

Saucers Over Cape Cod/Public Sex

Vol. 1, No. 3 \$1.50

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

# Provincetown

65305

magazine

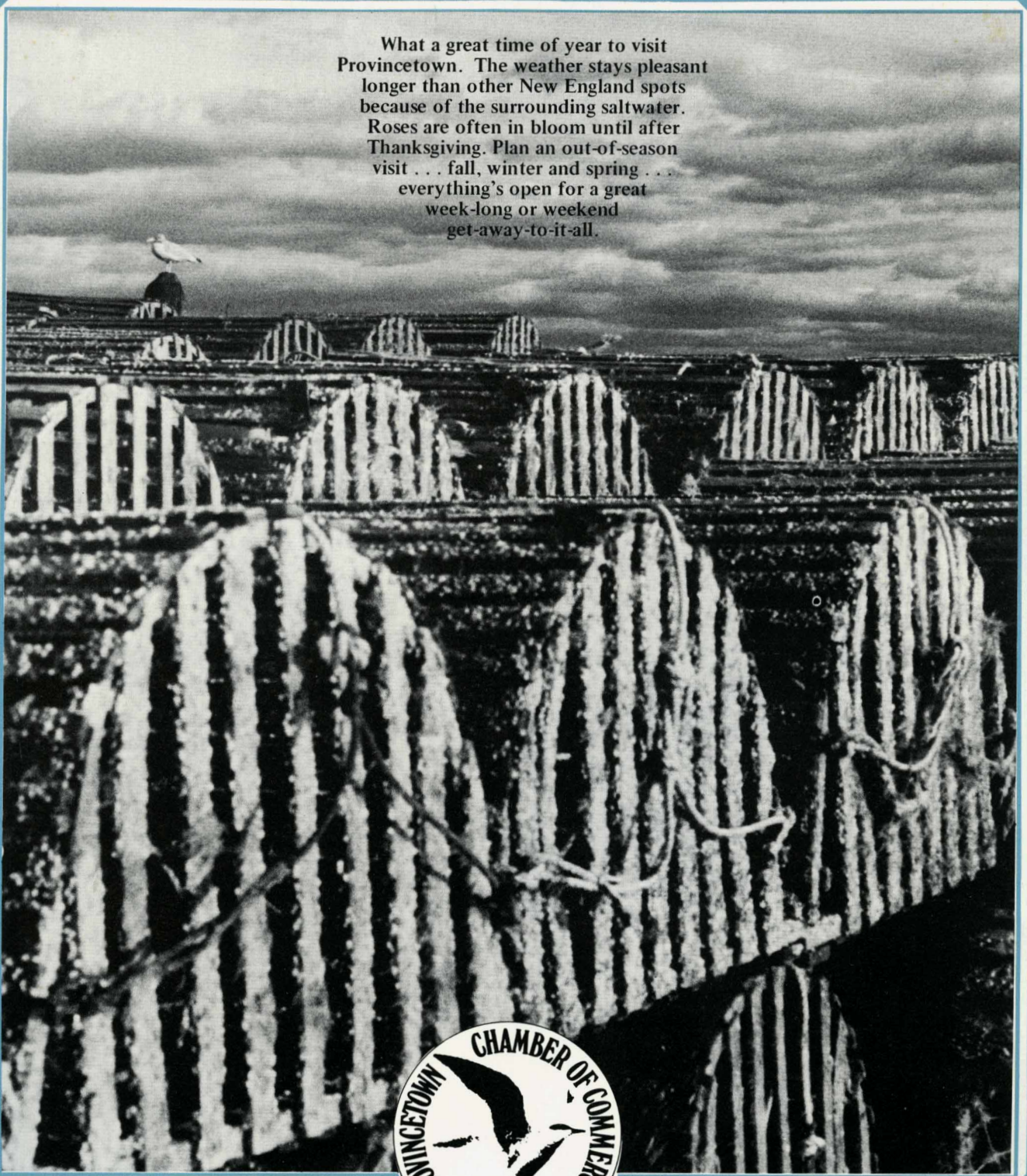


Free Thanksgiving



# YOU'LL FALL FOR PROVINCETOWN

What a great time of year to visit Provincetown. The weather stays pleasant longer than other New England spots because of the surrounding saltwater. Roses are often in bloom until after Thanksgiving. Plan an out-of-season visit . . . fall, winter and spring . . . everything's open for a great week-long or weekend get-away-to-it-all.



# PROVINCETOWN

THE LOWER CAPE'S ONLY YEAR-ROUND TOWN





2	Editorial . . . . .	35	P.U.T.S. (Provincetown Underground Transit System) . . . . . Richard Busch
5	Snapjots . . . . .	36	The Art of Craft: Conrad Malicoat . . . . .
9	Bottoms Up: Public Sex in Provincetown Bars . . . . . E. J. Kahn III	38	Portfolio: Boris Margo . . . . .
17	excerpts from The Found Journal of Captain . . . . . Miles Standish	41	Prof. Ready Sea Monster Contest . . . . .
18	Eat Cheap, an alternative Thanksgiving dinner . . . . .	42	The Ties That Bind . . . . . Stewart Lebreo
20	They've Seen the Saucers . . . . . Richard LeBlond	48	Crossed Keys, fiction . . . . . Dennis Dermody
27	The Oldest Is Still the Latest, fashion . . . . .	50	TV Provincetown . . . . .
30	Story of How Your Friends Can Change with the Wind, told in monoprnt. . . Sheila Miles	52	Monumentalman . . . . . Gary Hallgren
33	Junkie Dinner, poetry . . . . . Louis Postel	53	End of the World, Cape Cod news . . . . .
		55	Wild Kitchen, recipes . . . . .

Cover illustration: Candy Jernigan

Editors: Richard LeBlond, Louis Postel, Stewart Weiner; Staff Writer: E.J. Kahn III, Editorial Assistant: Gerri Corrado; Contributing Editors: Elliot Edwards, Linda Olgeirson, Frank Regan.

Art Directors: Mary Bono, Candy Jernigan; Staff Photographer: Tony Fitch; Production Assistant: Bob Greco.

Contributing Artists: Gary Goldstein, Gary Hallgren, Bobby London, Daniel Marcus, Stephen Toomey.

Publisher: Jim Smyth; Advertising Manager: John Swain; Circulation Manager: Thomas Coleman; Advertising Representative: Sylvia Maxwell-Swain.

Provincetown Magazine is published bi-monthly by Provincetown Magazine Corporation, 333 Commercial St., Provincetown, MA 02657.

Subscription rates in the U.S. are \$7.50 a year; Canada, \$8.50; elsewhere, \$9.50. All subscriptions payable in advance. Unsolicited manuscripts and art are welcome, but please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Mailing address: Box 957, Provincetown, MA 02657. Phone: (617) 487-3916. ©1977 Provincetown Magazine Corporation; Louis Postel, president.



# Editorial

Following a brouhaha over hastily drawn-up and inappropriate plans, unpaid bills, and the kind of end-of-summer communication problems that occur in Provincetown annually, a half-century tradition of resident professional theater on the Cape Tip appears in jeopardy. The Provincetown Playhouse — which first offered Eugene O'Neill a stage, and which is one of the oldest surviving professional summer theater companies in America — is desperately attempting to mount a campaign to rebuild its waterfront theater, burned last spring by teenage arsonists. That campaign, which now seems to have crystallized in the form of a grant proposal to the National Endowment for the Arts as its first step, depends to large extent on community support. The Playhouse, in order to qualify for federal funding, must be able to show Endowment officials there is town enthusiasm for its operation.

At the moment, that support has been limited by a communications breakdown between Playhouse directors Lester and Adele Heller — who probably saved the Playhouse from going out of business in 1974 when they purchased it from a group headed by actress Catherine Huntington — and the town Boards of Selectmen and Zoning Appeals. The Hellers, a Maryland couple with a summer home in Provincetown, originally intended to replace the wharf theater with government-surplus "Butler" buildings — boxlike two-story metal structures to be used as a shell. The Butler plan was a hastily thrown together one, born out of the chaos of having to plan a season without a theater three months before that season was to begin. Because of the chaos, and the sympathy in town and on the Cape for the Hellers' plight, efforts were quickly made to find spare Butlers. And the town turned over its auditorium to the Playhouse for the '77 season. Now snags have developed in the arrangements, and the relationship between the Hellers and the town is deteriorating.

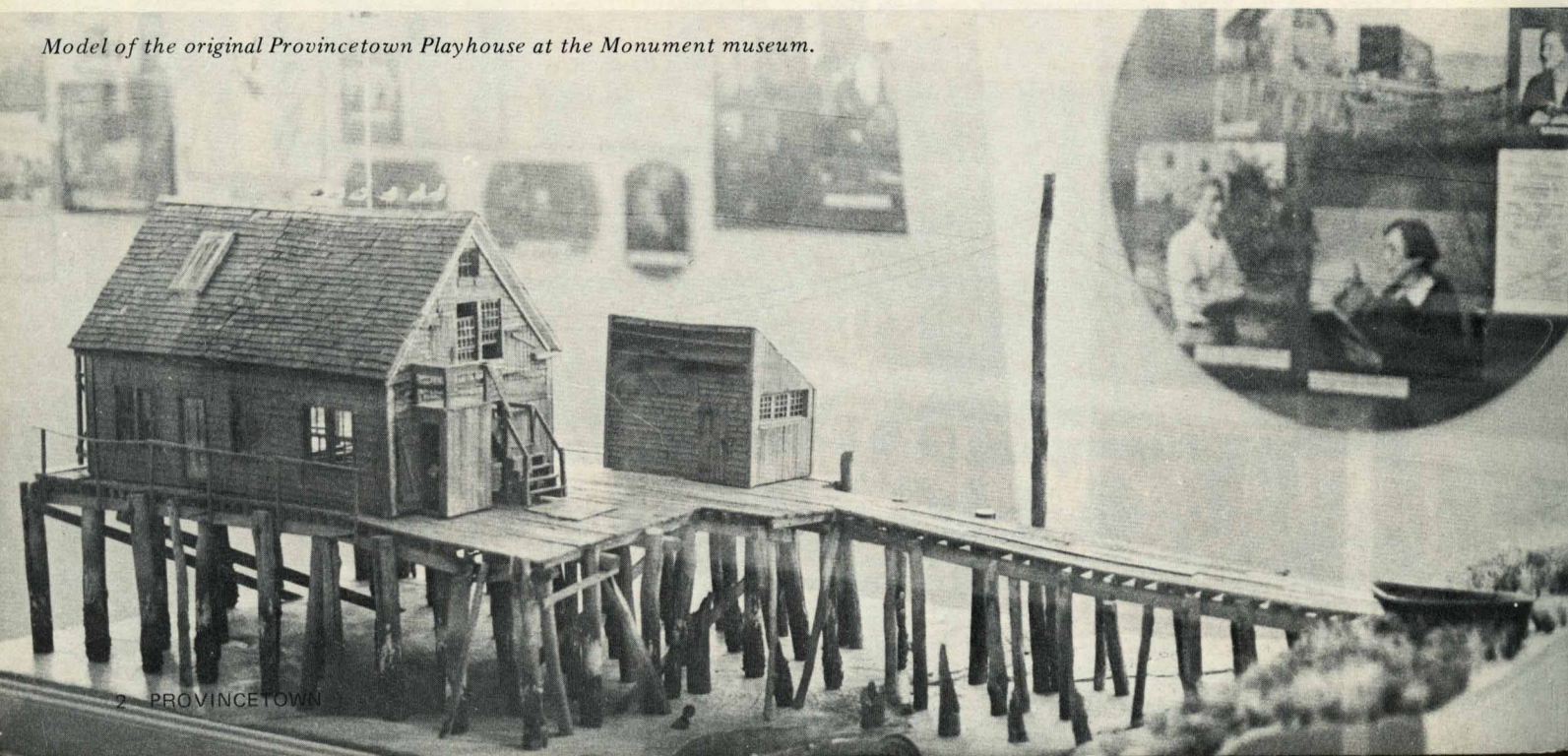
First, the Butler plan was rethought as the summer drew to a close, and eventually discarded. However, it had proceeded far enough so that both the federal government, through Congressman Gerry Studds' office, and the Board

of Zoning Appeals were prepared, respectively, to provide and approve the Butlers. In the zoning board's case, this meant granting a variance for a larger complex than had stood on the Playhouse lot before the fire. When the zoning board discovered the Butlers weren't to be used, it refused to grant the Hellers a conditional variance for their new plan. This, in turn, put them in a bind with the National Endowment, which said it needed some kind of sign that new theater plans would be approved. The zoning board confusion was compounded by two small contretemps: an unpaid bill for repairs to the Town Hall auditorium sound system, and whether pieces of a portable stage used by the Playhouse this summer would be left in Town Hall this winter as a gift or a loan to Provincetown. Both issues have been resolved, but the combination of rather sensational coverage of them by the *Provincetown Advocate*, the local weekly, and the hassle with the zoning board has left bad feelings.

It's time to put these feelings aside. The tradition of professional theater in Provincetown is to be treasured, and there is no evidence the Hellers wish to do anything but preserve and promote that tradition. Their latest plan — to couple a Eugene O'Neill memorial center with the new Playhouse — is an admirable one. The town should make an extra effort to help the Hellers now, as it did this spring. The future of the Playhouse is by no means any more secure.

The Hellers, too, must realize their obligation to the town, their dependency on town support, and endeavor to keep the community current with the Playhouse plans. Moreover, we hope the Hellers will give serious consideration to establishing year-round theater here. This can best be done by including the estimable Provincetown Theatre Company into Playhouse plans. The Theatre Company apparently has already made overtures to the Hellers; the initial contact should be followed up. For it is the Provincetown Theatre Company that holds the closest bond to what O'Neill and his cohorts symbolize for theater in this town: brilliant young professionals and amateurs learning their craft, and choosing this place to do it.

*Model of the original Provincetown Playhouse at the Monument museum.*





# Bach to Bach.



Paperback

## Booksmith/Musicsmith

12,000 TITLES, HARDBOUND AND PAPERBACK

8,000 RECORDS, 8-TRACKS AND CASSETTES

ORLEANS SHOPPING PLAZA  
CAPE COD MALL

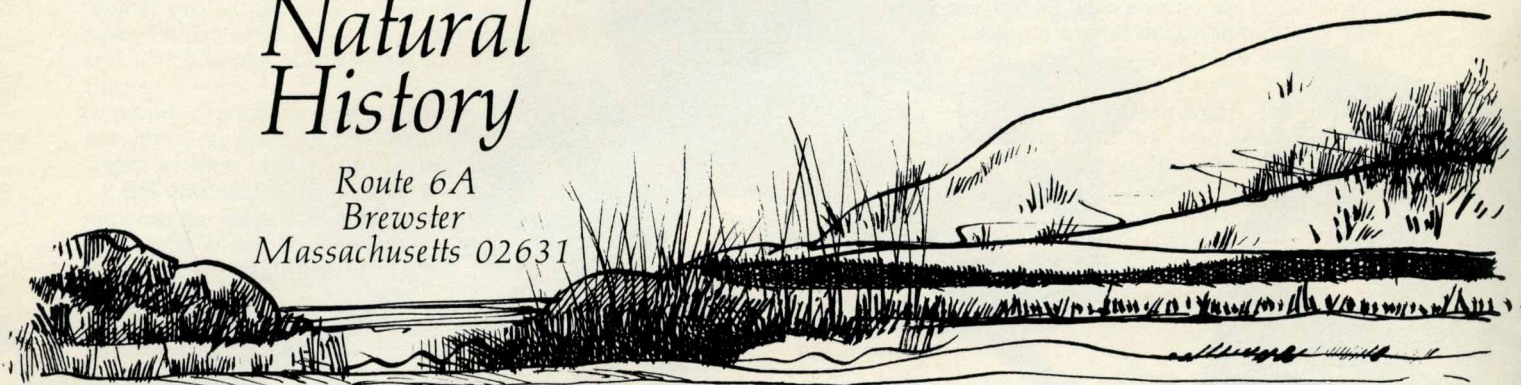
ROUTE 6A  
ORLEANS  
255-4590

HYANNIS  
775-6566 (BOOKSMITH)  
772-4166 (MUSICSMITH)



# The Cape Cod Museum of Natural History

Route 6A  
Brewster  
Massachusetts 02631



## Programs

*For adults: Field identification classes in wildflower and bird study, winter botany and coastal ecology, films, field walks and special exhibits.*

*For children: Field classes in natural history, film programs, and special lectures.*

*For school classes: Field trips and lectures under the direction of a trained naturalist. ( 1-3 hr. programs )*

*For teachers: Workshops in the environmental sciences and curriculum development materials.*

*For the local schools: A 26 week Environmental Science Program complete with field activities, projects, and reference aids.*

## Facilities

*A Natural History Museum featuring exhibits, collections, an auditorium, classrooms, and herbarium.*

*An attached 3,000 volume reference and lending Library.*

*Two additional seasonal buildings displaying both nature exhibits and wildlife of the Cape.*

*Over 68 acres of trail crossed salt marsh, wooded upland and freshwater marshes which serve as an outdoor classroom and observatory.*

## Museum Hours

*Winter Hours ( October - May )*

*10:00 - 4:30 Tuesday thru Saturday*

*Closed Sunday and Monday*

*The Cape Cod Museum of Natural History, a private non-profit institution serving over 35,000 individuals each year, depends on its membership, business organizations, and private individuals for its support. Its growth has developed with the growth of its membership both financially and in the scope of its activities. Your joining lends to its continued growth.*

Membership Categories		JOIN! FOR YOURSELF OR AS A GIFT TO A FRIEND	
Student (to age 19)	\$ 5.00	from:	
Individual	10.00	NAME .....	
Family	12.50	ADDRESS .....	
Supporting	25.00	to: <b>THE CAPE COD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, INC.</b>	
Contributing	\$100.00	Brewster, Massachusetts 02631	
Donor	250.00		
Patron	over 500.00		
All with a guest privilege		Date ..... 197	Amount enclosed \$.....





## Uncle Sam's Kitchen

Lower Cape residents recently learned that Uncle Sam has been frying their cookies from his North Truro AFB radar dome microwave kitchen. Big deal. It could be 20 years before a couple of itty pico-curies of radioactivity cause cancer. The radar domes have only been pouring it out since the mid-Fifties, and . . . what the—frizzjuiceazpglurpsputbyebye.

### THE TEN LARGEST INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES IN THE WORLD

	Sales (in billions)	Net Income (in billions)
1. Exxon	48.6	2.6
2. General Motors	47.2	2.9
3. Royal Dutch/Shell Group	36.1	2.3
4. Ford Motor	28.8	1.0
5. Texaco	26.5	.9
6. Mobil	26.1	.9
7. National Iranian Oil	19.7	17.2
8. Standard Oil of California	19.4	.9
9. British Petroleum	19.1	.3
10. Gulf Oil	16.5	.8

That net income figure for National Iranian Oil is not a typo. Those Iranians sure know how to turn a profit. If you think that's the reward of nationalization, check the poor showing for British Petroleum. The fact that eight of the ten are oil companies and the other two are auto companies speaks for itself.

### *In Praise of the Wellfleet Oyster*

The ancient Greeks said that the bravest man who ever lived was the first to eat a raw oyster. It roughly follows then, that anyone's first raw oyster is anyone's bravest act.

To the adept, however, the raw oyster is a great delicacy, a bite of the sea itself. The morsel is churned and chewed slowly—and with such enjoyment that the eater is in danger of sinking into a depression after swallowing.

Virtually everyone who has eaten one claims that the world's best oyster grows in Wellfleet Harbor. It is also claimed that the Wellfleet oyster was sent on request to Queen Elizabeth II's coronation in 1952. There are reports that the Wellfleet bivalve ends up in the finest seafood restaurants in New York, New Orleans, and Paris.

The history of this oyster is not without scandal. Heavy harvesting depleted the beds last century. Chesapeake Bay oysters were unabashedly transplanted to Wellfleet in one of history's most notorious shell games. And this, in its way, leads to another story.

About the "r-less" months. The custom on Cape Cod is that oysters are not eaten during May, June, July, and August (okay, go ahead and count the r's from September to April). The most commonly-given reasons are: (1) badness, and (2) mating season.

However, oldtime Wellfleet oysterman Bill Ryder says otherwise. According to Bill, the custom began as a ruse by last century's oystermen themselves. Their pattern was to harvest the Wellfleet oyster during the fall, winter, and spring, and then move down to Chesapeake Bay for the summer, leaving behind a lie to guard the very edible beds.



## Danny Peck

You may have to move to L.A. to make it in the music business, but it can't hurt to start in Provincetown. Latest example is Danny Peck, who used to entertain the customers at Cafe Edwige and who now belongs to Arista Records. "He was very popular here," recalls Gus Gutterman.

"Actually," Danny says, "I was in Los Angeles a few

years before I came to Provincetown. I had had lots of near-misses—L.A. proved too much for the man—and Leda Frank convinced me to come to Provincetown. In P-town, I felt I had really found a home. I wrote a lot of the songs on my new album there. (*Heart and Soul* AL 4126).

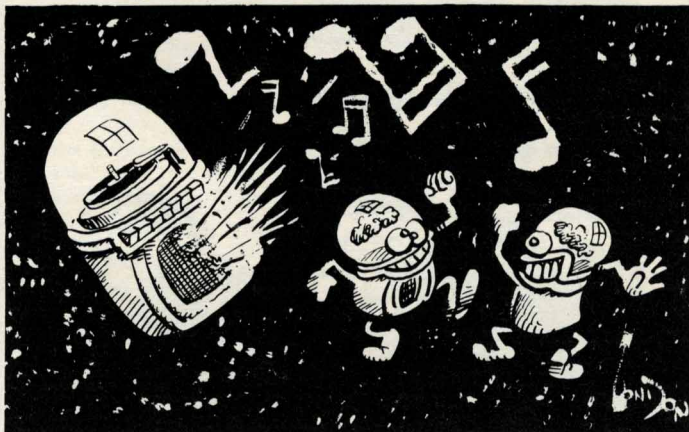
"When the season was over, I went back west and was turned down by A&M Records. But a guy who worked there believed in me, and when he quit his job at A&M and went to work for Clive Davis' Arista label, he arranged an audition.

"I played for Davis in his room at the Beverly Hills Hotel. There were no tapes; just Davis and me. I either got him off or I didn't.

"From the album I wrote 'That's The Way It Is,' 'Halo of Fire,' 'The Smoke is Rising,' and 'I Do' in Provincetown."

*Heart and Soul* by Danny Peck. Remember, you heard it here first.

## Hey, Zxj2rq, gotta quarter?



Bobby London

The first gift of planet Earth to the universe is two giant jukeboxes. Those two Voyager spacecrafts launched in August and September are loaded with 90 minutes of music ranging from Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 to Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" to the Pygmy girls initiation song. Don't know whether the extraterrestrials will tap their feet or scratch their heads. Oh well, we don't have to answer for it: the Voyagers won't reach the first star for 40,000 years.



### Scheduled for Execution

Smokers who gripe because you put sugar in your coffee. Bearded van owners who won't even look at your outstretched thumb.

People who knock TV as a prelude to telling you what they saw on the Johnny Carson show last night.

\*\*\*

According to Ed Lohr, former historian at Cape Cod National Seashore, the Provincelands is the oldest piece of public property in the western hemisphere. Even what is now Provincetown proper was public land until late last century, and the settlers of the previous two hundred years were squatters all.

\*\*\*

"My father worked on a whaler out of New Bedford," says Vic Pacellini, captain of the *Peter and Linda*. "Once up in the Arctic during a storm he talked back to the Master. Later on four big fellows grabbed him and tied him to the forward mast during a storm. He was left there all night and he nearly froze to death. Cured him of talking back to the Master."

\*\*\*

A sixteen-year-old girl was seriously injured and her dog killed after the dog urinated on an electric sign which had faulty wiring, police said.

