.

That was in New York?

COOKIE: No, Baltimore.

How did you feel about your first film?

COOKIE: I really flubbed that one up. I couldn't stand my voice, my Baltimore accent. Every time I look at myself in that film, I get ill. I forgot all my lines and I was so nervous and I had to drink in order to do the scene and, because of that, I forgot all my lines.

Had you had any prior acting experience?

COOKIE: I did some things in high school. As a kid, I used to write and direct them, but nothing legitimate.

Were you nervous knowing this was a film that would be distributed?

COOKIE: Yes, I was really nervous working around all those people I didn't know that well.

Did Pink Flamingos follow that film?

COOKIE: Yes, that was about two years later. That was much, much easier.

Were you given the script before the shooting?

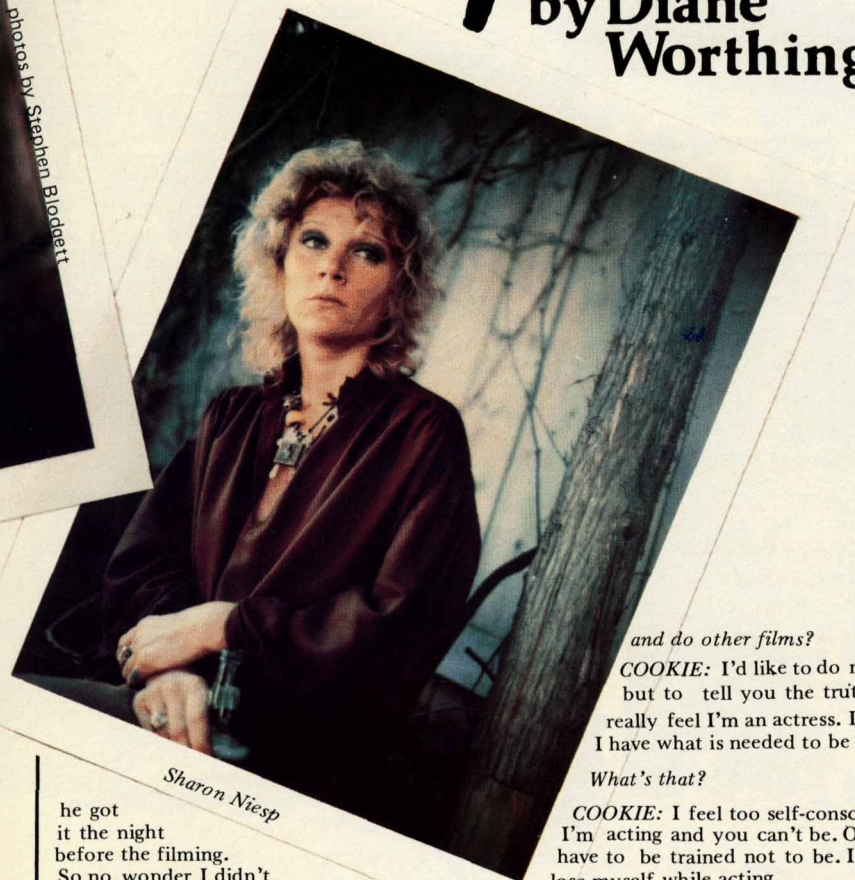
COOKIE: In *Pink Flamingos*, he gave me the script in advance. In *Multiple Maniacs*,

*They're trying
to pass this law
that no kid can be
in an X-rated movie,
even if they're
fully dressed*



Disney Girls

by Diane Worthington



photos by Stephen Blodgett

Sharon Niesp

he got it the night before the filming. So no wonder I didn't know them. I'm not a quick study; I have to ponder on the lines. In all the films that I've been in, I've wound up on the cutting room floor more than anyone else.

For the sake of the star or the story?

COOKIE: For the sake of the story, but a lot of things happened unexpectedly. In *Female Trouble*, the boom was in the way in that scene; it was my death scene. It happened in the court room. I come running in, right when Divine is being sentenced; I come in and say, "Freeze, you fuckers," and they gun me down.

Will you do any of John's films or do you look over the part first?

COOKIE: He was writing this film last summer and was staying with us, so I knew the part he had for me. He writes his films or the roles with his friends in mind. Actually, he wrote the part of Mole for Divine, then called her in New York where she was doing *Women Behind Bars* and asked her if she wanted to do this one. She said that she felt she could advance herself in the theater more there, plus she had the opportunity to go to London and do the play.

Would you like to pursue an acting career

and do other films?

COOKIE: I'd like to do more films, but to tell you the truth, I don't really feel I'm an actress. I don't feel I have what is needed to be one.

What's that?

COOKIE: I feel too self-conscious when I'm acting and you can't be. Or else you have to be trained not to be. I just can't lose myself while acting.

When you were topless-dancing in New York this winter, did you feel self-conscious about doing that?

COOKIE: Oh yes, but that's really a weird type of thing. I thought I was going to be completely different from the other women. I expected them to have teased hair and be strippers, ex-whores, but it turned out that most of them were out-of-work actresses, basically people like me.

How did you feel about doing that scene with the chicken's neck?

COOKIE: Well, I just kind of closed myself . . . I didn't watch him cut the chicken's head off, I just couldn't.

Sharon, how did you get in the first film?

SHARON: As far as I know, John saw me do something here and got to know me through Cookie.

How did you prepare yourself for this role (Schatze) in Desperate Living?

SHARON: Instinctively.

COOKIE: I'll tell you something. You can rarely draw from experiences in your past for John's movies.

What were your reactions to film-making as opposed to stage work?

SHARON: How sensitive everything is because of the close range, the eye of the camera as opposed to the panorama of the stage. The lighting also . . . I was very aware of the technical part, the special effects and illusions that can be achieved on film. Theater is too one-dimensional and you can't recreate the subtleties that you can with film. I was astonished with the sound equipment and what had to be done with voice projection. He kept on telling me to be louder.

COOKIE: He likes people to be loud.

Do you feel John is a forceful director?

COOKIE: Most definitely.

SHARON: Besides being very alert and considerate.

What kind of reactions do you get from people in town that don't know you, but have seen you in John's films?

COOKIE: I have a lot of people who come up and say, "Hey, you're Cookie; you're in John Waters' films, it's nice to see you." If you're looking and feeling terrible, you feel sort of responsible to keep up the image of something all the time. They think I'm totally freaky, totally beyond human decadence. Sleazy.

How did you feel about the way John interpreted lesbians in the film?

SHARON: Funny.

Really?

SHARON: Why not do a satire on lesbians? The scene in the dyke bar: he didn't expect that much. They did all their own make-up and chose all their own costumes, so whatever came across they did completely themselves. It was dykes' interpretation of a dyke bar.

COOKIE: But overdoing it. It was more like the scene five years ago. It has nothing to do with now; he was exaggerating.

Do you think the men were making fun of the leather culture?

COOKIE: Sure, they were all wearing vinyl. I mean, why are women all of a sudden supposed to be immune to criticism? Gay men have taken sarcasm for years.

SHARON: But you can't take the film seriously . . . like the bar scene, or my scene where I was supposedly fucking the midget in the car.

COOKIE: There are those types still everywhere, but here.

Do you think gay women will take offense to a lot of what he was doing in this film?

COOKIE: I think they p-r-o-b-a-b-l-y will. ■

Cookie is also a fashion designer whose clothes can be seen on pages 48-49.

Diane Worthington is a freelance writer and assistant editor of Provincetown Magazine.

Fine Arts Work Center

Provincetown

24 Pearl Street 487-9960

Fine Arts Work Center Week August 21-27

This year the Fine Arts Work Center will be seeking your support during Fine Arts Work Center Week. Local businesses will be offering donations based on a percentage of their sales on a day during the week. Please support the Provincetown businesses who support the Work Center. Listings of events and activities during FAWC Week are available in the Center's Hudson D. Walker Gallery at 24 Pearl Street, and will be published in the *ADVOCATE*.

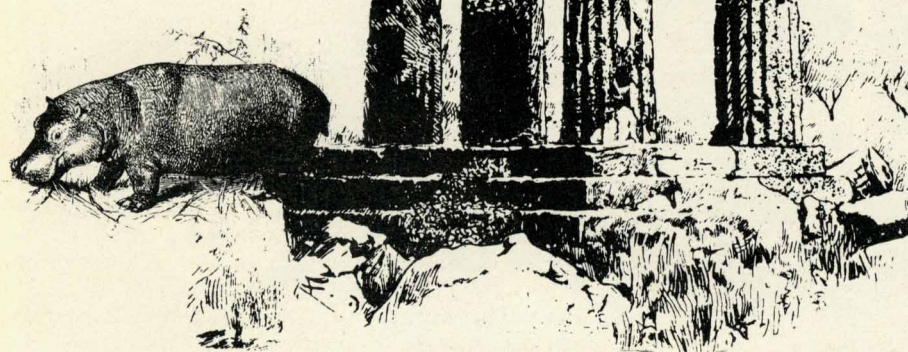
Become a member of the Fine Arts Work Center

The Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown helps artists and writers in the early, critical stage of their professional careers by providing studio space and a creative environment in which to work throughout the winter months.

Founded in 1968, the Fine Arts Work Center has grown in the past ten years into a unique program, breathing new life into the year-round community of artists on the Lower Cape. Your contribution to the Fine Arts Work Center will help make a second decade of service to artists and the Provincetown community possible. *Contributions are tax-deductible.*

THE POET DREAMS OF A NICE WARM MOTEL

MARGE PIERCY



Of course the plane is late
two hours twisting bumpily
over Chicago in a droning grey funk
with the seatbelt sign on.
Either you are met by seven
young Marxists who want to know
at once What Is To Be Done
or one professor who says, what?
You have luggage. But I
parked in the no
parking zone.

Oh, we wouldn't want to put you
up at a motel, we here at
Southwestern Orthodontic Methodist,
we want you to feel homey:
drafty rooms where icicles
drip on your forehead, dorm cubicles
under the belltower where
the bells boom all night
on each quarter hour, rooms in faculty attics
you share with seven crying
babies with measles, rooms two
miles from a bathroom.

The bed
is a quarter inch mattress
flung upon springs of upended
rusty razor blades: the mattress
is stuffed with fingernail
clippings and the feathers of buzzards.
If you roll over or cough it
sounds like a five car collision.

The mattress is shaped that way
because our pet hippo Sweetie
likes to nap there. It's homey,
isn't it, meaning we're going to keep
you up with instant coffee
until two a.m. discussing why
we at Middle Fork State Teachers College
don't think you are truly great.

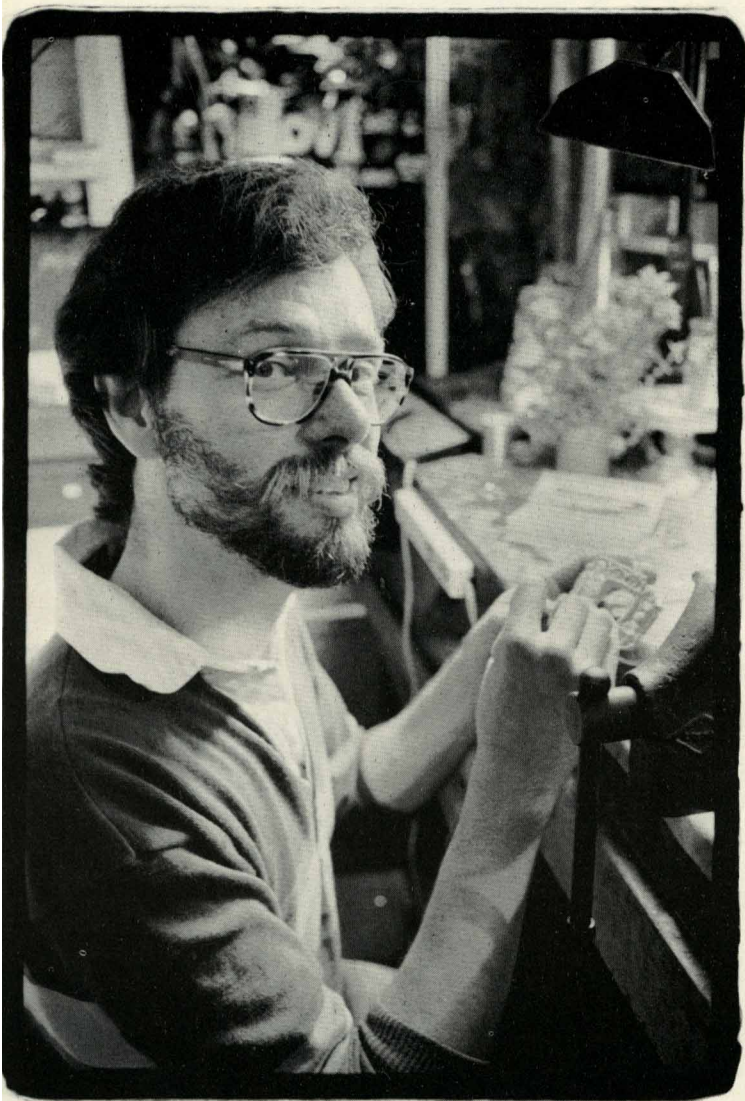
You'll love our dog Ogre,
she adores sleeping with guests
especially when she's in heat.
Don't worry the children
will wake you. (They do).

In the morning while all
fourteen children (the ones
with the flu and whooping cough
and oh, you haven't had
the mumps, I mean—yet?) assault
you with tomahawks and strawberry
jam, you are asked, oh,
would you like some breakfast?
Naturally we never eat
breakfast ourselves, we believe
fasting purifies the system,
Have some cold tofu,
don't mind the mold.

No, we didn't order
your books, that's rampant
commercialism. We will call you
Miz Percy and make a joke about
women's libbers. The mike was run
over by a snowplow.
If we were too busy to put
up posters, we've reserved the
outdoor Greek Amphitheater
where you'll read to me and my wife.
If we blanketed five states
with announcements we will be astounded
when five hundred cram into
the women's restroom we reserved.

Oh yes, the check will be four
months late. The next hungry poet
will be told, you'll be real comfortable
here, What's-her-name, she wrote that book
The Flying Dyke, she was through last year
and she found it real homey
in the Athens of the West.

The Art of Craft



photos by Elmont Abbott

Craig Littlewood

Thirteen years ago, Craig Littlewood started carving in ivory, "that hard smooth yellowish-white dentine forming the main part of the tusk of the elephant." He's a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Art; his work is sold at the Philadelphia Museum's Gallery; sculptor Chaim Gross counts himself a fan; his window booth at The Handcrafter is one of those that stops you dead in your tracks and here comes a tourist.

"Is that real ivory you're working on?" the vacationing housewife asks.

Craig nods.

"See?" the woman tells her husband, "I told you it was ivory soap."

Rubber chicken fanciers, beware. Craig The Ivory Carver has your number. Not that he's not charming to the passers-by who pause in front of his booth. "I'm not out to save the art world," he says, although you get the impression he'll die trying. "I can play the game. I usually look them in the eye and say, 'Howdy. Have a nice day at the beach? My, you're sunburned. You'll really pay for this tonight.' And I keep on working."

He has lots to do. In front of him, under the fluorescent light, is a spiral notebook loaded with orders. For Ben, a Taurus carving. For Sally, a unicorn. For laughs, a nun and a dog in a compromising position.

In the drawers of a steel file next to his tight working space is all the ivory he'll need for the rest of the season. Baloney chunks of ivory in various states ("from hamburger to sirloin"). Some of them "sand checked"—those natural cracks in the outside of the tusk.

"Ivory is very difficult to work with," he says. "It warps, it swells. My miniatures are fairly stable, but with bigger pieces, if they dry out, they crack."

