



PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION
AND MUSEUM
SUMMER CATALOG 1978
Sixty-fourth Season



PROVINCETOWN
ART ASSOCIATION
AND
MUSEUM

Sixty-Fourth Season • Founded in 1914

SUMMER
1978
CATALOG

COVER: detail of painting, Ross Moffett's "Provincetown Fishermen."

Catalog Committee: Jeanne Busa, Barbara Malicoat, Richard Pepitone,
Sue Remington, Mischa Richter, Carole Schmidt

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GALLERY HOURS

Tuesday – Saturday 11 am – 2 pm 7 pm – 11 pm
Sunday 12 – 7 pm Closed Monday

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FOREWORD

LAST year we were in a stage of near completion of the new exhibition gallery and the enlarged storage vault, both of which have since become finished, valuable ingredients in the development of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum concept.

Our shows last year numbered more than we had ever attempted before. And they were mounted very successfully, playing to increasing numbers of viewers as the summer advanced.

The climax was the PROVINCETOWN PAINTERS SHOW which exceeded all attendance records for viewing and which presented the community with a grand scale exhibition of the essence of work produced in Provincetown over the years.

Thanks to our viewers, admirers, and supporters for making all this possible.

The season of 1978 will see an equally ambitious program of exhibitions which we hope, in total, will provide something for everyone.

Now that we have the storage space and the exhibition space for holding and showing works in our permanent collection, we are enjoying a rapid rate of enrichment of work. The past year has seen many works received. Presently more are in process of being gifted, and we have expectations to fill as many of the blanks in our collection with works of living and deceased Provincetown artists as possible.

The aid of our members and collectors and artists makes all this possible. And in these days of rising costs, the effort to expand and improve still comes reasonably easy. It's the cost—the financial cost—that is difficult to handle.

We sincerely hope you like what we're doing. Your attendance at exhibitions and functions and your membership as well as contributing financial support tells us when you approve.

This is your PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION AND MUSEUM. SUPPORT IT!

Lawrence Richmond, President



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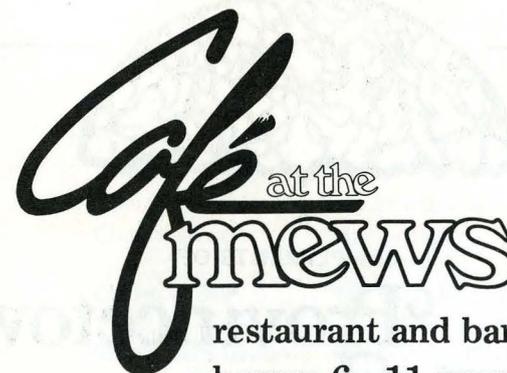
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SUMMER EXHIBITION SCHEDULE 1978

MAY 26 - JUNE 20	Alvin Ross Retrospective Exhibition
MAY 26 thru SUMMER	Continuous rotating show of works from the Permanent Collection
JUNE 16 - JULY 11	Exhibition of paintings by Bruce McKain
JUNE 23 - JULY 4	Members' Non-Juried Show
JULY 7 - JULY 24	Works on Paper. Members' Exhibition: prints, collages, watercolors, oils on paper
JULY 14 - AUGUST 1	Conceptual/Post-Conceptual Exhibition. Peter Hutchinson, Douglas Huebler, Mary Shaffer, Donald Burgy.
JULY 28 - AUGUST 13	Members' Juried Show
AUGUST 4 - AUGUST 23	Lower Cape Collectors. Selected works from Lower Cape collectors
AUGUST 18 - OCTOBER 1	Days' Lumber Yard Studios 1915 - 1970
AUGUST 25 - SEPT. 4	Members' Miniatures. Juried: small paintings, 8" maximum exclusive of frame, and small sculpture, 10" maximum exclusive of base.



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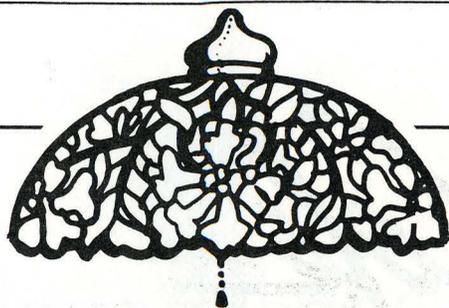


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SINCE LAST SUMMER – DONATIONS TO THE PERMANENT COLLECTION

DONOR	ARTIST	WORK	MEDIUM
Michael Rogovsky	Michael Rogovsky	"North View"	Oil on canvas
Erna Partoll	Erna Partoll	"The Hills Beyond"	Colored Pencil
William F. Smith	William F. Smith	"Kandinsky Points"	Wood
Stewart MacFarlane	Stewart MacFarlane	"Beach Point"	Oil on canvas
Irving Lefson	Irving Lefson	"Phantom Ship"	Photograph
Clara Candell	Victor Candell	"Galactic"	Mixed media and assemblage
Leo and Blanche Manso	Harry Botkin	"Medley"	Oil on board
Leo and Blanche Manso	Frances Field	"To the Other Side"	Oil on canvas
Marston Hodgkin	Marston Hodgkin	"Hatch's Harbor"	Watercolor
Estate of Lydia Robinson	Charles W. Hawthorne	"Portrait of Lydia Robinson"	Oil on canvas
Daniel Marcus	Daniel Marcus	"Sand, Sea, Sky VII"	Oil on board
Sharli Powers Land	Sharli Powers Land	"Eddie's Chair"	Oil on canvas
Lena Gurr	Lena Gurr	"Still Life with Chair"	Woodcut
Lena Gurr	Lena Gurr	"Roofs"	Serigraph
Lena Gurr	Lena Gurr	"Star Attraction"	Lithograph
Morris Davidson	Morris Davidson	"Provincetown Theme"	Oil on canvas
S. Edmund Oppenheim	S. Edmund Oppenheim	"The Master"	Oil on canvas
Georgia Coxe	Mary Cecil Allen	Clay Dish	Pottery
Erma Allen	Courtney Allen	"On The Beach"	Oil on canvas
Chaim Gross	Chaim Gross	"Hannaford's Acrobats"	Bronze
Chaim Gross	Chaim Gross	"The Old Historic Museum"	Watercolor
Chaim Gross	Mimi Gross Grooms	"Nebraska Is the Center of the USA"	Crayon
Chaim Gross	Doris Caesar	"Female Figure Standing"	Bronze
Living Arts Foundation (D. & S. Teichman)	19 Artists	19 Paintings	
Bruce McKain	Charles Darby	"Lumber Yard Studio in Winter"	Oil



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SUMMER CALENDAR OF EVENTS — 1978

JUNE

3	Contact Improvisation	Dance/Movement	8:00 P.M.
4	Elloyd Hanson	Recorder Ensemble	2:30—4:00 P.M.
6	Tony Vevers	Lecture on Alvin Ross	8:00 P.M.
10	Joan Pereira & Richard Busch	Vocalist and Piano — American Period Music	8:00 P.M.
13	Gretchen MacLane	Dance Troupe	8:00 P.M.
17	Rick Dodd and Marybeth Raycraft	Classical Guitar and Flute	8:00 P.M.
20	Kim Rilleau	Mime	7:30 P.M.
24	Bob Olson	Magician	8:00 P.M.
27	Lecture	Art Series — to be announced	8:00 P.M.

FAMILY SERIES — Wednesday except as noted*

7	David Wheeler	Conceptual Puppets	4:30 P.M.
14	Gretchen MacLane	Dance	4:30 P.M.
20*	Kim Rilleau	Mime	7:30 P.M. (Tues.)

JULY

2	Joan Pereira & Richard Busch	Vocalist & Piano — American Period Music	8:00 P.M.
3	Second Chance Auction	Art Auction	4:30 P.M.
9	Dorothy Carter	Folk songs, Hammered Dulcimer, Psaltery	8:00 P.M.
11	Summermusic Series	Chamber Music	8:00 P.M.
15	Sharon Isbin	Classical Guitar	8:00 P.M.
16	Jonathan Elkus	Lecture — Music in America today & yesterday	8:00 P.M.
18	George Gritzbach	Blues Guitarist	8:00 P.M.
23	Elizabeth Rodgers	Pianist	8:00 P.M.
25	Lecture	Conceptual Art	8:00 P.M.
29	Fund Raiser	To be announced.	

