

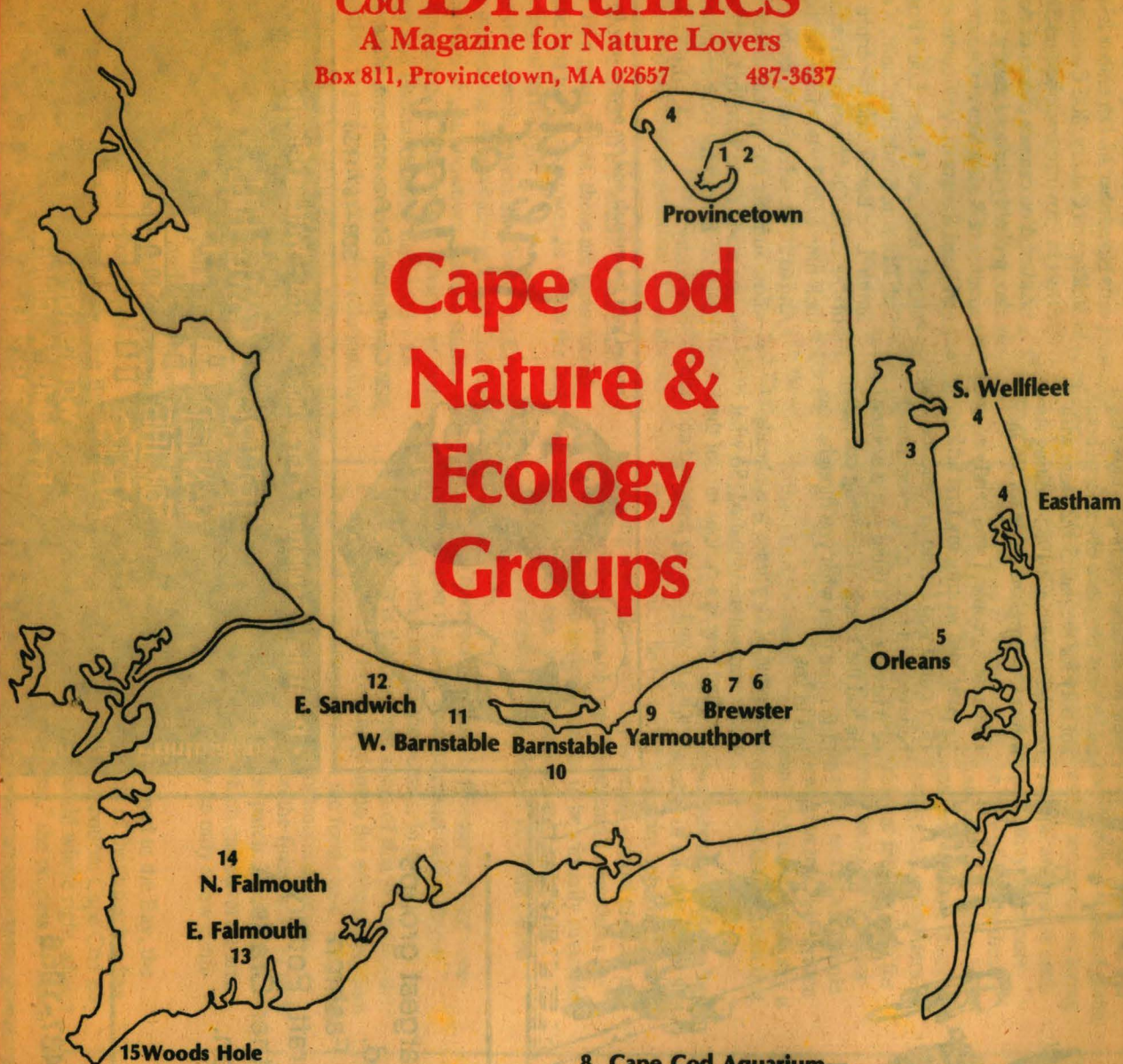
Cape Cod Driftlines

A Magazine for Nature Lovers

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Volume 6, No. 5/November 1991

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Cape Cod Driftlines

A Magazine for Nature Lovers

Articles • Essays • Interviews • Commentary • Poetry and Art
by Cape Cod's naturalists and naturalist organizations.

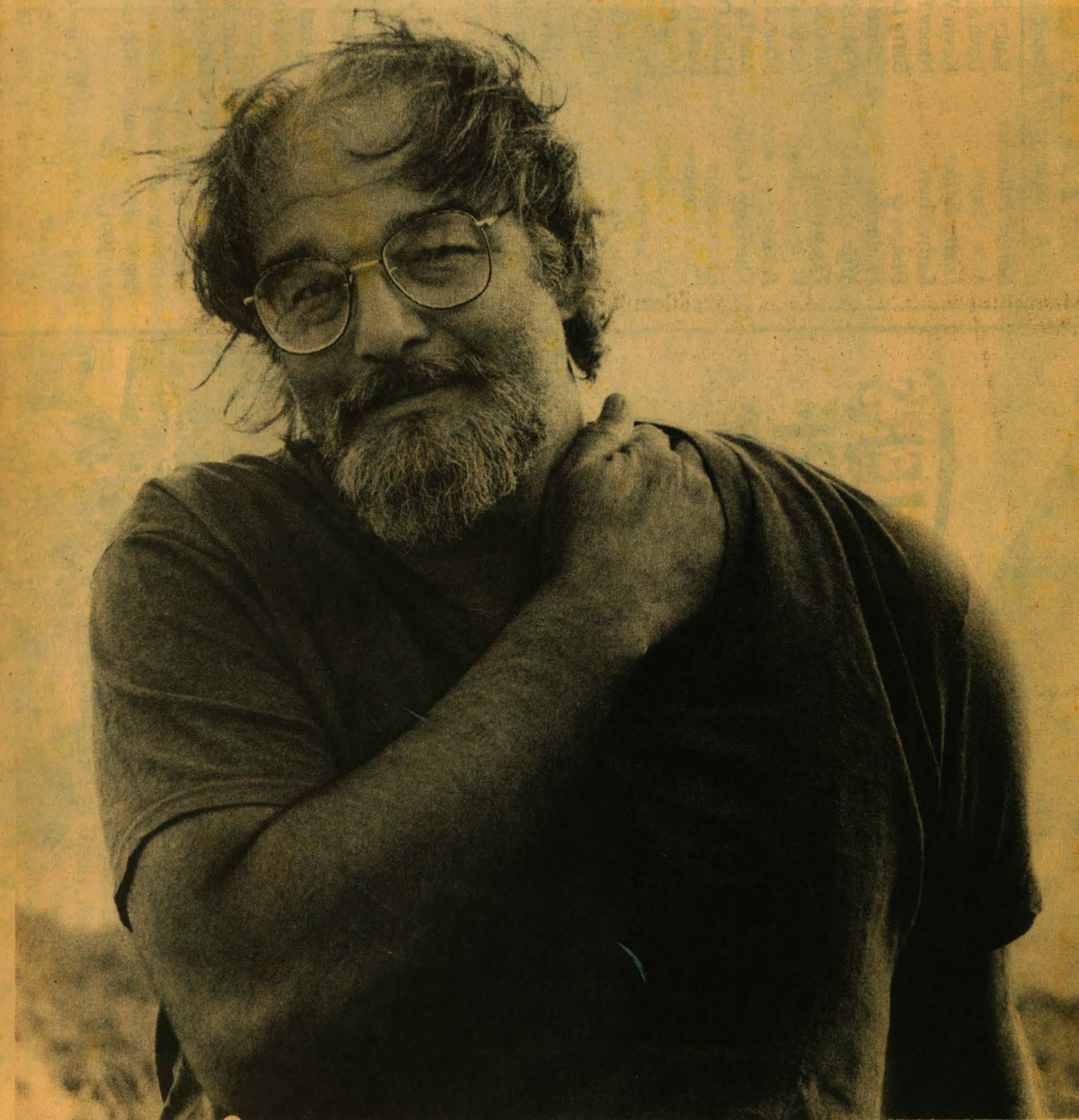
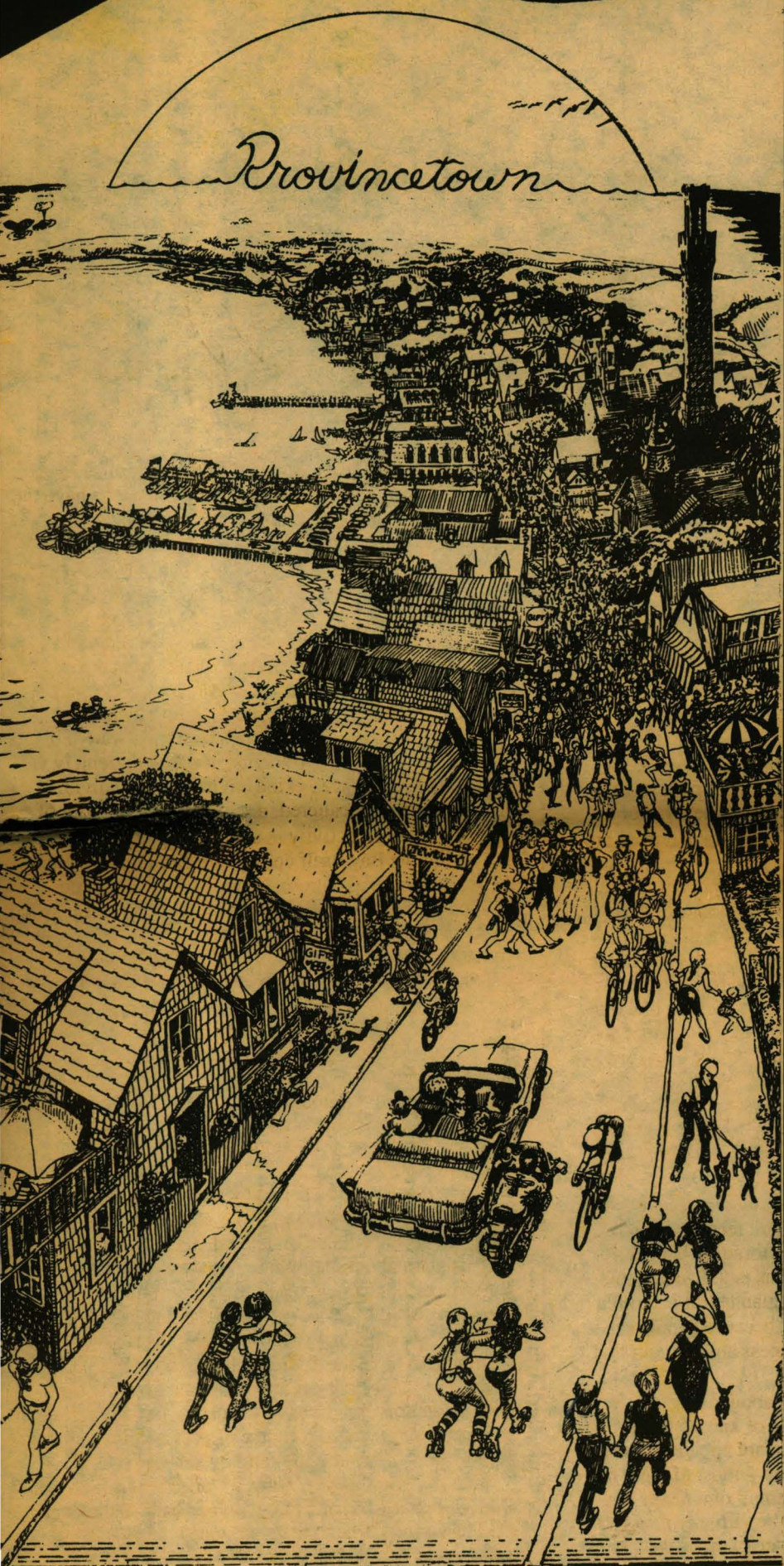


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Cape Cod Driftlines

A Magazine for Nature Lovers

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A publication with articles, essays, interviews, reviews, commentary, poetry, photography and art by many of Cape Cod's naturalist writers and artists.

Offering free column space to naturalist oriented organizations so that they may help to inform, educate and entertain the general public to the joys and responsibilities of the naturalist life.

Featuring a listing of the activities of many naturalist and environmental groups on Cape Cod.

Our objectives are to encourage people to know about the work of the naturalist and ecological groups active on Cape Cod; to express some of the awe and respect we feel for nature through the work of area writers and artists.

We'd like to hear from Cape Cod writers, artists and naturalist groups that would like to have their work published.

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All photographs and drawings unless otherwise identified are by Arne Manos

Arne Manos June 21, 1941-August 19, 1991

I never would have imagined the act of writing this. The cover photo of Arne Manos was taken on the porch of the dune shack, Euphoria, where we spent a week in August. Arne died of a heart attack two days after we got back, just after we had walked outside in the abating winds of Hurricane Bob on August 19, 1991.

Arne was the founder of *Cape Cod Driftlines*, and, he would have liked it to read, its mystic mainspring. Though nothing he wrote ever appeared in any issue before this one, it was all his. There was never any staff. He conceived of the magazine's purpose and design, its editorial content, and its price (or lack of one, though a lot of people tried to convince him to sell it). He sold the ads, assigned the articles and artwork, edited, proofread, shot photographs, and pasted up every issue. He worked alone, but within a community, at the office of *The Cape Codder*, where *Driftlines* was printed. He spent more time standing at those light tables than anyplace else except home, not only for the past 5 1/2 years with *Driftlines*, but since 1981, editing *Airwaves*, the program guide for WOMR.

Like many people, I was gently coerced by Arne into writing my first article. How could you say no to someone who believed you could do it, even though he'd never read a thing you'd written? He had the knack of bringing out just a little more than what you thought you had in you.

