

MD-02-01

PROVINCETOWN

VOLUME 1 NO. 1 • PRICE \$1.00

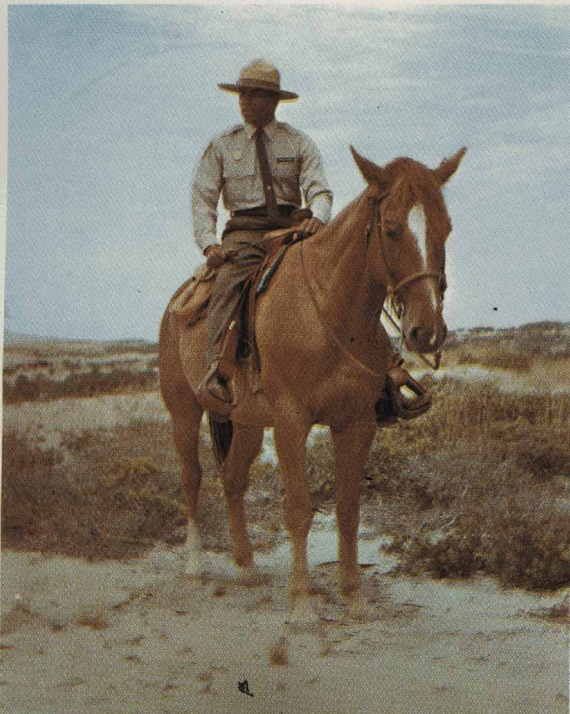


**ART
CULTURE
and the
NEW PILGRIM**

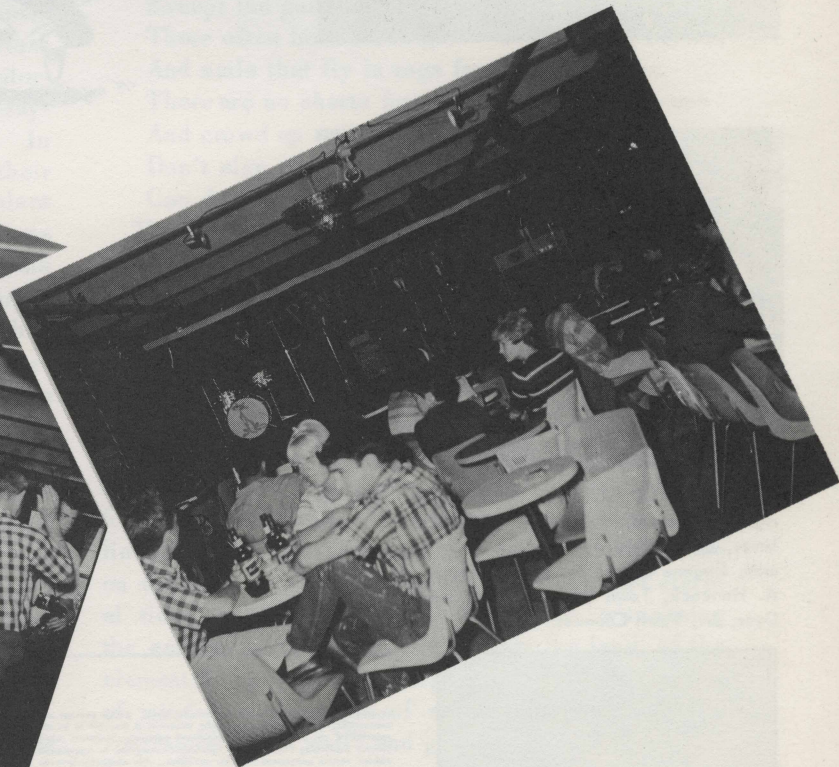
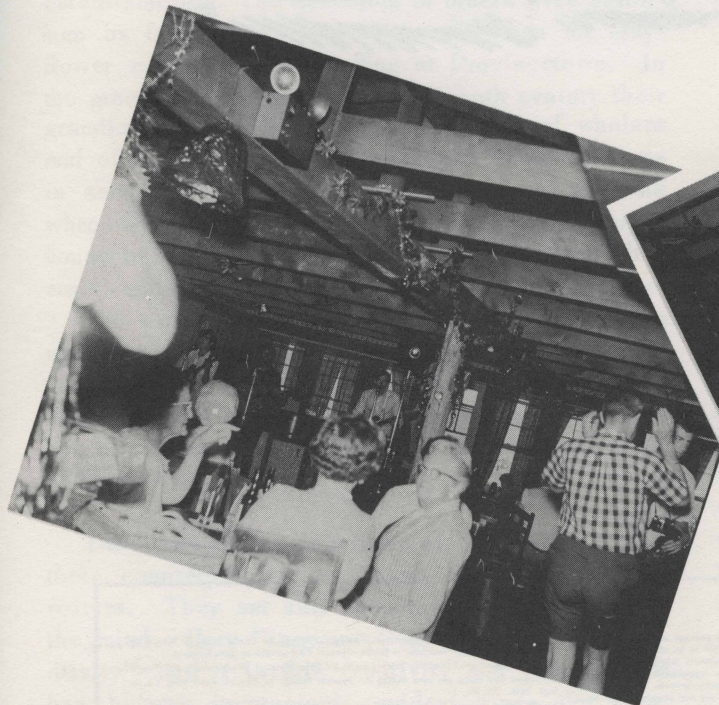
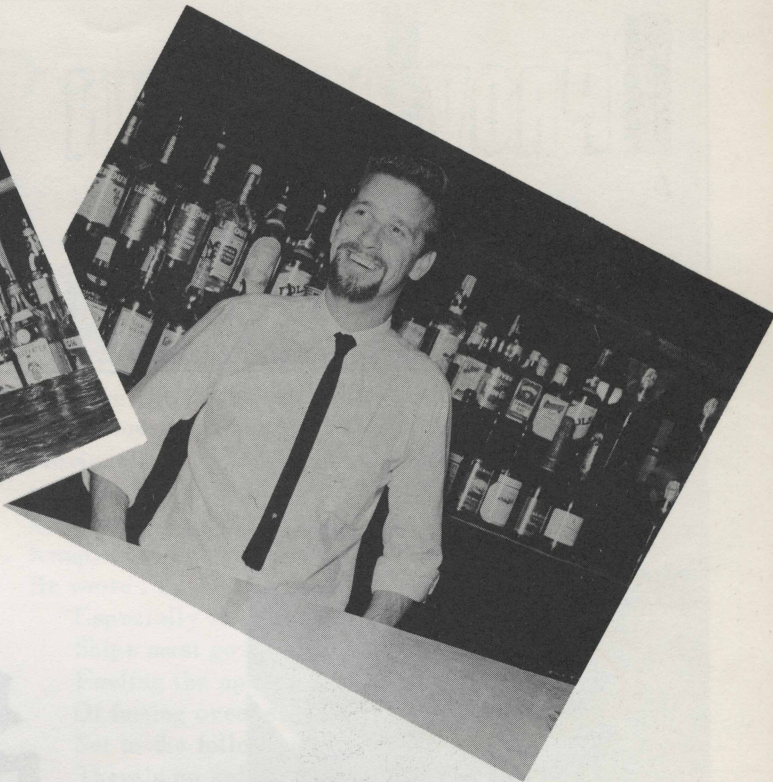
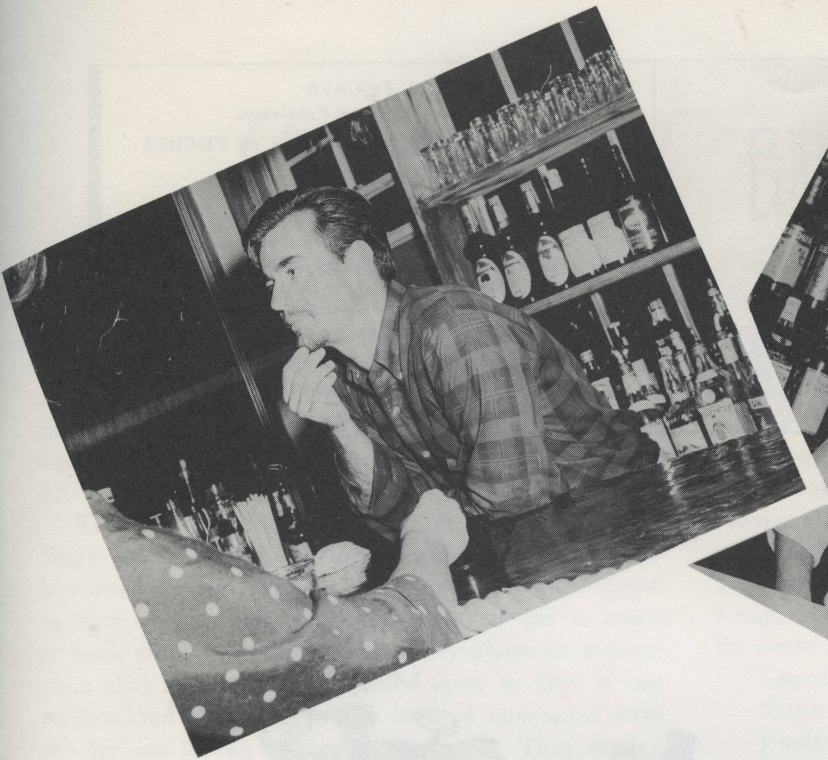
A woman in a yellow bikini is sitting on a sandy beach, shielding her eyes from the sun. In the background, several other people are walking along the shoreline near the water.

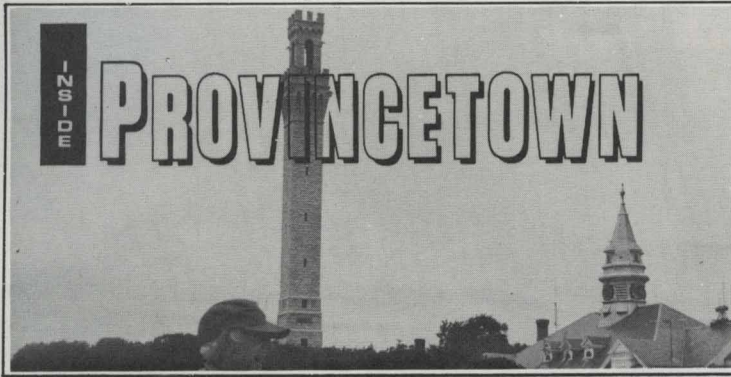
HAVE FUN IN THE

Surf



RACE POINT
NATIONAL PARK RESERVATION

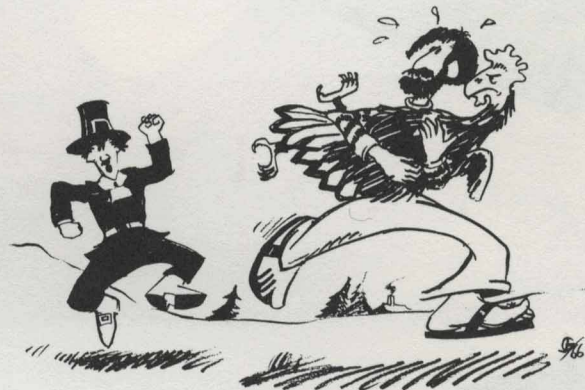




R. B. FISCHER
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher
 BERTHA L. FISCHER and GWENDOLYN FISCHER
Associate Editors
 Charles Bias — *Art Director*
 H. E. Fischer — *Managing Editor*
 Armond J. Guillory — *Circulation Manager*
 John H. Gilliam — *Research Director*
 Lee Harding — *Assistant to the Editors*
 Color-NEW ENGLAND PHOTO SERVICE
 Andy Gordon — *Assistant Circulation Manager*
 Ahmad Athar, Charles Alwood, Charles Grattan,
 Abe Davidson, John Gregory, Frank Kaplan, Les Humid.
Contributing Photographers



FRANCIS MARSHALL
 Police Chief



BOARD OF SELECTMEN IN SESSION: left to right, William J. McCaffrey, Board Clerk; Ernest Irmer, Burton Kenney, Charles J. DeRiggs, chairman; Eugene C. Watson; Marion Taves, Jr., Robert A. Hancock, Town Manager. Not shown John R. Dyer, Jr., Town Counsel.

COPYRIGHT

General Offices — 230 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. Contents copyrighted © 1966 by Fischer Publishing Co. all rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction and semifiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

CREDITS: American Artist Magazine, Fantasy Drawings, by Chaim Gross, a Bittner Art Book published by the Beechhurst Press.—Special Photographs by John Gregory. All color photos processed and printed by Rapid Photo Print of Provincetown and Boston. Published two times per year during the Summer Season by Fischer Publishing Co. Inc. Sept. 1966 Vol. No. 1. Second Class Postage pending at Provincetown, Mass. and at additional mailing offices.

Subscriptions \$1.50 for one season.

The Unseen Provincetown

William Dearborn Hersey

Courage and creativity constitute the real character of Provincetown. Unseen to the casual visitor who may form his impressions by the observation of the people that crawl out of the nations woodwork and walk the streets of Provincetown in the summer, this courage and creativity were nurtured here long ago and still send the powerful influence of their silent example throughout the world.

First there is the courage of the men who, as the Bible says, "go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." They must be prepared to face sudden and unpredicted storms and to make it back to port on their own. They share an experience that few others are called upon to face in our mechanized age — the bare handed encounter with the furious forces of elemental nature. They dredge the deep in constant competition with the Russian fleet and summer and winter there flies from every masthead the unseen banner "Courage".

Many of the landlubbers of Provincetown have the unusual background of the seafarer. Some have come ashore and now operate motels, restaurants and other establishments. The ancestors of others were sailors as far back as sixteen twenty when the Mayflower made her first landing at Provincetown. In the great sailing days of the nineteenth century their grandfathers and fathers were captains of whalers and of clipper ships roaming distant seas and ports in search of commerce. They were cosmopolitans when the citizens of Chicago were hicks! Many a house in Provincetown holds relics of the days when sails and whales shared the throne of commerce.

