

The Provincetown  
MOOD  
SAMPLER

June 1979



*Low tide exposes turn-of-the-century wharf pilings along Provincetown's East End beachfront.*



*DANIEL BRITTE - Headwaiter, Lobster Pot Restaurant*

*When I first came to Provincetown in 1965, everybody generally got to know everyone else. A person's worth was largely established by his personality. Provincetown was an art colony then, instead of the tattered Times Square that it has become.*

*Because of high living costs with no value, commercial personalities are replacing the aspiring ones. The business community has begun to "service" their customers instead of giving service to them.*

*The "clickish negativity" has begun to turn me off. I still love Provincetown, however the plentiful and wide variety of weeds are beginning to choke out the last remaining flowers that still occupy this "window box."*



*Whaling Captain's house crowned by a "widows walk" where anxious eyes searched the horizon for the arrival of a loved ones vessel.*



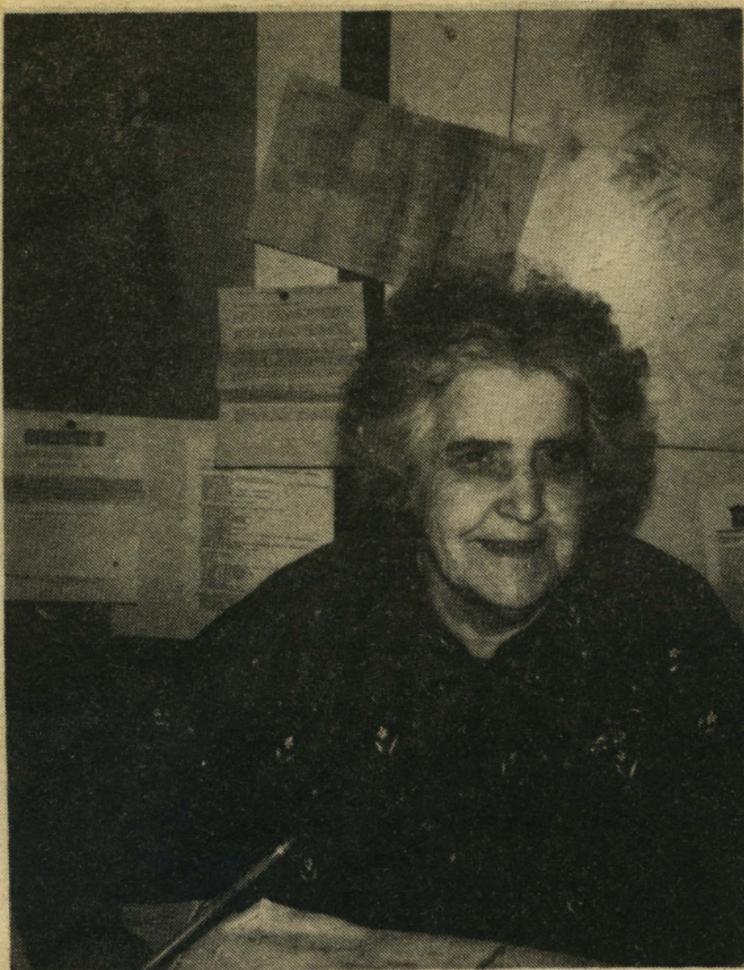
*Jan Kelly, naturalist, displays Provincetown's answer to the energy quandary, the decorated bicycle. Most residents abandon their cars from Memorial Day through Labor Day and switch to this efficient and cost-free transportation.*



*West End wharftop tourist accommodations.*



*Town Hall and world famous "Meat Rack" in a marinara mood.*



GRACE COLLINSON - Director, Council on Aging and Poetess

### PROTEST, BELOVED TOWN

Weep, the beloved town  
Where birds no longer seek their sacred lands—  
The cedar swamps, the marsh and ponds long sanctified  
By ancient rites and ageless use by winged bands  
Who stand today forevermore denied:  
Their old retreats become the place where modern highways run  
That men may speed the fastest way to play and live in fun.

Mourn, the beloved town  
The dunes that long have lain—the media sand and clay  
Which sculpturing winds will mold and cast.  
Where once in solitude and awe a man might kneel and pray  
Or naked stand to cleansing sand in swirl or blast—  
To lie this day so scarred and gutted by feet and wheel  
Of them who seek the fast view thrill in packaged deal.

Wail, the beloved town  
The death of trees that rose so proud and tall and bold—  
To stand the wrath of storms hell-bent to win—  
And die at last, in the manner of living things when sick and old,  
Without a sapling heir or bush as next of kin—  
Who might have begged in tempered peace and grace  
That as they passed so others take their place.

Grieve, the beloved town

The many schools of fish that swam your waters far and near  
That wooed a million men to sea and a thousand ships to fame  
Together plying ploy of weir and seine, of line and spear  
That were enough till greed began a faster, richer game-  
To glean the depths with drag and net of tiny mesh:  
The husky fish for table use and the baby ones for trash.

Cry, the beloved town

The gardens bare that nurtured herb and fruit and flower  
Where sage and thyme and quince could thrive on common ground  
With regal rose, and golden glow to make the fragrant bower-  
Where beauty dwelt and solace reigned — love's labour found.  
But one by one they, too, have gone the way of tree and vine  
To yield their place to flagstoned pool and patio shrine.

Mourn, the beloved town

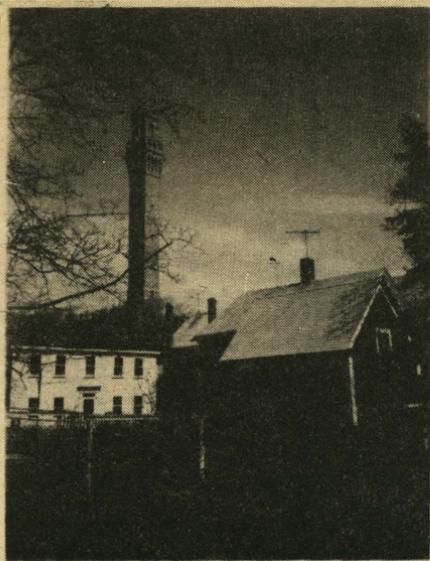
The cherished homes that built with care and pride,  
And rooted deep to weather well the test of time,  
Should grow to such an age of gentle form and be qualified  
To wear an honor badge and thus attain their second prime-  
But slaughtered and quartered are they and bloated with all intent  
To house the transient hordes and earn the highest rent.

Weep, the beloved town

As every medium hawks your simple village ware  
The narrow streets, the huddled houses, old and quaint,  
The sea, the beach, the dunes and good clean air  
The men who sail and fish, the men who write and paint.  
And so they come to buy and sell by inches, feet and yards  
In casual mood, a heritage, to only leave the shards.