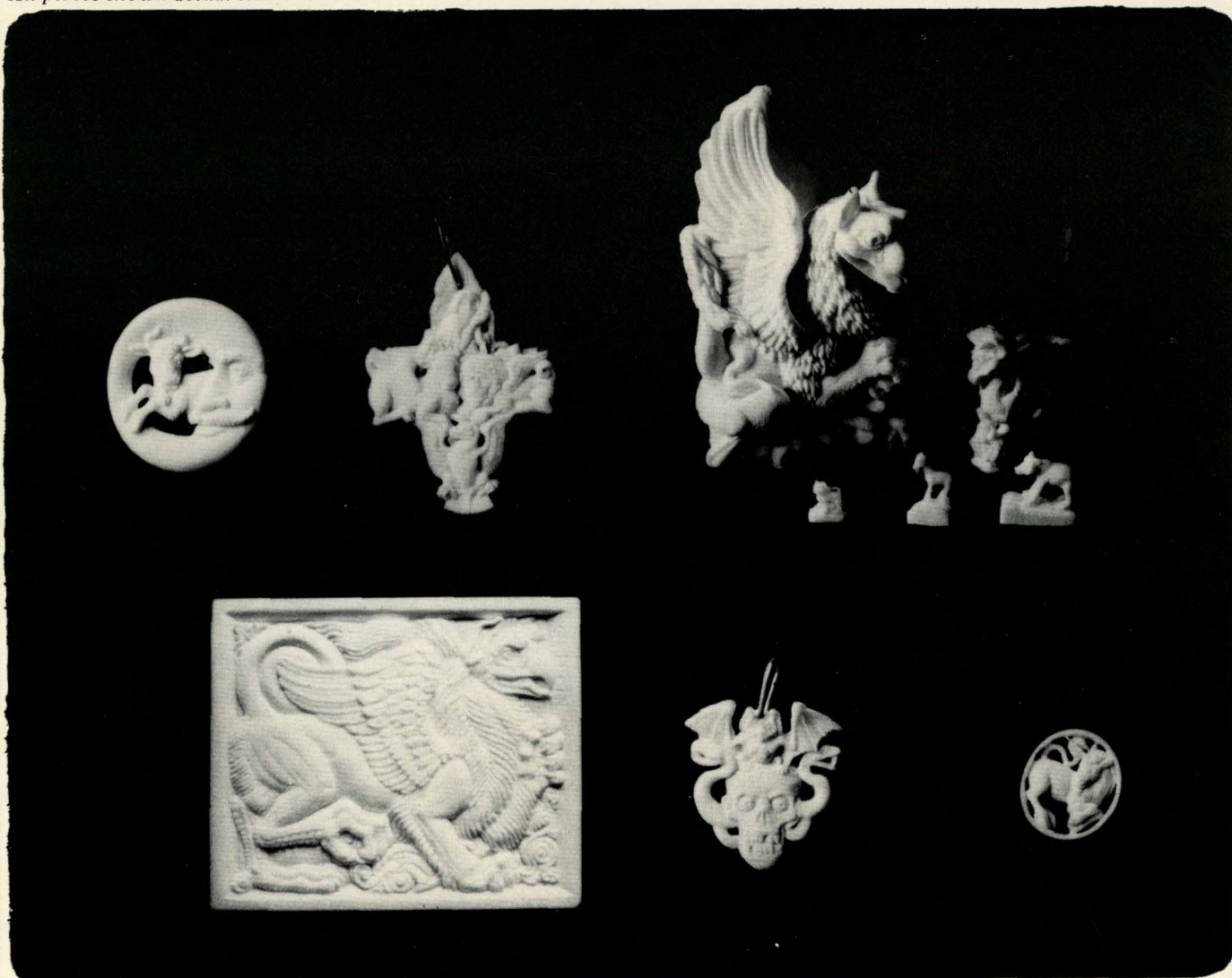
The ivory he uses comes from game preserves, all legal and ecological. An elephant's tusk is usually about six to seven feet long and it's seasoned very much like timber. He uses a fine saw to cut it, usually by the long grain, but since the grain runs concentrically in arcing spirals from the center nerve, in order to carve it well, you must be able to carve upside down, rightside up, backwards and forwards. In short, very delicate skilled work.

Using no magnifying glass, Craig puts the piece onto a leather-covered vice and begins cutting the ivory with one of six tool-steel knives which he orders from New York and sharpens on a lapidary wheel in the basement.

The knives are wrapped in masking tape to protect his calloused fingers and the six range in thickness from fine to extra fine. They're tough enough to engrave steel.

Littlewood works from no preliminary drawing. He says he can just see the figure in the piece. Sitting on a low stool to keep his back straight, he works, shearing, digging into the chunk of ivory, using his thumb as a fulcrum. When asked what he's going to carve, he replies, "I can envision a resting unicorn in here that will delight most of the customers."

All pieces shown actual size



His other work, pictured on this page, does just that. So do other pieces: two little mice peeking over the shoulders of two little hippos on a little Noah's Ark. Two little cats giving a little puppy a bath. Little cows jumping over little moons. A miniature rape of Europa ("Zeus turned into a bull and that's how we got Yugoslavia").

Two big problems for most artists don't faze him a bit. Like, What happens when it doesn't happen, when the piece doesn't work? "If it gets too much," he says, "I'll put it aside for a few minutes and then I see things I couldn't see before." Simple enough. Another problem: How do you know when

the work's done? "I just do," he says.

"I could be doing something easier for a better living," he says. "I could be making smile face crap paper or sand candles or tee shirts. But I enjoy doing what I do. I like to think that I don't copy from the past but there is an element in my work that harkens back to another time."

It could be the craftsmanship, so serious and detailed and immaculate, like products from a medieval guild. We're interrupted by another visitor.

"Do you carve initials?" the college freshman asks innocently.

Did Michelangelo make ashtrays? ■



PROVINCETOWN PAINTERS 1890's to 1970's

PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION • August 20 - October 2, 1977

(In celebration of Provincetown's 250th anniversary)

B. Wonger, an Aborigine, is an Australian writer whose collection of short stories, *The Track to Bralgu*, has been scheduled for publication by Little, Brown & Company.

The three stories appearing here are from a larger work called *The Dal*. They reflect through allegory the plight of the Aborigines caused by the recent discovery of enormous uranium deposits on their reservations. Massive mining operations are rapidly altering their way of life, uprooting communities and destroying the natural ecology.

This is the first time Mr. Wonger has been published in America.

Cry for help

The Emancipation

The conversion of young Jarku of the Djapu tribe to Christianity was, at first, a thriving experience. The lad, in his teens, had a remarkable memory. Once a psalm, meaningful phrase or a prayer was heard, it would sink deep into the soul of the young native and soon became part of his everyday life. It looked as though even his dreams consisted of a constant flow of Christian thoughts. It was a bit early to talk about a making of a spiritual leader, but everyone was certain of the uprising of a pillar of the church.

An error must have been made somewhere during Jarku's indoctrination—parallel with his Christian upbringing, he cultivated a passion for ARITHMETIC, and his constant enquiry into shape, size and quantity became gradually his favorite

occupation. He was thrilled by the size of the Pope's belly; its volume as he calculated it would be equal to a barrel, which, if filled with milk, would provide half a litre for each child in the settlement. If, for instance, the Archbishop's cross were to be sold at the current price for gold, the proceeds could roof five tribes as well as providing a toy spear for each boy. With the eagerness of a promising scholar, Jarku began to find out what percentage of shares of a mining corporation, engaged in the mineral quarrying of Djapu tribal land, is held by the Church. The calculation of investment and profit was a rather slippery task, a job exclusively the privilege of white men. Before Jarku could reach any arithmetical result, he was sent bush, deep into the Reserve, and soon after the missionary announced that "The Lord has called his shepherd to the wilderness—Jarku Djapu will spend the rest of his life in the bush living on ants, wicketty grubs and lizards." ■

The Tortoise

Only a few weeks after the tribe had been persuaded to move from the bush to the settlement, Gabali of the Andingar tribe found herself changed into a tortoise. At first it did not bother her very much; she and her five children camped on a dry river bed, and as Gabali trotted about on the bank she left tracks on the sandy ground which the children could follow easily, so that none were lost.

Some difficulty in gathering food arose, however, for the dry ground no longer supported any grass, and though Gabali could glean enough here and there for herself, the children were often hungry. Gabali could no longer smash a rotten stump to look for witchetty grubs; the earth had hardened in the sun and was like a rock, and her little feet were inadequate for digging a hidden lizard from its hole. Even the grass roots were too hard to pull. The children followed Gabali endlessly nagging for tucker. She could offer them only the ants she picked up here and there—and it took her a long time to feed all the hungry mouths.

Before the change, life had been much easier, Gabali would send her two dogs, an English hound and a Fox Terrier to range about and the animals would always come back to camp with a catch—perhaps a wallaby, an echidna or a snake. Since her metamorphosis, however, Gabali roused suspicion, even hostility, in the animals. The hound often waited in ambush for the right moment to grab Gabali by the neck, while

the terrier retreated barking frenziedly whenever she stretched out her legs and neck from her shell. In the evening both animals sat on the river bank and howled for hours towards the town.

The nights became uncomfortable too. The children lying in the sand around Gabali shivered in the chill wind, but as they pressed towards her to be cuddled and warmed, they found no comfort in her hard shell, and whimpered in their sleep. They had a far better arrangement before when Gabali would sleep at one end of the row and the dogs at the other with the children warm and comfortable between. The dogs, estranged from the family, could not be trusted as sleeping companions any longer.

The howling of the hound and the terrier must have finally disturbed the towns folk, for an officer of the F.E.D.B.¹, assisted by the local policeman and a social worker were assigned to investigate the situation. In an elaborate twenty page report the group found that: "Due to an unspecified cause a pseudemydura umbrina² of suspicious habit and behaviour has made inroads on the dogs' traditional territory. The intruder has gravely violated the animals' rights and posed a serious threat to the environment."

The tortoise, finally, was placed in a cage and taken to the zoo. ■

¹ F.E.D.B.—Friends of European Dogs and Beasts (fictional)

² tortoise

Nildi

A photograph of Nildi appeared in the early edition of the National Herald; she sat naked on the dusty ground picking up ants for her meal. It was an unusual face; the skin was bitten by the cold desert wind and hardened by the blast of the sand. The bones in her face were prominent and looked as though they would thrust away the confining skin and strike out as the row of brilliant teeth had already done. Below Nildi's forehead rested a pair of large and tranquil eyes perpetually brimming with unshed tears. Silently, Nildi reminded the readers that she was the only child left of a family of eight, and one of two still alive in the whole tribe.

Perhaps because of so many readers' tears, nationwide sobbing and concerted cries of 'shame,' Nildi became alive. She walked out of the front page of the newspaper and along Main Street.

"So sorry my dear child," said the lady behind the Red Cross counter. "I can't find you anywhere. Look at these index cards, millions of them; name a child and a country, and it will be here. No, you can never have been with us. Look, try Mr. Average, he might be able to help."

Nildi did not know the town well. She walked a few blocks

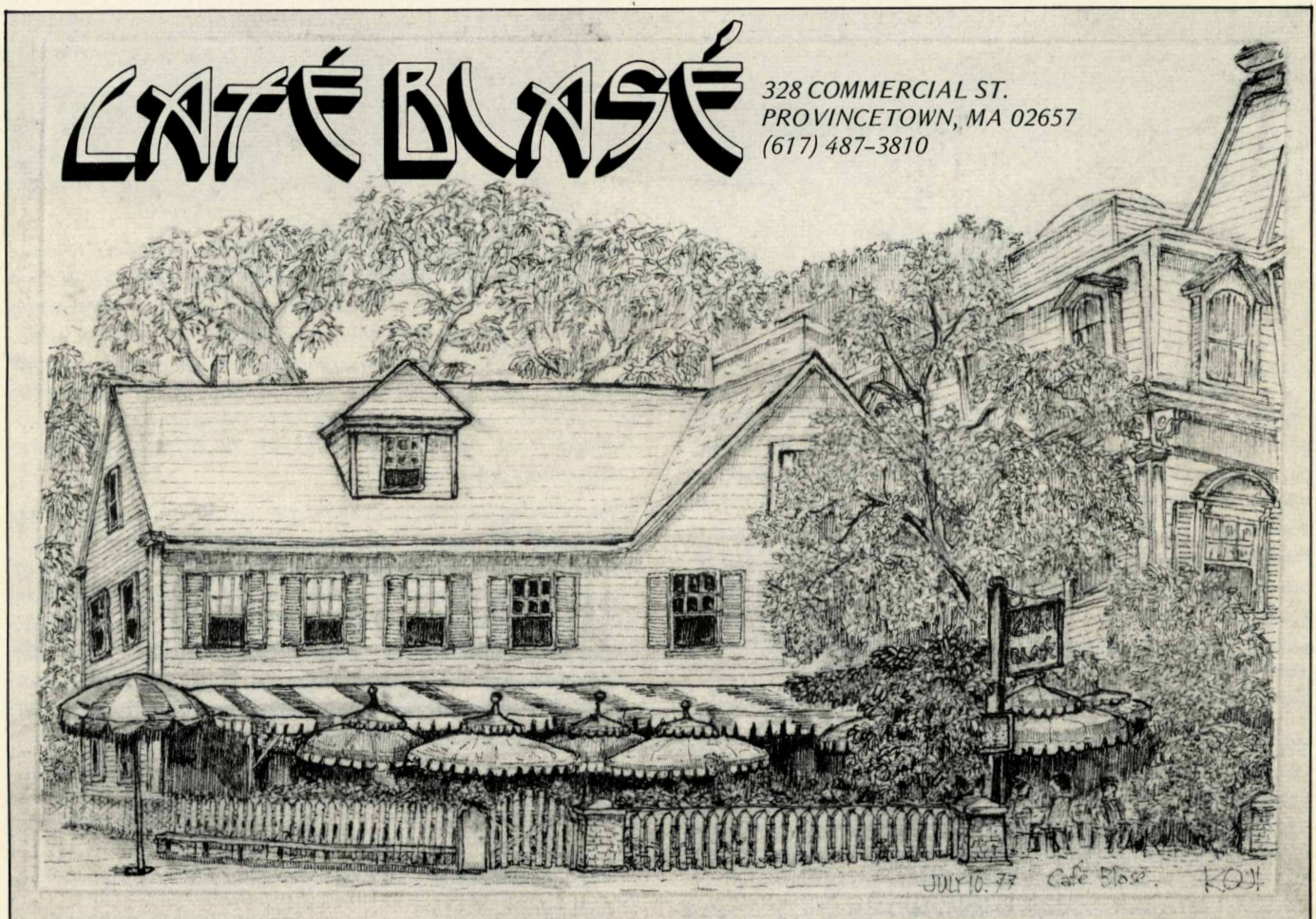
further down the street and called at another place.

"Yes my dear, we are benevolent people. Look at all these species we have saved from extinction—koala, kangaroo, kookaburra, and even the red-backed spider, just to show we do not discriminate. Sorry, child, we only deal here with fauna."

Some one had shown Nildi the road to Parliament House, otherwise she would never have found her way there. Silently she entered, walked by every seat and paused for a while in front of each honourable gentleman; she even took the floor once during a parliamentary debate. Yet none saw her. A few members would wonder if they had glimpsed a human shadow but no-one could be sure.

A TV reporter took Nildi to his studio; he was cleverly building up a touching news story when the programme director walked in and fired him on the spot for filming a naked girl.

At last Nildi found Mr. Average. As soon as she walked into his reception room a recorded voice immediately began: "I knew you'd be coming. I'm on complimentary leave and will be away for about a decade. I presume you are not in a terrible hurry—after 40,000 years, a few more won't matter. This is a recording. Please clear out or the burglar alarm will operate. This is a recording." ■



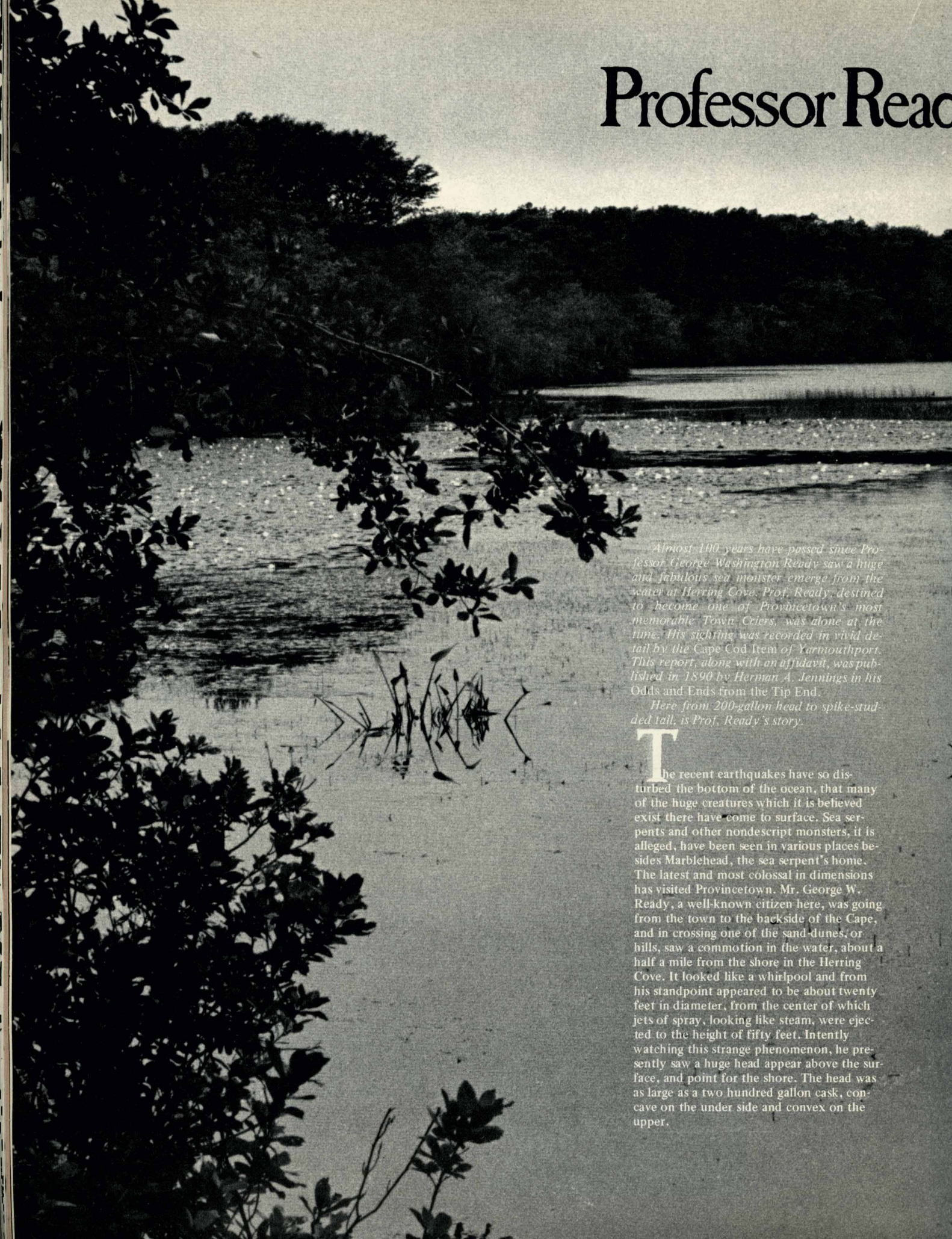


ANGIE'S PIZZA is the numero uno spot to head for in the center of Provincetown when you're salivating for the most succulent pizza pies and slices ever. Angie's is where it's at too, if you're after the town's tastiest baked-daily breads, cookies and pastries, or if you want to sit down and rap with your friends over an incredible "It's-a-Meal" sandwich and Super Salad in Angie's new gallery-eatery. We'll feed all of you, from your date to your Aunt Katy from Kansas, all you can eat. It's-a-good! Take the pizza of your choice out for a beer today!



