

A close-up photograph of a person's arm and hand on a sandy beach. The person is wearing a blue and white striped tank top and bright blue shorts. On their left forearm, there is a black tattoo of an anchor. They are also wearing a black wristband on their left wrist. The background shows the sand and a colorful beach umbrella.

TOWLEROAD 2015

P'TOWN HACKS

INSIDER TIPS TO IMPROVE YOUR VISIT
+ a short story to read in the sun

WELCOME TO PROVINCETOWN!

We hope you have a great time, look forward to meeting you, and hope that this guide makes for a richer stay. Let us know what you think and send us your P'town hacks (tips@towleroad.com) to share on the site or in next year's guide.

— **Andy Towle and Michael Goff**



On behalf of the Office of Tourism and the Visitor Services Board, I am delighted to welcome you to a destination like nowhere else. Provincetown is the oldest continuous art colony in America and the birthplace of the Modern American Theater. We have been named "best resort town" and two of our beaches are included in the country's top ten. P'town is proud of its diversity and has become the number one destination for same sex weddings. We look forward to you visiting again. — **Tony Fuccillo, Director of Tourism**

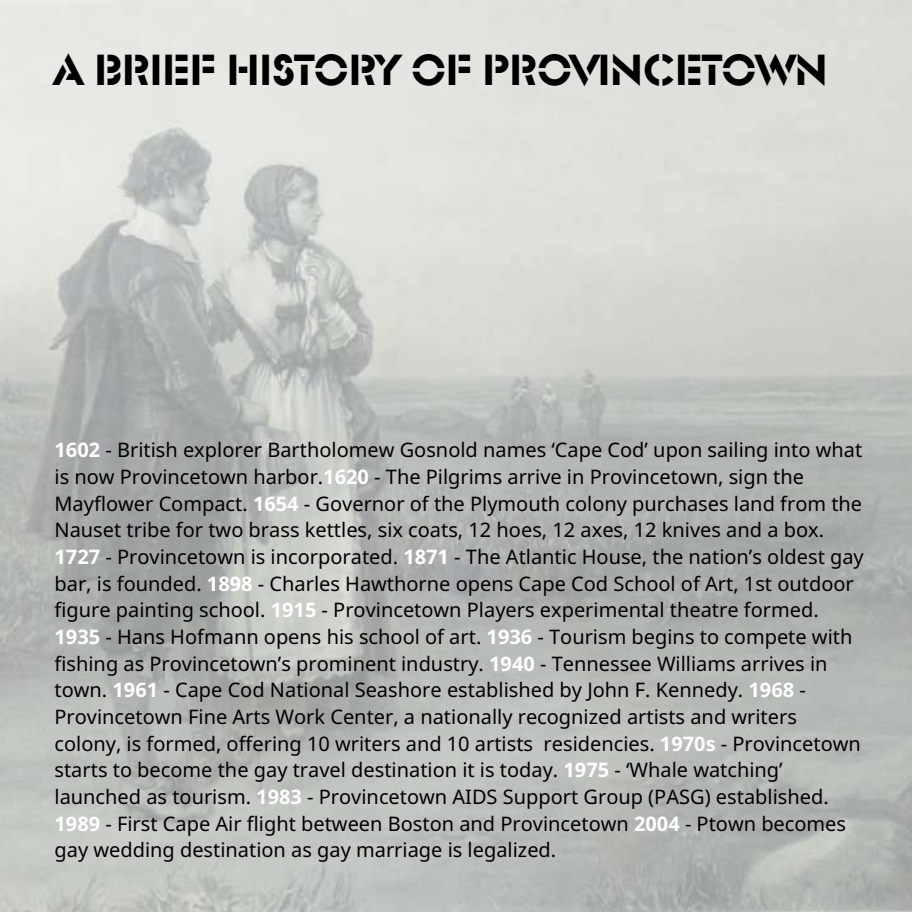
RELISH

bakery & sandwich shop



Ptownrelish.com 508-487-8077 info@ptownrelish.com
93 Commercial Street Provincetown Massachusetts 02657

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROVINCETOWN



1602 - British explorer Bartholomew Gosnold names 'Cape Cod' upon sailing into what is now Provincetown harbor. **1620** - The Pilgrims arrive in Provincetown, sign the Mayflower Compact. **1654** - Governor of the Plymouth colony purchases land from the Nauset tribe for two brass kettles, six coats, 12 hoes, 12 axes, 12 knives and a box. **1727** - Provincetown is incorporated. **1871** - The Atlantic House, the nation's oldest gay bar, is founded. **1898** - Charles Hawthorne opens Cape Cod School of Art, 1st outdoor figure painting school. **1915** - Provincetown Players experimental theatre formed. **1935** - Hans Hofmann opens his school of art. **1936** - Tourism begins to compete with fishing as Provincetown's prominent industry. **1940** - Tennessee Williams arrives in town. **1961** - Cape Cod National Seashore established by John F. Kennedy. **1968** - Provincetown Fine Arts Work Center, a nationally recognized artists and writers colony, is formed, offering 10 writers and 10 artists residencies. **1970s** - Provincetown starts to become the gay travel destination it is today. **1975** - 'Whale watching' launched as tourism. **1983** - Provincetown AIDS Support Group (PASG) established. **1989** - First Cape Air flight between Boston and Provincetown **2004** - Ptown becomes gay wedding destination as gay marriage is legalized.