The current passed through the dog's metal chain leash to Elizabeth Megill, who was taken unconscious to a local hospital where she was reported in guarded condition. *Boston Globe*.

\*\*\*

### WAKY

Here are the accumulated unusable call letters suggested by sundry wits and wags for Provincetown's new FM station: WSNM, WEWE, WEND, WXYZ, WHIP, WARP, WHEW, WFAG, WART.

\*\*\*

Jeremiah Digges on the dunes: "...a stirring unearthing in that bleak and barren duneland, where the world seems eternally hung in a moment of indecision between land and sea."

\*\*\*

Those who survive the Provincetown winter can rightfully call themselves the independently poor.

\*\*\*

Gary Goldstein



**DUNE QUIXOTE**—Green Berets stormed the unmanned Race Point lighthouse several times in September and October. The formidable structure defended itself with rose thorns and sand in their soup. The Berets finally gave up and went to a movie.

## La Belle Provincetown

Quebec City—The Quebec government of Premier Rene Levesque announced the acquisition of Provincetown, formerly a township of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The town seceded from the United States in what officials called "a reaction to governmental indifference to the town's needs."

Underscoring the point, there has been no response from Washington. Insiders interpret this as a "good riddance" gesture.

The move to sever ties faced little of the resistance that the proposed secession of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard prompted.

The transition of power was without incident. Levesque says all but a token force of Mounties will be withdrawn by week's end.

Commenting on the presence of the Mounties, the local police chief said: "I'm not sure where my jurisdiction ends these days, but I do know that these tight red jackets are attracting a lot of attention."

\*\*\*

*Invention:* The mother of want.

### Cheer Up, It's Only a Complex

While sitting on death row, Jack Ruby, the man who killed Lee Harvey Oswald, was reported by the prison psychiatrist to be suffering from a persecution complex.

### Keep on truckin'

As long as the rig is in motion, it is difficult for the load to get heavier.



### Hole in the Balloon Dept.

We placed Vol. 1, No. 2 of *Provincetown* on the stands in a few selected locations in New York: SoHo, Greenwich Village, the Pan Am Building. Early returns from the Pan Am Building were especially encouraging. Encouraging, that is, until we learned that that particular newsstand is the one frequented by most of New York's ad agency personnel who are given money each week to buy a copy of every magazine extant. We know advertisers control the content of many magazines, but circulation, too?



"It's tax deductible if you use it in your work."



Old Truro taunt:

Provincetown girls they have  
no combs.

They comb their hair with  
codfish bones.

\*\*\*

Overheard at the beach, a father who had just caught his eight-month-old daughter eating a mouthful of sand: "Hey, knock it out. You're gonna shit concrete."

\*\*\*

Commercial Street in the summer is like a sluggish river that has forgotten its way to the sea. But a passing friend is as conspicuous as an oasis in the desert.

\*\*\*

## Age of Anxiety

The Department of Mental Health is the largest agency in the state of Massachusetts.

\*\*\*

Heard at a local restaurant:  
 "You still serving food?"  
 "If you want to call it that."

Grafitto from the Cellar Bar:  
**Back in a minute.**

—Godot

He: What was it like being pregnant?


She: It was wonderful, but it was kind of like having your upper lip pulled back over the top of your head.

## Correction

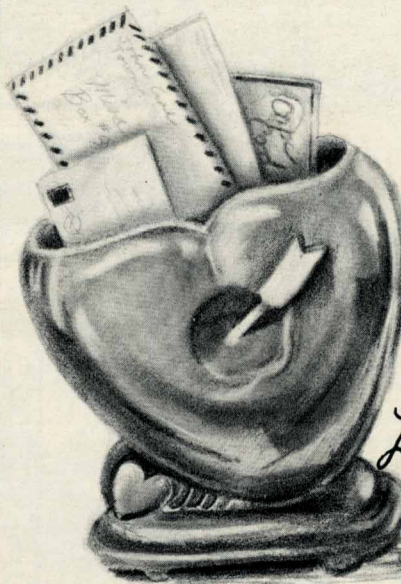
*Provincetown Magazine* apologizes for misspelling the name of B. Wongar, author of "Cry for Help" in the previous issue.

## The Source

## A wow mom poem



—Peter Frawley



Miss  
Information's  
Advice  
to the  
Loverworm

Dear Miss Information,

I was born a male and have spent most of my adult life as a practicing heterosexual. Two years ago I fell in love with a lesbian. She did not return that love, but we became good friends. I now spend all of my free time in bars with lesbian friends. Straight women no longer appeal to me. I have begun to go "butch" to meet my new sexual needs. I wear my hair "ducktail" and have shaved off my sideburns. When I go out I wear A-cup falsies under my dungaree shirt and I

am working on a husky falsetto voice. Lesbians turn on to me, but sooner or later I have to reveal my true gender. Some get angry, others are sympathetic, none goes to bed with me.

Lately I have been considering a sex change. But I am afraid the new hormonal balance will produce a totally unknown set of desires. Please advise.

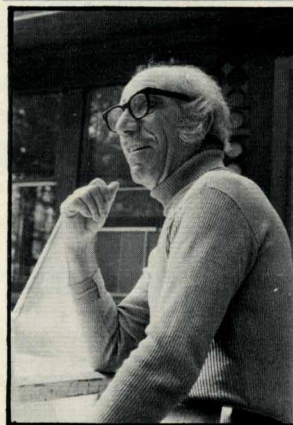
Cut off at the pass

*Dear Cut off,*

*Hang on to everything. The solution is quite simple. Just tell the ladies you've already had your sex changed.*

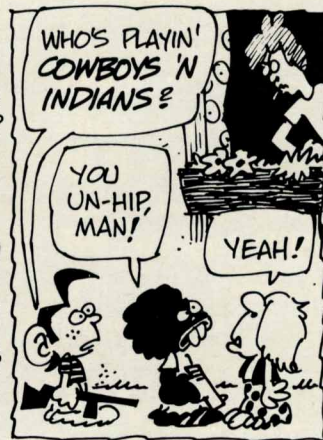
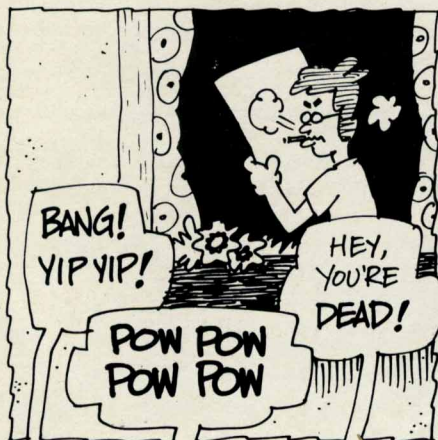
Miss Information invites the reader to submit his/her/its knottiest problems. There is a small perpetual fee for confidentiality. Write: Miss Information, *Provincetown Magazine*, Box 957, Provincetown, MA 02657.

Gary Hallgren



# Out of Town

Artist Boris Margo, whose work appears in this issue's Portfolio on pages 38-40, will be showing at the Monique Knowlton Gallery in New York City beginning November 15. The focus is on Margo's drawings and watercolors from 1936-42.



DICK & JANE

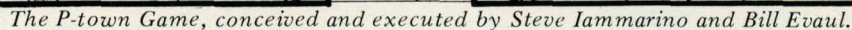
HAUSFELD

CG-11977



# CHAPTER JOINTS AND JOINTS

Paul, son of Angie and father of adjacent Angie's Cafe, walks out of the back of the cafe with garbage bags.



"Hey Paul, are you going to pay or not?"

—Richard LeBlond





# BOTTOMS UP.

## Public Sex in Provincetown Bars

It was the biggest Provincetown news event of the summer: the arrest of six men on public sadomasochism charges in a local bar — and the whole town is still asking questions. Public sex? S&M? We present the following article (and the one on page 42) to put the issues in perspective.

by E.J. KAHN III



*The promiscuous homosexual is a sexual revolutionary. Each moment of his outlaw existence he confronts repressive laws, repressive "morality." Parks, alleys, subway tunnels, garages, streets — these are his battlefields.*

*To the sexhunt he brings a sense of choreography, ritual, and mystery — sex-cruising with an electrified instinct that sends and receives messages of orgy at any moment, any place.*

*Who are these outlaws?*

*Single men, married men; youngmen, older ones; black, white; your brothers, your fathers; students, teachers, bodybuilders, doctors, construction workers, coaches, writers, cowboys, truck drivers, motocyclists, dancers, weightlifters, actors, painters, athletes, politicians, businessmen, lawyers, cops.*

*What creates the sexual outlaw?*

*Rage.*

—John Rechy, *The Sexual Outlaw*



Police Chief Meads: "In the late Sixties . . . we raided the area on a nightly basis."

Public sex in Provincetown — homosexual public sex in particular — has been a common summer occurrence for the past decade. Until 1972, it was essentially outdoor sport, centered around the Provincetown Monument (described by one gay newspaper as "the biggest phallic symbol in the country"). It was furtive sex: men disappearing into the thick shrubbery cloaking the hill rising from Bradford Street — a hill directly across from the Town Hall and, ironically, the police station. It was late-night sex; the gatherings began after one a.m. as the bars closed and the cruising rituals moved to the streets, eventually congregating at the bronze plaque at the foot of Monument Hill — a plaque commemorating the signing of the Mayflower Compact. It was group sex; the couplings and combinations numbered in the dozens.

And it was illegal sex. Unnatural action. Outlaw sex.

"When I first joined the force, we were up there each week making arrests," Provincetown Police Chief James Meads said recently. "In the late Sixties, by the time I was sergeant, we raided the area on a nightly basis. Any given night, you could find a group up there."

"Finally we convinced the town to cut down the shrubbery around the plaque area. But that wasn't enough. So we put an article in the Town Meeting warrant to raise some money to light the area. It was turned down, and we even had the backing of the so-called gay community. The voters said we didn't have enough information on the cost. So we went out, got bids, and convinced the selectmen to declare the sexual activity a public emergency. They did, we got the money, and no one hangs out there any more."

And that wiped out public sex in Provincetown?

"No," Meads said. "Now it appears they've headed to the town beaches."

The beaches . . . and the bars.

\*\*\*

On Friday, July 22, 1977, an undercover state police officer working out of the Barnstable County District Attorney's office in Hyannis entered The Atlantic House, a bar complex built on a small alley off Commercial Street in the heart of the business district. He climbed a short flight of stairs to a second-floor lounge which for many years had been called the Carriage Room, and which reopened in June under a new name: the Macho Bar. The dimly lit room actually had two levels: a main floor bar and a loft area reached by a second small staircase.

This officer, a young man named Robert Melia, stayed at the bar for several hours. He was there because a complaint had been made to the Provincetown Police that some kind of illicit sexual activity was going on during the bar's public hours. By the evening's end, Melia was convinced the complaint was well-founded. He personally arrested four men



that night for fellating each other in the barroom. The next night, a local detective joined him, and two more men were arrested. In between the two group arrests, a seventh man was summoned to turn himself into the district court for arraignment.

That the seventh suspect was shown such deference was hardly surprising. He was the chairman of a town commission. Melia said he'd observed the board chairman in the secluded loft area, dressed in a leather outfit, whipping another man with his belt. The whippie was fellating a third man, Melia added. (Melia, in fact, was undecided whether the whipping itself constituted a violation of law; he finally concluded that it indeed was, a decision backed wholeheartedly by his boss, District Attorney Philip Rollins).

"Humiliating," said the *Provincetown Advocate*. "What has been happening in the streets . . . is extreme behavior more suitable for dogs than for humans," it went on to editorialize. "Watch out!"

Three weeks later, the suspects appeared in district court, chose not to defend themselves, and had their cases continued after being assessed court costs. The Atlantic House — once the belle of the town's hotels — had its liquor license revoked on August 22 by the Board of Selectmen.

"It's funny," one local bar-goer commented after the arrests, "but the cops may have missed something."

"What?" he was asked.

"Well, there was a sign over the bar. 'Tuesday is piss night'."

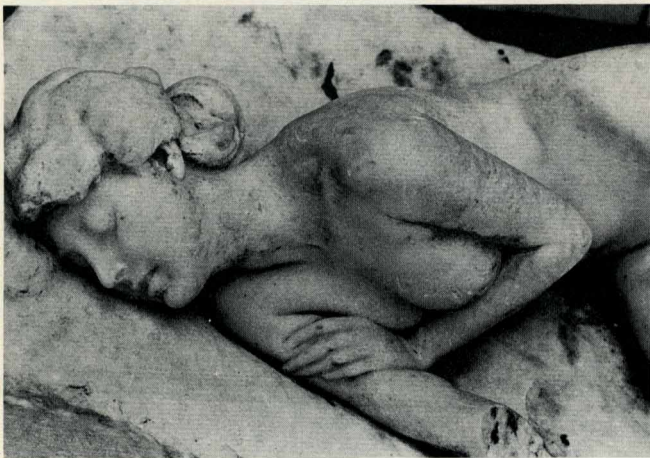


photo by Nancy Todd

figurine outside Atlantic House bar

It's taken awhile to get to Piss Nights.

Although one long-time resident of the town recalls that men were dancing with each other at the Atlantic House as early as 1945, most locals can't recall a gay bar in Provincetown before the late Fifties/early Sixties. Some say the bar in the Town House restaurant complex came first; others think



Contemporary  
& nostalgic art  
355 Commercial Street  
Provincetown, 487-1414

# Governor Bradford

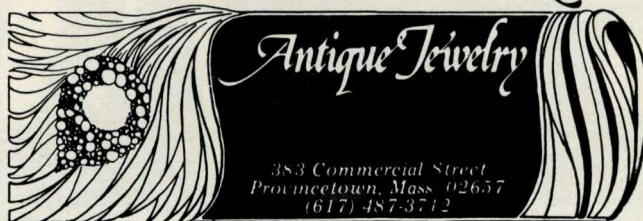
RESTAURANT



"Food and beverage,  
live entertainment,  
dancing, complete  
game room."

312 Commercial Street  
Provincetown, Massachusetts 02657  
(617) 487-9618

## SMALL PLEASURES



383 Commercial Street  
Provincetown, Mass. 02657  
(617) 487-3712



Weathering Heights, a saloon (now a steakhouse) on Shank Painter Road hill opposite Piggy's Dance Bar, might have been the pioneer establishment to openly welcome homosexual men. As partial corroboration, one female resident remembers that women unaccompanied by men were singularly unwelcome at the Heights for several years. Nevertheless, the first gay bar at the Cape Tip might actually have been a lesbian lounge — the Ace of Spades, an intimate cabaret in a small shack on the waterfront side of Commercial Street. The Ace of Spades has transmuted itself into the Pied Piper, still a ladies-only hang-out, but a lot tonier . . . and even tougher for men to get into.

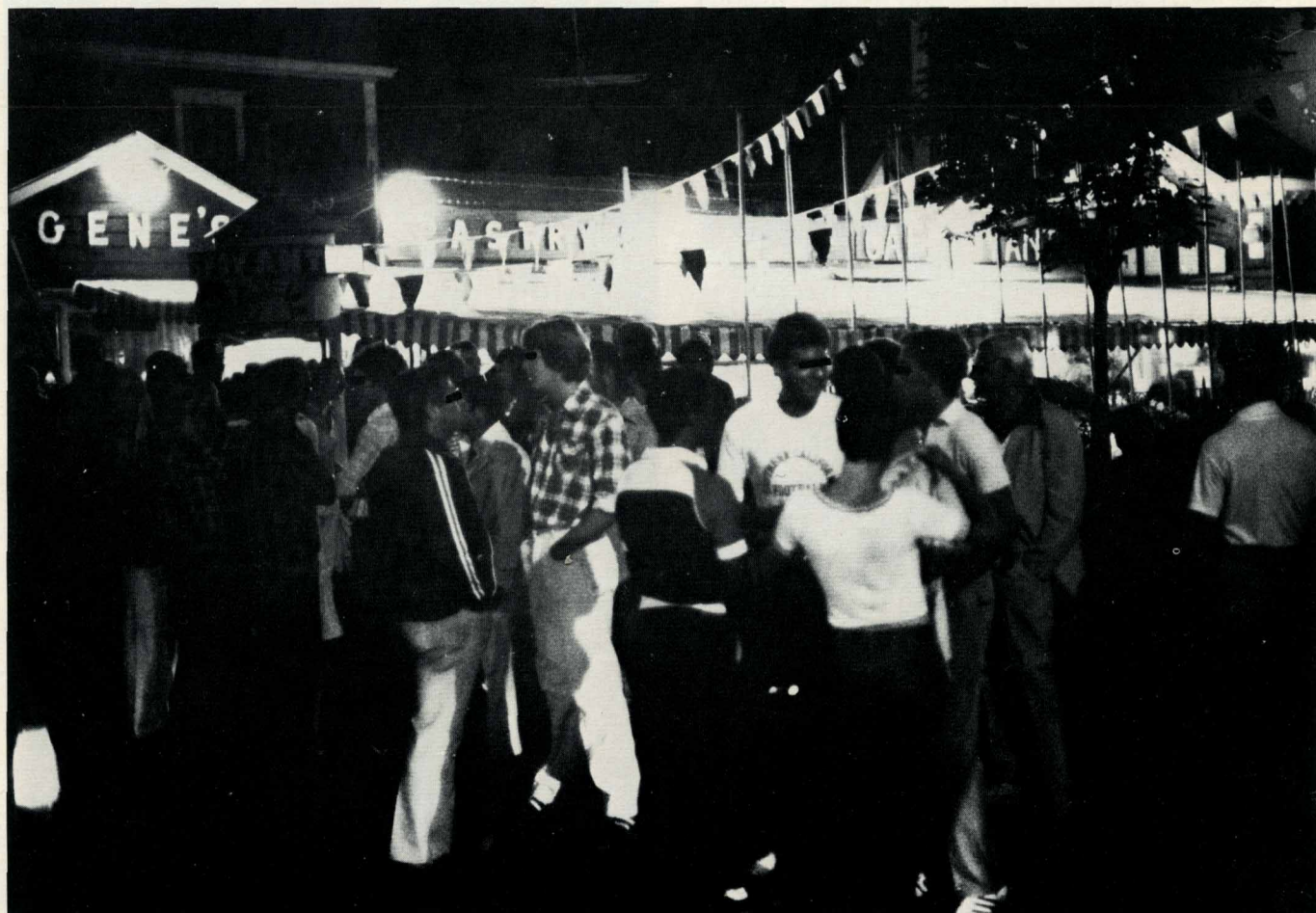
Needless to say, public sex was not an issue at the first gay bars. Nor would it be for the following generation. In 1963, Stanley Sorrentino, formerly a music teacher at Provincetown High School, purchased the Sea Horse Inn, a midtown Commercial Street hotel, and renamed it the Crown and Anchor Motor Inn. Sorrentino, who'd had some club-owning experience in the Virgin Islands, and had operated the Top Mast Motel in North Truro, ran into a bit of a cash flow problem, and shortly sold a bit less than half his interest to a Boston club owner, Henry Vara.

Within two years of that sale, the once staid Sea Horse had three full-time bars in operation: a disco

that doubled as an afternoon cabaret lounge, a women's bar, and a small basement lounge. Since then, a fourth has been added — a piano bar in what used to be the hotel lobby (which has been moved to the second floor). The women's bar, too, has been through some changes, but more about that later. At any rate, after the Sorrentino/Vara partnership was forged, Provincetown had its first gay bar complex.

The Atlantic House, owned through the mid-Seventies by Reggie Cabral, returned to gay bar status after a long stint where, in both its upstairs and downstairs rooms, it featured live entertainment ranging from Nina Simone to the Barbarians, Provincetown's first and only bid for national rock star recognition.

The A-House transition to its current gay bar status (a status that has attracted enough attention to warrant investigation by the D.A.'s office into charges that women are actually barred from entering) happened rather slowly. First the Little Bar became a male haven; then the Big Room (the disco); and finally, this summer, the upstairs bar. In the process, Cabral, after running into tax problems, transferred ownership to a realty trust run by his daughter. She, too, heads up a second corporation that holds the liquor license and manages the bars.







The Crown and Anchor, the A-House and, for a while, the Pilgrim Club (soon to be renamed Piggy's) were the immediate predecessors of the current gay bar scene, and are still a part of that scene. In 1971, Cabral was running Piggy's and the crowd was a mixture of hetero- and homosexual — multi-sexual, if you will. Although public sex was not yet a topic of conversation, an awful lot of sexual activity was finding its source at Piggy's.

Piggy's importance as a social center soon carried over into other community areas. A free university was formed, using the bar as a sign-up office and occasional classroom. A voter registration effort, using free university volunteers and Piggy's regulars, succeeded in nearly doubling the town rolls. And Cabral ran for selectman in the early spring.

When he finished fifth in a field of 12, he locked the bar doors shut as soon as the votes had been tallied, and posted a hand-lettered notice advising patrons to go dance "in the bullring." Munro Moore, who owned the Bull Ring Apartments, had won a seat on the board, attracting the support Cabral had expected. Within a week, the Colonial Inn (now Rosy, a chic bar/restaurant) had been converted by its owner into a substitute Piggy's. A turntable was set up on a dining table, the rest of the room cleared of tables and chairs, and faster than you can fry a flipper, Provincetown had a new dance bar.

Piggy's soon came into the hands of a new corporate group, and for another year continued to prosper as *the* multi-sexual disco in town. But gay men were becoming less comfortable about sharing

**chrysalis**  
a shop / for dreamers

*fine jewelry, crystals, pottery, gifts  
dragons, stained glass, cards, elves, rainbows*

349 B Comm'l. St., Provincetown, Ma. • 617-487-3637

**CABOT'S  
CANDY  
OF CAPE COD**

FUDGE/TAFFY/JELLY

276 COMMERCIAL STREET  
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

## Town House Restaurant & Galleria Bar

Open Year 'Round

Serving Daily Luncheon and Dinner Specials

Reasonably Priced

Featuring Seafood, American and Italian Dishes

Entertainment Nightly

"Where the action is"

Adjacent Town Parking Lot

291 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass. Tel.: 487-0292




Get your  
Summer  
Shopping  
Here



# Patrick's Gift Shop

GIFTS. GREETING CARDS. OFFICE SUPPLIES.  
PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD, MASS. 487-0590



★ **MERCHANTS of FINE SPIRITS** ★

## YARDARM LIQUORS

Finest selection of wines, beers & liquors  
on the Lower Cape

State Road Provincetown, Mass. 02657  
Between A&P and Rod's Getty Station  
Telephone: 487-0700

Provincetown

# Subscribe!

There's only one Provincetown  
6 issues / \$7.50  
Box 957, Provincetown, MA 02657

their scene with any tourist from Hyannis who happened to hear about Piggy's. After the Crown and Anchor won a year-round liquor license, gay men began gravitating to that bar in the winter and early spring of 1973. The license hadn't come easy. Repeatedly turned down by the selectmen on grounds the town had more than enough winter drinking spots, employees of the bar mounted a recall campaign against two of the selectmen who'd opposed their employer. Before the campaign came to a close, the bar got its license.

By the summer of 1973, the Crown and Anchor had become the most popular dance bar in town. But in another year, the gay bar scene, at least outside Provincetown, became more than simply disco dancing. In New York City, dark, dingy lounges with names like The Toilet and The Anvil were becoming increasingly popular, and activities like bondage, whipping and fistfucking were beginning to go public. It was only a matter of time before Provincetown bars — catering to the city's summer refugees — would follow course to extremes.

In the winter of 1973/74, three young men were found dead by hanging. All were connected in one way or another with a then-rumored sadomasochism scene which had its social center in one local bar, though the sex itself was taking place in private homes.