This issue of *Driftlines* was already under way when Arne died. So what you find here is a curious mix of the articles he had already assigned and had

typeset, along with a few moments of collective memory, which starts on page 10 with a piece by Seth Rolbein. Seth's piece, like a poem, gets you wanting to know the background of the person it's about. Arne came to Provincetown in 1971 with his wife Maraleen from New York, where he'd worked as an art director in advertising. They had the Rainbow Shop, later the Chrysalis Gallery, featuring the work of local artists and including Arne's own jewelry designs. He was a charter member of WOMR, of the Cape Photo Project, the most recent editor of *The Cape Naturalist*, a jazz announcer, and on and on. What makes this kind of ticking off of accomplishments so false, so disconnected from Arne, is that it tells you nothing about what great backrubs he gave, what his arms and chin felt like when he hugged you. It tells you nothing of who he was, of his relationship to the world and to us. The comments following Seth's piece are excerpts from the memorial held for Arne on August 22.

An exhibition of work of the Cape Photo Project, featuring work by Arne, runs November 17-December 23 at the Stellwagen Gallery, 306 Commercial Street in Provincetown, behind Skin Leather. You can see pieces of Arne also, probably during January, in the window of Rising Sun at Commercial and Pearl Streets in Provincetown.

Thanks to Necee Regis, Louis Postel, Seth Rolbein, Mark Birnbaum, Kay Smith, Lisa Baraff, and the entire staff of *The Cape Codder*, who all donated their time to make this issue happen. And to all the advertisers, many of whose summer ads appear in this issue -- you made these years of *Driftlines* possible. Thanks for your continued generosity.

—Kathy Shorr



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Notes From Cape Cod Bay

By Laurie Goldman

Certainly Cape Cod Bay isn't a wilderness, is it? Even from the middle of the Bay the marks of humans, those blue-grey outlines of a tower or bridge or power plant, are almost always visible along the shores. For most of the year, the waters of the Bay are disturbed by boats of all descriptions, filled with people intent on the various businesses of work and play. Most of these people would probably consider the Bay just another part of the planet fitting comfortably within the human dominion, one easily encompassed within human comprehension. And yet, those of us who find ourselves in the Bay during the bitter months of late winter and early spring sometimes forget that this is a place supposedly fully revealed and conquered. Instead, *alone out there when the human clutter of milder seasons has subsided*, the crew of the R/V *Halos* can often see a very foreign world. At these times the Bay seems a place belonging to the other nations of life: whales, seals, birds and fish, and animals much smaller than any of these. Wild things are going on out there: mating and feeding and the rearing of young. It's all part of ancient patterns and systems which humans still do not control, and in fact don't even completely understand. For those of us out there on the days when the quiet and solitude make these things a little easier to see, the Bay is still a world full of mysteries.

To be sure, it is also a very damaged world. The vibrant scenes which we observe and record are only dim shadows of what was there before human beings made their presence felt. Every year we return to the Bay to study the North Atlantic right whale, a species which only a few centuries ago had a population in the tens of thousands and now probably numbers no more than three hundred. Yet, like so many of the other local species of animals whose numbers have been tragically diminished over the years, right whales persist in these waters. In spite of its own exploited history, Cape Cod Bay still supports a variety of life. But how, and how well? Right whales have been protected from hunting for over 50 years, yet in that time there has been no noticeable increase in their population. What are the intricate dynamics between species and habitat at work here which are essential to the health of the entire ecosystem? To a great extent, these are unanswered questions, and this is one more way in which the Bay remains uncharted territory.

This was the seventh season the Center for Coastal Studies has studied the right whales in Cape Cod Bay. It was only the second year, however, that the studies were conducted through the Center's new Division of Behavioral Ecology and Habitat Studies, directed by Dr. Stormy Mayo. The department was formed in 1990 to address questions regarding the complex relationships between an animal and its environment. When combined with the continuing work carried out by the Division of Population Biology, directed by Phillip Clapham, our research now proceeds within a broader, context than ever before. Using a variety of study techniques, we have begun to uncover some of the patterns of life active within the Bay. In the past year our studies included photographic identification of individual whales, video and acoustic recording of animal behavior, and extensive oceanographic sampling throughout the Bay, both at predetermined stations and in the presence of whales.



The sheltered waters of Cape Cod Bay serve many functions for these whales. Over the years we have seen numerous social groups, and 1991 was no exception. "Social group" is the term used by investigators to describe certain phenomena observed here and in the Bay of Fundy, where large numbers of right whales are found throughout late summer and fall. Social groups consist of two or more individuals involved in prolonged episodes of physical contact. Frequently a central animal, generally considered to be female, will be seen on its back with any number of other whales -- presumably males -- vying for access to her. Up north these encounters seem to be clearly related to mating, but here in Cape Cod Bay, their exact purpose seems less obvious; although mating may well be a factor in some cases, it frequently seems that these exercises are an end in themselves.

Social groups are truly extraordinary sights. There is probably no other time that the gracefulness of these animals is displayed to us with such intensity. Right whales are animals of enormous bulk, with little of the sleekness of fin whales or humpbacks. In fact from certain vantage points right whales look more like old steamer trunks discarded overboard in the wake of some oceanliner than anything one would recognize as living beings. And yet, as they wrap around and caress each other with their spade-like flippers, they seem completely fluid and languid. In the Bay of Fundy these episodes are often quite vigorous, almost violent, but here almost all the social groups that we have observed appeared to be quite leisurely and gentle encounters.

We know that the Bay is a critical feeding area for right whales, yet much about their foraging behavior remains part of a mystery which has tantalized people for ages. In a 13th century Norwegian text it is written that the right whale "lives cleanly because people say it does not eat any food except darkness and the rain that falls upon the sea."

The author of this passage was about as right as he could be. What he was not capable of knowing was that the water which he observed this giant apparently swallowing was filled with tiny animals -- most of them no larger than a grain of rice. These small organisms are individually so insignificant as to be virtually invisible to the naked eye, yet collectively are perhaps the greatest food source on the planet. They are called zooplankton.

These microscopic animals themselves feed voraciously upon the even smaller plants called phytoplankton which inhabit the oceans. In this way zooplankton is the principal agent of this planet for the transfer of energy from the plant to the animal kingdom. In spite of their integral role in the food chain, however, the dynamics of zooplankton communities remain poorly described, particularly on the finest scale of their collective structure, the plankton patch. These patches are dense swarms of animals which can cover an area many meters wide, and yet may be only a few centimeters thick.

Every season as we have returned to the Bay, the challenge of unlocking the puzzle of these patches has attracted more and more of our attention. Cape Cod Bay is one of the few places in the world where right whales have been reported "skim feeding," the process by which

they collect the plankton found in the uppermost surface layers of the water. During such events we have the rarest of opportunities to observe in minute detail the behavior of these whales as they make their living. Moreover, we see in the convoluted patterns the whales make as they harvest the areas of densest food the reflection of this other entity, the plankton patch.

The goal of achieving a clear picture of plankton patches is not a frivolous pursuit. Plankton is the lifeblood of the Bay, of oceanic systems everywhere, yet its passive nature, virtually incapable of any horizontal locomotion on its own and dependent upon water currents for long range movements, makes it extremely vulnerable to disturbances in the environment. Individual organisms can be scattered, destroying the integrity of the patch. Human activity in surrounding communities and within the Bay itself could have dire impact upon these plankton populations. What we learn about the character of these patches is critical to the future management of these habitats.

Learning more about these patches is also a crucial step in understanding exactly what are the energetics of the right whale. Are the whales making an adequate living in the waters of the Bay? New knowledge about the plankton here could provide us with some insight into why the species population does not seem to be returning to pre-whaling levels. Is their recovery being limited by their food resource? Previous studies of plankton have rarely indicated densities great enough to sustain an active whale.

Right whales' lives depend upon finding the densest plankton patches available. More and more we have made use of the whales' innate talents in this search to help us learn about planktonic processes. This past season we executed a number of intensive, multi-level plankton collections, following in the path of skim-feeding right whales. From these samples we found that right whales have the ability to locate plankton patches of extraordinary richness and with an extremely fine-scale variability, the likes of which are basically unseen in the nets dipped in the course of previous investigators' most diligent wide-ranging surveys.

These whales are revealing a world to us which we would be incapable of finding on our own. There were days last winter when we would locate whales from miles away, sometimes simply by noticing in the distance the sun glinting on their backs. When we finally arrived in their midst we found these whales slowly skim-feeding, describing intricate patterns in the water which would be followed by one animal after another. As we looked down, we saw thick orange swirls of plankton covering the surface of the water. Even a bucket dipped in this area garnered thousands of plankton individuals. We had seldom seen such a rich area before, yet such scenes are probably occurring again and again within the Bay each winter.

Our field research season is about to begin. This is the time when we pore over the information we have gathered and see what sense we can make of it all. Of course, the mysteries will remain, but we expect to return with a few more clues to aid us when we venture once again into that wilderness.

Laurie Goldman is a research assistant with the Center for Coastal Studies. Her work focuses on right whales and behavioral ecology.

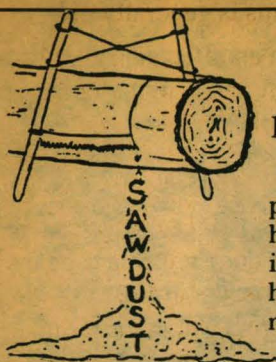
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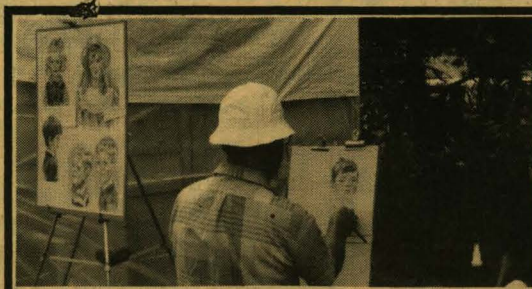
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By Dave Simser

The Enigma of Eastern Encephalitis Explained

The azure skies above Westport, MA, were obscured within a haze of economic poison on the morning of August 27, 1990. Three DC-3 aircraft delivered their deadly cargo in parallel, confluent swaths. Within days, the southeastern corner of the Commonwealth was misted in malathion. This organophosphate insecticide, known by its trade name, Cythion, was the chemical weapon of choice during a biological war waged by the Department of Public Health and other consenting state agencies. Their deadly adversary, transmitted by the nuisance bite of mosquitoes, was a virus capable of infecting many wildlife species, including turtles and birds, and domestic species, including horses and humans. The insecticidal fog was applied ostensibly to temporarily eradicate the adult mosquito population and in doing so, reduce the risk of eastern encephalomyelitis, or encephalitis, (aka EE) from contacting a vulnerable human host.

The debilitating and causal viral agent of EE is a member of a group of pathogens known as the arbo-viruses, which include such encephalides as St. Louis, Western, LaCrosse and Venezuelan. In Massachusetts, EE is rare -- only 71 humans have been diagnosed with the disease since 1938. Yet the possibility that this virus will become an epidemic is cause for concern, a polemic belief shared by the occupants of several state agencies.

In all, 12,075 gallons of Cythion were sprayed over 700,000 Massachusetts acres, in a huge swath from Westport to Plymouth to Sagamore to Hingham. Afterward, the program was deemed a complete success; the incidence of biting adult mosquitoes was reduced to the point of inconsequence and the virus would not claim another victim, at least not in 1990. Yet many residents within the treated zone are horrified to think that the success story will be repeated again in 1991. Indeed, insecticidal wake was non-selective and left an abusive and deadly trail of non-target cadavers, contaminated surface water and irritated residents.

Despite contrary claims, fish, birds and myriad vertebrate and invertebrate organisms were affected by the lethal chemical and concerned citizens were outraged. The massacre was observed and documented in numerous complaints and inquiries, but was rebutted soundly by officiating protagonists of the spray program. Letters of protest were countered by thick reports that outlined all aspects of the program from inception to completion, revealing no misapplication of Cythion or otherwise flagrant mistakes in the strategic, suppressive process.

Another legislative tug o' war will again pack the courtrooms and fill the media as the encephalitis watch continues in 1991. Lost in the legal drama, however, is a fascinating biological web that is spliced with mystery and complex interactions between pathogen, vector and host; at the least, this story is far more interesting than all the legalese largesse.

Mosquitoes plague humans and animals by their persistent efforts to obtain a blood meal, necessary for the production of eggs (thus the tenet that only females bite). But it's not as easy as it seems! Skin contains 1 or 2 percent blood by volume and the adult female mosquito may need several "casts" before a successful probe is made. The mouthparts, or stylets, are adapted for probing; six parts form a tube that scans for blood below the skin surface. Because they are serrated, the mandibular stylets actually saw into tissue, thus lacerating capillaries, veins or arteries.

The female will continue in her sanguinous search and will repeat the process within a cone-shaped hunting area. If the host hasn't attempted to

thwart the hunt, the female is eventually successful; a smallish pocket of blood is formed beneath the skin. At this point, movement is ceased and the bloodmeal is sucked through a tube. While probing and sucking, the female injects a sort of saliva from one stylet. Proteins in the saliva produce the well-known allergic reaction that may include swelling and itching. Salivary anticoagulants inhibit clotting, providing a continual flow of blood. After filling the abdomen to several times its size, the female mosquito takes flight; the proteinaceous blood meal serves to enhance the production of fertile eggs. However, some mosquito species can produce fertile eggs irrespective of a bloody cocktail. Regardless, a raft of eggs is placed near a stand of water or within a temporary pool in a depression or cavity.

Depending upon the species and presence of available moisture, immature mosquitoes hatch from the egg rafts. In certain instances, eggs can remain unhatched for a lengthy period prior to the accumulation of standing amounts of water. In any case, the immature mosquito is a curiously shaped beast known as a "wiggler." These aquatic, hirsute tubes can be observed in a pool of stagnant or standing water, but will drop from the surface if disturbed. They do not bite, feeding on bits of flotsam and other detritus that might be encountered within their tepid community. After several days to weeks, a metamorphosis to a puparial state ensues and the wigglers become "tumbler," somewhat of a curiosity. Whereas other insect species are quiescent in the pupal stage, mosquitoes are quite active and will respond to any surface disturbance by diving like tiny submarines. Again, a period of several days passes before a final transformation takes place and the adult mosquito emerges, to complete its reproductive heritage within the next several weeks.