Shout, the beloved town

And let all people know that you dare defy  
The grasping tribes and shahs who boldly strip  
Your wealth of sky and sea and land and citify  
Your small-town ways, then fold their tents and skip.  
Protest, beloved town and rise with righteous might  
Protest, beloved town, and stand, to win the fight.



*Pilgrim Monument. Views of the entire cape end await the hardy who ascend inner stairway. Fascinating "rainy day" museum for those who don't.*



*Look closely and you'll see a swan-topped cupola in this West End setting. Plaques on buildings indicate houses were floated across the harbor on barges from the original settlement on Long Point.*



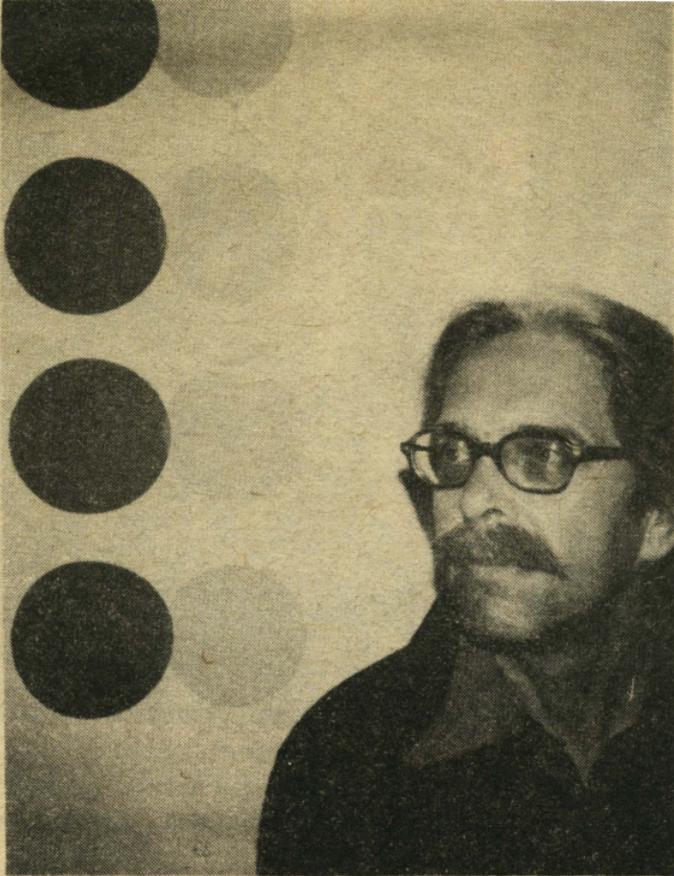
*Ericsson Lane, between Commercial and Tremont Streets looks much as it did a century ago.*



*An owl makes its home in the belfry of the Heritage Museum, just north of center in this East End Commercial Street photo.*



*Long Point Lighthouse at the extreme tip of Cape Cod, where the original Provincetown settlement houses were hoisted onto barges and floated across the harbor to their present West End locations following severe storms on this windswept spit of land.*



*THOMAS DOWNING - Artist, Washington Color School & Lecturer*

*Richly variegated in its times, its places and its people, there seems to be room for at least one of everything in Provincetown. Rarely a day goes by that I am not amazed and delighted. It is a jewel of a town, naturally full of highlights, naturally bright and sparkling and naturally exuberant.*

*Surrounded by a wilderness of sublime beauty, it is a place which belongs to the heart and soul of painting. What is seen, what is felt, what is lived is experienced more vividly, as if under magnification — pointed out, shining forth, exalted, rapturous, gleaming with a fresh glow. It is a great joy to those who appreciate the truly unique.*



*PIERRE EVANS - Concessionaire*

*COME AGAIN*

*P ortuguese*

*R omantic*

*O riginal*

*V ogue*

*I solated*

*N aautical*

*C rowded*

*E lusive*

*T rasient*

*O utlandish*

*W ishy*

*N octurnal,*

*P rotective*

*R ecycled*

*O pulent*

*V ocal*

*I nspired*

*N atural*

*C ommunal*

*E clectic*

*T ransexual*

*O ral*

*W ashly*

*N ow and then,*

*HOME*



**JEAN FROTTIER** - Co-owner, Gifford House Hotel & Back Street Bar

*Provincetown remains unique. Traveling in our somewhat separate orbit we sense the national social economic trends, but are hardly ruled by them. Our local economy is "distressed" yet business remains good and people are building and remodeling at a brisk pace - you can't find a builder, carpenter, or tradesman with any free time. Reflecting the national trend, people are somewhat apprehensive about double-digit inflation and the price and availability of oil and gas and the resulting effect on our tourist based economy. Yet, few are seriously retrenching. They speak conservative words and take expansive actions.*

*We seem to be entering a more rational period with less acrimonious personality conflicts and a government willing to make a more honest effort to gain some control and find solutions, but unless we get some more imaginative input and people involved, the problems will multiply faster than the solutions.*