The exploits of Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, a native son of Provincetown have filled minds and museums with memories and mementos of a lifetime of daring arctic exploration. At the age of ninety-one his sharp eye still scans the harbor as his alert mind does its history.

The courage and ingenuity of the seafarer have their counterpart in the minds of the artists and writers. They set sail upon the uncharted seas of the mind. Here "ingenuity" is described as "creativity" and it is this creativity and courage that has become increasingly evident since the great painter, Charles Hawthorne, came under the spell

of the unique light in the Provincetown area and founded a school of painting over fifty years ago. Today Provincetown is one of the great art centers of the world. At about the same time that Hawthorne was doing his early work a young playwright, Eugene O'Neil was bringing his courage and creativity into focus in Provincetown. Fifty years ago one of his plays was produced for the first time on a wharf in Provincetown. The challenge facing the seafaring man, the artist and the writer were captured and capsuled strikingly by the great poet of the dunes, Harry Kemp, in his poem "Ultimate Challenge".

He wrote

"Especially if their lading by a dream
Ships must go lonely if they'd voyage far;
Feeling the upsurge, through each brace and beam
Of fuming oceans; top and a shrouded spar
Set to the following of a single star!—
There's no safe compass when the hidden gleam
Sits behind clouds, and when blind tempests stream,
Except the guiding laurels faith would wear!
There often bide black gales and bursting beams,
And sails that fly in rags from broken spars:
There are no charts for ships that follow dreams
And crowd up sail against the beckoning stars:
Don't sign aboard—unless you're certain you
Can dare a wreck, and deem it glory too."

The prolonged influence of the land and the sea is another powerful yet unseen influence of this unique area. I say unseen because the casual visitor rarely gets a chance to enjoy the solitude as well as the might of the sea and the dunes. When the dunes have lost their summer sprinkling of humanity and the roar of the beach buggy is no longer heard in the land, you can lie on a dune with the entire mass of mother earth beneath your body and with no focus for the eye in the blue above this side of infinity. In the spring and the fall you can stand alone on the great beach pondering the inevitable and eternal tides, sharing the fury of the storms, witnessing the ancient battle of the sea against the land, of the elemental against the emerging and feel that peace of mind and clearness of spirit that come from the contemplation of solid and grand ideas and elemental forces.

In my profession I travel up and down the Cape

Continued On Next Page

THE UNSEEN PROVINCETOWN

but always the road leads at last to Pilgrim Heights and the unsurpassed view of Provincetown cradled in the crescent of sea and land with the Pilgrim monument standing like a queen surveying her domain. And always I think, "Here indeed is a modern golden crescent of creativity and courage, the narrow town with the broad mind still sending forth its constructive and unseen influence into the ideas and ideals of the entire world."

He Chose Provincetown

William Dearborn Hersey whose article "The Unseen Provincetown" appears elsewhere in this issue chose Provincetown as a place to live and to work for a variety of interesting reasons some of which are brought out in his article. In addition to this Mr. Hersey who is an investment salesman by vocation, is a memory expert by avocation and author of the book "How To Cash In On Your Hidden Memory Power" still on the best seller lists of Prentice Hall after two and a half years. As he explains it he came part way down the cape with a trailer acquired as part of \$30,000 in prizes on a Television Program in 1958. From the mid cape he came to Provincetown and in trying to marshal his strong points and avoid his weak points he decided to put his mind and his memory to work in a small area where he could, in time, literally know everyone.

VII PAPERBACK BOOK

340 COMMERCIAL ST.

487-1635

THE FLEA MKT.

230 COMMERCIAL ST.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

PROVINCETOWN BOOK SHOP

340 COMMERCIAL ST.

487-1635

the **STARVING ARTISTS**
STUDIO



PORTRAITS
247 COMMERCIAL STREET

LANDSCAPES
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL... NEVERTHELESS

Stars at night shining upon gleaming dunes and a naked sea. The beaming faces of the guided and misguided, youth and adults. Frantic tourists in search of some of the treasures sold on Commercial Street. Beautiful beaches with sand washed white by the invigorating salt water. PROVINCETOWN, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, truly an oasis in this desert of life. A Mecca for the tired, the confused, the curious, the patriots. All new pilgrims seeking the "new world" of broadminded liberalism, and entrepreneuring democracy.

Many things have been written about Provincetown. This small and popular resort city at the tip of the United States. Truly it can be thought of as both the beginning of America, because it was the first landing place of the pilgrims, and the end point of America because it is the last of the liberal resort cities of this country. And even this image is fading. No place is ever as good as it was, it is either better or worse and Provincetown is determined not to be worse. Under the wise and efficient leadership of its Board of Selectmen and police chief, the city has grown commercially and socially. It's problems are being rectified.

Provincetown has always had its young people, some are artists, some hangers-on, some in the twilight zone of sex, pathetically known as "gay people". No matter what, they come. Dedicated rebels without a concrete cause. Restless youth, irresponsible, uncommitted, yet somehow lovely, with their angelic faces and tainted souls. America's future voting population. Trying now to decide. In turmoil with the bureaucracy, in conflict with life in general. Coming to Provincetown, as boys and girls, and usually leaving as men and women. Their maturing not nearly as hard or long as in a reform school.

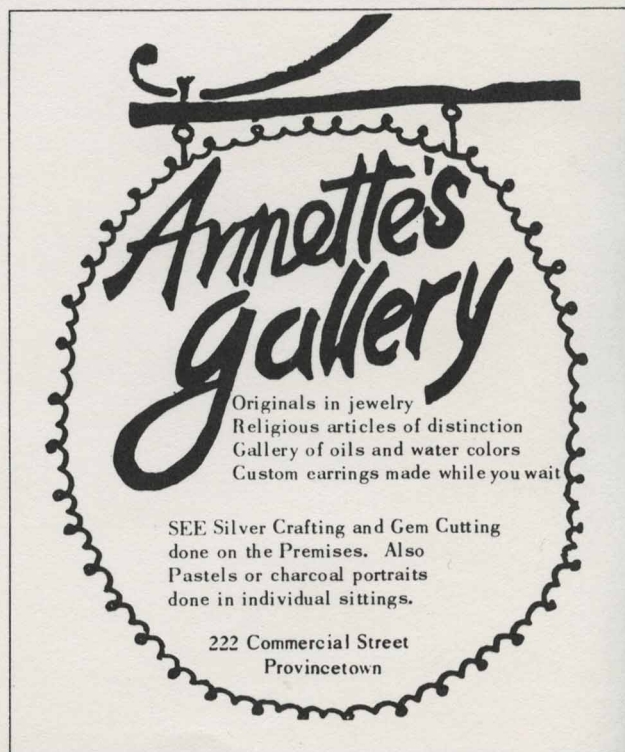
If we were to set out to compile a catalogue of the specific imperfections that hedge the lives of humans, it would have no end. We lack strength and imagination to affect our dreams; we fall ill; we grow tired; we make mistakes; we are ignorant; we fail and become discouraged; we grow old and die. Lists of this sort could be extended indefinitely, but there is no need, for all specific limitations can be reduced to three basic variants. Humans are limited in being, knowledge, and joy, the three things men really want.

No matter what the scale for measuring it, the highest good of life is happiness. Satisfaction

finding, is an occupation within itself. There is little or no denying that we are living in an era of change. Where one bomb can destroy a city, and where civilians are committing mass homicides upon one another in our country. A liberal resort city, such as Provincetown for the release of pent up everyday worries and tensions is not to be denied. However; law enforcement is not lack, and justice is administered swift and fair.

Probably the oldest and most seriously dedicated art colony, that is still thriving in the western world, is found in Provincetown. It is the considered opinion of the editor that the liberal attitude of the town stems in the main from the influence of the great painters and writers, past and present. The world famous masters, who have for several generations made Provincetown their summer home. The freedom of expression in art constitutes a genuine probing indulgence in humanity, that permeates the culture aspect of the entire town.

Provincetown answers this nation's challenge. Withstanding the ravages of time, old and majestic, and proud of its heritage; slightly tarnished, but nevertheless beautiful...as is it's child AMERICA.



**Annette's
Gallery**

Originals in jewelry
Religious articles of distinction
Gallery of oils and water colors
Custom earrings made while you wait

SEE Silver Crafting and Gem Cutting
done on the Premises. Also
Pastels or charcoal portraits
done in individual sittings.

222 Commercial Street
Provincetown

Batmadam

by Les Humid

Sarah was a beautiful woman, tall, willowry, with nut brown hair and doelike hazel brown eyes. Her figure was the type that any model would envy. She had the face of a goddess, where even the small flesh mole on her cheek gave added beauty to her angelic face. Never in her twenty-three years of life had she experienced ill health. Sarah Cartwright was as near perfect in body and mind as any woman could possibly be. And yet for the past few days she had been feeling extremely tired and weak. Her body felt as though it were slowly being drained of all its strength.

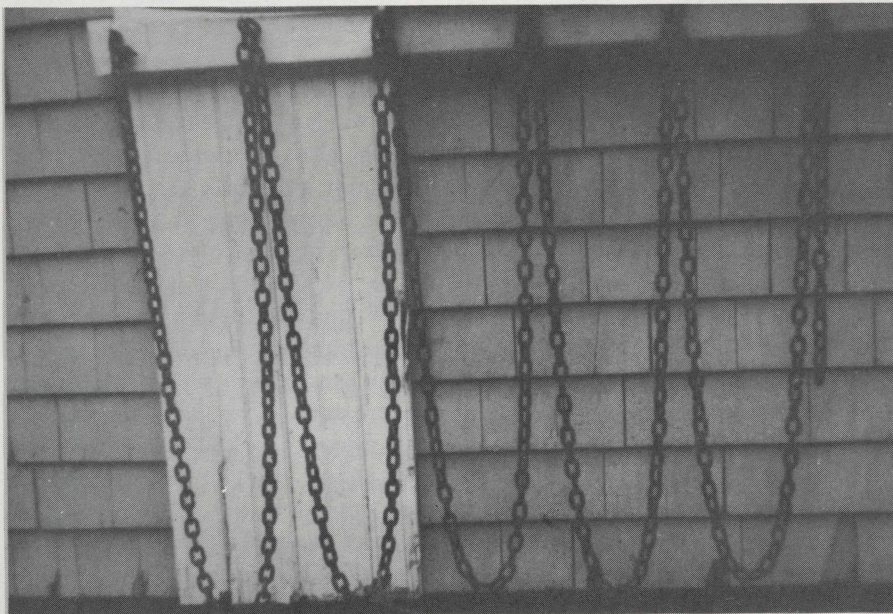
This morning Sarah sat before her dressing table at the motel in this quaint resort city, where she had come alone, to spend a one week vacation by the sea and contemplate whether she should marry Roger, whom she loved, or wait until she had completed her year of graduate study at the State University. She noticed two very tiny holes at the base of her neck, directly over the large vein there. They were not much larger than a pinprick, and they seemed to have been bleeding. There was a spot of dried blood near the puncture marks. Sarah was alarmed. She did not know what to make of it. Had she scratched herself during sleep? No, she thought, these marks are not scratches. They were neat punctures — more like a snake bite. Now Sarah was really upset. Had she been attacked by an animal while asleep? How could this be possible, she thought? She had a nice room overlooking the dunes and the ocean, two flights up. No, not a snake for sure. There wasn't any snakes common to the area. But what was the peculiar whistling and squeaking sound she had heard for the past two nights. Could there be bats near? She dressed hurriedly, and immediately went downstairs to the lobby of her motel. She asked the desk clerk if bats were ever seen in the area? Yes, he said, bats were known to inhabit the old Manning mansion about one thousand yards up the beach. A run down old castle type structure built about 150 years ago by a retired sea captain. The property was up for sale by the city, after no

heirs could be found. Atlas! Sarah reasoned, she had been attacked during sleep by a vampire bat. My God, she thought as she dashed out, I must secure some holy water and unpack my crucifix.

Being that Sarah was a determined young woman, she elected to stay in her room again that night and see this terrible thing through. She was intelligent and strong willed and she was not going to panic at this point.

Sarah sprinkled the holy water she had gotten from the local rectory all about the room. This gave the room a strong scent of lavender, for the holy water was of that fragrance. Next she placed rose petals and seaweed around her bed for she had read somewhere that vampires could not tolerate seaweed or roses. Holding her crucifix and the holy bible she sat up in bed that night waiting. The window had to remain open about six inches for ventilation. Sarah was positive a large male vampire bat could not and would not seek entrance under such a small opening. Especially in lieu of the other things she had to ward it off.

Well it seemed as though she had waited all night. She could hardly keep awake. Just as she began to doze around 2 a.m., there was a strange squeaking sound from outside the window and a small black bat flew in under the window. A heavy mist seemed to gather around the bat after it entered Sarah's room, and from out of this mist stepped a tall cadaverous looking woman! The woman wore a black bikini, and a long cape fell from her shoulders. She sniffed contemptuously at the scent of the holy water and deftly stepped around the rose petals and the seaweed as she glided toward the beautiful Sarah dozing on the bed. Sarah awoke with a start and stared unbelieving at the creature. She held her crucifix before her. The tall woman knocked the crucifix and bible from Sarah's hands. And just before she bit into Sarah's jugular vein to draw her life blood from her, she spoke to Sarah and said "didn't you know dear, all vampires aren't CHRISTIANS.





The Most Modern House in Provincetown

A NEW STYLE FOR CONTEMPORARY CAPE COD



MR. CARL MURCHISON

Mr. Carl Murchison was a noted Psychologist. He founded several journals of Psychology while heading the School of Psychology at Clark University, Worcester, Mass. The journals he founded were the *Journal of Genetics*, *Monographs*, *General Psychology* and the *Journal of Social Psychology*. His first journal publication began in 1926 and are presently being printed by his son, Powell.

Mr. Murchison's most famous work was a book entitled "Criminal Intelligence." He was one of the first to express the theory that criminals were highly intelligent.

Mr. Murchison died May 20, 1961, 3 years after his home was completed by the world famous architect, Gropius.

