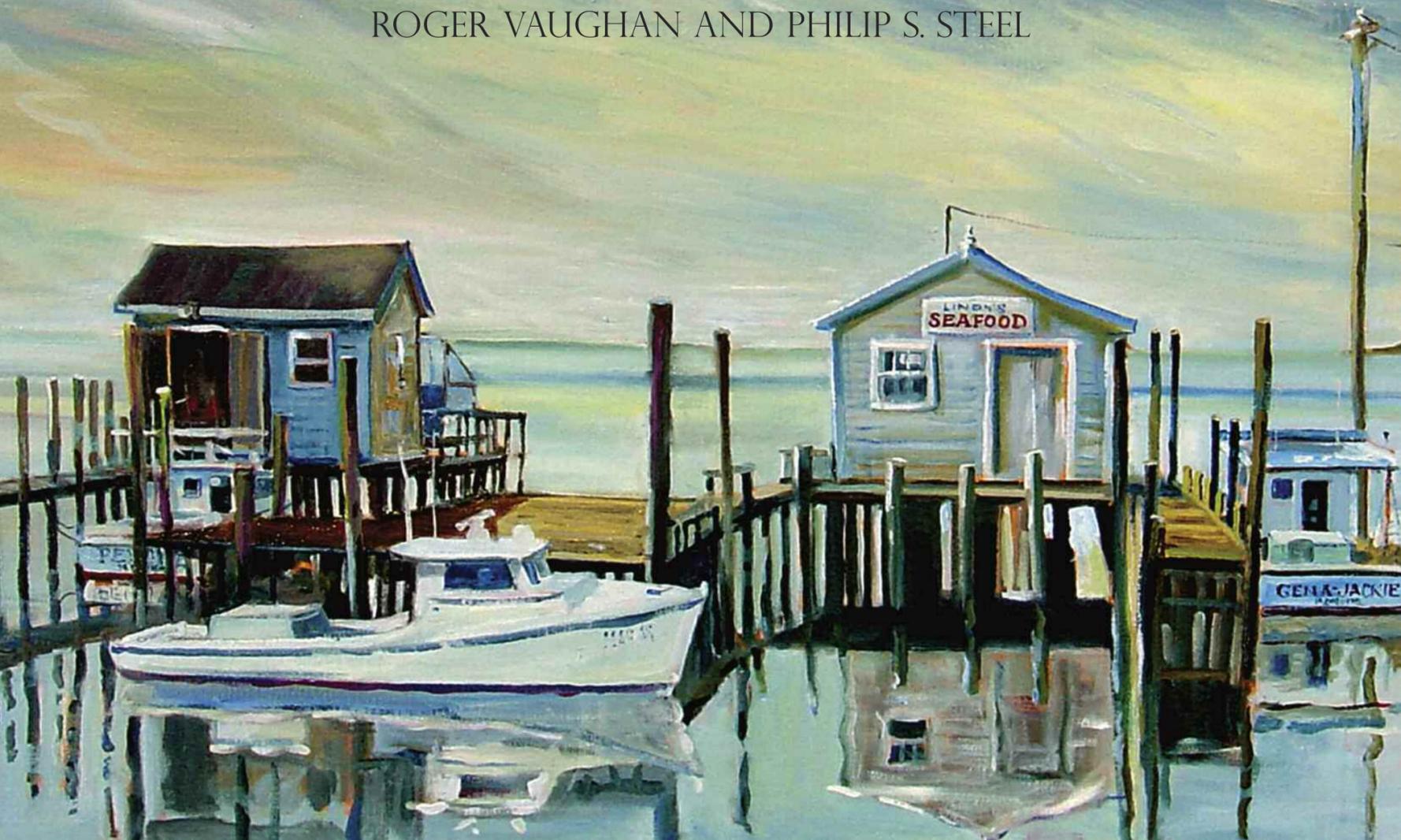
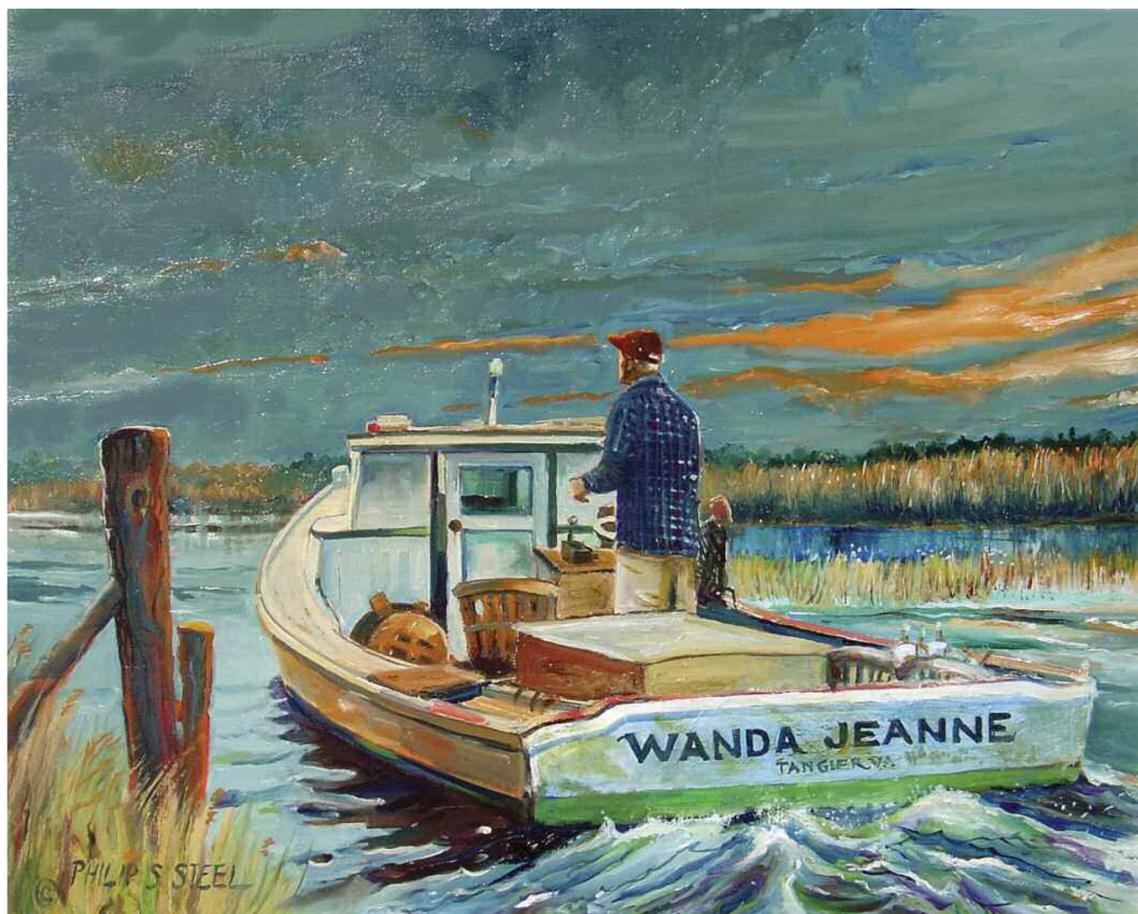


FISHING GONE

ROGER VAUGHAN AND PHILIP S. STEEL



**FISHING
GONE**



Wanda Jeanne, oil, 36 × 24 inches; a typical Chesapeake waterman's "deadrise" workboat.

FISHING GONE

A One Act Play

By
ROGER VAUGHAN

With Paintings by
PHILIP S. STEEL

Directed by
JOEL KOLKER

Changing times for the watermen on Chesapeake Bay

This publication is made possible thanks to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. William May

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Tangier Island Soft Shell Crab Shacks; oil, 40 × 30 inches

This painting also appears on the front cover.