*LINDA GERARD - Popular Song Stylist, Pied Piper*

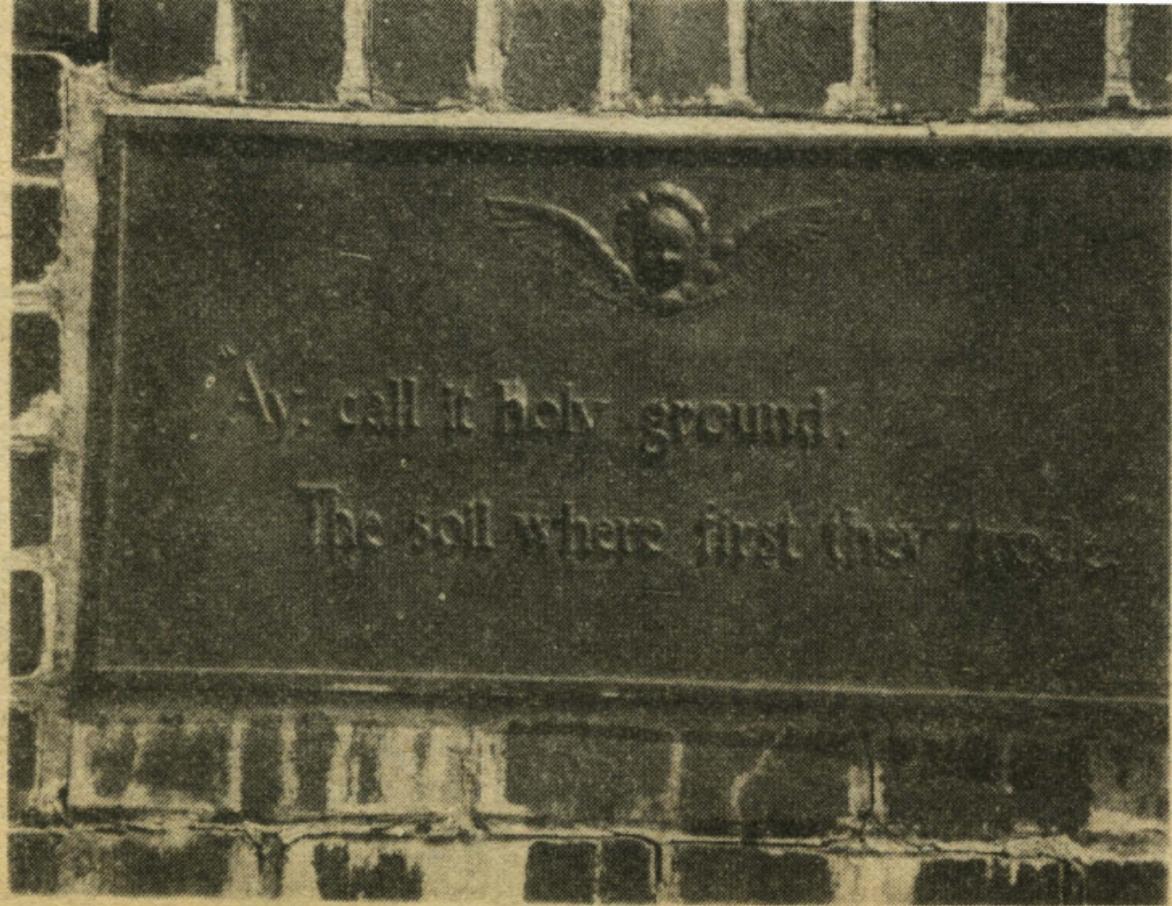
*Yes, the summer is practically upon us and the excitement in the air is overwhelming. Dark shops are suddenly lighted, boarded windows are awakening to the sunshine and the unemployed people are finally working. A "Rip Van Winkle" in disguise. The town is quiet and restless as the winter months pass. But now - here we are getting ready for a new season.*

*How great to see old friends again and renew old acquaintances. How fantastic to watch the moon shining on the bay and have those endless walks in the dunes. What fun to watch the sailboats breeze by with their colors against the blue sky.*

*O.K. summer, we're ready. Let's go!*



*West End rooftops looking East.*



*Bronze plaque at the foot of Commercial Street where our Pilgrim forebears first set foot November 11, 1620.*



GRANT KING - Provincetown Theater Company Director,  
Lyricist, Composer

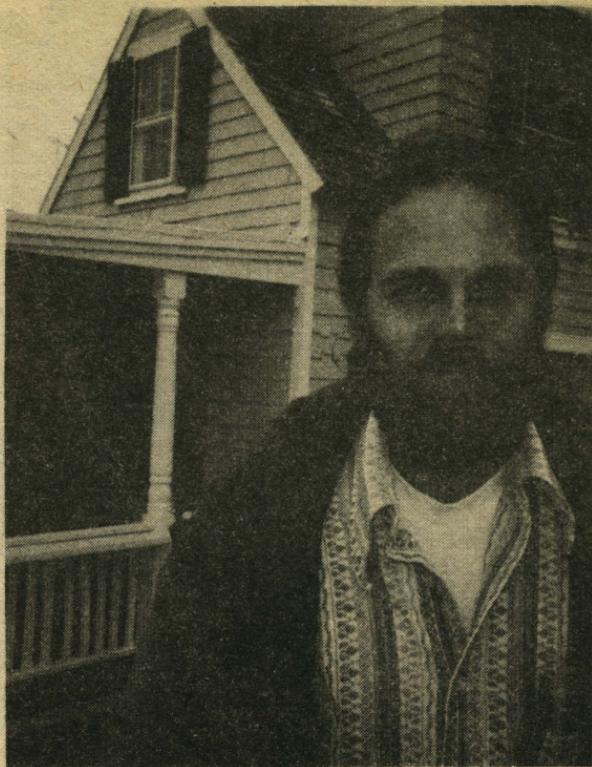
*Provincetown is the first place I've lived where I've learned that I get whatever I want. So I have to be careful. And Reckless.*

*I came here with the vague explanation: for my music. Since my arrival three years ago, my songs have filled up with oceans, summer, new love, strangers, sleeplessness, dreams, and affirmations. My reasons for remaining here have changed as often as my choices of living spaces.*

*As I write this, I face the night sky pressing on the town below, streetlights, houselights, and lighthouses winking in constellations, and think of part of a year-old song:*

*"colors of April in the sky and sea  
signal the beginnings of the jamboree  
here I am, out on the ocean  
living at peace by perpetual motion. . . ."*\*

*And here's, believe it or not, a ladybug, my first this year, on my pen. Have a joyous spring.*



**RICHARD LEBLOND** - Environmentalist

*I can only speak for the moody, of course, and I'm sure they'll resent it.*

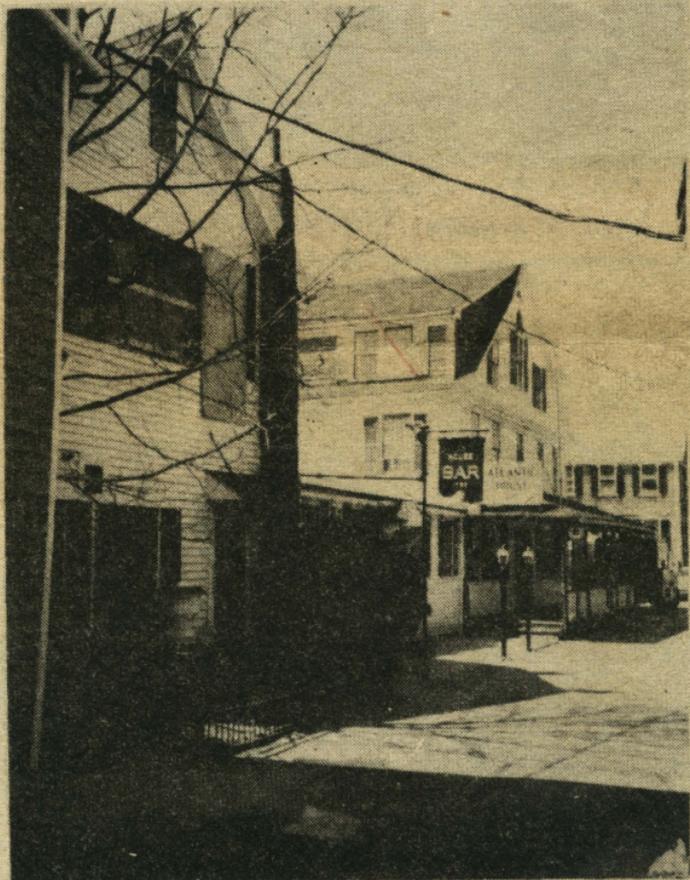
*The mood is mild anxiety. The cause is money and how we get our hands on it. Ironically, spending money gives more pleasure than earning it, so visitors should have a good time. Some factors precipitating this anxiety—the so-called moodal archetypes—are: the Emperor's Energy Supply, the Inflation of Sisyphus, and for Provincetown whether it can have its environment and eat it too. The mood of the environmentalist vacillates between frustration and self-inflicted patience.*