In all three cases, police refused to order autopsies. The body of one, a young Canadian man named Carol Larabe, was ordered embalmed and prepared



Back Room bar at the Crown & Anchor



for burial despite the request of Larabe's mother, calling from Canada, that any preparations be delayed until she arrived in town. Once in town, she asked for an autopsy, only to be told that the body was already being prepped at the local funeral home. And the undertaker himself, Robert Roth, said he was as surprised as anyone that the autopsy had been by-passed, particularly since there had been a rather nasty and fresh-looking cut on one of Larabe's feet.

The S & M crowd went public in the fall of 1974 by staging a convention in Provincetown. The group's formal name was *Entre Nous*, and the 100 or so convention-goers dressed alike in leather jackets and caps, jeans, boots, and a collection of keys dangling from either the left or right side. The side the keys hung on, it was said, indicated whether one wished to be a submissive or dominant partner. Although the crowd was public — hanging out, for the most part, at the Town House — the sex was not. "They stayed pretty much in a private dwelling in the West End," Police Chief Meads recalls. Among the furnishings in that house was a coffin, used as a coffee table. Residents nicknamed the inhabitants "the whip 'n' chill boys."

The first complaints about public sex in bars reached the police in the summer of 1976. By then, the gay bar scene had expanded to include the Boat-slip Motor Inn, the Post Office Cafe, and a new bar in the Crown and Anchor — the Helltown Saloon. The Helltown was patterned after the more notorious S & M establishments in New York. Reports, never confirmed by police, told of occasional bond-

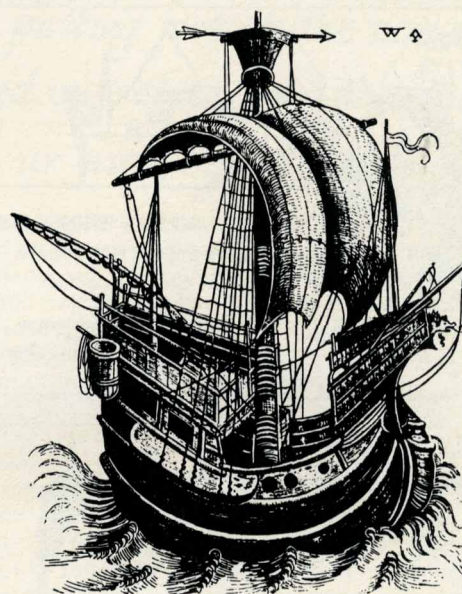


# CAT'S CRADLE

Ceramics Gallery and Beadery

## Provincetown·Ma.

244 Commercial Street



## flagship

RESTAURANT  
OPEN SEVEN DAYS  
DINNER SERVED 5:30 to 11:30

ON OUR 43rd VOYAGE

463 Commercial Street

For reservations: 487-1200

## PATRICIA SHULTZ ASSOCIATES

REAL ESTATE

406 COMMERCIAL ST. • 487-9550

When all else fails . . . see us.

Hazel Warner

Lenore Ross





## THE PENNEY PATCH

"Happiness is Fudge"  
279 Commercial Street



REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS PAST  
Campbell Stained Glass Studio  
Antiques, Collectables, and Gifts  
An Unusual Shop of Remembrances  
376 Commercial Street  
Provincetown, Mass. 02657  
487-9443



age and whipping, and, on one evening, of a man being splattered with hot wax. "Every time we got a complaint, we checked it out," Meads says, "and we never found anything. The Town House? I was there the other night with my wife. I didn't see any leather. We just had a nice time dancing."

There was a time when dancing was considered public sex — two men dancing together in a public place equalled one unnatural act subject to prosecution. Meads must remember that. On a cool spring night in 1973, the chief and a couple of his men walked into Piggy's and personally broke up every homosexual couple they saw.

But all of that fell by the wayside with July's A-House bust. For a town which has hosted a convention of transvestites the past two years, the whipping/fellating combo apparently was a bit too much. Dressing up is one thing, bar sex another. Nevertheless, public sex continued to thrive in Provincetown through the summer. It shifted, as Meads presumed it had, to the town beaches.

Meads said that the beach activity had been an unnerving experience for at least one resident. "Poor old Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, who's 90. They've been gathering under her porch and in her backyard. There's no lights, and they've been using matches to see each other with. We've seen hundreds of burnt matches there during the day. This is a very scary thing to her. She thinks her house will be burned down."

\*\*\*

What 1978 will bring is anybody's guess. Before the end of this summer's season, the Crown and Anchor had changed its leather bar back into a women-only hangout. The A-House was closed after a brief stint as a juice bar ("Prohibition Days . . . We Only Serve Fruits" read the sign pinned to its front door).

"People have been screaming for blood," commented Selectman Moore at the board's hearing in August on the Atlantic House liquor license. But a state liquor official pointed out "it's a ticklish subject. There's so much new stuff, you're practically generating new law all the time."

It is that new stuff which folks on the Cape Tip worry, wonder and fantasize about. ■

## Ocean's Inn DINING ROOM

- GOOD FOOD
- COCKTAILS
- COMFORTABLE LODGINGS
- LARGE, COZY ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS & SHARED BATHS
- FREE PARKING
- OLD INN ATMOSPHERE

386 COMMERCIAL ST.  
PROVINCETOWN,  
MASS. 487-0358

SEND FOR BROCHURE



excerpts from  
*The Found Journal of  
Captain Miles Standish*

*with such dispute before the compact was signed that I conceived we would sail back to England without putting foot on the new world.*

*After three days, having refreshed ourselves upon the cold and shallow harbor, seventeen of our number set out from the*

*Mayflower* to perceive the worth of this narrow parcel. As Capt. I secretly desired a dangerous adventure to cleave the rust from men and muskets. The woods thereabout were thick-grown and full of thorns; which gave us great relief to come upon sand hills, though to walk on sand is no great joy after a fair turn of the clock.

That evening we determined a hill with good view to sleep our first night on the coarse bosom of this untamed land. No adventure of any sort had fallen to us, but we set out watches after I warned the men that an idle musket and a mind gone home invite a knife to the throat. For the same purpose we did not build a fire.

I lay down, one eye on the stars, the other on the watch, the better to both observe and protect my life. At length the watch stiffened up his body, and rigidly angled toward some prospect. I first thought that he had seen an animal, but he soon lowered himself by the knees, so that I next thought he had seen an huge animal. Curiosity, which often scars the nape of my neck, brought me to his side. Down-slope and a few rods off, a small fire burned on a low spot before the woods. At first I saw that which looked like flames away from the fire, writhing suspended in the air. But these revealed themselves to be bodies of men-like creatures engaged in a recreation the likes of which I had not seen before, and swear I have not seen since. In the fire's light I espied several men—they all had full membership—caressing themselves with such variety as to make a school for harlots. I set my mouth to the ear of the watch and suade him gently wake the others with a signal of silence.

Not many possibilities of this world escape or surprise a military officer. In my childhood I observed one and many a boy playing the lady's part behind a bush. London is so stuffed with these creatures that a man must arm against ardor in the streets. Even on the *Mayflower* the sailors fell a-

bumping aft three nights from England. But I did not conceive of such lusty lewdness among the heathen.

Presently all our number witnessed the dark entertainment. We watched for some time before I perceived that this savage sodomy was the womb of adventure. I quickly bid the men to gather their muskets and we sallied quietly across the sand to surround the wretched beasts in the darkness. We were full into the fire's light when the first naked savage observed us. This one did then alert the others from their gross entanglements, and the surprise was great. In virtue of honesty, I own I was at the moment without plan, for we having concluded their activity I had none in mind to succeed it.

Much to our surprise one of their number—they were nine—spoke the word "English?" "Yes," I replied, full swept by the novel possibilities of conversation with these oddities. "You speak English?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the heathen. But my confusion was so great I did not know what next to ask. The savages began to speak amongst themselves until I startled them to silence. "What manner of frolick is this?" I asked.

"Fro-lick?" spoke the heathen, not understanding.

"What are you savages doing?" He looked at me without speaking, but with a small smile, so that I near put a ball of lead in his chest.

"Where is your tribe?" I pursued. "Of certain you must have mothers and sisters if not wives and children, unless through some secret vent of nature you have discovered how to beget men with men."

"We live cross bay," he answered, pointing to a distance a little north of west. "This place retreat," he continued. "We come on weekends. Many times in summer."

"How came you to know English?"

"Sailors," he said, "Sailors sometimes friendly, sometimes come to retreat." His eyes began to take on fire. "You sailors?"

*As it happened, among us were three of the ship's crew*



# EAT CHEAP.

Black Cherry Cordial  
Rose Hip Wine  
Cranberry Wine

Wild wines brewed by Jan Kelly.  
Setting courtesy of La Dispensa.



Rose Hips

Bluefish and  
Mussels

Rose Hip Soup

Dandelion Roots

Groundnuts





**A**ll of the foods gathered for this group photo are not only cheap: they're free. And available in November. Carving a free Thanksgiving dinner out of nature's lean autumn means work. Nature does not arrange these wares along convenient aisles, but scatters them about in subtle yet precise discrimination. The fantasy of a wild food romp dissolves before the ogre of poisonous plants, long walks, autumn chill, muck, tedious gathering — wait a minute. What kind of promo is this? The only thing between the fantasy and the romp is an act of will. Think on these things: renewed curiosity, exercise, increased awareness and knowledge, an encouraging atmosphere for self-reflection, and a step outside the ordinary day. For more on how to find these foods, and what to do once you've found them, turn to page 55.

Candied  
Cranberries

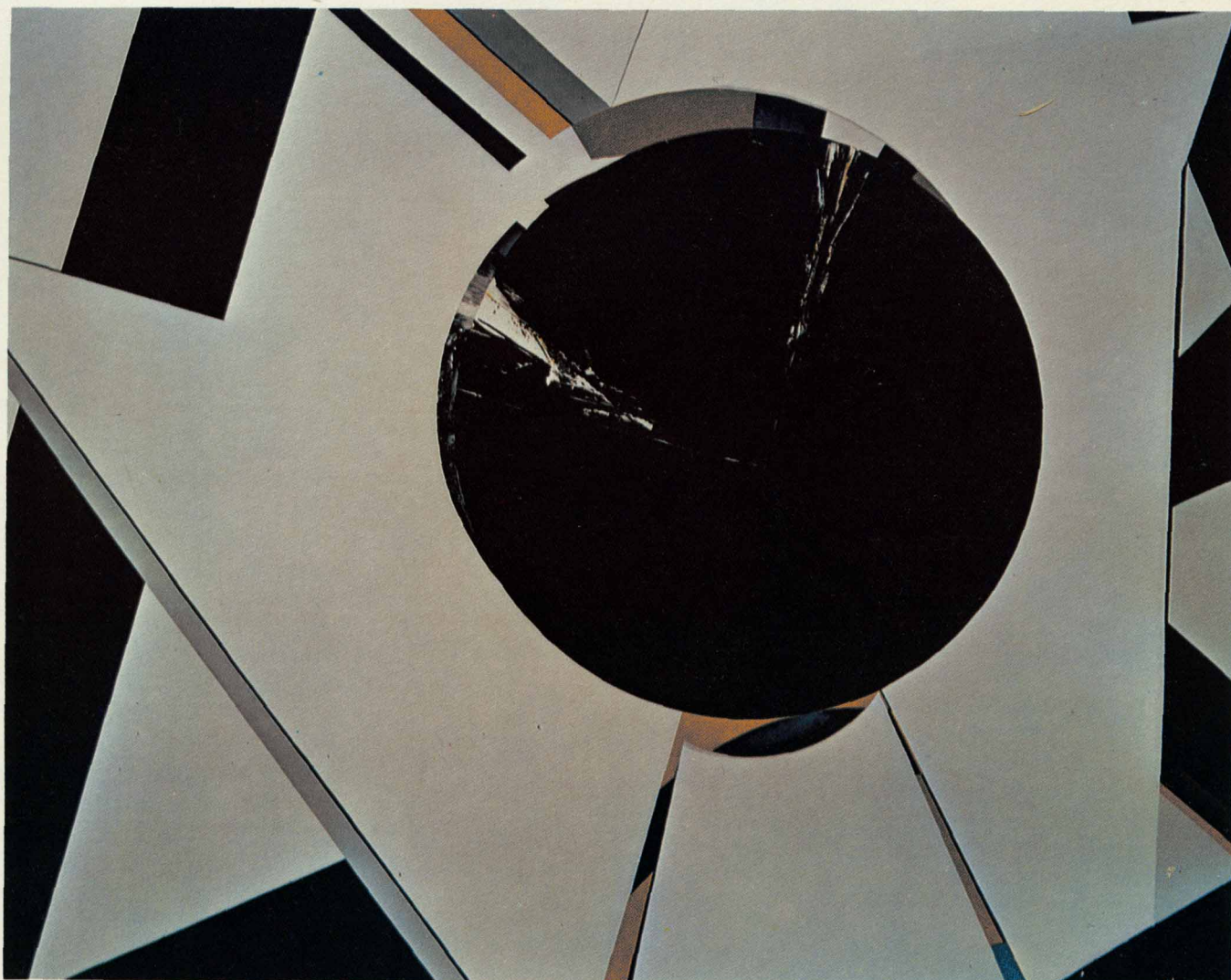
Cattail  
Biscuits

Chicory Beverage

Sweet Goldenrod Tea

Periwinkles





Budd Hopkins' *Gemini I*, 1968, oil, 80" x 100". From the collection of Maximilian Schell.

# THEY'VE SEEN THE SAUCERS

*by Richard LeBlond*

Late one night in 1965 I saw a UFO, sort of. What I saw was an enormous beam of light—solid, bright orange, and shaped like an upsidedown cone—blazing up from behind a ridge 35 miles away from me in a northwestern Washington state wilderness. I was stunned by its dimensions. At the top of the beam, five miles high and three miles wide, the light just stopped, cut off clean. Incredibly, the light was more than a mile wide where it came up from behind the ridge.

I groped for logical explanations, for the knowable cause of a mile-wide source of solid brilliance in a wilderness. I wasn't drunk, stoned, or any more deluded than the next guy, but I definitely felt insecure. I was looking at a glaring gap in my version of reality.

Nothing remains of the sighting but my memory. No photographs, no charred landscape, no bits of exotic metal—nothing to substantiate my account beyond the fickleness of human trust.



**T**his hapless condition is the rule for all UFO observers. I have occasionally described the sighting when someone else brought up the subject. But I was always left with the feeling that the others were thinking: "Maybe that's what you think you saw. If I had been there, I could have explained it."

Every now and then I run into a fellow observer, and we huddle together like two ex-cons recalling secrets stashed in the mattress. In that small, safe place for our heresy we can say, with no little thrill, "Do you believe?" "Yes, I believe."

In spite of the fact that no hard physical evidence has yet turned up, UFO credibility is soaring. Major universities now offer degrees in the subject, and respected scientists can openly conduct research without risking their reputations.

Why? Because of the vast and growing number of witnesses. "The observers are the evidence. You must eventually conclude that they cannot be dismissed," says Ted Bloecher, an investigator into humanoid phenomena. Witnesses are worldwide and include national leaders, astronauts, military officers, pilots, policemen—and a lot of folks who wish it had happened to someone else.

In-depth, systematic research into UFO phenomena was begun in 1947 by the U.S. Air Force. The primary mission was not to uncover the cause of the sightings, but to see if they posed a threat to national security. For the next 22 years the Air Force researched, catalogued and explained away thousands of sightings. The research—called Project Blue Book—was discontinued in 1969: no threat to national security was found.

Nor was the cause of the phenomena. The Blue Book material was subsequently made public, and with it the Air Force's admission that in many well-documented, reliable sightings—some made by the military—there is indeed something bizarre and unexplained going on.

Most of it centers around flying saucers: their behavior, and their occupants. Saucers perform four-dimensional maneuvers for their three-dimensional observers. They disappear and reappear in the same spot, and sometimes are seen on radar during the periods of invisibility. They change direction radically at high rates of speed. They are capable of gravitationally attracting large objects like helicopters and automobiles—similar to the Death Star's tractor beam in *Star Wars*. They change color, sometimes running

through the entire spectrum in seconds.

The most outrageous aspect of the sightings is what's referred to as "Humanoid and Abduction Phenomena." According to the two leading researchers on the subject, Bloecher and David Webb, the phenomena are multiplying rapidly—over 70 documented cases in 1976 alone. More startling, there are significant consistencies emerging from the worldwide reports. These include the descriptions of the humanoid entities, and their behavior. For example, in virtually every case of abduction, the witness was physically examined in a laboratory environment. (It should be noted that most abduction cases are uncovered during hypnosis. The majority of witnesses have no conscious recollection of the event. For more on this subject, turn to the interview with Webb and Bloecher on p. 24.)

So what's happening? Just about everyone with a reputation at stake keeps his guess to himself. But when the Big Day finally arrives, he'll probably say, "I knew it."

Of all the theories—from Hoax to Mass Psychic Hallucination—the theory of Extraterrestrial Visitation is the most intriguing, and from my point of view, the most likely. As Webb says, it fits the facts of the most unexplainable sightings of objects and entities better than any other.

Even the Air Force has left its gate open to whatever they are, wherever they're from. Trying to stand on both sides of the fence, the Air Force Academy advises its cadets that the theory of Extraterrestrial Visitation is "the least likely explanation." Yet it cautiously concedes that "there appears to be insufficient evidence available to either confirm or refute" the matter.

If nothing else, the Air Force and planet Earth are learning that ignoring UFOs doesn't make them go away. At present, the odds are increasing that you will have an unidentified experience. It won't happen by choice, and you'll have to live with it.

Witnesses deserve space now. We may have to give *them* space later.

**Suggested Travel Brochures**  
*UFOs Past, Present and Future*, Robert Emenegger  
*The UFO Experience*, J. Allen Hynek  
*The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects*, Edward J. Ruppelt  
*Intelligent Life in the Universe*, I. S. Shklovskii and Carl Sagan  
*Anatomy of a Phenomenon*, Jacques Vallee

## They Came From Beyond the Outer Cape

There's a curve on Route 6 near the Governor Prentice Motel in North Truro where Provincetown flows across the windshield like a curtain unveiling another reality. For Budd Hopkins, at 5 p.m. on August 9, 1964, it *was* another reality. He and two others saw what they could only conclude was a flying saucer hovering over Mt. Gilboa.

The incident so fascinated Hopkins, a well-known artist who summers in Wellfleet, that "I started reading about it, and the more I read the more a mystery it became." His interest deepened, and he is now a field investigator for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON).

There have been several UFO sightings on the Outer Cape since the Hopkins event in 1964. Some of these cases may never have come to light were it not for Hopkins' role as an investigator. Often a witness calls him rather than the police or other public agency. Even though he can't answer the Big Question, Hopkins gathers the data that presumably one day will. He is a sympathetic listener.

Outer Cape residents who have witnessed UFOs include policemen, a lawyer, and a former Truro selectman. Of the several witnesses interviewed for the article, some immediately asked if the tone would be sardonic. "I don't want to be ridiculed." This is the stigma of UFO sightings: the fear—and likelihood—of being disbelieved.

Part of the problem for the witnesses I talked to is the translation of an extraordinary phenomenon into mere words:

Emily Rossmore, student: "How much mileage can you get out of describing a bright light over Long Point?"

Rhoda Rossmore, teacher: "When we talked about it afterwards with people who hadn't seen it, either they were skeptical, or more skeptical."

Molly Cook, literary agent: "I believe that I saw it, but I would rather believe it to myself."

### Seeing Does Not Guarantee Believing

Will Rossmore, lawyer: "I can't explain it, yet I have difficulty believing it was something unexplainable or unidentifiable. I think UFO sightings



are probably figments of the imagination. I can't rule them out, but I'm skeptical."

Alec Wilkinson, ex-policeman: "I certainly believe there could be visits, given the size of the universe and the probability of life elsewhere. I'm open-minded, but there are just not enough facts. The experience was not solid enough for me to make a judgement one way or the other."

But, Mary Oliver, poet: "Once you see something like that, you can't be a disbeliever again."

## Six Cases

**Date:** August 9, 1964

**Witness:** Budd Hopkins

I was going from Truro to Provincetown with my ex-wife and a friend. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. As we descended the hill on Route 6 near the Governor Prentice Motel, we simultaneously noticed this little elliptical, lense-shaped object hovering above where the Mt. Gilboa water tank is now. It was sort of a dull aluminum color, pewter, not really shiny. As we're driving toward it we see a cloud blowing behind it. Then we see a cloud blowing in front of it so we could place it in space, close to where we were. At one point a cloud covered it and then opened up. The thing was silhouetted against the cloud: a clean, precise, pointed lense shape. As we got closer we could see it was round underneath. We were going very slow—the whole event took only three or four minutes. As we passed it, it took off and streamed across the highway over the dunes parking area. I hit the brakes and we jumped out of the car and watched it disappear into the clouds coming in from the ocean.

**Date:** Summer, 1964

**Witness:** Molly Cook

**Observed from** Route 6 in Truro.

I was coming back from the dentist in Wellfleet. It was the middle of the day and I was driving by myself. All of a sudden there was something in the righthand side of the windshield, a little higher than my head, moving along with me. It was silver, shaped like images of saucers I had seen. It was a little smaller than the size of a man's hat in the windshield. Then it hurried forward and slowed, moving across the windshield as it got ahead of me. All of a sudden it shot straight up in the air without stopping. It



Candy Jernigan

*"All of a sudden there was something in the righthand side of the windshield..."*

sounds silly, but I saw it, I know I saw it.

**Date:** Summer, 1971

**Witness:** Mary Oliver

Four of us were driving near the Provincetown Inn. We saw a red light between Wood End and Long Point, not blinking, not pure red like the lights out there, but a murky light—and larger, four times as large as the breakwater lights. It was stationary at the time, but too high to be attached to the land. Later we found out that there were other sightings of [an unidentified] red light around there at the time.

**Date:** July 3, 1975

**Witnesses:** Alec Wilkinson and Charles Valli, Wellfleet patrolmen

**Observed from** near the Wellfleet elementary school.

Alec's account: As I remember it was about 3 o'clock in the morning. I don't know why it caught our attention, but we looked up into the sky—several miles up—and saw a static light moving across the sky. At one point it did something screwy: it sped off at an incredible, immediate pace, abruptly, very agile. We couldn't explain it.

**Date:** July 16, 1975, approximately 8:25 p.m.

**Witnesses:** Emily, Rhoda and Will Rossmoore.

**Observed from** the west end of Provincetown concurrently with two witnesses (Betty Bodian and Molly Ross) near the Art Association, and Dan and Janet Boynton from their car on Route 6 in North Truro.

Emily's account: It was just about sunset. We were out on the deck when all of a sudden there was this really bright light over Long Point. If I held a quarter at arm's length, the glow of the object would have shown around the edge of the coin. It looked like it was generating its own light. I went into the house to get spyglasses, but it disappeared. Then it came back, and I looked at it through the glasses. I tried to superimpose a flying saucer form on it, but I really couldn't see anything clearly. Whatever it was, it was bright enough that you couldn't determine its shape. But it definitely was not reflecting sunlight. Then it simply disappeared again.

**Date:** July, 1975

**Witnesses:** Richard Murphey and another Wellfleet patrolman.

I don't remember the time exactly, but it was between 11 and 2 at night. I saw three different colored lights: red, white, and green, very close together. We were in the police cruiser out at the end of Chequesset Neck Road, above Sunset Beach. The lights seemed to be a couple of hundred yards away, over the water. Then the lights disappeared and reappeared only one or two hundred feet away. We figured at first it might have been a helicopter, but we never heard any noise. We didn't know what to think, not hearing any noise and seeing it so close. It was low. We had the feeling it was looking at us, coming closer the way it did. After a couple of minutes it just disappeared. It had to be something. After that I kind of believed in UFOs.