HEY

HOT

STUFF

MAP.

220 COMMERCIAL STREET

PROVINCETOWN MA

508 487 4900

BEACH 'HACKS'

A photograph showing the silhouettes of several people on a beach at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow and lens flare effects. One person in the center has their arm raised. The background shows the ocean and some beach vegetation.

Watch out for **poison ivy** in the dunes. It is plentiful and will ruin your vacation.

When walking to the breakwater **pay attention to the tide**, because it's going to be your iPhone's first swim if you don't time it wisely...

When hiking to Boy Beach through the dunes, be prepared to wade through **waist-high water** at times. Prepare to transport your belongings on your head.

There are no **'concessions' stands** at Boy Beach or Race Point. Bring food and drink with you.

QUEEN VIC



GUEST HOUSE

166 COMMERCIAL STREET PROVINCETOWN, MA

(508) 487-8425

There's a new QUEEN in town.

[FACEBOOK.COM/QUEENVICTOWN](https://www.facebook.com/QUEENVICTOWN)

OFF-LEASH

Town Beaches: 6am-9am and 6pm-9pm
Pilgrim Bark Park (Route 6 and Shank Painter Road)

ON-LEASH

Up to 6 ft at Race Point and Herring Cove beaches in the National Seashore. (except lifeguarded areas, near nesting shore birds, and on bike trails)

VETS

Herring Cove Animal Clinic

79 Shank Painter Rd
508-255-8948 508-487-6449

Provincetown Animal Hospital

9 Center St.
508-487-2191

24-Hour C.A.R.E.

South Dennis
508-398-7575

DOG HACKS

Bonus Cat Hack: Keep them inside. There are foxes (and dogs) all over town.

DINE WITH DOG

Bubala's
Central House
Governor Bradford
Patio
Twisted Pizza

Get your food, supplies, toys, and doggie day care at the **Provincetown Pet Resort** 79 Shank Painter Rd 508-487-7900

From 5-7 on Wednesdays, enjoy a cocktail with your dog at Yappy Hour at Shipwreck Lounge. 12 Carver St. Gift bags with treats.

CROWN & ANCHOR

PROVINCETOWN MA • 02657

CENTRAL HOUSE RESTAURANT
PARAMOUNT NIGHTCLUB
THE CROWN HOTEL
WAVE VIDEO BAR
CROWN CABARET
PIANO BAR
THE VAULT

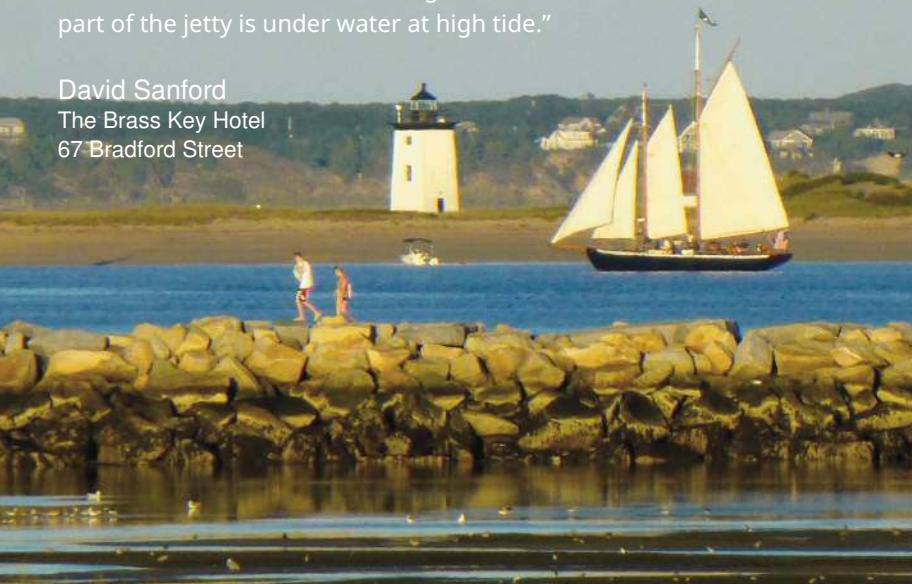


THE CROWN & ANCHOR • PROVINCETOWN'S PREMIER NIGHTCLUB AND CABARET
247 COMMERCIAL STREET • P-TOWN • 508.487.1430 • WWW.ONLYATTHECROWN.COM

⇒ POINT TO BREAKWATER

“Head out to the light house at Long Point at the very tip of Cape Cod for amazing views of Provincetown. Take the Flyer’s boat shuttle which leaves from McMillan Pier or Flyer’s Boatyard in the West End. Pack a lunch to enjoy this beautiful beach and the keep an eye out for seals and whales. Walk back on the rock jetty that connects to the mainland. Be sure to wear sneakers to navigate the rocks and check the tides, as part of the jetty is under water at high tide.”