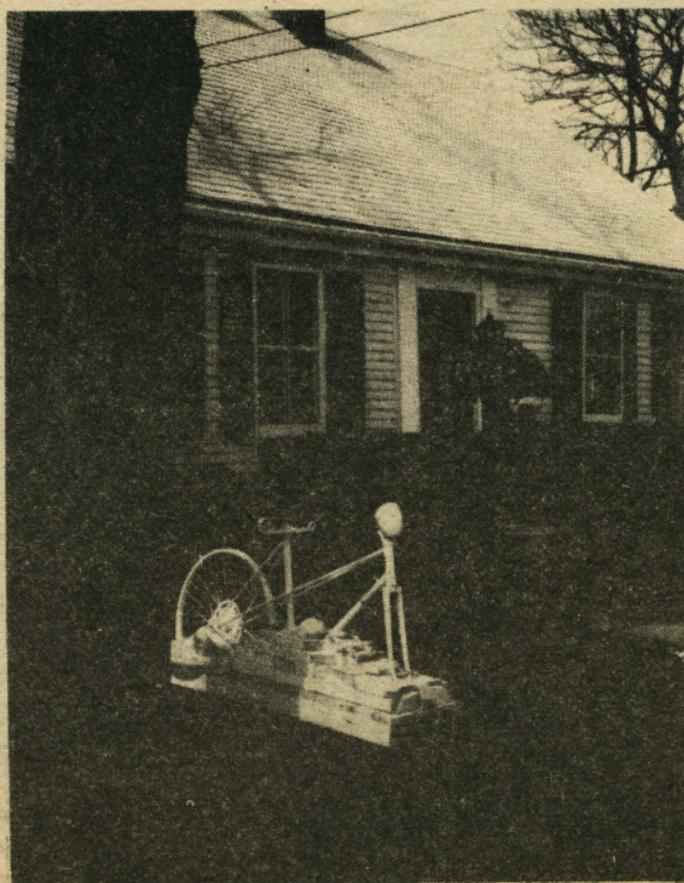
**MIGUEL MERCADO** - multi-seasoned waiter

*Since the dollar buys less and businesses tend to give less for more, people will be looking for value this season. Shops that upgrade the quality of their merchandise will tend to do better as shoppers will be more selective and spend fewer dollars on junk.*

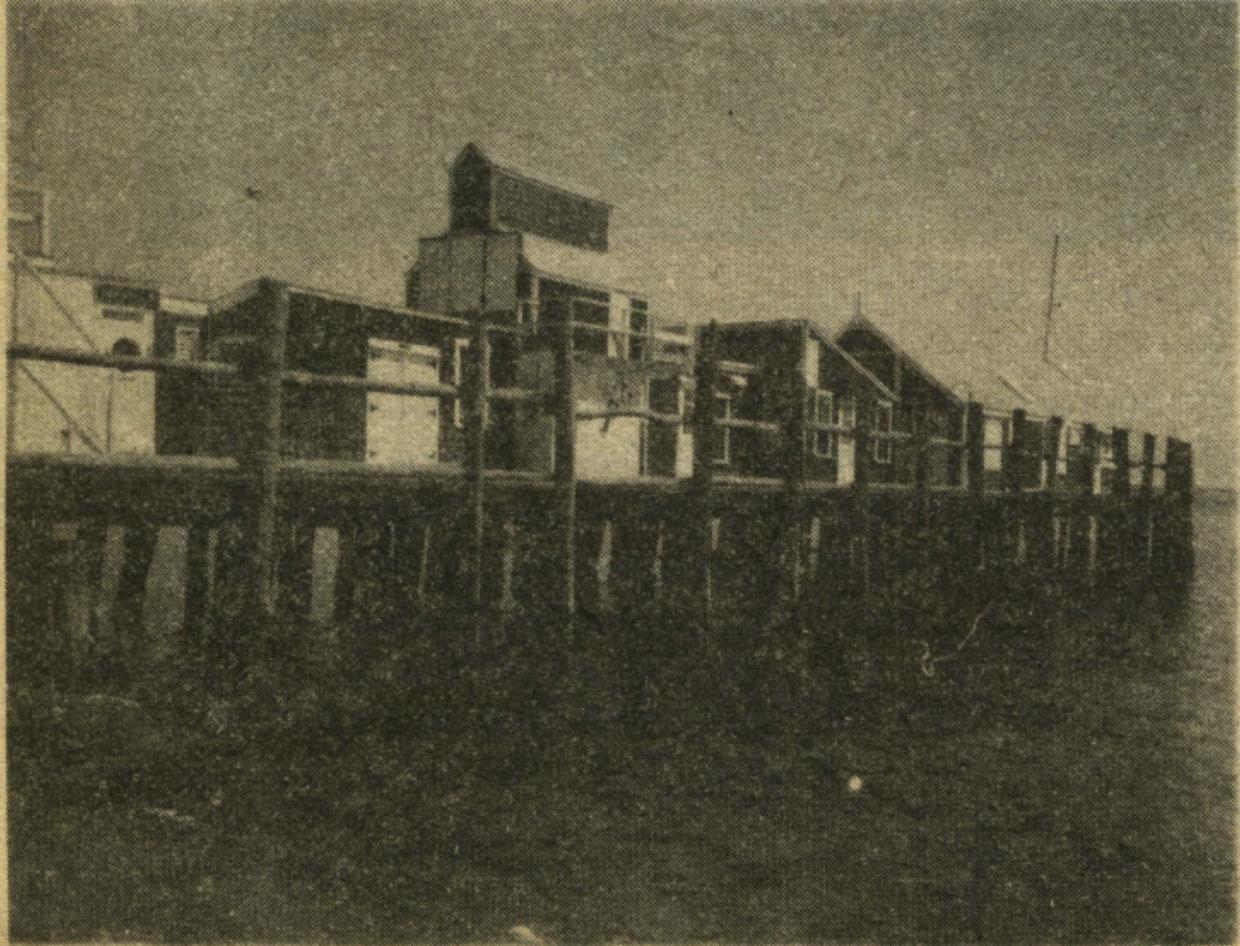
*I expect to have a great summer.*



*Marlboro country. A-House Alley's Atlantic House complex, first gay establishment in the United States.*