FAMILY SERIES — Wednesday

5	To be announced.		
12	Mimsy Puppets		4:30 P.M.
19	To be announced.		

AUGUST

1	Rick Dodd	Classical Guitar	8:00 P.M.
6	Summermusic Series	Chamber Music	8:00 P.M.
8	Gretchen MacLane	Dance Troupe	8:00 P.M.
13	Joan Pereira & Richard Busch	Vocalist & Piano — American Pop Music	8:00 P.M.
15	Kim Rilleau	Mime	7:30 P.M.
19	To be announced		

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SUMMER CALENDAR OF EVENTS — 1978 continued

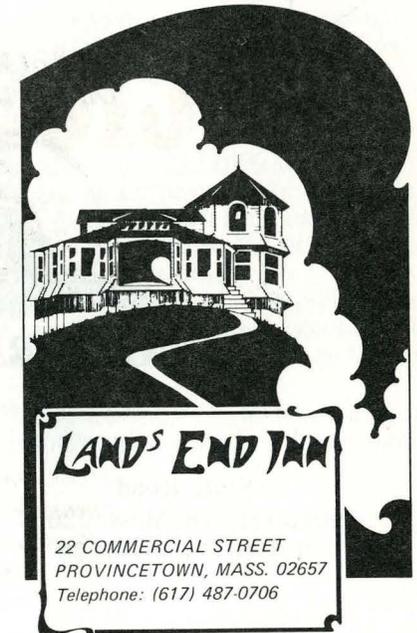
AUGUST

20	Garden Party	Patti & Ciro Cozzi's Garden	4:00 P.M.
22	Elizabeth Rodgers, et al	Piano Ensemble	8:00 P.M.
27	Andrzej Anweiler	Piano	8:00 P.M.
29	Lecture	to be announced	8:00 P.M.
THURSDAY LECTURE SERIES			
	Wine & Cheese following at the Flagship		4:30—5:45 P.M.
3	Jonathan Elkus	Esthetics & Criticism of Music	
10	Jonathan Elkus	Panoramic History of Western Musical Style	
24	Jonathan Elkus	Enjoyment of Musical Performance	
31	Jonathan Elkus	Charles Ives — Approaches to his music	
FAMILY SERIES — Wednesday except as noted*			
2	To be announced.		
9	Gretchen Maclane	Dance	4:30 P.M.
15*	Kim Rilleau	Mime	7:30 P.M. (Tues.)
16	Mimsy Puppets	Puppets	4:30 P.M.
23	To be announced.		

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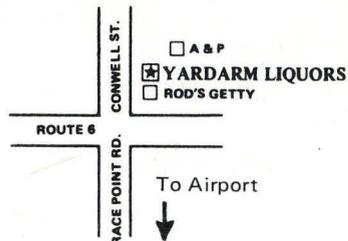
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WINTER EVENTS – 1977 & 1978

SEPTEMBER

- 1 LECTURE – David Margulies, New York WPA Artists, Inc.,
Slide lecture on metal sculpture
- 6, 13, 20 FILM SERIES – “Artists on Film”, film series of artists featured in
“Provincetown Painters” summer, 1977.

OCTOBER

- 25 PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION – October 25 to November 2
“Not Your Average Pretty Picture” – A collection of
images by eight young photographers demonstrating
different approaches in their chosen subjects.

NOVEMBER

- 23 MUSIC & DANCE CONCERT – “Romantic & Animal Meditations”
– Dancer Toby Armour, Art Director of the New Eng-
land Dinosaur Dance Company, and pianist Richard
Busch of Provincetown.
- 25 SECOND ANNUAL CRAFTS FAIR – November 25 to December 24
Forty Lower Cape craftspeople offered original hand-
made items to over 3000 enthusiastic shoppers.
- 25 SEA MONSTER CONTEST – November 25 – December 24
More than 600 entries met the challenge issued by the
Provincetown Magazine to depict Professor Washington
Ready’s “sea monster”: a colossal creature spied over
a century ago at Herring Cove.

JANUARY

- 20–29 FINE ARTS WORK CENTER’S ANNUAL FELLOWS SHOW –
The participants were: Paul Bowen, Michael Brown,
Bob Lavallee, Peter Macara, Stewart MacFarlane, Susan
Mareneck, Anne Mathews, Chuck McCorkle, Philip
Rosenthal, Bert Yarborough.
- 24–2/11 BOSTON GUILD OF ARTISTS, BOSTON – 36 Representative
artists, deceased members or current trustees of the
PAA & M, who had considerable influence on the art
and life of Cape Cod.
- 29 TURN OF THE CENTURY MUSIC CONCERT – Richard Busch at
the piano and Joan Pereira, vocalist, with top tunes
of that era.

- FEB. 1 –
MAY 26 ALL GALLERIES WERE CLOSED due to interior renovation.

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Christina Davidson

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You must wake early in the morning—
Before the moon has climbed out of the pond

You must drink there, and leave
A plain track in the mud
As you turn and vanish

In any one of a hundred
Directions through the forest.
And not even the owl,

Flapping to his daylight bed,
Will frighten you, so well
Acquainted with leaves, the deep

Apple-core smell of earth—
Everywhere, under the looped entrance of roots,
The darkness offering shelter.

Mary Oliver

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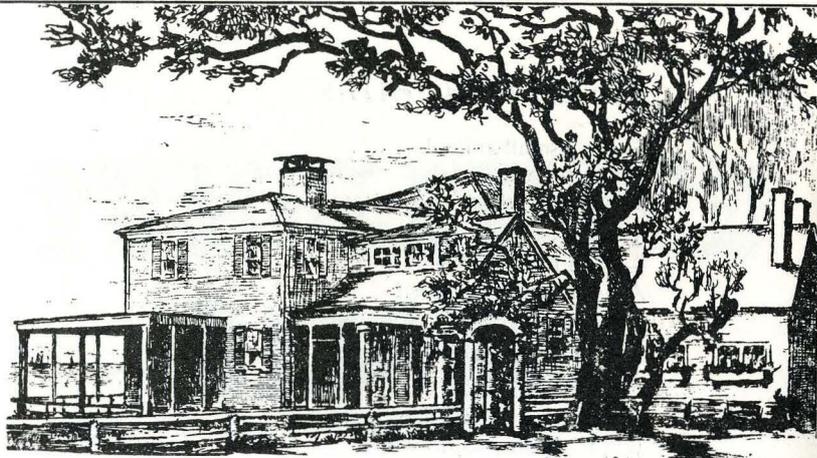
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THE PROVINCETOWN POSTER SERIES, each a limited edition of 100 signed prints, is increased to thirteen with the addition of four new posters for the summer exhibition season. The new series, featuring three scheduled for major exhibitions, and one to be announced, has been done by Peter Hutchinson for the Conceptual Show, Sharli Powers Land for the Works on Paper Show, and Chaim Gross for the Permanent Collection.

Still available, in limited quantities, are signed posters by Varujan Boghosian, Ray Elman, Richard Florsheim, Jim Forsberg, Seong Moy, Romanos Rizk, Budd Hopkins, Henry Hensche, and Joseph Kaplan. Posters are black on white (except for Budd Hopkins' red on white) and measure 35 inches by 38 inches. Each is available for a donation of \$25.00 (\$20.00 for members) to the Provincetown Art Association and Museum.

**PROVINCETOWN
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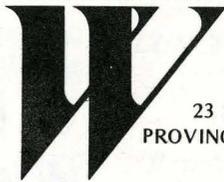
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THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW GALLERY

OUR new gallery will be named the Ross Moffett Gallery, and there will be a dedication ceremony on July 28 at 7:00 P.M. to which all members and their friends are cordially invited.

We feel that it is only fitting that Ross Moffett's name be permanently established here where he worked unstintingly for many years and in many important capacities to further the high standards on which this Art Association & Museum was founded.

The Board of Directors

WITH APPRECIATION TO THE PAST YEAR'S VOLUNTEERS:

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ROSS MOFFETT

LATELY I have been perusing a great volume of correspondence between my father, Ross Moffett, and my mother, Dorothy Lake Gregory, written in the fall of 1919 through the early spring of 1920.

They met for the first time in the summer of 1919 as Hawthorne students and were engaged to be married by October. Due to my grandfather's desire that they not marry in haste, he persuaded my mother to return to Brooklyn, N.Y., for the winter. Even though they did not see each other for six months they carried on a lively courtship by mail, the result of which, provides a great insight into their daily activities fifty-nine years ago.

Since so much of Ross Moffett's life was entwined with the Provincetown Art Association, I would like to share with the readers of this catalog a few excerpts from his letters.

In 1919 my father rented one of the Day's Lumber Yard Studios, a rather drafty room heated by a small oil stove.

"Life in the winter here is quite primitive. I get up when I can muster up nerve enough to take the plunge or when I get as cold in bed as I think it is outside. Then after two cups of strong cocoa my hands are thawed out enough and my fight with the eternal etching begins, and lasts until dark."

Paint seems to have been unobtainable in a Provincetown winter so had to be imported.

"Noble was in and the tube of permanent green and two tubes of white vanished. Said Noble, "Me and my wife was goin for a walk. Started a big canvas and ain't got no white."

"I feel that painting is a great nervous strain, not to be pursued too strenuously. If we work in the fore-noons it is enough."

"I have been reading Tolstoi's *What is Art*. I think, after all, about the best stuff I have ever read on art. Not much left it is true after he gets through eliminating."

"If there could be some action of the stars, happen a readjustment of relations, which in pride of birth, wealth and superficial aping would be forgotten and the human virtues and natural intelligence be substituted as the standard of relative place, what an upscaddle and rushing to and fro there would be. Statesmen, artists and scholars crashing down like the fallen Lucifer. And poor Ben who has climbed to middle class fame and 10,000 per year on hot air only would never stop."