There are about 3,450 known species of mosquitoes, primarily found in the tropical latitudes. The United States includes about 170 species, with about 40 present in Massachusetts. Not all of these species bite humans (only about a baker's dozen and a half) or even transmit the virus. Note that we are concerned with only four vector species: *Aedes sollicitans*, *Ae. vexans*, *Ae. canadensis* and *Coquilleidia perturbans* are confirmed carriers (known as bridge carriers) of the dreaded EE. These species can cross the phylogenetic border and transmit the pathogen from avian to equine or human hosts; thus the bridge. Secondary concern regards the several species that play a role in transmitting and amplifying the virus throughout the host bird population -- native birds (virtually all songbirds) or exotics (ring-necked pheasants, pigeons, house sparrows).

Much is unknown about the cycle of the virus during the year. For instance, the overwintering stage of the virus is thought to be within populations of susceptible birds; whether these birds are local or migratory is unknown. Other tenable theories include chronic persistence of the virus in an unknown vertebrate host and transmission of the virus through overwintering mosquito eggs. If the initial theory is true, the early months of spring serve to establish the virus in the avian population. Mosquito species, such as *Culiseta melanura*

(which rarely bite humans), can become infected after feeding on an avian host already carrying the virus (or from overwintered mosquito eggs). After an incubation period of 8-12 days, the virus is present in the salivary glands of the mosquito, where it may be transmitted to additional, uninfected birds. Within such hosts, the virus is said to become amplified; usually birds become symptomatic but then develop immunity. Epidemic outbreaks of EE in the wild are probably due to multiplication of the mosquito population, as affected by mild or otherwise favorable (wet) weather conditions during periods of population growth, as during the spring.

The virus is then transmitted to humans or horses by the aforementioned "bridge vector" species; those species that feed upon a range of warm-blooded hosts. Transmission to domestic species is rare, as these mosquitoes must first bite an infected bird, replicate the virus and then transmit it during a second blood feeding. Horses stabled in southeastern Massachusetts, near Atlantic white cedar/red maple swamps (favored breeding sites of *Cs. melanura*) are readily exposed to infected mosquitoes and incidence of EE in equines here is usually a precursor to incidence in humans. Many horses are vaccinated against the disease; no such vaccine exists for treatment of humans.

Humans as well as horses are known as "dead end" hosts of EE, for the virus is generally not passed to another from such an affected soul. Onset of symptoms includes a high fever (in the range of 103-106 degrees F), stiff neck, headache and lethargy; the more severe symptoms provide the common name -- swelling of the brain and spinal cord followed by coma and possibly death. The chance that the virus has become amplified greatly throughout the transmitting host population (birds) is greatest in mid to late August, when mosquitoes are omnipresent. The alert is at apogee, the tension at the break point.

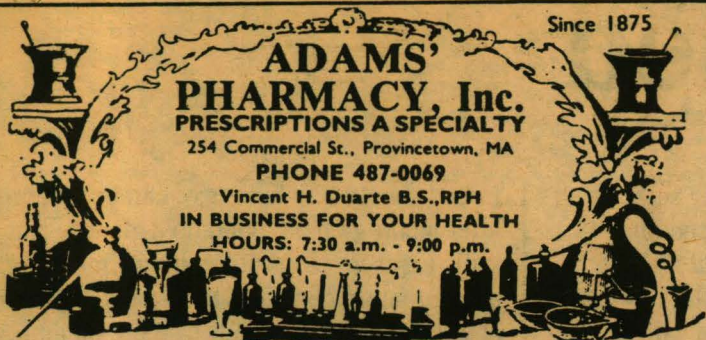
The battle cry from the agencies involved is issued when horses are found with the virus; but programs are also underway during the early season to monitor the bird/viral incidence and the number of mosquitoes that are known vectors. Thus, in 1990, the legislative rumblings that soon became chemical fallout were in effect before a single human case was confirmed.

Tactics of the ongoing mosquito control strategy by consenting agencies are being modified, albeit slowly; a recent report by the Massachusetts Audubon Society has extolled the virtues of relatively nontoxic alternatives, including use of larval suffocants (oils), bacterial larvicides (known as *Bti*) and spot treatment with insecticides for control of adults. Implementation of these novel techniques is not yet coordinated so as to be practical, nor is an area-wide program of destroying real and potential breeding sites. In all likelihood, the potential onset of EE may prove too great a risk. Once again, the drone of the modified warplanes may fill the cerulean dome of late August with a toxic and descending cloud of doom, a blessing so deigned by the powers that watch over us.

Dave Simser teaches entomology at Antioch-New England.

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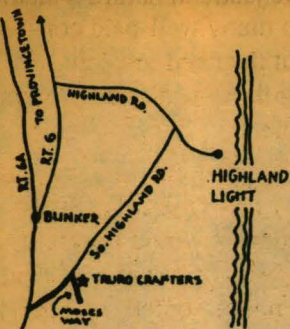
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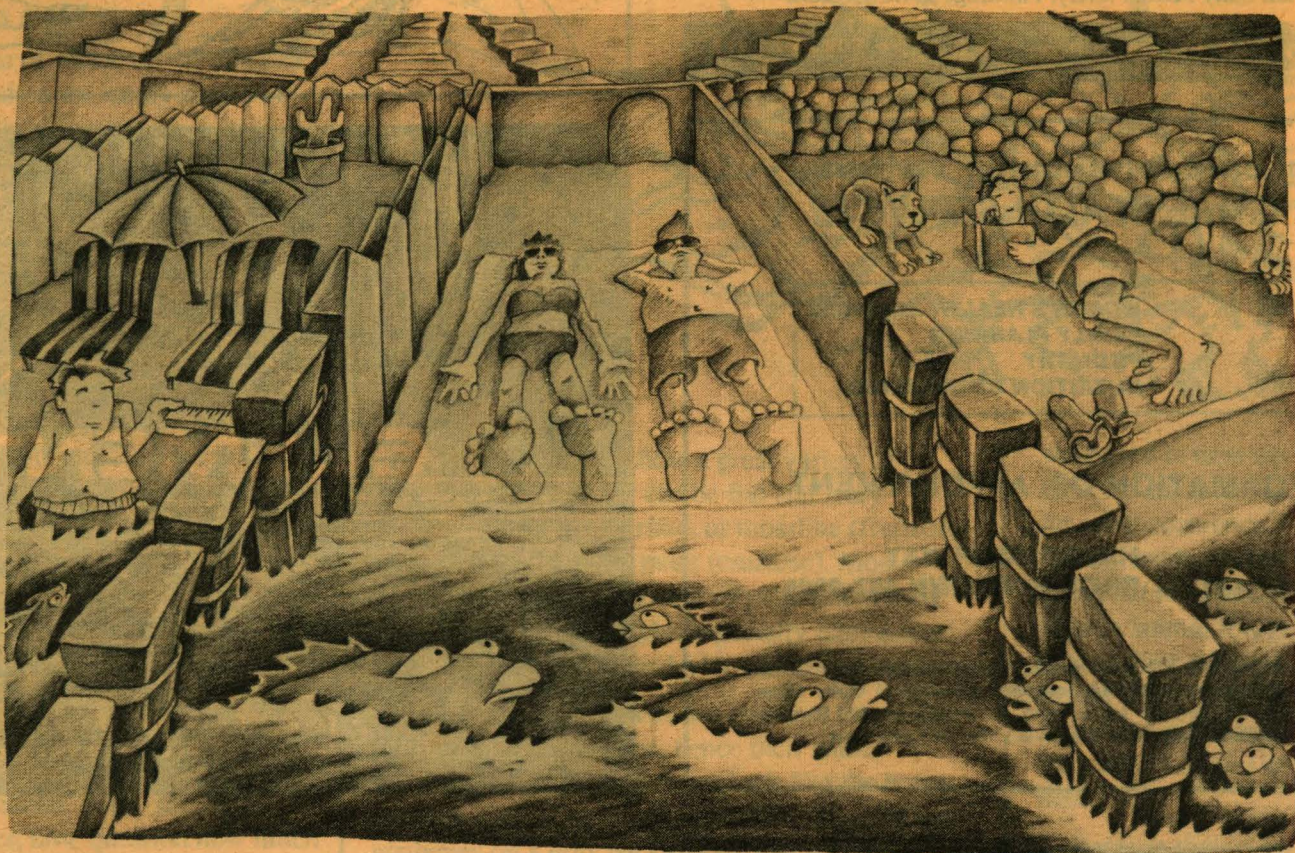
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Drawing by Anne Rosen

By Susan V. Seligson

When I was younger and traveled light, I loved to spend my weekends exploring the countryside with a friend or lover in some wheezing, rusted out shell of a vehicle. Once, somewhere near Great Barrington, we stopped by a cornfield to give the radiator a chance to stop frothing, and spied a seductively perfect footpath disappearing into the stalks. Stuck in the earth beside it was a hand-written sign that read something like, "Private Property -- Come on in and swim, enjoy, don't destroy." With the mysterious owner's blessing, we followed the path about half a mile to a memorable swimming hole, offering itself magically in an otherwise shallow stream that meandered through the fields from the mountains rising behind them. Entranced, we stayed all day and returned the next. It was a gift from a stranger, that place, and I could only imagine how many like it were forever off-limits beyond all the NO TRESPASSING signs. I promised myself back then that in the unlikely event that I ever laid claim to such beauty, I'd share it in the same spirit.

That was, as my mother would put it, easy for me to say at the time. Fifteen years later, my Incredible String Band albums growing mold in some landfill and my last fourth-hand Dodge Dart long ago gone to scrap metal, I rise early one Sunday morning and, still in my nightgown, take my coffee out on the back deck, where I come face to face with a pair of tourists enjoying the harbor view. "Enjoy, don't destroy," a faint voice from my tie-dyed past whispers. But I am seething with indignation. How dare these strangers plunk themselves down in our backyard? Bad enough, I harumph to myself, that they peer up at us as if we were a cave family in those dioramas at the Museum of Natural History. But here they were on our deck, oblivious to the fact that this house is clearly owned by someone and not some municipal pier. "Listen to yourself, for God's sake," the ghost of Earth Day Past says to me. "Lighten up."

"Exxcuuuse me," I announce to the trespassers in that venomously polite tone I despised in my youth. "But you cannot sit there. This is private property."

time a child addresses you as "lady." But those emotions are becoming more familiar to me; something akin to that homicidal rage we feel when someone brazenly grabs a parking space for which we've been patiently waiting. I never would've guessed I had it in me, but there are times when I feel possessed, part Scarlett O'Hara and part Dian Fossey, capable of planting myself at the back door with a shotgun and screaming, "Now GIT!"

I've been doing a lot of thinking about this primal connection we have to our homes and property. Anyone who's lived in Provincetown more than a few months knows it is in the throes of a litigation frenzy, with everyone losing sleep over property lines and deeds and rights of way -- I have a theory that by the year 2025 everyone here will have sued or been sued by everyone else. If good fences make good neighbors, the East End is Sesame Street incarnate -- there are, I'm convinced, more fences per capita here than in all of Westchester County. That indignation I felt on encountering those hapless tourists is pandemic in these parts -- witness the fence upon fence upon fence. It's not unusual to see four abutting fences in a six-foot-wide stretch of waterfront. Stairs bump against stairs, and NO TRESPASSING signs dangle impotently from chains one can simply walk around, over or under. The building inspector struts from house to house like the rabbi in a shtetl out of Shalom Alecheim, listening to everyone's troubles and spewing wisdom. The fences keep multiplying -- I swear they're giving birth to new fencelets in the night -- and nearly every one of them reflects some costly volley of grandiosely worded letters between so-and-so, Esq. and the firm of such-and-such. Sometimes the letters escalate to courtroom battles in which the characters and deepest motivations of abutter and abuttee are called into question.

Do something as unnatural as divvying up a beachfront and you learn a lot about human nature and territoriality. Some folks walk the flats with binoculars, a camera or a sack for beachcombing, but one man is out there each day with his tape measure. Behind him the sky might be exploding with color, a family of harbor seals may be singing Sweet Adeline and the Cutty Sark might glide by in full sail, but this person is forever scrutinizing his property line and measuring, always measuring.

ing into thoughts of how much more dazzling it could be, if only X's fence weren't so tall, Y's deck not so ostentatious, Z's renovation project not so interminable.

As sullied by all this as I might feel, I know our space is sacred to us and I want to live with the certainty that others will respect it. "Something there is," wrote Robert Frost, "that doesn't love a wall." There is some poetic justice in nature's methodical undoing of what so many well-paid contractors have wrought. But the need to keep rebuilding and reinforcing those walls seems to be just as natural, as inevitable.

Another confession: when people throw their trash in our garbage cans, I feel violated. This is pathetic on my part, of course -- would I prefer that they chuck their gum wrappers on the street? And yet to look in the pail and notice something utterly alien to the routine flotsam of our household -- something like a discarded cigarette pack or an empty box of Ninja Turtle cereal -- rattles me. I mean it doesn't spoil my day, but it does, ever so fleetingly, hit a nerve. And the fact that I even care about such nonsense signals me that something much deeper is at play here, something that makes me feel a reluctant kinship with dogs and other animals who spend their time trying to out-pee each other.

Last fall, when we came back to reclaim our house from the summer tenants, I had to laugh at myself stalking about the place, left immaculate, as always. Still I couldn't shake the thought of these people using *our* stuff, sleeping in *our* bed, eating off *our* dishes -- just as we had done at the place we rented from someone else that summer. I found myself in genuine sympathy with Goldilocks' hosts, the three bears. All these feelings I have, until now, kept to myself. But my dog was on to me. There we were, home at last, and he's zig-zagging his way across the lawn like a runaway garden hose. I catch his eye, and then -- I swear -- he gives me a quick wink.