David Sanford
The Brass Key Hotel
67 Bradford Street



ANCHOR INN
Beach House 
Provincetown's Finest Waterfront Inn



175 Commercial Street • 800.858.2657 508.487.0432
www.AnchorInnBeachHouse.com



Rent paddleboards and kayaks at Flyer's Boat Rental (133 Commercial) or Provincetown AquaSports (333r Commercial). At the latter, you can take a \$25 yoga paddleboarding class from SUP Floating Fitness and yoga.

It's a great way to see dolphin, seals, birds, and (if you're super lucky) whales inside the harbor when the waves are calm.



www.REVEREHOUSE.COM



A distinguished
nineteenth century
inn on the tip
of Cape Cod.



VIRTUAL P'TOWN

The Provincetown Tourism Office offers a new mobile app called "iPtown" that lists just about everything the town has to offer along with maps, links to reservation and review sites and a complete integration with social media.



BIKE THE DUNES

For anyone comfortable on a bicycle, the Cape Cod National Seashore provides nearly 10 miles of stunning, sometimes challenging and hilly bike trails (red dashed lines on opposite page) which loop from Herring Cove to Race Point Beach and around to the lush ponds of the Beech Forest. It's a great way to unwind.

Andy Towle
Towleroad

Ptown Bikes
42 Bradford St.
508-487-8735

Gale Force Bikes
144 Bradford St. Ext.
508-487-4849

Arnold's Bikes
329 Commercial
508-487-0844

The Bike Shack
63 Shank Painter
508-487-0232

Race Point Beach

National Park Service



Old Harbor Life-Saving Station Museum

Province Lands Visitor Center (seasonal)



Provincetown Municipal Airport

Race Point Road

Province Lands

Beech Forest Trail

Road

Road

SAND DUNES

Provincetown

RACE POINT

Race Point Light

Hatches Harbor

Dike
Herring Cove

Province
Clapps Pond

Herring Cove Beach

National Park Service



snack bar (seasonal)

Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum

6A

Street

6A

Commercial Street

PROVINCETOWN

Bradford

U.S.—Coast Guard Station

6A

West End Marsh

PROVINCETOWN HARBO

Dike Submerged at extreme high tide.

West End Marsh

Long Point

Long Point Light

Wood End Light

Long

Wood



The Last Fagbash and other Stories from Provincetown

STORY

by Austin Dale

On the night of the summer's last Fagbash, I get very stoned. The boys I'm with have dressed me for the theme, and I change back into my clothes as soon as I arrive. I get in free; the door queen doesn't charge the summer townies she likes, even if they didn't shell out 50 dollars for the Fagbash commemorative season pass necklace.

"What are you overthinking now?" asks a boy I adore when he sees me staring with bloodshot eyes at nothing. I tell him I'm baked and avoiding the kids who covered me with glitter and fake flowers. I should leave, but Christeene is about to perform.

The dive underneath Governor Bradford's is a flagrant fire code violation in a town of packed, sweaty basements. Wednesdays bring every townie boy, the leftist half of the Bulgarian students who staff the restaurants, and the tourists who aren't easily offended. It is midnight already, and no one minds squeezing closer to make space for Christeene, a queen from Austin who raps about feces and fucking and looks like she lives in a dumpster. She pulls something from her ass, throws it into the crowd, and preaches.

"I was at the Burch House tonight and we were drinking white wine and red wine and rosé wine and talking 'bout how you faggots need to come together and save that house, that history. You need to lay claim to that garden and make it grow. Faggots need their history and they need to take care of those ghosts in there and I went out into that Burch House backyard and pulled down my drawers and laid down some fertilizer for you faggots. Let that shit groooow. Now are you faggots all ready for a booty pageant?"

Continued...



Love is
LOVE

**FAMILY
EQUALITY
COUNCIL**
WWW.FAMILYEQUALITY.ORG

II

I arrive in Provincetown on May 16th with fantasies of writing in the sun, seeking inspiration and transformation and sex, not necessarily in that order. Out of these three, I mostly just get sex. I picture myself on the beach at Captain Jack's where Tennessee Williams wrote and drank and fucked, until I later learn that Tennessee probably never wrote anything here. When they find out I write, people tell me, "I bet you're so distracted!"

Summer never lasts as long as you hope it will. On Provincetown's few streets, there are a shocking number of things one *must* do before autumn. The town's temperament is rigged by collective libido. After dark, the boys prowl the street looking to get sidetracked and into trouble. Those who were there still talk of the

Continued...



THE red INN

WATERFRONT DINING & LODGING

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



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STORY (CONT.)