*Sculpture by Jackson Lambert decorates West End Commercial Street front yard.*



*Captain Jack's Wharf guest units literally overlook the water.*



*ROBIN NICOLSON - Owner, Atlantic House Complex*

*A working thought:*

*The general mood of everyone is more positive this season than has been evident in recent years. I feel a lot of open warmth and congeniality from all segments of Provincetown's diverse personality groups. Communication is opening doors to understanding each other more than people ever allowed themselves, and understanding is the way to harmonize the various factions.*

*Provincetown is unique. People from all walks of life converge and I (sincerely) feel the desire toward compatibility circulating. I know this summer, 1979, will prove to be one of harmony, happiness and better understanding.*

*Our town is handling a lot of troublesome situations well. I anticipate a fantastic summer here, and I sense everyone is ready! Good luck to ALL.*

*Circles of thought, 6/1/79:*

*Through the circles of time  
I tumble without reprieve.*

*Purpose lost to perpetuation,  
Founded on impetuous instigation.*

*Reason remains only in theory,  
The actuality buried in terpitude.*

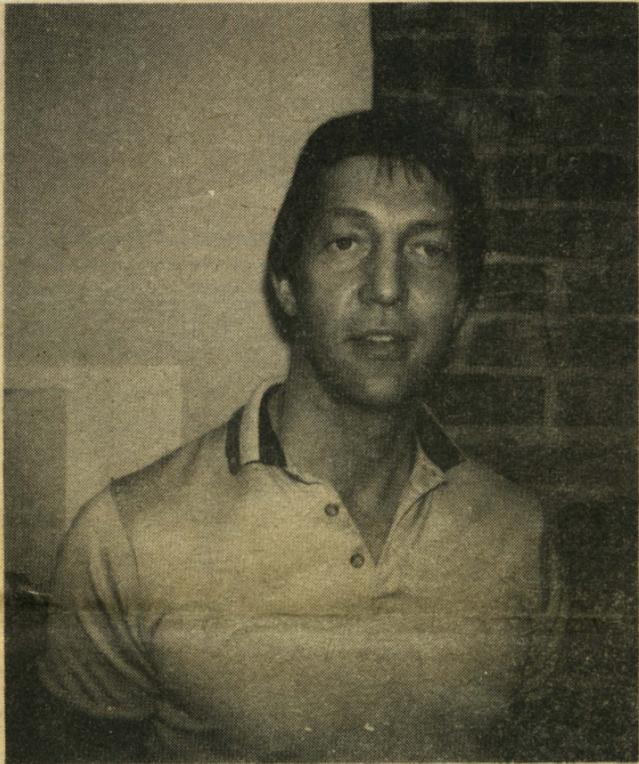
*Circles creating moments  
Seemingly insurmountable.*

*The hope exists, realized,  
Though thought alone becomes the solution.*



**MARK PRIMACK** - *President, proposed FM radio station*

*The town mood is as diverse as usual in a town for incredible diversity of the citizenry and vast spectrum of opinion. It seems to be a time of change and Provincetown always seems to change, yet its fishing, population, and tolerance have been the same for many years. It is the growth tip of the Cape and of American culture and the people are desperate, joyful, and just living like people everywhere. Some experience the ecstasy of coming out, some the bite of the economic crunch, some struggle with the waves, some with paint and canvas, some with the government that invades our lives, and some with just getting by.*



*DICK POZENOVICH - Director, Provincetown Drop-In Center*

*Provincetown will continue to be the most advanced gay community in the country. The issues that have been perceived by outside media to be gay oriented, or even anti-gay, are actually questions relating to the quality of lifestyle for the community. As a majority of the property and business ownership and professional employment have become gay, a movement has grown to seek a higher quality in tourism and what the business community offers in housing and entertainment. Provincetown is a community where the issues of straight and gay are irrelevant. Whether tourist or resident, the issue is the quality of lifestyle the individual brings to Provincetown*



*DAVID SCHOOLMAN - Owner, Lands End Inn*

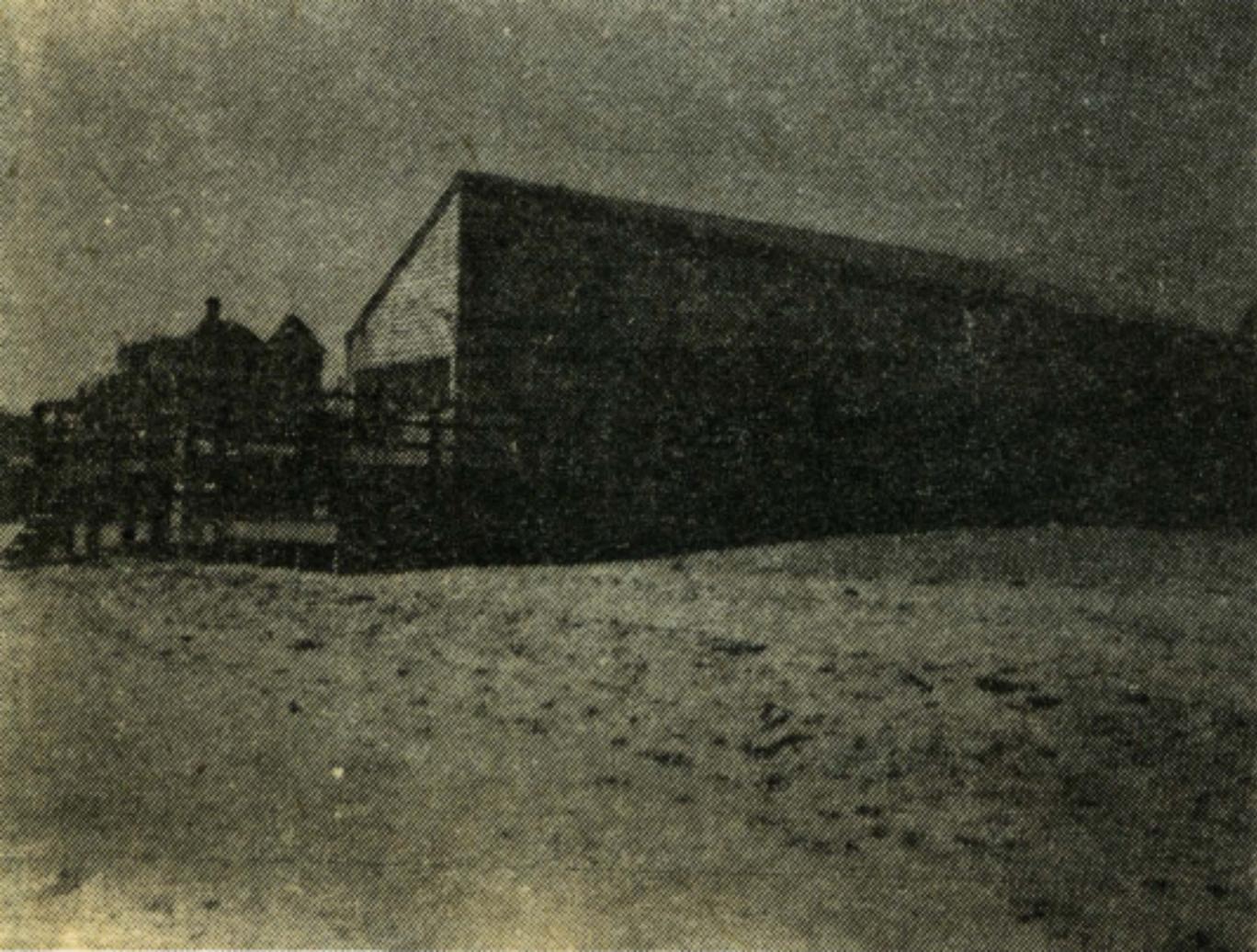
*With the approach of spring, as in past years, I look forward to the beauty of summer in Provincetown. The bleakness of winter fades into spring, old friends return from their winters away and the energy level increases. I am hopeful for a busy, interesting, peaceful and successful season.*