333 COMMERCIAL ST.
PROVINCETOWN
Daily from noon until 2 A.M.

Professor Ready



Almost 100 years have passed since Professor George Washington Ready saw a huge and fabulous sea monster emerge from the water at Herring Cove. Prof. Ready, destined to become one of Provincetown's most memorable Town Criers, was alone at the time. His sighting was recorded in vivid detail by the Cape Cod Item of Yarmouthport. This report, along with an affidavit, was published in 1890 by Herman A. Jennings in his Odds and Ends from the Tip End.

Here from 200-gallon head to spike-studded tail, is Prof. Ready's story.

The recent earthquakes have so disturbed the bottom of the ocean, that many of the huge creatures which it is believed exist there have come to surface. Sea serpents and other nondescript monsters, it is alleged, have been seen in various places besides Marblehead, the sea serpent's home. The latest and most colossal in dimensions has visited Provincetown. Mr. George W. Ready, a well-known citizen here, was going from the town to the backside of the Cape, and in crossing one of the sand dunes, or hills, saw a commotion in the water, about a half a mile from the shore in the Herring Cove. It looked like a whirlpool and from his standpoint appeared to be about twenty feet in diameter, from the center of which jets of spray, looking like steam, were ejected to the height of fifty feet. Intently watching this strange phenomenon, he presently saw a huge head appear above the surface, and point for the shore. The head was as large as a two hundred gallon cask, concave on the under side and convex on the upper.

dy's Sea Monster Contest

Mr. Ready saw the creature coming towards the shore and secreted himself in a clump of beach plum bushes, where he got a good view of the monster. The creature swam to the shore with a slow and undulating motion and passed within about thirty feet of where Mr. Ready was secreted. It was about three hundred feet long, and in the thickest part, which was about in the middle, he judged as it passed him to be about twelve feet in diameter. The body was covered with scales as large as the head of a fish barrel, and were colored alternately green, red and blue. They did not overlap each other, but seemed as if they were joined together by a ligature some four inches broad. The most curious feature was the head. The open mouth disclosed four rows of teeth, which glistened like polished ivory, and were at least two feet long, while on the extreme end of the head or nose, extended a tusk or horn at least eight feet in length. The creature had six eyes as large as good-sized dinner plates, and they were placed at the end of moveable projections, so they were, at least, three feet from the head. In the creatures moving along these projections were continually on the move so that the reptile could see before, behind, and sideways, at the same time. Three of the eyes were of a fiery red hue, while the others were of a pale green. A strong sulphurous odor accompanied him, and intense heat was emitted, so much, that the bushes and grass over which he moved have the appearance of being scorched with fire. When the tail came out of the water it was seen to be of a V shape, the broadest part towards the body, to which it was joined by a small bony cartilage about twenty feet long, and only ten inches in diameter. This tail on the

broad part was studded with very hard, bony scales, shaped like the teeth of a mowing machine, or reaper, about one foot long, and eight inches at the base, and cut everything smooth to the ground as it was dragged over the surface; pine and oak trees, nearly one foot in diameter, were cut off as smoothly as if done by a saw, and have the appearance of being seared over with a hot iron. The creature made for one of the large fresh water ponds called Pasture Pond. When in the center the head, which had all the time been raised some thirty feet in the air, began slowly to descend and was soon under water, the body slowly following it. As the tail disappeared, the water commenced to recede from the shore till the pond was left completely dry with a large hole in the center some twenty feet in diameter, perfectly circular, down which sounding leads have been lowered two hundred and fifty fathoms and no bottom found. By standing on the brink of the hole, what appears to be water, can be seen at a long distance down. Preparations are being made to investigate the matter, and thousands are going to see and examine the track of the huge sea monster. For fear that this statement should be doubted, and any one try to contradict it, I here append a copy of Mr. Ready's affidavit and signature:

"I, George Washington Ready, do testify that the foregoing statement is correct. It is a true description of the serpent as he appeared to me on that morning, and I was not unduly excited by liquor or otherwise."

GEORGE W. READY.

Note: Mr. Ready resides at the head of Pearl Street in this place, and can be interviewed on the subject at any time.

Rules

The reader is invited to realize Prof. Ready's monster as a drawing or sculpture. Accuracy is not important, as this is not a contest in reading comprehension. Imagination, however, is important. Should your monster be too large to fit in an envelope or a wheelbarrow, we will assist you in transporting it.

CATEGORIES:

Two and three-dimensional

PRIZES: 1st prize both categories, \$50
2nd prize both categories, \$25
3rd prize both categories, \$10

DEADLINE: November 15th

SUBMISSION:

Provincetown Magazine
Sea Monster Contest
333 Commercial St.,
(at the boatyard)

or

P.O. Box 957
Provincetown, MA
02657

There will be a showing at the Provincetown Art Association in late November. The exact date will be published in the October issue.



GAY REFRACTIONS

Michele Szymkiewicz

... But I really don't know any straight people. Think of it. All of your friends are gay, many of your business associates, and the majority of even your casual social acquaintances are gay. Except for a necessary trip to the A&P or to Hyannis when it comes time to register your car, you never have to deal with a straight person again! You are surrounded by gays ... so comfortable is your world.

From without

What's said about this place? What's advertised, what's spoken? When you were in suburb, in city, did you envision a gay paradise? Thousands of gay people living in bliss? Perhaps a place where you could walk down the street with your arm around your lover, perhaps where you'd find the love of your life, perhaps where you could fling in the sand or roll in the hay, then be on your merry way? Could you almost smell the sea, hear the gulls, see that six (four? five? seven?) out of ten persons on the street might be gay? Did you take comfort in the fact that there was a place where you could go and let your hair down?

Then so shall you let down your hair and take up a journey.

You're taking a trip now as a crystal prism: catch an

image here, a flavor there, a dash of dialog, a random word; you're going to spin as if you were suspended from nylon filament, and you hang in a sunny window, collecting images ... some that you let lie on your faceted surface, some that you let penetrate into your mirror-maze interior to join with other impressions that have already been trapped inside forever. Spin and catch, listen. ...

• *May I see your I.D. please?*

I want to be with people likened unto myself; I want to communicate with, be heard by, inspired by, learn more about me through people whom I can identify with, who identify with me ...

How wide the spectrum—how many colors

In a town where gay is common, the varieties of gay lifestyles and activities are numerous, unlike many areas in which the gays who have come out of the closet are few, and so group together for support and gay-identity.

"I came from a small town that had a gay resource and social center and I could lean on other gays; there was always someone there. Here there's no organized thing; you make

Author's note: In this article the word "gay" refers to lesbians as well as gay men solely for reasons of brevity and simplification.

friends, you're on your own; it's the real world, and as much as it's good and free and no closets, there's no organized support system. I'd gotten used to that and man, I really feel alone sometimes."

"Lonely? Oh, my God, no! There's *always* someone to be discovered by little ole me. I always have someone to share a cocktail with or to just while away the hours! Just look at the traffic at 2:30 in the morning! There's your answer right there!"

Sweet meats, or, this rack ain't for torture

"Well, it's just such a scene; who's where and with whom, you can get invited to a party or *very* easily start your own."

"You just don't see the gay girls out cruising the streets; it's strictly 'where the boys are.' The women are just not into it."

What does Provincetown have to offer the Gay person?

Tom: "Honey, just what are you looking for?"

Some prefer dunes

Come on down to the beach with me

Come on down to see with me

Beauty of harbor? night? sea?

Come on down

Come down on the beach

Down on

● *Why Provincetown?*

James: "*Here I can have more daylight encounters. In the city you do practically all of your socializing and meeting behind closed doors, in private or hidden places, and at night.*"

Martin: "*I want to make career contacts! There's lots of important people here and I think that I can meet some of them.*"

Steve: "*The potential for long-term relationships is higher here than in most places. I was looking to put down some roots.*"

Jan: "*I think that I can be healthiest here in many ways: lack of heavy societal pressure, fantastic natural environment; I simply feel healthy.*"

Others: "*My kind of people are here!*"

And: "*It's HOT!*"

Most Common Answer Award: "*I can be myself here!*"

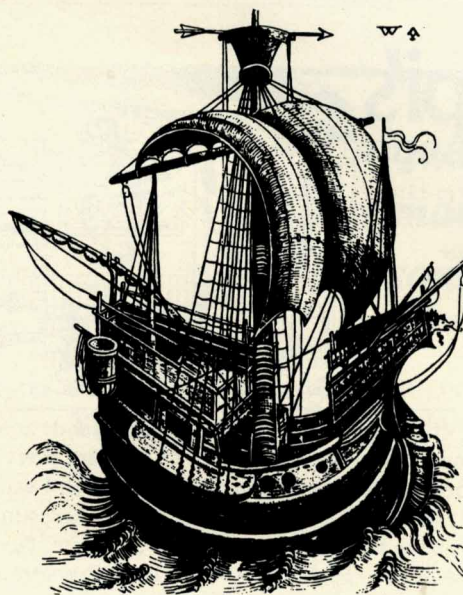
Travel tips

Chuck has never worried about being hungry or lacking a place to stay in P'town, even though he leads a transient lifestyle and his belongings could all be contained in a knapsack.

"I usually go to Miami in the winter (last year I did L.A. too), but as far as I'm concerned Provincetown is where it's happening in the summer. I've been a houseboy and a waiter/bar-boy; the money flows constantly. I like what I do. I couldn't settle down with a lover (well, I do have certain special people). I'm too wild and I like it this way. It's all right, you know how it goes, 'yeah, ok, let's go, ok, thank you, see you around.' There's not much hassle if you keep your head together and stay on your toes, you know, can't let yourself go really down hill. I make a lot of money, blow it, then go make some more. It's all right, you know?"

● *Guest who's coming for dinner*

Charles is an urban businessman who has been coming to Provincetown to spend his vacation for the past seven years.



flagship

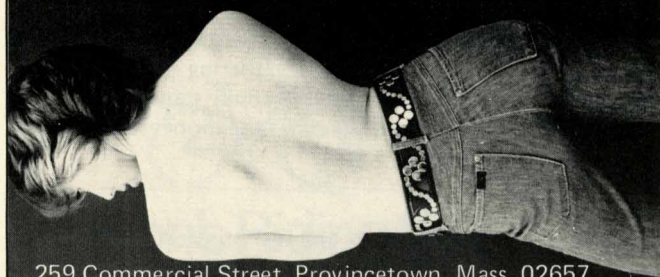
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"I usually come up here with one or two friends and we'll all stay in the same guest house; we're regulars every year. I'm a quiet person, no fusses, no big to-do. When I vacation, I mean to get away from it all; I go out to dinner, sun a bit, relax. I don't have to go out to the bars to cruise. No disco for me, please! I'm happy to stay *right here*. Everything I've come up here for I know I'll have right at the guest house. It's very pleasant, very convenient, and I go back to my office quite satisfied and refreshed."

● *Juxta-refraction: two women speak*

"There is no place for women to go to be with only women. So many women come into this town looking for a 'womenspace'—or even a guest house—and expect that here, in this 'gay' place, there would be/should be a place for women, out of the realm of the bar."

"Some years I live alone, some years I have a roommate, or a lover. I'm happy and I stay because there are women here that I can relate to. There is much that is shared."

"There are a few businesses in town that supply some vital *woman* energy, for residents and for visiting women, but I guess it would be nice to have a gathering place that isn't 'bar-scene,' liquor, or whatever. We could stand to come together a little bit more, but who has the money for a project like that?"

● *Facet: phase I*

Oh good glow in the belly and feel of safe and exciting ah women together. Some nights you think that every woman you'd like to dance with is there with her lover (sense: protective, possessive). Take a good look around first (eyes). Friends are there, and out-of-town women. The barometer falls and rises easily telling you the temperature/mood of the room, signals pass subtly snaking around the bodies (eyes). That couple from Connecticut hasn't missed one dance. They're having a great time . . . Should I ask her to dance? What if she says no? I'll feel foolish. Music keeping the dance floor full, step out back for some air! (eyes) See who's with whom out there, hi, how are you? (eyes) Say, do you know who that woman is over there? Air smokey, warm, let's grab another drink, look at so-and-so! Come on, let's DANCE! Music disco boom-boom, can't hear you, let's find a spot where we can talk, lotta women here tonight! (Eyes) scan the room. Hooting and smiles-laugh from the dance floor, get *down* to it, yeah! Some nights mellow, low-key socializing going on, hanging out, talking, kidding; other nights (eyes) meetings, cruising, choosing. . .

● *Cindy and Elaine and Michael and Richard*

A vacation in P'town had convinced Elaine and Cindy that they had found a place to settle for a while which offered them an opportunity for growth and fun. They are lovers, craftswomen, who work summer jobs and supplement their incomes through the sale of crafts.

"Our first summer's rent had set us back a bit, but in general we're happy with our situation, our work and our relationship. We're into doing things fulfilling and productive for ourselves and for each other. So far it's been rewarding. We're real quiet and we enjoy our small circle of friends . . . we take it from there."

Michael and Richard own a home in town and conduct a small business in Boston. In the summer they commute, and are able to spend at least three days a week on the Cape.

"We've been together for six years and have had our little hide-away for almost two years now. We've never had trouble from our neighbors—all families with kids; we entertain, and enjoy our home and each other."

● *Succeeding in business without really trying?*

Vincent is a business owner whose clientele is 99%, if not 100%, male.

"I've had a business in town for 10 years now, and I can tell you that my gayness has never been an issue. I have had absolutely no trouble whatsoever in that area. . . . Business is good, I couldn't be more pleased."

● *A lesbian claims: sexism in paradise*

"In this town I feel it—and it hurts a little bit *more*. If I were a gay man I could be a waiter in dozens of restaurants in town, have chances at numerous other jobs, but as a woman there are so many menial jobs left over that we must take: maids, clean-up, low-paying leftovers. Because the power and the money structures, hence the systems, still belong to men—and *gay* men, who by nature of their gayness don't need, often don't want women around—women are still second-class. In the money/power game, women as a group simply have fewer strings to pull!"

● *North pole, south pole, never the twain shall*

"I am not 'gay.' I am a Lesbian. 'Gay' is male-identified. My experience as a Lesbian has nothing in common with that of the homosexual male but oppression for the 'crime' of same-sex sexual preference."

● *More lesbian lines/spin/stop: parallax*

"I see myself as a *person*, an individual above all. I refuse to look at myself as a 'poor oppressed female.' Of course that attitude wouldn't get me anywhere! I am successful in my business, I did it myself. I have struggled when I had to and persevered. I know what I'm up against and I take it as it comes. Everybody has problems; if I got caught up thinking 'this is happening to me specifically because I am female,' then I'd probably spend so much time complaining about the plight of women that I wouldn't have come as far as I have. I'd be frustrated and bitter. You've got to be flexible to get anywhere. It's a damn fantasy to think you can buck the whole order of things without some compromise. I haven't been stepped on any more than anybody else. I've never gone further than past the middle in meeting someone half way. So what if you don't see eye to eye with everybody."

● *Images that crystaleyes*

We speak a language of the eyes:
so have we come to learn to talk in silence.
Born of our heritage of hiding,
out in the land where we are invisible
no mouths to speak what words we have for each other
no fingers that are allowed to touch,
we have come to learn a language of the eyes.
We tell whole stories in just a glance.

● *Facet: phase II*

You're out to have a good time and some nights are better than others at the bar, always depending on what you're after. Energy nights: there's times when you don't give a damn about cruising and you say 'I want to go and let loose, dance with my friends, spout off some steam.' Other nights you really feel the eyes upon you, leaners on the bar, drinks in hand, hips thrust out, weight shifted to one leg, poses intact, faces intense and inviting, body language blatantly screaming out signals, burning eyes! Or bored, or seductive, some just wide and hungry. Eyes!, bar-light illuminated. . . . All the while in a frenzy of sex-beat-beat disco sweaty bodies moving packed closed under red then blue then blacklight, smell of poppers, drenched flesh, cigarette smog and booze hanging in the air that acts as a transmitter for crazed human emotion—generated electricity, your own body the sender/receiver.