FOREWORD BY GARY JOBSON

About 15,000 years ago the great North American Ice Age came to an end. The melting ice cap caused sea levels to rise dramatically. The resulting ecological event changed the lower part of the Susquehanna, a long river that ran through what would become Maryland and Virginia before emptying into the Atlantic, into a huge estuary now named Chesapeake Bay. As the centuries have passed, the Bay has been altered—and suffered demonstrably—from the encroachment of man's development, with all its attending requirements, uses and abuses, of the waters in and around the Bay. There is now no question that lethal toxins have been admitted into these waters. The Chesapeake Bay needs urgent attention, right now, if it is to survive.

The Chesapeake basin is fed by rivers and streams that drain from six states. To help focus an understanding of the results of human impact on this most precious resource, author Roger Vaughan has written a play, *Fishing Gone*, illustrated with paintings by artist Philip Steel.

The setting for the narrative is tiny Tangier Island, located in the middle of the Bay, about three-quarters of the way down its length. Tangier's inhabitants have worked the surrounding waters for centuries. There is no other viable commerce for them. The demise of the fishing industry due to the changes in the Bay has had a brutal impact on the watermen of Tangier. Their story is a microcosm of the challenges faced by all the watermen of Chesapeake Bay. It is a cautionary tale that applies to other polluted waters around America.

Roger Vaughan is the author of a dozen books and countless articles in national periodicals. Having sailed and fished on the Bay and enjoyed its bounty over the past 30 years, Vaughan is well qualified to write about this critical juncture in the life of an extraordinary natural resource.

Fishing Gone is beautifully illustrated with evocative paintings by Philip Steel that capture the essence of the Tangier waterman's life today. Each painting simultaneously portrays important vignettes with an arresting palette, none static, and an eye for the truth of the moment. Every image is a powerful statement, and together they are an important guide to the narrative.

The play revolves around a politically active waterman, the mayor of Tangier, who is stymied by the crucially diminishing ability to make a living from the Bay. His plight offers vitally important considerations for all of us in understanding why the Chesapeake must be saved—now.



Foggy Crossing to Tangier Island, oil, 36 × 24 inches; Rudy Thomas, boat captain and friend.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author and artist wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. William May for their generosity in underwriting this book. The author also thanks the following people for taking time to talk about working on the water, to discuss the complexity of Chesapeake Bay ecology, and to reflect upon the political situation surrounding the Bay.

Nick Clark, biologist/ecologist, Maryland DNR, ret.; Admiral of Chesapeake Bay; Critical Areas Commission

Dan Kauffman, Extension Specialist Seafood (Business), Virginia Tech

Capt. Ed Farley, skipjack HM KRENTZ, Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum

Rudy Thomas, owner, COURTNEY THOMAS, the mail boat, Tangier Island

Clyde Pruitt, waterman, owner, ALICIA RACHEL, Tangier Island

Eugene and Lee Pruitt, waterman, Tangier Island

James Eskridge, waterman, Mayor of Tangier Island

Davey Crockett, waterman/musician, Tangier Island

Matt Wheatley, waterman, Tangier Island

Gary Parks, manager, Jerry's Marine Railway, Tangier Island

Lisa Wheatley, Rhonda Cooper, and other friends on Tangier Island

...and

Philip Steel for getting me involved.

David Hayes for elegant design and commendable patience.

Kip Requardt for being an exemplary editor, once again.

Philip Steel would like to thank the following people:

Neil and Susan Kaye, founders, Tangier History Museum & Interpretive Culture Center

Rudy Thomas

Lisa Wheatley

Mary Thomas, Crisfield Heritage Foundation

and my wife, Joan Steel



5 a.m. on the Tina Paige, watercolor, 30 × 22 inches.

PERFORMANCE LOCATIONS

Annapolis Maritime Museum, Annapolis, Maryland

Calvert Marine Museum, Solomons, Maryland

Crisfield Heritage Foundation, Crisfield, Maryland

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St. Michaels, Maryland

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, Havre de Grace, Maryland

Tangier Historical Museum and Interpretive Cultural Center, Tangier Island, Virginia

Reedville Fishermen's Museum, Reedville, Virginia

The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Virginia

Rappahannock Community College, Glenss, Virginia

Eastern Shore Community College, Melfa, Virginia

The Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, Washington, D.C.



PLAY SEQUENCE

SCENE ONE

LISA, a Tangier Island resident and tour guide, sets the scene in the Double Six, the morning coffee shop, and later, at Rudy's Dock where she describes the island and its history to arriving tourists (the audience in this case).

SCENE TWO

The Double Six, 3 a.m.

SCENE THREE

JIM, Tangier Island Mayor, is visited by the GHOST OF FISHING PAST.

SCENE FOUR

LISA meets WALTER, a DNR scientist, at Rudy's dock.

SCENE FIVE

Lunch time at the Double Six.

SCENE SIX

Just off Main Street on Tangier Island

SCENE SEVEN

JIM, at home, talks on the phone with Paddy Crockett, who is in his studio somewhere on the mainland.

SCENE EIGHT

Back at Rudy's Dock.

SCENE NINE

The Double Six, two months later.





Early Morning Coffee... Where Tall Tales are Told, oil, 48 × 36 inches.

SCENE ONE

LISA enters stage left. Behind her, Steel's painting of the "Morning Restaurant."

LISA

That's the early crowd at the Double Six, a local hangout for crab potters, dredgers, and scrapers. They dredge crabs out of the mud four months in the winter – until all the sudden the State says STOP: – with no warning. The scrapers scrape the soft crabs out of the grass in the shallows. They're still allowed to do that. Don't mind me. I'm just a fisherman's wife, make that a former fisherman's wife – he went off to work the tug boats and it all came apart – and I am annoyed. People out here are shy. Nobody talks much except to each other. 'Cept me. If I didn't talk I'd freak myself out. Got to go meet the tour boat, one of my jobs. Come along, you might learn something.

LISA walks out of light. Philip Steel's dock painting is illuminated center stage as LISA turns to it. Boat horn sounds offstage, followed by this offstage announcement:

"Welcome to Tangier Island. Please debark and gather around Lisa, who will guide you around the island."

Lisa walks into light, waves when she hears her name, addresses audience. As she speaks, Lisa walks back and forth.

LISA

We'll have a walking tour. Try to keep up. We have 600 residents living on the island year round. We have one police

officer, we do not have a jail. But don't get any ideas, we do have a direct line to the County Sheriff's department in case we do have an emergency, but we do have a zero crime rate.

We are approximately 4 point 5 to 5 feet above sea level, we are three miles long by two miles wide. We get our water from seven artesian wells that are over 1000 feet deep. Our electricity comes from underwater cable to the mainland. We do have our own backup generator. Our trash is burned in an incinerator located on the western side of the island. Our telephones are transmitted by microwave. Also on the west side is our rec building and game room. Our beach is approximately three miles long. Our air strip is 3600 feet. And we do have three bed and breakfasts on the island in case y'all do miss your boat today. Every home on the island has their own boat. The main transportation here is golf cart, bicycle, motorcycle, and boat. We do have cars and trucks on the island. There are no alcoholic beverages sold here. There is plenty – plenty! – brought in and consumed.

We were discovered by John Smith in 1608 and settled by John Crockett who bought Tangier from the Indians for two overcoats. The predominant names are Pruett and Crockett, although we do have over 100 last names. And no, not everyone



Rudy's Dock, Tangier Island, Virginia; oil, 48 × 36 inches.

on Tangier is related.

This island has earned a living on the water since John Smith got here.

Not any more.

Five years ago we had most of our men on the water. Today there's a handfull left out there. Lots of them, my husband included, are working the tug boats. Three weeks away, three weeks home. Try it ladies. You will not like it.

Our dialect is considered Elizabethan and comes from Cornwall, England, where John Crockett and his four sons sailed from. Today our dialect is pure Tangier. When you hear two men from this island in heavy conversation, you won't understand a word they say. I don't.

To this day there is no documentation why Tangier was named Tangier. There are lots of theories about that. If you're going to walk, this road makes a complete circle around the island. Take you about half an hour. And your boat's leaving today at 4 o'clock, not 4:01.