Built on a hilltop site in the midst of historic and festive Provincetown, Massachusetts, this large residence points a new direction in contemporary design that seems remarkably at home in its setting. The house also marks a subtle change of design direction for its architects, previously best known for a highly sophisticated simplicity in their work.

The sophistication, and a simplicity of concept, are still there, but interwoven with these is a strong concern with pattern, and rhythmic and bold shapes.

Reprinted by permission from *Architectural Record* for Mid-May, 1959, special edition under title of "Record Houses of 1959."

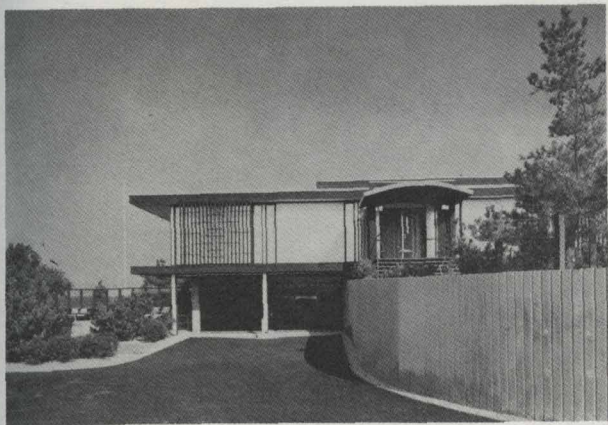
A Japanese temple was used as a basic motif, or inspiration. This is most apparent in the pavilion shape of the house, and the double roof: there are two roofs with the top one smaller and about 5 ft. above the lower; each roof has a wide overhang, and a clerestory of glass between the two floods the interiors with indirect sunlight. The wood screens used around the house, and the dramatic canopied entrance further the oriental ambiance.

The plan of the living areas also suggests the Japanese. There are no rooms in the conventional sense, but rather living spaces which blend together, and are linked by a broad gallery. The house has an architectural impressiveness not often seen today.

The two levels of the house use the crest of the hilltop site to give direct access to the outdoors from each floor. Principal rooms are on the upper level, to take advantage of the seaside views. The lower floor contains functional and service rooms, an office and bath, and guest accommodations. A change in ground level at the front of the house links the motor court with the front entrance, and with the garage.

Landscaping and site-planning include a terrace that spans three sides of the house and widens into a big terrace for dancing. The latter adjoins a 25 by 50-ft. swimming pool and two small cabanas which

have dressingrooms and laundry facilities for guests. The cooling tower for the main house is also located near the pool.



All furniture, with the exception of a few antiques, was custom designed by The Architects Collaborative and Design Research, Incorporated. As all was designed to fit the occupants, a problem was encountered with the sofa, for Mr. Murchison was tall, and Mrs. Murchison is petite. Thus, a "Murchison Sofa" was devised with a movable pillow which can be turned back as part of the back or down as part of the seat. Major rooms are banded with a lighting frieze of vertical walnut strips and plastic placed below the clerestory windows. This decorative motif becomes a device used throughout: for the stair rail, a panel over the fireplace, on the shoji screens, the emphasized divisions in the cabinets, and for the entrance and screens.

Living rooms are designed as alcoves off the broad slate-paved gallery, creating cosier retreats within the large space. The alcoves also interconnect: note how the living and dining rooms have a marble fireplace between them, but no dividing wall. Sliding concealed doors completely open or close the dining room from the gallery. A breakfast space at the end of the gallery can also serve as an expansion area for large dinner parties.

Interior finishes, as well as the spaces, are planned with an eye to ease of upkeep, as well as ease of entertaining large groups of people. Walls are teak, walnut, brick; floors are brick, slate, carpet in the "alcoves."

The plan of the house devotes the major part of the second level to living space. A zone at one end of the house is devoted to two master bedrooms which overlook the swimming pool. Rooms ranged along the front include the entrance, which has generous storage,

kitchen, and living and dining areas for the household help. Service areas on the lower level include laundry, storage, a refrigerated cork-lined room for furs and woolens, furnace room, a four-way air conditioning system and a water softener and purifier. The lower stair hall opens on the terraces.

The structure of the house uses posts cased in cypress, concrete foundations. Exterior walls are panelled with double glass, white stucco, teakwood, cypress and brick. The screens are cypress. Most interior partitions are $\frac{1}{2}$ -in walnut plywood on 2-by-4's. The built-up roofs are surfaced with white gravel. Apart from the slate and carpet-floored living areas, flooring consists of cork in the kitchen, ceramic tile



in the baths, vinyl asbestos tile in rooms below grade. Ceilings throughout are metallath and plaster. The house is well insulated: double glass is used throughout, and batt insulation is used in exterior walls and roof. The exterior sun shades are cypress.

The equipment for the house includes an emergency electric plant for use in the event of a local power failure; and a built-in radio and hi-fi system which can be switched on in any room in the house or at the pool area.

The heating system uses an oil-fired, cast iron boiler. Hot water is distributed to heating coils in four air conditioning units and to unit heaters by means of a two-pipe forced circulation system. Radiators are recessed finned-tube convectors. Supplementary electric heaters are used in all baths, and a unit heater in the garage. Controls are fully automatic. The water supply is connected to the town service, with a added booster pump and pneumatic tank.

Terraces around the house are made of terrazzo for the dancing area, scored concrete around the pool. Walks are cut bluestone, washed gravel or precast concrete slab. A $\frac{1}{4}$ -in plate glass fence serves as wind screen while preserving the maximum view.

ADO ABOUT THE STARVING ARTISTS

The constant query "are you really starving?", once hit painfully close to home. However, in the last six years since its opening in Provincetown the starving artists studio has become a byword for fine portraits and overwhelming success.

Malcolm Paul Newman, the founder of this studio located in the heart of the business center in Provincetown has always been at war with the quick twenty minute "sketch artists". He maintains that the public has a right to a fine portrait at a reasonable price and has the taste to recognize one.

Mal studied at Yale and the Boston Museum School. He has an extensive background in all media of fine art. His paintings, murals and portraits are on display all over the United States and in many foreign countries.

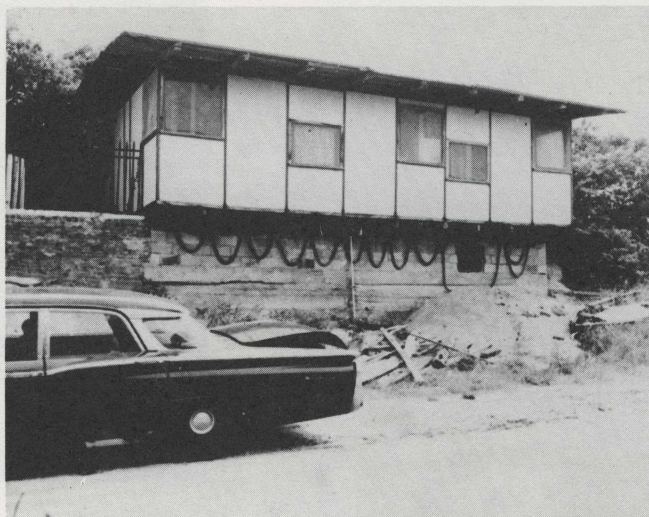
Each of the four artists in the studio has a distinctive personal style that comes of many years training and experience.

The studio is located at 247 Commerical Street on the Crown and Anchor Mall. Just follow the crowd.



The other day I asked ELMER if he would like for his SOUL to be in heaven when he passed on, . . . and he said he didn't think so. . . because there was too much work up there . . . you have to ROLL out the thunder . . . grind up the hail . . . POLISH the sun, HANG out the moon . . . and keep your WINGS CLIPPED for inspection, so he said that he would rather go to the other place . . . where he only had to sit by the fire all day. — ELMER asked the barber "are you the one who cut my hair the last time?" . . . and the barber said "no, I've only been here SIX MONTHS" . . . Elmer's haircuts should cost \$4.00 . . . a dollar for each CORNER. — This guy has a mechanical mind . . . too bad some of the SCREWS are loose . . . Why just the other evening Elmer almost got a black eye . . . he told a man that he had on a NICE SUIT . . . then he said "what'll you do if the

HORSE gets cold?" — This guy should be careful walking through parks that have squirrels . . . he is a real live NUT . . . You can never really hold a good conversation with Elmer, this guy changes the subject more than a dictionary. — Well so much for ole Elmer, he'll never change. — You know I was just thinking . . . one cure for the traffic problem is to let only cars that are PAID for on the highways . . . probably the reason there were FEWER accidents in the old HORSE and buggy days was because the DRIVER didn't depend wholly on his own INTELLIGENCE. — One reason trains don't have as many accidents as automobiles is because the ENGINEER doesn't drive with his ARM around the FIREMAN (unless they are headed for a certain resort city) . . . Two children were standing on a corner waiting for the lights to change . . . cars were driving through RED LIGHTS and stop signs . . . DOUBLE PARKING, and weaving in and out of traffic . . . said one little boy to the other "what do you want to be . . . IF YOU GROW UP?" . . . You know a taxpayer is the only person who does not have to pass a civil service exam to work for the government . . . TAKE HOME pay is so called because it is not big enough to get there by itself . . . TAXES: is a method used by the government to artificially induce the RAINY DAY everybody has been saving for. — One of the advantages of married life is that the husband always knows where his money went . . . his WIFE spent it. — For every man who lives to be eighty-five, . . . there are SEVEN women . . . but by that time it's to LATE . . . An old ex-girlfriend of mine named her new baby ENCORE . . . because he wasn't on the program. — A business friend was trying to convince us the other day that sex is so popular . . . because it's CENTRALLY located . . . HEARD the one about the absent minded sculptor . . . who put his model to bed . . . and CHISELED on his wife. — Sometimes the law of gravity doesn't work . . . for instance it's easier to PICK a girl up, than it is to DROP her. — A friend of mine walked into a motel in Provincetown, picked up the PEN to sign in, and asked the desk clerk "what do you have for about \$25.00?" . . . the clerk answered "you are HOLDING it, sir" — I guess there is only one thing for a man to do who is married to a women who enjoys spending money and that is to enjoy earning it . . . yep, if you want to be henpecked just come home with CHICKEN FEED. — Well we'll be seeing you next year . . . Y'all come!







THE OLDEST HOUSE in Provincetown



MEET YOUR HOSTS

As an artist John W. Gregory, owner of the oldest house, is represented in several major museums including the United States National Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

He is listed biographically by the publishers of *Who's Who in America* — *Who's Who in American Art* and in an international volume listing 14,000 notable career men and women throughout the world. As a result of a national survey made by *PRINTS* magazine among museum curators and art critics he was judged one of America's foremost graphic artists including those making etchings, woodcuts and lithographs. Born in New York his art training included four years at the Art Student's League of New York with the late John Sloan and others. He taught art at Hunter College and stone lithography privately and in Boston schools.

As a photographer he has worked for *TIME* and other national magazines and has had a one-man exhibition at the SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION which each month selects the work of the best American photographers.

Adelaide Gregory is a concertpianist and teacher. She received her master coaching with the late world-renowned virtuoso Simon Barere. The oldest house is the year-round residence of the Gregorys and their two sons. You are welcome to take the tour through the nine charming colonial rooms — an opportunity to adventure into the early days of sea-going Provincetown. On exhibition are lithographs and photographs by John W. Gregory and graphics by John W. Gregory Jr.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The early Cape Cod cottages inspired twentieth century America's most popular house design. Built by ship's carpenters, they were known as "land craft" and built to ride the shifting sands on their huge handhewn oak sills and withstand lashing northeasters just as their sister schooners rode out the waves. Later on, when bricks were made in this country, house-raising parties were held and the houses were placed on low brick foundations. It was difficult work considering the great weight of these homes, so along with the necessary jacks there were always several kegs of beer providing the essential

hydraulic lift.

This house, considered as the oldest, most complete standing one in Provincetown by the Architectural Forum magazine and other authorities, retains to this day its simple fundamental features. It is as lacking in "gadgetry" as a schooner. Its main fireplace with large beehive-constructed oven holds six foot logs. The December 1957 issue of HOLIDAY featured this fireplace as PLACE OF THE MONTH. After scouting most of New England, including Old Sturbridge Village, it was chosen by HOLIDAY as the most authentic to depict, in color, an early American Christmas hearth scene.

The house contains in its structure all the unique features to be found in the earliest Cape Cod houses. Among these is the massive central chimney built in the center of the house and called the anchor because it anchored the dwelling against severe storms, and handmade bricks used for ships ballast during English importation to this country. The only mortar available in those days was made from pulverized clam and oyster shells mixed with sand and water.

There are also many huge handcut, notched and pegged beams in the attic, fashioned like an inverted ship's hull. The frames of the nine-over-six paned windows, are held together by pegs and built flush under the eaves. The tops of the cabinets and inside door frames slant downward and were taken from ship's cabins. They are typical of the many reasons why old Cape Cod house interiors are called "ship shape". Most of the building material was looted from wrecked or abandoned ships. One of the random width pine ship's planks from such loot is 23 inches wide. It was illegal in those times to own floor planks wider than 23 inches for King George wanted the wider ones, called the King's planks, for ship building. The staircase leading to the rambling attic, which is the essence of antiquity, was built the same as a ship's steep companionway or ship's ladder.

The large rectangular living room was kitchen, work room and play room; the center of family life. Here the family gathered during winter days, huddled around the main fireplace, cooking, spinning and weaving, mending nets, turning and painting wooden chairs and benches. In those days pine furniture was often decorated with gay colors.

The main fireplace, one of three, is located in the 15' x 23' living room. Built in the rear of this fireplace is the large beehive constructed Dutch oven found only in Cape Cod houses built before 1750.