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A Provincetown yearrounder, Susan Seligson has written for The New England Monthly, The Boston Globe, Yankee, Outside and many other

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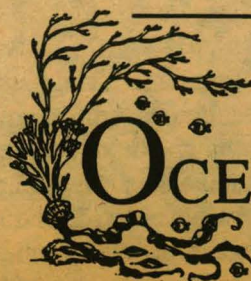
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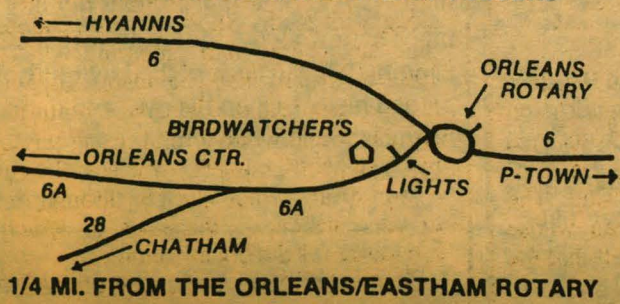
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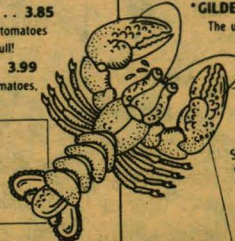
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Why Like Lichens?

By Chris Brothers

On the craggy face of rocks, on the cracked bark of trees, and on the sandy slopes of dunes exists a world few people ever notice. It is a world of soldiers, powderhorns, pixie cups, and hieroglyphs. It is the world of lichens.

Lichens are small primitive plants. They are not fungi, nor are they algae. They are not even mosses. Rather, they are the unique result of a fungus and an alga living together in such a close relationship that sometimes the one cannot survive without the other. In this plant partnership, the alga produces food through photosynthesis for both itself and the fungus, which cannot produce its own. The fungus in turn traps and absorbs the water the alga needs to produce food and provides a base in which the alga grows.

Think back to your high school biology classes and you'll remember this type of symbiotic relationship in which both organisms benefit is called mutualism. In fact, lichens have long been used in classrooms, nature centers, and museums as the classic example of mutualism. Some scientists (lichenologists), however, now question how much the alga actually benefits. They think the relationship might better be described as commensalism, in which the fungus benefits from the partnership but the alga is unaffected by the fungus. Others believe the fungus may actually be parasitic on the alga. In the case of parasitism, the fungus would benefit to the detriment of the alga. In other words, we're not sure exactly what the relationship between these plants really is!



In any case, lichens show a great variety in shape and color. They can be flat and leafy (foliose), shrubby, hairlike, or mosslike (fruticose), or look like splattered paint (crustose). Most lichens are pale grey, green, or yellow, but their colors can be quite bright, especially after a rain when they have absorbed a lot of water.

British soldier lichens are greenish fingerlike lichens with scarlet caps, hence their name. Grayish powderhorn lichens look like the horns soldiers used to store gun powder in. Small black squiggles on a gray background that seem to be smeared on tree bark look like Egyptian hieroglyphs. This is the script lichen. Green pixie cups look like goblets fairies might use. Long, green, beardlike lichens hanging from tree branches are known as old man's beard. Other lichens grow on rocks, soil, leaves, bones, logs, fence posts and even on each other.

Although lichens often grow in inhospitable environments, where other plants will not grow, they are quite sensitive to even slight environmental changes. Because of this sensitivity, the health of lichens can be used to monitor the health of the environment. Dying lichens turn pink, indicating air pollution or other contaminants. Litmus paper was originally made from lichen extracts, and litmus paper tests for acidity took advantage of the lichens' color-changing property. Remember in high school chemistry classes testing solutions with this paper and waiting for it to turn pink or blue?

Only a small number of lichens are used today as medicines or antibiotics, but in the past they

were used to treat everything from lung disease and rabies to baldness. Lichens are still used as the base for some cosmetics, in making certain dyes, and in tanning leather. Most lichens do not taste very good, but none are poisonous. Several types are used as animal forage. Laplanders harvest lichens to feed their reindeer, hence the name reindeer lichen. Some are good as emergency foods as they contain as much energy as breakfast cereals. People have even smoked lichens and made alcohol from them.

Because they grow very slowly -- it may be as many as twenty years between harvests -- lichens may never be very important economically to humans. However, lichens are of great ecological value because of their role as pioneer plants, the first plants to grow in an unvegetated area. Lichens emit a weak acid that aids rain water as it erodes rock. As the lichen plants themselves decay they produce organic matter and release nutrients. This breakdown of rock and buildup of organic matter over time produces the soil necessary for other plants to grow.

For the naturalist, lichens are a fascinating subject to observe, photograph, draw and study. On your next walk across the dunes or through the woods of Cape Cod, take a few minutes to look at these often overlooked plants.

Chris Brothers is program coordinator at the Massachusetts Audubon Society's Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary.



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Dear Driftlines Readers:

At the Annual Meeting on August 3, 1991, the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History presented its Thoreau Award to naturalist and environmentalist Arne Manos, founder and publisher of *Driftlines* magazine. Arne received the Museum's Thoreau Award "for creating a forum for artists, writers, poets and institutions who have views of nature and the environment that need to be shared with others, and doing so with patience, gentle humor and an understanding of what it is that we all need to know about the world of Cape Cod."

The Thoreau Award was established in 1987 by the

Cape Cod Museum of Natural History Board of Trustees to recognize and honor an individual or organization which has made an outstanding contribution in an area which reflects the goals of the Museum in the fields of education, conservation or research on Cape Cod. The Award was named after Henry David Thoreau whose work as a naturalist and writer best articulates all that the Museum of Natural History strives to represent.

Arne was a gentle force, a good friend and a wonderful editor. Our loss is also yours.

Susan P. Lindquist, President



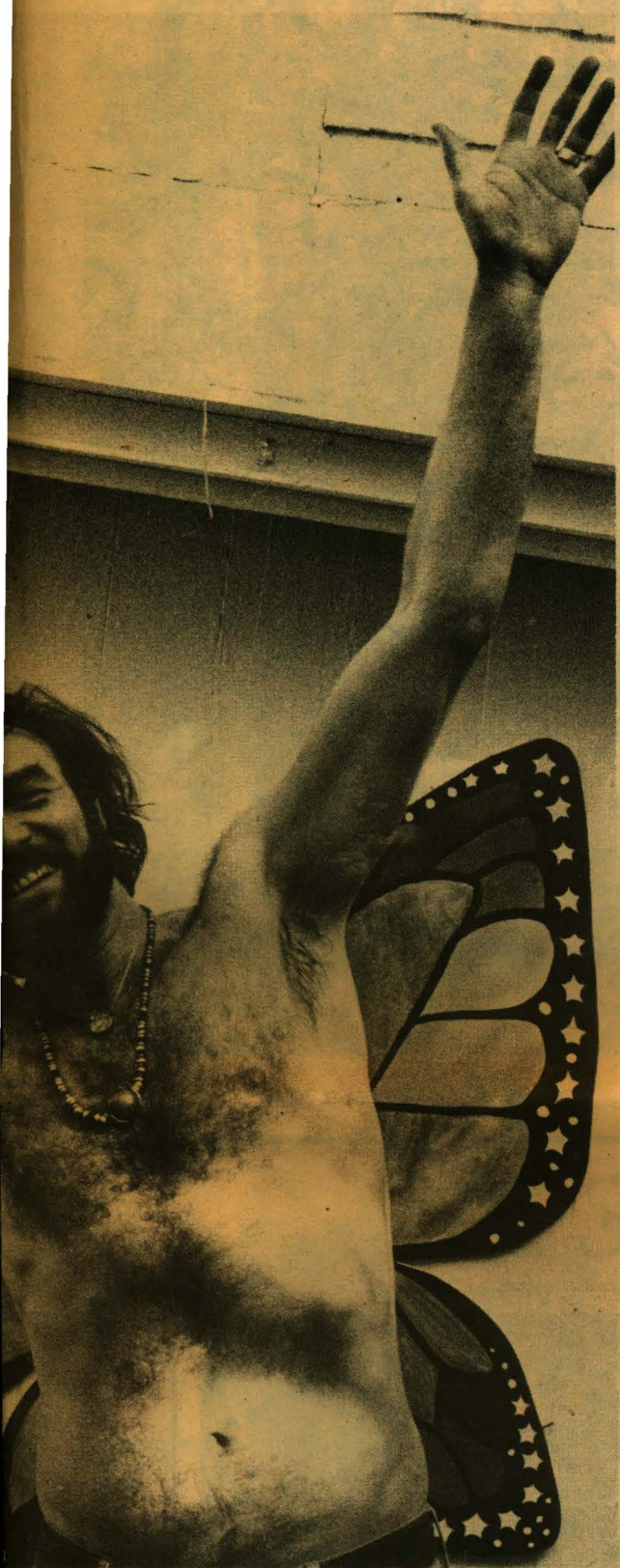
Association for the Preservation of Cape Cod

Arne believed in APCC -- the Association for the Preservation of Cape Cod -- and was an ardent fan of our efforts. He helped us. For years, Arne promoted APCC. In *Driftlines* he ran articles on our work, and put ads in his paper for us. He always gave us good exposure on WOMR, and he told lots of people about our work to save the environment of Cape Cod. Arne, along with Kathy Shorr, put tremendous amounts of time and energy into preparing APCC's 1990 and 1991 environmental calendars. Together Arne and Kathy revitalized the calendar by returning to a large-size black and white format, using photographs taken by Cape photographers. Arne saw the environment as a form of art, which showed through in his approach to our calendar -- the sales of which are a vital fundraiser for the organization.

Beyond his work and support for APCC, Arne was a friend of everyone here. Being around Arne gave people a feeling of inner calm, which in turn always made us want to be around him more. Now, we all keep Arne in our hearts.

Susan Nickerson, APCC

To I need to feel my effect



eration made the plunge. Arne Manos was born, full formed a jeweler with a business logo that showed two hands holding a rainbow within their palms. The Rainbow Shop, mano y mano.

In the palm that is Provincetown on the arm that is Cape Cod, Mr. Hands made for a remarkable fit. Before long, it felt like he'd been around practically forever. He filled a natural space in the Outer Cape community, he slid into the glove of here like it was made for him. It was hard to imagine Arne in other places, taking his good time walking through a Florida mall, ruminating nuances riding a city subway. He didn't seem to make as much sense elsewhere.

He made a lot of sense on the radio. Arne helped found WOMR, which is a biographic shorthand way of summing up years of care and effort and events and tactical considerations, all aimed at making waves, and sending them through the air. When Arne was broadcasting, be in Naturalists Notebook with Richard LeBlond, or jazz that hinted back to New York City, there was sense -- a soothing sense, that something was right around here.

Arne's abbreviated Robert J. Lurtsema delivery sounded so... certain... so completely... natural, that

most people assumed it flowed out of him, much as they assumed his emotional ballast was innate. Actually, in the beginning he was so nervous about broadcasting that he would write out his raps in a notebook and repeat them verbatim, like little poems:

Jazz---
An instrument---
a musician to play it---
an expression of the moment---
just like Life.
Hi---Arne Manos here
Join me, every Monday night
from 9 to Midnight for
Jazzmania---
a walk through the life of Jazz---
on 91.9 fm WOMR
Outermost Community Radio

Making radio was like making jewelry, in a way. You wanted it to feel spontaneous, but you had to consider before you composed. Laying out "Provincetown and the Provincelands" (the book Arne published with Mark Primack in 1981), pasting up Airwaves (WOMR's station guide), concocting calendars for the Association for the Preservation of Cape Cod, creating a new look and voice for

"The Cape Naturalist," published by the Cape Cod Museum of Natural History, and of course shooting photographs, all involved the same approach: It should feel organic, it should be pleasing and whole, but it was a collage of parts and detail, and how they came together was the result of careful consideration.

His photographs revealed this devotion to detail, detail within the panorama. Maybe this was one of the superficial (but not shallow) reasons why Arne felt so comfortable here: The Outer Cape's beauty must be appreciated in detail, viewed through a macro lens and a telephoto lens more often than a wide angle lens. Cape Cod is a bonzai, you must get down on your knees and stick your face right in it to see it. And then you must step all the way back and marvel at its scale, its completeness, complexity, and changing diversity, all captured in one small place. Cape Cod as the I Ching. These were the sorts of things that Arne knew in the cosmic corner of his mind, that he could touch, de las manos, that he felt in his oversized heart.

But there were even deeper reasons why this was his home of choice, why such an extraordinary mind-meld took place between him and the consciousness of the peninsula (to use the kind of sci-fi language that Arne enjoyed). Consider this sweet little "alpha story," as Arne called it, a fantasy/dream he conjured up:

Resumé

Arnold Silberberg -

Born - June 21, 1941 in New York City

Graduated Music & Art H.S. in June of 1959

Attended City College of N.Y. - Sept '59 - June '60

Attended School of Visual Arts - Sept. '60 - June '61

Attended New School for Soc. Research - Sept '66 - Feb '68

He was swimming along, deep in the water, and in his mind he was thinking that he was a shark. Then he neared a shore, and rising to the surface he



realized, No, I'm not a shark, I'm a dolphin. On the shore there was a boy, looking at him. "Why are you trying to act scary?" the boy asked. "You're a dolphin." The boy jumped on Arne's back, as if to prove he wasn't afraid, and Arne the dolphin swam the boy away.

There is no need to get too literal about the story, although the temptation is great, because after all there must have been plenty of sharks in the depths of the commercial art scene in New York City, and when Arne surfaced on these shorelines he must have felt recognized for the dolphin he was. Better to say more broadly that the story speaks to a metamorphosis that took place, a conscious-dreaming redefinition of himself that was by no means over and done with yet.

In this way, without trying to be too mythical about it, and without meaning to be blasphemous or denigrating about Arne's relationship with the Old Testament Yahweh, it seems right to say that Arne was his own Creator. He considered (of course) who it was he wanted to be. He cast himself in his own image. He made himself with his own hands out of his own clay. He named himself Manos, and he decided it was good.

This was the way in which Arne was most deeply in touch with and at home in Provincetown. Provincetown is a place where people have been coming for centuries to define themselves, to conjure up themselves, to create themselves, to escape other people's definitions, to begin anew in a New World. That is why the Pilgrims came. That is why the artists and painters came. That is why the Portuguese fishermen came. That is why gay men and women came. That is why crossdressers come. To leave the Old World, and an old self, behind. To experience freedom, through personal expression.

That is why Arne Silberberg came here, to be Arne Manos. That is why Arne made so much sense here, that it seemed like he had always been here. That is why, like a pre-Christian warrior choosing his time to die, it was so overwhelming that Arne fell on Bradford Street, at age 50, in the middle of such a communal, primal event as that hurricane. That is why it was so compelling when they said he died of the very thing he had gone about creating inside himself, a huge heart.