Fixerupper Rides Out Another Storm, watercolor, 22 × 15 inches.

SCENE TWO

DOUBLE SIX CAFÉ 3AM

LISA is at stage left seated at a table drinking a cup of coffee.

JIM, the mayor, enters left, just another fisherman dressed for work. It's quiet.

JIM

(Now in front of Coffee Shop painting.)
Mornin' Lisa.

LISA

Morning.

He smiles, shakes his head. JIM with a mug of coffee in his hand.

JIM

(drinks, pauses) (standing)
Looks like rain.

LISA

It does.

JIM

There's a law suit.

LISA

A law suit?

JIM

Got a call last night. Man from Crisfield
suing State of Virginia for canceling
winter dredging.

LISA

Law suit!

JIM

(pulls out a sheet of paper)

He says it's unconstitutional, required
procedure has not been
Followed! (Reads) "closing the dredging
grounds without compensation has put
undue hardship on these men." (Pause) The
price of fuel isn't bad enough.

LISA

Undue hardship. Bout time.

JIM

It is about time. I'm your mayor. I've
been to the meetings and listened to the
bull shit.

LISA

Yep.

JIM

I never get to say anything.

LISA

Nope.

JIM

(getting upset)
I try, the Big Bugs don't listen.
We just always do what they say, do this,
do that, crab when, crab where . . .
s'wonder they don't tell us what to wear.

LISA

(quietly chuckles)

JIM

Have any of those guys, any of those
politicians . . . any of those
SCIENTISTS . . . ever caught a crab other
than when they're rowing out to their yacht on a
weekend?

LISA

Nope.

JIM

Not if they were starving to death. They
bring their boat out here, do their
surveys where there ARE no crabs. They go
to the same place every year! Even Crazy
Billy wouldn't crab where they survey.
They think they're Peter on the Hill.

LISA

(chuckles)



Crab Buoys, oil, 30 × 20 inches.

JIM

They are Twee-wangled.
We tell em where to find crabs, they
don't listen. Take any ten of us. How many years
on the water we got collectively? Mebbe 300? But they
don't listen. They don't WANNA find crabs!
They find crabs, they got no job. Hell
there's crabs all over the bottom..

LISA

Yep.

(Light on picture of Phil's painting of Crab Shanties.)

JIM

Robert had to lease three vacant
shanties he's got so many crabs. One of the
best years since 1988. Ed, Peter, Frank,
they all have two shanties. Jerry's
keeping crabs in blow up pools from
Walmart's. But no, the scientists can't
find crabs.

LISA

(shaking her head)

Couldn't find a crab if it bit 'em.

JIM

So they do another expensive survey, make
new rules, tell US how it works, as if we
don't know. Now we're takin' it to em.
'Bout time. S'bout time.



Winter Oystering on Skipjack Number Seventeen, oil, 30 x 24 inches

LISA

'Bout time.

JIM

Gary over to the railway says to me
yesterday they jus' wanna get rid of us.
Save the Bay for the sport fishermen.
Mebbe he's right. He says they should
forget the surveys, send us the money if
they don't want us workin'. Like they pay
farmers not to farm. S'gotta point.

LISA

Yes he does.

JIM

I got twenty grand tied up in gear for
winter dredging.

LISA

You're not the only one.

JIM

Undue hardship. How many guys we lost off
the water anyway, working the tug boats
out of Philadelphia? 70 in the last three
years? Or to the prison in Princess Ann.
That's good work

LISA

Not! Undue hardship.



JIM

Unconstitutional.

LISA

Amen.

JIM

Fishing gone.

LISA

Fishing gone.

JIM

Stick it to 'em. They don't understand us,
mebbe they'll understand a law suit.
Mebbe that's all they understand.

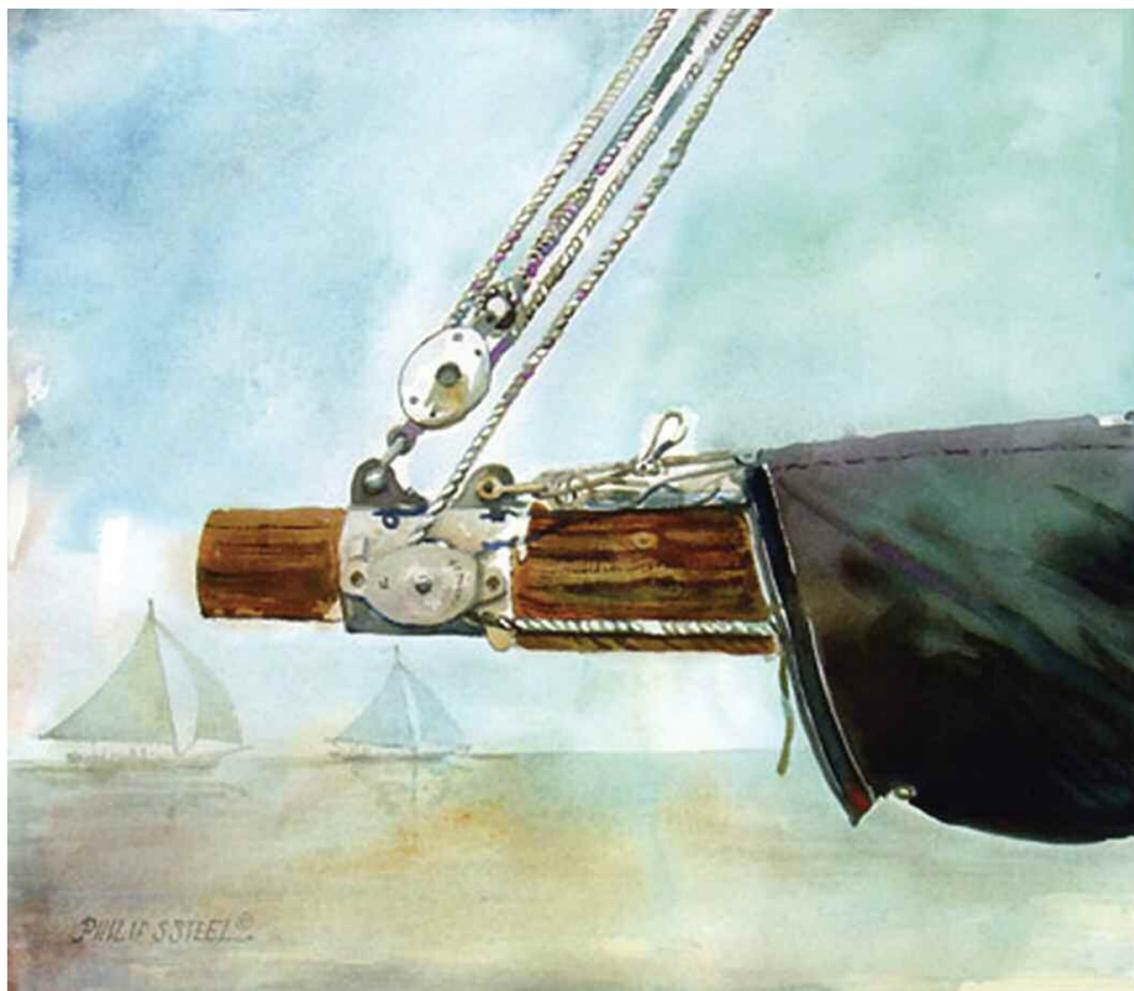
LISA

(strong)

Stick it to 'em.

(Light fade to black.)





The Last Skipjack, watercolor, 22 × 19 inches.

SCENE THREE

Stage is dark except for illumination of JIM sitting in overstuffed armchair with papers scattered around his feet and in his lap. JIM has fallen asleep. The GHOST OF FISHING PAST enters in a skiff on rollers controlled by two lines leading offstage right and left. GHOST is dressed like the other fisherman, except he has wings on his hat. GHOST arrives singing a few lines from “Tangier Crabbing Man.” GHOST stops beside JIM and peers at him. JIM opens his eyes with start, and warily gets up.

JIM

What the hell are you?