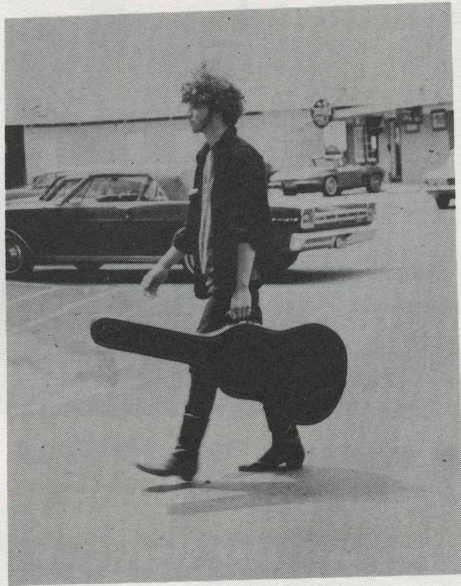
From that date on the ovens were placed at the sides for more convenience. Correct baking temperatures were determined by holding the hand inside the oven after the embers were raked out. If the hand had to be removed on the final count of ten seconds the oven was ready for baking. Those who stuttered usually found themselves with a well-done hand. The round brick cellar, 14 feet in diameter, was built circular to withstand the equalized pressure of sand; and achievement in engineering construction.

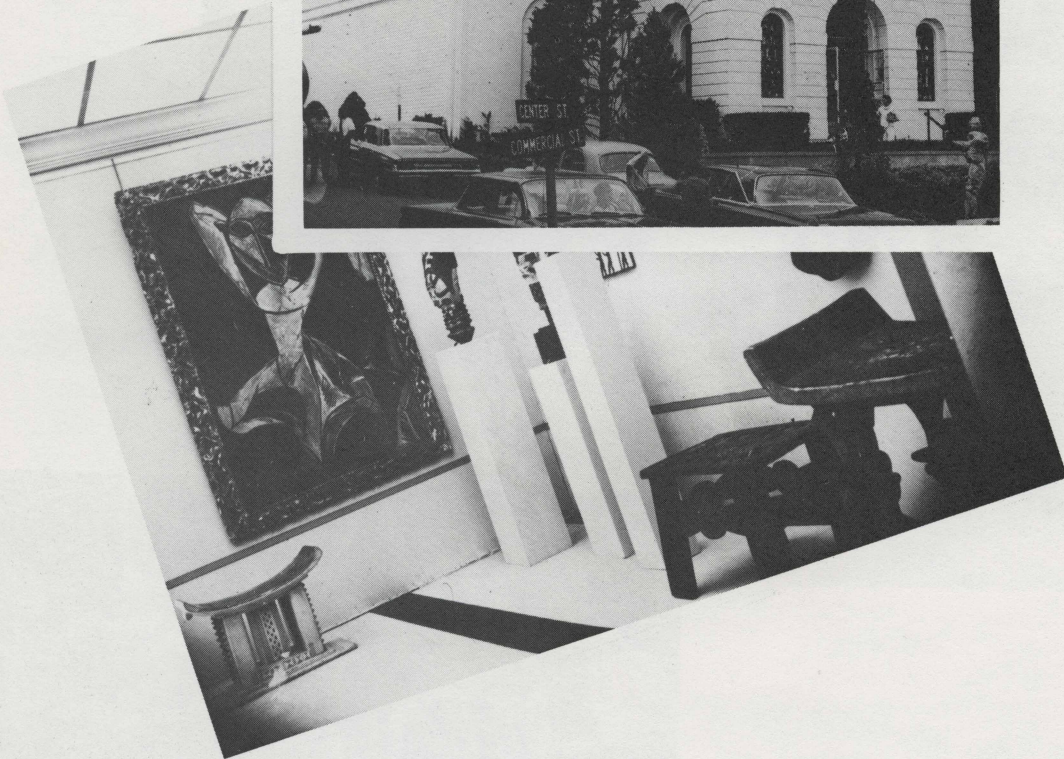
The house abounds in fine panelling, valuable panes of Sandwich glass and original Holy-Lord (HL) hinges. These hinges were used in combination with the Christian Cross doors to keep witches out of New England homes. In the south where there was no "witch" problem they were known as Home and Love. Upstairs there are two tiny rooms flanking the master bedroom. The children slept in these rooms. As the family increased — some had as many as twenty-six offspring — ells were added. This house has two additions, one in front and one in the rear.

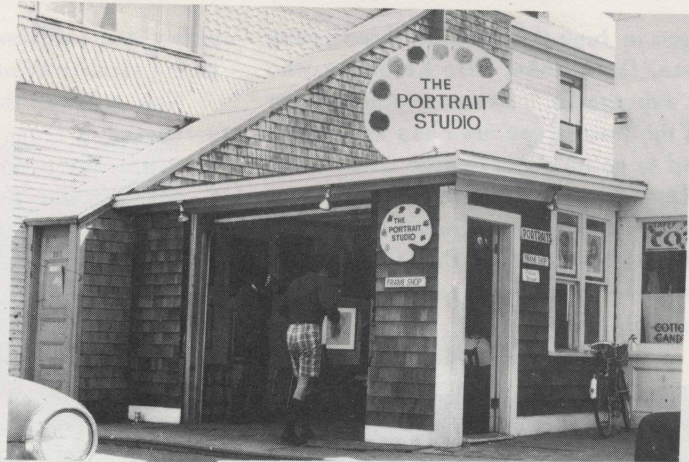
The nine "ship shape" rooms, through which the Gregorys guide their visitors contain some unusual antiques, among them one that inspired the song, "Pop goes the Weasel."











ACT IV SPEAKS

Act IV was begun in June this year by three young actors — Bob Costa, Doug Ross, Eric Krebbs — who believed in such experiment. Everyone knows that Provincetown and the lower Cape area has an artistic Heritage — no need to go on about George Cram Cook, Eugene O'Neill, Dos Passos. The tradition is here and it persists. Provincetown continues to nourish an impressive amount of talent. But there is no artistic focus, no place for artistic experiments, opportunities, new possibilities.

Dick Shepard, a director and production manager for the company has this to say about Act IV:

"Act IV considers that a theatre experience must surprise an audience. The experience is not an observation but an occurrence which dissolves the separation between audience and actors. The play is a conveyance through danger, or perhaps madness, and compels a sense of vision. Act IV believes that observation is an enemy; so it is a theatre without a stage — rather a theatre which is all stage.

"Act IV does new plays with you — not for you — plays by new authors who are seeking to take you beyond what you already know.

"Act IV will fail many times yet continue to succeed because its moments of success will be your success, your experience. The experiment of Act IV seeks to join you with yourself by joining you with us."

What we have in mind is a kind of artistic center. That sounds pompous, but we mean simply an operation that will not be restricted to one branch of the performing arts, rather one flexible enough and curious enough to provide opportunity and facilities for everything from chess games to happenings. In addition to plays, which will continue to form the spine of Act IV, we're interested in holding poetry readings as we have been doing. We may show avant garde or underground films, hold staged and unstaged rehearsals, stage improvisations, give choral readings; we'll feature folk singers and classical or jazz musicians. If an artist wants to paint before an audience, we're for it; if visiting actors and directors want to drop by and try out something new, we're for that too.

We believe that originality and experimentation produces the best theatre. Novelist Rod Thorp, author of the current best seller, "The Detective", is presently acting as our business manager. He describes Act IV as "a commercial venture in experimental theatre — an effort to present the best in new

plays and performers while contributing in its way to the vitality of our theatre".

Now halfway through its first season, Act IV has presented a stunning play, "Soon Jack November" by a new playwright, Sharon Thie; it has brought to Cape Cod the first production of Le Roi Jones' "Dutchman", starring Beverly Bentley (in private life, Mrs. Norman Mailer) and Dennis Tate. This week Act IV is presenting John Mortimer's play "The Lunch Hour", starring Stiller and Meara, a bright young comedy team who have been a huge success in nightclub and television performances (among them, the Ed Sullivan and Johnny Carson shows).

In a special program on August 16, Act IV will present the first performance of a stage adaptation of "The Deer Park" by Norman Mailer, who adapted it for Act IV this summer. Following the performance on the 16th, the play will open to the public for a two week run at Act IV in the Gifford House. Mr. Mailer will also read selections from his forthcoming book, "Cannibals and Christians". His appearance on the program is another expression of the support he chooses to give Act IV.

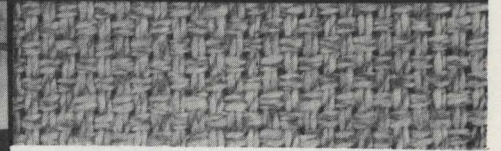
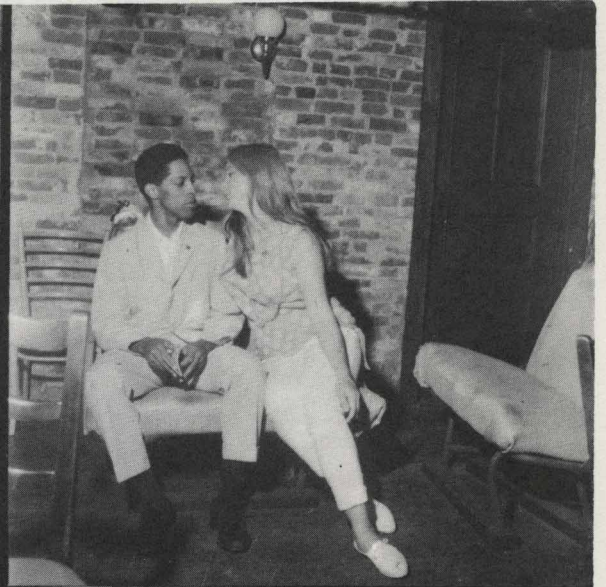
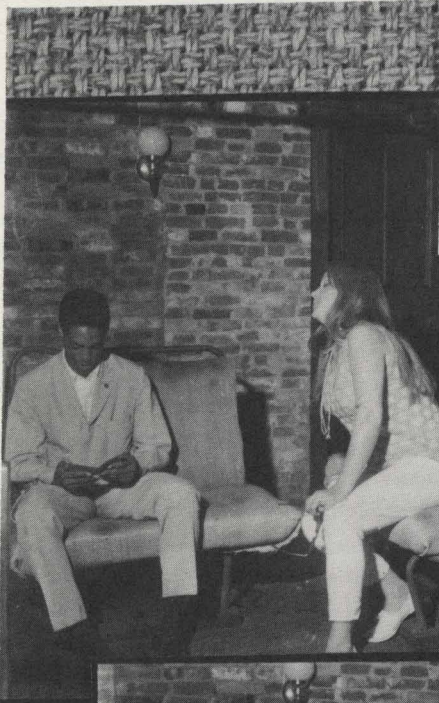
On the same program, we will present another original work — a new composition by Jacob Druckman, a talented young New York composer who summers in Provincetown. Entitled "Animus I", the piece is a startling musical debate which ends as a duel between a live trombone and electronic sound.

Not long before Act IV opened, a skeptical observer predicted the theatre-coffee house would fail quickly. His reasoning: it was all too serious and esoteric for a summer resort town; though we might offer exciting theatre, no one would come to see it. We wondered privately whether vacationers would spend an hour watching a one-act play of some difficulty instead of frugging at the local dance hall. Would they listen to Le Roi Jones rather than the Hallucinations? Would they drink coffee instead of scotch while bars were still open. The answer seems to be yes.

We have had almost consistently full houses for both shows each evening. In the two-week run of "Dutchman" the theatre was sold out on phone reservations. The feeling here about Act IV was expressed in one way by a Provincetown resident who, after seeing one of our shows said, "Act IV is the best thing that's happened to the Cape in years."

We would like to think he's right.

SCENES FROM THE PLAY
"THE DUTCHMAN"
BY LEROI JONES



Poetry Corner

ODE TO A WINO

The horse and mule live thirty years,
And nothing know of wine or beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at eighteen is mostly done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks
And after twelve short years it croaks—
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.

All animals are strictly dry;
They sinless live and early die,
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.

And some of us, though mighty few,
Stay pickled 'til we're 92.

IT'S YOU

If you are cold and miserable, sensitive and mean;
Never have a smile to share and fence your pasture green;
If you're conceited, drunk with pride, snub the sick and poor,
When strangers come into your house you drive them from your door,
Complain not when you're sick in bed and no one's kind and true,
Don't curse those that turn their back, it's not the world, it's you.

If you have sown no seeds of joy and always loved yourself,
Everything you get that's good you hide it on your shelf,
If you have no ambition and always shirk from work,
If time is spent in idle talk where lazy men do lurk,
When trouble comes your way and stays, and riches fade like dew,
Don't blame ill fortune on the stars, no one's to blame but you.

If you think you know it all and good advice discard,
If you seek the easy things and run from all things hard,
If you choose a feather-bed when you should lie on stone,
And always worship worldly things that you can't call your own,
When you can't reach the mountain top and victory's over due,
Don't blame your downfall on your friends. it isn't them, it's you.

If you are dirty, untidy and slack, vulgar in speech and in deed,
Cater to habits ugly and black and never to culture take heed,
If you're content to live in a rut, in gloomy dark despair,
To live in a gruesome sin-stained hut and want no one to care,
When people shun your company and mock the things you do,
'Tis not that virtue makes men proud, the blame is all on you.

CHARACTER

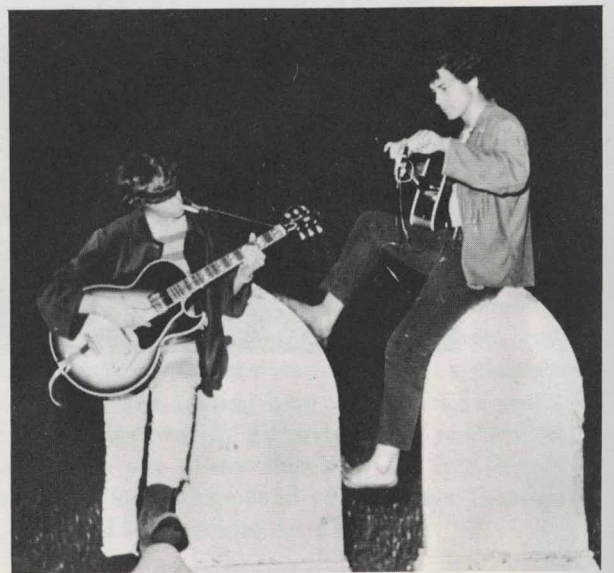
A scorpion, being a very poor swimmer, asked a turtle to carry him on his back across a river. "Are you mad?" exclaimed the turtle. "You'll sting me while I'm swimming and I'll drown."

