

Let's BHSavor the moment---

October 2006

WEST COAST CHAPTER - BOYS HIGH ALUMNI NEWS

*"These Are The Boys Of B.H.S.
You Hear So Much About"*

Send news/photos to editor

IRWIN ZUCKER '44

6464 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028

(323) 461-3921 / FAX (323) 461-0917

email: irwinzuckerpr@aol.com



NEW YORK CHAPTER ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS



MEL DAVIS



Zuaro Lerner Zucker

IN THE BIG APPLE! - Alums were royally treated May 24, 2006 when the NY Chapter hosted its 24th Annual "Distinguished Achievement Awards," presented to former NY Knicks basketball star **Mel Davis '69** & to Academy Award-winning filmmaker **Murray Lerner '44**, shown in photo above flanked by classmates **Vinnie Zuaro (L.)** & **Irwin Zucker**.

The NY Chapter will stage #25 Annual Wed., June 6, 2007. Contact the perennial chairman, **Moe Steinberg '42**, Box 178, Carle Place, NY 11514, 516/334-5309. *Don't miss it!*

West Coast Chapter

IN MEMORIAM

We mourn the loss of --

- **IRWIN DAVIS '26**—Educator
- **BEN KAYE '30**—Atlas Textile Co.
- **TED BERKMAN '31**—Author/screen-writer best known for his book, *Cast A Giant Shadow: The Story of Mickey Marcus. Who Died to Save Israel*
- **MUNJIG TAKAKJIAN '38**—M.D.
- **MURRAY WALMARK '39**—CPA
- **HAROLD D. COHEN '42**—Theatrical producer/literary agent/personal mgr.
- **MELVIN BRODY '44**—M.D.
- **DON GOLDSTEIN '47**—Pharmacist
- **AARON SEIDMAN '54**—Past Grand Chancellor, Knights of Columbus

Celebrating 50 years

Paging members of the Class of 1956 - you're wanted for a Gala 50th Reunion at our Nov. 12 event (see pg. 1)... Those present will receive a Special Golden "B" Award. Call 323/461-3921.

Boy, Look at Us Now!

If you've got a computer, treat yourself to some colorful scenes of Boys High School by tapping into: www.newyorkarchitectureimages.org/Boys_High_Schoolbedstuy. Nothing has changed on the outside since 1891 at the corner of Marcy & Putnam in dear old Brooklyn.



FLORIDA CHAPTER

BHSnowbirds are prepping for their 32nd annual reunion Sun. noon, Feb. 11, 2007 at Diamonte's in Tamarac, FL. where they will salute **Dr. Jonas Goldstone '47** as "Man of the Year" for his achievement in the world of medicine. The 2006 recipient was **Bernard Kirsner '48**, a basketball coach at Erasmus for 14 seasons (231-35).

To get all info on the Fla. reunion, contact **Jerry Cooper '48**, 5281 Grey Birch Lane, Boynton Beach, FL 33437, 561/735-9929. *See you there!*

Mailer in the Money—Again!

One of our most celebrated alumni, author **Norman Mailer '39**, two-time Pulitzer Prize winner, recently sold his archives (a 20,000 pound collection of papers & memorabilia) for \$2.5 million to the Univ. of Texas Ransom Humanities Research Center in Austin.

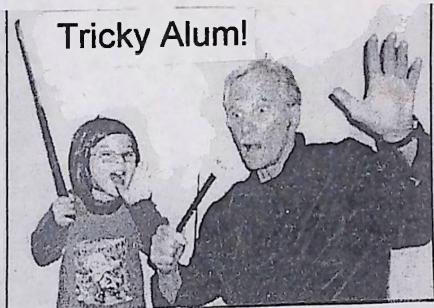
The collection began when his mother saved stories he wrote at 8 (*Adventures of Bob & Paul*) & 11 (*The Martian Invasion*).



NORMAN MAILER '39

Included in the collection are car repair bills, drafts of his 40-plus books, unpublished short stories—plus Mailer's report cards, undoubtedly some from his Boys High days.

Tricky Alum!



Yes, he's got a new bag of tricks! **Neil Cooper '41**, a former health store owner, is now a master magician, playing with here with granddaughter **Gianna**. If you'd like him to do a nutty magic show, just reach The Coop at 310/834-8567.

Cleaning Up!



No doubt about it! **BHStalwart Milt Chortkoff '46** is truly "cleaning up" as the prop. of the Award-winning **Milt & Edie's Drycleaners** facility in beautiful downtown Burbank. Here he's with his #1 fan, wife **Edie**.