Spiritus Pizza riot of 1990: A queen called Vanilla (long gone: AIDS) was arrested while performing (pressing a plunger on windshields) in the center of Commercial Street at 1 a.m., when the bars closed and scores of horny hopefuls decided they want pizza. The kids surrounded the cruiser and freed Vanilla, and after the cops told her to walk to the station, she arrived with a crowd of hundreds. It's not possible to know this going in, but in Provincetown, every time you're not out and about, making yourself a part of the ebb and flow of the circuit, you're missing out on what might eventually be important history to someone.

In the little bar at the A-House, there's a nude photo of 20-something Tennessee at the boy beach, stretched out in warrior pose. It surprises me that the photo isn't famous, but I somehow knew about it, and I go to see it the night I arrive. He looks

Continued...

STORY (CONT.)

good. During my first weeks in town, I find something in his letters. He wrote, "I am reasonably happy and well adjusted and very glad to be alive." He then crossed out the word "reasonably."

You begin to feel positive emotions in Provincetown, and if you're anything like me, your body is likely to reject these feelings at first, and even when they stay inside you, they're never totally your own. Moving here is no less disorienting than getting an organ transplant. Your body wants to reject the joy you feel, but it's so strong, you feel like rescuing drag queens from asshole cops every night.

III

I arrive with 40 unread books and make it through a few, but I keep going back to Tim's Used Books on Commercial Street, buying more than necessary. My first townie friend works there, and I keep going back. I first learned about Billy in New York. His reputation preceded him, which interested me because it's hard to be controversial when





almost nobody has heard of you. Billy also plays piano at a few bars singing *The Pretty Good American Songbook*, all of which supports a drug habit Billy doesn't apologize for. In between songs, he launches into sage, scathing, motormouthed monologues about whatever's on his mind, and thankfully, the things you've been worrying about are not among them. For months afterward, on my good and bad days, I end up drunk at the Porch Bar watching Billy. On that first day, after I tell Billy that I was commended to his care, he puts me into his Lincoln and takes me on a four-hour tour. He tells me about Provincetown's origins, the badass pirates who used to put out the safety bonfire on Long Point for no good reason, the dead body they found under the Dick Dock, and exactly

what's going to happen to me over the course of the summer.

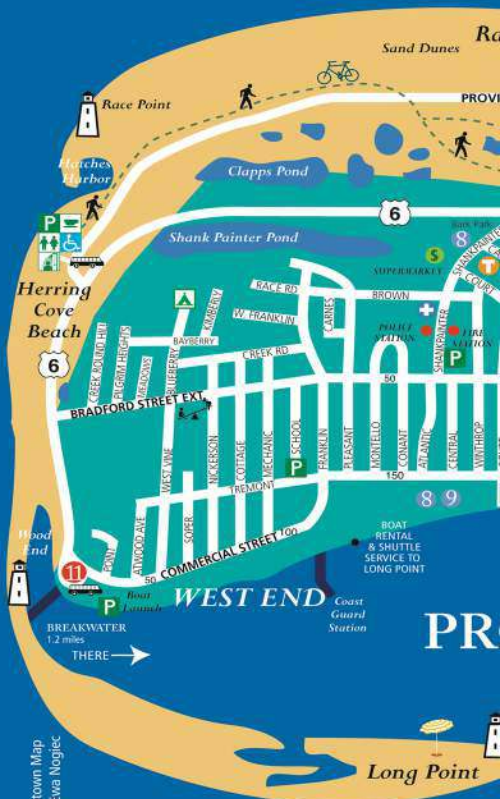
He tells me where not to eat, who I'll meet, and which parties I'll get clandestine invitations to. He also says I might not make it all the way through.

"You'll see. Lots of these boys'll be gone by the Fourth of July. They burn themselves out. It's okay if that happens for you." He unwraps a morphine lollipop. "Stay as long as possible and get out as soon as you can."

IV

Continued...

PLAN



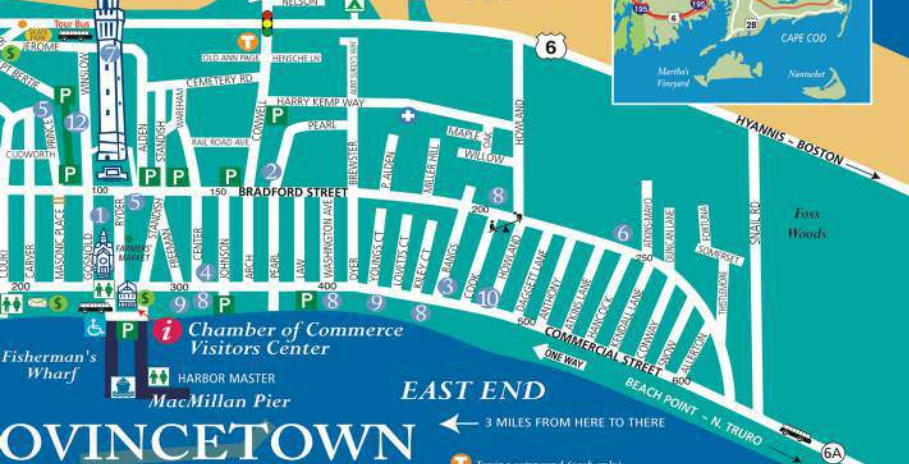
Provincetown Map
© 2014 Ewa Noglic

Coast Guard Station
Long Point
PR
West End
1.2 miles
THERE →

Ice Point Beach

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Sand Dunes
Cape Cod
National Seashore
Park