"More newspaper fame—The critic this time considered himself insulted by my "Blue Rose" painting. Says there ain't no such plant. Now Dorothy, you are to blame for the blue rose business. You told me there were such things."

"If we look at time in perspective, do a few years added or taken away from our lives make a difference to the sum total of the great plan of things? Rather the idea of striving to attain our deepest convictions seems more essential to life than a cautious scheming and planning to prolong existence which in that case is tame and monotonous."

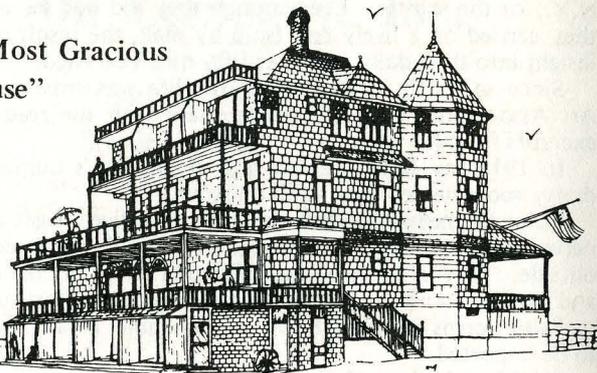
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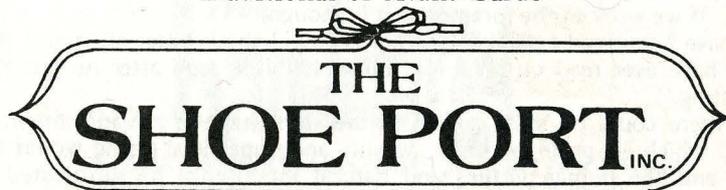
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ROSS MOFFETT (Continued)

“I have been making a sketch for a screen to go in the Odd Fellows Lodge. Mr. Stiff will copy my sketch. A screen with a ‘natural’ looking fire place burning at full blast.”

“The dunes are very red now. Wish you could see them— Also I could see you while you were looking at the red dunes. That would bring happiness to each of us.”

Elizabeth M. Johnson

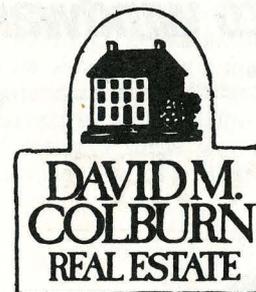


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ROSS MOFFETT

ROSS MOFFETT received many honors during his long productive life as an important American artist. He served on a jury with Henri Matisse as one of the judges at a Carnegie International exhibition. Among many fine reviews in art publications and newspapers one stands out as a short but perfect summation of his unique talent. It was written by the late Dorothy Adlow, then art critic of the *Christian Science Monitor*. It read, "Even a small painting by Ross Moffett achieves heroic proportions."

In 1932 after completing several years study at the Art Student's League of N.Y., I decided to try my hand at teaching stone lithography in Provincetown. Ross had married my sister, also an artist. He generously allowed me to set up my 800 pound hand press, equipment and stones in part of his large studio in the old shirt factory building on Court Street. During that year I was privileged to receive much valuable criticism from him.

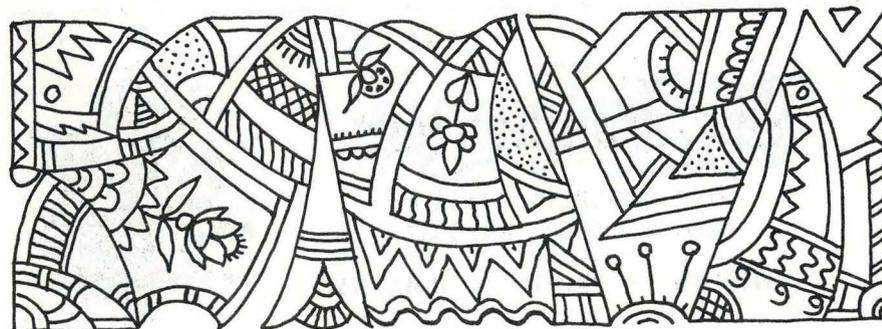
Now and then an artist friend would drop in at the studio to discuss life and art in general. I remember two particularly noted artists who were admirers of Ross. One was the late Edward Hopper and the other Edwin Dickinson. Great artists have always been known as leaders in thought and emotion and these three men were no exception. What I learned during those sessions was priceless.

A great musician uses his instrument to project beautiful music. I often watched Ross use his palette knife like a musician to create another kind of beauty in those strong, subtle and entirely individual landscapes and seascapes. All his life he was a visual artist but never photographic in his concepts. He knew there were a legion of bad artists who were using abstract expressionism as a haven. He preferred to do it the hard way, combining fine draftsmanship with great painting. Delacroix once wrote, "An artist should have such facility he should be able to draw a man falling off a roof before he hit the ground."

I am sure that Ross Moffett will always be included among that special group of artists so well described by Marcel Proust who wrote, "Thanks to art instead of seeing a single world—our own—we see it multiply until we have before us as many worlds as there are original artists."

John W. Gregory

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Step by step I descend
Darkness; sleep at the bottom
Shines like oil

And the borders of my body fail.

I flow forth cool as water,
The blue leaf,
The narrow leaf of the ash,
Looking for the rest of itself.

This is wonderful!

One by one

I take off the five senses

Like five masks.

Beneath is the heavy stone without lips,

Without eyes,

That knows everything.

When the rain begins I too know everything,
And fall into an easy sleep.

Around me

Fish are moving

Like flames under the waves.

Mary Oliver

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THE WHISTLING PIG

MARINA'S attempts to steal patients from me were ill-fated, of that you can be sure. She almost got Kostas away from me that morning but, as usual, my powers were stronger than hers.

As Kostas sat there in my parlor I wished that some of those girls that blush and giggle over his good looks could have seen him. His face was swollen to twice its size, his mouth had slipped down one side and he was drooling.

"And how did this come to pass?" I asked him. "You haven't been spitting at the icon again, have you?" He did that so often when he was a child that no one in the village expected him to grow up. His mother was convinced that St. Spyridon would make him a dwarf for life. But he shook his head no, and that's all he could tell me with his mouth all bent down like that.

So I put three hot coals in the incense burner along with a little gunpowder and made the sign of the cross on his forehead. But nothing happened. I tried it several times but still nothing happened. Kostas just sat there mumbling and wiping the drool away from his chin. Then I understood that he was trying to say a word, a name, it seemed to be. Marina! He was thinking of going to Marina to see if she could cure him. I could feel her pulling him, luring him to her house.

"Yes, of course," I said. "Go. I suppose you don't know the fate of the people she can't cure. Didn't you hear about that girl from the town who came here with the ear problem? Marina couldn't do anything for her. And that pig of Marina's attacked the girl in the garden. It bit her toe right through the shoe and started chewing. The pig would have gone all the way to the bone if I hadn't heard the girl screaming. I rushed over there and beat that pig over the head with a broom. But you go to Marina if you want to. I'm sure people will get accustomed to your face soon enough. They'll have to. They'll be seeing you that way for a long time."

Well, he just sat there so I went on with the cure. But I was really getting full of this Marina. No one paid any attention to her until she got that pig. Before that, she could look out her window and see people coming to me for all the healing they needed. She's always been jealous of me. Not only is my work more respected than hers but I've had two husbands and she's never caught one.

One day she bought a pig from someone over in the valley. It was an ugly little runt with its snout all bent sideways. When it got bigger, the snout seemed to bend even more. And it made a strange kind of noise—a kind of puffing or wheezing—almost like a whistle. It was just the sort of creature you could imagine her having. At first everyone laughed at it as it whistled around in the dirt of her garden. Then Marina started telling people that the whistling noise proved that it was not an ordinary pig. It had, so she said, wonderful powers.

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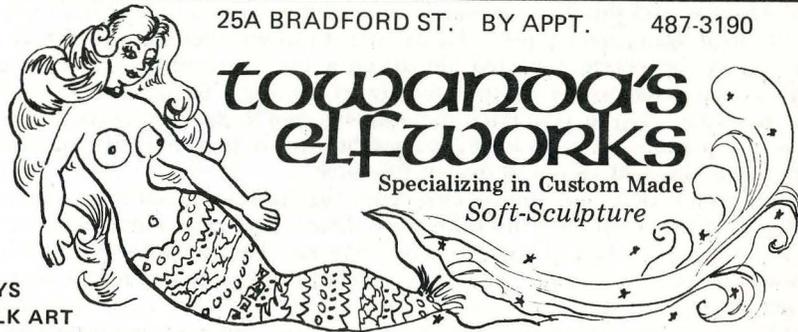
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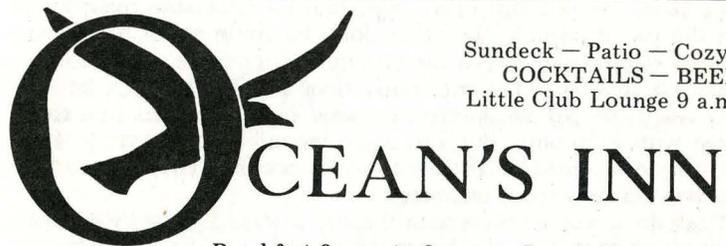
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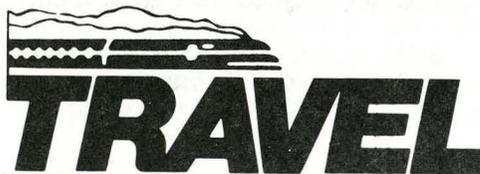


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THE WHISTLING PIG (Continued)

That was the joke of the village—a pig with powers! And what exactly are its powers, everyone would ask. But she would never say.