Standers on the sidelines aren't exempt from the bzzz-sss dynamics on the dancefloor. Someone hits you with an intro-line and you can take it from there or you've got your own approach of meet and maneuver let's go (eyes) out back and smoke a joint. Inside they're howling on the dancefloor as the tempo steps up yet again BEAT! BEAT! A young woman pulls off her shirt, guys half-naked shining-sweat chests weave through the madness out (eyes) go the two of you and the cool air hits you both (eyes). The music recedes but you are still psyched, deep breaths, (eyes), "let's move on."

● *Eat, be merry, and . . .*

Nicole: "Gay people are given such a narrow margin by society; we have so few places to go to meet and be together. We are forced into the bars (that's what's been given to us), so we wind up socializing almost exclusively in the bars. We end up drinking, many of us adopting the negativism imposed upon us, and it comes full circle. We wind up oppressing *ourselves*, not moving any further, centering our activities around a kind of stagnancy, a potential pitfall, alcohol, and the way that we see ourselves."

● *Weary, traveler? prism packed full?*

On days when the sky is clear and light unblocked you release your bundles of colors and spread your imagery out to glide over other surfaces.

On days when the sky is pewter and no sunrays tap the potential of your rainbow-machine, no bright colors do you give off. Then, ask what images have you chose to save and let dance on mirrors within your skin of lead and glass. ■

Michele Szymkiewicz is appearing in print for the first time.



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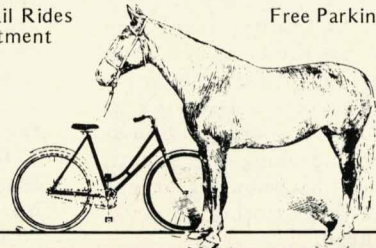
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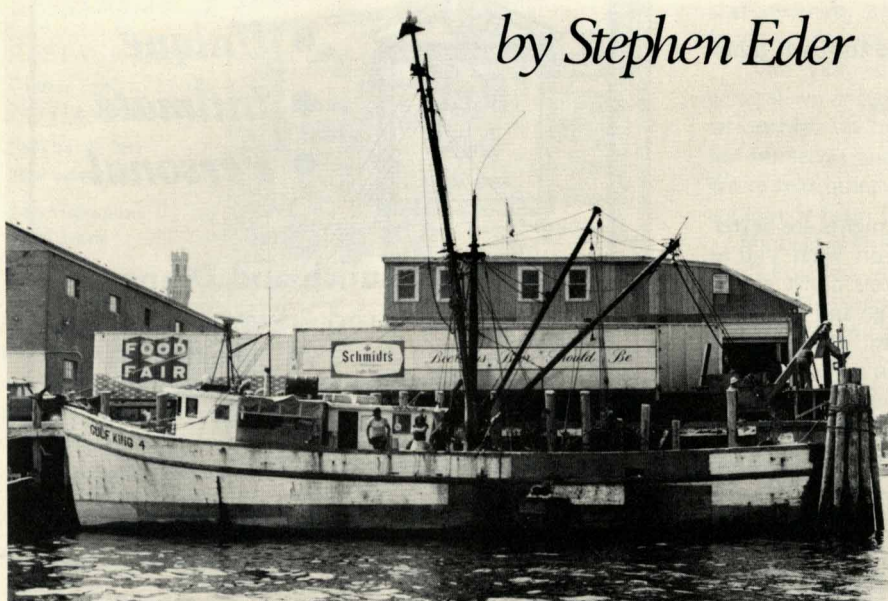
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For Your Dining Pleasure

by Stephen Eder

Photos by Stephen Blodgett and Stephen Eder



Gulf King IV, wooden world of this adventure

It's an evening late in June. Fast Eddie stands next to me coiling the stern-line. Our boat is the *Gulf King IV*, steaming southeast from P-town to Nantucket Shoals for scallops.

Fast Eddie is the strongest man on the boat next to Fearless Frank, the skipper. Eddie has the body of a wrestler, with a face in a constant Buddha-like repose. He takes a last look at P-town's lights and sparkling tourist car plasma oozing along the streets, then looks over his shoulder at our two scalloping drags resting on deck. He shakes his head.

"Scalloping is the crudest, most dangerous form of fishing there is," he laments. "Look at these drags. They can really hurt you."

If King Kong needed a change purse, he'd pick a scallop drag for ugliness and durability. Made from welded steel bars, heavy metal mesh and nylon rope, each weighs over two tons empty. They're lowered over the side of a scalloper by a thick metal cable attached to a winch and towed along the ocean bottom for periods anywhere from five to thirty minutes. Hopefully, when you pull them up and risk your neck swinging them inboard, they are filled with scallops.

Gonzo Cabin Cruisers

Fast Eddie drops the coil at the stern and I follow him into the wood-paneled galley. Inside are young Dave the cook and Peter the first mate. Fearless Frank is just forward in the adjoin-

ing pilot house steering us clear of gonzo cabin cruisers bent on tying up in the harbor before the bars close.

Dave's making coffee. He and Fast Eddie and Fearless Frank are all from Maine, Peter's from Gloucester and I'm from Provincetown. There are two young women from Provincetown sitting with us as well. Layne and Pat. They are crew members with the boat and both of them pull their weight. This time out they will shuck, a job that will help take the burden of opening scallops off the rest of us.

Layne loves the boat. She's been around them here in P-town for some time.

"This boat is one of the best things that's happened to me," she told me once. "I want to stay with this kind of life. It's what I want to do. Some day I'd like to write a book about scalloping." She's dressed in a tee shirt here in the galley that reads "Keep on Shucking" on the front and "Scalloper Gulf King IV" on the back.

Pat is an artist. Like Layne she works hard. I've seen one of her oil paintings. It's a window frame floating in space with a seascape behind it. It reminded me of someone living in two worlds and somehow she manages to do just that. For her, scalloping is more of an experience than a vocation. Pat told me, "I love being on the sea and now is my time to do it."

It's an even better bet they will be on the crew again when things let up.

Frank doesn't believe women are bad luck on boats. Just the opposite. Layne and Pat are proving him right.

Below decks in the fo'c's'le, five other souls are finding their bunks. They are shuckers we're bringing along to open scallops while we tow.

Dave's been around boats for most of his life. His cousin and uncle were fishermen. Both drowned up in Maine a few years back.

As cook on this trip he will prepare three meals a day for the captain and crew plus a second shift for the shuckers. He will wash the dishes, keep the galley in order, work on deck setting out and taking in the drags, throw rocks and boulders overboard, and with the rest of us be in three places at once. He refuses to dress like a fisherman and prefers brand new leisure slacks and colorfast polo shirts to dungarees and flannels. His only compromise to the usual rags worn on board will be work gloves and deck boots.

"Too Many Moving Parts"

Peter sits at the table sharpening a kitchen knife with a metal file. His eyes betray the glint of a fisherman's fanaticism for endless work. Peter is a firm believer in simplicity. When anything goes wrong on deck you'll hear



him say "too many moving parts" in a husky Broderick Crawford monotone. His other passion is his Honda motorcycle locked up in chains back on MacMillan Wharf. To describe his self-assurance I would say if ever he went out of control on his bike and were headed inextricably for a brick wall, Peter would open the throttle full speed and aim for the biggest crack.

Our skipper, Fearless Frank, is equally if not more driven. Like nearly

every captain-owner of a boat, he must make one fishing trip after another to meet the bank payments. Frank is big, maybe six-foot three, and is stronger than any two men on board. He is a man of endless patience. We could be sinking somewhere in the night and Frank would still find time to teach you how to tie the best possible knot for a bow line.

He bought the *Gulf King IV* just last winter and knows every inch of her back and forth and sideways. She's a former Texas shrimp boat and that fact caused him some problems at first.

"They're not used to seeing boats like this up in Maine," he told me the last time out. "Christ, I was out fishing once and a big Coast Guard cutter steamed up along side. I looked out from the pilot house and there was a fifty caliber machine gun on her deck all cocked and ready to go staring me in the face. Next to that was a fella with an automatic rifle, and a boarding officer with a pistol. The officer tells me, 'We're coming aboard.' They thought I had to be smuggling some dope or something up from Texas. Then he smiled and said with his Maine accent, 'My word.'"

Bangs the Shit out of Elbow

He quit chain smoking awhile back and switched to chewing Skoal mentholated. This night I can see him in the pilot house taking a large pinch of the stuff from the little round tin in his pocket and stuff it under his bottom lip. He bangs the shit out of his elbow as he lumbers into the galley through the pilot house doorway.

"My word, Peter, this boat is getting too goddamn small for me."

Peter replies, "Well why don't you just smoke an axe into the wall and open it up, Frank. What the hell, it's your boat."

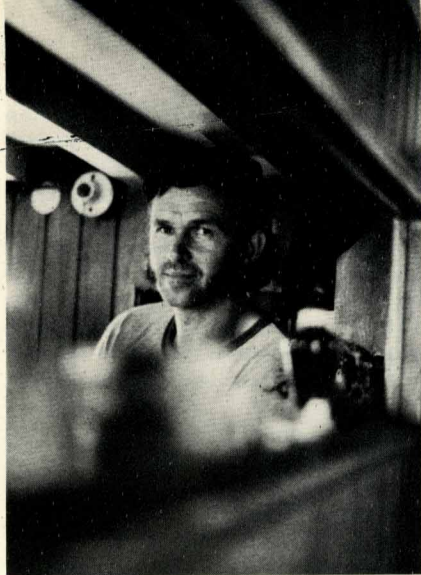
"Mine and the bank's," answers Fearless. "What happened to all the shuckers?"

"We threw them overboard," says Eddie serenely.

"Too many moving parts," adds Peter.

The Cook Grumbles

Meanwhile, Dave is grumbling and bitching at the stove. "Water takes so long to boil on boats. When are you going to get water tanks for the boat. I'm tired of all these jugs we have to use. And you expect me to clean all these dishes in cold salt water and Ivory liquid. We need paper plates and plastic forks. I don't want to be a fisherman. I'm going to law school and get ahead in the world. This is too crazy for me."



Captain Fearless Frank

The coffee is done. Dave starts to turn with the pot in his hand when Frank walks over and offers him a chew.

Dave says, "I can't think of anything more repulsive you could stick into your mouth than shredded tobacco." Frank, with a mad bearish grin, moves in closer and tries to stick the tin under Dave's nose. Layne and Pat crack up.

"Oh come on Dave, it puts hair on your chest. It's good."

"Never" says Dave, holding off Frank at an armlength with the coffee pot.

Fearless turns to me, the greenest man on the boat, and smiles with a sinister cast on his big face. "How about you, Steve. The crew watches in silence as I take a healthy pinch of the stuff and stick it behind my bottom lip. It burns with nicotine and acid. My eyes water and bulge and I begin to hiccup incessantly as a thin stream of tobacco lava scorches a train to my stomach.

"Smoke her right down!" shouts Peter. They all laugh. It's my third trip and along with everything else I'm determined to chew the junk without a flinch.

"Say, Fearless," says Layne, "the word around the wharf is the crew on the *Nyanza* says they're going to trim us on this trip. They plan to shuck at least ten more bags of meats than us."

"We beat them by seven bags the last time," says Pat.

"Well, they ain't got as many shuckers as us this time," replies Frank, "so this time we got to trim 'em by even more."

"I don't know," I add, in between spasms, "They're a good crew, Frank."

Frank scratches his beard and looks us straight in the eye. "If they get more than us this time, I'll kiss their

captain's ass on Times Square and give him an hour to draw a crowd." With that, he slumps back into the pilot house and bangs his elbow once again.

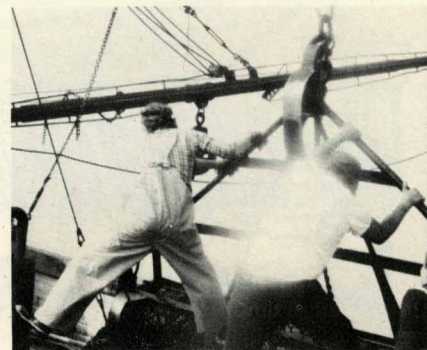
"We'll trim them," promises Peter. "No problem," adds Layne.

The crew's share on Frank's boat is divided equally from about one half of the money we get for our scallops. The balance goes toward the payment on the boat, shuckers' pay, repairs, fuel, grub and ice. Every man must pull his weight at all times. Standing for an extra minute to enjoy a cup of coffee on deck or taking a little too much time to crap in the shit bucket can arouse displeasure from your crewmates if you pick the wrong time. Usually nothing is said. One day you show up for a trip and someone new has taken your place.

Fast Eddie Fast Asleep

Frank calls me into the pilot house. "You stand the first wheel watch. Wake up Fast Eddie in two hours and turn in. I figure we'll be at the shoals in about eight hours. The *Nyanza's* a mile behind us in case you're interested. Any problems, wake me up and don't worry about what."

He leaves me alone at the wheel and tells the others in the galley to get some sleep. His bunk, Peter's and Fast Eddie's are in two small rooms just behind the galley. Mine, Dave's and Layne's are below with the shuckers. I know a few of them from around town. A few are artists, one's a potter. Three women and two men. Their lives and the crew's are now in my hands. For all purposes, I am the captain of the *Gulf King IV*. It is my sole decision whether to wake Frank in an emergency or trust my own judgment. Although the course is set and the wheel is on automatic pilot, I can switch her onto manual with the twist of a lever. The radar becomes my eyes, the dog for the blind man. The blip on the radar screen over my head is the *Nyanza*, now steaming three miles behind us.



A Gift of a Lesson

It's peaceful in this darkened room. On my first watch a few weeks ago, however, I learned that peace and safety on any fishing boat are an illusion. On that first watch, I went out on deck for a moment to take a leak over the rail. The boat was on automatic, no other vessels in sight on the radar. It was the perfect time to piss. I went out, the weather was rough, and it occurred to me that if I lost my balance and fell overboard no one would know. The auto pilot would steer us along until either we ran aground or floundered and sank. Everyone's fast asleep, you know? I decided if that had happened, if I fell overboard and watched the *Gulf King* steam away for oblivion, it would be better to drown.

The wheel snaps back and forth constantly compensating for deviations. Thick wooden spokes radiate from its circumference. If you should rest an arm near them as they snap around, they snap your wrist in half... easily. The metal box behind you is the terminal for the radar. Say a fuse blows and you decide to fix it yourself. You've set it in place, the boat shifts and you accidentally touch a line with 3,000 volts coursing through. You're fried. *No problem.*

Two boats steaming north pass me about a mile away. I watch them steam past the *Nyanza* on the radar twenty minutes later. The night watches on each boat have done their job. All is well.

From Blip to Buoy to Boat

An hour later, a blip comes up on the radar to the south. We're nowhere near any buoy. I off the automatic pilot and steer clear of what turns out to be a small stern dragger anchored a few miles offshore. I call them up on the radio. No one's standing watch. No one answers. They must have had a hard trip. They could give a shit if they got hit.

I feel good. Didn't have to wake up Frank and the radar is clean. I walk out on deck after resetting the pilot and drop down the companionway to the engine room. Not too much water accumulated in the bilge, the diesel is blasting away and a smaller engine that powers our lights and radar has plenty of fuel to run through the night. It's time to wake Fast Eddie. He almost became a dentist and he went to chef's school too. You have to shake him pretty hard. He wakes in his bunk, yawns and nods his head.

"Be right there. Any boats?"

"No, Eddie, the radar's clean."

"Okay."

By the time he gets his clothes on and joins me in the pilot house I have a cup of coffee waiting for him in the galley.

Death at Sea

For conversation I ask, "You know Frank long?"

"Oh yeah. Quite some time. I'm part of the original crew with the boat, but I knew him before that back in Maine. He saved my life."

"We were working on a purse seiner. You have a big carrier ship and a smaller boat that goes out to lay a net. We were after herring and spotted a big school. I went out in the little boat. Little? Christ, it was forty-two feet long. What you do is drop the net in a circle around the fish, then you pull the bottom of the net together with lines like closing a purse."

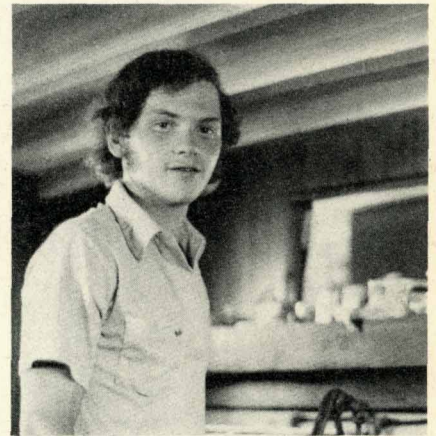
"After that, you haul the net up into the little boat until the fish are all concentrated. The carrier ship comes along side and drops a big suction pipe into the fish and vacuums them aboard. Except this time the net was too heavy with fish. A situation happens where a big lump of dead fish forms in the center of the net. The live fish swimming around it keep the lump floating but when too many more smother, the lump—tons of dead fish—falls to the bottom of the net all of a sudden."