GHOST

Just a guy trying to catch a crab.

JIM

In my house?

GHOST

You the mayor?

JIM

Yes I am.

GHOST

Then I’m in the right house.

GHOST

(He picks up a hand-held GPS)

Sometimes I have trouble with this GPS.
Now don’t worry your head. I happen to be
the Ghost of Fishing Past. All you got to
do is dream about me and poof, I show up.

I meet some strange and wonderful people,
mostly strange. I got this magic crab pot
that is never empty.

JIM

What do you want with me? Am I dead?

GHOST

No no, and just hold on, it's what you
want with me, Mr. Mayor. You dreamed me
in, remember?

JIM

Yeah, I was dreaming about the old days.

GHOST

The "good" old days?

JIM

I didn't say that.

GHOST

Good. 'Cause the old days weren't that
"good," y'know. Everything looks better
from a distance—your boat, your
girlfriend, especially the past.

Don't believe everything you read. Lot of
romance involved in this business. You
know what romance is? A dirty, usually
dangerous job with the dirt and danger
removed years later by people who didn't
have to do it. Aye, laddy, them that
die'll be the lucky ones.



JIM

Who said that? A friend of mine says it
all the time. I know he didn't make it up.

GHOST

Robert Lewis Stevenson wrote that.
Treasure Island. Great book. All about
pirates and treachery.

JIM

Pirates and treachery. Sounds like
Tangier today. Pirates from the State of
Virginia doing treachery to the
fishermen.

GHOST

Anyway, don't be fooled by the "romance" of
the old days. Everybody's seen the
pictures and heard the stories 'bout the
picking houses and the packing houses and
the piles of oyster shells high as the
church steeple and how roads were paved
with them. A true bounty it was. I've
answered a few dreams up in New England
when their Ghost was out sick, and in the
old days the explorers' boats were nearly
beset by cod fish. They sent barrels of
'em back to England.

JIM

I remember goin' with my dad to get
horseshoe crabs over in Lewes, Delaware.
We'd fill the back of his truck, take 'em



home and freeze 'em. Then cut 'em up in the band saw and bait eel traps with 'em. We'd cut up the eels, salt 'em down, and bait the crab pots. It wasn't so long ago we did that.

GHOST

Romance.

JIM

Hell no it weren't romance. It was the nice natural way of things, and sociable too. We'd see old pals every year. Lots of beer was drunk. I was havin' to drive home when I was barely able to reach the pedals. But it worked. And the horseshoe crabs were free for the takin'.

GHOST

Yeah and gas was 60 cents a gallon, and a quart of milk was a quarter and where are those horseshoe crabs now? Still plenty of em? No? Ever wonder . . . why? They were not good old days. Not for the fisherman anyway. Who you think made the money? Same guys that always make the money. The middle guys, the buyers and packers. Not you salts with your little boats, your crab pots, dredges and oyster tongs. You did okay, you made a living, but you didn't get rich. Wanna get rich? Invent the iPhone, play in the NBA. Naw, you fish because you have to fish. It's in your blood, in your genes, being on the water, just you and your boat,



independent, free, using your muscles, breathing the good air, hanging out with Mother Nature.

JIM

Who's being romantic now? You must never been out there in winter. Never mind. You're right. Okay, so we don't get rich, but don't we deserve to make a living?

GHOST

Deserve? Dee-serve? Don't talk trash to me, son. Look at me. I do a good job if I do say so, on call 24/7, no dream too large, too small, too frilly, or too scary. Nightmares a specialty. I'm conscientious, an equal opportunity dream consultant. Maybe I think I deserve a bigger boat, something with a little cuddy up forward, with a head, yeah, and a comfy V-berth, a little heater against the winter chill, hot and cold running water, why not, and a little TV set, that's right, maybe a fridge to chill a few beers. HA! What a laugh. You know why? Cause I'm the only one thinks so. I tell my boss that, he laughs all the way home in his Cadillac. "Deserve?" Some nerve.

JIM

Your boss?



GHOST

I'll tell you something else. If all them Cod fish were around now, if the oyster reefs were big enough to rip keels off passing boats, if there was Jimmys and Sooks all over the bottom, it wouldn't matter. Y'know why? Cause people in this country don't eat fish! No lie. I've seen the figures. Only 16 percent of the people in the USA eat fish. That's it. Period. You eat fish. I eat fish. Without us it would be 15 point 9 percent.

JIM scratches his head at this news.

GHOST (Cont'd)

Tell you a story. Guy dreamed me in one night is all upset cause he quit crabbin'. Guy's from around here. Not at liberty to say his name. Dream client/GHOST privilege. Anyway this guy worked on the water since high school, tried other stuff, then got himself a boat for oysterin' and crabbin'. This is the late 70s. He comes in one day with 30 bushel of crabs. There were so many crabs around he couldn't sell 'em. Three dollars a bushel, and nobody wanted 'em. His buyer said sorry, there are senior guys in front of you. He tried other towns. No luck. Couldn't sell 'em on the street. Couldn't give 'em away! Dumped 30 bushels of crabs back in the water, went home, pulled his 200 pots, sold 'em to the



GLOSSARY

Blue Crabs

"Jimmy"

A male blue crab, known as a "Jimmy" to watermen, has a long, narrow, inverted "T" shaped apron and blue-tipped claws.

Unlike female blue crabs, there is no easy way to distinguish the sexual maturity of the male. However, upon close inspection, you will note that the apron of the adolescent male is tightly sealed to his body whereas the adult male is free to open his apron (like the mature female, the male opens his apron in order to mate.) The adult male has locking spines adjacent to the fifth thoracic segment which hold his apron shut.



Adult male blue crab

"Sally"

An immature (adolescent) female blue crab, known as a "Sally" or "She-Crab" to watermen, is easily identified as having an inverted "V" or triangular shaped apron and red-tipped claws. Her apron is tightly sealed to her body and does not open since she cannot mate or carry eggs.



Adolescent female blue crab

"Sook"

A mature (adult) female blue crab, known as a "Sook" to watermen, is identified as having an inverted "U" or bell-shaped apron and red-tipped claws. Her broadly rounded abdomen is free to open and is not sealed shut as before. She must open her apron in order to mate and to carry eggs.



Adult female blue crab

Eastern Oyster

Crassostrea virginica

The eastern oyster is a bivalve mollusk with rough shells that vary in color from grayish to white.

- The right, or top, valve is flat.
- The left, or bottom, valve is cupped and has a purple muscle scar on the inside.
- The size and shape of the shells varies depending on the oyster's environment, but they generally grow to about 3 to 4 inches.



highest bidder, never worked on the water again.

JIM

Wha'd you tell him?

GHOST

I told him he did the right thing! Supply and demand, son. No demand, supply don't mean diddly. What else he gonna do?

JIM

See, that's not our problem. The price is decent, there is enough demand from your 16 percent, and we've got supply. Crabs anyway. Not so many oysters. But now we've got politicians and scientists and tree huggers out to get us. One of our more paranoid guys claims they want to drive us off the water. Some days it looks like he has a point. Somethin's going on. Pirates and treachery. How's that line go again?

GHOST

(Clears his throat and gives it his most dramatic delivery)
"Aye, laddies, them that die'll be the lucky ones."

JIM

(Sags back in his chair with a sigh, looks at the ceiling)
I hope not.



GHOST

There's a guy you ought to talk to. Very smart guy.

JIM

Met him in a dream, I suppose.

GHOST

Where else? Not all my clients are strange.

JIM

What was his dream?

GHOST

Well he's a DNR guy, Department of

JIM

Yeah, I know, Natural Resources. Spare me.

GHOST

He kept dreaming the Bay dried up and it became like the Salt Flats in Utah where they run the speed trials.

JIM

No kidding. I thought global warming was gonna cause the Bay to rise and drown everybody.

GHOST

I said it was a dream. And who knows what global warming is gonna do? You ought to meet this guy. He's not your typical tree hugger. Knows his stuff. Taught me a lot.