Then one day old Panayota down the road started having her head pains. She has them whenever she feels lonely and wants a little attention. I stopped trying to cure her years ago. Anyone can understand that it's just her imagination. Well, that Marina went down there with the pig and walked around Panayota three times and said she was cured. She didn't chant or use Holy Oil or call the spirits. Old Panayota began to praise God and give thanks for the healing, saying that it was a miracle.

It wouldn't take a wise man to realize that the whole thing had been arranged by the two of them in advance. Now this is my village and I wouldn't want to say anything bad about it. But some of these people are barely clever enough to remember their own names. Before long, they were having Marina trot that pig out everytime someone had a speck of dust in his eye. They couldn't tell a genuine healer like me from Marina the fake.

My family has known the secrets of healing for generations. My father, Manolis, was the greatest of them all. He knew all about the diseases of the moon. He taught us children how to cure but now I'm the only one of the family left in the village. So it's my duty to offer my services to the people here. I could go somewhere else and make a lot of money but I'm loyal to the village, even though they don't appreciate me. Both of my husbands were from here, may the earth rest lightly on their bones. So I stay and humbly accept the little sacks of potatoes and sugar and the other things people give me when I help them with their illnesses and curses.

See the way they behave to me after generations of my family's help: they turn away from me to Marina because of that whistling pig. But that's the way people are here, you know. They lie and cheat and will do anything to make you feel bad. Dishonest, that's what they are. It's not like other places where people are civilized and know good manners.

Of course there are some people who still come to me. They say it's shameful what Marina wants people to give her for her cures. I take only a few eggs or a small bag of flour. Kostas, for example, gave me only a package of tea. And his cure wasn't so easy because he had been cursed. I finally had to throw the coals and incense out the door. That gathered the spirits and I could hear them talking so I understood exactly what had happened.

"Kostas," I said, "you've been out in the woods lately, haven't you? Down by that old stream?"

"Ummmm," he mumbled, grinning and nodding. "Hunt . . . hunting, hunting."

"And you felt something on your cheek, didn't you? Something you brushed away with your hand." He looked puzzled for a minute and then he nodded.

"Cat . . . caterpillar."

"Oh, no. It wasn't a caterpillar. Some of those stream spirits—they saw you passing and thought how handsome you were. One of them reached up to

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THE WHISTLING PIG (Continued)

touch your cheek and you just brushed her away. She didn't like that and that's why she knocked your face around.

He stamped his feet and made gurgling noises. It's good when people are happy with my explanations of the mysteries. That's my true reward.

I put some Holy Oil into water, made the chant and sent him home. He was better in the next day or two. Of course I didn't think a package of tea was much to give. He might have spent the rest of his life with his face all twisted around that way. But I said nothing.

Now Marina, she would have asked for five or six things in advance. It's truly shameful what she gets away with. I know she's put the evil eye on me many times through her envy and jealousy of my powers. She has those eyebrows that grow close together over the nose, you know. You should always beware of a person who looks like that. I'm sure she had magnets in her eyes but my stronger powers protect me from her.

Everyone here has greedy eyes. And they pass all their days talking about what they see. It wouldn't be long, I thought when Marina started using her pig, until someone mentioned the animal to the young doctor. He doesn't approve of our ways of healing—as if he was old enough to know anything. I knew he would try to turn off Marina's light if he heard about that pig. He brought trouble down on me last year.

One day the police came and took me off to the station. That policeman—the one with the red face—stood there and read this piece of paper to me, saying that I didn't have the proper training to do my healing. Oh I knew it was the doctor behind it all. He has always been jealous of me because I get more patients than he does. They don't really trust him, you know, because he's not from here. He makes everyone feel nervous when he wears that white coat in his modern office. People feel they have to be careful how they speak around him just because he's got a diploma on his wall. And he's not really old enough to trust.

When the policeman finished reading that paper, he wouldn't even look at me. He sorted through some other papers, trying to seem official, dropped a pencil on the floor and picked it up. His face was redder than ever.

"Excuse me, please," I said in my politest voice, "but perhaps you won't mind if I ask a few questions?" He waved his hand for me to go ahead, looking now out the window.

"Who was it," I asked with a knife in my voice, "who cured your child of those lumps on his neck? The doctor or me? And have you forgotten how I came to your house in the middle of the night when your wife had stomach pains? Was it the doctor you got out of bed or me?"

He shuffled his feet under his desk like a naughty schoolboy. And then he took me home, saying he had his work to do, after all. I shouldn't take it personally. He hadn't meant to upset me. I couldn't get him to admit that the complaint against me had come from the doctor. But I knew.

But if Marina was taking patients away from me, she had to be taking them

Continued on Page 35



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THE WHISTLING PIG (Continued)

away from the doctor too. And she had certainly taken enough away from me. Why I was barely getting along. There was no sugar in the house, no bread, no eggs, no beans. I started strolling around in the evening just to let everyone know that I was still here. There was the pig whistling in Marina's garden as I walked past. I even began strolling at night just to see what was going on in the village. Perhaps someone might be having a little chill and call me in for help or advice.

After a few nights of that, I knew it was time to pay a visit on our Marina. I had reason to think she might be a little generous with her new-found fortune. So I went over to her house with a shopping bag. When she came to the door she looked startled to see me. But she smoothed her face quickly.

"Well," she said, "what ill-fate brings you to my door?"

"It's the smell of generosity, Marina. As you and your pig seem to have so many patients these days, I thought perhaps you might share a few groceries with a poor widow woman."

"What? I never expected to see you begging," she said happily. "I thought your people had so much pride. I always think the best of people until proven wrong. But I don't know why you think I have anything to share. I hardly have enough food to put in my own mouth."

"And the pig's mouth. I suppose you two eat off the same plate these days." Her face turned red and she stepped back in the doorway.

"The devil take you! It was about time you lost your patients with all that Holy Oil and gunpowder. I don't care if you starve." She started to close the door but I caught her by the wrist.

"Now listen, you fake healer, you eater of people. Why aren't you wearing your yellow dress? Isn't tonight your night to visit the doctor?"

"Yellow dress . . . yellow . . .?" she said, stunned.

"Yes. Isn't it Tuesday night late, after the other patients have left that you have your *private* appointment?" She was so shocked and confused that she couldn't say anything. Then she seized what must have been the first thought to come into her mind.

"It's not true! The dress is blue."

"Ah, yes. So it was you then that I saw in the blue dress coming out of his office so late. Oh I know — of course you're really going for treatment. But then why would a healer go to a doctor for treatment — all dressed up in a fancy blue dress? And so late at night. So that's why the police haven't bothered you about the pig!"

"You . . ." she sputtered, "you . . . you . . ." She looked as if she would scream at me. But just then the old Petrakis sisters came up to her door. They are the most hungry gossips in the village and they come to Marina for their backaches.

"Go on in," I said to them. "I'm just leaving as soon as I collect a few things Marina borrowed from me some time ago." The sisters looked at Marina. Marina looked at me.

Continued on Page 37

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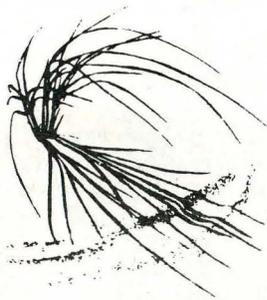
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THE WHISTLING PIG (Continued)

I left with my shopping bag full of flour, beans, coffee, biscuits and two loaves of bread. I threw a handful of the beans to the pig as I passed. Perhaps it was best after all that Marina got that whistling pig, for it would take care of both Marina and me better than I ever took care of myself alone. Of course Marina would be difficult about it all—but then she'd have the doctor to go to. You see what I mean about the people in this village? They're all so dishonest.