# Seance with the C.I.A.

You know something's happening and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

*Of all UFO reports, none seems more incredible and compelling than the one called "The Intelligence Case." The documented incident involved a telepathic communication between "so-called extraterrestrials" and members of the CIA and the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) in 1959. The questions posed by the CIA and ONI representatives are limited in concept. Other questions were asked, but the CIA agent from whose memorandum the following is extracted doesn't tell us what they were.*

As background information, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ briefed Maj. Friend [at the time, head of the USAF Blue Book Project] in a case investigated by the Navy in May-June 1954. This case concerns a Mrs. S\_\_\_\_ of South Berwick, Maine, who reported to the Navy through Rear Admiral K\_\_\_\_ of South Berwick that she was in contact with space persons. Mrs. S\_\_\_\_ method of contact is to think a question and by completely relaxing with a pencil in her hand, some unknown force controls the hand and writes the answer. It was also pointed out that the Canadian government had conducted an extensive investigation of Mrs. S\_\_\_\_ claim. A complete file of this case is in the office of \_\_\_\_\_ ONI.

Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ pointed out that during the later part of June he and another Naval Officer had flown up to Maine and visited Mrs. S\_\_\_\_ for the purpose of witnessing a contact and to interview the lady. Mrs. S\_\_\_\_, after the interview and contact, asked Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ why he didn't make a contact himself. The officer then tried, but was unsuccessful.

After his return to Wash. Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ was discussing the case with Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ and Lt. Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ at CIA. At the insistence of these two gentlemen he attempted another contact and was apparently successful in receiving messages from a person called AFFA, an inhabitant of the planet Uranus. Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ would pen the question on a large sheet of paper (ques. put to him by other 2), relax, and some unknown force would guide his hand in writing the answers. During

the time that the message is being transmitted \_\_\_\_\_ is subjected to very great physical strain. Of the many questions put to AFFA—some samples:

Q. Do you favor any government, religious group or race?

A. No, we do not.

Q. Will there be a third World War?

A. No.

Q. Are Catholics the chosen people?

A. No.

Q. Can we see a spaceship or flying saucer?

A. When do you want to see it?

Q. Can we see it now?

A. Go to the window.

(Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ and Lt. Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ all go to the window.)

Q. Are we looking in the right direction?

A. (Answered vocally.) Yes.

At this time, approximately 1400, 6 July 1959, these three men saw what they have indicated was a flying saucer. They described the object as round, with a perimeter brighter than the center. Lt. Cmdr. \_\_\_\_\_ checked with Washington Center (radar) and was informed that for some unknown reason radar return from the direction in which the ship was supposedly seen had been blocked out at the time of the sighting. During the exchange the answer to one of the questions indicated difficulty in penetrating our radar net.

from Robert Emenecker's *UFOs Past, Present and Future*.

THE  
ARTISTS'  
STORE



675 MAIN STREET  
HYANNIS

775-2976

Cape Cod's Art Supply Headquarters Since 1960

237 Comm'l St.

487-3630

THE MOVIES  
and



256 Comm'l St.

487-3466

Front Street  
a restaurant

Provincetown





Mary Bono

# Humanoid and Abduction Phenomena

an interview with Ted Bloecher and David Webb

The following is a test in credibility, going far beyond the limit of belief of the national average mind. That two researchers—one of whom is a physicist working on a NASA project—will openly discuss humanoid encounters and human abductions is an indication of the rapidly growing respectability of scientific investigation into the entire UFO phenomenon.

Ted Bloecher is a computer specialist in New York City. David Webb is a solar physicist currently associated with the NASA Skylab mission. The two are co-chairmen of the Humanoid Study Group, formed in 1974, and an offshoot of the international Mutual UFO Network (MUFON).

*Provincetown Magazine's* interview took place at the Wellfleet home of UFO investigator Budd Hopkins.

---

**PM:** Can you talk about the credibility problem surrounding humanoid reports?

**BLOECHER:** There are general things I'd like to get on the record about humanoid cases, or "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," as J. Allen Hynek calls them. The emotional reaction they elicit is extreme. People without knowing have an immediate response to this type of story: it can't be, so therefore it isn't. But I have looked at the data—we have 1500 cases in our files—and it keeps multiplying. The fact is, the reports exist. At least let us be open enough to collect the reports, investigate them, and organize them in some meaningful way. The significant part about this kind of report, as contrasted with UFO reports in general, is that by their very nature the element of misidentification is reduced to a minimum.

**WEBB:** The number of abduction cases is increasing in recent years. In the earlier humanoid cases, especially in France in 1954, there weren't nearly as many abduction reports. It has increased steadily through the Sixties and into the Seventies. However, this can be partially attributed to increased research. And there may be a number of earlier cases with missing time elements, where the witness doesn't even remember an initial UFO encounter.

**HOPKINS:** A lot of the cases went down as humanoid cases, and then eventually someone got around to talking someone into going into hypnosis and out came an abduction case. So we have the feeling that there are many, many more abduction cases lurking out there that we simply haven't recovered.

**BLOECHER:** The earlier cases predominate with discovery and escape situations. As the years have gone by, the really bizarre, complex cases have increased almost inordinately. In 1976, 25 percent of the cases were abductions.

**PM:** Does there appear to be a physical pattern emerging from observations of humanoid phenomena?



**BLOECHER:** In the overall picture there is a consistency. The entities vary in size, shape, and specific detail, but there are types. Some of them appear to be wearing protective suits. The most often reported apparel is a tight-fitting coverall. The descriptions are of a humanoid entity; that is, a figure with two arms, two legs, and a head.

Very often the eyes are the most notable feature on the face. In some cases they're strictly non-human eyes, very large and luminous. Among the more human-like entities reported, the eyes are often large and almond-shaped, wrap-around and wide-spread. Rudimentary nose, ears, and mouth are frequently reported.

**WEBB:** Generally, a larger than normal head for the size of the body.

**PM:** Are the physical descriptions the same for all sizes?

**BLOECHER:** They vary. The ones that are wearing what is reported as space gear seem to be the smaller ones. The larger ones seldom wear any kind of protective head device.

**PM:** Would you say in proportion to the population, there are more sightings by, shall we say, ultra-reliable observers, like military personnel, pilots, astronauts, and police officers?

**BLOECHER:** With regard to the humanoid?

**PM:** Yes.

**BLOECHER:** No, I think highly qualified professional people are hard to come by, for probably a very good reason. It doesn't mean that there are any fewer potential witnesses in this category, but a person in a position of responsibility is not going to report this case. He's going to be very careful that it does not get on the record because the ridicule level is very high and he cannot afford to put himself in a compromising position.

We've investigated stories off the record of people in responsible positions. A pilot who had an air-to-air sighting in which he saw entities is one such case. He was positive he saw entities through a clear port in the structure. But it was never reported to the popular press. Most of the cases that get on the record are the average person who doesn't really think about the consequences.

**WEBB:** There are quite a few cases now that we're getting of humanoid encounters where people were awakened at night in their bedrooms by a flashing light. Some of the incidents involve beings materializing or coming into the bedroom, and things going on from there. This is a variant we call "Bedroom Invader." This type seems to be on the increase.

**PM:** What's the process of abduction?

**BLOECHER:** The preliminary stages of the encounter are consciously recalled, but the abduction portion in a large number of cases does not emerge until the witness has undergone hypnosis.

**WEBB:** Sometimes there's a UFO encounter that the person remembers consciously, but then there's an apparent memory lapse. We

use hypnosis to regress the person back to the time of the sighting. Very often there's a block that has to be overcome, and when it is, we then find out about the abduction.

**PM:** Are there any physical effects?

**BLOECHER:** Very often. Particularly in abduction cases there are aftereffects that go on for awhile. In three or four of the cases last year there were severe traumatic effects on witnesses. There've been several cases that required going to a doctor, mainly for nerves. Rashes have been described, eye problems.

**PM:** How much of that would you attribute to natural fear?

**BLOECHER:** A good deal of it to the results of trauma. They don't consciously remember the incident, but subconsciously it's there and it manifests itself. But even going beyond the physiological, there are parapsychological effects, people claiming they have insights—I hate to get into that; it's very sticky. If we could skirt around that....



Mary Bono

**PM:** How many of these meetings—relations between humans and humanoids—are happenstance?

**BLOECHER:** I'm very reluctant to believe that very many of these are happenstance. I think they are all pre set up. Here's a prototype case: Subject A is driving down a country road late at night, comes around a bend, and low and behold there's an object sitting a hundred feet ahead in full view of the headlights. Around it are three or four little guys. They see the car come around the bend and they act very surprised. They immediately jump in the object, close the door, and the thing takes off; as if, "My God, we've been caught at it." This is unbelievable, because had they really worried about being caught, they would have heard the car coming long before it made the turn in the bend and the headlights fell on the object. They stayed there until that witness

actually saw them, then they did their little bit. This happens over and over. I could pick a dozen cases like it out of my file without having to look for them. I call it the "Discovery and Escape Scenario."

**PM:** What actually happens during an abduction? Is everyone's experience peculiar, or is there a pattern?

**BLOECHER:** There's a pattern, and the pattern involves being taken onboard in some kind of controlled situation where the witness is easily manipulated. They're brought in and examined and released. In some cases the examination is not very explicit, but in others it's very detailed. An examination is part and parcel of the onboard experience.

**PM:** What kind of details?

**BLOECHER:** In a number of cases there are literally what appear to be gynecological tests on women. They're very interested in the sexual and reproductive systems. I don't know what this means. I don't know if this is deception or representing their

need to find out.

**WEBB:** In other cases there is a general scanning of the whole body with an eye-like device that they hold in their hand. In the case I'm studying in Massachusetts, they said they were looking for light. They said there were parts missing, a dark area. It turned out that this woman had had a hysterectomy. This is something they were apparently able to detect with the scanning device.

**PM:** There's no harm or physical discomfort?

**BLOECHER:** There's physical discomfort in many cases. The people feel restrained; they try to get up or they try to talk, and when they do this it hurts. Either by straps or unseen forces they are physically restrained on what appears to be an examining table. It's not always painless, no. Often there's a great deal of psychological stress.



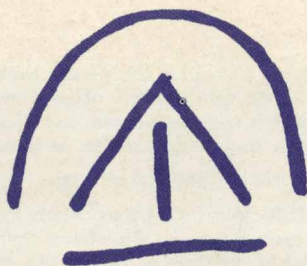
Now there are exceptions to these generalizations. I've just recently learned about an abduction case that occurred near Tucson, Arizona in April of this year. The woman was a professional botanist or biologist, and she was on a field trip. She was out in the desert area collecting samples late at night when she had an object sighting. An entity came out of the object and she felt mesmerized by him and she recalled all of this consciously. She was taken onboard by this entity. She sat in a chair and conversed for an unspecified period of time. The whole thrust of the questions and answers that were exchanged was what this woman would do in a number of situations. "If so-and-so happened, what would your reaction be?" She felt tranquilized, and responded without an emotional reaction. When the interview was finished she was led outside and the object took off. The exam was unusual in that it was an intellectual rather than physical exam.

**PM:** In most cases words are not exchanged?

**BLOECHER:** Very often there's no word exchange at all, but the witness knows what he's supposed to do. In the Adele Duka case in Kansas last summer there was never any specific message that either the husband or wife heard while they were onboard. She knew that she was to go from one room to another, and she felt obliged to do it. She had a clear indication of what she was supposed to do. No verbal communication was ever exchanged. Some sort of mental control was exerted without specific verbal content.

**PM:** In the Tucson case, where the woman was conversing rather freely, was there a description of the humanoid?

**BLOECHER:** Yes. It was the same five-foot tall bald-pated, gray-skinned, large eyes wrapping around, rudimentary nose—and from the information I have, there was no mouth at all.



*First officially reported insignia on a UFO, by a policeman in New Mexico in 1964.*

**WEBB:** There's probably more of a consistent characterization like this of the humanoid in the abduction encounters than there are in any of the other humanoid reports.

**BLOECHER:** In last year's statistics there are 71 cases I have catalogued. Eighteen of those were abduction cases. In at least a dozen of those, the entities were in the approximate area of five feet. That's a pretty consistent statistic.

**PM:** Are there descriptions of the inside of the craft?

**BLOECHER:** Yes, and they're consistent again. They describe a lot of computer-like mechanisms with blinking lights and screens, and a control panel very often. In one of last year's cases, a woman observed an object at close-hand. She consciously remembered seeing a vague shape appearing inside what seemed to be a solid object. She was hypnotized and regressed, and under hypnosis she very clearly described a human-like figure sitting behind a control panel with a TV-type monitor screen. She was not to see what was going on, or to tell anyone else what was occurring.

**PM:** This suggests a kind of fallibility, that as technologically advanced as they are, they too have their imperfections.

**WEBB:** It may be planned that way.

**BLOECHER:** It's part of the setup. The witness is told that they won't remember. It's an interesting control system that the phenomenon may be using.

Let's assume that their technology is sophisticated enough for them to maintain some kind of general monitoring of what's going on. They create an encounter like this as a controlled experiment to see how long it takes to surface, how long it takes for the witness to come forth; and once it does, what happens from there.

I have a feeling this is what's behind the George O'Barski case. He described a bunch of little guys getting out and taking soil samples in New Jersey in January of 1975. In essence it's staged, because they didn't have to be there when George was to get their samples. They could have been more discreet, which suggests that the real sample was George, and what George's reactions would be. And they could be monitoring to see how long it would take for George's story to surface.

**WEBB:** There appears to be an interaction between the phenomenon and the investigation itself.

**PM:** Can you give an example?

**WEBB:** There are rather strange things. For instance, in the O'Barski case, there are certain elements that tended to make the investigation difficult. A year later to the day a whole new series of sightings occurred in the park (in New Jersey) just as the investigation was getting underway. This has occurred with other investigations in other cases.

This is only conjecture on our part, but it seems to fit a lot of the facts in some of the cases.

**BLOECHER:** The idea of an omnipotent phenomenon is growing.

**PM:** Assuming that aliens are here, that they are investigating us while we are investigating them, what are you speculating is their intent?

**BLOECHER:** I'm not speculating anything. I can't respond to that. It's irrelevant. We don't know.

**WEBB:** I agree with that. We've given you our understanding of the situation. We should point out there are competing theories. These may not be extraterrestrial alien intelligences. It may be something associated with our own collective unconscious or of a race that is somehow coming from the earth itself. Possibly an interdimensional thing. Ted and I would agree that the extraterrestrial high technology object theory seems to be the one that fits most of the facts.

**BLOECHER:** It's not an inoperative theory by any means. The question boils down to this: is it a subjective manifestation of our collective psyche that we know nothing about, or is there an objective interaction going on? Right now, it seems to us to be some sort of objective stimulus.

**HOPKINS:** When faced with two miraculous explanations, believe the less miraculous. ■

## TRAVELER in Provincetown

October 1977 the Traveler with Great Space Prod stands above the breakwater—stands there eyeballing the houses lined up and the sliding glass doors—Everywhere's the stench of synthesized sea-flowers, vinyl crustaceans steaming—We recognize him immediately as the Traveler, can feel the hollow-hearted blast from Crab Nebula—its sapphire language roaring across the Bay—a runt child's language—language chilled to zero in dune pits once forests hacked apart for timber—language which squeaks when it can no longer roar from being lied to or raped or just slapped around, from being polluted out of its radioactive tv mind—mindless language—roaring—

It's the Traveler with iridescent Prod, roaring, roaring stunted child squeak language, like acid-rain—

The Traveler strides above the breakwater, restless now in the microwave wind, crying at the houses lined up and sliding glass doors—When suddenly, wrenchingly, radar radiation build-up zaps the Traveler's Prod, causes it to light up spectral bronze—flare up and set to glow everything from the breakwater to a city Far Beyond and Forgotten—a city on fire with a mad medicine control drug, machine medicine DNA, coursing through the marble streets on lava fire—the final solution—one eternal blast from Crab Nebula—one crazy cancer song for all mindless eerie time on a wasted planet—wasted town. . . .

—Louis Postel



**W**earing old or "experienced" clothes may have started out as a fad but it looks like the originals are here to stay. And there's one good reason for it: Value.

Even though the prices of antique clothes have shot up dramatically in the past few years (Hawaiian shirts now go for as much as \$20), they are still a bargain. Older clothes were made differently, which is to say, better. Hand finishing, double stitching, bias cutting — craftsmanship.

The materials are better. The cottons are cooler, the woolens warmer and thicker. The patterns are more intricate, the colors more subtle.

"It's not to say that new clothes aren't nice or worth the price," says Wayne Garnett, co-owner of Provincetown's Uptown Strutters Ball. "But if the old shoe fits, it makes sartorial sense to wear it."



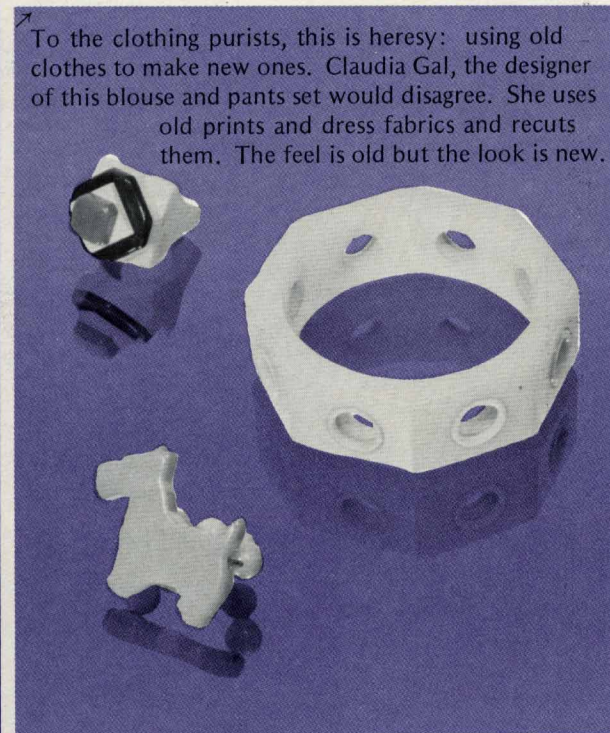
**The  
oldest  
is  
still  
the  
latest**

It was not your Hollywood starlet who wore pink feathers around her wrists when this lace peignoir was new. *Au contraire*. This was lounging wear for the everyday housewife (Blondie?). And years later, it's still a new idea. It all depends on your imagination — the great idea behind the way you look in antique clothes is the one you come up with.





To the clothing purists, this is heresy: using old clothes to make new ones. Claudia Gal, the designer of this blouse and pants set would disagree. She uses old prints and dress fabrics and recuts them. The feel is old but the look is new.







↖  
The scarf is Hong Kong silk—remember that? And the pants are wartime rayon, back when DuPont was still making rayon with vegetable fibers instead of petrochemicals. These clothes act naturally, they breathe, they're alive. And, after so many washings and cleanings, they're soft against your body.

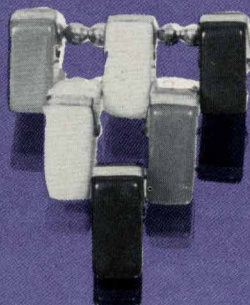
"I go into department stores nowadays," says Shawn Bradway, an antique clothing dealer, "and all I see is rack after rack of polyester fake clothes. New clothes don't last. They will never be fashionable again."

And where have we heard *that* before?



One word about antique jewelry: plastics. Jewelry from the 20's, 30's and 40's was made from celluloid. Plant fiber plastic. They're trying to copy this look in today's plastics but the colors are too shiny. The originals also had a sense of humor, more playful, almost like toys. "Six months ago," Shawn Bradway says, "I picked up stuff for a buck. Now it's selling for \$10-\$15."

↖  
Underneath this dress, a Victorian woman would have worn a corset, a camisole, petticoats and two or three more layers of underwear. In fact, how do we know this isn't an undergarment, too? He's in a Victorian tuxedo shirt from 1897 and a Panama Hat from 1940. And their shoes are pure Spectator.



*Our thanks to Provincetown's antique clothiers for their help in the preparation of this article: Tom Keenan and Wayne Garnett of Uptown Strutters Ball, Shawn Bradway and Daniel Hemmer of Masquerade, Kathleen White of Dierdre's, and Laurie Boniface of Sadie Green's. Photographs by Mary Whitlock.*



*STORY OF HOW  
YOUR FRIENDS  
CAN CHANGE  
WITH THE WIND*

A STORY TOLD IN MONOPRINT.

*SHEILA MILES*

*MY FRIEND WAS  
LYING ON THE  
GROUND ONE DAY  
WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN  
HIS BODY LIFTED  
OFF THE GROUND.*



*HE TURNED HIS HEAD  
AND SAW A CLOUD OF DUST,  
MOVING AND TURNING IN THE  
WIND, THIS WAY AND THAT,  
ROCKING BACK AND FORTH AND  
LIFTING MY FRIEND'S BODY,  
FOLDING AND SWIRLING  
AROUND AND 'ROUND.*



*MY FRIEND  
TWISTED AND  
TURNED  
AND MOLDED  
AND SLIPPED  
IN AND OUT.*



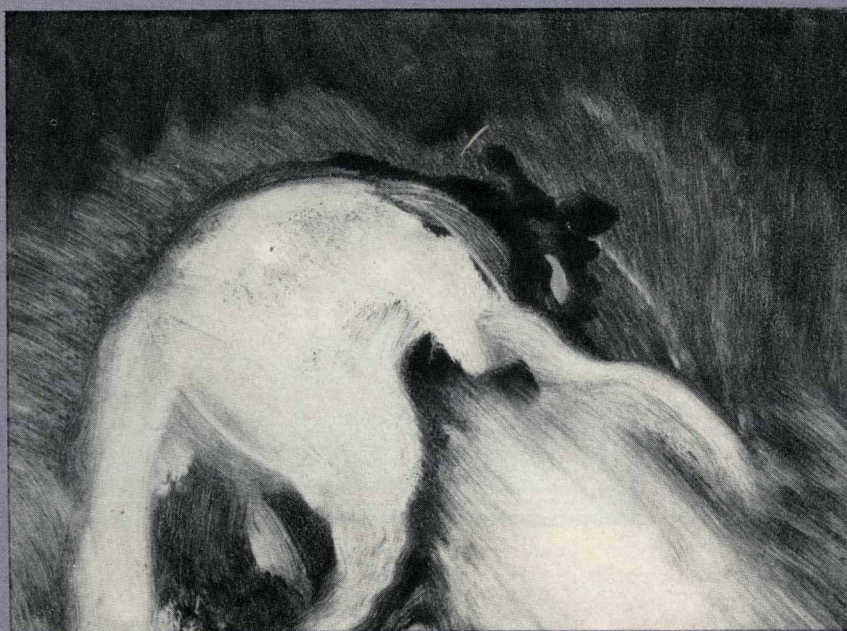




*TILL THE TWO BEGAN TO MERGE*

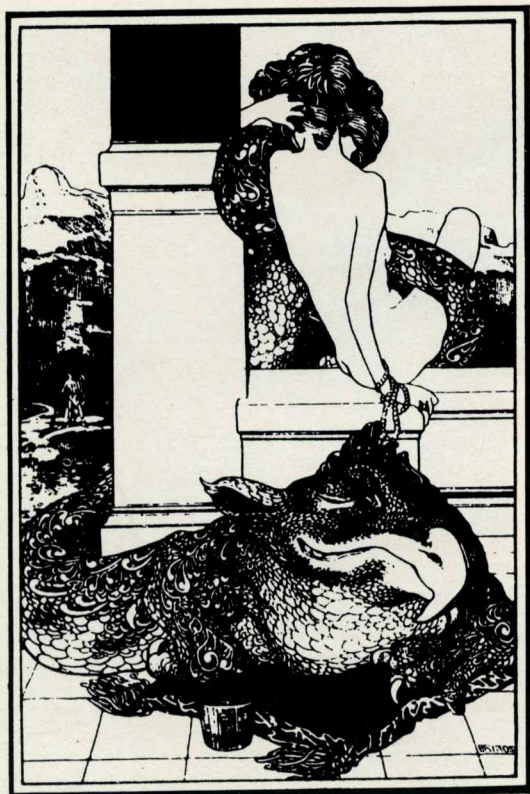


*HE TURNED AROUND AND  
LOOKED AT ME, HIS FACE ALL  
COVERED WITH DUST, HIS BODY  
LIMPING TIRED FROM THE STRAIN.  
THE DUST HAD SUCKED HIM  
IN AND SPIT HIM OUT,  
AGAIN AND AGAIN—UNTIL  
THE DUST AND MY FRIEND  
BECAME ONE.*



*HE TURNED HIS HEAD,  
HIS BODY FOLLOWED.  
THE DUST HUNG AROUND HIM AND  
SLID IN AND OUT OF HIS FEET.  
I NEVER SAW MY FRIEND AGAIN.  
ONLY A LITTLE DUST REMAINS.*





**ROSY**



*for the good taste...*

267 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass. 02657 (617) 487-3233

**Our House**  
 Vegetarian Restaurant  
 Serving Luncheon and Dinner  
 (Sunday: Dinner only, closed Tuesday)  
 488 South Street, Hyannis  
 next to Wholly Earth Foods

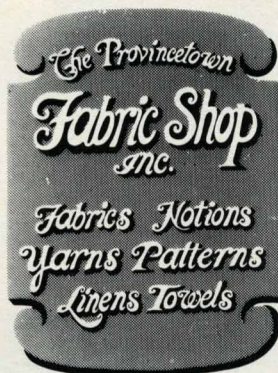


BOX 1032

**UNION SQUARE, PROVINCETOWN**

MASS 02657

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE



A full line of fabrics, yarns, needles,  
 art needlework, instruction books;  
 also bed linen, towels, mattress covers,  
 blankets, bed spreads.