"My dear turtle," laughed the scorpion, "If I were to sting you, you would drown and I would go down with you. Now, where is the logic in that?"

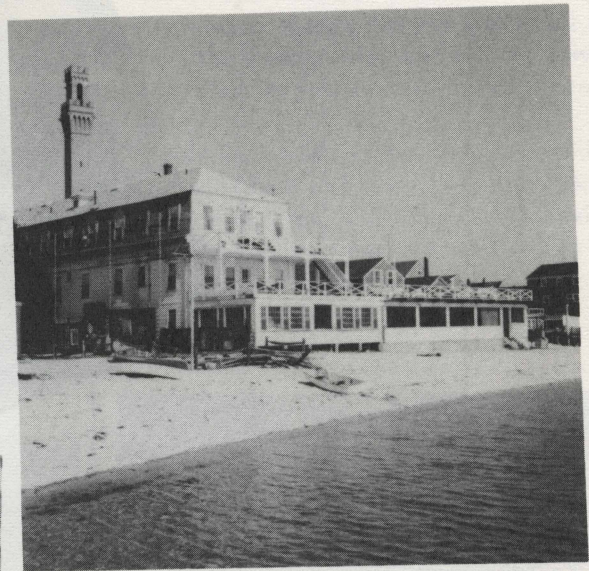
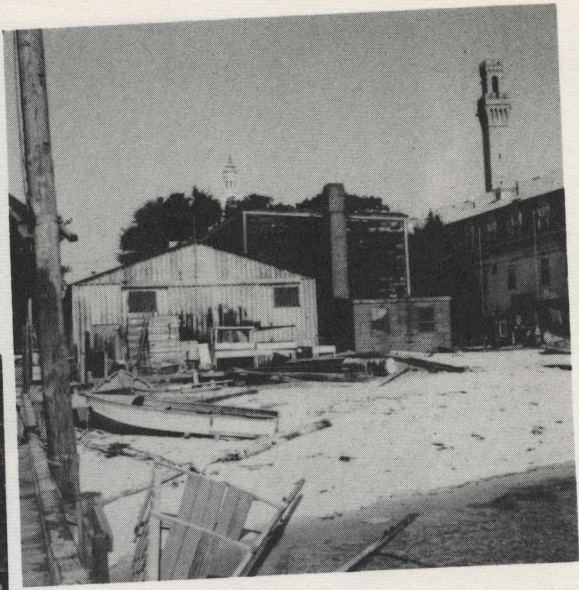
"You're right," cried the turtle. "Hop on!"

The scorpion climbed aboard and halfway across the river gave the turtle a mighty sting. As they both sank to the bottom, the turtle resignedly said, "Do you mind if I ask you something? You said there'd be no logic in your stinging me. Why did you do it?"

"It has nothing to do with logic," the drowning scorpion sadly replied. "It's just my character."

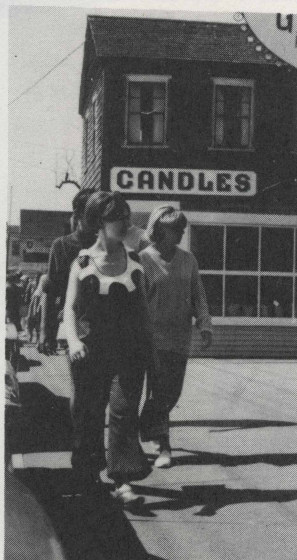


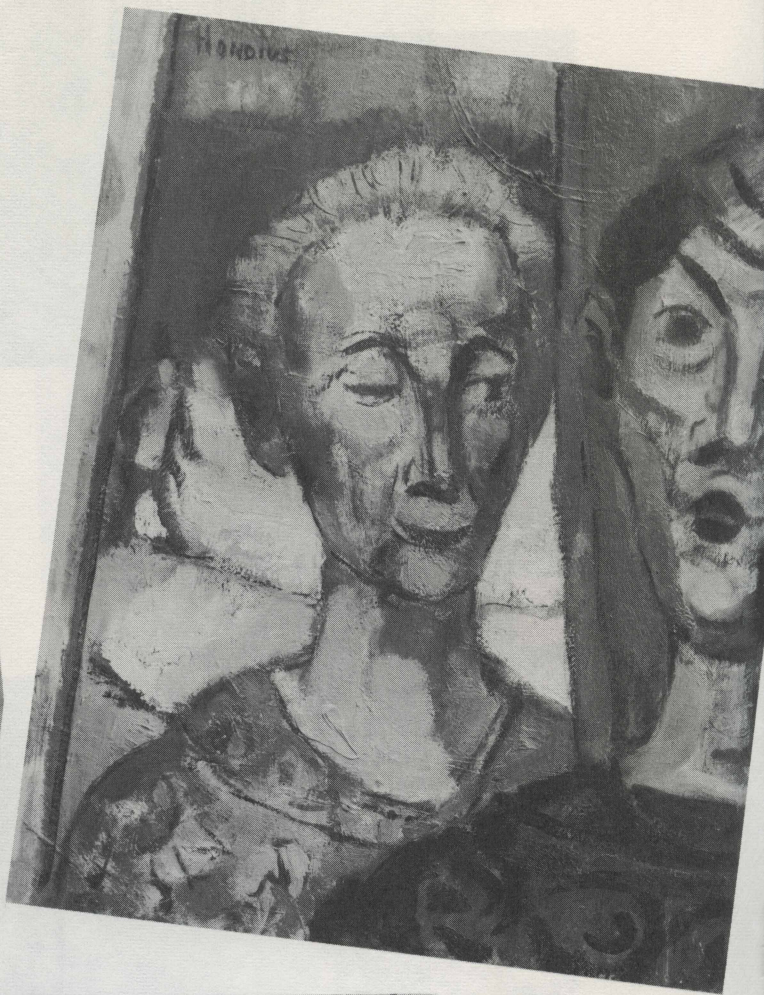












Gerrit Hondius



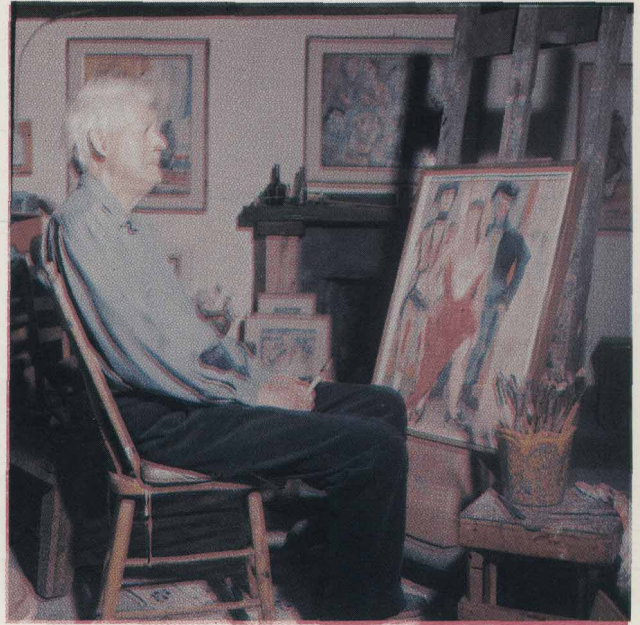
Gerrit Hondius was born in Kampen, Holland, July 4th, 1891. His father was Jan Hondius, who came from a long line of painters, ministers and scholars. In 1591, Judocus Hondius and Mercator started an Atlas of the world which took 50 years to complete, and consisted of 180 hand colored copper engravings. Mercator, who made nine of these died around 1600. Judocus continued the work, and after his death his son Hendricus and his son-in-law Jansonius finished the Atlas. They also made many globes and single maps. Some of the editions of the Atlas are in Museums throughout the world. Among the painters in this renown family, probably the most outstanding was the 17th century Abraham Hondius who specialized in large hunting scenes.

Mr. Hondius mother was Petronella Fabritius, whose ancestors were Karel and Barent Fabritius, the pupils of Rembrandt. Karel, who lived in Delft was considered Rembrandt's most gifted pupil. Unfortunately he died before he was forty years of age, from an explosion of a ship filled with gunpowder in the harbor of Delft. He was the teacher of Vermeer, and he was the first painter who experimented with the light grey background, which Vermeer developed, and which was in contrast with the deep somber backgrounds of Rembrandt. A fine example of this is the famous "GOLD FINCH" by Fabritius which is in the Mauritiz Huis in the Hague.

Gerrit Hondius began painting at an early age. He studied at the Royal Academy in the Hague, and in the studio of Krabbé, in Laren, Holland. He came to America during the first world war and studied with Max Weber in the Art Students League. Then he went to Europe twice, to study in Paris and Italy.

Mr. Hondius has had more than forty-five one man shows, numerous group shows and travelling shows, in America and in Europe. He is represented in many museums, universities and private collections.

Paula Hondius the wife of Gerrit Hondius is a pianist. As a child she was taken to Europe to study with the famous teachers of Vienna and Berlin. But overwork interrupted her concert career and for a



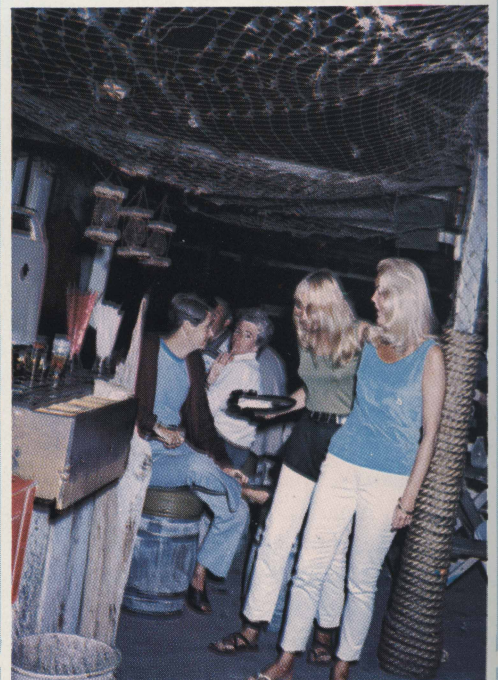
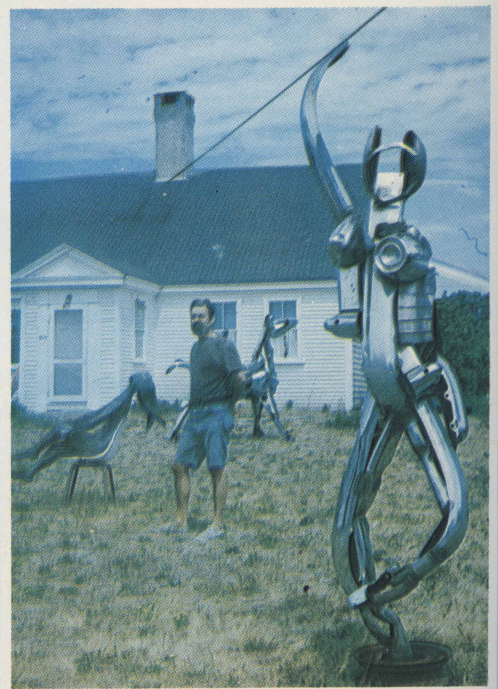
long time she had to give up playing. However; she was able to reconstruct her method of playing. And as a result she has taught to a great extent and was able to rehabilitate many pianists who suffered from overwork or faulty methods. She is renown for her playing, especially chamber music.

The paintings of Gerrit stem, first from the Dutch paintings of the Hague school, and developed into a style reminiscent of the French and German expressionism. He is interested in humanity, and feels that the study of color is the greatest contribution of painting in the 20th century. He has never experimented with non-objective art.

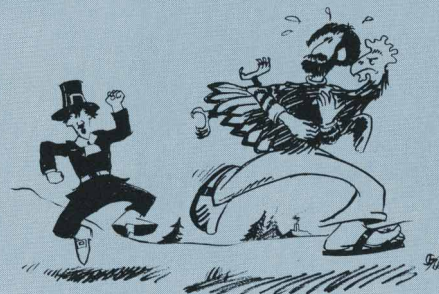
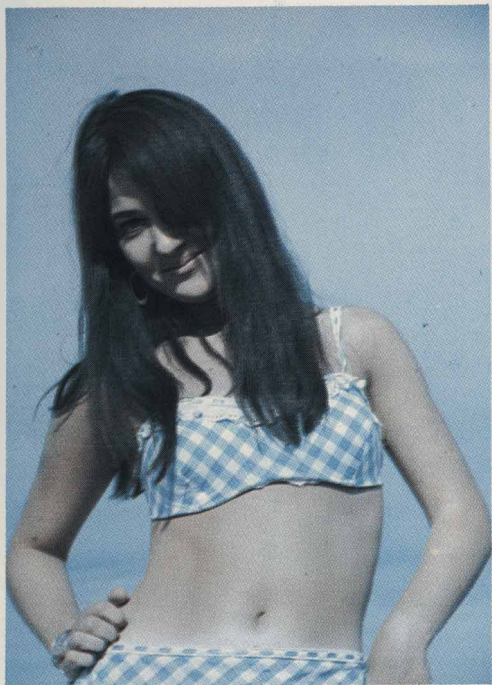
In summer months Paula and Gerrit Hondius reside in Provincetown in a beautiful cottage. This cottage is over 200 years old and was floated down to its present location from the point of the beach. It is one of the most picturesque houses in the area. It has a large circular wine cellar and quaint old New England architectural innovations.