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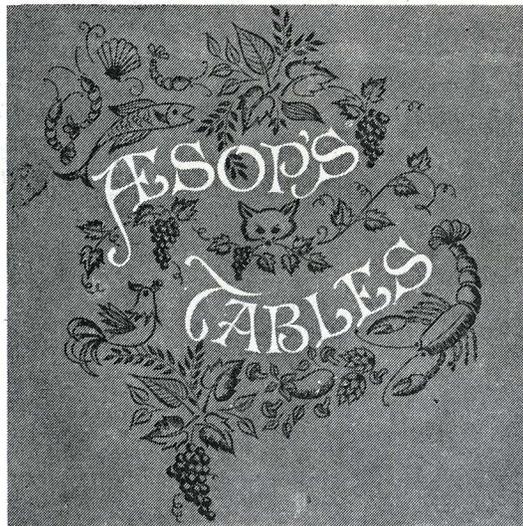
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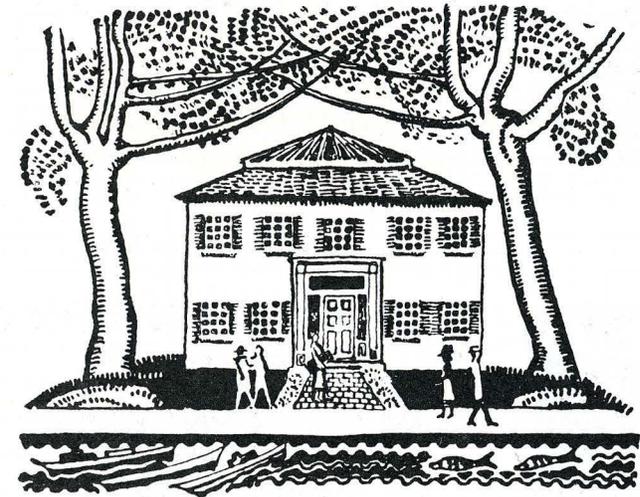
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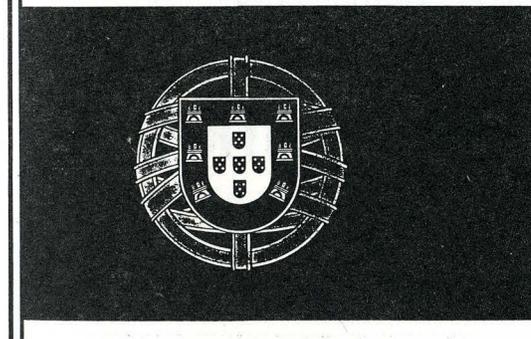
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if you eat life raw.

the clam dies when the puzzle begins

but what I really want to lie about never began in time
really . . . tell it better if you are here.
Certainly the place is simple enough; tiers of dunes, the
shrieks of terns and gulls soften in the drone of the
surf. Each day the tide washes the destruction of yesterday
spars, sparrows, weed, pieces of puzzle from lives up the
coast, everything at some time or other. Change is constant,
the wind and the moon confuse the compass which, afterall, is
made of brass.

tresses of sponge suck dry oyster shells purple rivlets.

Bob Baker

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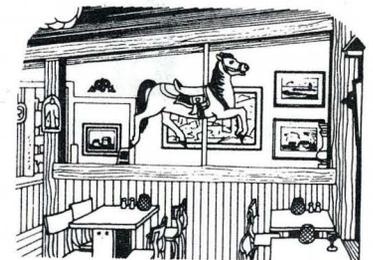
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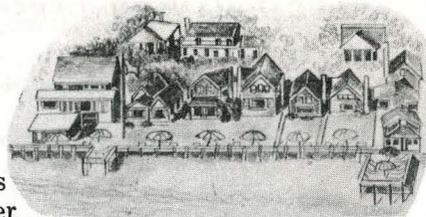


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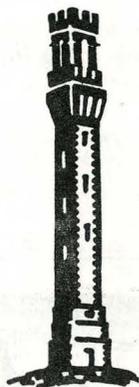


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TILL THE NEXT ONE

THE way things are going, where will we end? My neighbors never speak to me or meet my eye. They rarely talk to each other, but work incessantly, readying their new life. He is about to retire. On weekends in summer and early fall they arrive in a gleaming station wagon. He rubs specks off it with his handkerchief, is small, bald, rotund, with round gold glasses. She is smaller, shapeless in an old blue dress, with a blue bandana on her head. He has lately put a chain across his driveway so no one can use it while he's not there. Last week he put a cyclone fence around his lot, barely bigger than his tiny house, and enclosed the steel posts in Doric columns.

The steps and blinds have been painted, the lawn clipped, snipped and plucked clean of every blade but grass. Occasionally they sit under the umbrella drinking ice tea, looking completely content and grim.

One day he dealt with the tree. At first I thought it was a pruning operation. He got a stepladder, mounted to the bowl-like crotch and sawed a branch off while his wife watched from below. Then he sawed them all off, 20 or so, they weren't very big, and climbed down and cleaned up the mess, tamping the sod where the ladder had been. Which left an appalling trunk with a cluster of cut white branches like upraised handless arms. It occurred to me he had something against birds.

Down the street, stranger yet, I once saw a bush completely covered with Monarch butterflies, shimmering in the sun, red, black and silver, orange, white and gold, fluttering as they clung to every leaf and twig. You could hardly see a fleck of green.

"What's the name of that?" I said.

"I don't know, we always called it the butterfly bush," the woman said with vague pride. "Pretty isn't it? Happens this time for about one day every year."

I had never noticed the bush before and after it looked as ordinary as ever, right outside her window. I never saw the phenomenon again. One day a bulldozer, piles of lumber and a square of cinderblocks arrived. The house got a new kitchen but that was it for the bush.

Not to go on and on, but the family on the north corner have a neatly-tailored look and not so long ago posted a sign on their lawn: *Poisoned for cats and dogs*. I have never spoken to them, except the time I thought the meter man was robbing their next door neighbor.

The woman saw me lurking oddly. I signaled urgently, she put her window up, I pointed and said, "I think he's trying to break in."

"Probably is," she said, shut her window, locked it and stepped back. I could see her shape a few feet inside, looking out.

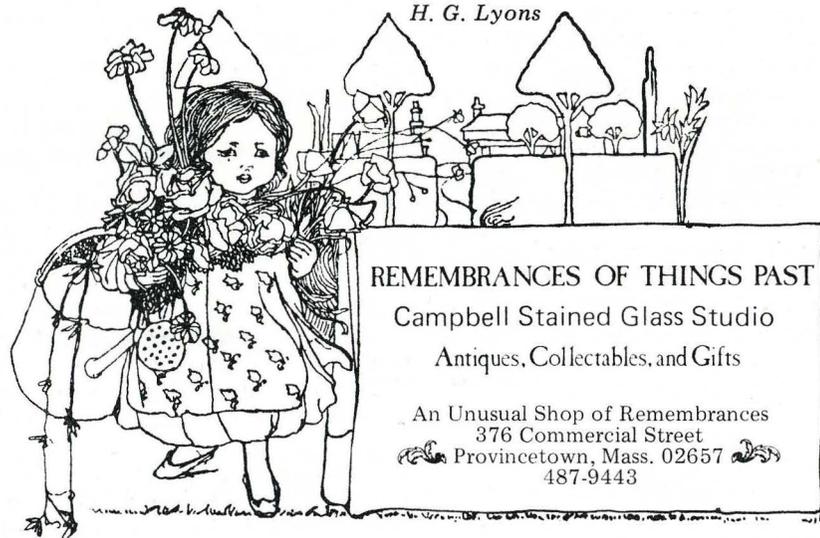
Fall is the deadly season. Year on year I see the car leave for Maine with four red cap & coated men, and one invincible morning weeks later a gutted deer hangs head down from the dead tree in their yard. This week's paper has a picture of the youngest son. He shot the biggest deer on local record with a bow and arrow. He looks ecstatic, once-in-a-lifetime lucky, posed by his legendary kill. Only out walking, he had not dreamt such a buck still existed in the ravaged landscape.

I write and look out my window. I drink and walk around. The skunk

Continued on Page 45

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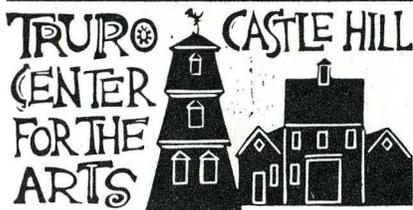


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TILL THE NEXT ONE (continued)

I meet nightly as I come home late is tearing holes in the garbage bags and spilling the cans. He sniffs at me, then noses an orange rind, his luxuriant tail afloat. He walked across my foot when we converged at a corner and I froze, not to startle him. He stepped on my foot twice. He didn't even look up.

Was it last night I heard shots, sat up in bed, dreading who was murdering who? I listened for screams. The wind blew and the branches scraped my screen. Then there came another shot, nearer. I strained my ears and began to sweat, remembering the reasons and reasons of the world.

I never saw the skunk again, nor signs of its raids on the garbage.

Time is losses and false alarms, the dooms that come and are survived. War is ended again, at least for us, for now, and our old manners have returned somewhat. The Doric columns fell, perhaps to laughter. The sign disappeared from the lawn, perhaps in consent that pets can't read. The tree grew new shoots with little green leaves. The butterfly bush revived to half-size a foot from the foundation, though the butterflies so far disdain it.

After six years, all suspicions allayed, my retired neighbor beams to see me, and his wife straightens up from her weeding. Age has not blighted them, they are only a little whiter, a little smaller, slower afoot and less dour. I am always touched to see them. We avidly review the weather, the wondrous changes from dawn to dark, with the brave certainty that life is good.