**Don't Miss Our
42nd Annual
Awards Event
Sun., Nov. 12**

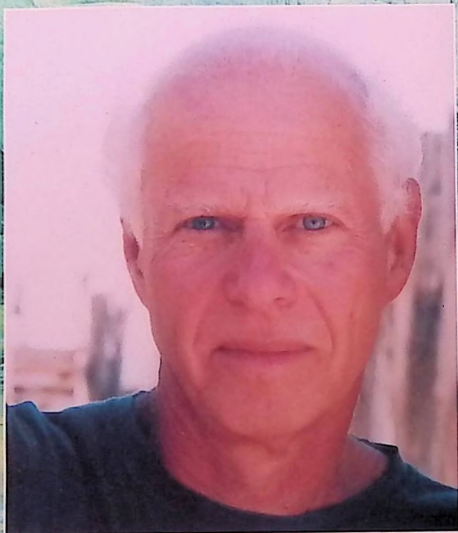
**ALL DETAILS
ON PG. 1**

...& please pay
alumni dues!



PROVINCETOWN ARTS

us \$10 canada \$14
volume 23 annual issue 2008/09



MICHAEL MAZUR



GAIL MAZUR



FEATURING HISTORIC STUDIOS OF PROVINCETOWN ARTISTS

in memoriam

Provincetown Arts was born from the death of my father in 1985. I knew he was dying, and I wanted to give him something of the future me before he died. So I traveled to East Hampton in August and produced the inaugural issue of the publication, a tabloid format in which the death of Fritz Bultman was announced with a full-page memorial photograph of my father's close friend, with whom he had been speaking in the last months via telephone.

So, from the very first, the impulse behind the magazine has been to retain the artist's presence after passing, and here are six we loved whom we lost last year. —CB

Norman Mailer

1923–2007

AS NORMAN GREW OLDER, I grew older. I watched him change from when I was seven years old, learning slowly as my own consciousness grew. I took comfort in walking by the house and seeing his light burning in the window of the attic, knowing he was working. He was some kind of power in the neighborhood, an engine that seemed to move the leaves as I walked down the street, and saw the wind turn the leaves over for a kind of mass inspection of their underside. The color was much brighter, reflecting the weak light of a streetlamp with strange intensity. In the last years, when I walked by on the beach, I greeted him while he paced back and forth on his waterfront deck. Like Ahab, he did some of his best thinking while thumping on the foredeck.

HE WAS BURIED ON A SLOPE that has become something of a Parnassus in the Provincetown cemetery. Here are scattered the graves of other artists and writers who lived and worked in Provincetown, and wanted to, at last, dig in here when they could no longer fight for the town they loved. Mailer's boulder is close by the big rocks that mark where Robert Motherwell and Stanley Kunitz are interred.

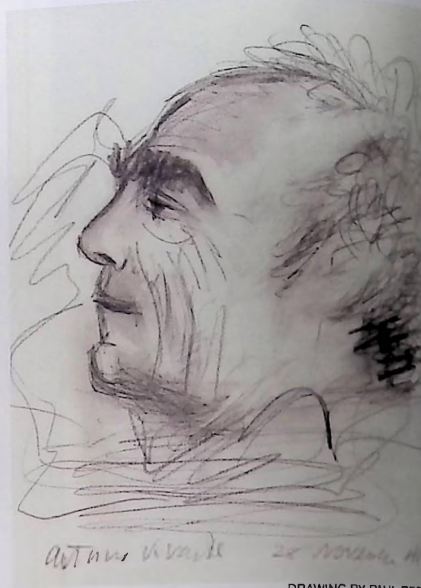
My hands had warmed the brass bar I held while kneeling before Norman at Gately-McHoul Funeral Home. Norman looked like he was napping peacefully, extremely comfortable with the room temperature. His fingers were folded together and rested on his abdomen. He wore his fleecy boxing vest. Norman had written of the eternal afterlife of Egyptian pharaohs in *Ancient Evenings*. Now he seemed to be dreaming of his next novel.

—CHRISTOPHER BUSA

From "Norman Mailer: 'This Is a Town Worth Digging-in and Fighting-for,'" which will be published this fall in *The Mailer Review*, cosponsored by the University of South Florida and the Norman Mailer Society, and edited by Phillip Sipiora. The Society will hold its 6th Annual Conference this October in Provincetown.



NORMAN MAILER FROM THE COVER OF
PROVINCETOWN ARTS 1987
PHOTO © JOEL MEYEROWITZ



DRAWING BY PAUL RESIKA

Arturo Vivante

1923–2008

The sea would be smaller without them; they are living proof of its vastness, I thought as I looked at the humpback emerging out of the deep, eight or nine miles north of Provincetown where Cape Cod Bay meets the open Atlantic. So too would be smaller without the elephant, the sky without eagles. Smaller and poorer without them.