Of all the trees we love that fell
no honey locust no heirloom apple
gave sweeter emanations
than your all-season smeikh
(slow, soft smile)
No two-hundred-year-old oak
sheltered or blessed more earth
No haunted willow shared more magic

Of all the giants who fell down
no one made us cry more tears
or left a bigger hole
right here

and no scrub pine survivor--
elder earthling gnarled by a million blows--
spread roots deeper or wider
into this sand

*Aug. 21, 1991
Jerusha*



SPIRITUS • WE'RE 21



PICTURES OF ME



Kathy Shorr: He was a light seeker. It's a mystery when somebody dies and you don't know what their image of themselves was, or what they thought about why they were here, and the only thing that he really said to me was that he felt like he was interested in light seekers, and, I guess he was one too.

In the Jewish tradition, the year after the person dies is when you do the unveiling of the monument or the gravestone, and I thought what it should be is an installation piece at the post office, a Susan Baker life-size papier mache of Arne reading his mail in the post office.

He didn't have his camera with him like the newspapers reported; he fell, with his hands in his pockets, totally relaxed, and he lived exactly, I think, exactly like he wanted to live. I mean he never changed anything because I said you should do it. Or Marilyn. He had a wonderful life, for what he wanted, for what he believed in and what he enjoyed, what he thought about in the world. I've learned a lot, just over the last couple days, about him; about somehow what transferred to me without even noticing it. One of the things is that the stuff you don't particularly like about the person, the things about their tastes you didn't particularly like, or the presents they gave you, or what they wore, and you said I would never wear this -- all of a sudden that stuff becomes incredibly beautiful. I had this horrible feeling the other day. It was like one of those science fiction movies. I was telling this story and I kept talking and talking and talking, and I thought, oh my God, everything I hated about how long it took Arne to tell a story has been transferred into my body.

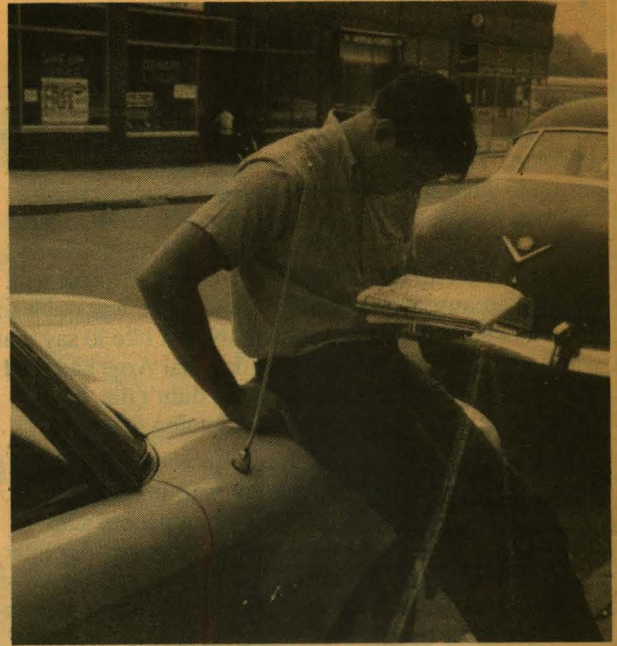
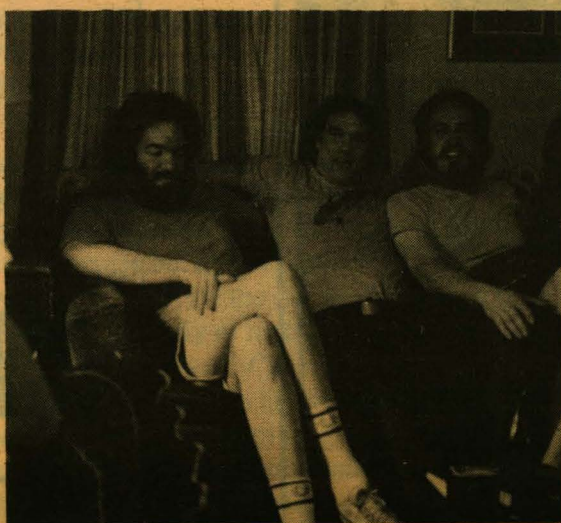
Marty Silberberg: I've been trying to think of anecdotes about my brother, and I didn't think you would be interested in the times that he beat me up, or made me eat cold baked beans, after he squashed them in his hands. One recent anecdote, as we were driving around taking care of details, meeting people, I kept on passing streets that he had lived in, Bangs Street, Atkins Mayo Road, and Kendall Lane, and now Duncan Lane. He's really all over. What's been happening also is people, stopping on their bikes and coming over to me with tears in their eyes and hugging me, that I'd never met before. I know that you see him in my face and in a way I see him in your face, because he loved you all very much. One of his most recent abodes was on Cemetery Road and Alden Street, I remember when we visited him there, we needed a container of milk and some danish, and decided to go down to Cumberland Farms which was a couple of blocks away,

and across the street to the little bakery. As we walked out of his apartment we met somebody, Hey Arne how ya doing, and they talked 15 minutes and then while we were talking somebody else stopped and they talked for another 15 minutes. This went on and on as we walked, just a couple of blocks down to Cumberland Farms. It took us an hour and 15 minutes to get the container of milk. I realized that was not atypical, and that's the way a lot of you picture Arne. Being on the streets and chatting and talking to people. And that's a wonderful thing. I keep looking around and expecting to see him, but he's not here anymore. I've been trying to look at the events of the week which have been overwhelming, half a world away, political figures go and then come. And right here storms come and go, but my brother's gone and he's not going to come back, except through all of you, and that's the way I think he would want it to live on. Even though we just met, his friends have been beyond words, incredible how much they've taken care of. Even though I've just seen you this week, most of you anyway, I love you all too, it's love at first sight, so I hope that when I come back to visit Provincetown you can hug me in the street again.

Bruce Silberberg: Arne was a wonderful brother, he was kind and considerate and thoughtful. He was the kind of person who always remembered your birthday although you always forgot his. I keep expecting to see him. The doctor said he died of an enlarged heart. He certainly had a very big heart. The size of his heart is evident by how many people loved him, and came to say goodbye to him.

Ruth Melnick: I wasn't born Arne's sister, but I've been his sister for 17 years. One of the greatest gifts he gave was that he was so loving. And it was so easy to feel close to him. I look at your kindness and your warmth to us as a parting gift from Arne.

Maraleen Manos-Jones: Arne and I shared 18 years of our lives together. There were many bright moments. Arne was a large man, physically, spiritually, intellectually, creatively, and with a big heart. He lived his life as he chose without buying into the material world. Doing what he wanted to do, where he wanted to do it, his beloved Provincetown. He and I first came here March 1970, to stay for a little while before traveling on. One week later was the full eclipse of the sun, and we went to Longnook Beach and from the cliffs of Truro, on Zabriskie Point, were scattered like some of you, and I guess that day changed our life. The magic and majesty and the beauty of the Cape touched us and that day as we were leaving, someone put a rainbow on our car. We ran over, What is this, who are you, what does this mean? So we went back to the woods of Truro, with the rainbow man, and we sat around a potbellied stove, and drank hot mulled cider, and we had a vision, a vision of a magical gallery, a place where we could share our perception of the world. Quirky, and fanciful, a place of rainbows and fantasy and mythology and butterflies, a place of spirit and light. Needless to say we traveled on to return here a year later to open the Rainbow Shop, which evolved into Chrysalis, a shop for dreamers, and Arne was a dreamer. That was the '70s. The '80s led us to other ventures and different paths. Arne was a poet and he shared his specific vision of the world through his photography and his magazine. We stayed friends and loved one another through good times and bad, together or apart. We always met each other's new mates, 'cause we were always friends, always. And I'm glad that Kathy shared these past years with Arne. I know he was very happy with her. He was a unique human being, who will live forever in our minds and hearts, and we will miss him, and miss his keen poetic, ironic perceptions of the world. He loved this place so much and for good reason, and the community of people here is what makes it so special, and I'm glad he was here....



Alan Fendrick: Arne was the oldest of my three little cousins. It had been 12, maybe 15 years since we'd seen each other, and last February he showed up in Sarasota, where my wife and I were, and we sat down and recreated some of the nonsense songs, silly ditties that seemed to originate from some other cousin -- my sister was the creator of some of them also. Arne got a tremendous kick out of them.

Mardon me padam, but this pie is occupied.
May I so you to a sheet in the chack of the bunch.
My this bunch is chutiful.
Yess many thinkle peep so.

Donna Woods: Thinking about Arne, I put together some verbal snapshots that I have been thinking about, trying to make some sense and reality out of what is happening for me.

Shells, a cherry pitter, an apple peeler, WOMR, a smooth resonant voice, a steady gaze. The way he touched and stroked his beard, a camera around his neck, sci-fi stories, jazz music, certain show tunes, ee cum-mings, Kathy, smiling eyes, driftwood, maps, a million papers, the warmest hugs, the softest touch, a squiggly line surrounded by a circle, a dry wit, full of unbelievable stories I always believed, the dunes, Euphoria, walks to Race Point, walks in the Fells, cheapo records, Drifflines, The Cape Naturalist, blue jeans, T-shirts, work shirts, creative, full of the unimaginable, stuffed birds, holograms, mushroom barley soup, the Provincetown community. He noticed the little things, he had time for anyone, and love for all.

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ARRANGED SKELETONS OF BIRD ETC
EGG WHITE ON WHATEVER
UTLHIN UNDER SAND
HANDS (DISGUISED) COMING UP THRU SAND
SPACE SHIP SEVILERS
BIRD TRACK GIANT
DOG TRACK GIANT
PERSON JUMPING ON TRAMPOLINE
PHOTO FROM IMAGINATION OF FLYING

Dana: I always enjoyed talking to Arne about art, music, social, ecological and spiritual issues. He would always listen sympathetically and respectfully regardless of how arrogant or opinionated I was. He had a unique way of melting anger and diffusing tension. His life was a gift to all who knew him.

I need to be in the now to express it.

Tony Kahn: I have been living around here about the same amount of time as Arne and I didn't really get to know him until the beginning of the '80s when the radio station started. What is amazing to think about when you remember Arne now is how much he was doing and what a difference he was making. Arne was a living example of how all of us can get involved in what is going on around here and still be ourselves and stand up for the principles we believe in. You never had a short conversation with Arne, he always had time to stop to talk and chat and visit. And yet he got so much done, it was amazing. He was slow and steady and he was on a straight line all the time. He knew who he was and he knew where he was going. I'm sure he had self-doubts, we all do, but Arne really showed all of us that we can accomplish things and stay true to ourselves.

Erwin Frankel: I was an acquaintance of Arne's. I hadn't shared the days, nights, laughter, tears to have become a friend. Also I was one of the summer people from New York that drifted in and out. Five years ago I decided I wanted to do some concerts in Provincetown. I asked people at the radio station and at town hall, who was a good guy to talk to to get a lay of the land, and everybody said Arne Manos. Around May of each year, Arne would call and we'd talk about some ads for *Driftlines* and the WOMR guide and sometimes I would call him or Kathy and get some ideas about whom we should present. I didn't really appreciate how much Arne had taught me. Probably the best teachers are people who do not set out to teach. A lot of you said Arne always had time to stop and talk and I want to tell you about a time that he didn't have time to stop and talk--it was just a few days ago. I was driving down Commercial Street -- Commercial Street is the only street in the country where you can walk faster than you can drive. Here was Arne coming out of the post office. Arne said I don't have time to

COMING TO YOU
FROM THE WATERTOWER
ON MT. GILBDA

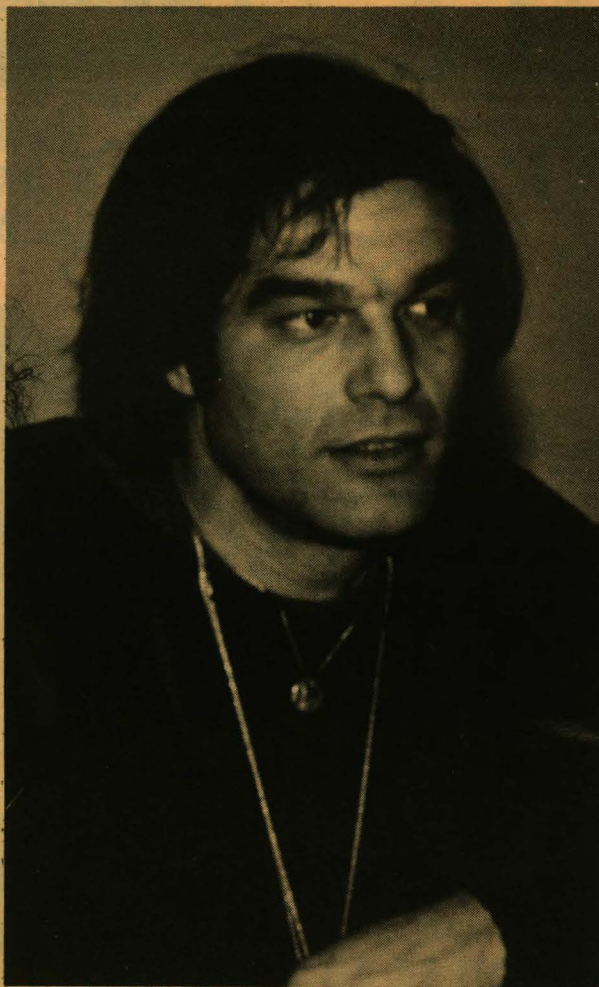


WE'RE ALL WET

talk. (That was a first.) I am getting an award and I have to run. But ... the next morning he called me to explain and apologize for not having time to talk.

I didn't think about that moment until I heard at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning from Bob Seay, the news director of WQRC whom I called to find about the electric situation, that Arne had died, and I surprised myself at my reaction, how I went into my sleeping children and woke them up and talked to them. If every human being is unique, every human being deserves a unique epitaph. The young woman who said Arne had become a Daddy to her, she said he found the music in me--I think Arne Manos had a special gift--he found the music in each of us.