R.D. Skillings

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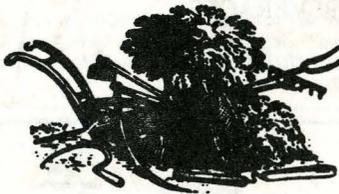
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CAPE COD SHAD BLOW

There's a lovely lady passing through our valley,
I've not seen her, but I know that she is there,
For the herald of her coming was a fragrance
Drifting earthy-sweet upon the evening air;
And the clear proof of her presence is the wonder
Of the petaled scarf she leaves, all frothy white,
Trailing light as air on sleeping shadbush
As she floats through our valley in the night;
A tremulous expectance in the twilight
A waiting hush too delicate to last,
And the morning sun wakes in the dreaming valley
A foam of lacy bloom where she has passed.

Many are the blossoms of the springtime,
And there is, too, the summer's perfumed rose,
But none can bring us quite the pure enchantment
Of our valley when the snowy shadbush blows.

Lila Colburn

Provincetown 487-3032

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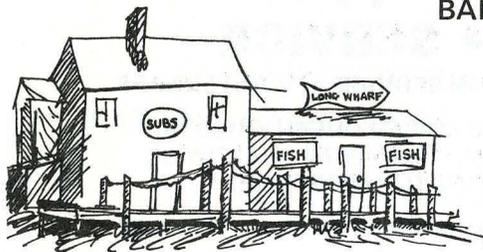
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MUSSELS

In the riprap,
in the cool caves,
in the dim and salt-refreshed
recesses, they cling
in dark clusters,
in barnacled fistfuls,
in the dampness that never
leaves, in the deeps
of high tide, in the slow
washing away of the water
in which they feed,
in which the blue shells
open a little, and the orange bodies
make a sound,
not loud,
not unmusical, as they take
nourishment, as the ocean
enters their bodies. At low tide
I am on the riprap, clattering
with boots and a pail,
rock over rock; I choose
the crevice, I reach
forward into the dampness,
my hands feeling everywhere
for the best, the biggest. Even before
I decide which to take,
which to twist from the wet rocks,
which to devour,
they, who have no eyes to see with,
see me, like a shadow,
bending forward. Together
they make a sound,
not loud,
not unmusical, as they lean
into the rocks, away
from my grasping fingers.

Mary Oliver

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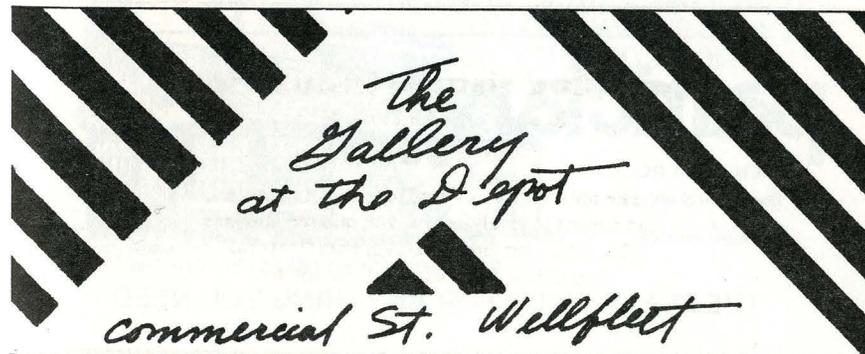
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TAP ROOTS FOR LIFE

Rain drives in living sheets across the valley,
My world is all a blur with no edge lines,
The locusts shed their ghostly gray for rain-black
And wind sweeps madly through the tossing pines;
The feathery dune grass blows in twists and tangles,
So fragile seeming, winter-bleached and thinned,
And yet it holds by tap roots far below it
Against the heating rain and icy wind.

There is in violent storm a sombre beauty,
Exhilaration, un-ease, wonderment,
A oneness with all life—yet separation—
The force of mighty power being spent;
And as I watch this weather, rough and ravening,
Like storms of life which will not be cajoled,
I sense the wisdom in the strength of tap roots,
For tap roots hold.

Lila Colburn



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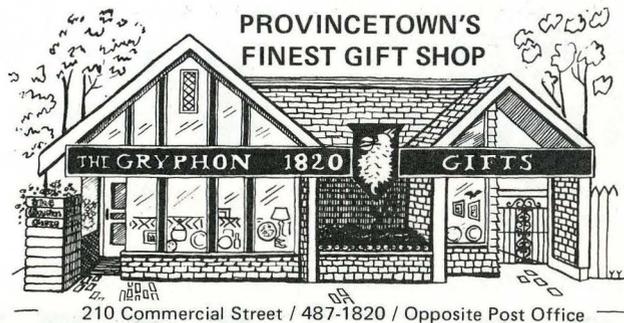
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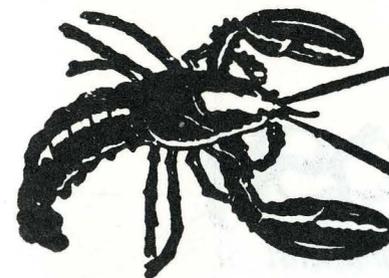
"Mind the tides, the terns,
the tilt of the eye, Dear,
an artist sees different,
you know."

Bob Baker

Dairy Queen

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THE TIDE

Where do you go
away from the shore?
You leave your bed
exposed to the sun —
rumpled, dirty.

But you should see how
the housekeeper,
the sun, tidies it.

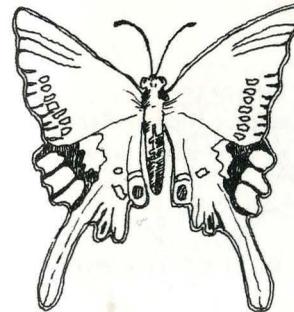
It gives it new
dry garments that look
golden and bright.

It beckons us all
to its bright side.

After your tristing
slowly you creep
into your bright bed
and draw a blue
cover over it.

Loll like a lord —
lashing land loudly.

Ida Krangel



SILBERHORN'S

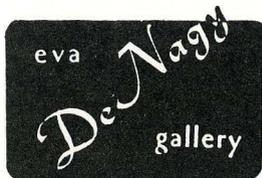
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PROVINCETOWN MAGAZINE'S ANSWER TO THE REST OF THE WORLD

STONE POEM (SNOW CEMETERY, TRURO)

Most are standing,
Flat, like tongues,
Still full of poems, and back-fence gossip.

Some are ponderous, pressed
To the earth, the length of bones.
Goodbye, they say. Good riddance.

A few are ornate, piled
And corniced, like little houses
For rich men sleeping.

Here and there a lamb
Of granite lifts its granite
Eyes above the grass.

Mary Oliver

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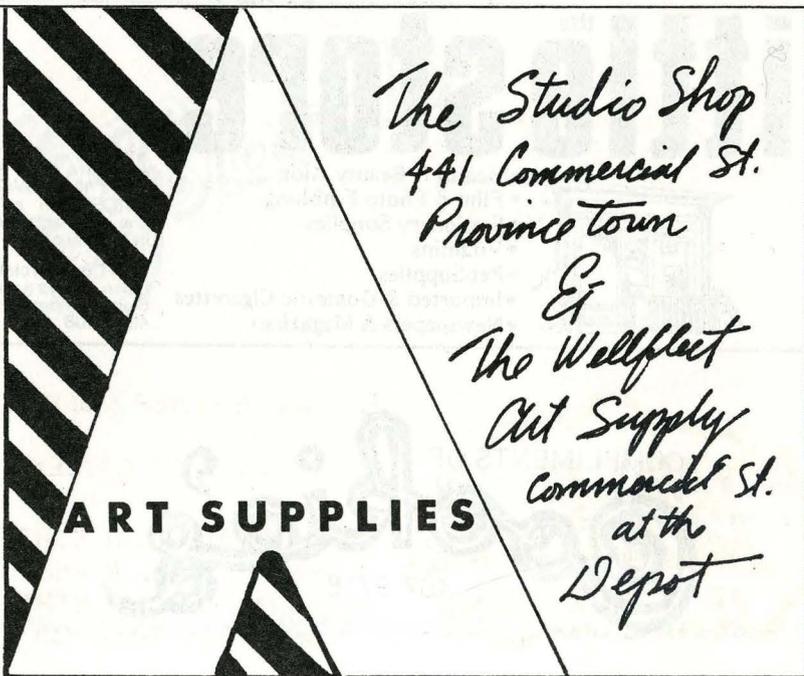
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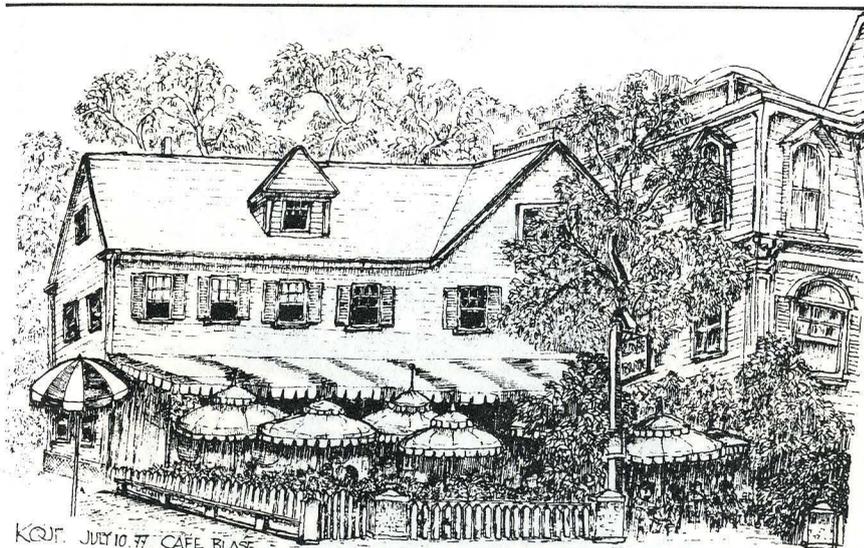
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The Museum Shop is open Tuesday–Saturday, 11 a.m. – 2 p.m., and 7 – 11 p.m., Sunday 12 – 7 p.m., throughout the summer.