JIM

Oh-kay. How do I find him?

GHOST

Got a pencil? Here's his email

Fade to black



American Blue Crab



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SCENE FOUR

Steel painting of the dock is illuminated.

LISA is facing the audience.

JIM is on bench left, talking with another fisherman.

We hear the same offstage voice we heard in SCENE TWO.

LISA waves to identify herself, then engages the audience. (Again, audience is the tourists.)

LISA

This is a walking tour, so try and keep up. We have 600 residents living on the island year round. We have one police officer, we do not have a jail.

But don't get any ideas. We have a direct line to the outside County Sheriff's

Department. . . . excuse me just a moment. . . .

LISA almost disappears offstage left as she talks, but she spies one man who has separated from the group. He is moving from right to left, center stage, taking everything in. LISA eyed him as he went by. He eyed her. He is a good looking guy in his late 40s dressed all in khaki, carrying a portfolio case. This is WALTER the DNR guy.

LISA (Cont'd)

(to Walter)

Are you going to join the tour? Come on if you are.

WALTER

Hi. I'm Walter. Department of Natural Resources.

LISA

(chilly)

You don't say. I'm Lisa.



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WALTER

You live here?

LISA

Save it, I've got these people waiting.

WALTER

Sorry. I'm supposed to meet with Jim,
the Mayor.

LISA

(points)

That's him, the tall skinny one with the
red hat.

WALTER looks where LISA is pointing, at the bench where JIM is talking in heavy Tangier dialect and laughing to the audience. We hear JIM for a moment, and can't understand a word he is saying.

JIM

(in dialect)

So I told him her leg's broke, soft as
caterpillar fur.

The other man laughs.

WALTER

(facing LISA)

What language is he speaking?

LISA

(laughs)

That's our island dialect. When a couple
men get going it may as well be Martian.
Even I can't understand them.



Main Street at Daybreak, Tangier Island, Virginia; oil, 48 × 36 inches.

WALTER

That must come in handy.

LISA

For them I'm sure it does

JIM

(leaves his friend who exits, approaches Walter)

Are you Walter Draper?

LISA

See you.

(aside)

I hope.

LISA hurries off right to catch up with her group.

WALTER

(shaking hands with JIM)

You must be the mayor.

JIM

That I am. Thank you for coming.

WALTER

How'd you find me?

JIM

Would you believe it came to me in a dream?

WALTER

Yes I would. Yes indeed.

JIM

The thing is, Walter, we're getting beat up here, the fishermen. Hard to make a living on the water anymore. The State is coming down on us. We feel singled out. There's a law suit. And there's crabs!

It's a good year, but it's like you guys don't want to admit it. It's a hard time.

This island offers only one way to make a living. On the water. Can't do that, you gotta commute. And it's a long commute.

Or you can leave. Population's down.

Young people are leaving. The average age of our population goes up every year.

WALTER

I know.

JIM

Come on. We'll get something to eat.

JIM and WALTER walk off as the lights dim.



SCENE FIVE

Phil's painting of Morning Coffee Shop is the backdrop. JIM and WALTER enter, sit at a table on stage center. There are three chairs. JIM has a hunk of line with him that he fools with. There is an easel set up near the table.

WALTER

Interesting place.

JIM

(indicating painting)

Opens at 3 AM for the working guys. At 7 the old timers and out of work guys come in to argue. Closes at 8 AM. Opens at 11 AM for lunch, closes at 1 PM. Been here forever.

WALTER

That's one of the problems.

JIM

What's that?

WALTER

The forever thing. This whole place has been here forever, or since the 1600s. That's 400 years, which may as well be forever. This is a stable, isolated place trying to exist in an unstable world. Tough assignment.

JIM

Unstable world.



As Walter speaks he gets up, opens his briefcase, and takes out a painting, sets it on easel.

WALTER

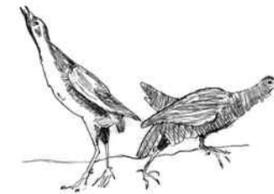
I'll tell you how unstable it is. The balance is always being upset by something. It's just the way of it. Circumstances. Call it progress. Call it change. Consider this bird, the Sora Rail.

JIM

Sora Rail?

WALTER

The Sora Rail. Not a big bird. Rails spend summers in the Great Lakes, ride the wind to the Chesapeake in the Fall. They used to stop at the Pautuxent River to fatten up on the rice that grows there. Then they'd fly on to Georgia or the Carolinas for the winter. A friend who has been trapping them for years and putting tiny radio beacons on them does 600 birds a year. Suddenly he was down to 60 birds. Why? He found out it has to do with the corn picker.



JIM

The corn picker?

WALTER

The corn picker came to the Delmarva Peninsula in the 1940s. It left corn in the fields. Canada Geese, flying south for the winter saw the corn, stopped to



eat. Hunting them became a good new business. After many years, the lazy geese decided winter in the Delmarva was okay, and stayed. These resident geese discovered the rice. When the Sora Rails arrived, there was no rice left to eat. Word got out. No more Rails.

JIM
No more Rails.

WALTER
Consider the shark.

JIM
The shark?

LISA walks in.

LISA
S'cuse me Walter, but I wanted to remind you that boat leaves at 4 o'clock sharp, not 4 oh one.

JIM
Hey Lisa, come on in, sit down you might learn something.

LISA
Maybe I will if you don't mind.

WALTER
Please do.



Elva-C, a Chesapeake buy boat, watercolor; 30 × 22 inches

WALTER jumps up, arranges LISA's chair. JIM exchanges a teasing glance with the audience. LISA looks proud.

WALTER
Where was I?

LISA
The shark.

WALTER
Right. The shark population is down in the ocean. That's okay, you might say, not so dangerous for swimming and diving. But here's the thing. The shark preys on rays. That's good, because the rays love oyster larvae. So when we try to replace reefs by planting shells and larvae, it's all gone in a few days because there are too many rays now that the shark population is down. Circumstances. The ripple effect. You can't change anything without effecting the whole thing.

JIM
Meaning with so many fishermen packing it in, the guy with the hardware store who sells gear, and the guy runs the fuel dock, and the rail way company that repairs the boats, they are all hurting.

LISA
Rockfish eat crabs, right?



WALTER
Right.
LISA
And the State protects rock fish, right?

WALTER
Right.
LISA
I'll say. Season's two weeks in May with a 32 inch minimum, then May 16 to June 16, 2 fish limit, 18 inch minimum – 28 inch maximum – so complicated you got to carry the book with you. If they're so worried about the crabs, why protect the fish that eats em?

WALTER
It's about balance.

LISA
What about our balance?

WALTER
Let's talk about your balance. Oysters and crabs. There's not much to say about oysters. We're still harvesting oysters, 80,000 to 120,000 bushels a year. That's not the 1 to 2 million bushels we used to get. As an industry, oysters are finished. Disease is a major culprit. MSX started having an effect here in the mid



1980s. We think it came in with plantings of the Japanese/Pacific oyster. A few years later, another oyster disease came from oysters brought in from the Gulf of Mexico. Dermo, we call it, short for a long Latin name. These diseases have had an impact on crabs, too. Crabs hang out on oyster reefs and eat baby oysters.

LISA
Disease?

JIM
So who were the bright guys who brought in those diseased oysters? Could it have been . . . THE SCIENTISTS?!

WALTER
Probably. But don't go pointing your finger too hard. Scientists do a lot of good work, but they're not always right. Who is? I'm a scientist, I know. And nothing is that simple. They burned witches in Salem to get rid of the devil, but that sure didn't get rid of the devilry. You can't solve the fishing problem by hanging all the scientists any more than you can solve the problem by stringing up the all the fishermen who take undersize oysters and crabs, or who've been abusing the limits for years, or who could care less about the environment.



JIM and LISA
(not pleased with this remark)
Oooooow.

There's a nervous moment of silence. Both glare at WALTER, who has hit a nerve. WALTER shrugs. JIM gets up from the table, throws a bowline into the rope he's been fooling with, and holds it up in a menacing way.