PROVINCETOWN

1. Provincetown Town Hall
2. Fine Arts Work Center
3. Provincetown Art Association and Museum
4. Provincetown Public Library
5. Provincetown Center for Coastal Studies
6. Provincetown Theater
7. Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum
8. Antiques, Art, Galleries
9. Shop! Shop! Shop!
10. WOMR 92.1 fm
11. Pilgrim's First Landing Park
12. Community Center

Towing compound (cash only)

Bus/Shuttle

Parking

Public Restrooms

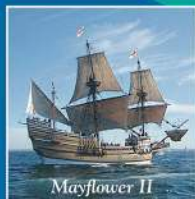
Snack Bar

Playgrounds

Showers

Ferries

Handicap Accessible



STORY (CONT.)

When a lost boy comes to Neverland, he needs a place to stay, and lost boys don't have much cash, so a lost boy becomes a houseboy. Houseboyhood used to be an enviable position because it gets you free rent for a few daily hours of turning over rooms, but most inns no longer have a houseboy, because houseboys are generally poorly behaved.



I find work at an inn owned by a mournfully square couple. The friendlier one only shows up on weekends because they've been married a year and bicker whenever they're together. The rest of the time, I live there with his husband. I fuck up immediately, of course. I get kicked out on my eighth day for having a boy in my bed. The next morning, after a sleepless night, I sob on the phone to my mother as I have never before cried, pack my things, and call a cab. I bring everything to the curb, still a teary mess, and they relent, giving me back my room if I sign a contract promising to treat the inn like a convent for the rest of the summer because one needs a clean soul to scrub toilets. I was raised Catholic, so I have a

lot of experience keeping dirty secrets. Keep in mind that all of this happens in Provincetown, which exists not because of Tennessee Williams or Eugene O'Neill or its beaches or its bike trails, but because it's somewhere you can get your ass fucked

Continued...

for
MEN & WOMEN

Kiss and Makeup

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SKINCARE HAIRCARE FRAGRANCES COSMETICS FACIALS WAXING
MAKEUP APPLICATIONS & LESSONS BOX OFFICE FOR PROVINCETOWN THEATRE

HOUSE OF LA RUE

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244 Commercial St
Provincetown

[facebook.com/HouseofLaRue](https://www.facebook.com/HouseofLaRue)

STORY (CONT.)

to smithereens with relative ease.

“Do as the Buddha says and be a hollow bamboo,” says Melissa, whom I admire because she dispenses condoms at the Dick Dock at two in the morning. I stay on at the inn, working those hours but leaving my soul asleep in bed so I can’t hear about how, exactly, I’m emptying garbage incorrectly. All through Circuit Week, I recycle pulverized cans of Red Bull and empty Absolut Ruby Red bottles in jockstrap-strewn rooms with unused beds and full-blast air conditioning left on with open windows. During Bear Week, I dust the tops of bureaus, carefully picking up and replacing dainty diabetes kits, fanning out the sweaty air, and picking innumerable hairs off the sinks with damp toilet paper. You learn by the first morning of Carnival Week that glitter doesn’t come out of anything with ease. At summer’s end, I have a terrific fuck session with a guy who needed to get rid of an expensive lamp. I decide to bring it to the inn as a parting gift, grateful for the laundry room, but secretly celebrating my leave. On my way out the door for the last time, I wish I’d had the guts to tell my host: “Every time you dust this lamp, remember that you came here as a lost boy too, but you’re the one who became Captain Hook.”

V

It is the end of June, and I’m drained from tending bar, but it’s Wednesday, and I ought to go to Fagbash. By this time, well-defined cliques have formed among the townie boys. When I first arrive, I’m apparently much-discussed: The new boy who always wears a denim jacket and rides a hot-pink fixie. Shy, I’ve remained mysterious for too long, for if they have trouble classifying you, and you don’t have either a dog or a beard, they want little to do with you. I fall in comfortably with an older, quieter, and even more exclusionary group – art people, of course – about

ROSS'

BISTRO | WINE BAR

GRILL

237-241 COMMERCIAL ST.
PROVINCETOWN, MA

508-487-8878

ON THE
WATERFRONT
AT WHALER'S WHARF



whom much is speculated, and because this town talks, this involvement attaches itself to my persona in town, increasing my going rate in the meat market and confusing everybody further. I am, for the first time in my life, through no effort of my own, notorious. I have become scrutable by making myself inscrutable. I want to challenge this, so I go to Fagbash, which I have missed for a few weeks.