"When that happened, it pulled the stern of my boat into the water. Tipped the bow straight up in the air. I remember looking up and seeing propane tanks falling straight down on me and two other guys. One guy jumped overboard pretty fast, but then all the netting we'd pulled in slid down, pinning the guy next to me against the stern from his waist down. He couldn't move. There was nothing I could do to save him and he knew it. He knew he was dead and just stared at me with this look of terror I'll never forget. He said, 'Oh my God.' I jumped into the netting and herring as he went down with the boat. I couldn't swim. It was winter and the water was cold. Frank was on the carrier and managed to haul me out with the suction pipe in the nick of time. That was my first time out purse seining. When they finally raised the boat a week later the dead man and the netting were gone. Probably some Russian boat came along and swiped the whole works. Who knows? You never know when your number's up in this business. Now you better get some sleep."

I left the pilot house wondering if Eddie ever had nightmares about that trip. He seemed alright though. When they tell you stuff like that, they just tell you. No melodrama.

"Goodnight Fast Eddie."

"Night now."



Dave the cook

Sleep Comes Hard

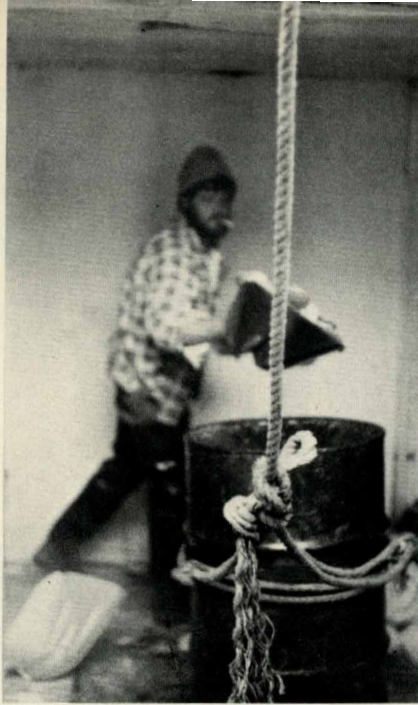
I go down a ladder through the opened hatch just forward of the pilot house on deck. I turn a light on over my bunk to make sure no one's in it and turn it off quickly as a few shuckers turn and groan in their sleep. The fo'c's'le's filled with heat from the engine room so I leave the hatchcover open. Sleeping is hard for me on the first night out and Fast Eddie's story doesn't help.

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Fast Eddie on the ropes

the Office of Merchant Marine Safety, American fishermen suffer 21.4 deaths per million man-days. In coal mining, the most dangerous land occupation, they suffer just 8.3. Of all fishing, scalloping is the most lethal. But there's no time to think about that. Sleep is the most precious time you have aboard a scalloper. Benign unconsciousness is sacred.

The next morning Fearless Frank's face is framed in the open hatch above me with a terrible smile stretched from one side of his massive head to the other.

"Hey Steve, you better get yourself out of that bunk and eat because I'm going to *bust your ass* today! Oh, you'll *love* it."

Up in the galley, Dave's got everything waiting. Oatmeal with honey and raisins mixed in, scrambled eggs, bacon, Bisquick biscuits and tankloads of coffee.

Outside, the waters of Nantucket shoals are totally calmed. They look like soft rolling glycerin and smell like fresh ginger. We're a good sixty miles from the nearest land and right on top of the bearings where Frank's decided to start the first tows.

Winks and Pranks

The breakfast's excellent. Peter tastes his coffee and studies his plate for a moment. He smiles across the table at Fast Eddie and Eddie winks back. Fearless Frank is watching them both from just inside the pilot house. Something's up but I'm not sure what. Layne and Pat sit back to enjoy the show.

Hey Dave," says Peter, "there's only one thing wrong with this break-

fast. I mean I appreciate you getting up early and all."

Dave's back goes up at the stove. He turns around and glares in Peter's direction. "Well, what is it?"

Eddie stirs his coffee slowly, cocks his head at Dave and calmly says, "What Peter's trying to say is the breakfast sucks."

"WHAT?" Dave shouts. "I'd like to see any of you try to cook for all these people!"

Fearless Frank tries not to laugh. "My word, Peter, I believe you've just insulted the shit out of the cook. Hey Dave, you want a chew?" Frank offers the Skoal again. Everyone cracks up except for Dave. He's annoyed until Peter holds out his cup for more coffee, then a smile breaks out.

"Smoke some more coffee in there, Dave," he says.

"I ought to pour it on your head," answers Dave, and then he turns to Eddie and says, "You want anything, you dumb Polack." Eddie's Polish. He rises from the table and moves toward Dave with all the grace and assurance of a Sherman tank and answers, "Yeah, I want to give you a heart punch."

Before Eddie can grab him, Dave's run out on deck laughing his ass off. Eddie runs out after him. A minute later only Eddie returns. It's all for fun.

"I chased him all the way back to the stern."

"You let him have it?" asks Layne.

"No," says Eddie sitting down. "We need him. I'll get him when we get home."

"Well, let's get out there, we're wasting time," says Fearless. Dave comes in and starts to lay out grub for the shuckers.

Awareness

On deck, Peter and Fast Eddie stand by at the winch. Peter takes in some cable on one of the two big spools attached to the drags. The one on the portside rises solemnly into the

air above deck. Frank runs out from the pilot house and helps me push the whole works over the rail before running back to the wheel.

Frank guns the deisel while Peter grabs what looks like a steering wheel on the winch and lets the drag drop to the ocean floor. We tow just one drag for about five minutes just to see what's down there. Meanwhile, Peter calls me over.

"You see how powerful this winch is?"

"Yeah, Peter. I know that much. It's got to be powerful to pull four tons of steel up from all that water. Shit, I know that, so what's the point?"

"I could throw a two-by-four onto these bastards and the spool on the winch would suck her in and cut her in two, no problem. What I'm trying to put into words is watch out those shuckers stay away from all this shit when it's going. Lots of moving parts."

We haul the drag out of the water and it's got a healthy load of scallops inside the bag. We begin towing both drags and dumping them on deck for two days straight. The shuckers cut as many as ten buckets a day. It turns out they all know enough to stay out of trouble around the winch or when the boat rocks and the drags are swinging inboard.

Rocking the Boat

The third day out is not so good. We start hauling up big boulders and stones. We dump them out of the drag and start another tow. We throw the junk overboard and maybe wind up with a few bushels of scallops. The shuckers cut them open in a flash and stand around with nothing to do.

The *Nyanza* runs into trouble. Her winch chain breaks. Their cook never showed up for the trip and the crew is eating salami and cheese sandwiches for breakfast. Their water is running low. We give them chain for the winch

Continued on page 40.

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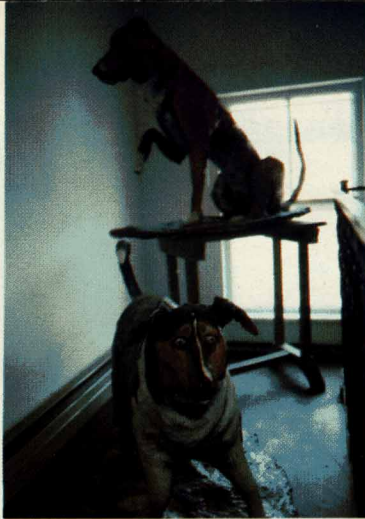
Susan Bal



"I begin with an idea and it takes shape while I work. I began with an idea for the Loch Ness monster but I didn't know it was going to shape itself into a question mark. Sometimes the idea keeps going from one work right into another."

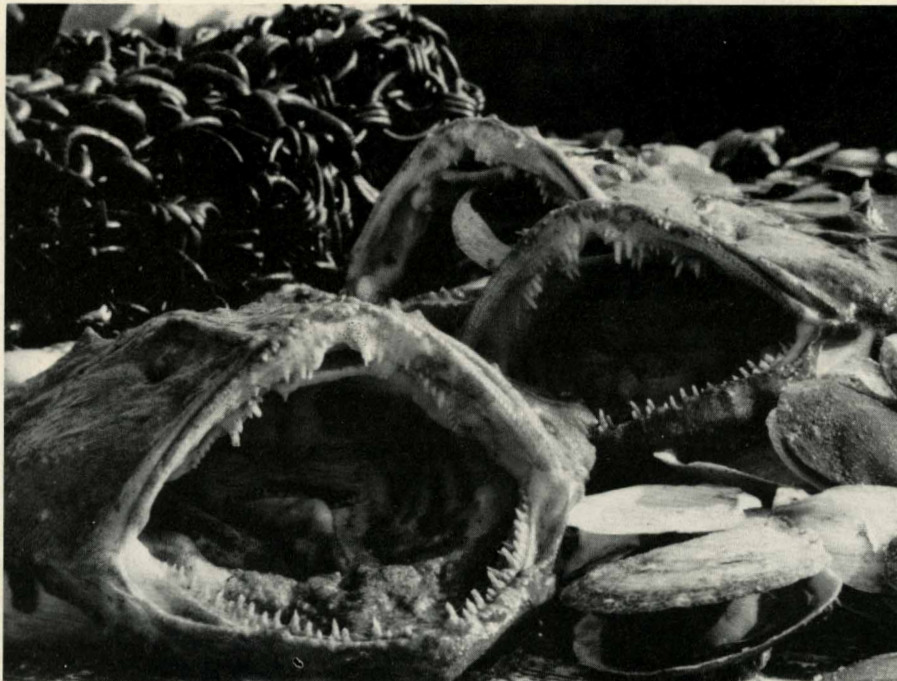
"As I'm working I get into finishing a segment. The completed segment, especially the paint, suggests where the sculpture is going. The more changes that happen the better it gets. Some works will change ten times."





"I came to the Fine Arts Work Center in 1969 as a painter. But after awhile I gave up art altogether for three years. It was the best three years of my life. I started working with paper mache just to have something to do. It was the right thing for me. Sculpture is what I like to do."

Susan Baker



with an appetite to match

and water, but in spite of all that they have to go in early. It could have happened to us or anyone. You want to get out when the weather is good. Sometimes you overlook things. Maybe next time they will trim us. Competition between boats is an incentive for fishermen, a way of making yourself work harder. Our bad times are just beginning as *Nyanza* makes for P-town licking her wounds.

On top of the boulders, we drag up a lot of monk fish. They're the ugliest fish you've ever seen, but their tails go for \$.25 a pound. Monk fish jaws are set on hinges and open as wide as the fish is long. I reach for a scallop in the pile of junk we drag up on one tow. A big scallop sits in a pit of darkness. At the last second I see it is

sitting inside the mouth of a monk fish. They clamp their jaws on your hand. The teeth are sharp and all you can do is sit there and wince until the bastard decides to open his jaw. Luckily this didn't happen. I see it in time, but later both Eddie and Peter cut their hands cleaning a few monks. Even after you cut their bodies away, the jaws will still snap at you. One grabs Peter's boot. Infuriated, he stomps the monk's head into pulp.

"The bastard tried to bite me," he mutters.

"Well what do you expect, Peter?"

"I didn't do nothing to him, for Christsakes!" he says and tosses the head overboard.

Scallops Clam Up

By the end of the third day the tows get worse and worse. We stay up

twenty-four hours straight trying to fill the boat. The boulders get heavier. Fatigue sets in and Frank keeps towing, trying to find a valley under the sea where scallops collect.

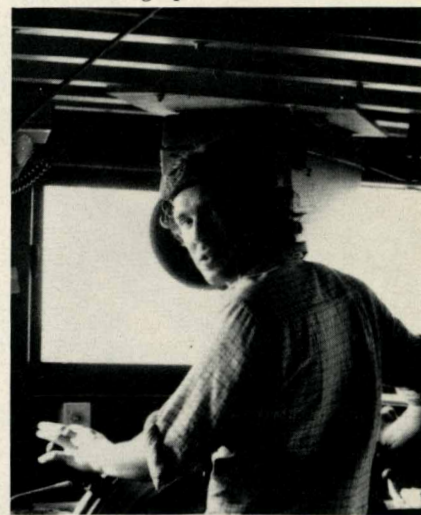
The weather starts to build up on us around three o'clock. The rakes come up over the rail and before you can grab them they smash into a bar protecting Peter and Fast Eddie at the winch. It's like trying to control a demolition wrecker's ball while keeping your footing on top of the condemned building.

Fast Eddie starts to slow down. He's taken in the starboard drag full of rocks and spaces out for too long. The drag crashes around on deck. We're all out of it and just watch the thing fly around. Pat and Layne are still cutting but it's getting hard for them, too. Hard and hurting.

Peter laughs from his side of the winch. "Hey, Pat! Fast Eddie's in a coma!" We are all in a coma. We haven't had a break more than ten minutes long for the last twelve hours trying to get back on the scallops.

Working twenty-four hour shifts is not a big deal for scallopers; some work thirty-six before they sleep. We are nobody special and we're here on Nantucket shoals by choice. In my coma, I remember working a kitchen in a fancy place down in the West Village years before. Scallops were served in a dish called Coquilles St. Jacques. On the menu the dish was billed as an appetizer "for your dining pleasure."

Eddie sets the drag back on deck and Frank decides to call it a day. The sun is coming up. ■



Stephen Eder is a television script writer now making video films for the Provincetown Library. He appeared in the first issue of Provincetown Magazine.

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PLAYHOUSE



IS THERE LIFE ON 6A?

BY KAREN BERMAN

To ardent Provincetown residents, the map divides between Provincetown and the rest of the world. Rumors fly about the dark, uncharted territory beyond the Orleans rotary, where people are said to have velvety front lawns shaded by tall, well-nourished trees. Where women dress for summer in synthetic red shorts and coordinated collegetown tee shirts. Where everyone lives with their families. Where Provincetown's fragile, multi-colored street jumble is replaced by stable, orderly leisure.

Such descriptions aroused my skeptical curiosity. Having never strayed from the well-beaten getaway of Route 6, I swallowed my doubts (how do you face the possibility of seeing a family with 2.5 children?), guided my borrowed Volkswagen bug past the dunes, past the Wellfleet Drive-In, past the rotary and into the unexplored regions of Route 6A.

First stop was 1957. Laurino's family restaurant in Orleans might easily be a quick dash back two decades, its walls graced with your standard Cape Cod clipper ship murals and its tables graced with delicate white-haired ladies in stretch pants, chugging down beers and laughing it up. The tables were topped with family-restaurant-green formica, a victory of practi-

cality over beauty; families have children, and children drop tomato and cheese pizza, glop side down.

Mop Deco

Outside, the patio dining area overlooked a gravel driveway. Diners could enjoy the view, the sun, the rusted rear door of the kitchen or the gathering of reclining gray wet-mops that completed the casual ambience.

Leaving Laurino's clientele to their pizza, subs and fine dining, I chose one of a half-dozen yard sales to prowl. A few neighbors picked nonchalantly through the goods. And yes, they were wearing synthetic Bermudas. A serious boy tried sitting on a couple of seatless chairs, uncomfortably balancing on the rim. No money changed hands at this yard sale. The bug, a stranger to the neighborhood, got some benign but curious glances as it coasted into the driveway. The collection of old earthenware dishes, dark-stained wooden chests and tables, children's books and other attic-dwelling wares was more a project for the afternoon than an all-out money-making venture.

Passing Mr. and Mrs. Dairy and a few of their soft ice cream offspring, 6A led me to the domesticated wilds of Nickerson State Park. To a conditioned Outer Cape Codder, the ex-

panse of non-stunted trees is a slightly ostentatious embarrassment of riches—acres of stately, healthy trees that didn't have to fight for every sand-whipped inch.

Signed, Sealed and Lived In

So much fertility must have attracted equally procreative campers. Every pine clearing supported a full-fledged family. One plump young woman sat atop her red Vega, gazing over her paperback to the campsite, where siblings and parents prepared the barbecue lunch. A "Beware of Dog" sign, posted on a pine tree, exaggerated the threat of the tan cocker spaniel lounging at her feet. Across the path, another family had their names posted on a tree, as if the mailman might come by with a few bills.

Most of the campers had abandoned their sites for the afternoon to take advantage of the park's miles of bike trails and ponds. A small girl and her father squatted at the edge of the water watching hundreds of new-born tadpoles frantically swimming. A teenage girl counseled a few younger children against fondling an infant bird stumbling through the sand. "If its mother smells you she won't want the baby back. She'll let it die," she warned. Figuring the bird was doomed either way, the girls eventually decided to hold it awhile.

At Nickerson, families have their cars, grills, dogs, clean dishes and a toilet; tadpoles, pines and homeless birds. The old household in a new neighborhood. An elderly straight-backed man in safari shorts strolled the bike paths. The kids wandered and swam. Several women spent the afternoon at "home" washing the lunch dishes and hanging out towels to dry.

As Route 6A continues into Brewster, the dominance of the Cape Cod Weathered Shingle starts taking a toll on the traveler. Somewhere, in some highly respected architectural book, young designers must have been directed to combine the nautical with the colonial with the rural, and layer it thickly across the Cape. Not a house, store, or restaurant escaped the motif until, with a jolt, I passed before two mammoth stone mansions, neither of them adorned with even a hint of wood.

Monks and Maharaj Ji

La Salette, the estate, could have been a castle in Europe or a corporate president's home in Newton. The mansions belonged at one time to the Nickerson of Nickerson State Park. He

left the property to an order of monks, who on this particular weekend were leasing a piece of their paradise to the Guru Maharaj Ji's Divine Light Mission. The Mission members spent the afternoon strolling and sunning on a lawn that could only have been grown by people with good spiritual connections.