And it was beautiful, splendid to see the great shape rising, leaping upward, breaching, blowing its warm misty spout above the cold sea, then diving, submerging, its fluked tail waving in what seemed a farewell or a somersault before it too disappeared as the whale sought the cool, dark deep, its home and its birthplace. But again it rose, this sea creature that seemed in love with the sky, leaping up with ease it dived down, light, buoyant, weightless in water. There was grace, ease, joy, size no matter. It was life heaving, the embodiment of the sea's mighty swell, of its ebb and its flow, its rhythm, its pulse, now swift, now slow, rocked by the roll of the ocean as a sequoia is rocked by the wind in the forest.

—ARTURO VIVANTE
From *The Sea Would Be Smaller Without Them*
Provincetown Arts, 1991

Frank Schaefer

1937–2007

No one encapsulated the Frank Schaefer. As owner he brought many people returned each season, people, too, with his w endearing German accent. A conversation with his art to films to philosop

Much has been made an act to be enjoyed but for the sheer joy to come away refreshed where in town, the voice, a delight in t

Good-bye, Frank

Howie S

1930–2007

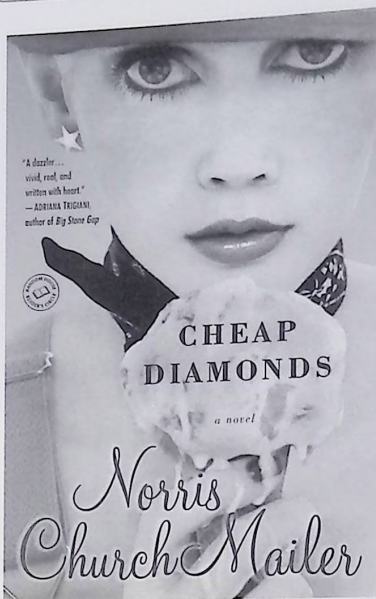
Howie lived to Truro th their c

absolutely distinct from myself." Begun in New Mexico and finally finished in Provincetown, the novel, initially, was composed longhand. Scibona is unapologetically scornful of word processors, revealing that the physical process of writing was crucial to the way the novel took shape: "Longhand lends itself to recklessness, openness to mess and surprise. Once on the typewriter, the writing is more deliberate and settled. Once on the computer, the final stage, the language begins to die." He admits the computer saves needless retyping in the last drafts, but he distrusts its "phony perfectionism."

Conventional readers might wish Scibona had been more in charge of his characters, and a bit less reckless in his writing, for it takes a while to get into the rhythm of his onrushing words. It is not always easy to decipher and wade through rambling interior monologues, yet the effort proves very gratifying. If you allow yourself to go with his flow, you will see, as he says, that "[the characters] exist and have motives as deep seated and mysterious as my own. Whenever a pre-arranged notion of plot demanded a certain act from one of the characters, the character dependably refused." His are not characters you might necessarily wish to befriend or bring home to tea, but they merit close attention and sympathy. They are not archetypes or clichés, but flesh-and-blood people fighting to survive and make sense of their confounding worlds.

It could be said that any artistic endeavor demanding a decade of its creator deserves great celebration upon completion, but Scibona's accomplishment is laudable far beyond the sheer stamina that was required to bring the novel together. By utilizing his obvious scholarship and reverence for the written word to create *The End*, he makes great demands on his readers, but he brings new light into the prism of the American novel. He takes risks, expects his readers to accept his linguistic and philosophical challenges, and metaphorically takes no prisoners. There is a certain satisfaction to be found in seeing his characters through. As he says: "All of the main characters . . . are drawn to their own disappearance, their own peculiar end. Death is only one of the forms this takes. . . . The end is the end of the ego, and, we hope, the beginning of a kind of existence undifferentiated from the existence of other people." This is a novel to reread, to return to many times over. Be prepared to be stunned.

DEBORAH MINSKY is a freelance writer with lifelong connections to Provincetown. She taught English and creative writing for over twenty years; currently, she is executive director and curator of the Highland House Museum in North Truro.



Cheap Diamonds

By Norris Church Mailer
Random House, 2007

JOHN GARDNER ONCE famously claimed there are really only two plots in literature: The hero goes on a journey, or a stranger comes to town. Novelist Norris Church Mailer tackled the second scenario in her first novel. In *Windhill Summer*, small-town Arkansas art student Cherry Marshall takes up with an attractive hippie newcomer, falls for him hard, and learns a great deal about life and death, all in the course of one summer. In Mailer's second novel, *Cheap Diamonds*, Cherry embarks on Gardner's second option, the journey. She leaves parents, painting, and friends in Arkansas, and moves to New York to become a model.