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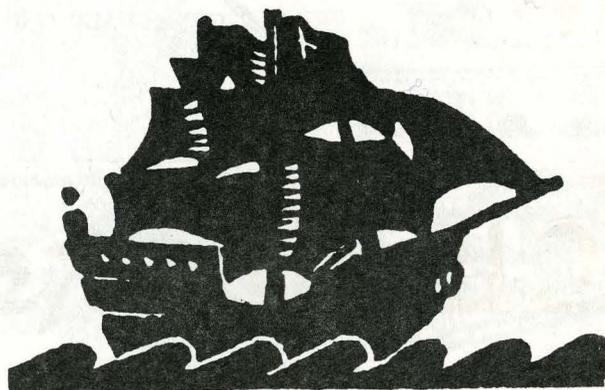
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All members are invited to use the library for research or relaxation.



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THE LOWER CAPE ARTS COUNCIL, INC.

THE Lower Cape Arts Council, Inc. is a brand new family of people interested in promoting the arts and humanities. The council came into being this year. As unique as the community that created it, LCAC is a cooperative effort to meet some of the special needs of this uncommonly isolated region.

Federal and state funds flow more readily into a community through an umbrella funding group such as LCAC. Work is underway to get those monies coming. More immediately, LCAC has created a comprehensive CALENDAR OF EVENTS—a serious attempt to better publicize and coordinate the dizzying array of happenings here in the arts and humanities. Both by posting the CALENDAR and by distributing it to motels and media, LCAC hopes to minimize scheduling conflicts and maximize community awareness of what's going on.

Other immediate concerns are to promote performance opportunities for local talent; assist new groups in getting organized and seeking funding; encourage existing groups to cooperate and share talents, experience and facilities; advocate a workable system of satellite parking with public transit in Provincetown; promote a Summer Arts Festival for '79 or '80; and seek coordination, where beneficial, between groups in Provincetown and those on the Lower Cape in general.

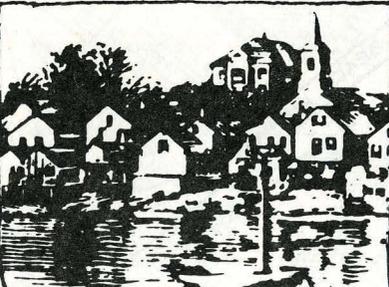
Offices of the Lower Cape Arts Council, Inc. are temporarily located at the Provincetown Art Association & Museum, 460 Commercial Street.

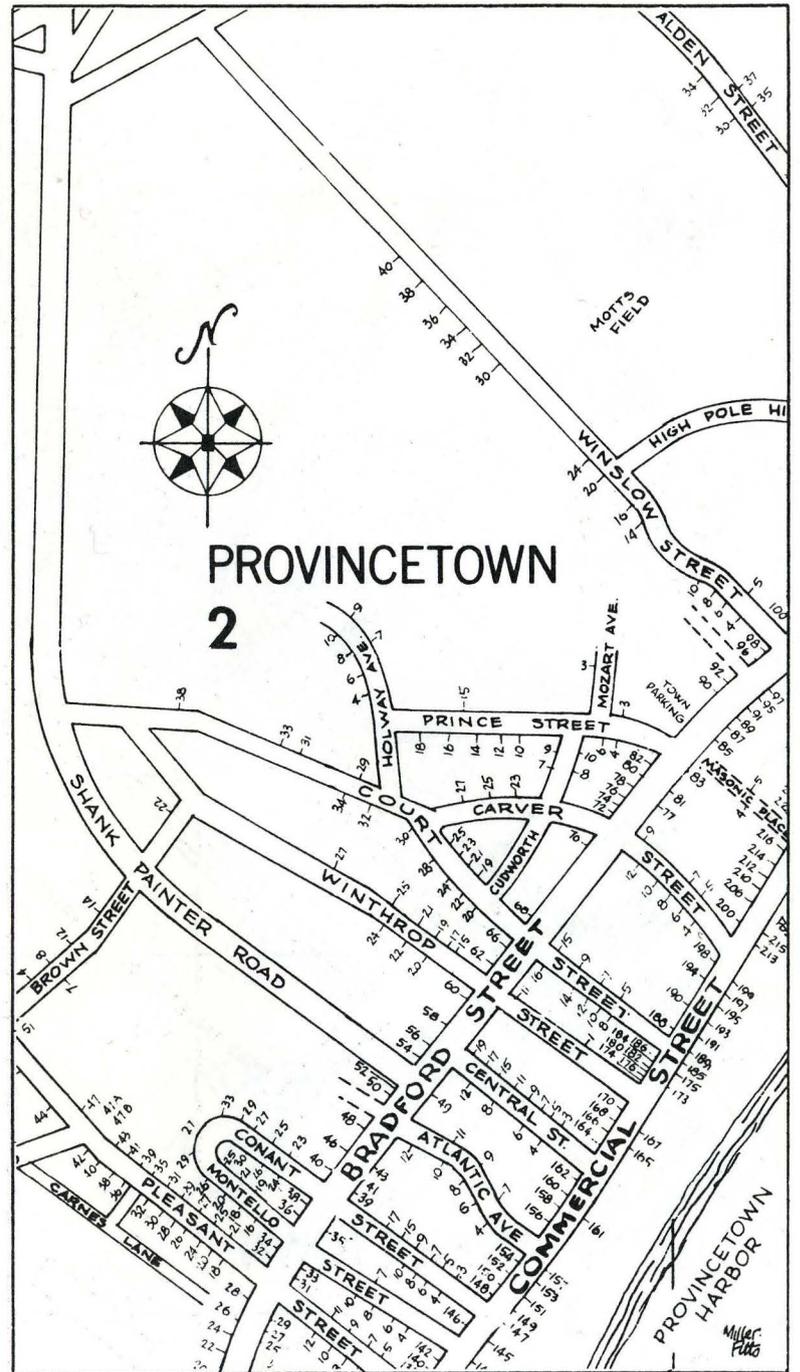
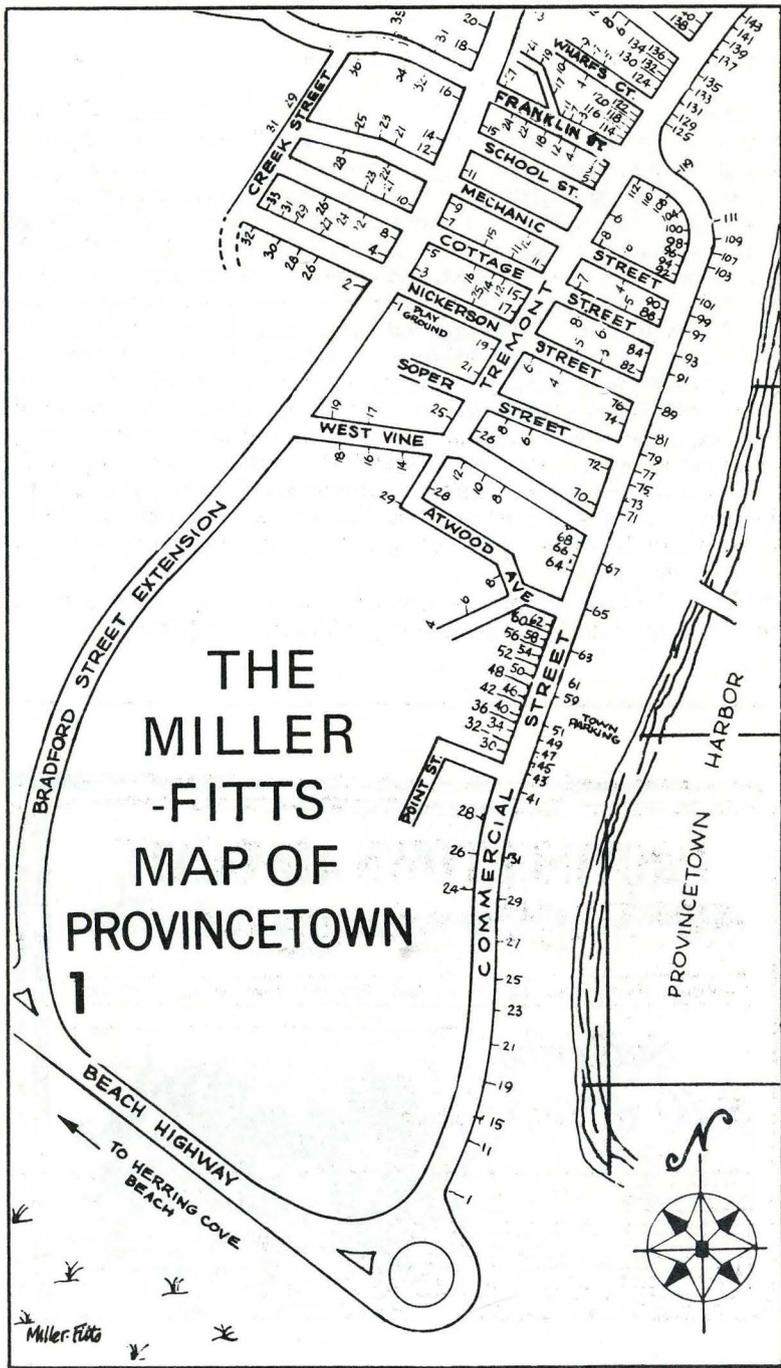
PROVINCETOWN ADVOCATE