I'm outside smoking, looking through the upstairs windows at Governor Bradford's, where the straight people are doing karaoke. There should be a law or something.

"Austin."

I turn around. Drunk and under-dressed for this week's Fagbash theme is the boy whom everyone wants to be around because he's tall and hot and he takes great

Continued...

STORY (CONT.)

pictures of drag queens. He works the most lucrative jobs, and he's the only non-Bulgarian straight boy for miles.

He tells me, in no uncertain terms, that I'm awesome, and everyone is always talking about how cool I seem, and then, along the same train of thought, he accuses me of thinking myself too cool to dress up and go out: "*Stop* behaving like you're 60 when you should be behaving like you're – how old are you? – you should be behaving like you're 20, because one day," he's shaking his finger at me now, "you're going to be 60, and you're gonna be sitting at home and *wishing* that you were 20 and that when you *were* 20, you had *behaved* like you were 20. So stop. Because why else would you even come to P-town?"

Riding the wave of his monologue, like an actor who grows in his conviction with each phrase, his parley becomes punches. He pauses. His eyes sink back as if he knows he's gone too far. We've scarcely spoken at this point. I go to take a drag on my cigarette, but it has slipped out of my hand and someone has stepped on it. "I'm gonna go home now," I say.

He screams my name as I turn but does not follow. Back in the laundry room, I get into bed and speculate, correctly, that he'll apologize profusely the next time he sees me, and that afterward we'll become perfectly friendly. One can spell out my insecurities before me as if it were nothing, but I can't stay angry at a truth-teller. People come to be themselves, but I don't know who I am yet. I spend so much of my time worrying about what other people think of me, shouldn't I be grateful when someone here lets me know? I ask my roommate: "Why did I come to Provincetown?"

The washing machine responds: "Whoosh."



VI

At The Turn, someone asks me in a whisper whether I want to go to the Burch House.

“What’s that?”

The register of the conversation drops, as if I’m an adopted child who has never heard of Jesus Christ. Michael Cunningham chuckles and pats my shoulder. Everyone around the table stayed at the Burch house at my age, when Provincetown was more hospitable to youth. The stories come: “I once stayed there for four months, and I think I only paid the first week.” “Do you remember the

Continued...

STORY (CONT.)

bathroom? On the second floor? With no doors?" "I wanted to fuck in every room, but I fell in love before I got upstairs."

We get a grand tour. It's closed. Someone bought it to fix a house that didn't need fixing. They gutted it, tore it to pieces, and then gave up and left it to be bulldozed. Now it's on sale again, and until someone decides to buy, it operates on the down-low in whatever rooms can be pieced together, open only to friends and friends of friends, who sit and drink and talk about the days when the house was full of the faces of the future. All the Burch House has now is its past. In sections where every wall is torn down, I find the exact center, shut my eyes, and imagine the ghost boys fucking all around me.

I constantly worry whether I'm feeling what I'm supposed to feel, or, for that matter, how I'm supposed to fully feel something if I'm trying to feel the right thing. Walking through the Burch House, always a blown-out room ahead of our late-night tour guide, I am looking at a temple – a minor but sacred monument to our people – and it is dismantled, discarded, overlooked, and overgrown by the last year's weeds. I know exactly who will buy the Burch House, and who won't. I look into the room I would've conceivably stayed in – it was \$39 dollars a night most of the time, one window, one bed, one light. I feel exactly what I ought to.

VII

Provincetown is the first place the Mayflower landed, and when they realized no one could possibly settle here, they moved on. Could they have foreseen the American fortress that stands here now, naked on the edge of the world, the last New Place in the New World? Could they have foreseen, when they stepped off the ship and said, "Nay, we shan't," that the first footprints of colonialism laid a curse, inevitably pushing the town off the edge and into the sea? It was known as Helltown

for hundreds of years until it became incorporated into the state. Provincetown was a lawless refuge for queers, pirates, drinkers, artists, whores, and the minute the wrecking ball or the sea hits the Burch House, the last of Helltown will be gone forever.

Built on sand, Provincetown has no solid foundation, and we're due a storm here. The town is conscious of its future and its past, and every time someone tells me how much it has changed, they qualify that with: "But it always stays the same. It will always be Provincetown, even when it's gone." It survived the 80s: It's already known death too intimately to fear it. But I can't be the only one waking up at four in the morning, screeching to the eye of the storm and pleading with it, for every heart that has been broken and rebuilt here: "Take Long Point Lighthouse if you must, but not Spiritus Pizza."

Continued...

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STORY (CONT.)