No monks could be seen on the grounds that afternoon. One Divine Light member said trespassers are not allowed on the side of the estate where the monks reside. On the other side of the grounds, jeans and tee shirts were drying on a thick, neat hedge that overlooked the rest of the property, sloping miles to Cape Cod Bay.

Most of the Mission people were inside the castle engaged in a program related to Maharaj Ji. The guru resides in California and tours the country. A member of the mission told me the guru can, through meditation, help spiritual seekers to find the truth within themselves.

La Salette could pass for an elite girl's boarding school, an elite mental institution, or some developer's novel idea for condominiums. Flanked by wrought iron gates and set back by a sweep of perfect grass, it wasn't a bad place to follow one's monastic calling or one's guru.

The spirituality of the estate spread beyond its boundaries, further down Route 6A to the Brewster Laundromat. This friendly spot might be the only laundromat where one can find solace while measuring the new blue Cheer. One corner of the rainbow-colored room was occupied by a potted platitude-and-sock tree. A customer could hang his socks on its branches amid wood cuttings that read "Walk in the sunshine," "Wish on a star," "Reach for the sky." The people doing their laundry on that sunny Cape Cod Saturday were rightfully in need of cheering.

If the sock tree didn't work, the bright blue lace curtains and stained glass window ornaments might. Or the sign reassuring that the day was not lost because "Each day of Loving is a Day of Real Living." Clean clothes and a new lease on life. If nothing shrinks, how could a day be better?

Back on the road, country homes—fences, lawn, antiques family name sign—and trees continued uninterrupted by any commercial ventures other than an occasional general store of the type that is not supposed to be economically feasible against chains like Cumberland Farms. Customers can find anything from a six-pack of Millers to a rentable Moped.

The Sea Sick Inn

Hospitable pit-stops for the weary traveler abound throughout the mid-Cape. After a barrage of guest houses named for the Captain's Anchor, his Table and his First Mate, or the Sea, its Mist, Dunes, Breeze, Salt, Breakers and Foam (the Sea Sick Inn and Motor Court?), the town of Dennis offered such originals as the Dun Wandering and the Seldom Inn.

Moving ever deeper into the recesses of Route 6A, I entered the realm where developers have dared to trod. They leave their marks most noticeably from Yarmouth onward, on driftwood signs with gold antique style lettering: Collingwood Acres, Cranberry Knoll, Rolling Hills, Hockanom Hills, Clipper Ship Village, Cromwell Court, Stonehedge, Cape Crossroads.

The themes vary, but do not stray far from Old England or Old Cape Cod. Either the complex is composed of small apartments that look like one big Tudor mansion, or small apartments that look like one big beach house. The beach house theme calls for shingles. The Tudor theme requires stone and possibly some wooden beams slapped across cement up near the roof. The dwellers of these manors, estates, acres and courts get wall-to-wall carpets, dishwasher and disposal and a guaranteed place to park, along with a taste of seaside living. The view might take in a new lawn, acres of parking, or the roof of the Hyannis Paint and Wallpaper Company.

The Scargo Hill Experience

For those Cape-tippers who couldn't imagine life without a monument looming overhead, the mid-Cape offers Scargo Hill Tower in Dennis. Sure, it takes only a minute to climb the stone memorial. The graffiti reflects a lack-luster account of local love matches and erotic phone numbers. But the view from the top is a beauty. Scargo Lake, at the foot of the hill, takes on the distant shape of a fish from the distance. A legend explains that a god carved the lake as a gift for an Indian princess.

The lake is now a rather unroyal swimming spot with a small recreational area marked by buoys and rope. Old men stood knee-high in the water guiding toddlers in their attempts to stay afloat. But from the tower's height the scene converted into near-wilderness. The outline of the Cape's hook along the bay was barely visible through the haze. A couple of tourists



found their way to the top, squinted into the distance, descended and left, having fulfilled their obligation to see the sights.

Some inviting, unkempt trails weave through the woods around the tower. Every once in awhile, a few local kids would creep out of the wilderness onto the paved tower area, circle like scouts and disappear back into the woods.

Barnstable is the last stand of uncompromised Cape quaintness before the much compromised town of Hyannis. Barnstable's district court house stands imposingly among the delicate *ye olde* village stores, a solid gray block resting on columns. Hidden well behind it is the brick and glass, ultra-modern new court house, where the court actually holds its sessions.

Temporarily Avoids Mall

Route 132, the road to Hyannis, appeared unavoidably. I zipped past the Cape Cod Mall, dismissing it as too easy a target of derision. Instead, I risked the bug's health and my sanity and crawled through the traffic at the rotary, stopping finally at the bus station.

When people get off the bus from Boston, they do not realize immediately they are on Cape Cod. Perhaps it's the street on which they disembark. The only hint of sand and sea is the shingles on the Greyhound station roof and on the laundromat across from the Almeida station. The road is dedicated to auto supplies, asphalt and mini shopping malls. Traffic moves haphazardly through parking lots that might be streets, streets that might be lots.

Main Street's style is more consistent. At least all the buildings face the same direction and the traffic pattern is discernible. The center shares Provincetown's abundance of jewelry and Indian import stores. But it shares the squat, level buildings and wide treeless streets of a small city. Shingled.

An oasis did lie in the distance—a plot of grass with diminutive lighthouse, windmill, farmhouses and gentle rolling greens. A miniature golf course with a nautical theme. The little buildings are all shingled. The course's centerpiece is a garden built around an anchor. Three elderly men were seated on a low bench, waiting in the humidity for their charges to successfully put the ball through the schoolhouse and into the hole.

Hyannis is not all stores and amusements though. It has one important contribution to the Cape's culinary

life: The Dragonlite Restaurant. If I had to travel this foreign land just to come to rest with a hot plate of Dragonlite egg roll, the journey would be worthwhile. From Provincetown to that point, the roads are ominously empty of anything but seafood, soft ice cream and a scattering of elegant continental restaurants. Anyone with a sudden urge for Egg Foo Yung, a sudden need for a hospital, a synagogue or a Volkswagen part, must make haste to Hyannis.

Mixed Feelings

Knowing all along that I couldn't avoid it, I finally followed my urge to the mall. Sometimes in the winter, when all of Provincetown seemed so deserted and beaten it might blow away, the thought of the enclosed superstructure offered a reassuring aura of permanence. Even if in appreciation for the winter comfort, I thought I owed the place a visit.

Conceivably, a visitor to the Cape could spend an entire afternoon wandering in and out of the mall's little shops, set up in its hallways in the shadow of department stores. Leather, candles, jewelry and made-to-order rustic signs occupy stalls inside the mall. Even a Cape Cod candy and taffy shop had found a home in a shingled shanty in the middle of the main concourse. The boutiques resemble their outdoor art and craft colony counterparts. Browsers clutching a few Filenes or Sears purchases pass through, limiting their boutique buying to the candy shop.

The mall's many attractions paled miserably once I found the ultimate booth, set on the tiled and enclosed "street" between Friendly's Ice Cream and Filenes. Dr. Proofblood's Photographic Emporium. Less than thirty feet from Friendly's chocolate Fribble frappes, Dr. Proofblood's assistants could transpose an entire family into another era. With the help of a rack of antique costumes, top-hats, muskets, fans, parasols, Bibles, shawls and frills, the photographic doctor has created dress-up heaven.

One family was just settling into their pose as a crowd gathered around. Mom wore a blossom-heavy hat and a long billowing dress. Dad wore a dandy white hat and suit coat. Baby rested on his lap. They stood grimly (the instructions tell customers not to smile, "Sobriety may not be glamorous but it will make your photo look more like the real 'thing'"). Dr. Proofblood's assistant snapped a large camera with a painfully bright flash. Then she disappeared to prepare for the fam-

ily their antique, sepia-tone, authentic photo.

Cape Cod Bandits and Harlots

The samples on display were certainly grim and sepia-toned. Some of the authenticity suffered from one woman's tan-marks showing above her off-shoulder Victorian gown. But the customers played out fantasies slipping into their imaginary ancestors' shoes. One dark-haired man stood as a somber Mexican bandito with bullets criss-crossing his chest, in the \$4.50 3 x 5 size. Another woman approximated a harlot in a clingy-bodied dress and long cigarette holder. Children were anything from little soldiers to little darlings. But most of the customers were adults, having a quick afternoon costume party.

The assistant said that Dr. Proofblood started his business in California. Now there are seven emporiums on both coasts. Business had been booming at the Cape Cod location, she said.

If a mall visitor would like to be captured for posterity in other than Victorian costume, he can move down to the silhouette booth, run by Joy Anne MacConnell. Her talents are displayed by some fine, detailed silhouettes hanging around her booth. The praise of her customers is displayed in letters such as one from the mother of two teenage subjects.

She mailed MacConnell a nickel that her sons owed for their silhouettes. She said she had always wanted "cuttings" of them and apologized for the boys not delivering the owed money earlier. But, she explained, "that very evening the older boy, while trying to open a sticky window, put his hand through it and spent the final day on the Cape in the hospital getting his skin grafted on." No ad speaks like a satisfied customer.

From that peak, Hyannis could only cease to amuse. The Hyannisport mansions, the greener outlying districts, couldn't outdo the mall. Even the souvenir store that promised "reasonable souvenirs" and sold ashtrays shaped like feet that said "I get a kick out of Cape Cod," even the lobster claw harmonica sold there, faded behind the mall. I hit the fast, familiar surface of Route 6 still humming the music that had floated over Dr. Proofblood's. "It had to be You." I had to be home. ■

Karen Berman is a freelance writer and former reporter for the Provincetown Advocate.



Dear Miss Information,

I'm sure you field alot of embarrassing questions, so maybe you can handle this one.

Every summer I have a portrait done of myself here in one of the local galleries, which I give away as Christmas presents. Last Christmas I gave one to a friend of mine who claims to know alot about art and he put it in the basement. When I asked him about it later, he said the reason he put it in the basement was because it really didn't look like me.

I think is was a good picture and besides it was a present. Is this friend really a friend, or just a snob? Should I ask for the portrait back?

Art for art's sake

Hey Art for art's sake,

What in the world makes a guy have his portrait made once a year to give away to friends? Wow! What kind of an ego is that? You deserve to hang in the basement.

Dear Miss Information,

I'm writing you a question which has been bothering me for awhile and yet I haven't been able to answer it myself.

My parents are getting divorced and the whole thing is getting pretty ugly. My father, I'm afraid to say, is becoming quite an alcoholic and beats up on my mother. She retaliates by getting her boyfriends into the act. There are so many fights and confrontations in

the house—seems to happen just when I'm supposed to be doing my homework—that I can't hear myself think.

I'm only thirteen, but I'm thinking more and more about just taking off. I can't stand the noise, and the funny thing is, when I tell them this, they say it doesn't concern me. Does it or doesn't it, and what should I do?

Pissed Off

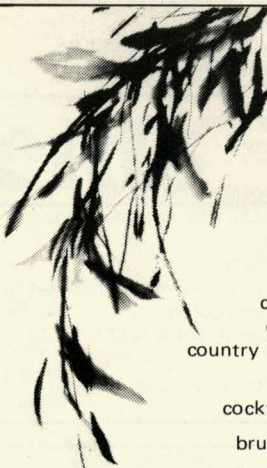
Dear Pissed Off,

What can I say to you? You're thirteen. Hang in there. Just hang in there. Observe all you can, stay cool, walk between them and past them. Go take a swim.

Dear Miss Information,

A friend of mine returned to Provincetown real broke and asked me to loan him what I considered a lot of money. Though he acted real casual about it and said if I couldn't loan it to him he could get it from any number of people, still I knew most of them were phonies and the only person he'd get it from was me.

It's been six months now since I loaned him the money and when he sees me he says he'll have it next week and all that, but so far I haven't seen a penny of it. The other day I saw him at one of Provincetown's classiest restaurants buying champagne for everyone in sight. To top it off he had his arm around a girl I used to go out with and people say he's losing a lot of money at poker games (which he's



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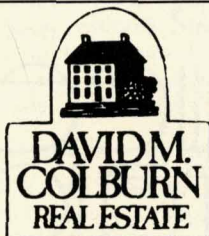
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lousy at).

My friends tell me I should break his legs. What do you think?

Soft-touch

Oh dear Soft-touch,

Well, your friend sure knew where to come, didn't he? Okay, soft-head, you'll never learn. Why don't you just open your arms, open your heart, empty your head? Give it all away. Maybe you'll get it back. Ha ha.

Dear Miss Information,

Let's face it, I'm into drugs—mostly downs—and like everyone else I've got my excuse: my father (my mother ran away when I was young) hates my guts. Not openly—he would never admit it—but it's obvious just the same. What makes me sickest of all is how he brags about me in public and then puts me down at the first opportunity we're alone. When I got a C-minus in school he sent me to a shrink who told me I had alot of potential and was brilliant and all that, but I was emotionally disturbed, which means sick anyway you want to cut it.

Sure I'm sick—downs don't do much for your health. But in my opinion my father and his shrink are making me sicker. You'd think I'd done something against them personally, which I haven't.

Recently I got picked up for smoking grass in the house of friends of mine and I know I could get my father to get me off (he knows all the right people), but on the other hand I wouldn't mind being sent away to some kind of center, you know the type. My father says it's up to me, that he's so ashamed of me and our "standing in the community" he doesn't really care. And sometimes, frankly, neither do I.

Lude 'n Rude

Dear Lude 'n Rude,

You say you're into drugs and you've got your excuses. You're a dummy. There are no excuses. Your father sounds like a hopeless case; I'd stop worrying about him and his opinions. And his shrink friend. Grab hold of yourself. You've got enough examples around you.

That's a great idea to get yourself sent away to some center and then somebody else can take care of you. Since you really don't care about anything, I don't know why I'm bothering to answer you, Lude 'n Rude.

Dear Miss Information,

A friend of mine used to be really

gay, I mean a real queen if you know what I mean and now he's completely straight—I mean wife, job, car, the whole bit.

But recently he's been acting really strange and I haven't been the only one to notice it. Not too long ago he was picked up on one of our highways (I should say our only highway), doing 110 mph in a sports car. I think his erratic behavior has something to do with his gay past not being in line with his present life.

I'm his wife's first cousin and in a way I feel obliged to talk with him about this, especially since she's talking about divorce, but maybe I should let him work it out for himself. What do you think?

Concerned

Dear Concerned,

Hey, what kind of a car does your cousin's husband drive? I can't get mine to go 110. What makes you think driving 110 miles an hour down the highway is erratic behavior? If he's got a car built to go 110 miles an hour, he ought to go 110 miles an hour or he's not getting his money's worth. You worry alot, Concerned.

Dear Miss Information,

This sounds like an idiotic problem but I have it anyways.

I'm pretty well educated, good-looking and outgoing (at least until now) and all the things you're supposed to be; I even have a decent job. . . . But lately I haven't been able to sleep more than an hour a night I'm so terrified something horrible's going to happen in the world—mass starvation or war or whatever. Every day I have visions of the world coming apart, just as real as seeing a movie; I blink, but it's still there, blowing up in my face.

My girlfriend (she's really my ex-wife) thinks there's something wrong with me, that I'm crazy, but who's to say?

Horror-show in Hyannis

Dear Horror-show,

The world is falling apart. It's all true, you've got good insight. One morning you won't be here either. You're not crazy.

Miss Information invites the reader to submit his/her/its knottiest problems. There is a small perpetual fee for confidentiality. Write: Miss Information, *Provincetown Magazine*, Box 957, Provincetown, MA 02657.



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2 Poems

Paper Dolls

Nobody wants to talk about
the real bar body politique.
It's considered chic
to be a butterfly junkie
after mars bars and creme
de cocoa cumquats.