Carol D'Amico: WOMR went on the air in '82 but we really started to work on it from 1976 on and he was



always there. He was a balancing force between opposing forces when we argued with each other. I could always call Arne up and he would set me straight. I'd call him up and we'd talk for hours, from the radio station to personal stuff. He was always there for you. I remember I was upset and busy with a million things to do and I ran right into him and I started to cry because I had no one to take care of my child and I had an auction to run and I just had a phone call with my mother and she was yelling at me because I never got married and I was yelling at Arne if only I got married I wouldn't have all these problems and he took me by the arm and he allowed me to cry in his chest as he always did and he said it wouldn't matter, Carol, even if you were married you would still have a lot of problems. When I think of Arne I think of visions. I think of trying to be a special person and maybe adding something to a community. I think of all he did for WOMR, he believed so much in it. When many of us had left and gone on to other visions in our lives, he was one person who held it together and brought a few of us back in. The fact that it is still on the air, we owe a lot to Arne. Whenever I turn my radio on I will think of him and when I have another problem I don't know who to call, but I will think of him.

Gert Mazur: I'm Arne's mother. I'm from Florida. Arne called me and said Ma, I'd like to come down to see you in February, is that all right? Do you think you can take me for two weeks? I was a little leery because...with a mother and son you never know. But you know something, it was absolutely great, we had a wonderful time and I proudly say we didn't have one argument. Except once when I told him how to make something, he said Ma...I know how to do it. When he called me a week or so ago and he told me about this award that he was receiving, I said Really, isn't that wonderful, why you? Why? and he explained to me why he was chosen, and I said

Arne, I'm so proud of you. After hearing all of you and all the anecdotes you told and all the things you said, I'm even more proud of him.

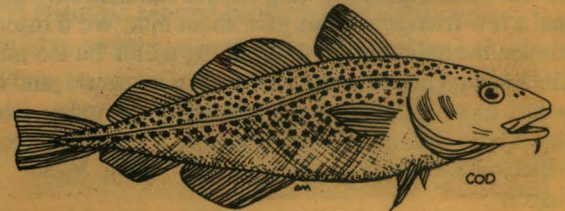


Cape Cod Driftlines

A Magazine for Nature Lovers

Mark Primack: I've known Arne for 16 years, he and Richard LeBlond and I met at a men's group at the Provincetown Drop-In Center and became fast friends. Through the mid and late seventies, we got together hundreds of times, most often almost every day. And we just talked endlessly, endlessly. Arne--he liked rainbows, he was obsessed with defraction grading. I'm sure many of you remember his camera lens was wrapped in defraction grading, his belt buckle. He was so generous to me. There was no time that he didn't personally invite me into the house on Thanksgiving with Marilyn, and later years with Kathy. I often had some of the most joyous group dinners of my life. There are other people who remember those same dinners, just wonderful people celebrating,

PROVINCETOWN AND THE PROVINCELANDS



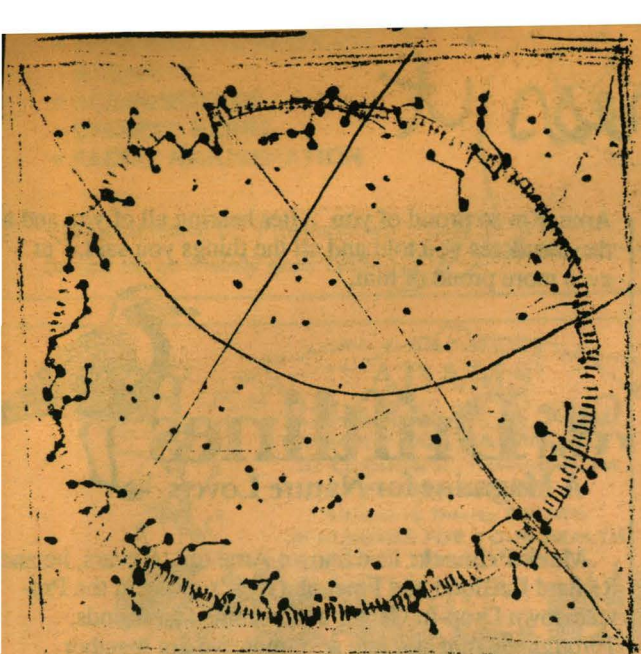
Written by Mark L. Primack
Art and Production by Arne Manos

eating a big stuffed cod for Thanksgiving. I was down here a week and a half ago, and I have to say I've never seen him feeling so fulfilled in his life; I'd never known him to be so happy. He was always happy with what he was doing, but there was a difference, now he wasn't just happy and it wasn't just a vision--he was proud and he was grounded, not in the fantasy world but in the real world.

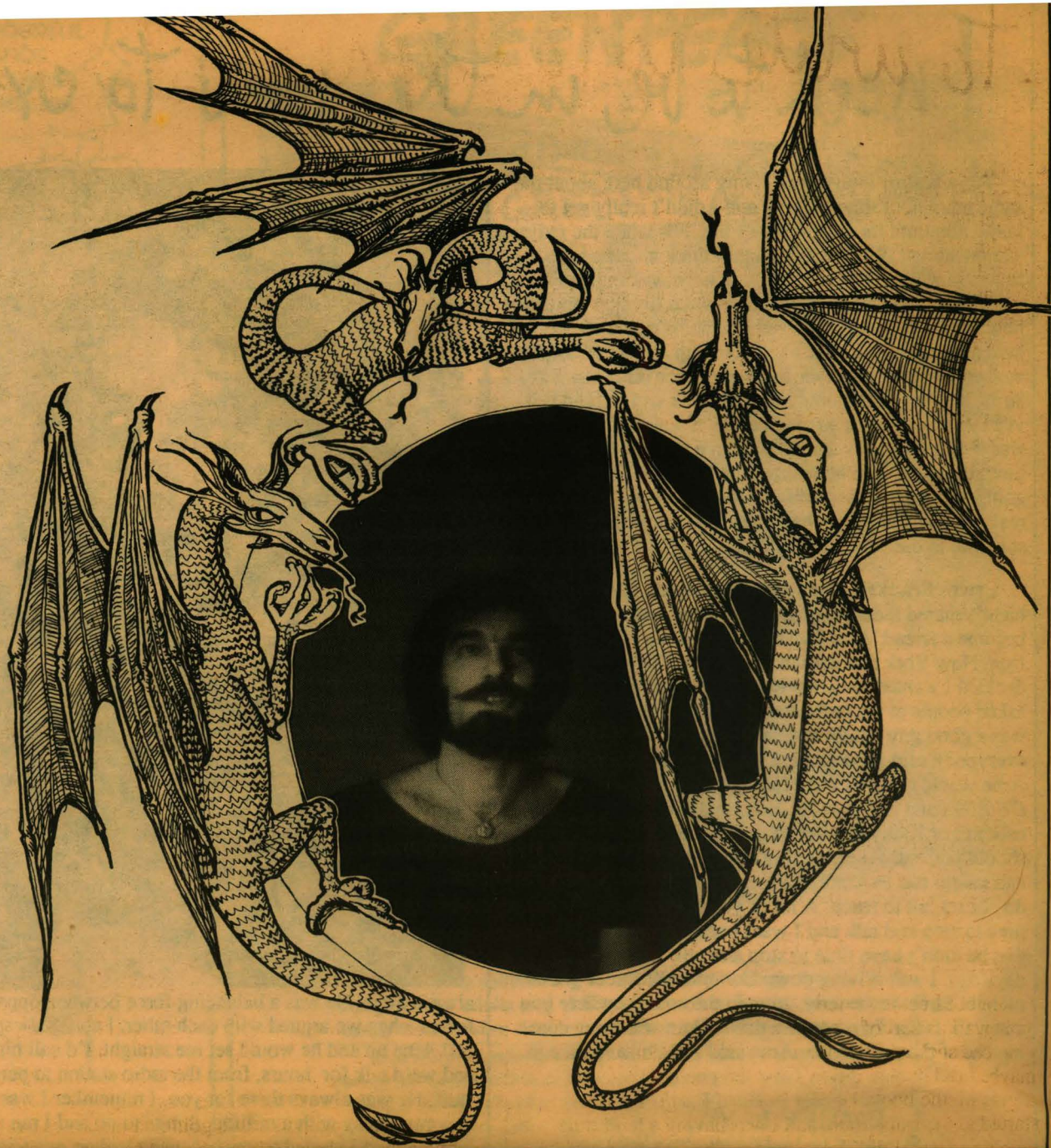


He felt so proud of the acceptance he was gaining in the mainstream, as it were, and it was very touching. Arne's the closest friend I've ever had who's died and there's a message here for those of us who loved him, at least for me personally as someone who still has a lot of the old ways. Arne loved pizza and he loved tequila and he loved a good bowl full. Arne was not going to change for anything and because we were so close I share many of his habits. I come from that same school. Marilyn and Kathy were talking that Arne never exercised a day in his life. During the winter I saw Arne and I had a long talk with him about exercise and in fact I sent him a stretching book: 15 minutes a day that's all he had to do, and of course like so many of us who were independent, he didn't want to listen to advice. Last night I felt this great gift from him to me personally now in his death which is this advice: it's time to grow up, it's time to change, it's time to become healthy and live a long life, and keep the things that I love and the things we all love going, and I hope I can give that gift back to him.





Mark Birnbaum: I am an old friend of Arne's, maybe 17 years. One thing I wanted to tell his mother is that although we rarely talked to each other in the summer because I'm so busy in my own world and he had all these other worlds, he specifically told me what a wonderful awakening time he had with you during that visit in February. I had been going through similar things with my parents. We've all been rebels, almost everyone here, and especially Arne lived his own life; we had to stand up for who we were and finally get to the point where we're comfortable being there, and we can go back to our parents and be comfortable with them. He felt completely comfortable, and he really communicated that strongly. Everyone has said so much about what an earthy person Arne was and it's always amazing because, to me he was always from the cosmos. All that earthiness was because he was comfortable knowing he was stardust. Kay and I and a few friends had this joke about him. We'd listen to him on the radio and he'd be talking a little bit too much. He'd be playing the greatest music in the world, and he would be saying, Oh I had a wonderful day today, Oh the sky is blue and I said, Arne come on. So we developed a nickname for him, we called him the cosmic Mister Rogers.



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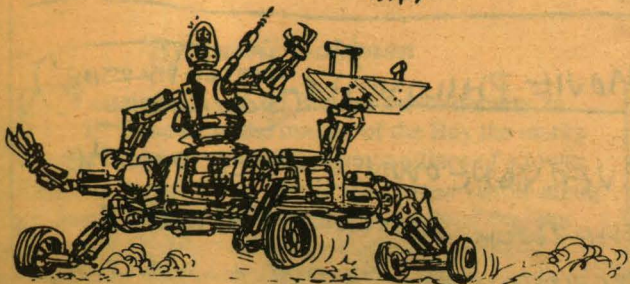
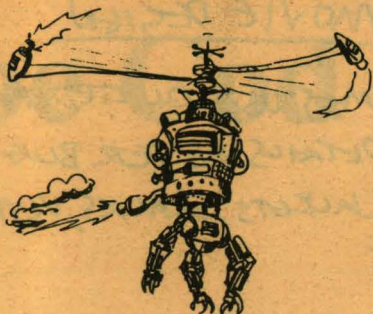
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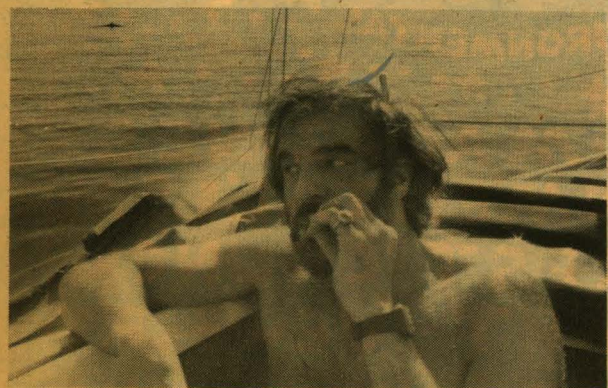
George Fowler: I met probably most of you that I have met through Arne walking on the streets of Provincetown and I just marveled at his memory for names. I couldn't imagine knowing as many people as he knew by their first names. And not only that but then turning his full attention on that person whoever it was, and I didn't feel like I disappeared, and I don't know how he did that. He was so incredibly loving in that way, so attentive, so fully present, and that's what I got from him.