JIM
(being threatening)
What if we hang just a few, wouldn't that send a message?

Angry now, JIM turns and walks off.

WALTER
That was a little scary. But it's true, you know. I checked the records before I came out here. The Natural Resources Police make hundreds of justifiable busts every year, not just here, everywhere on the Bay. I get riled when all I hear is about the bad politicians and dumb scientists. These guys have to step up and take some blame.

LISA
What do you expect? You're in the enemy camp. And this island, I can't pretend this place isn't different. The bed and breakfasts start serving dinner at 5 o'clock. It's island time. People here get up at 3 AM. A guy who visited here sent me a poem he wrote after he got home. I carry it around with me.



LISA pulls a crumpled sheet out of her pocket and reads it:

LISA

Land sakes alive, dinner at five, can
that mean bed before nine?
Must be on Tangier, you can't buy a beer for a
nickel, even a dime.
On this tight little isle, where everyone smiles,
in the middle of Chesapeake Bay,
they talk so strange, their words rearrange,
must all have a mouthful of hay.
No privacy here, they don't miss a hair,
even thoughts get censored at length;
by Tangier wives, queens in hives,
empowered with an awesome strength.
They treat strangers nice – for your tea, more ice?
But they all have an other world look
After dark falls, they must make eerie calls,
and turn into pale ghostly spooks.

WALTER

Wow. Pale ghostly spooks!

LISA

I know. But I can understand. To
outsiders, this place is unusual. Our
graveyard is above ground, you know.
Because of the high water table. That's
pretty spooky. We're isolated, we march
to our own set of rules that work for us.



WALTER

Why'd you stay? Why'd you leave
Baltimore? You're great looking. I bet
you were a young girl with city lights in her eyes,
used to the fast pace, so much to do . . .

LISA

My older sisters married guys from here,
so I spent summers and vacations with
them. Then I came out and lived
with my sisters and did 4th and 5th
grades here. It was fun growing up in
Baltimore, but if you're an outdoorsy
person it's more fun here. We have a
three mile long beach. Everything is so
free here, and it's freedom without
the dangers of the city.

WALTER

I guess people might call it a backwater,
no offense meant.

LISA

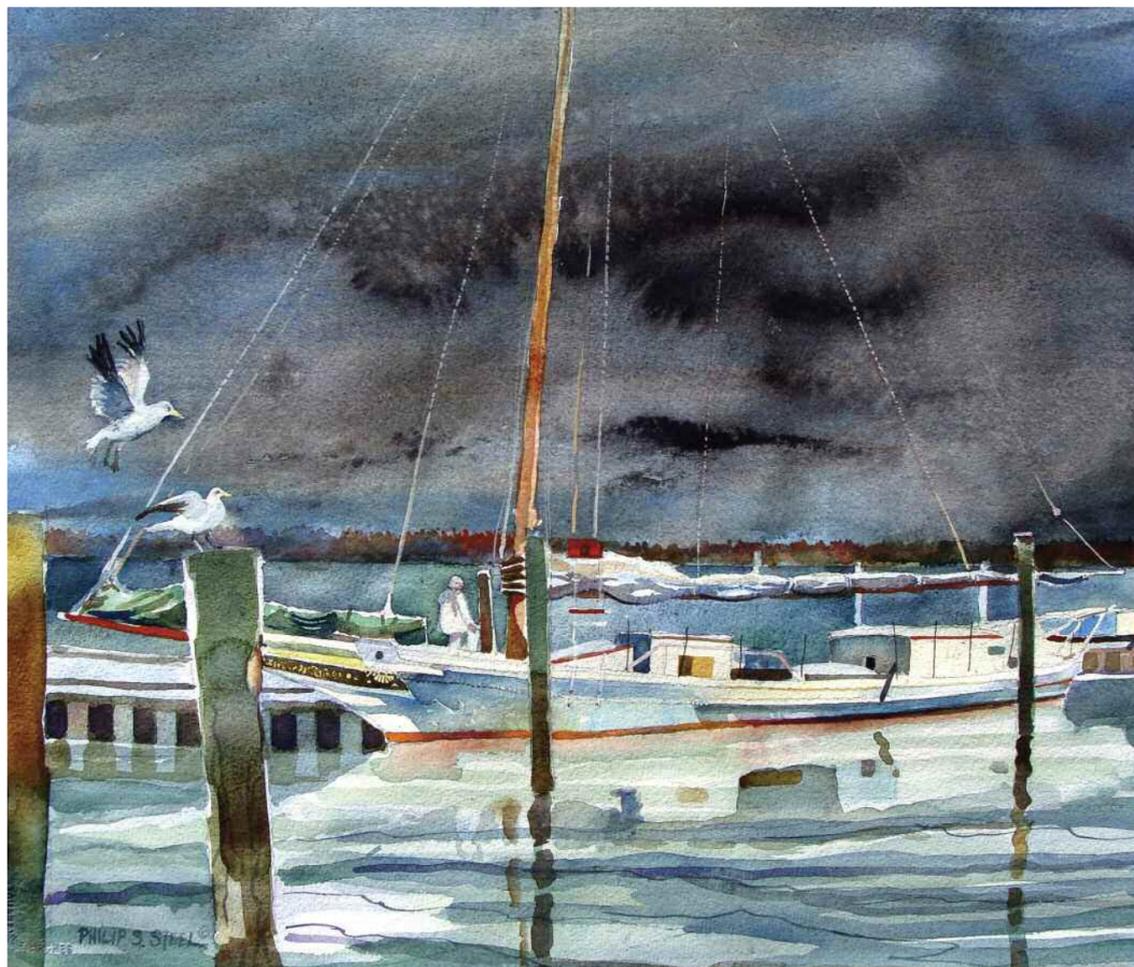
No offense taken. It is. Out of time, out
of mind. We didn't get electricity out
here until the 50s. But the guys are good
guys, Walter. They act tough. But they'd
never hang anybody.

(pause, smiles)

They'd just feed 'em to the crabs.

WALTER reacts, LISA chuckles.





The Herman M. Krentz, a skipjack; watercolor, 15 × 22 inches.

SCENE SIX

Stage is dark with lighted areas left and right. Stage left, JIM is set up as in SCENE THREE, in his overstuffed armchair, light above. He is on the telephone, listening. Stage right is the painting studio of PADDY CROCKETT, a man in his 70s dressed in paint stained jeans and a ragged T shirt. His hair is long and wild. He is painting on a canvas with its back to the audience. There is a clutter of paint pots, brushes, and toys scattered around. His stereo is blaring the 7th symphony of Bruchner (end of 2nd movement).

PADDY is caught up in the music. Over the music we hear a phone ringing, and ringing. PADDY cocks his head, goes to the stereo and switches it off. The phone rings. PADDY searches frantically for it. Finally he puts it to his ear and yells:

PADDY
HELLO!

JIM
(winces and pulls the phone away from his ear)

PADDY
(quieter but as intense)
Hello, hello? Who is it?

JIM
Paddy Crockett?

PADDY
Who wants to know?

JIM
This is Jim Wheeler from Tangier.

PADDY
Jim who?

JIM

Wheeler. Jim Wheeler.

PADDY

How'd you get my number?

JIM

I'm the mayor of Tangier.

PADDY

La di da. How'd you get my number, damn it. I don't take calls from strangers. I'm hanging up, good bye. . .

JIM

WAIT! I know the rules. You don't take calls, but if I get you to answer you'll listen for at least one minute.

PADDY

Who told you that!

JIM

Same person who gave me your number.

PADDY

And just who might that be?

JIM

If I told you they'd feed me to the crabs.



PADDY

They'll have to wait in line. What do you want?

JIM

I need help. Your ancestors founded Tangier. You were born here, you fished as a kid, worked the water before you went off and became a scientist, helped figure out what worked for everybody. Then you up and disappeared. But no one knows more about the Bay than you. We're dying out here. The state is on our backs, canceled winter dredging without any warning. We got 70 guys on the tug boats, I'm trying to understand. . . .