VIII

I discover that dating is pointless in Provincetown when I go out with another inn's houseboy who gets into a fistfight at the first bar and diagnoses me with Asperger's at the second. Thankfully, I discover the tourists are both easy and extremely hot because they spend the weeks before their vacation primping and pumping iron, anticipating rough sex with a townie bartender whose beach-softened hair leaves sand on the pillow. It is the inaugural summer of Truvada, and I lose count of the boys by Independence Day when someone gives me a Viagra with my fifth punch.

Provincetown has no official slogan, but I must propose one: It is better to be miserable here than just about anywhere else. And you will, I assure you, find yourself miserable in Provincetown, perhaps more often than you were wherever you came from. In retrospect, it is still surprising that my depression surged stronger than ever amidst such plentiful distraction. Provincetown holds a mirror up to you and reveals you exactly as you are; at the end of your country and your constitution, in a town of extremities, faced with nothing but your body and half-mended heart, you find out what you're truly made of.

Eventually, I am convinced to stay through the summer, and to err on the side of my authentic self. Provincetown finds me no less depressed, but no longer completely hating



myself. And, all in one piece, partially realized and content to remain completely fucked up, I just move on through the crowd outside Spiritus, night after night, always invited to someone's party and always waiting for the next ferry of hot tourists over the horizon. If the first step forward is acceptance of your problems, it comforts to know that there are few situations better than the one P-town provides for a lonely houseboy with slutty tendencies.

IX

On the year's last Fagbash, the straight boy takes matters into his own hands. The theme is the Garden of Eden, and I don't know whether I'm Adam or Steve, but I'm covered in dollar-store ribbon and flowers and glitter and sticks and glue, and I haven't showered since my last assignation. There are four of us, and I am the one who is wearing the most and feeling most naked.

"You managed to stay out of the sun all summer," one says, eyeing my skin. I am six inches shorter than the others, a seven amongst tens upon whom floral pity has been taken.

I change and stash everything in the pockets of my denim jacket, put on my sunglasses in the dark, and get very stoned outside. Few of the boys are left in town, and I think of the kids who never got a proper goodbye, a thank you for everything, a see you next summer. Some of the familiar faces are here. I never let myself fall completely into the scene the way you're supposed to, but I tell everyone I'm coming back, despite knowing that I can see myself in Provincetown either every summer until it's underwater, or never again. I could find the next Fagbash. But I don't know that I'll ever need Provincetown as much as I needed it this summer. I spent four-and-a-half months here, and I only crossed the town line once.

Continued...



X

Days later, I am driving from one ocean to the other, filling my gas tank from a Cape Cod tip jar. Somewhere in New Mexico, I pull over and pause before looking over my shoulder, half-expecting to see the Pilgrim Monument behind me. I have a fearful thought: If I can no longer see it, I have driven much too far. I wish it were always there at the edge of the horizon, sticking out of the landscape like a pushpin on a world map, 20 miles high, a lighthouse for all of the lost boys. And though I cannot see it, I tell myself that it will always, always be there. I experienced Provincetown not as a transient but as one of the cogs in its huge, creaky wheel, and like any great love affair, its mark is indelible. It may sit at the end of the world, but if Provincetown has loved you back as you are, it is at the very center of your memory. X marks the spot.

***Austin Dale** is a 24-year-old writer from Massachusetts and a recent transplant to Los Angeles. He works as an assistant to the writers of the original series *Transparent*.*

“The Last Fagbash and Other Stories from Provincetown” by Austin Dale originally appeared in Issue #5 of *hello mr.*, available online at hellomrmag.com and at fine newsstands.





GALLERY EHVA galleryehva.com
daring and beautiful art

74 Shank Painter Road, Provincetown 508 487-0011 open year-round

STREET HACKS

Secret public restrooms @ The Library, the old fire station, Town Hall, Whalers Wharf.

There is **no line** at Spiritus. After the bars close, you'll see a huge line form out the door of the pizza place. The smart kids head right inside. They'll be eating before you are.

In need of a theme party costume? **Marine Specialties** is an Army/Navy shop in the center of town crammed with gear and inspiration.

Go to the gym **during tea dance** if you aren't a drinker and prefer some quiet gym time.

Make sure to **get the cash you need at the beginning of a holiday weekend** because the ATMs can run out.

Look for parking on **unmarked curbs** on Bradford Street.



SHIPWRECK LOUNGE

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK @ 5PM
10 Carver St (at Brass Key Guesthouse) ~ 508.487.9005 ~ www.PtownLounge.com



ROOMS BY THE SEA

Try a stay at the Race Point Light Keepers House, which can be arranged through the American Lighthouse Association. A very unique experience, which is off the beaten bath.

David Silva
Owner, The Red Inn
15 Commercial Street





Each year Provincetown creates the perfect recipe to give visitors the most memorable, colorful and thrilling Halloween holiday experience. It's one of the most famous eerie locations on the Atlantic coast — a permanent set right out of a studio backlot — except here the shadows, dark alleys, and misty silhouettes are enchantingly real. In the dark fog of an October night in Ptown, the ghoulish tolling of lighthouse bells ward off wayward ships. The historic cemeteries bathe in soft moonlight where ghosts of the original pilgrims are said to still haunt. Here Halloween now lasts for 10 days, giving revelers two weekends of entertainment.