Whatever became of my
hospitality, was she
incarcerated, become an
institution? My sleep cure
is a blue lake
running down a wall
over the red rug.
My French flag,
the sunny mornings
you feel yourself flying
like whiffs of smoke
the eaters at the laundromat
forgot, a likely fortune
cookie called op—

—Larry Jones

Trilogy

mother's day i think i'm pregnant breasts
tender as burns stomach like water balloon
abortion sits a pyramid on my head how they
scrape or suck or induce it out

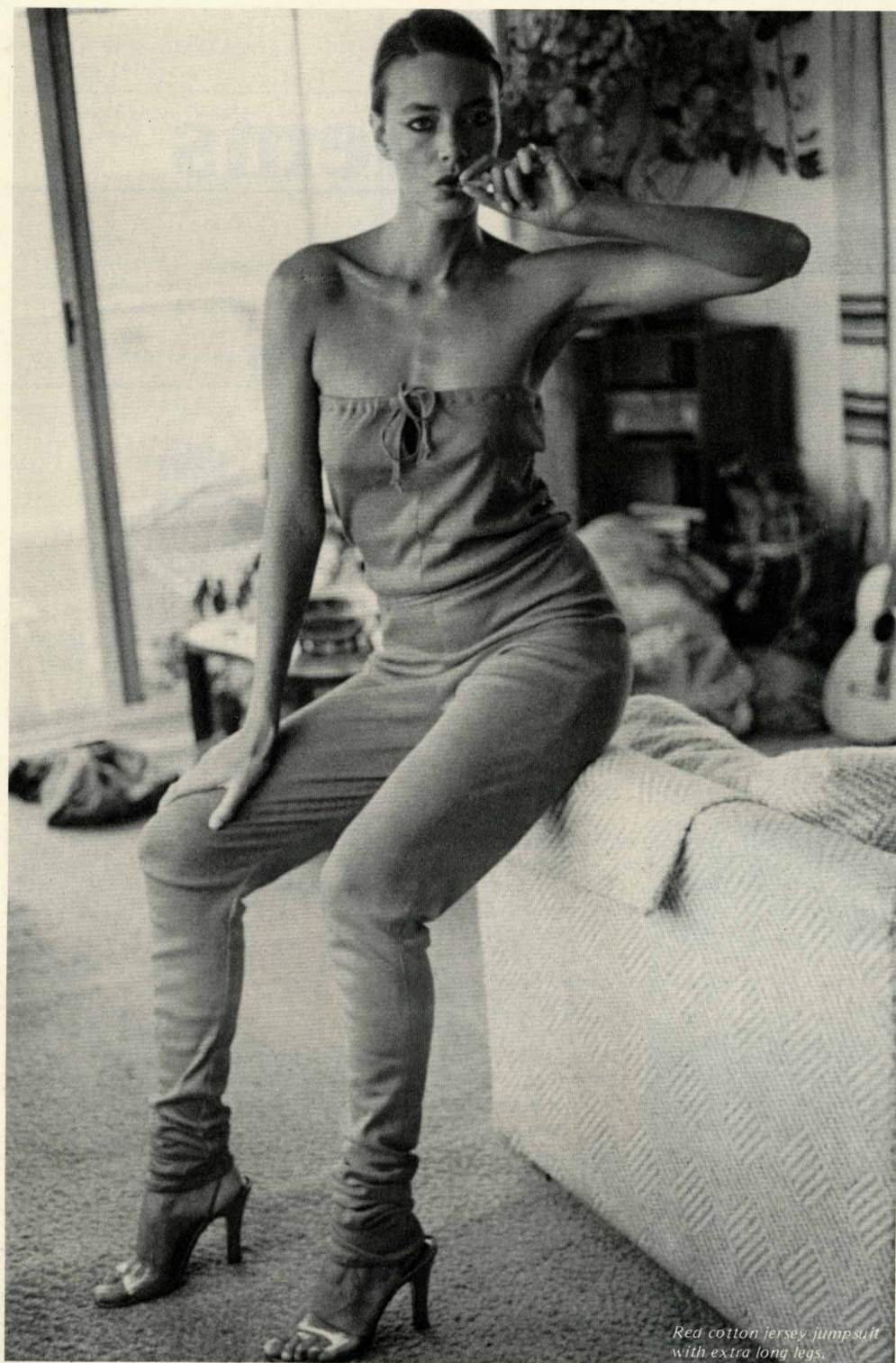
little fetus on my wall i would love
to let you grow nourish you through my blood
send you music from the palms of my hands

no this is not your time i'm still birthing
crucial parts of my self labor is not
always rhythmic sometimes i'm stuck sideways

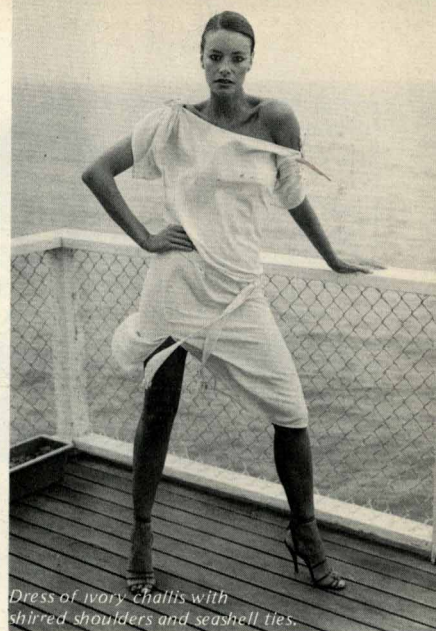
the day you become a woman
the day you become a mother
the day you become whole

i return you to the breeding ground of souls
try to locate my mother in my self then
when you come back i won't be such a stranger
to this necessary ancient art

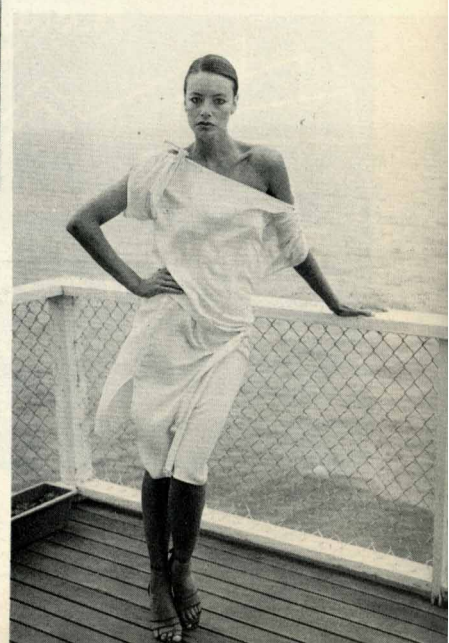
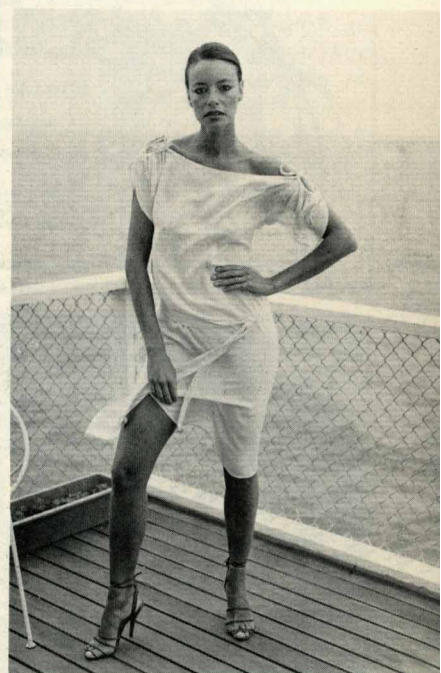
—Karolyn Kempner



*Red cotton jersey jumpsuit
with extra long legs.*



*Dress of ivory Challis with
shirred shoulders and seashell ties.*



Cookie Mueller // Different Slants

*by Diane Worthington
photos of Natasha by Mary Whitlock*

I started designing as a child out of necessity because I couldn't find anything I wanted to wear in the stores. I would take pieces of clothes my mother had around, drape them and pin them. I always wore outlandish dresses. My favorite things to wear were my mother's. A brown Scottish tweed suit of the Forties was my favorite outfit.

I wore gigantic earrings, strange shoes, textured stockings. They'd say, "Where did you get your clothes?" or they'd laugh at them. Either way, I loved it.

When I was in high school, I was making skirts for people, using material that I found. There was one close-out house in Baltimore that used to have the best fabrics—and the cheapest—because they were either water damaged or sun damaged.

I started making things out of old curtain materials, table cloths and big floral prints. I was making halter tops and wholesaling them for two and three dollars.

The fabrics are the most important thing. My designs are pretty simple, very basic lines. Right now, I'm working with rayon, challis, cotton, crepe de chine and silk in solid colors. I'm not working with any prints, except for a horizontal challis print. The blouses that I have right now in silk are really unique in their design. The gathered sleeves are put in on a different slant, not common to blouse designs. They're more free flowing, which makes them more comfortable.

It's very hard. Sometimes I come up with original ideas from a tiny piece of fabric. I can't take a pattern and lay it down on the large piece of fabric because I don't have that much, so I have to cut it up, and from cutting something I'll come up with a new design. Sometimes I'll just make a pair of pants. I think my new line of pants will do very well. They wrap at the waist with ties. They're narrow at the bottom and wider at the top. They're shirred and have a casing on the outside with a string that gathers them horizontally. After I made the original design, I put them on and thought about them for a long time . . . what was going to be easy, what was going to look good . . . they had to have a certain attraction.

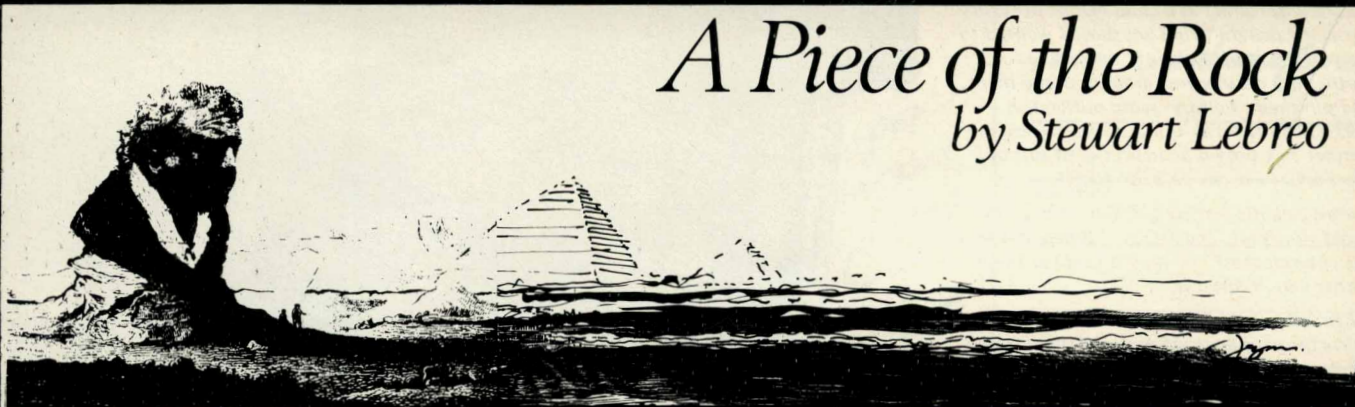
I design for everybody. People who are tall and thin look better in them, but anybody looks good in them. It really doesn't matter what the person is shaped like as long as they have the aplomb to carry it off.

I think fashion is heading toward a futuristic look. I think people will wear less clothes because of ultra space travel, clothes that are cool in warm weather and keep you warm in cooler weather. The lines somehow will make one look more on top of it . . . god and goddess clothes that don't feel cumbersome . . . no consciousness of having them on the body. Clothes that are more body revealing . . . for movement and action, so you don't get your clothes caught in things. I think pants are wonderful; they allow more freedom. I think as the years go by, people will be wearing pants, like disposable jumpsuits with shoes attached.



*Blouse: aqua silk
Pants: black challis*

Cookie Mueller's clothes are available in Provincetown at Harry's Choice and Uptown Strutters Ball. What does her label say? *It just says "Cookie."*



Virgo lacks a photographic mind but he remembers emotions.

THE TOUGHEST KID on the block is coming to speak for the benefit of the Museum of Art and there is a full houseful of confusion.

Which Norman Mailer are we going to see tonight? The furry little ball with the pool hall charm that plops itself next to Johnny Carson and snarls up its sleeve? A foaming-at-the-mouth prisoner of sex, leaping about the new gallery, peeing on the women guests indiscriminately? That cute little guy with the curly hair you see picking through the produce at Bryant's?

Number three: Norman Mailer, nice guy. Chest hairs three buttons deep. No Hemingway grubbiness, no growling; instead, a chatty craftsman, warm, wanting to talk shop, eager for response. Geppetto! Saying the kind of stuff no sensible writer gives away:

"Writing for a living is the most rewarding and the most impoverishing thing anyone can do," he says. "It's rewarding in that one doesn't have to contend with an amateur standing; you can take two, three, four hours to get ready and the pay and the hours are good. It's impoverishing in that it's so spiritless, so humorless. Your worst writing takes place when you are in a good mood. It's a passionate night and you turn to your wife and you say 'I love you' and it's earthshaking—those three words on a page are nothing. Writers have to live in the middle level where nothing is felt.

"There is no justification for being a writer," he continues. "You have to give yourself a reason to write every day. You have to say to yourself, 'No matter what, I deserve to write for one more day.' It's most unhealthy; you're reduced to living with that page."

Reduction, in fact, is the theme of the evening. Reduction of myth, reduction of ego. Reduction even of fee. Mailer gets \$3,500 to speak elsewhere, here he charged nothing and even paid for his family's tickets.

The audience is reduced, too. We sit there like Salinger's Caulfield, suddenly face-to-face with a writer he's enjoyed, wanting a piece, wanting to know *more*. Why do you do it? *How* do you do it? What keeps you going after success beyond your

wildest dreams? How Can We Be You?

Through microphone feedback, he begins to read from his birthing novel, *Egypt*. "The original idea," he says, "was to write a novel encompassing all of civilization; a chapter about Greece, a chapter about Rome, a chapter about Egypt." He jokes at the idea he couldn't pull off. "I was secretly relieved when Nabokov died since I lived in fear of actually meeting him and having to look him in the eye and his discovery that my renowned lack of culture is true. In five years, I've written 800 pages. I'll never get out of Egypt."

Historical writing is tricky, he says. In a historical work, the characters have to be written as if they are in their own present. "So, in order to create that illusion, I've given each character a past. Of the 800 pages I've written, 300 of them are involved in even more past, a mythological past."

"I was away on travels," it begins, and it ends with one third of the audience falling over themselves getting to the exits. Reduction.

Mailer appears unruffled, however, by the critical reception and begins a second reading, the predominant action of which is, uh, well, buggery.

We're into the smell of feces now; a semen-within-bowels number with lots of humiliation, pride, shame, pain, possession and conquest thrown in. One character is strong "though his hips are weak." Over here are the buttocks of Horace; over there, somebody's seed is swelling in his loins while a woman character's mercury bubbles and a man is impregnated.

You want myth? One character conceives himself at the time of his own death and lives forever. Another legend has it that semen of the gods which doesn't land in a mouth, anus or vagina becomes disease upon the world. The metaphors are from another little big man: tombs as big as mountains, people happy as thunderclouds. The characters sweep over you in Mailer's jerky, breathless oratorical style, the consonants dropping onto his shoes in front of him: soldiers, scribes, mercenaries, village idiots. "I drank the urine of my horse to relieve my boredom." The dates are bitter, the fish "mean-smelling," and teeth—men's and dogs' alike—stink. An occasional phrase lights the room: "I return a pleasure to the pleasure of the fireflies." It's Egyptian his-

tory and myth caught on the grille of a Mack Truck.

Threaded through the speech is the public speaker's nightmare: the feather-in-the-throat cough. Mailer tries water, more water, then even more water. He tries a polite turn-to-the-side cough, a full-faced morning cough, a mucous-in-the-handkerchief cough. Reduction.

Ironically, he ends his reading with one of his characters saying: "Speak full face over a wide range; clarity, accuracy and resonance are the measure of a man."

Those who are still left wander about the museum in a fog, most of the conversation centering on Mailer's Excrementalism. "His head's up his ass," one man comments, and Mailer would probably agree. He himself prefaced his remarks with a comparison of the creases of the intestine with the creases of the brain. "Personally," he had said, "I prefer the brain." From his reading: "The stink of our excrement serves to hide our precious virtues."

During dinner at the Flagship later, he compliantly went from art patron to art patron, nice but edgy in the role. "They want to take a piece from you," he says, an unsuccessful operation since he appears to expand under the knife.

When I mention a kindness once extended to him by writer Wilfrid Sheed, he puts a sarcastic coating on it. He apologizes for his long preface before the reading, calling it an error. He explodes one wrinkle in his myth: The classic legend when he covered the Ali fight in Zaire and reportedly stole Ali's seat at the press conference. ("That was Sonny Liston and it was twelve years ago," he says). He's gracious enough to acknowledge he had seen the magazine and thought we might make it—adding, however, lest we think him a pushover, that "editorial excellence is not a determining factor in a publication's success."

Virgo gives it one more test. The publisher's girlfriend wants Norman Mailer's autograph for her sister in Chicago. "I love autographs," he smiles beneath those blue eyes.

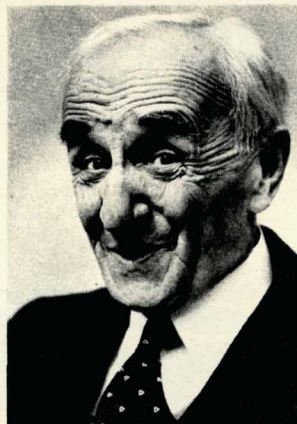
"Never take advantage of opportunities that can damage your pride," he had said earlier. Norman, is this you?

Provincetown University

Fall Catalogue



Message from the Dean



Hi, there.

Howah ya dollin'.

Well, see you around.

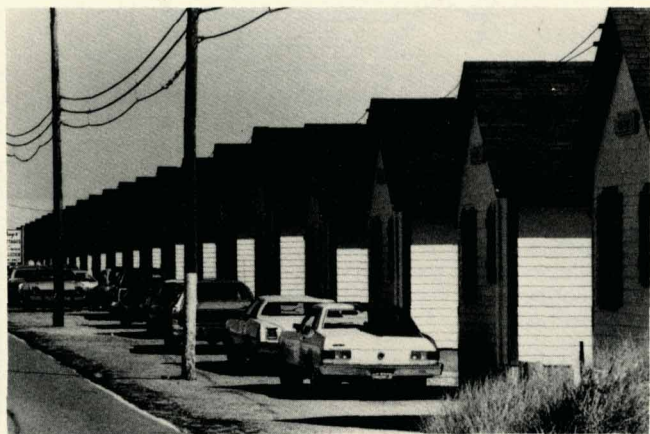
Dean Pinhead

Dean Pinhead.