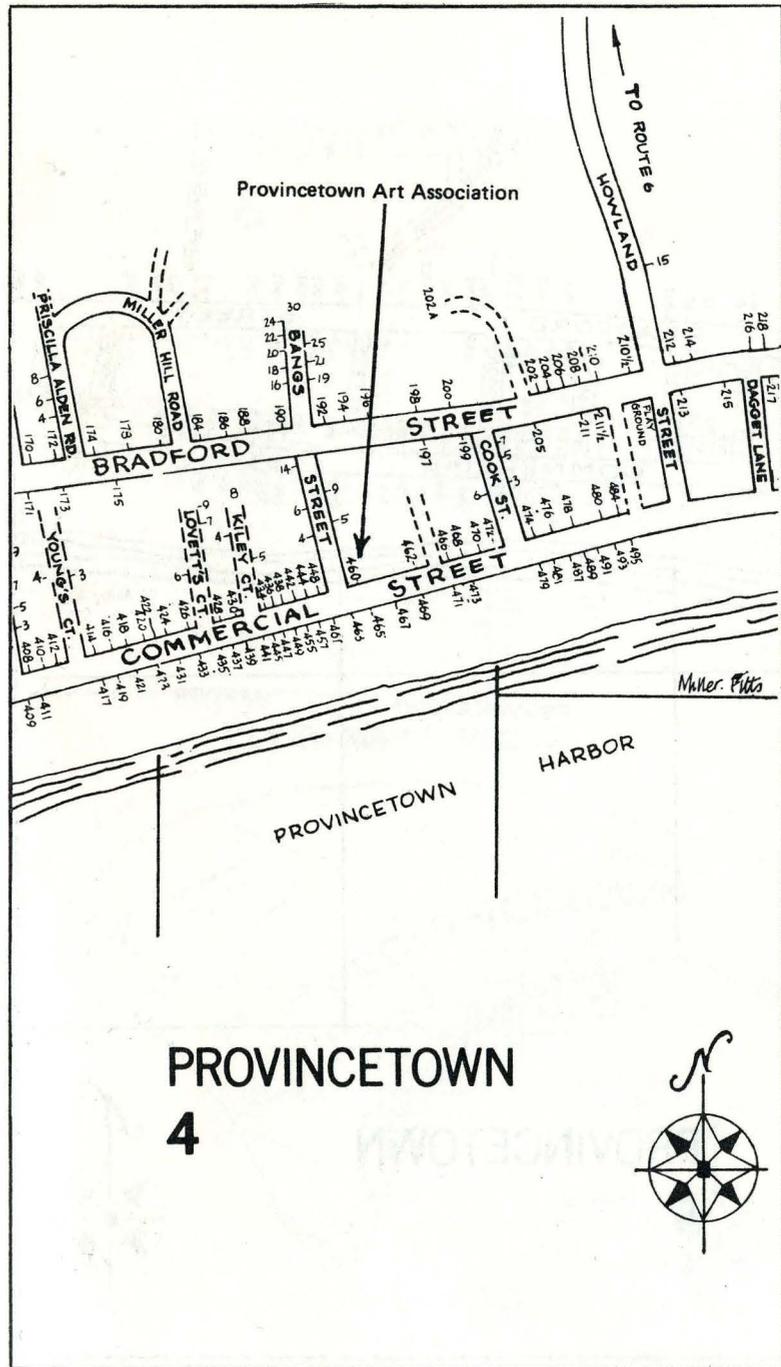
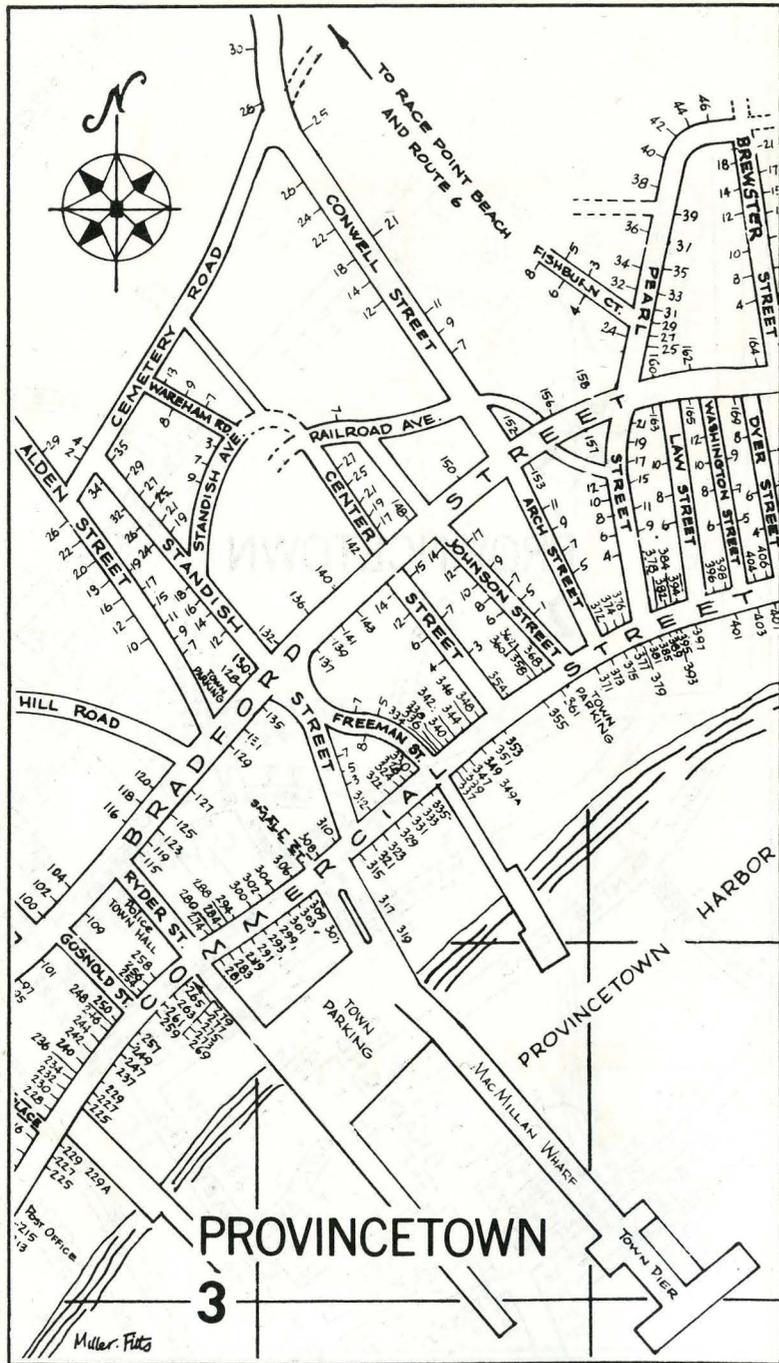


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CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Article II. Objects and Purposes. The objects and purposes of this Association shall be to promote and cultivate the practice and appreciation of all branches of the fine arts, to assemble and maintain for the town of Provincetown, a collection of works of art of merit, to hold temporary exhibitions, and by forums, concerts, and similar activities to promote education of the public in the arts, and social intercourse between artists and laymen. To these ends it shall operate strictly within its charter as a non-profit, educational, artistic, and cultural organization.

~~~~~
Your membership and support realizes the function of the Provincetown Art Association as a place for the healthy exchange, stimulus and evolution of ideas in the visual arts. It also helps support an essential community resource in Provincetown. Your membership helps update, for the town of Provincetown, a valuable collection of works of art.

The Art Association also functions for the creative community and the public as a place for cultural programs, such as forums, concerts and films. You help provide a place for classes in art instruction during the autumn and winter; and you take part in bringing fine loan exhibitions to Provincetown.

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