THE PROVINCETOWN FABRIC SHOP  
 182 Commercial Street  
 (west of Post Office)  
 Telephone 487-3158

IN STOCK: SIMPLICITY & BUTTERICK PATTERNS

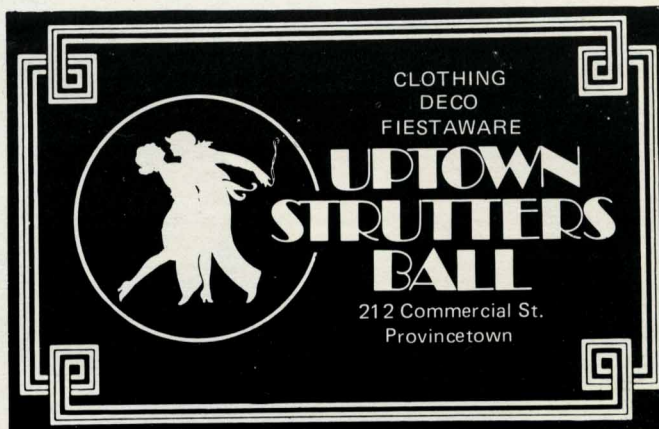






Illustration: Daniel Marcus

# JUNKIE DINNER

That's all they were doing—touching. You could see in the headlights he said. Nothing to be sorry for.

He said that's all they were doing—touching. Becoming steeper as you reached the sea. Not much to hold on to she said.

Not much to hold. You could see in the headlights. You could see the town illuminated. You could see their shack illuminated.

You could see them illuminated. He said it was time for lunch. That's all they were doing.

Makes you think he said. Nothing like Manhattan she said. Nothing to be sorry for.

Becoming steeper as you reached the sea, it was nothing like Manhattan. You could see in the headlights.

Or Manhattan she said. Nothing to be sorry for, he said it was time for lunch. Like strawberries she said.

They were bluebloods all right, you could see in the headlights they were bluebloods. Not much to hold on to she said. Becoming steeper as you reach the sea.

You could see the town illuminated. You could see Jane illuminated. And not much to hold on to.

Or Manhattan she said. Nothing like Manhattan she said. Nothing to be sorry for.

Call it quits he said. That's all they were doing. It was time for lunch, like strawberries she said.

## LOUIS POSTEL



**MOLLY MALONE COOK Literary Agency Inc.**

P.O. BOX 338, PROVINCETOWN, MASS. 02657

(617) 487-1931

"Let us put a Provincetown roof over your head."

**KENT EDWARDS**  
**REAL ESTATE**

**NEW LISTINGS WELCOME!**

276R  
COMMERCIAL STREET  
Provincetown

REALTOR®

Phone us at  
(617) 487-1725

Kent Coutinho  
Licensed Broker



# Piggy's Dance Bar

OPEN NIGHTLY 8-1

FINEST IN LIVE &  
RECORDED MUSIC

FREE PARKING

Shank Painter Road Provincetown, Mass. 617-487-9662

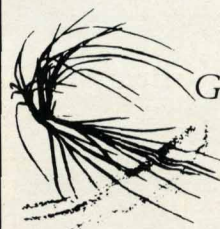
**Mangia.**

A GREAT ITALIAN MEAL,  
AS BIG AS YOUR APPETITE.  
VEAL, LOBSTER, CHICKEN,  
BEEF AND PASTA LIKE  
YOU'VE NEVER TASTED.  
DINNER 5:30 TO 11:30\*  
KILEY COURT

**Ciro  
& Sal's**

\*RESERVATIONS  
RECOMMENDED 487-9803

(617) 487-9437



**GALADRIEL'S MIRROR, INC.**  
*Fine Gold & Silver Jewelry*

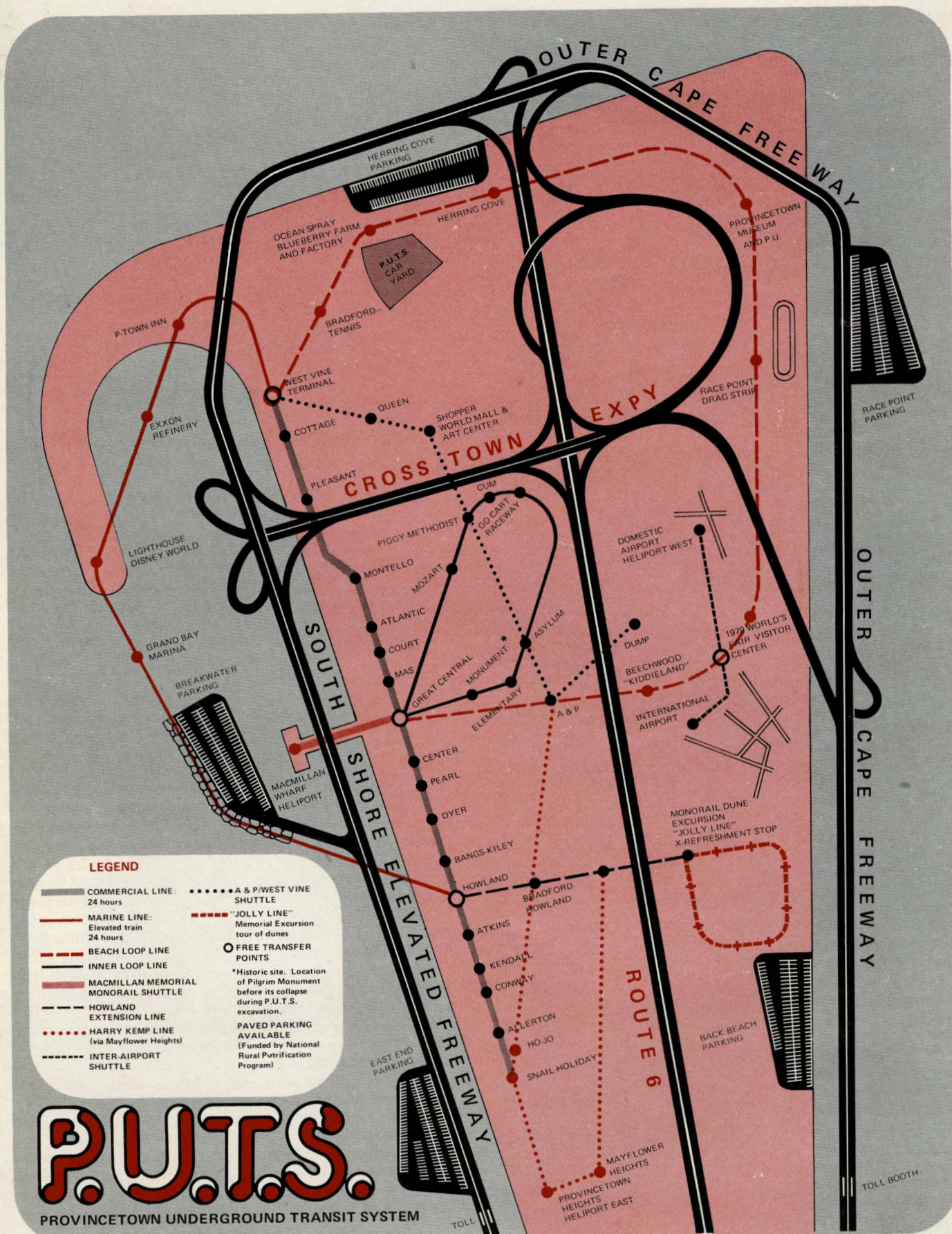
CUSTOM ORDERS  
WHOLESALE - RETAIL

246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657

**Waverly**

247 Commercial Street, Provincetown 487-3643





# P.U.T.S.

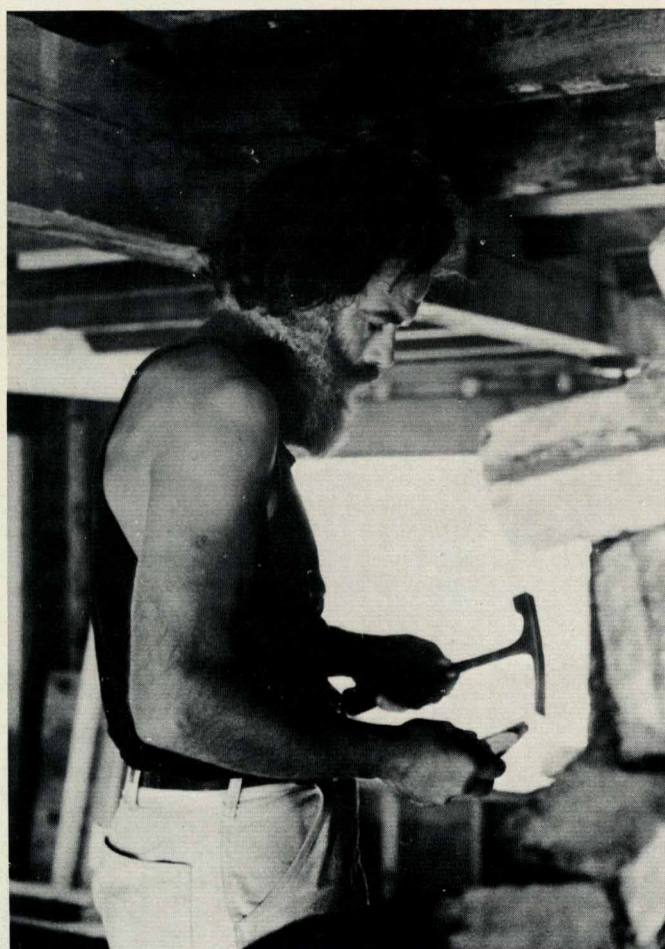
PROVINCETOWN UNDERGROUND TRANSIT SYSTEM

CONCEPT: RICHARD BUSCH / DRAWING: MARY BONO



# The Art of Craft

## Conrad Malicoat



The fireplace pictured here under construction is a see-thru, liquid-form, Gaudi-esque Original. As Malicoat works you hear the splash of trowel in water, scraping, rhythmic oldworld sounds, mud and wheelbarrow sounds, as brick ribs and scales are laid onto the creation, all 5000 recycled bricks.

And you notice Malicoat's great height set off by the tape measure fixed to his pocket, and his big fingers counting off the 13 fireplaces he's made in the past. This fireplace is 32 feet high; measuring strings hang from the ceiling. The design is an organic, spontaneous geometry, a calculus of brick.

This calculus, this new mathematics has been freaking out linear-minded traditionalists of the Western World. It brought philosopher Oswald Spengler to write the *Decline of the West*. The new mathematics demolished the linear, Euclidian world which had made for so much Progress, the Step One, Step Two, Step Three School of Industrial Thought. Now everything becomes a Relationship, a Relativity. Conrad's organic, geometric, weird-curve fireplaces are a wonderful monument to the *Decline*. With their arcs and energy fields, they're exactly what Spengler feared, a rerouting into the world of Ratio and Relationship, into invisible interaction, into unspeakable Orientalism.

Conrad started out in life carving granite. His father is the well-known painter, Phil Malicoat. Conrad was raised in Provincetown, went to school at Oberlin where he studied mathematics and sculpture, then went to New York, where he and his wife Ann had their first child. In New York he was doing stone carvings, granite and marble: "In New York people are so ready to exploit new blood, they mold you instead of you molding them, especially when you're twenty-five. They say, 'I'll buy anything you do that's like that' . . . what they want you to do and what you are can be very different. I came home to Provincetown to get a little more knowledge," Malicoat said.

"I'm building fireplaces now because that's what local people will buy, but in the future I dream of fantastic ways of using my craft, of entire walls built in different rhythms. It's a rhythmic process. Fireplaces are almost too functional. With brick, mud, and cement you get into a lyrical process. I have representational ideas about boats in brick and brick murals, three dimensional brick sculpture or entire brick rooms, meditation rooms."

As a monument to fishermen lost at sea, "you could do a fishing boat in brick with brick waves coming over it, an entire depiction of the scene as a triptych: panel one the quiet sea, panel two the waves, and panel three the tumultuous events of waves and brick crashing down. . ." Malicoat said. How does he do it structurally, I asked, to keep those five thousand bricks from falling down? "Structurally," Malicoat said, "everything in my work is interrelated. Lines of force flow through certain areas of work creating structural webs. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Think of your own body—just a collection of cells, but put them together and you get You. . ."

So much for the Decline of the West. —Louis Postel



*Lauren Richmond home, Provincetown (under construction)*





# Portfolio: *Boris Margo*

Photos: Tony Fitsch



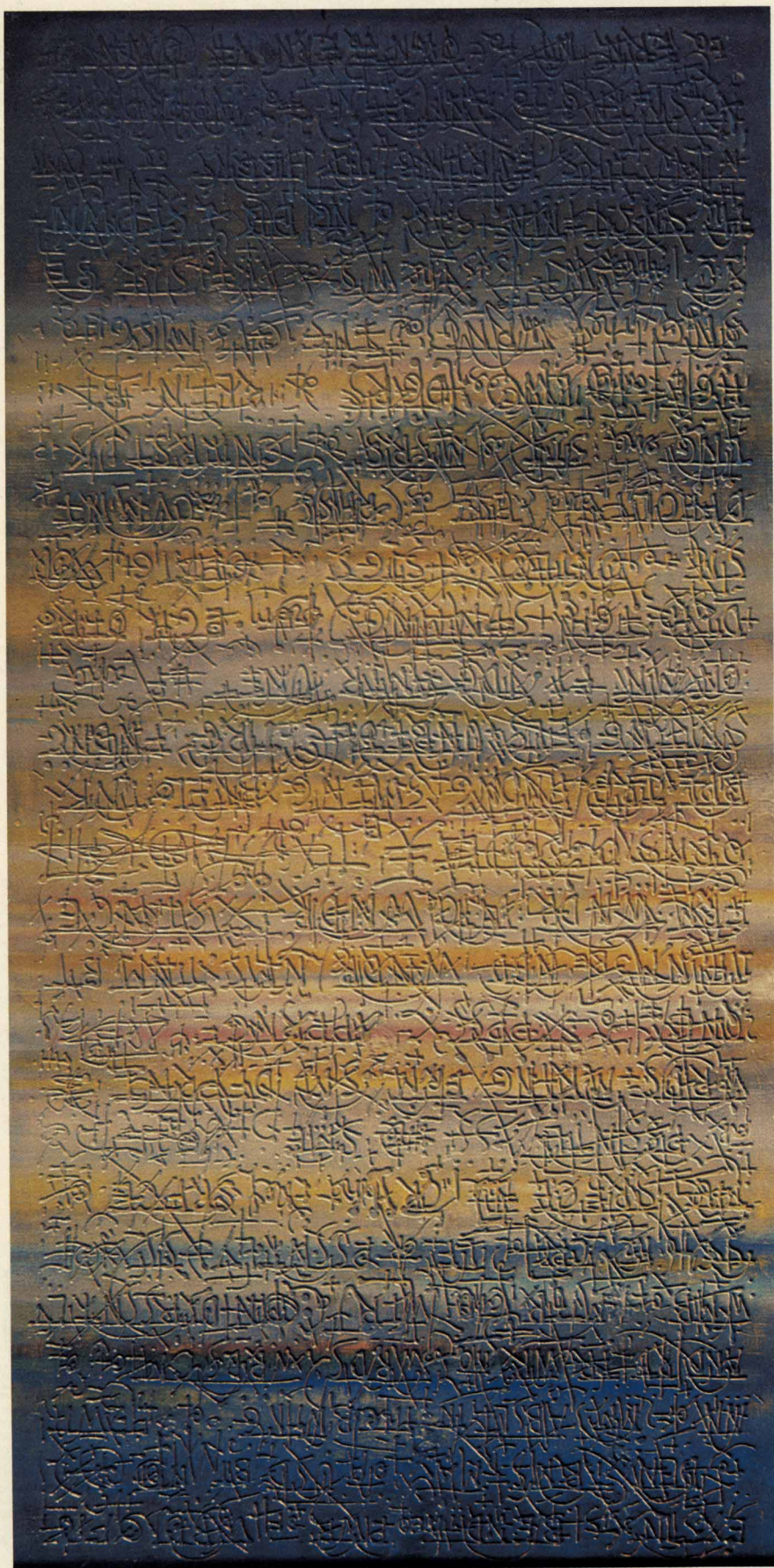
My work is influenced by several traditions. Surrealism is the first one that came along, in Russia back in 1927. I went from Odessa to Leningrad to study with Pavel Filonov. In those days surrealism was still unnamed as a technique, but Filonov treated it as an approach to life, starting out with the nucleus, with the essence. Each individual work began with a point, and progressed from point to point. This became a shape, the shape became form, and form became an object. But the beginning is just a point, and only later develops into a complete idea.

When I came to the United States in 1930, I found a wholly different culture. Filonov's

method no longer suited me, and decalcomania [a blotting technique producing amorphous forms developed by Margo] became the nucleus for my approach to surrealism. I began my works with the decalcomania instead of the point, always changing, until the whole canvas was filled with ideas.

It was war and revolution all over the world that got me to thinking about calligraphy—the *writing down*. The situation dictated to me what to do; it came like second thoughts. The world was falling apart, and calligraphy became for me an idea: one world. My calligraphy is a combination of 17 languages: Egyptian, Chinese, Russian, English,





*Sea of Languages*, cellocut and oil on masonite, 1974, 4' x 8'.



details from *Sea of Languages*

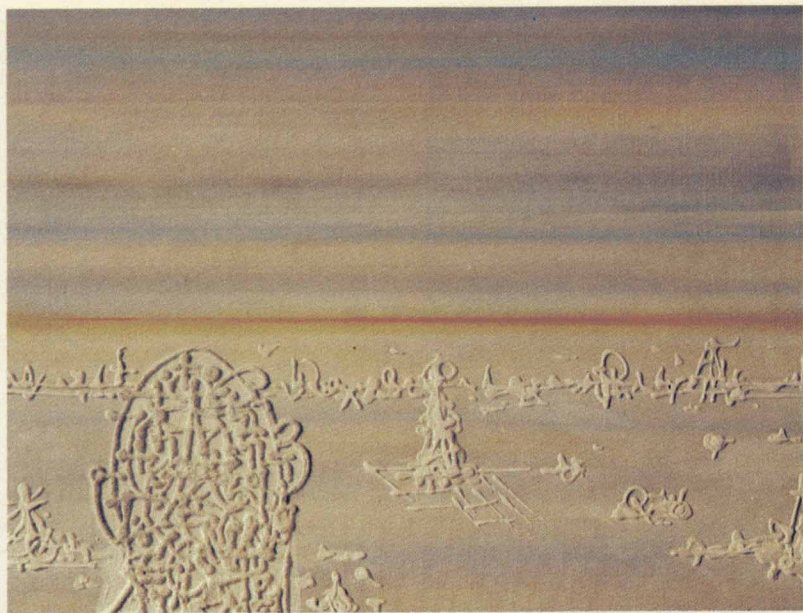


Hebrew—and so on. Or, as Lao Tzu put it, thirty spokes of a wheel give up their identity at its hub. Then the wheel can do its work. The calligraphy is not one idea, but all ideas coming together. And it is self-expression, something coming out from within me.

Some of my paintings are full of lines, bands of color, rainbows, sand. They are like the ocean, like the lines the ocean makes on the sand. The ocean is more the world, and for me better to represent than a house, which becomes something specific.

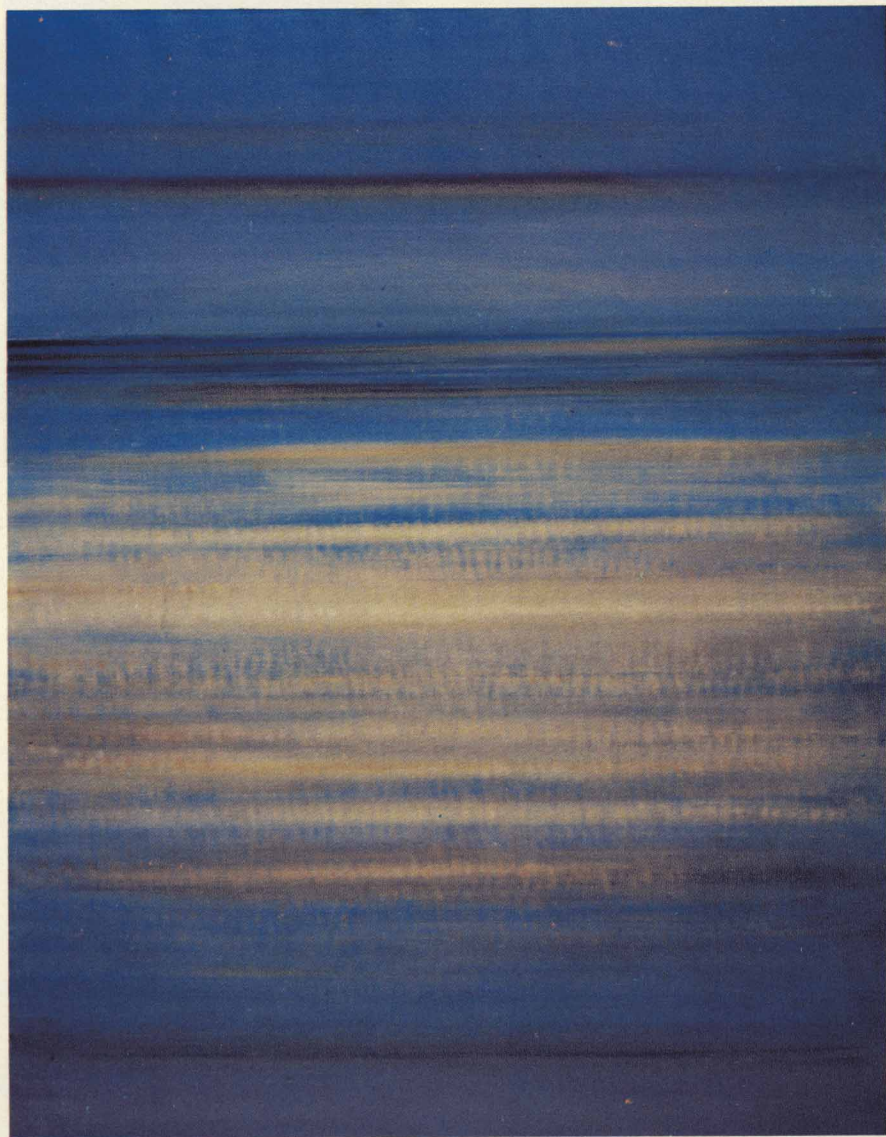
There are times when I struggle with a new idea, a new feeling, and I cannot find the





way to express it. Once I was working on a large canvas in my studio here. I was having a hard time with it and had to leave it.