PROVINCETOWN

presents many varied aspects

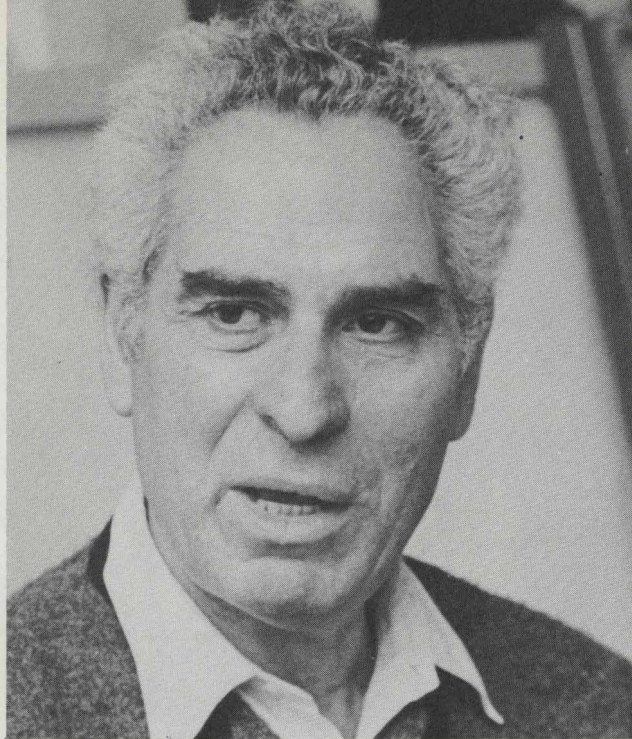


of beauty and other interests...









Chaim Gross

"My love of wood reaches back to my childhood," Chaim Gross has said. He was born near a little village in the forests of the Carpathian Mountains, where lumbering was the main occupation. This was in Galicia, then the extreme northeastern province of Austria-Hungary, and now part of the Russian Ukraine. His parents were poor, hardworking, devout Jews, followers of the fervent Chassidic movement prevalent in Eastern Europe. "I was brought up to rejoice in God and life and to have a festive spirit," he says. His people were not then subject to persecution in Austria, and lived on good terms with their Christian neighbors. Born on March 17, 1904, Chaim was the youngest of ten children, of whom only five were surviving at his birth. Like most of the community, his father worked for a lumber company. "I endlessly watched the processes of lumbering," Gross recalls. "How I enjoyed the delicious, pungent smell of newly cut wood. Every evening after the day's work our household was a busy one with the peasants carving religious ornaments, household objects and utensils Summer days meant happy times in the surrounding forests or watching the magic circus that came to town once a year. The colorful circus decorations and performances of the acrobats made so deep an impression that it later greatly influenced my work." To this outdoor childhood Gross probably owes the

physical strength and health that are basic in his character and work. His few contacts with art were the illustrations in the family's religious books, which he copied, and the example of his older brothers Pinkas and Naftoli, who drew and carved and wrote: the latter was to become a leading Jewish writer and poet in America.

Sculptors' studios are always picturesque, but that of Chaim Gross, with its junglelike accumulation of figures in wood, stone and bronze, and its walls covered with prints and drawings by his friends, is one of the most photogenic in New York. This photogenic quality is enhanced by Gross himself, with his strong face, dark sympathetic eyes, warm ruddy complexion, curly black hair now somewhat grayed, and the feeling that he gives of simple physical vitality and health. He and his wife are warm-hearted and sociable, and have many friends. In 1943, after he won the second prize of \$3,000 at the Artists for Victory exhibition, they bought a house on West 105th Street just off Central Park, where they have lived ever since. Their home is a small museum, filled with African sculptures and with pictures by painter friends, mostly acquired by exchange and chosen with an artist's eye for quality. Every summer since 1944 has been spent in Provincetown, where they own a house remodelled from a barn. Gross' first trip abroad since coming to America was in 1949, when he visited Israel; he has been there again in 1951 and in 1957. On the way there and back he has seen London, Paris, the Italian cities, Holland and Belgium, and last time spent ten weeks working in Rome.

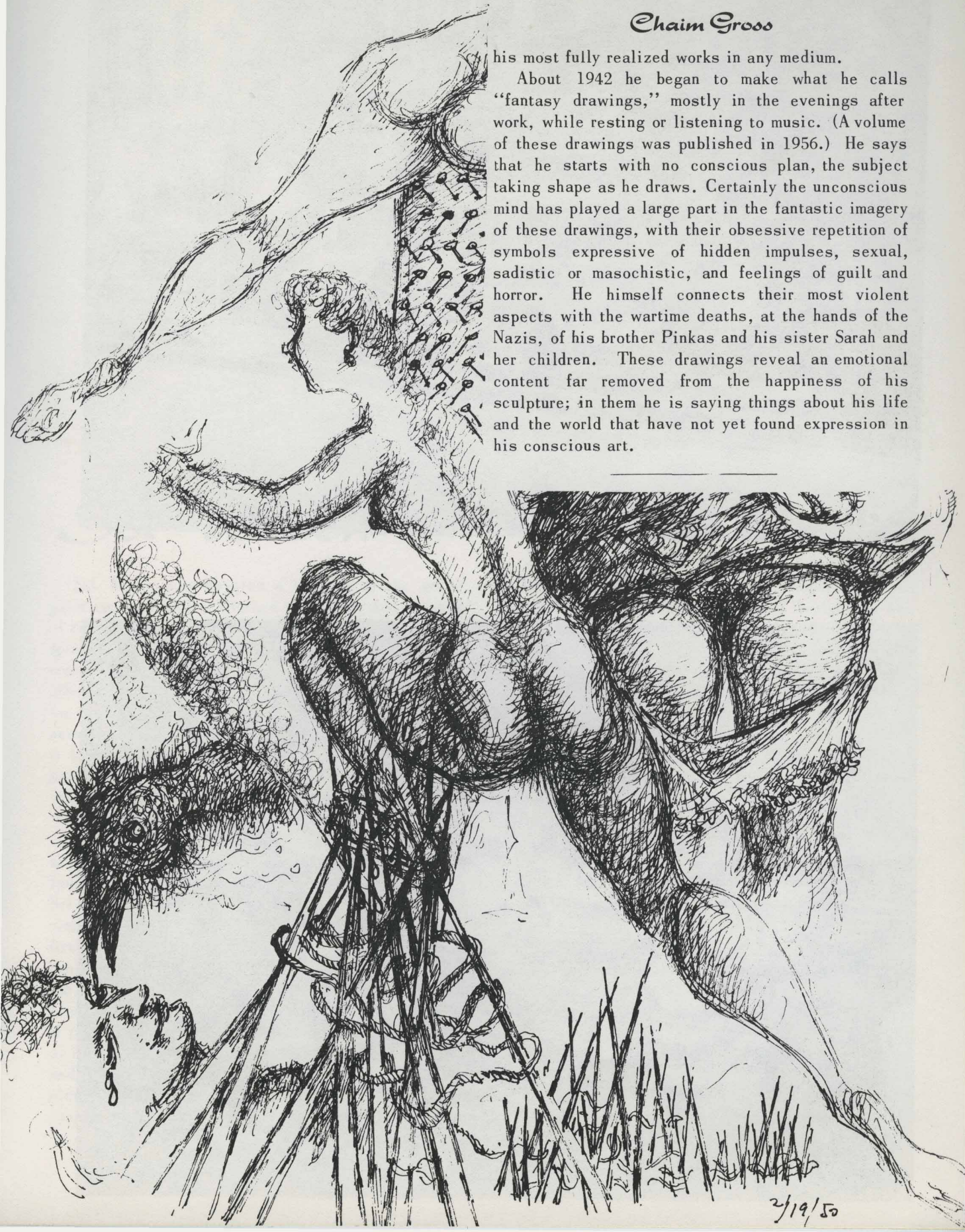
Gross has always drawn constantly — from nature, from the model, from memory and imagination. He still draws regularly from the nude. Literally scores of sketchbooks and hundreds of larger drawings attest this inexhaustible urge. Even when his drawings are connected with the development of a sculptural idea, they are works of art in themselves, showing a graphic gift and a deftness in the use of line and washes quite different from the usual sculptor's studies. Their grasp of the figure and of action reveals the knowledge that underlies his sculpture.

To him the watercolor medium is as important in its way as sculpture. He has always painted watercolors, mostly in summer and from nature. His landscapes and his Provincetown scenes have the graphic vitality of his drawings, and his recent large watercolors of Israeli subjects, especially of Chassidic rituals among the Yemenites, are among

Chaim Gross

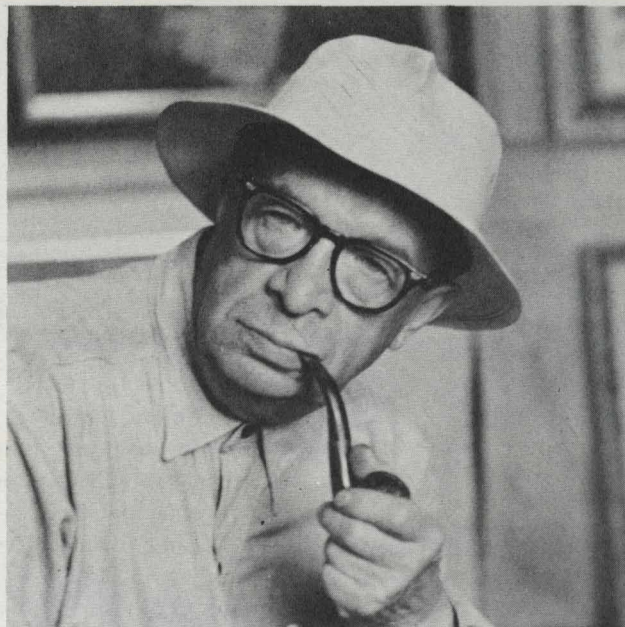
his most fully realized works in any medium.

About 1942 he began to make what he calls "fantasy drawings," mostly in the evenings after work, while resting or listening to music. (A volume of these drawings was published in 1956.) He says that he starts with no conscious plan, the subject taking shape as he draws. Certainly the unconscious mind has played a large part in the fantastic imagery of these drawings, with their obsessive repetition of symbols expressive of hidden impulses, sexual, sadistic or masochistic, and feelings of guilt and horror. He himself connects their most violent aspects with the wartime deaths, at the hands of the Nazis, of his brother Pinkas and his sister Sarah and her children. These drawings reveal an emotional content far removed from the happiness of his sculpture; in them he is saying things about his life and the world that have not yet found expression in his conscious art.



2/19/50





Sol Wilson

Sol Wilson has devoted a lifetime to the art of painting, and half a lifetime to the art and science of teaching. Faith in humanity is the spiritual principle of his life and work. His philosophy is that he must work at art not merely to have pictures to exhibit, but because working must be the way of life for the dedicated professional artist. Sol Wilson has never been known to speak harshly of a fellow artist. It has been said that as near as he has come to reproaching any artist has been to say "he doesn't work enough" and his favorite praise for an artist is "he works hard, he produces".

Mr. Wilson was born in Russia in 1896 and came to America (the new world) at the age of fifteen. His father was a lithographer and had a shop where young Sol got his early training. There he watched workmen create designs for bottles and other things. His first experience at painting was to copy from old books and duplicate the designs of the workmen in the shop. Little did he know that he was to become a very good painter in his own right. For indeed, if prizes and museum purchases are the partial proof of his qualifications as an artist, then the many good and capable students he has taught, must be the complete proof of his overall ability as a teacher and painter.

He studied in New York at the Cooper Union Art School, and the National Academy of Design. He has held more than twenty-five one man shows from Paris, France to Sarasota, Florida. His numerous awards include the winning of a top prize in the initial Pepsi Cola exhibition in 1944 and the Medal of Honor given by that company in 1948; an American Academy of Arts and Letters Grant in 1950; the Audubon Medal of Honor in 1959; and in 1966 the Andrew Carnegie Prize, National Academy of Design. He is represented in more than fifty museums, art galleries and universities including the Library of Congress Washington, D.C.

Sol Wilson and his charming and personable wife spend their summers beside the waters at the east end of Commercial Street in Provincetown. He travels up and down the Cape looking for subject matter, he will stop and make quick pen and ink sketches from which he later works up his paintings in his attic studio. Sol Wilson is an energetic, deeply understanding and warm personality. And he is indeed a great painter.

Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer has been a summer resident of Cape Cod for about the last 20 years and recently bought a home in Provincetown, where he lives with his wife Beverly and their children.

Born in Long Branch, New Jersey in 1923, Mr. Mailer grew up in Brooklyn, graduated from Harvard and served in the Army during World War II in the Pacific.

His selected works are: *The Naked and The Dead* (1948); *Barbary Shore* (1951); *The Deer Park* (1955); *An American Dream* (1965). He has also published a collection of poetry, and numerous essays in various publications; he is particularly well known for his reportage of the 1960 and 1964 presidential campaigns. His forthcoming book, "Cannibals and Christians" will be published in September of this year.

This summer, Mr. Mailer adapted scenes from *The Deer Park* into an 80 minute play, which will be performed at the Act IV Experimental Theatre in Provincetown for two weeks in August. Currently, Mr. Mailer is at work on a new novel.





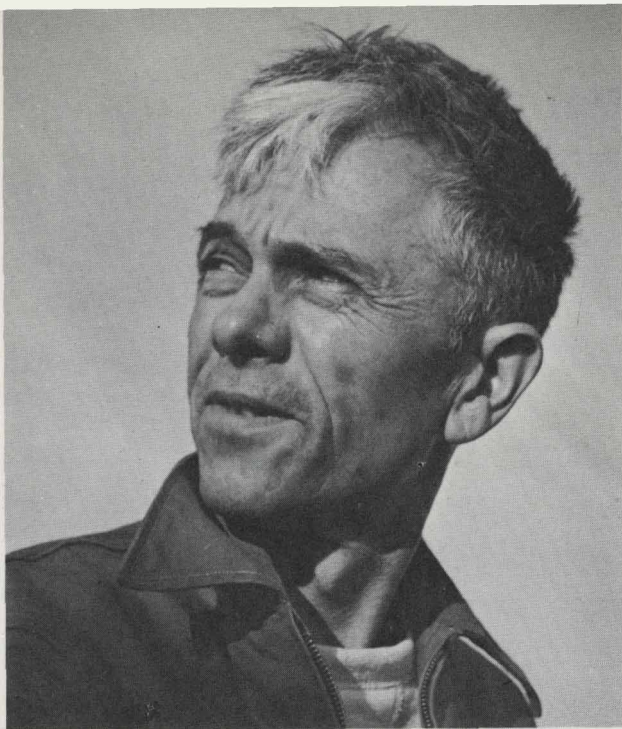


John Kearney

John Kearney was born in Omaha, Nebraska in 1924, and was educated at Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. He is co-founder and co-director of the Contemporary Art Workshop, Chicago, Ill. Built with Cosmo Campoli an art bronze foundry. He has held one man shows in Chicago, New York City, Detroit, Provincetown, and Rome, Italy. Also Mr. Kearney has been featured in many group shows. Among his numerous prizes are 1st prize from the Magnificent Mile Festival in Chicago and the Sarasota Art Association "Top Sculpture Prize" in Sarasota, Florida. He was awarded an Italian government grant to work in sculpture for one year. Also a U.S. Government Fulbright Travel Grant for sculpture in Italy.