In literature, at least until recently, women rarely took off on dangerous or uncertain journeys, especially not alone. The picaresque tradition among female novelists is not a long or familiar one. Most fictional heroines had to wait around for that stranger to arrive—for the plot to find them. But Cherry Marshall is having none of that in 1970. She leaves behind her best friend, Baby, her religion (or at least her priest, Father Leo), her friend Cassie, and gradually begins to shed her sheltered upbringing and her old views.

A *New York Times* review refers to *Cheap Diamonds* as "cinematic," but in reality it evokes a much older classic form: the picaresque novel, in the tradition of Cervantes's *Don Quixote* and Defoe's *Moll Flanders*. The disreputable Moll, for example, longed more than anything to be secure and respectable. Cherry seems to be on a sort of Moll Flanders quest in reverse, traveling from a pleasant, comfortable, but narrow existence in respectable Bible-Belt Arkansas to the

mildly debauched, wildly exciting world of New York City in the seventies. She becomes a fashion model, learns her way around, dates a black jazz musician, eats hash brownies, and lives in a walk-up with an eccentric landlady who's a former Ziegfeld hooper and—as Cherry will find out later, in the darkest part of the novel—an occasional backdoor abortionist.

Like Moll, Cherry longs for a quite different life, and determines to get it. Fortunately, she has an education, more resources, and a much-less-structured society than eighteenth-century England to do it in. Like Moll, though, she journeys far, both geographically and internally. She meets strange people, learns how to deal with and even use them to her advantage, and once in a while—without truly meaning to—she lets down people she cares about along the way. To her credit, she worries about this, and, also to her credit, she does not let the traditional female character guilt-trip derail her plans.

Since Norris Mailer is a former New York model herself, it's hard not to wonder how autobiographical *Cheap Diamonds* might be. Mailer says, however, that like any novelist she relies not just on her own direct experience, but on that of others, and research and imagination as well. She is a Southerner by birth, like Cherry, and "will always be one, and love the voices, the cadence, the dialogue, the metaphors of the South." But she's lived in New York for thirty-three years now, with the result that she's equally at home there.

The writer's beginnings were in Arkansas, like her main character's. Her parents spent what might have been their college years, during the Great Depression, working to support their families. They wanted Norris to have an education. She was an avid reader. "I have always loved books. I lusted after them, wanted to own them, to read them over and over and not have to give them back to the library when I was done with them." Though their means were limited, her parents made sure she had her own books, especially the books of Laura Ingalls Wilder and the Nancy Drew mysteries, purchased from a local bookstore whose owner bore the propitious name of Faulkner.

Mailer started writing in seventh grade. Her English teacher was her first mentor and fan, giving her As on her papers and telling her she should be a writer. "From then on," says Mailer, "I felt in some part of me that I would be." When she was at Arkansas Tech, B.C. Hall, her creative writing professor once wrote on her paper, "What's an intelligent girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Her path to novel writing was not so direct, though. First came art, and modeling, and an encounter with Norman Mailer at a book signing in Arkansas. Meaning only to get her copy of his novel signed, she ended up following him to New York, and they were married. But back to the subject of mentors—their marriage of thirty-two years can hardly be ignored. The subject is of interest to this writer, especially, as I too married an already established novelist. So I wonder, of course, if Norman Mailer will turn out to be her third unforgettable mentor.

"Though our styles are nothing alike," she says, "he taught me by example how to be professional, to go to your desk and write every day whether you feel like it or not, to simplify, not to overuse adjectives and adverbs, to edit, edit, edit."

She began *Windchill Summer* while she was still a senior in college, and her first husband was in Vietnam. Her first novel "was a gift, it just flowed, while *Cheap Diamonds* was harder because I had numerous health problems while I was writing it." At one point it was even a totally different story, set in a Catholic boys' academy in the Ozarks, though at the end Cherry did depart for New York to become a model. The next and

final book in the Cherry Marshall trilogy will be set in Paris. Mailer is at work on it now.

When asked about advice to beginning writers, Mailer is adamant about certain things: Avoid trying to second-guess, anticipate, or otherwise try to write just to please the imagined audience. "A writer is lost if he censors himself before the words are on the page." Avoid plagiarism like the plague; it is, in her opinion, the worst crime a writer can commit. And aspiring writers should remember that "nobody has to see what you have written unless you want them to. Write what you want, you can always go back later and take it out."

But the time of the big stars, as in Norman Mailer's day, is over. The focus now, she laments (don't we all) is on "celebrities and vapid pretty boys and girls who are famous for being famous." So write to please yourself, she says: "Nobel Prizes aside, no matter what the critics say, if a writer has done the best job she can do, and has been honest, then that is the best feeling there is."

LENORE HART is the author of five novels, including most recently Becky: The Life and Loves of Becky Thatcher (St. Martin's Press, 2008). She lives in Virginia.