General Curriculum



Weather permitting, students gather on the quad in small groups called cliques for encounter sessions in the study of one another.



The School of Architecture and Design.

HUMANITIES

Tourist Pandering

Offered as part of our new Business and Public Administration Department, this course examines the potential tourist dollar and how to place your greasy palms on it. Highlights of the course include instruction in the correct seasonal adjustment of prices; how to get a tip from a Canadian, and individual tutorial sessions in converting your personal attributes into souvenirs. Additionally, this year there will be a Rubber Chicken workshop at our Taunton Extension in the use of ring tops and scallop shells and an over-all criticism of the sidewalk huckstering of pre-teens.

Sex in the Daytime

The first course we ever offered continues to be our most popular, probably because of the small faculty-student ratio of four-on-one. This course studies the cause and effect of mid-day fantasy with special instruction in the pleading and bargaining with an uptight employer necessary to enroll in the course. Heavy emphasis on lab work experimentation.

Unemployment

The pre-requisite for this course is that you have been successfully fired from another course. Areas of interest include *Black Market Babysitting*, the proper counterfeiting of the A&P funny money and an explanation of why vitamins aren't on food stamps but candy is. Long lines for this one.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Home Treatment of Venereal Disease

This course replaces *Abstinence*, the enrollment of which had reached an irreversible low. Special instruction in the accurate reading of the charts of your strange effluvia; the proper methodology of separation of the paracite from the salad, and, new this year, *Beating the Streptococci Off At The Gates*.

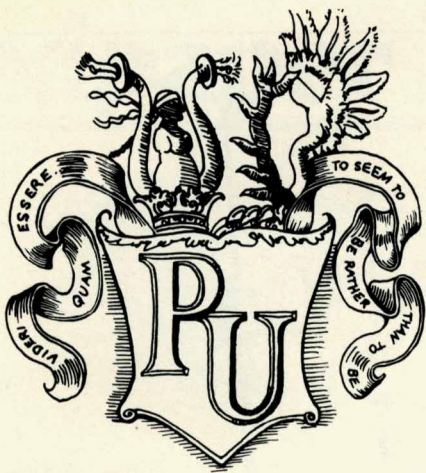
ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN

Proper Care of Your Winter Rental

This survey course starts in September with a study in *Good Intentions* and ends in June with the realization that all landlords are jerks.



Off-campus housing.



FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT

Art Appreciation

In weekly meetings at the Art Association, students learn the fine art of discussing one another's works without stepping on one another's toes. Heavy emphasis on *Envy Suppression*.

Poetry Reading

In weekly meetings at Piggy's, poets work on their licenses and learn to control the trembling that accompanies the reading of one's own writing. New this year: how to make a second-rate piece of work sound good through the transparent use of vocal histrionics.

SOCIOLOGY

Society and Man in Rural New England

The pre-requisite for this course is the ability to talk through and look down your nose at the same time. Highlight of SMRNE is the end-of-term seminar where actual residents of New England compete to see whose ancestors were kicked out of Europe the earliest.

An Introduction to Alcoholism

Always a popular favorite with students and faculty alike, this course can move you into an exciting position in America's No. 1 Growth Industry. Bartender brown-nosing, sidewalk brown-bagging and bicycle spilling are discussed throughout the course which ends in a bar exam. You must be 12 and prove it.

COMMUNICATIONS DEPARTMENT

Journalism

Repeated viewings of the fictional *All the President's Men* highlight this study of contemporary journalism, the theory versus the practice. The emphasis here is on methodology: How to scoop *The Advocate* by showing up at the scene; how to make a magazine for your friends and how to take over a magazine when you see it's going to make money. Also, at our new Barbara Walters Institute for Information Dissemination, a course in the lucrative uses of rumor, gossip and the scintilla of evidence.



The soon-to-be-completed School of Communications.

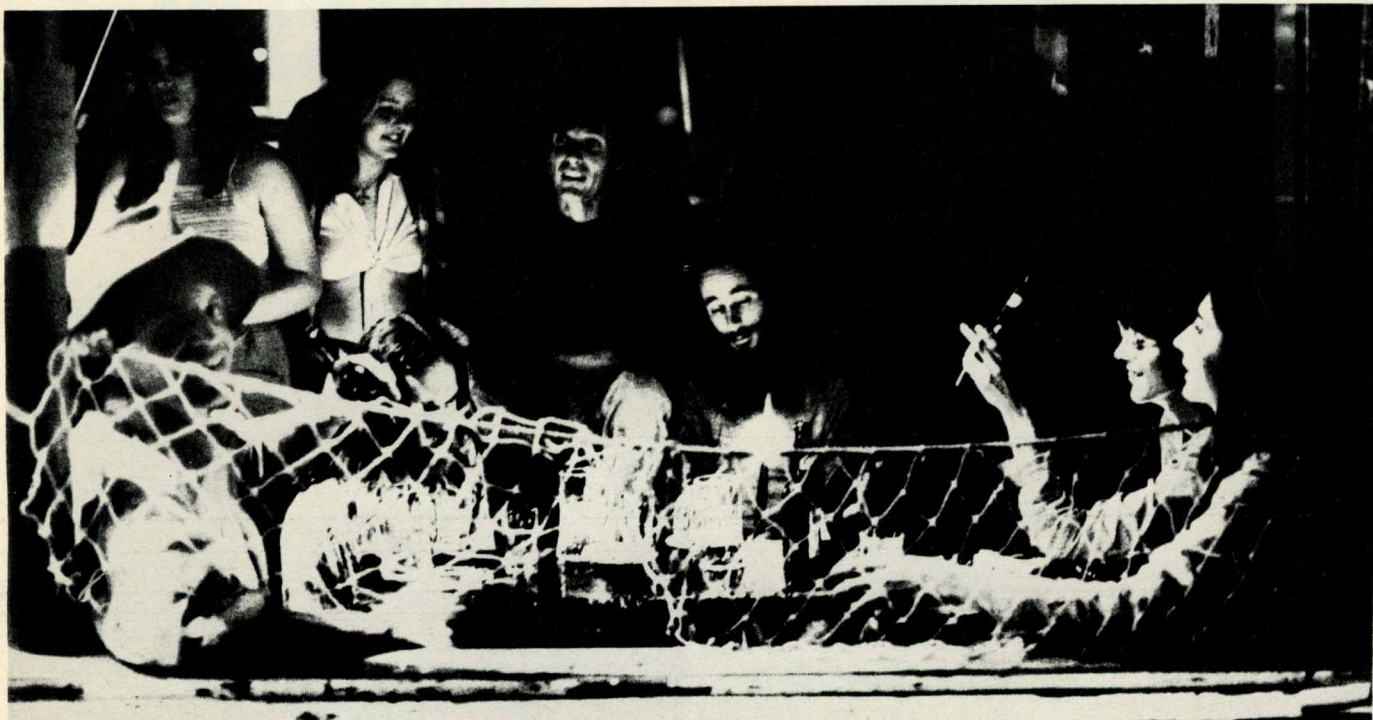
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Tennis

Since your literary or art career may very well depend on how you perform on the tennis courts, this three-week course provides you with the basis rudiments. Heavy focus on clothing and equipment selection with minors in the backhanded aspects of the game, including the entire racket and, for advanced students, avoidance of the game altogether.

Outward Bound

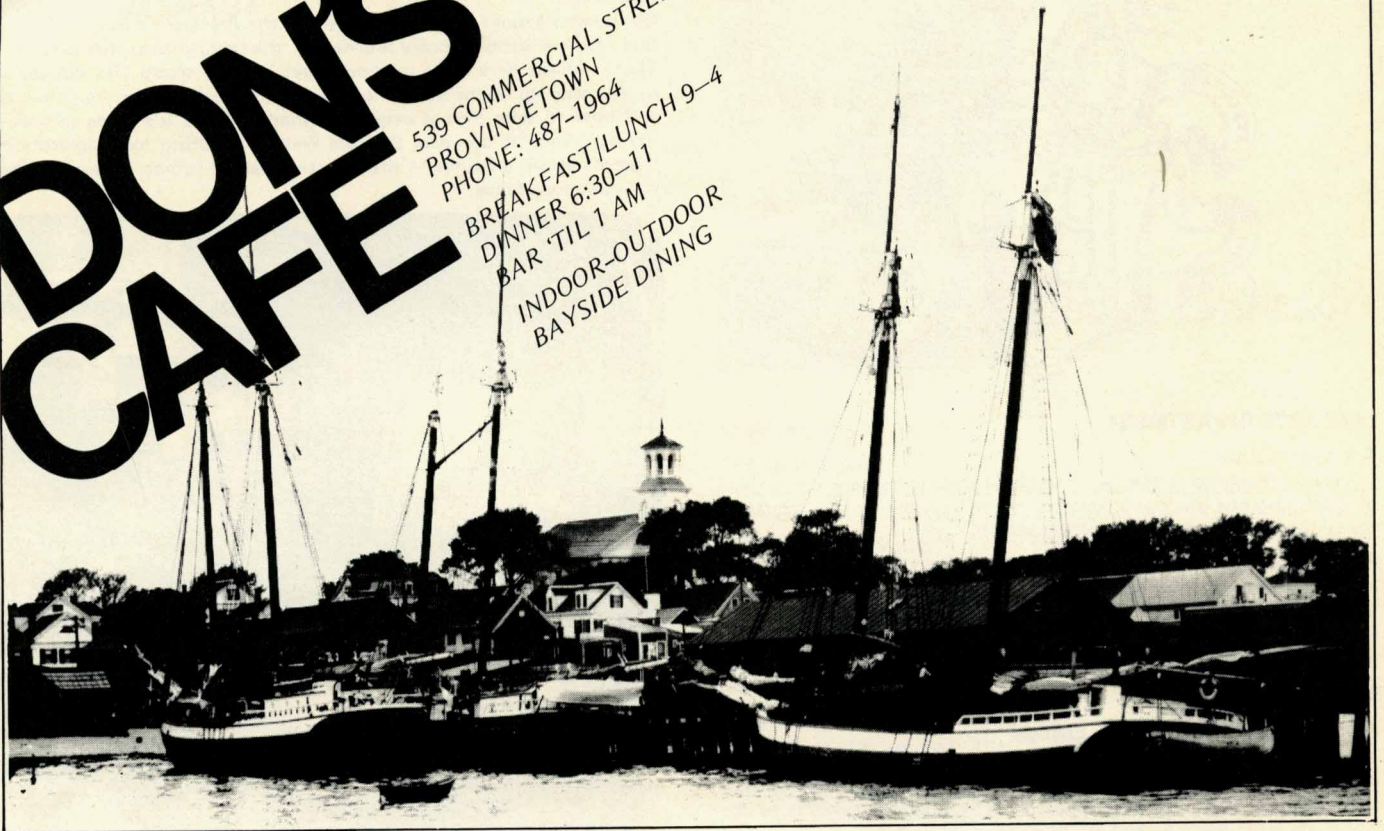
A new concept in physical education wherein students are taught survival tactics for Cape Cod and then are left stranded on Route 6 with only a personal check.



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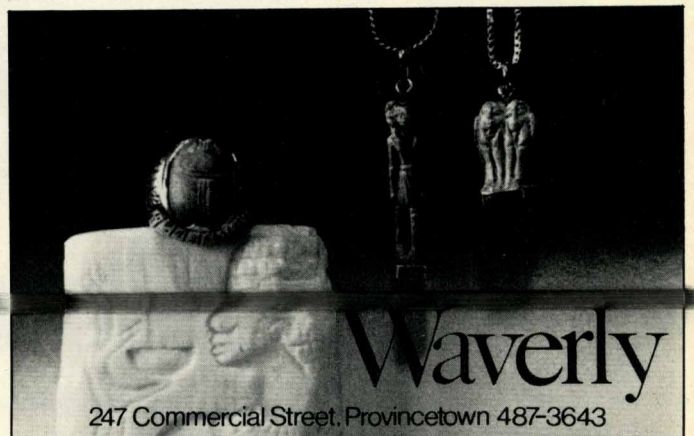
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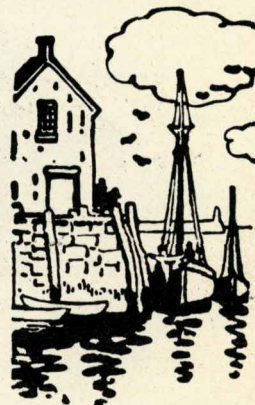
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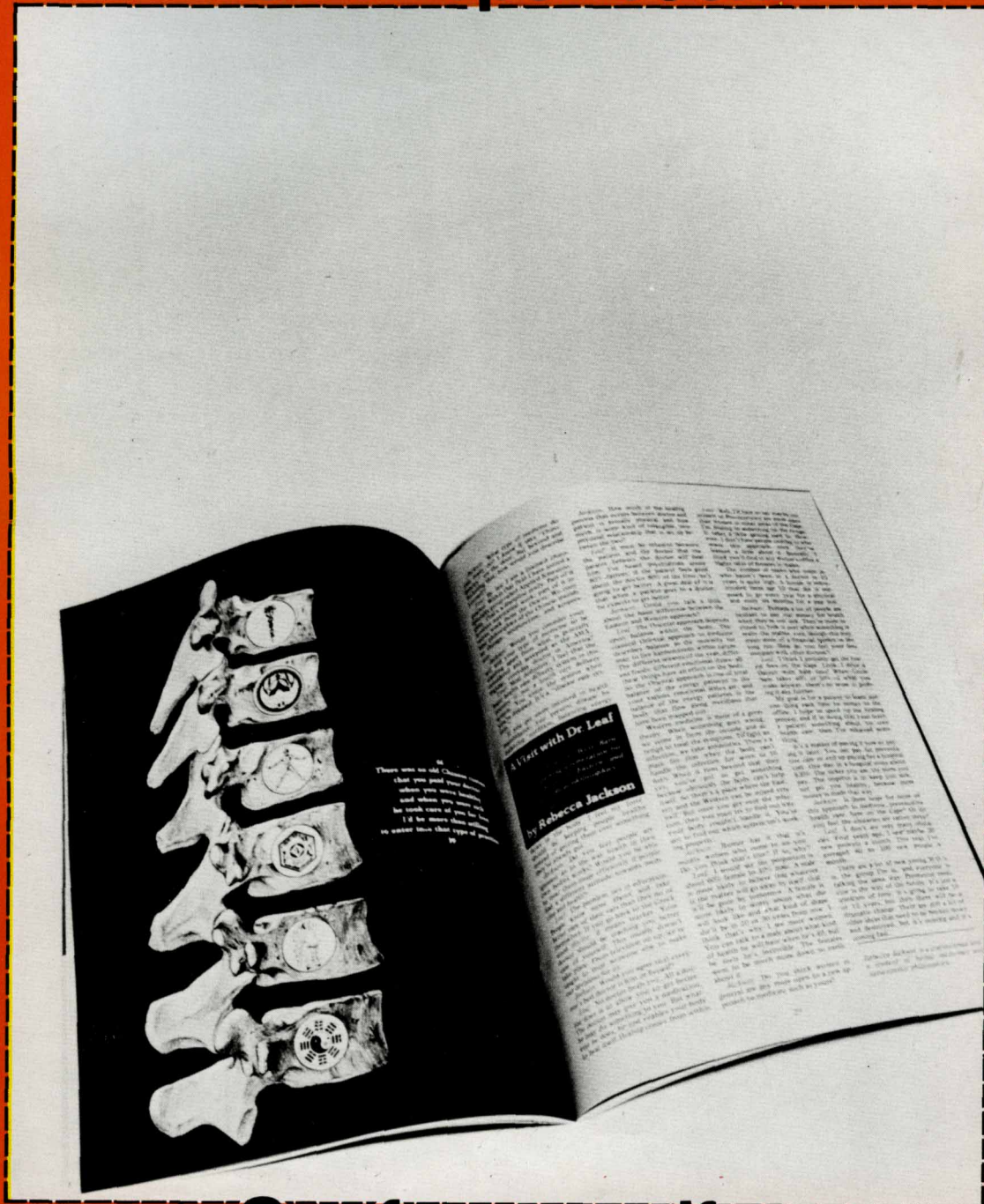
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THE CONNECTIONS.



TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION

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RECORDS **IMPORTS**

WESTERN WEAR

The image depicts a storefront for a shop named 'TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION'. The shop is set against a blue background. The storefront has a wooden facade with several display windows and a central doorway. Above the entrance, a sign reads '212 COMMERCIAL ST. OPEN DAILY 9-11'. To the left of the entrance, a window labeled 'RECORDS' displays various vinyl records and album covers. To the right, a window labeled 'IMPORTS' shows two women in swimsuits. Above the entrance, a sign reads 'DANSKINS'. Below the main sign, two men in western attire (cowboy hats, light-colored shirts, and jeans) stand in the doorway. The man on the left is wearing a cowboy hat and a light blue shirt with a dark vest, while the man on the right is wearing a cowboy hat and a light-colored shirt with a dark vest. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of mid-20th-century Americana.