David DeKing: The kind of thing Arnie and I talked about was science fiction. This guy read more science fiction than anyone I had met in my entire life. I read science

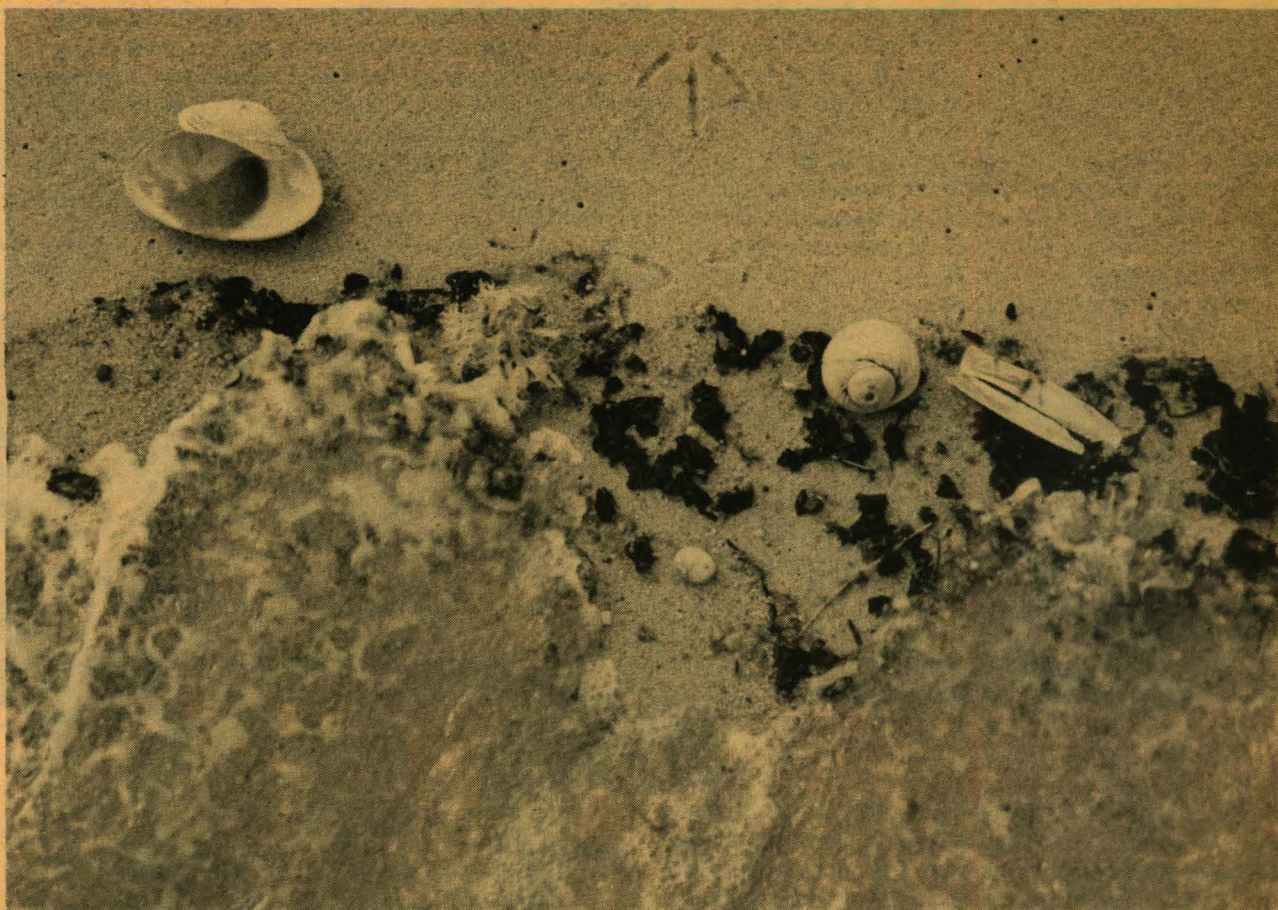


fiction but I never remember the titles of the books or the author, I just sort of read them, and so he would say do you read such and such and I would say I don't know, maybe I did maybe I didn't and then he'd tell me the stories in the book. He just finished *Earth*. We both started at the same time, and I was having a hard time with this book. I didn't think I would finish it. He said, naw, you've really just got to read it, read it slow, take your time with it, he said. When he came out of the dunes, he said, I loved that book; that was a great book. I said, Arne, it just seems so... He said, you don't have enough patience with it, you just have to have patience. Arne really loved science fiction and he was very cosmic in his brain, but the thing he had was patience. He had a lot of patience for the things he loved. He really did adore that fantasy world that was out there that he could glimpse some other reality, and I hope he's enjoying that all right now.

Dan Towler: He was one of the first people I met here. I walked into the studio at the radio station after many months of screwing up the nerve to do that, and there was Arne, doing his show, his jazz program. We talked for about two hours, while Arne did his show. I'm now doing a show, and still a long ways away from that point I can carry on a conversation with someone while doing a show the way he did that day with me. But he also inspired me to write for *Driftlines*, and to write for *Airwaves*. I've been haunted by a lot of images this week, the lights going out, trees falling, it feels like the biggest tree in town fell, the biggest light went out. One of the many things that we can learn is just how fragile all these trees are and all of us are, and how much we need to get about the business of loving each other and loving this earth 'cause we don't have forever, any of us, we just have a short while. So thanks, Arne.



Dan Sealy: Working in the Race Point visitors center I sometimes compare to a kind of sit-com, like *Mary Tyler Moore*, how the entire action is coming by her desk and people walk in and people do their little lines and walk out. The visitor center is like that too, it's always really busy, the phones ringing, the radios on. There's twenty people waiting to ask you a question. About once a month



since I've worked here Arne's come up. I'm one of those people who owes Arne an article. There's probably a hundred of us in town. He always reminded us of what we could write about that people wanted to know about, and that we knew about. The last time I talked to Arne it was one of those really hectic days, and I knew Arne was busy too. I had to get back, the phone was ringing. Arne and I were talking about stuff that's going on in the seashore and I realized as I was talking, he had as much to do as many people that care, but he made the time. He didn't have it; he made it. I realized that day I can make that time for people that are important.

Sandy Crosby: Something that Arne shared and really developed in me is my love of photographing nature. He carried that on in something we all can participate in, a group that's called the Cape Photo Project in which amateurs, professionals, anybody who loves photography and wants to show what a beautiful place the Cape is, now has an outlet. Arne was really instrumental in starting that and getting me to become a part of it.

- ✓ move desk to door wall -
- ✓ open round table by window -
- ✓ take out plywood -
- ✓ put up mirror -
- do table sculpture -
- (newspaper) it's easy!
- ✓ rug on wall -



Tom Conklin: Arne was my first friend in Provincetown, he bought my first macrame bracelet. He had a real special knack with kids. Christy and Megan, when they were five and three, 17 years ago or something like that, and we lived by Napi's, the first place they found was the Rainbow Shop. I found them at the Rainbow Shop and then they took up painting shells and making a lot of money. My third child Tomiel was born in Truro at home and Arne was there taking pictures and so was Marilyn. India was born in Provincetown and he was there taking pictures again. He photographed my second and third weddings. My current wife Tara, she has two kids she brought into my clan. Arne and Kathy were the first people who came out. Boom here's the two kids sitting next to Arne talking, for two hours, these two little kids and Arne. He's a big part of my life and I am going to miss him.

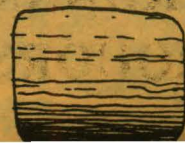
Arne was a very special person. I met him when I was a child and he was always there for me. He was a very loving and attentive person and I will miss him very much.

Diana Fabbri: I've known Arne for about eight years since I started at the radio station. Sometimes he would drop into the production studio. We'd sit down and talk for an hour and a half. One of the last times that I talked to Arne, he told me how happy he was, and he said that everything was working out right in his life. He had gone to visit his mother, he said it was the first time that he and she could relate as adults and the visit really worked out for him. And the last thing that Arne said to me was that he at last felt loved, and was able to love, and that really felt very good.

writing big
places much
more history
on my shoulders.

writing small is much
more in tune with...

small is the wrong word
proportional is the right word
proportional to my world
my spiritual world
my cyclical world
my blue heaven

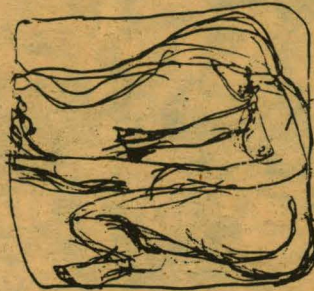


I need to see in a complimentary way

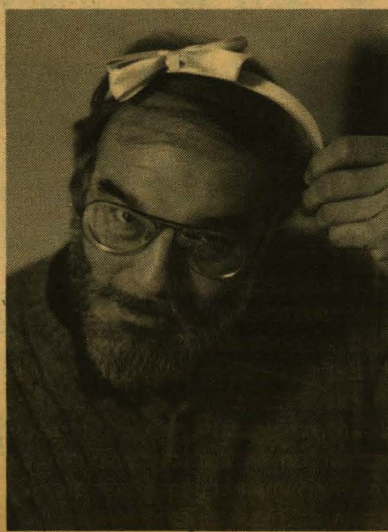
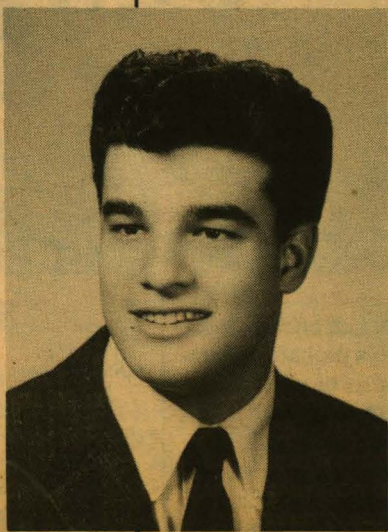
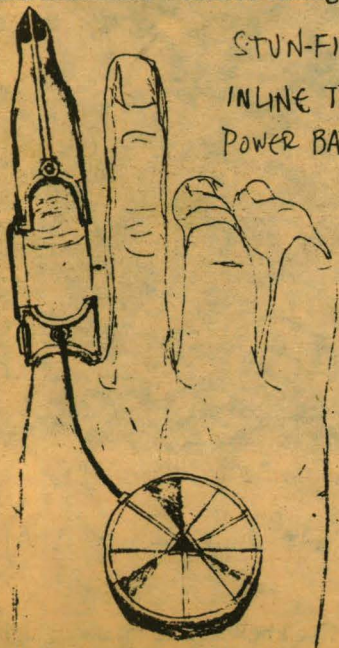
Arne

David Manski: Arne was a giver, had time for everybody. I've only known Arne for three years since we've been on the Cape, and I've known him in at least five different realms; the radio station, as a member of the Jewish group Am Ha-Yam, in the Cape Cod Photo Project, as a colleague in the conservation movement through my work at the seashore. But probably what sticks out in my mind the most, and actually what nobody has mentioned tonight, Arne as a lover of movies. My two strongest recollections of Arne were what he gave me by forcing me, I mean forcing me to go see two Arnold Schwarzenegger movies. And although it sounds funny it made a significant impact on me at the time. It was exactly the sort that I needed from work, and from my family and from everything else that was going on, and Arne recognized that and oftentimes would be calling me at work,

"Can you make a four o'clock movie today?" The most special thing about it which sort of says it all was that I always complain about how much movies cost, and Arne paid two or three dollars above the cost I was willing to pay, to get me to go to the movie. What's most significant about it was that it was his fifth time to see the movie. I'm going to miss Arne because he was one of the first people that I met here. I feel like it's a mistake, and that Arne really has not died. I will remember Arne and he will be with me through all my days here on the Cape.



STUN-FINGER WITH
INLINE TRIGGER AND
POWER BATTERY



MOVIE DESIGN

USE GODS OF LOCAL INDIAN
TRIBES AS DESIGN BASIS FOR
ROBOTS OR ALIENS OR?

I.E. KACHINAS

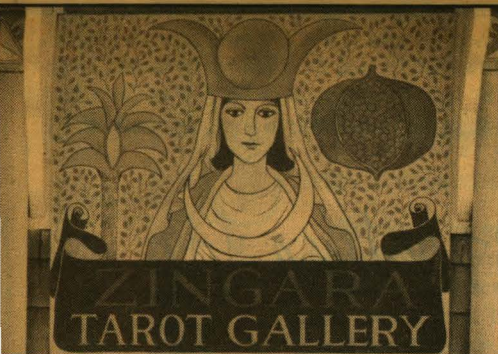
MOVIE DESIGN

COSTUMES: USE QUILTED FABRICS
AND DETAILS AS PER BUG VEST;
SPORT JACKETS, SLACKS, VEST, SHORTS
SHOES

MOVIE PHILOSOPHY

PART OF "DISCUSSION"
SCENE IN MOVIE

EVERYONE OWNS A PIECE OF THE
THE ROCK. IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN
"COMING OF AGE" A PERSON WOULD BE
GIVEN "CHIPS" THAT ~~ARE GIVEN~~
REPRESENT A CERTAIN PERCENTAGE
OF THE EARTH'S RESOURCES; WOOD, WAL,
GAS, PHYSICAL



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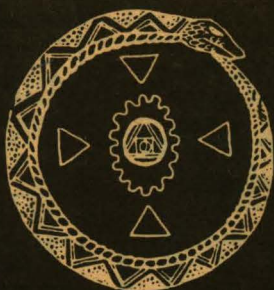
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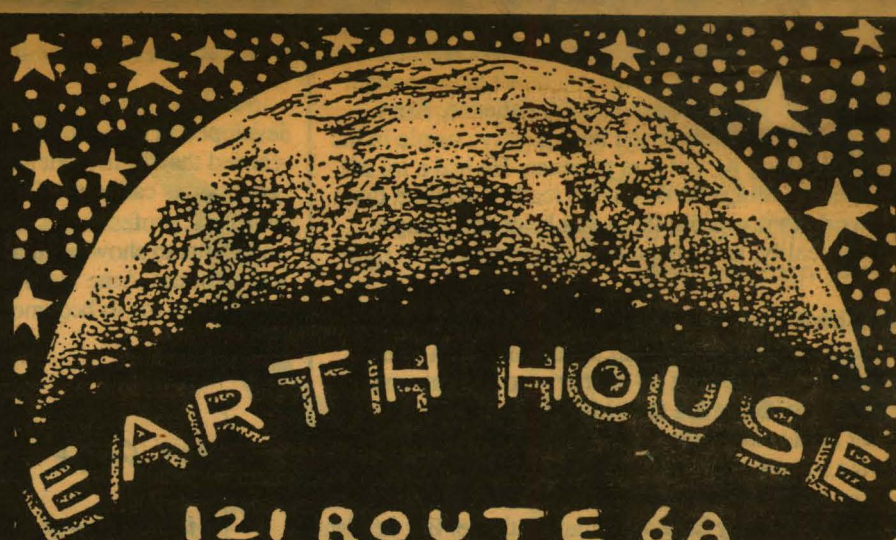
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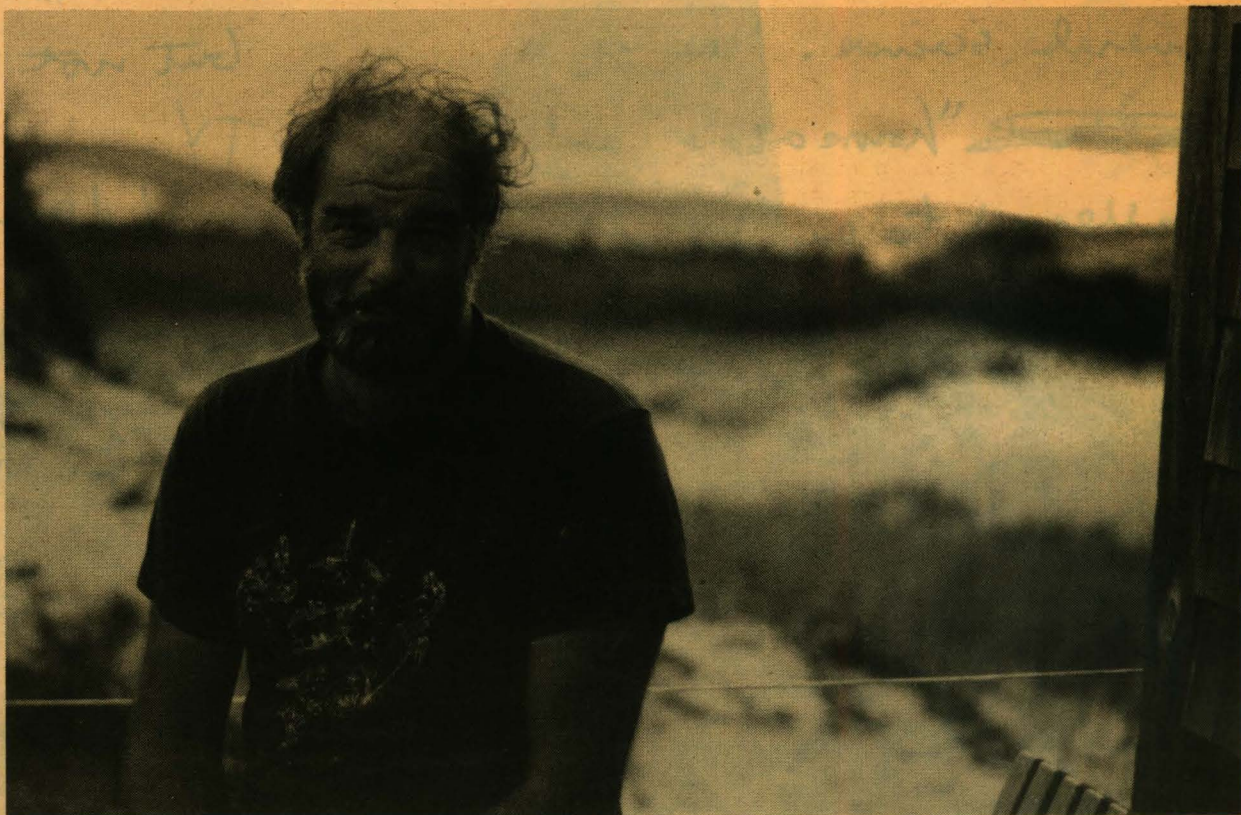
THINK TOUCH DREAM LOVE