I said, "To hell with everything, I'm ruining it." My wife and I were living in our dune shack then, and I went out there boiling mad. I came back to the studio ready to destroy the painting. But then I realized everything would be all right, and I became very peaceful, very quiet. The canvas took me as I was, and in three hours it was finished. ■



Top left: *Strange City*, cellocut and oil on canvas, 1974-75, 26" x 34".

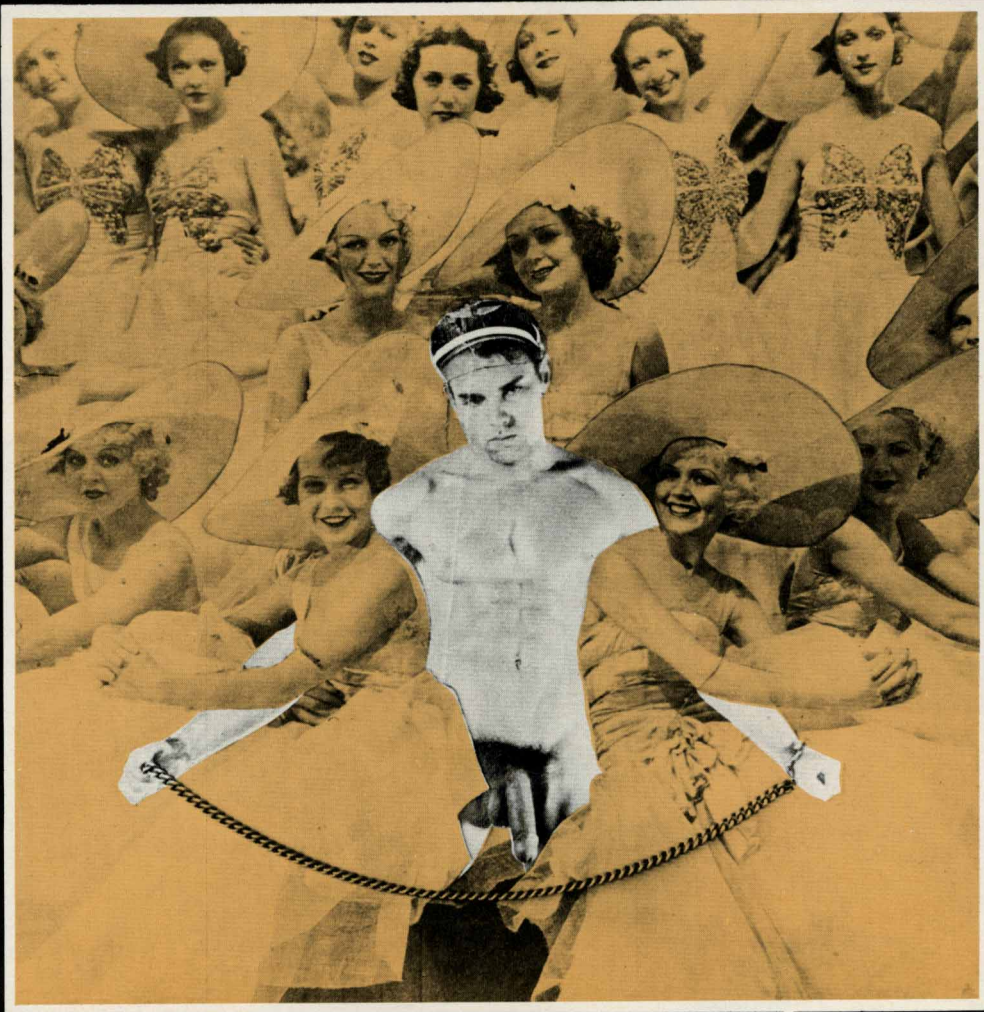
Left: *Hawaii*, oil on canvas, 1974, 52" x 68".







# The Lies That



Collage: Ray Keyton

## Curious about S/M? It's only natural. Read what we found out:

"Hello, I'm calling from *Provincetown Magazine*.  
We're trying to satisfy the public's curiosity about  
S & M. Will you speak to me for publication?"

○ "No."

- "Are you kidding?"
- "I'm too private."
- "Don't put my name on it."
- "My talking to you would be bad for business which stinks already because of the publicity."



## Terminology

**Algolagnia:** Term coined by Henry Havelock Ellis from the Greek *algos* (pain) and *lagneia* (enjoyment), indicating the connection between sexual excitement and pain without reference to its precise differentiation into active and passive forms. According to Magnus Hirschfeld, "the expression 'pain' becomes devoid of all meaning when that which normally causes pain induces in the masochist not pain or a sensation of discomfort, but, on the contrary, a sensation of pleasure. We can avoid this paradox only by adopting instead of the term 'pain craving,' the scientifically more exact term, 'stimulation craving.'"

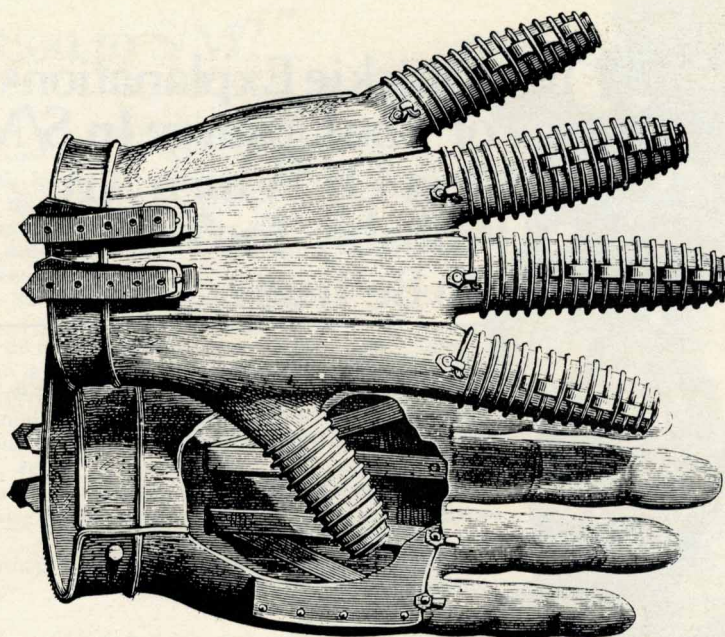
**La Vice Anglaise:** Fancy French word for indicating that nation's knack for fobbing off its idiosyncracies onto the English.

**Masochism:** A term adopted by a professor of neurology at Stuttgart, Richard von Krafft-Ebing, from the name of the Austrian novelist Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1836-1895). A more common phenomenon than sadism (sadism in its pure form is relatively rare), masochism does not manifest itself in the seeking of casual pain or humiliation. These feelings must occur within a definite erotic framework and often according to a prescribed plan.

**Sadism:** A neologism first used in England in 1888 from the French *sadisme*, derived in turn from the name of the Comte de Sade (1740-1814). Called by Geoffrey Gorer, "the pleasure felt from the observed modification on the external world produced by the will of the observer." Called by Karen Horney, "a neurotic need for superiority." Sadism is a sexual term and used incorrectly when referring to mass murderers, cat-blinders, and triple rapists.

**Sadomasochism:** A term coined by Freud who felt that the existence of one tendency in a human being presupposes the existence of the other tendency. "I find I am both," says one man. "It's not unusual to stop in the middle of a session with someone and both of us switch roles." On the other hand, another man says, "I am an S with no interest in M. M hurts."

**Undinism:** From the Latin *unda* meaning wave, this word has come to indicate water sports. You are a closet undinist if you were turned on by those scenes in the movies when John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara would fall in a river together and then he'd spank her, you disgusting pervert.



### Imagination Is Funny

"Surprising as it may seem, the high intellectual character of many masochists is only to be expected when you consider how intellectual the S & M mystique is. Theodor Reik states categorically that a person with a weakly developed imagination cannot become a masochist. In the eyes of the public, a sadomasochistic scene is a very sordid affair with a SEX FIEND brutalizing an equally weird VICTIM. It is seen as a scene without sensitivity or any aesthetic feeling. The exact opposite is the case. The S & M relationship is the most democratic that exists."

—Terry Kolb, co-founder,  
Till Eulenspiegel Society

### Not Just Cruising for a Bruising

"It's very important to people who are really into it. Not just the leather part and the jackets and the belts and the keys and the boots. That's all over the place now and kind of silly and faddish. But for people who are really into it, it's very important. It's a way of life. Some of my friends live their whole lives for it. No one really gets hurt because the pain is pleasure in a way. What's important is the ritual. That's what most of it is, not just cruising around and looking for a fist fuck. There's less hostility in the encounter than you'd think. People are really gentle—maybe that's the wrong word—calm. The sadist never hurts anyone without setting up the ground rules. In a way, the M is in control. The S depends on him for satisfaction. The M is really on top."

—Name Withheld

### How Many People Are Into It?

According to the Institute of Sexual Research at Indiana University, 20% of the males and 12% of the females are experienced in sadomasochism—thirty-four million people.

"To me a surprisingly large number of students—both male and female—report they have participated in pain-inflicting activities during acts of intimacy. And I am talking about acts that go beyond pinching and biting. We found 8% of the U.S. male students reported they had been involved in whipping or spanking before petting or other intimacy. And 5% of the U.S. college women reported such experience."

—Vance Packard, *The Sexual Wilderness*

### Even Educated Fleas Do It

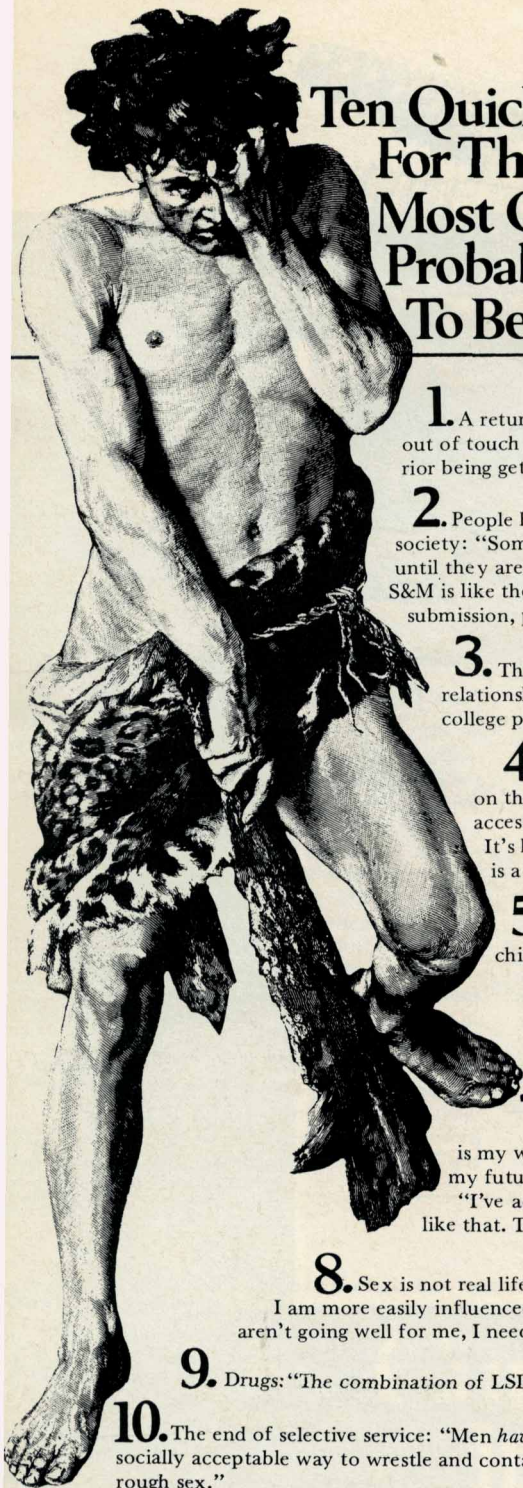
"The mingling of sex and aggression is universal. It occurs among primitive tribes and animals as well as in modern civilizations. *Patterns of Sexual Behavior* by Ford and Beach describes painful stimulation as a coital preliminary or adjunct among the Micronesian Islanders; it occurs in fish, lizards and mammals from bats to chimpanzees. The normal mating pattern of some of the small predators like mink and marten has an amazing resemblance to rape. Ford and Beach suggest that the association of mild pain and coital activity is regular and characteristic in many human societies; and further that, 'for most people, high levels of erotic arousal tend to generate moderately assaultive tendencies.'"

—Eugene E. Levitt, Ph.D.  
*Sadomasochism, Sexual Behavior*

*You Always Hurt the One You Love*  
—Love Song



# Ten Quickie Explanations For The Upsurge In S/M, Most Of Which Are Probably Too True To Be True



**1.** A return to the theory of de Sade that man is out of touch with his nature: In nature, the superior being gets whatever he wants.

**2.** People have become numbed by today's society: "Some people don't experience anything until they are involved in the cartoon image of it. S&M is like the cartoon image of domination-submission, pain-humiliation."

**3.** There is a theory that violence solidifies a relationship, like Marines in basic training or college pledges to a fraternity.

**4.** Boredom: "There are so many homosexuals on the streets these days, most of them easily accessible, at least to me. I want a little challenge. It's harder to find what I want when what I want is a little rough. It becomes a little more challenging."

**5.** Child abuse: Those who were abused as children come to see violence as an expression of love.

**6.** The fear of freedom: "I feel most comfortable when someone is telling me exactly what to do."

**7.** "Violence is all around me, all the time. This is my way of controlling the violence that is probably in my future. It's violence when I want it."  
"I've actually been raped at knifepoint. S&M isn't like that. The S can go only as far as I allow."

**8.** Sex is not real life: "I find that when I'm feeling on top of things, I am more easily influenced to masochistic behavior. But when things aren't going well for me, I need a more dominant role to play sexually."

**9.** Drugs: "The combination of LSD, amyl nitrate and pot can make me do anything."

**10.** The end of selective service: "Men *have* to touch one another. The Army used to be a socially acceptable way to wrestle and contact each other. Maybe that's a reason for all the rough sex."

## ...and a few more

**11.** The modern tendency to want to turn fantasy into reality: "What my father only dreamed of, I want right now. My God, my father was a closet *everything!*"

**12.** Need to belong: "I'm not wild about where the scene is going, but it's better than sitting home alone."

**13.** "Being punished and rendered helpless in various ways could thus be regarded in one sense as a continuation of the basic homosexual isolation."

---Anthony Storr

**14.** "The higher and more advanced the civilization, the more perverted the sex."

---Aldous Huxley

"Psychologists have challenged the immaturity theory in relation to homosexuality. I do not know of any who have done so in respect to masochism. It is true that most of us have had fantasies dating back to early childhood which would lend support to the immaturity theory. However, it is equally true that, whatever the origin of the need for masochism (i.e., whether or not it arises from an infantile situation), the solution of masochism is not primitive, childish nor regressive. It represents a sort of transcendence over the human dilemma, and one that involves the most human part of our natures."

---Terry Kolb

## Basic Training

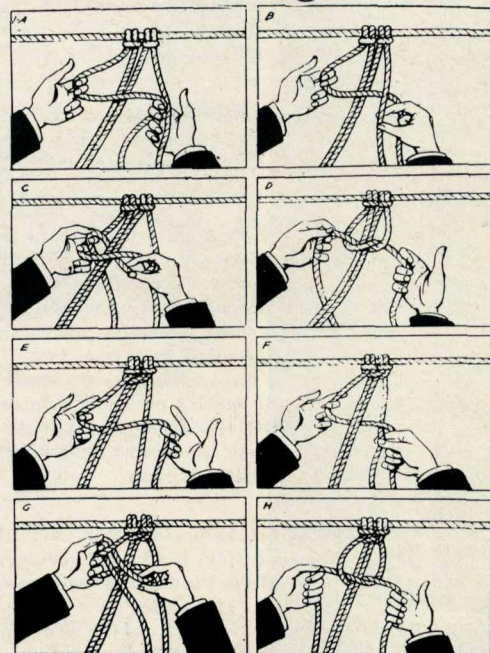


PLATE 1 Illustrated Construction of the Basic Square Knot

"All of the difficulties of cultural conditioning have already been met by homosexuals of both sexes. Perhaps this is one of the reasons, certainly in modern America, why S & M contains so many homosexuals within its loosely staked-out frontiers; the homosexual has already admitted deviance and, therefore, unlocked the door of his imagination. He or she is already at grips with symbolic sexual living."

---Gerald and Caroline Greene

## Near Beer

"I have a friend who calls himself The Bathroom. He idolizes these friends of his who all play poker together. They won't let him play but he's allowed to sit on the floor under the card table and when a member of the party has to piss, The Bathroom just opens his mouth."

---Name Withheld



# "What is your initial reaction to S/M?"

By Linda Olgeirson

"I think 'small' when I hear s and m, like sm. orange juice."

—Waitress

"I liked the movie *Maitresse*. It's nice if my neighbor wants to do it if he's not too loud about it. Pain has no place in my life. It's just no fun."

—Popcorn vendor at moviehouse

"I love it! Sex is hilarious and S&M is even more hilarious... terminal sex is the biggest laugh of all. Long live the fist."

—Scaloper

"I think it's very obviously sadistic and a gross way of working out something else, calling for an encounter between the finer instincts."

—Lecturer on New Consciousness

"I would be against S&M but not against B&D (bondage and discipline) with no pain involved... I'm into B&D and I find it very erotic."

—Stockbroker

"You threw me a curve ball and I'll try to pick it up. If they beat or get beat they should join the fight game and get paid for it."

—Fisherman Michael La Roque

"As long as there's not a victim, there's not a crime. It's absurd for people to make rules about behavior among consenting adults no matter what the issue, especially their sexuality."

—Psychotherapist Susan DePaulo

"Whip it!"

—John Yingling, pizza shop owner

"It's got universal appeal. It's an archetype, very old-fashioned, that people are getting back into. It was there in the Fifties. The Popeye thing. The war. It's the look, the fashion, the yin-yang."

—Frank Crivelli, "prisoner in a hard-core leather shop"

"It's their own business. It can be interesting visually. To take it seriously, it's a frightening kind of thing. We can talk about it in the abstract, but probably it is one of the most inhumane, alienating things. If it's the only way we can relate, then things are becoming distorted."

—Kathy Bodomi, Marina Del Ray

"People do things in private and do what they want to do as long as it's in agreement. That's my personal response to it. But in terms of cultural standpoint, I think it's a kind of thing that's symbolic of a type of degeneracy. People in modern life are so inactive that they are bored and are constantly looking for things that will give them thrills."

—Jim Brown, professor of Criminology and Sociology

"S&M is green stamps."

—Jonathon T. McCrary

"I think S&M is something people are becoming aware of that is based on the roles and relationships between all of us. Sometimes one's dominant, sometimes one's submissive, and we all change roles. So everyone does it everywhere. Who's on top, who's on the bottom, who's leading, who's following? It's inherent between people. It puts a story line to your sexuality."

—Larry McCready, Psychotherapist

"You're amazed that there's an appeal in it. I'd read about it in a woman's magazine and she asked why is hate such a turn-on and I guess I ask the same thing."

—Gretchen Kiebal, teacher

"What do I think of S&M? Great... Just great. My parents were into it, my grandparents were into it, all my aunts and all my cousins. Great. I'm doing just great. Just got out of Taunton State Hospital. Yeah, everything is great. Just wonderful."

—Name Withheld



## How Practitioners Describe the S&M Scene in Provincetown

"Light."

—Name Withheld

"Very light."

—Name Withheld

"Honey, the leather scene here is so phony it's practically naughtyde."

—Name Withheld



"The person who allows himself to have infantile moments of loving is going to find it easier to strike out into the world the next day. He will have an inner strength and sense of security." —Desmond Morris



Most masochists are sadistic in their work.  
They are tyrannical bosses and foul to  
work for. They trample on people and yet,  
with me, they want the roles reversed.  
— Monique von Cleef

## Bounded Enthusiasm

"It's fun to be tied up. It's not a preference in the sense that bondage is all I'm into, but I like the feeling—pinned and not being able to move. I wouldn't let just anybody do it, though."

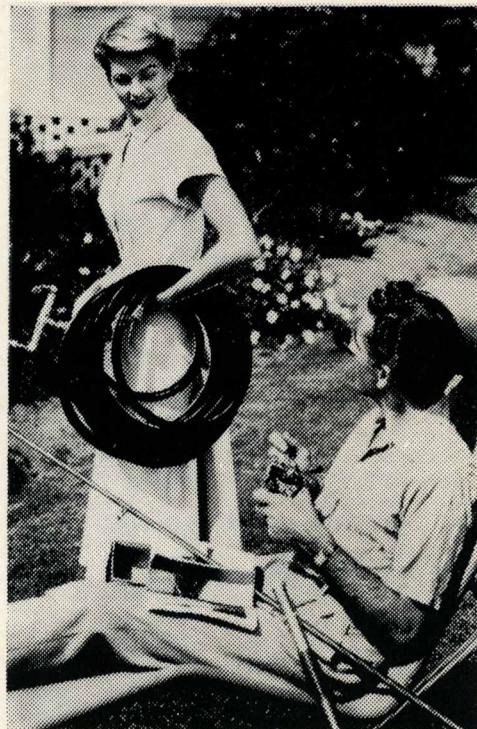
"The paradox is that S&M and B&D (bondage and discipline) are sexual trips that you wouldn't necessarily want all your friends to know about, but it's also something you only do with those you know well."

### It Saved Our Marriage

"If S&M could be freed from the terrifying perversion label that has been stuck on it, the mode might well become a helpful adjunct to marriage. Or, at least, to some marriages. In these cases it could be an ideal tool for preserving the vitality of the bond. Today when two people of opposite sexes meet, they face the facts. They are erotically excited by discovering each other with the result that each is The Other to the other. This is simply a way of saying that two strangers feel each other out and find natural excitement in discovering another human being. Yet coming this close has its penalties. In joining two selves together in harmony, you risk the annihilation by absorption of one or the other. In such circumstances sex becomes a shade predictable. The pair has ceased to be surprising to one another."

"Intelligent S&M could help repair this state of affairs. It involves creative role-playing in a psychodrama wherein each becomes The Other to the other. This is not just so much psychological hair-splitting or name-dropping; old age makes possible a wider spectrum in this respect in marriage than at the start of a youthful relationship. Instead of being cast as Nervous Bride, a woman finds all sorts of outlets possible, including Courtesan, Schoolgirl, Slave, or Persecuted Maiden. It's sheik literature come to life."

—Gerald and Caroline Creene, S&M—The Last Taboo



### Ring Around the Collar

"I used to have this cunt ring that was permanent. I got sick of the attitude of gynecologists so I finally filed it off. Forget rubber dildos; I'd rather see a whip or a lash."

—Name Withheld

### So Help Me I'll Rape You; So Rape Me I'll Help You

"Accidental pain is not perceived as pleasurable or sexual. The average sadomasochistic session is usually scripted; the masochist must allegedly have done something meriting punishment. There must be threats and suspense before the punishment is meted out. Often the phenomenon reminds one of a planned ritual or theatrical production. When one appreciates this, one realizes that often in the relationship the sadist is merely servicing the masochist. The sadist must develop an extraordinary perceptiveness to know when to continue, despite cries and protests, and when to cease."

—Dr. Paul Gebhard, founder of  
Institute of Sex Research

"I once had three ribs broken by a guy whom I tried to tie up. Sometimes it's hard to know when an M is serious."