*With the establishment of a gay oriented business organization, the Provincetown Business Guild, we have the hope of quick and effective response on the part of Provincetown authorities to our efforts to deal with the unwarranted and unprovoked harassment of gays, which increases during the summer. This is the single greatest negative element in the usually openminded and relaxed environment of Provincetown.*

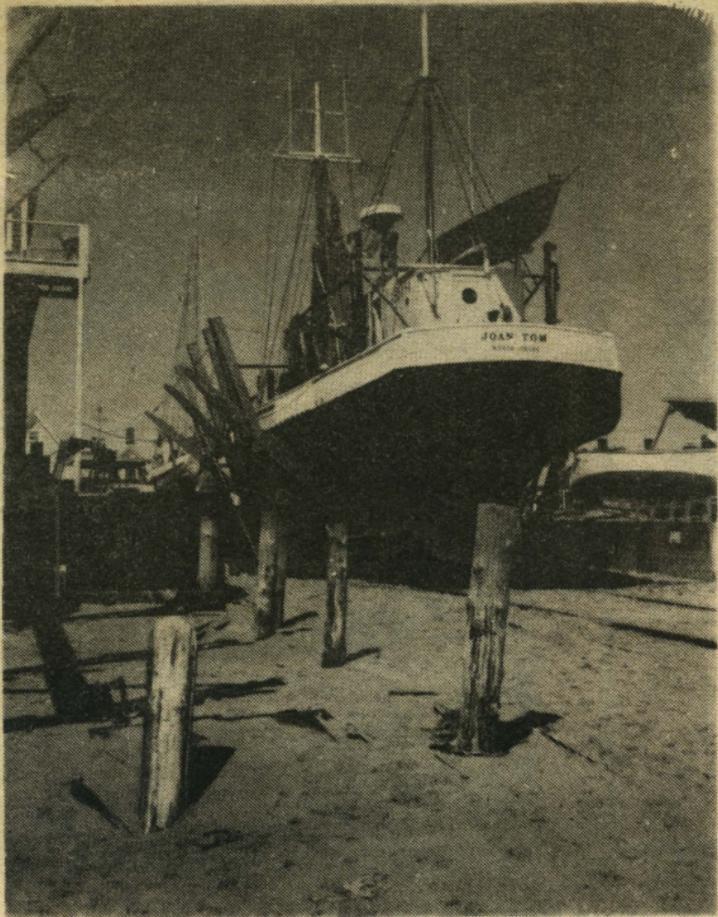


*MICHAEL ROGOVSKY - Artist, Provincetown Group Gallery*

*Artists who live and work in Provincetown have come to grips with its "Art Scene". Their first desire is to live a quiet lifestyle amidst rare natural beauty in an area once touched by the greatest era in American Art. Young artists in Provincetown have decided to paint and build a body of work which has meaning to them and which one day may attract recognition. One may still choose to eke out a living, but soon Provincetown may become too affluent to nurture artists rich in artistic talent but too poor to allow it to come to fruition here.*



New Pied Piper entertainment complex rebuilt after fire destroyed ancient "Ace of Spades". "Where the girls are!", starring Pam Genevrino and Linda Gerard.



*That nocturnal sound you hear in this West End boatyard is:*

- a) The clinking of glasses in a champagne toast.*
- b) someone "flicking their Bic".*
- c) clicking of handcuffs for real or imagined offenses.*
- d) none of the above.*

*Answer: (c) Beware, and be wary!!*



*BEVERLY L. SPENCER - Realtor, Spencer Real Estate*

*Twenty-five years ago I entered into a love affair with Provincetown. Although there have been some rough times and temporary separations, that affair is still growing.*

*Provincetown's people made me feel welcome as they have made many strangers welcome over the decades.*

*They weren't interested in my religious or political affiliations, or my social or economic background, or my sexual preference. They just made me feel a part of the family.*

*Why am I rambling on like this . . . Because I am saying to all you people out there, "Welcome to Provincetown, for a day or a lifetime, but don't try to make her into your image - Just let her be herself".*



*BARBARA STEVENS (Mae Bush) - Postal worker, Provincetown Post Office*

*Provincetown Moods*

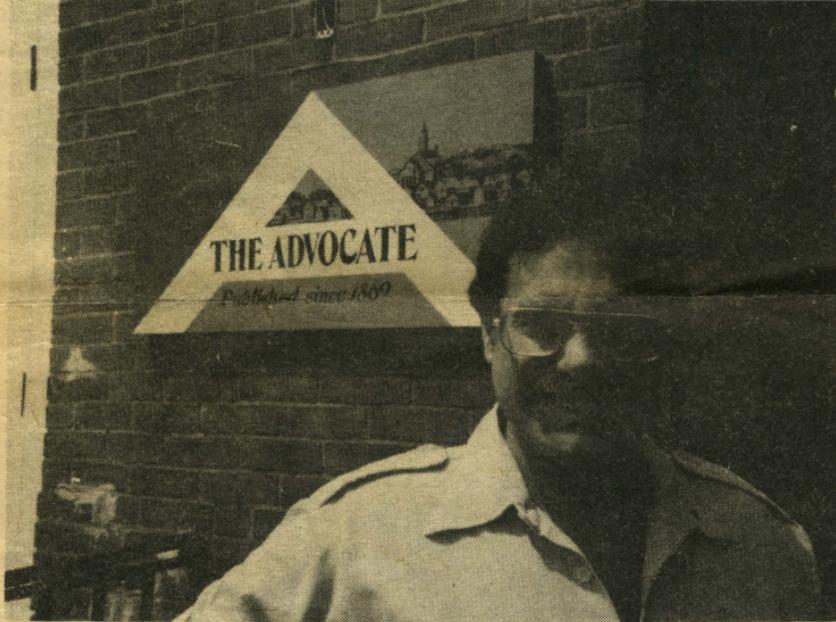
*Spring has sprung, new faces in town,  
Paint and polish, readiness's abound.  
Banging hammers, saws that buzz;  
Snuff that joint, here comes the fuzz!*