John Kearney has taught metalsmithing, painting and sculpture for over 15 years at the Contemporary Art Workshop in Chicago. He has traveled and worked in Mexico with his wife and two children. During the summer he lives in Provincetown, Mass. In 1963-64 he lived in Rome with his family while working and studying on the afore mentioned grants from the Italian and American governments. In 1962 he began to develop the field of motorized sculpture which has been called kinetic sculpture. He has incorporated motors in representational forms, using bicycles, vacuum cleaners, record machines to comment satirically on many aspects of modern life.

Mr. Kearney is listed in Who's Who in American Art. He has gallery affiliation ACA, New York and Rome. He was named "Man of the Year" in Chicago. He was the first person to be awarded this honor, in this annual award by the council.



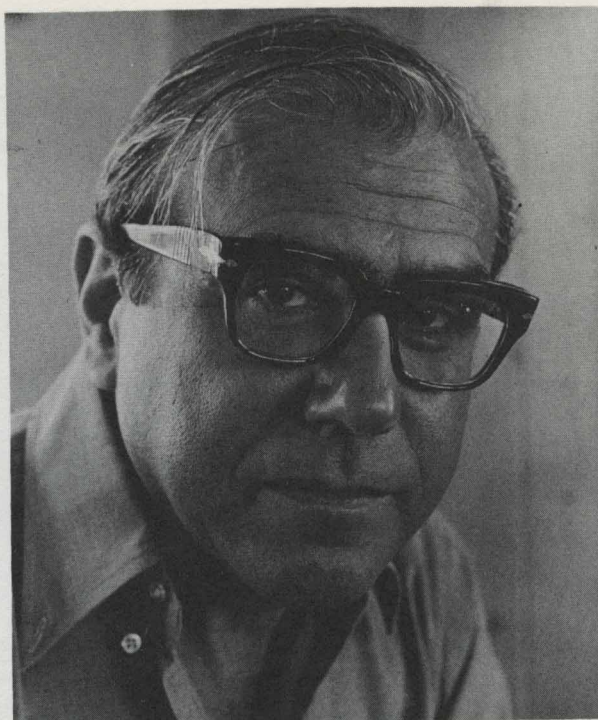
Henry Hensche

HENRY HENSCH was Chas. W. Hawthorne's assistant instructor in the Cape Cod School of Art (founded 1899-1930). He is a Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters. He's in Who's Who in America and Who's Who in American Art. He has exhibited in all major exhibitions and had many one man shows. He has lectured and given painting demonstrations in Universities, Colleges, Art Schools, and Art Clubs — from Canada to Texas. He is represented in public and private collections. He studied at the Cape Cod School of Art, National Academy of Design, Chicago Art Institute, Art Students League and the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. Many of his students are America's fine artists.

THE CAPE SCHOOL has a unique purpose. No method of instruction equals its results in the development of the sense of color and its use to express figure, landscape, still life or imaginative painting. Composition and drawing are taught in relation to color giving the student the means to express what is close to his heart and mind.



Arthur Berger



"New York-born composer whom a good many of his American colleagues regard as the best musical stylist among them," is *High Fidelity's* description of Arthur Berger (Feb., 1957). His stylism is marked by a highly personal stamp and capacity for precise shape. *Time Magazine* (April 27, 1953) stated "it was clear that Berger had a style of his own."

"Clarity, refinement, perfect timing and impeccably clean workmanship are the keynotes to his style," wrote Alfred Frankenstein (*San Francisco Chronicle*, June 6, 1948). He "is the sort of musician who thinks twice before he reaches for the staff-paper." In the same vein Darius Milhaud remarked on his "loving attention to minute detail" (*Modern Music*, 1944).

The *Time* article already quoted points out that after a work "is technically finished, Berger often continues to polish up details. Says he: 'I am my own severest critic.'" The same critical faculty has made him, in Joseph Kerman's words, "one of the best American music critics" (*Hudson Review*). Since 1953, when he left the *Herald Tribune* for Brandeis University (where he is Walter W. Naumburg, Professor of Music), he has enjoyed the time released for composing. His earlier critical activities, which included editorship of *Listen Magazine* and the *Musical Mercury*, and reviewer for the *Boston Transcript*, *New York Sun*, and *Saturday Review*, are now limited to occasional contributions to the New

York Times and leading magazines.

Arthur Berger was born in New York City on May 15, 1912. When his family acquired a piano in 1921, his older sister received piano lessons which he learned before she did, and he played by ear. Between eleven and sixteen, aside from piano lessons, he was musically self-taught, and by 1928 when he entered New York City College he was writing traditional sonatas. Since the College offered little in music he later transferred to New York University, working mainly in the education division with Vincent Jones. There, along with two fellow students, he extolled Charles Ives as early as 1930, entered the vital set that Henry Cowell attracted, and also became part of the Young Composers Group that formed around Aaron Copland as guardian.

Berger was drawn to atonality, but feeling his personality obscured by Schoenberg's shadow, he destroyed his music of that period except for *Two Episodes: 1933* for piano. He welcomed fellowships he received to the Longy School of Music and to Harvard University for graduate work in musicology as a chance for a sabbatical from composing during which to reconsider style and tradition. Harvard granted him an M.A. and, in 1937, the Paine Fellowship to study with Nadia Boulanger in Paris. On his return in 1939 he taught at Mills College.



Richard Florsheim

Now in his fiftieth year, Richard Florsheim, the American painter and printmaker, can look back on a most successful career that began at seventeen, when he first showed in a national exhibition. Yet in spite of his work having been widely shown throughout the United States, in Mexico, and in Europe, and belonging in the permanent collections of important museums both here and abroad, his art has not become frozen, nor has his abundant enthusiasm for continuous growth abated.

Born in Chicago in 1916, Florsheim inherited a predilection for art from his mother, who had studied painting in St. Paul. Still, he admits that following his graduation from the Chicago Latin School and subsequent training at Chicago University, he had to combat parental disapproval of his decision to make art a career. However, his persistence paid off, and with his parents' reluctant support and financial assistance, Florsheim set off to study art independently in Europe. He worked abroad for several years, before World War II broke out and, like many artists of military age, his career was interrupted by service in the armed forces, in his case as a naval lieutenant.

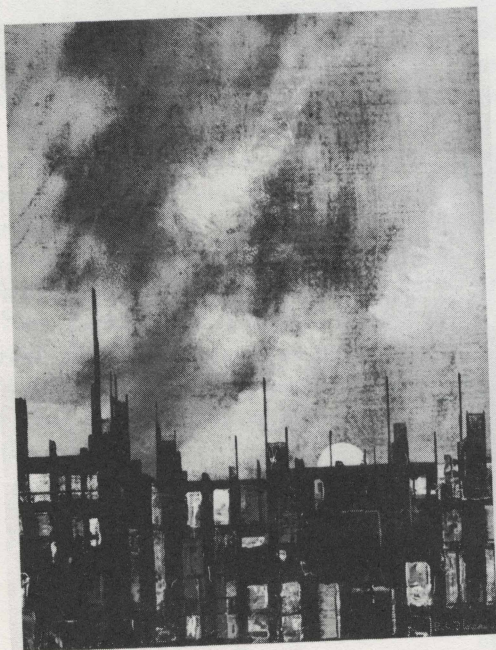
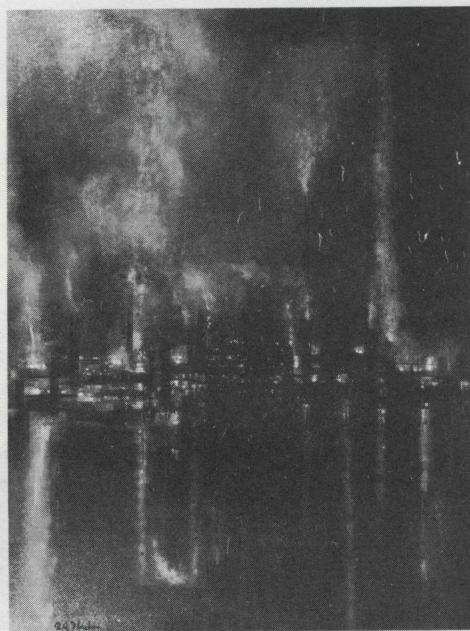
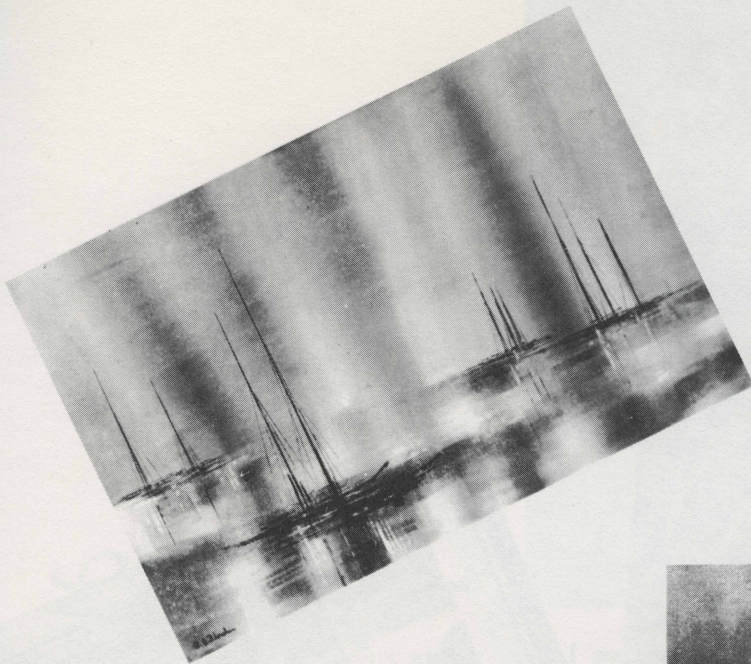
Returning to Chicago, he took a studio and began painting, unleashing his pent-up feeling for those urban subjects that in a short time were to bring him critical acclaim and a special identity among American artists.

This individuality has not been limited to the Florsheim paintings, but manifests itself in his prints — particularly his lithographs — since, as the artist attests in the text that follows, his passion for making prints has run concurrently with his activity as a painter.

In addition to independent art, Richard Florsheim has taught in various art schools, workshops, and colleges for short, concentrated periods of time, and has appeared as a lecturer in many cities throughout the country.

During winter the Florsheims live in Chicago—except for annual trips to Europe — and in summer at Provincetown where, since 1954, Richard has become one of this famous colony's most enthusiastic residents.







Lena Gurr

Born in Brooklyn, N.Y. She studied Art at the Educational Alliance and The Art Student's League in New York, (with John Sloan, Maurice Sterne and others), also in Paris, Nice and Mentone, France. Her mediums are oil, casein, woodcuts, serigraphs and drawings. Mrs. Gurr has received more than fifty different awards. Most of her awards have been for oil paintings and among the most recent have been the Grumbacher award for oil, the Samuel Mann Prize for casein, The Benedictine Art Award (oil) and the Marion K. Haldenstein prize for oil. All of the awards mentioned here were received within the last three years. She has exhibited her works from coast to coast and in Italy, England, France, Africa, India and Mexico. Her permanent collections are in many museums in America and abroad. Among them are The Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C., State Library of California, Atlanta Art Association, Atlanta, Georgia, New York Public Library, and Tel Aviv Museum, Israel. She has appeared on television many times, and has been featured in numerous publications. Lena Gurr is a member of more than a dozen Art Societies.



I am very much moved by the world I see around me, which accounts in large measure for the importance of subject matter in my paintings. The selection of this subject matter is conditioned essentially by my own personal preferences as they relate to the solution of certain aesthetic problems. These problems involve a wide variety of subjects, ranging from waterfronts, with their subtle interplay of movement and reflections; metropolitan scenes, with their bold and assertive structural forms — skyscrapers and bridges; dancers; musicians; flowers or simply objects in my studio which lend themselves to selective rearrangements.

While my work might be classified as semi-abstract, it is rooted in a response to reality, enriched by my own vision and experience. In this way, it is a highly personal expression, influenced in part by certain of the qualities of cubism and expressionism, but always maintaining the closest possible link with all of the great art of the past. The novel, the bizarre and the spectacular find no room in my work, which does not preclude as a matter of course an alert and sensitive appraisal of contemporary experimentation and development.