—Name Withheld







## Dial—A—Choke

Rick, not his real name, serves S&M clients through an ad he runs in the national *Advocate*, the gay weekly published in San Mateo, California. He got into the business after losing his job and suffering through 107 interviews. He makes "several thousand dollars more a year doing this."

"I handle mostly beginners. Those who have been in the scene for awhile can find their own satisfaction cheaper. My clients are either too old or they're too scared or maybe they're not particularly good-looking. If they were to go into a bar, they'd probably get ripped off or banged in the head or something. In any bar in New York with a dark back room, you're a walking target. Many of my clients are married and obviously can't get this at home. I've had guys all the way from 18 to 85 years old and only three customers have been dissatisfied. They get one hour with me; if they want more, they have to tell me in advance."

## The Psychiatrist

"The masochistic maneuver thus is a primitive technique which attempts to overcome weakness and helplessness by a display of utter inadequacy. It is analogous to the behavior of some animals who, in moments of great danger, either freeze or present their most vulnerable areas to the enemy. It is a way of dealing with the hopeless despair which man faces in the awareness of his ultimate powerlessness."

The man who said that is Dr. Leon Salzman, professor of psychiatry at Georgetown University Medical School in Washington. He summers in Truro.

PM: Is sadomasochism deviant sexual behavior?

SALZMAN: Sadomasochism is and always has been considered deviant sexual be-

havior. Cunnilingus fifty years ago was considered deviant, but now it isn't.

PM: Couldn't the same thing happen with S&M?

SALZMAN: No. It is always a distortion. Cunnilingus and anal intercourse both have a sexual basis. Sadomasochism does not. You realize we're talking about sadomasochism in the extreme. You won't find anybody who will say that this is anything but abnormal.

PM: Do you consider S&M people dangerous?

SALZMAN: Sick, yes. Dangerous, no.

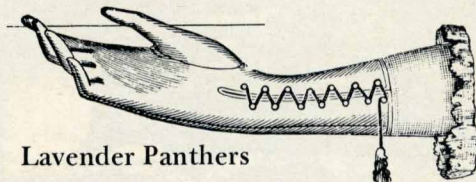
PM: Do S&M people seek treatment?

SALZMAN: Rarely. They are reluctant to admit this. Let me remind you that this behavior is very, very uncommon.

## The Last One To Know

"I was standing in a bar one time and this guy came up to me. He was a total stranger and he said to me, 'I bit your lover's nipples until they bled.' I asked him what he meant. I wanted to kill him. He told me to go home and check G's nipples. They'd have scabs on them. I did, and there were these little scabs on G's nipples. I didn't know he was like that. I freaked."

—Name Withheld



## Lavender Panthers

Baby, thank God for the leather boys. I feel perfectly safe around them. In fact, they scare the shit out of straight people."

—Name Withheld

PM: I've hung around Christopher Street in New York and it doesn't seem like uncommon behavior to me.

SALZMAN: Costumes are one thing. Actual behavior of this sort is uncommon. Even in a big city, you will have trouble finding true sadomasochism.

## Where It Stops Nobody Knows

"You like getting tied up, right?"

"Right."

"Let's say somebody takes you home and ties you up."

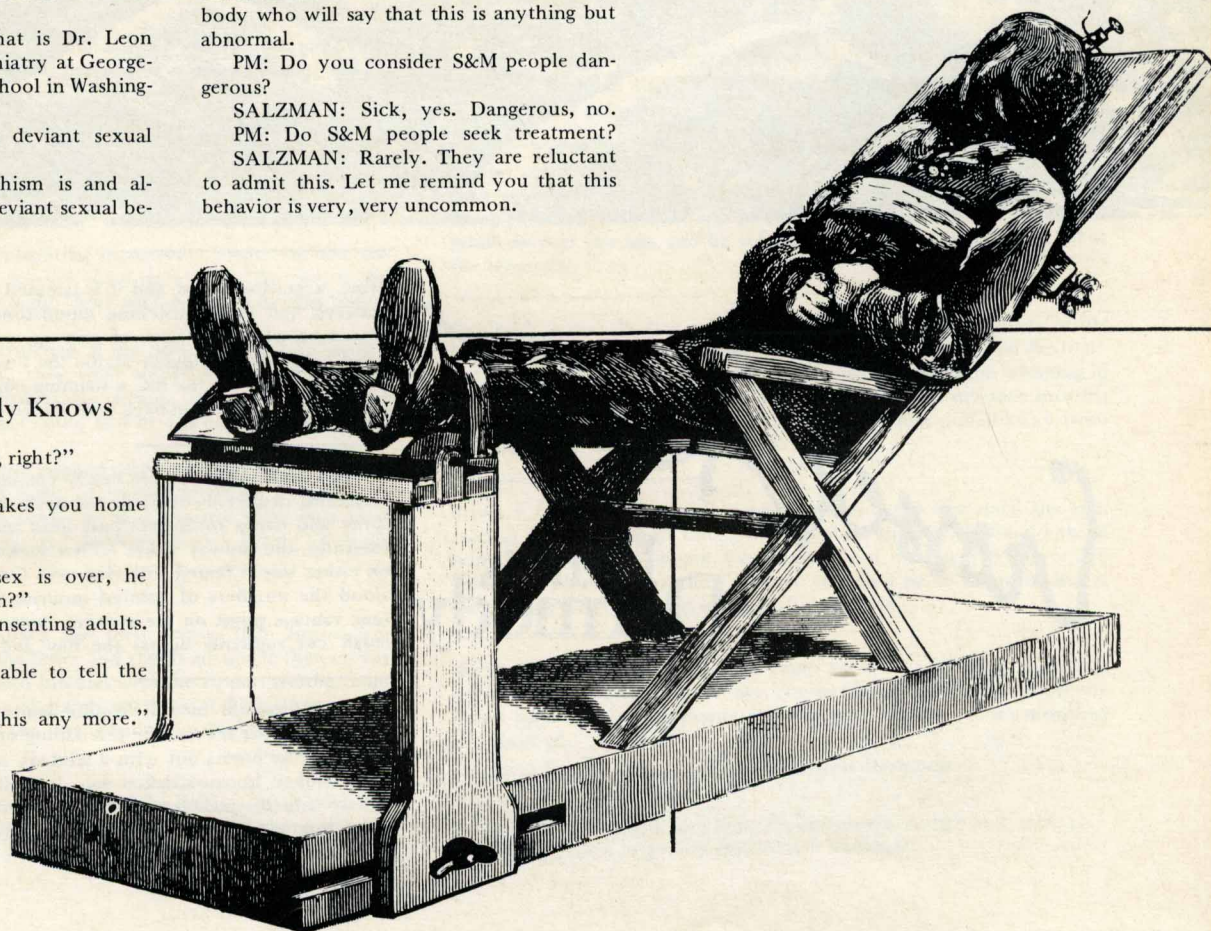
"O.K."

"Let's say that after sex is over, he doesn't untie you. What then?"

"Then it's no longer consenting adults. It's assault and battery."

"What judge would be able to tell the difference?"

"Let's not talk about this any more."







# Crossed Keys

Dennis Dermody

---

brine. a grating thrust and it is jammed down my throat along with seaweed and sand; glistening moonstones; carbuncled crustaceans i forced between two rows of gritting teeth-a strand of rubbery seaweed hangs down slippery across the lower lip and staining the chin-forced to chew on the lot, a foaming cup of salt water to wash down all memory and to lean back with lidded eyes and it is still unfinished.

---

a spinal wind overtook me nearly costing me my precarious balance staggering drunkenly towards the deck and down the ramp slick with spray and damp footprints past unlit moored boats moving slowly, carefully, the runway sways with a sucking slap from the bay lapping on either side. i feared tottering over the rail-less edge and mumbled aloud the numbers of painted mooring marks at my feet to keep a sane vantage point on the evening. twenty seven, twenty eight-a shrill laugh cut suddenly across the bay and i stopped short, terrified.

---

the forty-year-old man is leaning against the damp wire fence and stares out at the sea and the tide falling sullenly backwards against the shore and he bursts out with a wild cry of laughter which is followed by a choked horror-stricken sob. it is all so inexplicable. he reaches swiftly into his jacket pocket for a cigarette to stifle a further outburst but cannot for the life of him remember where he put his matches.



---

twenty-nine, i struggled with focus, i saw the boat moored in the distance and a thin yellow light could be seen behind drawn curtains there inside the lower cabin. what was i doing here? i'm too drunk. what if he was with someone. god i hate making a fool of myself again-would he be half-asleep, would there be any beer left in the cooler, maybe i should go home. i stood weaving on the water-licked deck and turned back the way i'd come and it seemed such a long distance to the shore, a wave slashed up over the side of the ramp and curled around my left shoe and i was so frightened i moved automatically towards the boat and climbed onto the deck and banged frantically on the roof of the lower compartment. there was a moment of silence and i thought i would gag from the overpowering salt sea smells of dead fish that bouyed eerily in the bay and then he stuck his head out the port-hole and smiled. take your shoes off first i just cleaned the deck. his hair hung loosely just washed over his shoulders and he was naked save for a leather harness that crisscrossed over his chest and snapped tightly around his balls.

---

he poured a beer into a slender glass and lit a candle and i couldn't stop trembling for some reason. are you cold he asked quietly and held my hand squeezing it within his own. i want to bind you in a silver wire he whispered, and break your leg with my fist and fuck you til your ass is bloody with sweat and then jam my cock down your throat pulling your hair away from your face i want to cram my cock down your throat and have you squeeze my balls when i'm ready to come i want you to squeeze my balls as hard as you can and bite down on them i want you to bite down on my balls i want you to bite down on my fucking balls.

---

the man rummages for matches and with a sigh of panicky relief pulls out a half-full packet from his back pants pocket. a non-descript form approaches down the beach thumbs hooked arrogantly in a pair of faded jeans, pauses nearby rocking back and forth on his heels and flashes glances over his shoulder to the man leaning tiredly against the shadowed fence lighting his cigarette and exhaling thinking to himself it will be soon.

---

we lay in each others arms and the boat swayed calmly back and forth and i thought now i will sleep but he sat bolt upright and said-did we lock down the hatches? his forehead was spotted with nervous sweat. they could crawl from the sea and come aboard. we aren't safe. something hit against the deck and i thought to myself he is mad he is paranoid, i won't let it bother me but i was suddenly overwhelmed with an unknown dread.

---

brine, slime forming and conjugating in amoebic anger vine-like encircling the ship a finger of seaslick mass inches over the rim of the boat and slides forward; the night turns dark red, lantern light lingering.

he sat up chalk white and clutched at my arm. i jumped up swiftly and checked the hatches and they were secure and slid back under grease-stained sheets and crushed my tougue down his throat and grabbed his balls as tightly as i could and he fell back against the pillows with an ecstatic groan.

the finger wavers on the freshly washed deck and tiredly reverses over the side and melts among a flurry of whitecaps caused by a nearby speedboat which careens in circles in the distance with two mad women at the wheel shrieking and drinking down a bottle of cheap red wine.

---

the man pauses then rocks back and forth pauses then approaches some more. he comes up to the fence and stands alongside then moves in front drops to his knees and fumbles with the zipper. another man appears out of the shadows and stands nearby watching, then moves in and undoes his pants and the forty-year old man extends his hand.

---

he'd fallen asleep and i lay awake listening to the boat shift with the tide and pulled the covers over his curled up body. a foghorn mournfully sounded in the distance but curiously unaffected me.

---

---

wordlessly dispersing. he is left leaning against the fence and his cigarette has burned down in his right hand and he suddenly remembers it. he watched both of them split up and saunter off home but he doesn't have the strength to move. another shadow creeps closer, hesitates, and he drags on his cigarette throws it down in the sand and lowers his pants to his knees.

---

i got up took a piss turned out the lights and lit up another cigarette and sat on the edge of the bed and watched him sleeping.

---

another man in a leather jacket slides from a sunken pocket of darkness and pushes his face against the fence spits in his hands and drives his cock deep up his ass. he grits his teeth down on the cold wire and reaches behind him to pull the stranger closer.

---

i tried to sleep but found it impossible. i undid the latch and climbed up onto the deck. a fiery breeze caught the sail and rummaged through the canvas. i stared out at the choppy ocean and then looked back to the bay and the dimly lit village which seemed strange suddenly to be my home.

---

four men group and push him down on the sand and one after another slide into him biting his shoulder as they come and raking his sides and watches the boats moored in the harbor listlessly until someone lifts his head up and drives a hardened black cock into his thoughts.

---

there is something wrong i thought to myself bundled in a blanket on the deck with my legs up on a chair and sipping another beer. there is something wrong.

---

they jerk him upwards on all fours and tear off his pants and throw them in a sad pile on the sand and his ass is wet with come and another drives deep inside him pulling him backwards and forwards onto a hardened cock plunging forwards with a gasp pulling out then anxiously replaced.

---

the tape down in the cabin keeps playing over and over perhaps i should shut it off i wondered. maybe another beer.

---

he lies on his side in the sand pulling his shirt down his lips crusted with sand and then groggily reaches out for his pants but they are damp someone must have pissed on them, the sun is beginning to grind up over the bay and he rolls on his back and howls out loud at the remaining stars.

---

the laugh across the bay stabbed me and frightened i withdrew inside bolting the hatch. i was shaking uncontrollably and shucked the blanket over the kitchen bench and rushed into the bedroom climbing in next to him and his body was so warm i crushed my face into his curly black hair. he groaned in his sleep and then pulled away from me and turned over on his stomach.

---

brine, i choke on it and it vomits out over the bed onto the rug, starfish and foam spurt out with the debris and it is finished i think lying back in bed at home. i've pumped out unanswered letters and yellowing photographs and i thought it would be so cleansing but it only leaves me empty and in need of a cigarette.

---

the man climbs shakily into the damp jeans rises faltering, clutching onto the fence, wipes off his face, combs his hair and stumbles off the beach up a darkened alleyway and out onto the streets. it's morning. it is finished.

---

©1975 Dennis Dermody

*Dennis Dermody is a longtime Provincetown writer and television maven. This work originally appeared in Mandate.*





Local Programs Oct. 31 — Nov. 6

## Monday

### MORNING

6:00 **2** **BALLING FOR DOLLARS**  
— Instruction  
**3** **PORTUGUESE FOR THE**  
**PORTUGUESE-Instruction**

6:30 **2** **MORNING JOINT —**  
Religion  
**3** **GOSPEL SCALLOP —**  
Religion  
**4** **TOLERATING THE**  
**DEADLY JEW AMONG**  
**US — Religion**

7:00 **3** **TOMORROW —**  
Procrastination  
**4** **GOOD NIGHT,**  
**PROVINCETOWN**

**2** **WART (ABC)**  
**3** **WDNA (CBS)**  
**4** **WHEW (NBC)**

8:00 **3** **I LOVE LUCY — Comedy**  
Fred, Lucy and Ethel go to the fortune teller. Fred discovers that he will wind up working for Fred MacMurray; Ethel will take a job selling Ugandan coffee from a cart, and Lucy will look ugly in a tuneless Jerry Herman musical.

8:30 **3** **LEAVE ME SOME BEAVER**  
Comedy

9:00 **2** **TV GARDEN CLUB**  
**3** **MAX B. NIMBLE —**  
Children  
**4** **MONUMENTALMAN —**  
Cartoon

10:00 **2** **HAPPY DAYS — Comedy**  
A dwarf in motorcycle drag moves in on Richie's family

and pretends to capture the punk spirit of the 1950's. Richie: Opie Taylor.

**3** **BOWLING FOR**  
**DOLLARDS — Game**  
**4** **THE BETTER SEX —**  
Human Rights Coalition

10:30 **2** **THE 10:30 MOVIE**  
Romance

"Pillow Talk Period." (1956). Doris Day brings her virginity to Provincetown and discovers nobody gives a shit. Co-starring Rock Hudson, Jim Nabors, Jerry Brown, George Maharis, G. Harrold Carswell, The Dynamic Superiors, David Kopay, Lee Majors, Farrah Fawcett, Lily Tomlin, Liberace and Sylvester Stallone.

# What's coming up?

Your dinner.  
After you see the trash we're programming tonight  
on WART Provincetown.  
On the tip of the Cape.

Up and coming **2**

# we're out **4** ourselves

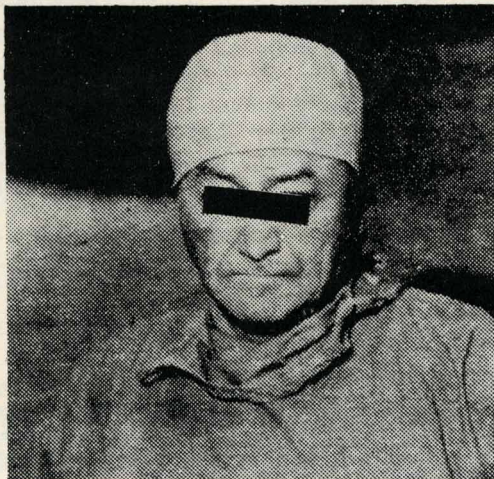
Charging \$50,000 a minute for use of the public's  
airwaves

WHEW-TV PROVINCETOWN



# close up

EVENING  
6:00 **2**



## MARCUS WELBY, M.D. — Medicine

This series returns after a two-year coma. Welby is still a small-town doctor but he has moved from Santa Barbara to Cape Cod. In tonight's premiere episode, Welby comes face-to-face with the Hippocratic oath when a Medicaid patient's baby develops eye problems. Will he take the case?

### **3** TATTLETALES — Quiz

### **4** FRED FLINTSTONE AND FRIENDS — Cartoon

Fred takes a job with a bank in Providence and stuffs a banking card into his loincloth. Fred: Ralph Cramden.

### 11:00 **3** GOOD MORNING, PROVINCETOWN — Variety

George Bryant demonstrates the fine points of midnight carpentry and Don Quixote comes out of the closet. Also, remotes from the Wharf Luncheonette and unemployment line traffic reports.

### **4** WELLFLEET SQUARES

### 11:30 **4** MIGHTY DOG—Dog Food

#### AFTERNOON

### 12:00 **2 3 4** NEWS, WEATHER, SPORTS (60 minutes)

### 1:00 **2** CABIN FEVER — Serial

Teenage pregnate Sharon discovers her mother, Liz, on the sofa with "Uncle" Skipper.

### **3** TELETHON — Scabies

Jerry Lee Lewis hosts this benefit for the great crippler of young adults' fun. Live from the lavish Madeira Room.

### **4** THE 1:00 MOVIE—Drama "The Wild Ones." (1951).

Psychotic youths in leather jackets terrorize a tourist town. Burl Ives stars as the brave editor of the local newspaper who sics the town's teenagers on the invaders. **BW**

### 1:30 **2** GOOD MORNING, PROVINCETOWN, SECOND CALL

### 2:00 **2** QUEEN FOR A DAY, MAYBE TWO—Game Show

### **3** THE \$70 BILLION PYRAMIDS — Travel

### 2:17 **4** OBNOXIOUS BLARING RECORD OFFER

### 2:30 **4** TWO LIVES TO LIVE — Serial

Frank discovers Brad dancing at The Boatslip with "Cousin" Skipper.

### 3:00 **2 3 4** WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS

From Town Hall, the Fifth Annual Lower Cape Disco Competition. Also live: The East End Shingle-Off, and Water Sports Meet from the Carriage Room.

### 4:00 **2** BARNABY JONES — Crime Drama

A young heiress, fearing kidnapping, comes to Barnaby for protection. (Repeat)

### **3** MANNIX—Crime Drama

A young heiress, fearing kidnapping, comes to Mannix for protection. (Repeat)

### **4** HAWAII FIVE-O — Crime Drama

A young heiress, fearing kidnapping in Honolulu, comes to McGarrett for protection. (Repeat)

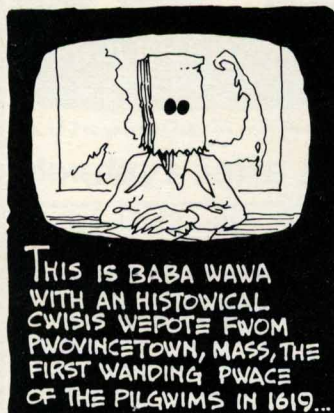
### 5:00 **2** POLICE STORY — Drama

Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman and Robert DeNiro star as three underground cops assigned to investigate phony complaints about public sex.



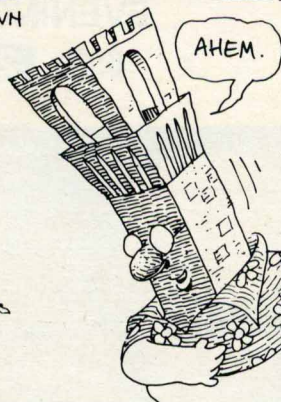
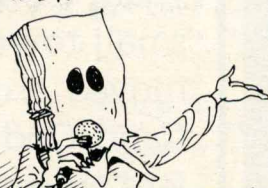
# BABA WAWA, MONUMENTOWMAN, AND THE WOOTS of PWOVINCETOWN

"MONUMENTALMAN" CREATED BY GARY GOLDSTEIN



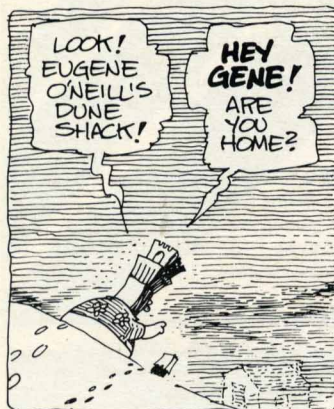
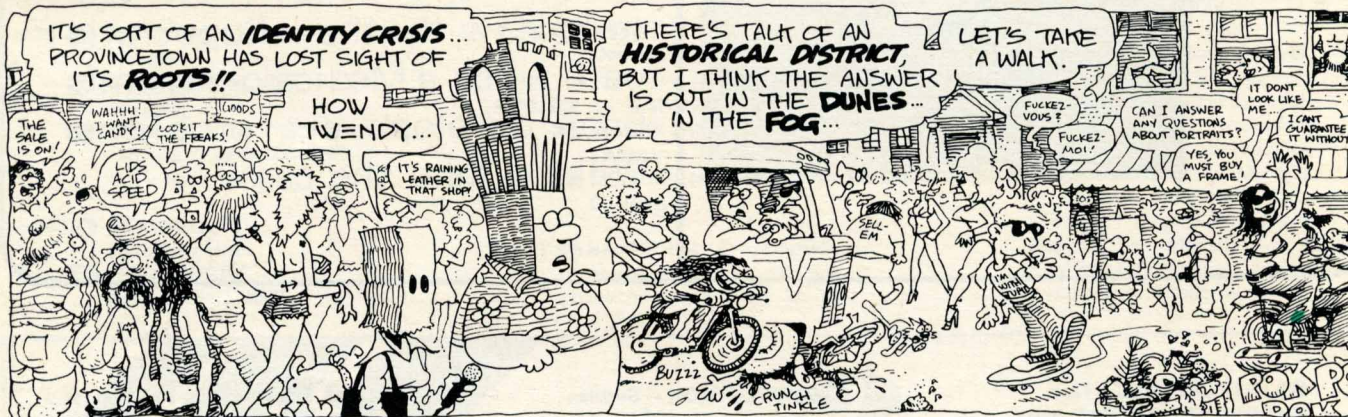
THIS IS BABA WAWA  
WITH AN HISTOWICAL  
CWISIS WEPOTE FWM  
PWOVINCETOWN, MASS, THE  
FIRST WANDING PWACE  
OF THE PILGWIMS IN 1619...

...AND NOW IN 1977, PWOVINCETOWN  
IS THE ~~HAST WESOTE~~ ON  
CAPE COD (CHUCKLE?)!!  
OWAH GUIDE IS THE  
FAMOUS MONUMENTOWMAN,  
GODTHON OF THE OLD  
WUFF WIDER HIMSELF,  
PWESIDENT THEODORE  
WOOSEVELT.