PADDY

(interrupts)

Are you Gloria Wheeler's grandson?

JIM

Yes I am.

PADDY

(softens)

Ahh, how is Gloria?

JIM

She's fine. Gettin' older.

PADDY

Tell me about it. So you want to know why fishing's gone.



JIM
That's about it.

PADDY pauses, walks around, rubs his hair.

JIM (Cont'd)
You there?

PADDY
(fussing with the phone)
I'm putting you on speaker phone. Okay?
You hear me? Damn thing.

JIM
I hear you.

PADDY
Your grandmom still singing?

JIM
Like a bird.

PADDY
What a voice. Ahh, what a voice.

Paddy reaches in cooler for beer.

JIM
You there?

PADDY
Yep.



Paddy's Partially Finished Painting of Pretty Blond Girl; oil, 24 × 36 inches.

Paddy picks up a brush and begins painting energetically, in spurts, on the canvas. Then as he talks he roams the studio, picking things up, using his hands as though JIM could see him.

PADDY (Cont'd)

I keep up. Don't want to, can't avoid it.
Had to get out before it drove me crazy.
Because there was no way to fix it! Crab
landings have been down since the early
90s. Some said it was overfishing, and
that was part of it, but we figured out
it was the wind patterns.
Spawn is released near the mouth of the
Bay. The eggs get into the two-layer
current: fresh water on top effected by
the sea wind. Salt water on the bottom
effected by the land wind. Then the nor'easters
drive water into the Bay. The
water is pushed out in the short term,
but the ocean effect overwhelms it,
drives the water and all those eggs back
in. You with me?

JIM

I'm with you.

PADDY

But if those nor'easters don't come, the
eggs and larvae don't survive. So there's
nothin' to do about that. Out of our hands.

JIM

What prevents the nor'easters?



PADDY

What creates em? You'll have to make
another call because I don't have a clue.
But I can tell you this. The skipjacks
arrived on the Bay around 1880. They came
from the north, Long Island Sound. Until
then it was all hand tongin' for oysters.
The skipjack was the first boat to drag a
dredge across an oyster reef, a so-called
lump. Hell, the oyster reefs were so big
John Smith's ships ran aground on them
when he explored the Bay in 1608. But the
skipjack broke them down. This wasn't
good because the oysters don't like to be
in the mud. They like to be off the
bottom. The reefs provided them with a
hard foundation. You know who liked the
reefs? The sea nettle. This was good
because the sea nettle eats the comb
jellies, those tennis ball sized clear
jellies kids throw at each other. There's
nothing comb jellies like better than
oyster larvae. Now the reefs are gone,
there aren't so many sea nettles, and the
comb jellies are having a field day.

JIM

More sequences, more ripple effects.

PADDY

Absolutely! You get an A, Mr. Mayor. You know
what they call oysters growing in the mud?



JIM

Snaps

PADDY

Right. You know why?

JIM

Cause you can snap 'em in half with one hand.

PADDY

(getting incensed)

Right again. So the oysters were having a problem even before the diseases got here. Like the poor old ducks, when those bozos were using punt guns on them, firing barrels full of nails, killing hundreds in a day, thinking they were so clever, posing for pictures, Damn fools!

JIM

Didn't mean to get you upset.

PADDY

That's why I don't take calls. If it isn't you it's something else. I've unplugged the television. Don't take it personal. The problem is the natural cycle has been aggravated by nutrients, nitrogen from farms and from the atmosphere, power plants, vehicle exhaust, people pollution. A constant bloom of algae blocks the sun and keeps the aquatic plants from growing.



The plants used to grow in depths of six feet. Now it's too cloudy. They only grow in the shallows. We figured there used to be 600,000 tons of aquatic plants in the Bay. Today, maybe 125,000 tons. No aquatics means more erosion. No aquatics means no grass beds where the crabs can find cover when they molt.

JIM

Discouraging.

PADDY

(painting)

Aren't you glad you called? How'd you get this number? She told you, didn't she? Who else? Never mind. You wonder why I get crazy. Last year we had this presidential campaign that wouldn't quit, and after all the time and money spent, nobody, not one candidate, not even the Libertarian guy, talked about our biggest A-number one problem: population. Jim, you know how many people live around the Bay? Would you believe 17 million? 17 million of us brushing our teeth, doing laundry, manufacturing products, flying planes, driving cars and trucks, flushing toilets, burning trash. . . . Think of it! 17 million people squeezed around 4400 square miles of a poor little shallow Bay. We're out of room.



PADDY dabs the canvas. He walks around in a state. JIM is slumped in the chair with his hands over his eyes.

PADDY (Cont'd)

You know how many Indians – excuse me, Native Americans – lived here before the first contact? 100,000 close as we can figures. Hell, just look at Tangier. In 1800, 79 souls on the island. Eight years later, 589 people. In 1900, 1064 inhabitants. Now it's going the other way. You want to talk about sequences and ripple effects? And they call it progress.

PADDY is talked out. He collapses into a chair.

PADDY (Cont'd)

Still there?

JIM

Barely.

PADDY

Well listen Jimbo, things are the way they are. There's no rewind on this tape they call life. You have to change your head about it. That's what I did. I paint pictures now. Got a little gallery that sells them. Pays the rent. Think of when my ancestors arrived on that little hunk of wet mud called Tangier. Nothing they did in the old country prepared them for catching crabs



and oysters. They were farmers, so they farmed. But as the land eroded, got smaller, they learned to fish because they had to. And they did okay with it. Now it's your turn to figure it out, "embrace change," as they say. But you better hurry. Global warming is gonna make Tangier a nice underwater settlement for crabs. Maybe you could start a floaters factory out there, cause everybody's gonna need em.

PADDY chuckles.

JIM

(sarcastic)
Funny.

PADDY

Ha! Now it's you who's backing off. I don't blame ya. But listen, you've got a little piece of paper there, right? ...with my number on it?

JIM looks at the scrap of paper.

PADDY (Cont'd)

Okay, well I want you to eat it. Chew it up and swallow it. Forget you ever saw it. Come on, I want to hear you chewing.

JIM puts the paper in his mouth, chews.



PADDY (Cont'd)

Good. I hear it. And listen. . . .

PADDY lifts up the canvas he's been working on, and stares at it. He walks around and places it on the other side of the easel, facing the audience. His form still blocks it. Then he walks away, leans into the speaker for the phone. The painting is revealed as a portrait of a beautiful young woman by Philip Steel.

PADDY (Cont'd)

...If you tell anyone we talked you'll regret it. But do me a favor, tell your grandmom – tell Gloria – tell her Paddy says hello.

Fade to black



SCENE SEVEN

Phil's painting of Rudy's Dock behind LISA who is seated at a little table sipping a drink. JIM enters with STEWART the tourism guy who carries a briefcase.

STEWART

Hey Lisa!

LISA

Hey, Stewart, how did I miss you? Didn't know you were here.

STEWART

(gives Lisa a professional hug)
A friend flew me over this morning.

LISA

Getting fancy on us, flying in. Wha'd he do, leave without you?

STEWART

Yeah, he got worried about the weather. Jim and I just met with the curators over at the Tangier museum.

LISA

Still workin' on the brochure?

STEWART

Yes, I'll show you.

STEWART opens his case and takes out a sheet. LISA peers at it.



LISA

Same picture! Stewart, I told you that picture has to go. It's awful!

STEWART

Pretend it isn't there. It's gone. See the fat line through it? This is a marked up copy.

To JIM, pretend peeved.

STEWART (Cont'd)

Why doesn't Lisa ever tell us what she really thinks?

JIM

Too shy.

STEWART

So that's it.

LISA

(ignores the byplay)

I don't understand why you're doing another brochure, Stewart. We've got the same bed and breakfasts with the same crab cakes and the same horse and buggy tours we always had. Seems like a waste of money to me.

JIM

Stewart has a new idea. It's not bad.