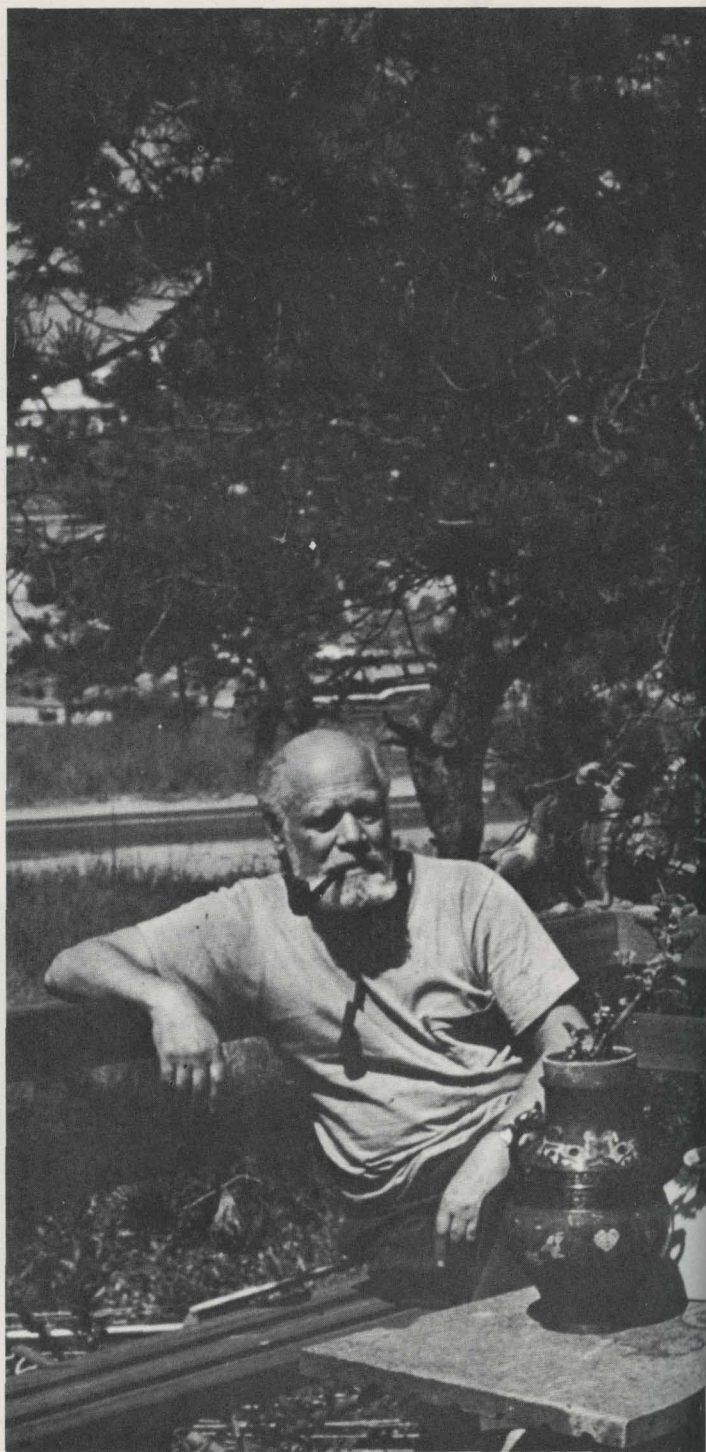
My palette is as varied as my subject matter, according to what I feel will best express the feelings or thoughts that the particular subject suggests. In this respect, by experimenting with new color harmonies, with pictorial organization and with texture, I endeavor to combine emotion and the more poetic aspects of the subject with formal structure in order to fuse the two into an indivisible whole.

Joseph Kaplan

Joseph Kaplan has been identified with Cape Cod for many years. Ever since the late twenties, when he came to Provincetown as a student of Charles Hawthorne, the dunes, the sea and sky, the ever-changing variety of the flats, the effects of the moonlight on the bay, have been subjects which constantly intrigued him and presented him with the challenge of setting down his impressions.

Visits to the Caribbean and Mexoco created a new interest in depicting the primitive methods of seiners at work and the life and people in the small villages. And though he left the Cape on occasion for Monhegan Island, Maine, and Cape Ann, he always returned to Provincetown, and in the late forties, this is where he decided to settle, and more recently, where he has spent more and more time, coming earlier and staying later in the year.

He has had numerous one-man shows in New York City and the Midwest, as well as in Provincetown and Hyannis and his work has been shown in many of the important national and regional exhibitions throughout the country.







Karl Knaths

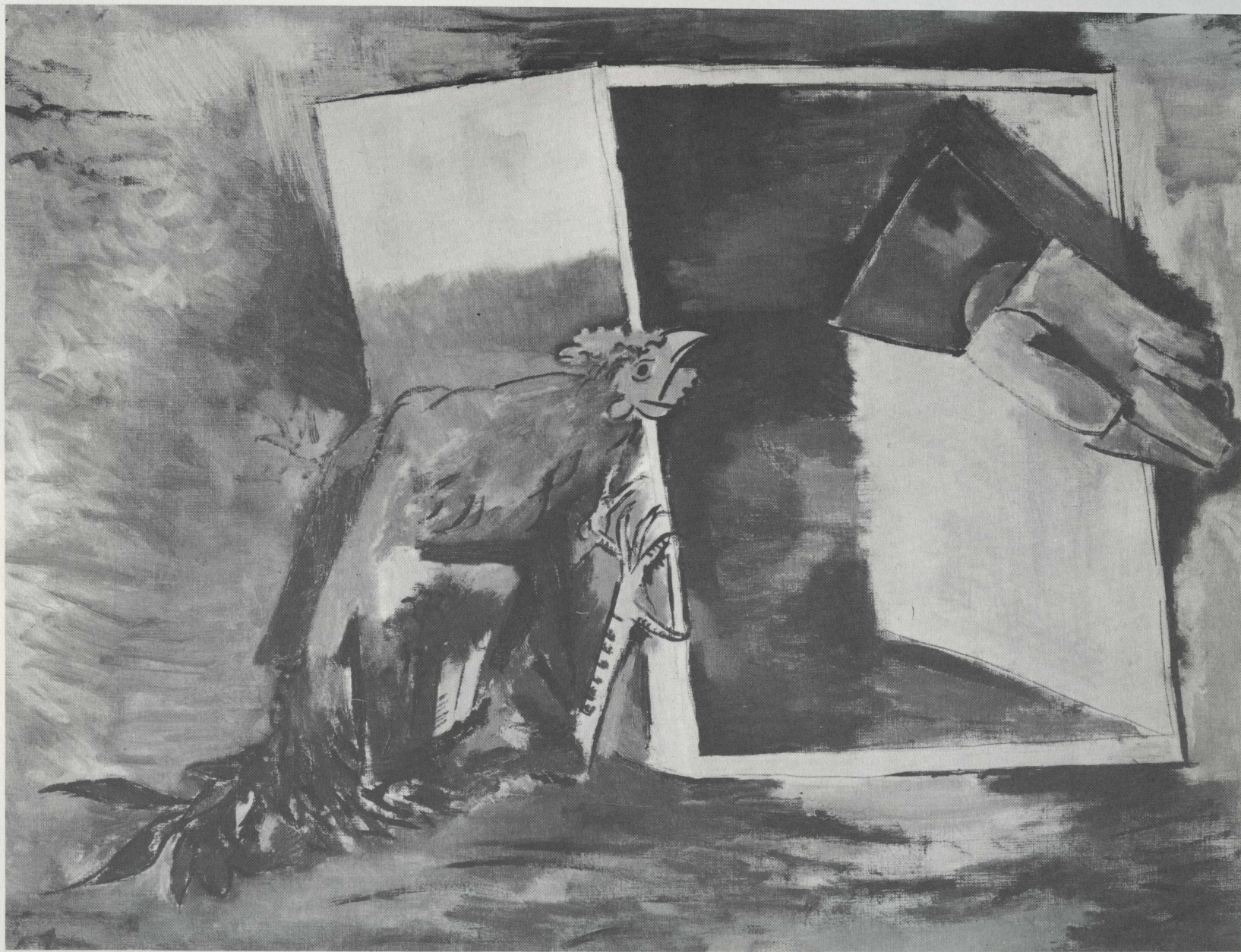
Karl Knaths has lived in Provincetown for forty years, which is the exact amount of time that he has been creating. He was born October 21, 1891, in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and spent his early childhood in Milwaukee. Knaths is a large man and sturdy, with a ruddy weathered complexion, blue eyes, and a face that shows his German ancestry. In flannel jersey and peaked fisherman's cap, he does not look like the conventional idea of an artist. He is a man of genuine simplicity, utterly without pretence, giving a sense of deep kindliness, integrity and inner peace. In the enthusiasm and insight with which he talks about painting one recognizes a lifetime devoted singlemindedly to art.

Most winters, he and his wife Helen, a pianist, go to New York for a month or so, but Provincetown is their year round home. To Knaths it is the best place for an artist. He loves the dunes, the sea, the salty life of the harbor, and the Yankee and Portuguese fisherman, who are his old and good friends. There are few distractions, thus there is ample time to think and to work. He has never travelled outside of the U.S.A. At first, he said, "Paris was for me

like a distant dream. I was very shy and could certainly not have had the courage then to approach men like Picasso, Matisse or Braque I had first to study, to understand. And later, when I had gotten out of their work what I needed, when I had found my way, why should I have gone over then?" Judging from his many awards and recognized standing among the great painters of today, he is right.

His reading is closely connected with his philosophy of art as it is expressed by his choice and, even more, by his use of his themes. Although in 1940-46 he painted abstractions only, the bulk of his work has a decided representational element which, in some of his pictures—*Finnegan*, or the series of Biblical paintings exhibited last year—carries involved allegories. Through Blake, Knaths became interested in Tarot cards, a deck dating from the fourteenth century, which represents, according to the legend, an Egyptian hieroglyphic book consisting of seventy-eight tablets. He owns a corrupt Austrian version of the Tarot, and has done a good deal of reading on its elaborate numerical and symbolical relationships. As Blake based his illustrations for the *Book of Job* on these cards, so Knaths evolved his own set of equivalents for his allegories in their archetypes. But though these subjects may have complex metaphysical implications, they are, in a sense the private inspiration of the artist—part of the mechanics of creation—and the final expression of his work is as forthright, as nonmystical as that of Braque or Cezanne. As in their work, the meaning and excitement of his pictures lie in the plastic workings; the subject is nothing more than what you see. *Adam* is simply a clam digger walking over the tital flats with a bundle on his back.

Knaths' physical surroundings, in this fishing town so popular with painters, are rich in possibilities. The particular location of his home, in the historical West End of town, where streets are sixteen feet wide, offers a variety of images some of which are suggested in the nicknames for the section: as the tip-end-of-the-Cape, it is called "Way-Up-Along"; as an area unprotected from storms, "Gale Force" or "Skunks' Misery"; as the spot where vegetation ceases and the tital flats begin, "Wood End." Here, in one direction are the meadows of the "outermost dairy farm on the Eastern Coast"; in the other, a sweeping view of moors, dunes, marshes and a huge breakwater that stretches a mile across the cove to the strip of sand around a lighthouse. Nearby is a cluster of white cottages,



"Delfthaven," and some eighteenth-century houses built of timber seasoned in shipwrecks, and traditionally painted with red lead. From his window, beyond the apple trees and woodbine surrounding his houses (he has built three more since the first one, with the nonprofessional help of a couple of friends), can be seen the fishing boats dragging the bottom of the bay for flounders or scallops in the afternoon, or anchored at night with their nets hoisted up on the masts to dry. In this locale—even his still-lives and total abstractions reflect it—he finds all the visual themes that go into the making of twenty-odd pictures a year.

Pictures begin in numbers

Knaths' practice of putting a picture aside to dry for a week or so after a session of painting entails working on a series of canvases at once. In the past six months there have been ten works-in-progress; three still-lives, a seascape, a beach scene, a wharf scene, a large canvas of two deer (lovers in the symbolism of the Tarot)—and, reproduced here, *The Clam Diggers* and the portrait, both of which were begun in the first week in July and finished this October.

Once the artist has decided on his subject, whether it is to be developed with reference to life, like the portrait, or from memory, old sketches or a previous painting, he makes several rough sketches with a very soft pencil. At this stage he is interested only in "the balance of space arrangement in terms of major placement." Note how the clam-diggers and shed are related to the center of the drawing, which Knaths always establishes at the outset with diagonals from the corners. Executed with incredible speed, these drawings have a mobile, almost cartoonish line—like that of the little diagrams he makes while talking, to illustrate his points. The next step is a charcoal outline on canvas, which carries the drawing further, not in terms of description (it is interesting to note that there is generally no more detail in the final version of a Knaths painting than there is at its inception), but of construction. The charcoal is then picked up by black paint. Here line takes on a darting spasmodic quality, the first indication of the planes that will later break up the surface of the canvas. These planes are further suggested by white chalk lines, barely visible on the uncovered canvas. In developing this original plan, Knaths never refers to nature. Thus in the portrait, he had the pose stated, the size and location of the figure on canvas, before he made his first sketches and tacked them up on cardboard next to his easel. A brilliant draftsman,

he makes all his sketches as notes which come to life for him only when expanded in paint.





The Orphans thank Provincetown
and the Atlantic House
for a ball in "66"









**RUN TO THE ROUND HOUSE, NELLIE, THEY'LL NEVER
CORNER YOU THERE! FOR THE USUAL AND
UNUSUAL IN THE LARGEST KNOWN CIRCULAR - cellar
- gifts - one of a kind enamels.**

APARTMENT RENTALS

People and Places to Remember

NAMES

ADDRESSES

AUTOGRAPHS

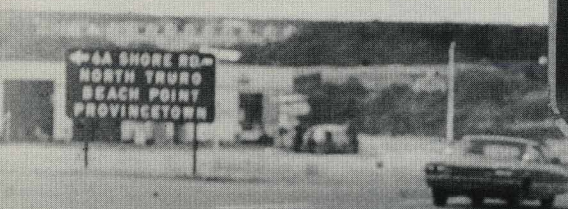
TWILIGHT

Sounds their pitch from these ears now fade,
As day disrobing winks its' tired eyes, and draws o'er eyes curtained
window its' shade,
Then down to well earned rest it lies
Vanishing friends as bowing actors from a stage,
As final curtain bades them dramatic leave
For comes each day to end with age,
That o'er its' wrinkled brow, there twinkles eve
Clustered within her dark and purpled cloak,
As sequined acorns within a silent oak,
Stars dwell beneath the boughs of night
And rising in her nightly ord, — the moon,
Pale angel to Vigil o'er our heads, so bright
Shining down her midnight noon
Is God's eye watching, in darkness light.

Fischer

NORTH TRURO
PROVINCETOWN
EITHER WAY

MASS. DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS



NEXT YEAR...



***when vacation time rolls around
remember Provincetown***