TELL ME, MONUMENTOWMAN..  
DO YOU MIND IF I CALL YOU  
MMM? WHAT IS THIS  
CWISIS YOU SEE HERE  
IN PWOVINCETOWN?

ER, AH,  
WELL, BABA...



LOOK!  
EUGENE  
O'NEILL'S  
DUNE  
SHACK!

HEY  
GENE!  
ARE  
YOU  
HOME?



GENE'S  
OUT.  
OH, NORMAN,  
IS THAT YOU?

GEDDADAHERE,  
BLOCKHEAD,  
I HAVE AN  
IMPORTANT  
DEADLINE!

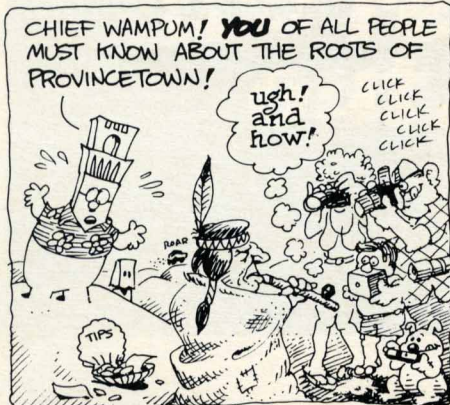


MAYBE WE SHOULD  
GO A LITTLE FARTHER,  
BABA... THERE'S  
GOVERNOR  
BRADFORD!

GOVERNOR,  
PLEASE  
TELL US  
ABOUT  
OUR  
ROOTS!



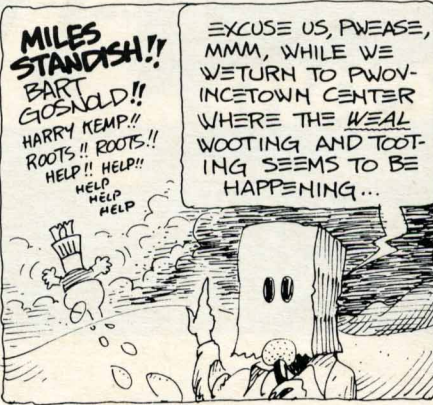
SURE, KID... EDIBLE  
NATIVE ROOTS IN-  
CLUDE POTATOES,  
RUTABAGAS, AND  
TURNIPS. CARE TO  
TRADE IN SOME  
FUTURES?



CHIEF WAMPUM! **YOU** OF ALL PEOPLE  
MUST KNOW ABOUT THE ROOTS OF  
PROVINCETOWN!

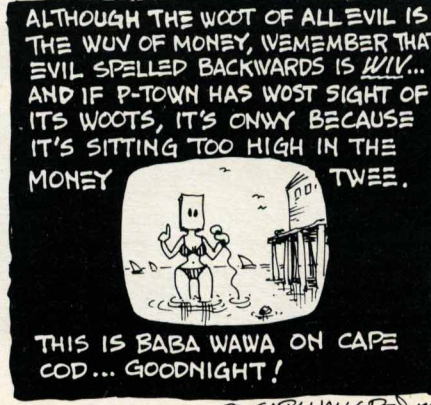
ugh!  
and  
how!

CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK



MILES  
STANDASH!!  
BART  
GOSNOLD!!  
HARRY KEMP!!  
ROOTS!! ROOTS!!  
HELP!! HELP!!  
HELP  
HELP  
HELP

EXCUSE US, PWEEASE,  
MMM, WHILE WE  
RETURN TO PWOV-  
INCETOWN CENTER  
WHERE THE ~~WEAL~~  
WOOTING AND TOOT-  
ING SEEMS TO BE  
HAPPENING...



ALTHOUGH THE WOOT OF ALL EVIL IS  
THE WUV OF MONEY, I REMEMBER THAT  
EVIL SPELLED BACKWARDS IS ~~WIV~~...  
AND IF P-TOWN HAS MOST SIGHT OF  
ITS WOOTS, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE  
IT'S SITTING TOO HIGH IN THE  
MONEY TWEET.

THIS IS BABA WAWA ON CAPE  
COD... GOODNIGHT!

© GARY HALLETT 117





# End of the World

## FORECAST

Things will get unimaginably worse, and never get better again.

—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

VOL. I, NO. 1

PROVINCETOWN, OCTOBER/NOVEMBER, 1977

NO PERSONAL CHECKS

## RADIO...

Provincetown's first radio station could be in operation as early as mid-December, it now appears.

One of the major roadblocks — an extremely weak signal on the next station on the FM dial — may have been overcome by that station's decision to apply to the Federal Communications Commission for an increase in power from 10 watts to 310 watts. WSDH-FM, Sandwich High School's station, filed the permit in mid-September. Sandwich High radio officials feared Provincetown's proposed 1000-watt signal would "wipe out" Sandwich's.

That anxiety — whether Sandwich's power is increased or not — shouldn't affect Provincetown's license application before the FCC. The distance between Provincetown and Sandwich is well over the minimum required by the agency.

Radio Provincetown (91.9 on the dial) could have been okayed even sooner, but a backlog of FCC paperwork fouled that up, station president Mark Primack said. ■

## ACTIVITY

As if 1984 weren't an ominous enough symbol, it is also the projected finish date for a still-to-be-approved nuclear power plant in Plymouth. That plant, named Pilgrim II, would be the sister installation and next-door neighbor of an existing plant recognized by the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission as one of the least effective in the country. Moreover, according to statistics provided by the power company that wants to build Pilgrim II — Boston Edison — there is no real need for it. And there may never be.

The second Plymouth nuke plans have proceeded relatively smoothly thus far. Part of that can be attributed to Plymouth's embrace of Edison's first plant, Pilgrim I, which has favorably affected the town's tax rate. Plymouth residents pay one of the lowest tax bills on the South Shore.

But anti-nuke activists living both in Plymouth (there are 500) and in greater Boston are now beginning to organize an effective protest movement against the proposed plant — a movement which will ultimately be tied into a national anti-nuke move-

ment. It could have a substantial political impact on both the state and the country.

There are several issues to get active about: Pilgrim I's inefficiency, the questionable need for a second Plymouth nuke, and that Pilgrim I has already proven itself a "killer" plant. To be specific:

— In 1975, Pilgrim I — which is supposed to be able to generate 670 megawatts per day — operated at an average of 44.5 per cent of that capacity. It was shut down for repairs ten times that year for a total of 103 days. The next year, 1976, Pilgrim I performed more poorly, operating at 42 per cent capacity. That made it the seventh least efficient reactor in the country. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission, an extremely conservative, pro-nuke body, has found that a plant must operate at 70 per cent to be economical. For the last two years, Pilgrim I has not been close.

— Last November, the same day a Boston anti-nuke group, the Clamshell Alliance, began a fast in front of Edison's Prudential Center offices, Edison officials reported 16,000 herring had been killed by the plant, probably when extremely hot water was flushed into the Bay. Oceanographer Jacques Cousteau, visiting Boston last spring, said it would only be a matter of time before a "desert zone" devoid of marine life developed around the plant's discharge pipes. It had happened, Cousteau said, at every plant he'd studied.

Less of an immediate issue, but at the heart of the Pilgrim protest, is the threat of a plant accident leaking radioactivity, and the problem of the radioactive waste the Pilgrims produce. Edison has already been given permission by the NRC to store its wastes in Plymouth. The wastes include strontium (storage time: 600 years), cesium (1000 years), and plutonium (250,000 to 500,000 years). Pilgrim I produces about 400 pounds of plutonium a year. Plutonium is extremely toxic. Inhaling one millionth of a gram will cause lung cancer.

Despite this, Pilgrim II is off the drawing boards, and dozens of permit applications have been filed and are pending. The Clamshell Alliance tried to bring the immediacy of the danger to the Cape over the weekend of September 25. A caravan of 20-odd "solar cyclists" began their trek in Provincetown; they ended it three days later in the rain in Plymouth.

That rain gave their protest a very low profile. Nevertheless, the point of the trip was well-taken. The only way off the Cape by land is toward Plymouth. If something goes wrong with a nuke plant, Cape Codders will have nowhere to run. ■

## GAYS AFFECT LAND VALUES, BRIEF STUDY SHOWS

"We don't wish to become the homosexual capital of the East . . . It boils down to what a community wants to be known as. Some other community may want to be known as the gay center of the East. It affects land values."

**Carl Wright, mayor of Sloatsburg, New York**

Sloatsburg and neighboring Hillburn, two towns in Rockland County, New York, are upset over plans to convert a motel there into a gay resort.

The mayor's line about land values caught our eye. Since Provincetown is considered in some circles as the "gay center of the East" how are property values holding up?

Phyllis Temple of Roslyn Garfield Associates, a Provincetown real estate firm, says, "Provincetown's status as a gay center has affected land values. And the direction is UP. Let's take an example: In 1964, a house here sold for \$32,000. In 1973, it sold for \$76,000. In 1977, \$83,000. If that isn't a handsome increase, I don't know what is.

"Look at Fire Island, another example, especially the gay sections like The Pines and Cherry Grove. That land would be selling for \$5 an acre if gays hadn't developed it and kept it sensationally beautiful. Gays definitely do not decrease property values."

Another Provincetown source states: "A family with children has so many expenses with the upbringing and education of the children that to buy and maintain a second home requires terrific wealth. Gays are mostly single, however, and they can afford to buy and maintain a second home. Gays have renovated much of this town."

Sloatsburg Mayor Wright plans to call in Anita Bryant to keep the gays out of Rockland County.

There goes the neighborhood. ■



# End of the World

PROVINCETOWN, OCTOBER/NOVEMBER, 1977

## THE MASHPEE INDIAN SUIT: WHEN A TRIBE IS NOT A TRIBE

For more than 350 years, the Wampanoag Indians of Cape Cod have considered themselves a tribe. Yet their land claims suit against the town of Mashpee now apparently hinges on the Federal court system's confirmation of that tribal status. And the Indians who lived in Cape forests hundreds of years before the Pilgrims landed are beginning to wonder if the white man has found yet another way to screw them.

On the surface, the case is relatively simple. Citing the 1790 Non-Intercourse Act whereby Congress attempted to establish some control over the whites' exploitation of Native Americans, the Wampanoags say they should be granted control of, and exclusive rights of use to, the 10,000-plus remaining acres of undeveloped land in the small Upper Cape community. They base their claim on the Non-

Intercourse Act's stipulation that all land sales and transfers involving Indians must be approved by Congress. None of the sales involving Wampanoag property in Mashpee had Congressional approval, they say, and they want the remaining undeveloped land as reparation.

The suit is already more than a year old, and has tied up all real estate transactions in the town. About 15 per cent of that undeveloped property is owned by one land development company — The New Seabury Corporation — which is responsible for the nearby "instant" town of the same name. New Seabury brought Nixon lawyer James St. Clair into the case, and the tribal issue developed.

For a while, it looked as though the town, lawyer St. Clair, and the New Seabury Corp. held the upper hand. Mashpee was the last com-

munity on the Cape to be incorporated (1870), and by the time the town was established, the Wampanoags were completely disenfranchised as a group. The developers' reading of the Non-Intercourse Act is that to be a legal tribe, the Wampanoags must have tribal property. No land, no tribe. But the Wampanoags may have rendered the argument moot when, less than a year ago, they convinced the town to grant them 50 acres of property "for tribal activities."

The Wampanoag trial begins October 17 in Federal District Court in Boston with Judge Walter Skinner presiding. Skinner is expected to take up the tribal issue first, if it's still unresolved.

Wampanoag lawyer Barry Margolin expects it to be unresolved. Despite an eleventh hour meeting between St. Clair and Interior Department Solicitor Leo Krulitz, a spokesman in Margolin's office said there was "no way" the Wampanoag tribal status would be settled out of court. ■



- *Unique*
- *Intimate*
- *Personal*

Serving Lunch and Dinner  
Year Round - Every Day

15 Commercial St.  
on the Harbor  
Provincetown, Mass. 02657

Reservations: (617) 487-0050

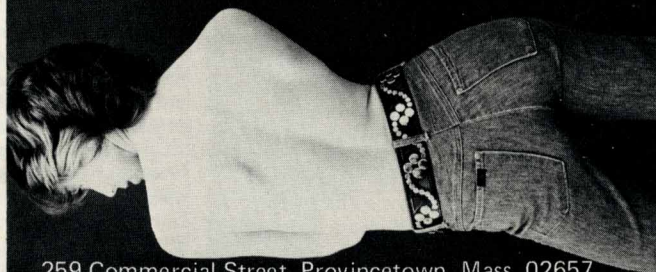
POOL / CLAMBAKE RESTAURANT / HOTEL / SHOPS

### CROWN & ANCHOR

BACK ROOM DISCO  
LOBBY BAR  
CELLAR BAR

BOX 111, PROVINCETOWN, MASS. 02657 (617) 487-1430

NATURAL LEATHER CO.



259 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass. 02657  
Telephone: (617) 487-0935





The wild foods pictured in that pretty, big-time magazine spread on pages 18 and 19 are available along much of the New England coastline—especially on Cape Cod—during the fall. They're not that difficult to locate and gather, and you might be surprised by their abundance and taste.

The beginning gatherer begins simply. Start with the cranberry: it looks just like a cranberry. Read books written by Euell Gibbons, Ben Harris, and other wild food experts. Be on the lookout for someone else who's into it. Buttonhole botanists and fishermen. Walk straight into nature and pay attention to the diversities and relationships.

It takes time to learn and develop new sensitivities, but time is free to those who take it.

#### Rose Hips

The saltspray rose (*Rosa rugosa*) loves to grow in large colonies on the backside of the last dune before the sea. The fruit it produces, called hips, is by far the largest of the many species of wild roses. Ripening in September, *rugosa* hips linger into winter. It takes only minutes to gather enough of this vitamin C-rich food to make

#### Rose Hip Soup

Remove the seeds (it's easy), crush, and boil 2 cups of hips for ten minutes in a quart of water. Then add four level teaspoons of flour dissolved in cold water. The soup, sweet and tangy, is good hot or cold. (from a Swedish recipe)



#### Groundnuts

Groundnuts grow year-round near the edges of ponds in lush, loamy soil. Looking like small potatoes, they grow in series on runners just below the surface. Find one and you find half a dozen strung together like a knobby necklace.

In summer the plant sends up a vine that sprawls over the surrounding vegetation, but nothing identifiable remains after September. You have to

divine them with a feeling for their habitat and a turn of the shovel. Poison ivy is common in groundnut territory, and unnoticeable in the off season. But its roots are full of volatile juice. Wear gloves that protect your wrists as well as hands.

Groundnut preparation is simple. Just trim off the runners, clean, and boil until tender (about ten minutes). Eat them hot; they lose it cold. They're a little sweeter than potatoes, and thicker in texture.

Groundnuts were a prime source of food for the *Mayflower* pilgrims at the beginning of the Plymouth experience. It is probable they were served at that first of Thanksgivings in 1623.

#### There's More Fish in the Ocean (than anywhere else)



The sea and shoreline are suppliers of free food all year. Blues, mackerel, and flounder—stuffed to the gills with wild rice—are worthy alternatives to the Thanksgiving turkey, and can be caught off wharves and beaches. Rocks and pilings bristle with mussels. Low tide exposes flats of shellfish (usually guarded by local regulations—check in at Town Hall). Periwinkles—emigrant European snails—crawl on or cling to everything.

#### One Man's Escargot is Another Man's Bug

The only block to eating the rock-hugging periwinkle is mental. Once overcome, this one inch thick-and-wide olive-drab or black spiral turns into a tasty delicacy. Pluck them off the rocks, boil in salted water for a few minutes to firm the meat and loosen the flinty "door," douse in melted butter, or put them in a

#### Periwinkle Omelet

- 8 eggs
- 1 6 oz. can tomato paste
- ½ cup water
- 1 teaspoon celery salt
- marjoram
- 3 tablespoons chopped chives
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 cup periwinkle meats, cleaned and boiled
- 2 tablespoons butter

Beat and combine the eggs with tomato paste and water. Add celery salt and a pinch of marjoram. Stir in the chopped chives, and crush the garlic clove over the mixing bowl, adding only that part of the garlic passing through the fine holes of the crusher. Lightly brown the periwinkle meats in butter. Pour in the egg mixture, and cook the omelet over low heat.



#### Cattail Flour

Cattail colonies produce tons—32 per acre—of rich flour in their roots. The time to collect it is October to April, when the plant is storing, and not using, its energy.

Extracting cattail roots from a marsh is one messy job, but extracting flour from the roots is surprisingly easy. It is, in fact, about the easiest flour to obtain by hand, and comparable to corn flour in nutrition. Wade into the muck well-booted, and armed with a shovel and a heavy-duty knife. Mud will get on everything, and the smell is earth-fecal. The roots grow horizontally half a foot below ground, are bamboo-yellow, and thumb-thick.

After cleanup, cut the gathered roots into three-inch segments. Peel off the outer rind with a paring knife, freeing the starchy core. In a large tub of water, work the core between your hands to loosen the starch from the fibers. Let everything settle to the bottom while you work. Then stir up the entire solution, strain it through a sieve to remove the fibers, and let it settle once again. Pour off the water, being careful not to stir up the starch on the bottom. Pour the goop onto a cookie tray and dry it in the oven with minimal heat. Don't cook it, just dry it. Voilà! Flour. Use it in any basic flour recipe. If the texture doesn't come out right, try mixing it with a grain flour. The flavor is mild yet definitely different, suggestive of buckwheat. →





## Cranberries

It's the high acid content of cranberries that keeps them fresh in the bogs well into winter. They're easily identified and gathered, and a good excuse to get out and see how fall is coming along.

## Candied Cranberries

1 quart cranberries  
1½ cups honey  
¼ cup water

Spread the berries in a shallow baking dish, pour honey over them, then add water. Bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour. Cool in the syrup. The berries will be glazed and translucent.

## Cranberry Sherbet

4 cups cranberries  
3 cups water  
1 tablespoon gelatin  
2 cups honey  
1/3 cup lemon juice

Cook the cranberries in 2½ cups water until the skins pop open. Strain, add gelatin softened in ½ cup cold water, and honey. Heat until honey is dissolved. Cool, then add lemon juice. Freeze until firm.



## Chicory and Dandelion

The roasted roots of chicory and dandelion make good hot beverages. The flavor of chicory resembles coffee. Both plants can be identified most of the year by their leaves. Chicory leaves are very similar to dandelion, but the roots are dissimilar. Dandelion produces one-to-several long slim roots the color of burnt sienna. The chicory root, also long and multiple, is woody in appearance, and thicker than the dandelion.

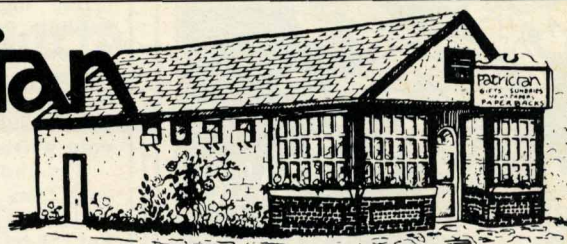
To prepare either for roasting, clean them well and cut into two-inch segments (the thicker roots, especially chicory, should also be quartered lengthwise). Roast them on a low heat in the oven—not more than an hour—until they're coffee brown throughout, and snap easily. Grind and steep.

## Sweet Goldenrod

Sweet goldenrod looks like its fellow nose-bane, the common goldenrod. But sweet goldenrod makes an excellent tea even for allergy sufferers. The flavor is a mellow anise. The way to identify it is to pick and crush a goldenrod leaf in your fingers. If it has a licorice-like smell, it's sweet goldenrod. The herb peaks in August and September. ■

# patrician

Greeting Cards  
Stationery Supplies  
Office Supplies  
Non Prescription  
Discount Drugs  
Discount Film  
Developing  
Plants & Gifts



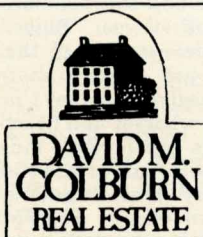
Provincetown's largest selection of  
newspapers, magazines and paperbacks

212 Bradford Street / 487-9256 / East End / Ample Parking

across from the post office 487-9222  
provincetown

## NEW ART CINEMA

... for best in foreign and domestic films



David M. Colburn/Paul F. Colburn  
Marilyn H. Colburn  
Licensed Brokers  
491 Commercial Street,  
Provincetown  
(617) 487-0055

## PROVINCETOWN PAINTERS 1890's-1970's

*A History of the Provincetown  
Art Colony*

Text: Dorothy Gees Seckler  
291 pp 157 B/W reproductions

By mail from:  
The Provincetown Museum of Art  
460 Commercial St.  
Provincetown, MA 02657

\$10.50 (Mass. residents 5% tax)

Provincetown's only and finest seafood-steakhouse

## Weathering Heights Restaurant

Shank Painter Road PARKING 487-9259

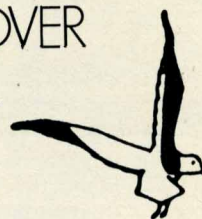
## FROM THE TOWN RECORDS

Dec. 7, 1773: "Voted that any person should be found getting cranberys before ye twentyth of September exceding one quart should be liable to pay one doler and have the berys taken away. Voted, that they who shall find any pursons so gathering shall have them and the doler."

March 4, 1811: "Voted to Raise by a tax to defray town Charges for the preasant year three hundred dollars for the towns Expenses beside the State and county tax and no part Shall go to pay any minerster what-soever."

*Doant want no teechers eiddier.*

## DISCOVER THE WEST END CAFE



Homemade foods	Hours:
Breakfast	9 am to 2 pm
Giant Subs	
After Hours	6 pm to 3 am
199 Commercial Street	
487-9526	



# WHY

## WOULD ANYONE WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO PROVINCETOWN MAGAZINE?

- ☐ I think art colonies are where it's at sociologically/aesthetically/politically.
- ☐ My folks left me so much money I can't spend it fast enough.
- ☐ I don't want to subscribe to another magazine published in New York because I'm sick of looking at Arnold Schwarzenegger.
- ☐ I like magazines that are high in visual excitement but editorially shallow.
- ☐ I want my parents to see it so they'll stop talking about all the lazy queers up here.
- ☐ I think Louis Postel is a real hunk.
- ☐ I'm a nobody and I know Provincetown Magazine will do a story on me sooner or later.
- ☐ I don't understand English but the person reading this to me says it's OK.
- ☐ I'm a slow reader and a bi-monthly magazine is just what I need.
- ☐ I'm a mechanical engineer and your article on S&M really turned me on.
- ☐ I just want to see how badly you guys blow it.
- ☐ I hate your magazine and want you to bill me later so I can burn you.
- ☐ I've seen this idea done much better by the high-priced writers at The Lampoon.
- ☐ I like taking self-scoring tests like this so I can cheat.

Provincetown Magazine, P.O. Box 957, Provincetown, MA 02657

I'm a high scorer and would like to subscribe to Provincetown Magazine. Enclosed is a check or money order to cover six issues (1 year) for \$7.50.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

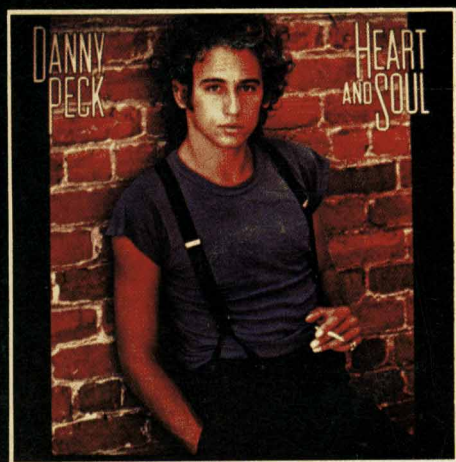
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_







# Nothing grows like The Weed

Danskins  
Paraphernalia

Western Wear  
And Now Records

212 Commercial Street

Open Daily All Year 'Round