*Summer swings you by the meat rack;  
Buds and skins come bursting back.  
Disco music echoes across the bay,  
Dancers hetero, multi, bi- and gay.*

*Fall leaves, like tourists, split their trees,  
Back to school, work reality, call it what you please.  
Calmness comes riding Halloween's broom,  
"Meet ya, skinny, for a boogie in the Back Room!"*

*Winters peel back the layers of your soul and  
Cabin fever stirs up raps best left untold.  
Enjoy a gale, a whale, a walk-  
Paint or sculpt, even poet a talk.  
Chess, cards, 'gammon for wagers,  
Unemployment, rumination and reading pages.*

*P-town's pleasures, pains and sorrows -  
Await an adventurer's slings and arrows.*



*DUANE A. STEELE - Editor & Publisher, The Advocate*

*People who know and truly love Provincetown know that every season brings its own mood. The mood now, as it always is in the spring, is anticipation mixed with a little dread as the impending crush and crunch of the summer season approaches. But that is mixed with a soaring lift as we depart from the rigors of a bleak and dreary winter. Yet, by September we will be desperate for the balm of Indian Summer and the precious peace of January. It is a cycle that is always true.*

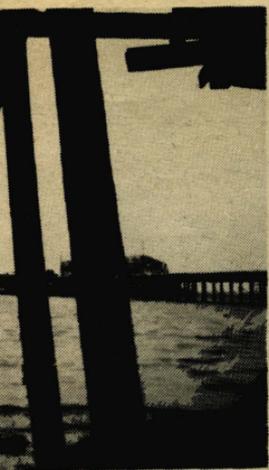
*But this summer I sense that despite some hardships over the price rather than the availability of gasoline, we are going to have a delightful season. If we have fewer visitors, fine. More for the rest of us to enjoy.*



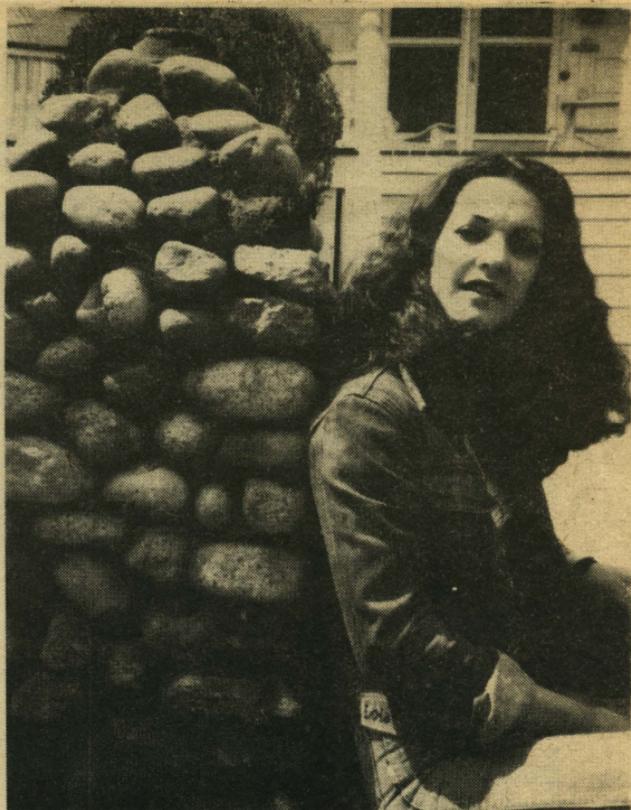
Old "Barnstormers Theater" commands the horizon behind stored lobster traps. Lobsters enter through the mesh opening to feed and are unable to free themselves.



*A wall of ballast stone from Thorwald's Viking settlement in 1004 lies buried beneath this West End guest house, the Joshua Paine. Residential development on Chip Hill precludes archeological investigation at this time.*



of the great natural  
ingested with pleasure  
er. During the mild  
young how to dive for  
s the snapshot.



**NICOLE B. WESTCOTT** - French Canadian resident

*How do I feel about this coming season?*

*I try so hard to get myself ready everytime that the spring season gets around the corner!.. Since April is here to stay, every day I change my attitude toward it, even the weather cannot make up her mind. That "spring fever", that feeling that makes people want to look brand new for all those expected arrivals, is confusing my daily routine. Nothing will look the same any more. . . . Sometimes I pray for the spring to move in for good, but deep down inside I don't really mind if it takes a while longer, because now for just a while, a little while, we can have the beach to ourselves . . . before this town prostitutes herself with strangers that come and go like the coming season. . . .*



Provincetown harbors of the world through late winters, ducks teach fish. MacMillan Wh

**LINDA WEINSTEIN** - Owner, Provincetown Fabric Shop  
Board of Directors, Human Rights Coalition

What I remember about Provincetown over the past twenty years.  
I remember:

- when a lesbian's public social life was limited to sitting (women weren't allowed to stand with a drink) in a straight-owned "gay" bar pretending she wasn't "queer".
- when gay guest houses didn't advertise the fact that they were gay.
- when there were no local gay organizations.
- when straight people didn't know that known gay people would eventually take part in Town government, teach school, practice medicine and law, run year 'round businesses, participate in the local arts, and (as usual) do what everyone else does.

AND, I remember when gay people didn't think that we'd get this far!!