HALLOWEEN

Provincetown Tourism Office
260 Commercial Street @ Ryder

LEATHER



This town, with a reputation as America's First Destination and one of acceptance of all people, now has two distinct weekends where the art of leather--and how one wears it--takes center stage.

Each February, the town hosts Snowbound Leather Weekend, which heats up the atmosphere each year, giving attendees opportunities to wear more layers of leather. then in the fall, Mates Leather Weekend takes place, providing the rugged leather the perfect backdrop for exhibition.

Provincetown Tourism Office
260 Commercial Street @ Ryder



⇒ FOOD HACKS

- 
- A hand is holding a watermelon popsicle. The popsicle is a vibrant orange-red color, indicating it's made of watermelon. It's on a light-colored wooden stick. The background is a dark blue, textured surface, possibly a wooden table or wall. The lighting is bright, highlighting the texture of the watermelon and the skin of the hand.
- 'The Sunrise' breakfast sandwich at Relish.
 - Crispy panko crusted shrimp at The Red Inn.
 - Peanut butter chocolate pie at Ross' Grill.
 - Provincetown pickles at Perry's Wine & Liquors.
 - 'Sun Burnt' watermelon-jalapeño popsicle at Happy Camper.*
 - 'Dear RB' sandwich at Pop + Dutch.
 - Linguini with clams at Central House at the Crown.
 - Pizza after-hours at Spiritus (but don't burn the roof of your mouth).
 - BBQ meat at Two Southern Sissies Barbecue.
 - Breakfast burrito at Cafe Heaven.
 - 'The Guapo' burger at Local 186.
 - Wild Mushroom flatbread at Joon.
 - Fried chicken bag from Stop n Shop (best deal in town).
 - Lobster roll from The Red Shack.
 - Salted caramel yogurt from Bliss.
 - Bellini jelly from Mimere's Homemade.
 - Fresh seafood (to cook yourself) from Mac's fish market.
 - Marshmallows at 'Marshmallow Mondays' at Shipwreck.



SHOPPING HACKS

Host gift: **Urban Man Made**

Wigs 'n' things: **House of La Rue**

Beard oils and special scents: **Kiss and Makeup**

Non-basic boutique: **MAP**

Second-hand drag: **Ruthie's**

Accessoires: **Yates & Kennedy**

Essentials: **Essentials**

Haircut: **Monument Barber Shop**

Bohemian Marine gifts: **Loveland**

Flowers and Kale: **Town Hall Farmer's Market** (Sat)

Lube: **Toys of Eros**

Books: **Tim's Used Books**

Kitchen Basics: **Utilities**

TOWNIE SCHEDULE

The background of the entire page is a photograph of two men standing on a beach at sunset. They are silhouetted against the bright orange and yellow glow of the setting sun on the horizon. The sky transitions from a deep orange near the horizon to a clear, pale blue at the top. The men are facing each other, and their forms are dark against the bright light of the sunset.

S: Church at Grotta Bar.
M: Showgirls at A House.
T: Plan outfit.
W: Fagbash at Purgatory.
T: Plot revenge.
F: Scream Along w/ Billy at Grotta.
S: Porch Bar at Gifford House.

HAPPY HOUR HACKS

A scenic view of a beach at sunset. The sky is a mix of light blue and soft orange, with scattered white clouds. In the foreground, a small, dark-colored boat with a white interior is beached on the wet sand. The water is calm, reflecting the colors of the sky. In the distance, several sailboats are visible on the horizon, and a few people can be seen wading in the shallow water.

Best Places for a Cocktail at Sunset

Ross' Grill - 237-241 Commercial St.

The deck at The Red Inn - 15 Commercial St.

Aqua Bar deck - 207 Commercial St.

Harbor Lounge - 359 Commercial St.

Tea Dance at the Boatslip - 161 Commercial St.

TAXI

Mercedes Cab 508-487-3333

Cape Cab 508-487-2222

Black & White Taxi 508-487-7800

P-Town Taxi Service 508-413-9958

FERRIES

Bay State Cruises 617-748-1428

Boston Harbor Cruises 617-227-4321

CAPE COD

NATIONAL SEASHORE

nps.gov/caco

GYM

Mussel Beach Gym

508-487-0001

35 Bradford St @ Conant
6am - 9pm 7 days a week

Provincetown Gym

81 Shank Painter Rd

508-487-2776

HEALTH

Outer Cape Health Services

508-487-9395

Provincetown Medical



411

Special thanks to: Anthony Fuccillo, Radu Luca, Patrick Catoe, Bill Ingino, Rick Murray, Cathy Nagorski, Austin Dale, Ryan Fitzgibbon, Sean Spalding, and Dave Grant.

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P'TOWN HACKS 2015

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