Judy Stern: Arne was really into food. This week we went out to the dunes to visit Kathy and Arne with my kids and we all got burned walking out, 'cause he didn't tell us we shouldn't come in the noonday sun. Arne brought us water, and we got normal again and we were sitting around talking about food and soup. I asked him how do you make squash soup. And an hour later...Arne was telling us how to make squash soup. Somehow we all equate food with love. Arne was a man who loved us all, and showed it, in real nice humble home warmth cooking soup ways. When I make soup this winter, it's going to be squash soup.



Tom Cole: I had a very special opportunity to be out in the dunes with him his last week on this earth. He had been there many times and loved it, and talked about it and wrote about it. Arne would stop and pick a plant, a flower, and say you could eat this, this is okay to eat. It's like you never have to starve out there. I was in Boris' shack and we were looking out there and suddenly a dragonfly flew by and he said, "Dragonfly, dragonfly." It's like the first time he'd ever seen a dragonfly. You know he'd seen a thousand of them, but he had that fresh response to it. An excitement about seeing it again. Toward the end as we were finishing the week he said, I want to hear what it was like for you. One of the things we talked about that struck me so much was that time seemed so different in the dunes. We talked about how time seemed to expand and contract. You can have hours of conversations about these perceptions, and little did I know that time was so short with him. And yet it seemed when talking about it with him that it was so long, that it would never, never end with him. I think of this last week of his life as probably a peak, I mean, how else would he have wanted it, a week on the dunes, and then walking into the hurricane, and having nature at its most extreme, and insistent. I think Arne couldn't have planned it any better for himself.

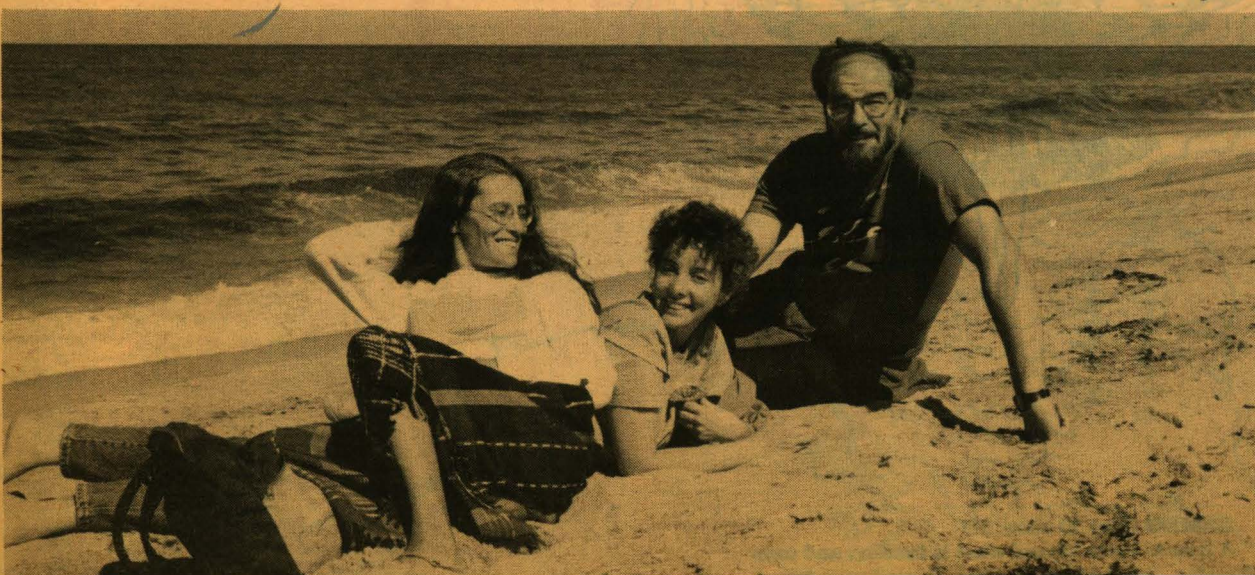
Q. Whats the difference ~~between~~ between a duck?
A. One of its legs are both the same.



Aug 17 - Finished cleaning early this time; no last minute rush. Time to leave in grace and harmony. The way the week has been. A chance to reestablish and close our spirits and their bonds. Ample time to read; to swim, to walk the beaches; watch the birds, the shore, the people who walk through the swales to get to the ocean. A more inclusive (rather than private) week, with more friends visiting than even at home. No heat waves, although mid-afternoon can be a perfect time to nap rather than walk on hot sand. The ocean has been very clear and warm enough to stay in. The Perseid meteor shower was thrilling and changed my imagery of what a shooting star looks like. One was totally horizontal across the sky, like this.

Red sunsets, yellow-orange moon silver.

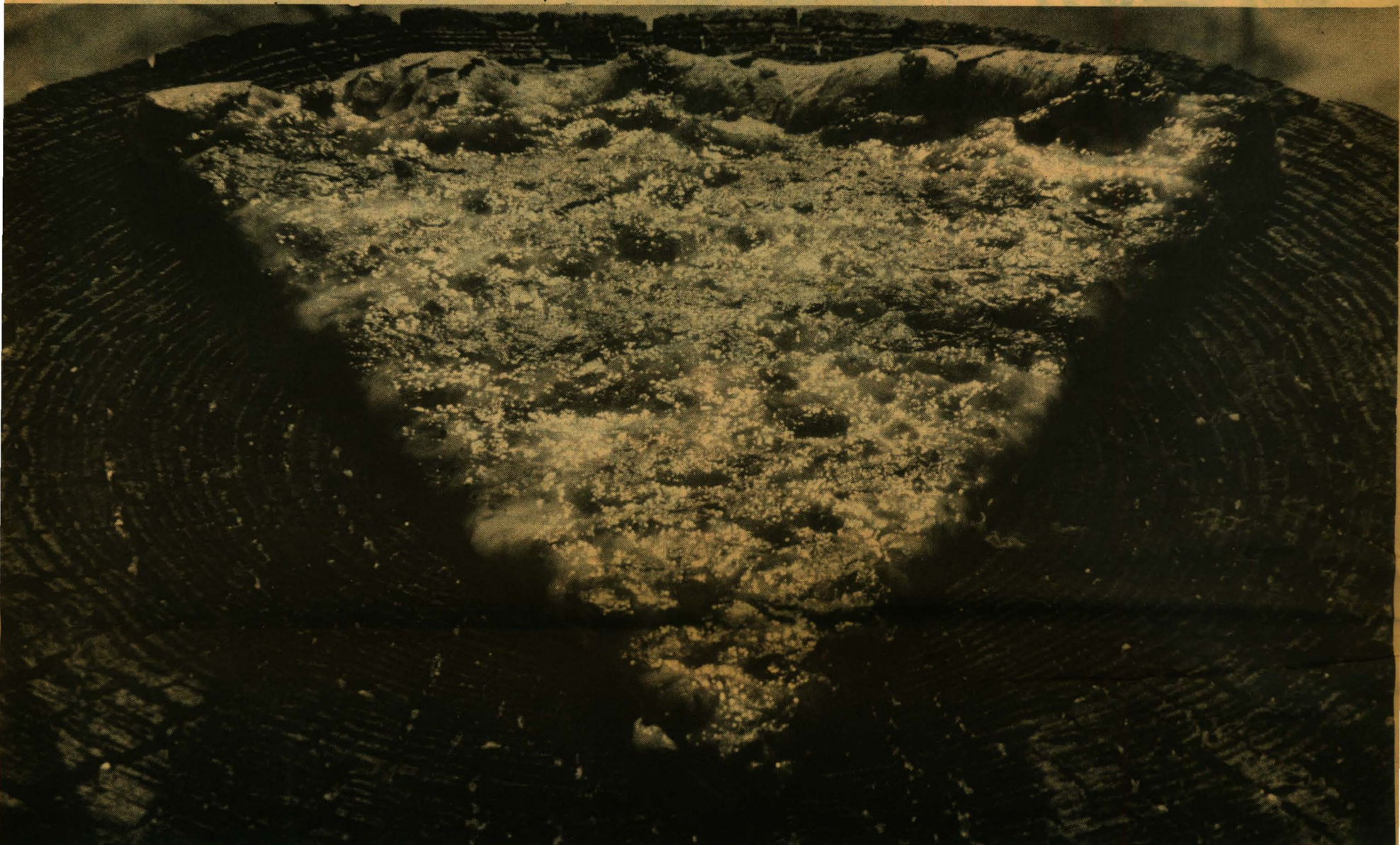
Peaceful, tender, rejuvenating. Thank you,
Arne Manor



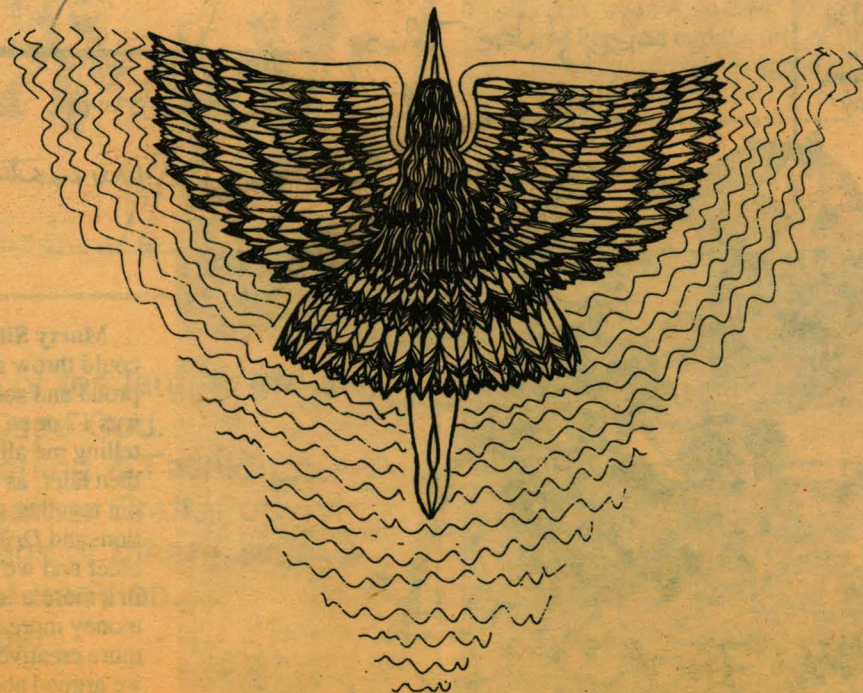
Marty Silberberg: I've been proud of Arne since he could throw a ball farther than me. And I remember being proud and sort of mystified and confused when, I guess he was 17 or so, he came back from a dude ranch and he was telling me all about his experiences, and I was 13. And then later, as we grew older, I was proud of him when he put together the shop with Marilyn and then the radio station, and *Driflines* and the Thoreau award. As we grew older and we had different opinions about life and I went in a more traditional, straight direction and cared about money more and cared about degrees and Arne went in a more creative, artistic direction. We never drifted apart, we argued about what success meant and what life was all about. Now I know that he was right, I was wrong, and hearing all of you today, I have never been more proud of my big brother in my life.

A movie about a woman/man
who is ~~well~~ versed in
mechanical history and
general science. She is
~~not the~~ "home alone" and
challenged to excellence by

"bad things/guys" trying ^{to} kill
her. A thriller; not a comedy.
a la Aliens and Sigourney Weaver,
but not sci-fi, a la "McGiver" from
TV.
If done well, guaranteed hit.



When
In Doubt,
Follow an Angel



GEMINI (May 21-June 21)

A time to move beyond what is familiar and comfortable. New horizons beckon. Spread your wings.