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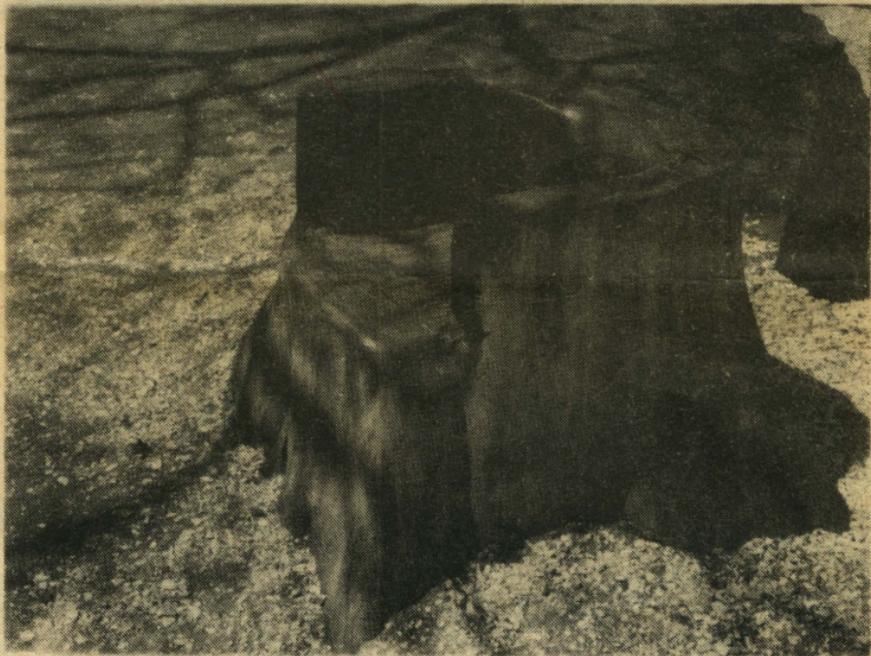
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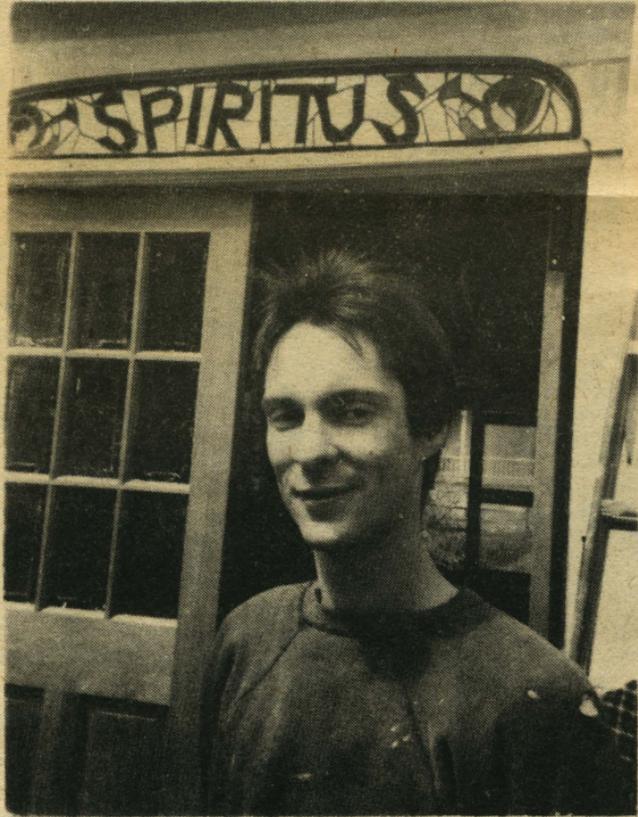
*Provincetown harbor, one of the great natural harbors of the world, is congested with pleasure crafts through late October. During the mild winters, ducks teach their young how to dive for fish. MacMillan Wharf divides the snapshot.*



*Hand-carved throne across from the Crown & Anchor Hotel was once a stately elm. Three million people pass this location during the summer season. Why not sit and watch a spell.*



*Pre "Tea Dance" abstract of popular Boatslip deck and pool area. "Very Perrier" daytime watering hole during the season.*

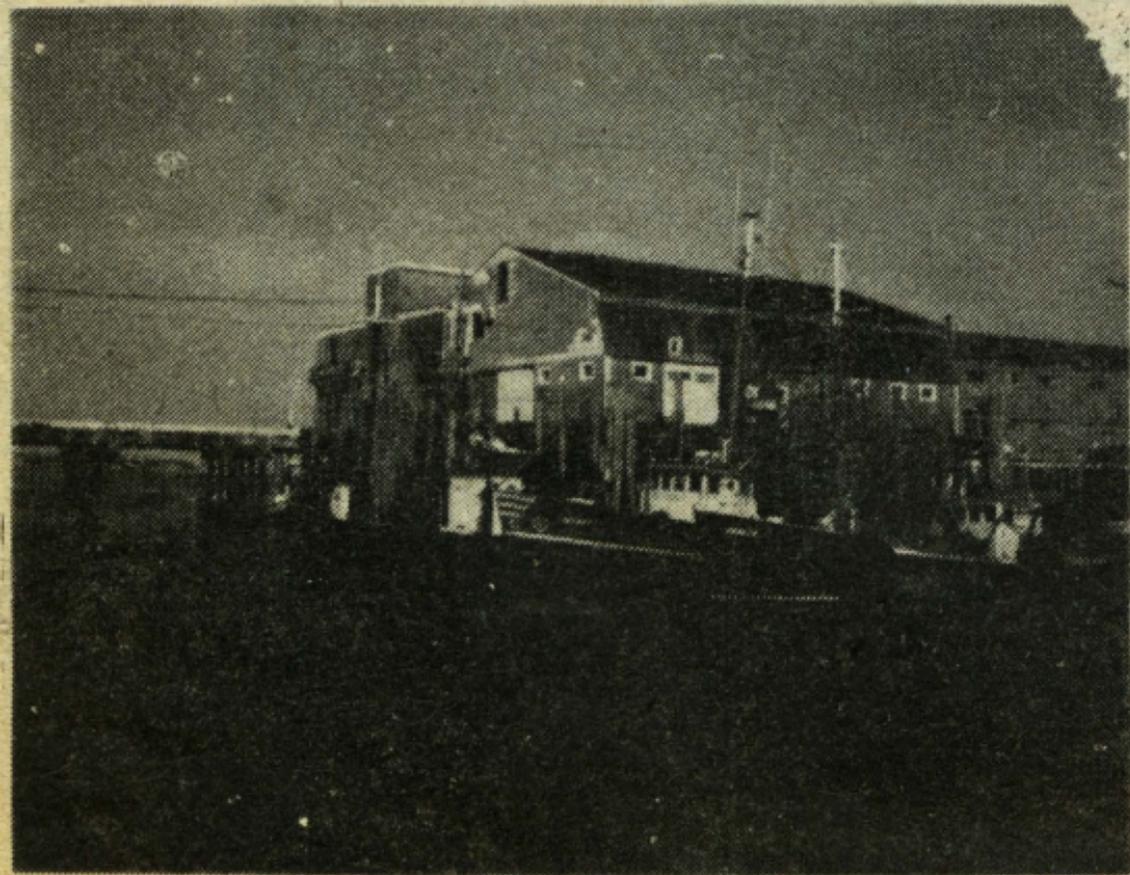


*JOHN YINGLING - Co-Owner, Cafe Edwige & Spiritus Pizza*

*Provincetown is still a lovely small town with quaint narrow streets, an active fishing fleet at anchor within a picturesque harbor, and beautiful beaches. Where else can one find the space and tranquility that nature has to offer and blazing Saturday night action within walking distance.*

*In 79, Provincetown will be setting trends in chic culture. Our shops, cafe's and galleries are among the best and most stylish to be found anywhere in the world. Photographers, artists, and designers are never lacking for inspiration.*

*There is an existential feeling that prevails in Provincetown that exists nowhere else and people don't easily forget it.*



*Nerve center for the fishing fleet, MacMillan Wharf berths the Boston-Provincetown ferry and public entertainment vessels, from whale watching to sunset cruises on a 2-masted sailing ship.*