Waterman's Home, Tangier Island, Virginia; watercolor, 30 × 22 inches.

LISA

Really?

STEWART

Have you heard about, ah, what's his name, the guy who runs Virgin Airlines. . . .

LISA

Sir Richard Branson.

STEWART

Branson, right, thank you. Have you heard about him planning to fly people into space?

JIM

He's gonna charge \$200,000 a ticket.

STEWART

There's a name for that, Lisa.

LISA

A rip off?

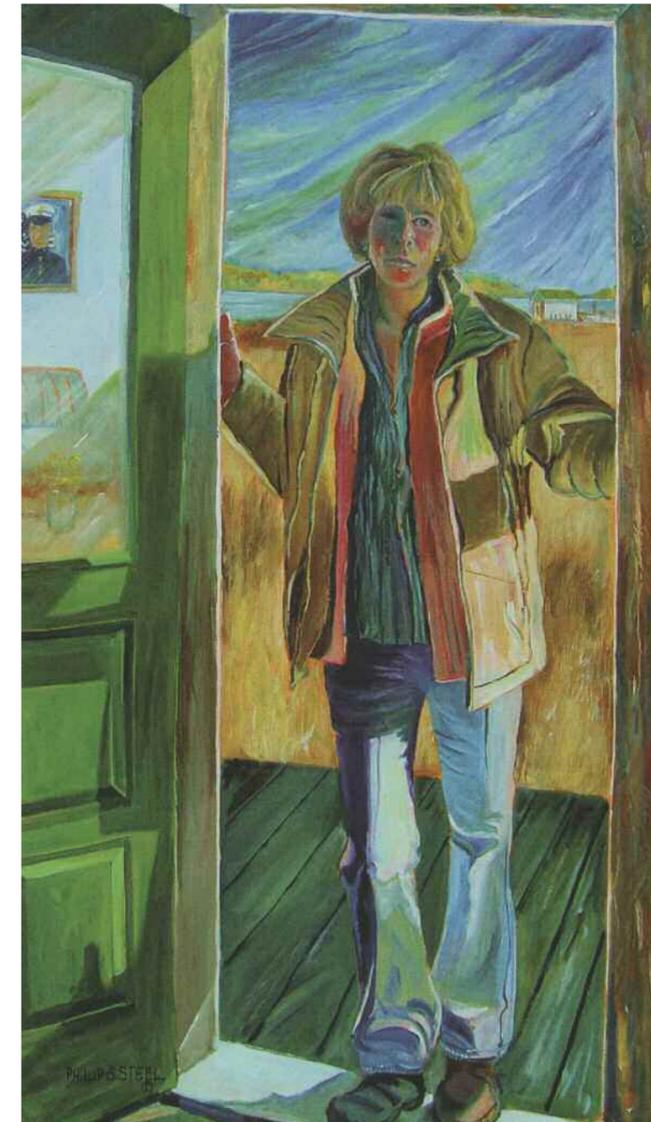
WALTER

(laughs)

No, experiential tourism. Remember Billy Crystal in CITY SLICKERS?

LISA

With Jack Palance.



Lisa, Tangier Island, Virginia; oil, 36 × 48 inches.

Artist's comments:

I first met Lisa on Tangier Island in the summer of 2004. She was a waterman's wife. The waterman's ability to earn a living from fishing is becoming more difficult each year. He puts in an incredible number of hours of hard work, but the depletion of crabs and oysters in the bay has shrunk his income. Lisa works several jobs to compensate. In this painting I wanted to capture not only her frustration but also her strength of character.



Bridge to Morning Services; oil, 36 × 48 inches.

Transportation on Tangier Island is primarily by golf cart. The island is a few feet above high water level, and thus has canals crossing the island to lower the water level.

JIM
When Billy delivers that calf. . . .

STEWART
He was an experiential tourist in that movie. Many people don't want to drive around in the bus anymore, get out and stare for ten minutes, drive on. More and more tourists are looking for memorable experiences, personal experiences. They want to participate. And they'll pay to do it. People pay big bucks to climb Everest. Lots of people.

LISA
I don't want to deliver no calf, thank you.

STEWART
People go on the Sante Fe Trail, walk beside the covered wagon, sleep around the fire using their saddles as pillows, eat stew out of the chuck wagon, help cowboys pitch hay to the stock.

LISA
Different strokes.

STEWART
Absolutely. I'm wondering how much someone would pay to spend 24 hours on Tangier, not in a bed and breakfast or taking a horse and buggy tour, but meeting Jim, having breakfast at 3 AM at

the DOUBLE SIX, going on the water working all day, getting bitten by a few crabs, coming in, working with the soft crabs in the shanty, having dinner at 4 PM and falling into bed exhausted when it's dark under the table?

LISA

(chuckles)

Somebody would pay to do that?

STEWART

You bet they would. They might even want the 48 hour package. In the winter! For some Washington bureaucrat it would be the experience of a lifetime. He'd never forget it.

JIM

Like I've said, not many of the guys here would agree to do it.

STEWART

Not at first. But if it made money they'd soon change their minds. It beats the tugboats, or working in the prison in Princess Ann. They'd come around.

JIM

Some would, some wouldn't.



STEWART

It's a new trick, that's all. A two way street. Your guys would have to learn from the landlubbers just as the landlubbers learned from you.

LISA

(laughs)

The landlubbers couldn't understand them.

STEWART

We could send them to Berlitz.

LISA

The landlubbers?

STEWART

No, the fishermen.

Laughter.

JIM

The point is, Stewart is on to something. He's saying we've got something unique to sell.

STEWART

Darn right. They've got a big experiential program going on in Charles County, on the Western Shore. And all they've got is birding, and nature walks. Nothing like what you've got. What you got here is soaked in history, unique, the real McCoy. There's no place quite



like this place, except for Smith Island next door. Can you imagine if we offered a special package that included helping set piles for a new shanty,

He points to Phil's picture of the shanties

STEWART

standing out there ankle deep in mud at low tide, shouting those piles in by jumping on them? I still don't know how they do that. What a job.

LISA

Every shanty was built that way. All the Big Bugs should have to do that.

JIM

It works as long as it's real, as long as enough people out there are still making a living on the water, crabbin' and oysterin'. It don't work at all if it's just an act. And the jury is still out on that.

Tour boat whistle blows. Stewart quickly packs his case, hugs LISA, shakes hands with JIM, and runs off as lights fade to black.



SCENE EIGHT

Paintings of Rudy's dock. Lisa is still at the table as WALTER enters.

LISA

Looks like you missed the boat.

WALTER

(looks at his watch)
Darn. Watch must be slow.

LISA

Must be.

WALTER

Guess I'll have to stay another night.

LISA

I guess.

WALTER

(blurts it out)
Would you like to have dinner? I mean, are you free?

LISA

As a bird.

WALTER

(joshing)
And then we could go dancing, or catch a movie. What you say?



LISA

How good is your imagination?

WALTER

Getting better all the time. I'll pick
you up. Where do you live?

LISA

What are you gonna pick me up in, Walter? Come
on, I've got a golf cart over there.

WALTER takes LISA's arm.

LISA (Cont'd)

This will give them something to talk about.

They walk off chuckling as lights fade to black.



Mat, Waterman of Tangier Island; oil, 30 × 48 inches.

*Mat, like so many others on Tangier Island, has had to give up
crab harvesting. Mat now works on a tug boat.*





Mat's Crab Fishing Boat Patricia Diane; watercolor, 22 × 15 inches.

SCENE NINE

Coffee House paintings. There are several tables and stools with a GROUP of fishermen seated around. JIM is pacing back and forth with a cup of coffee talking with BARRY, one of the fishermen.

BARRY

I'm tellin ya, I don't want no landlubber
hanging with me for 24 hours, no sir.
Couldn't handle it. Could not.

JIM

24 hours once every month or so, how bad
could that be?

BARRY

How bad could it be? I'll tell ya....

JIM

It's the way of the future for us. I'm telling you.

BARRY

How much would it pay?

JIM

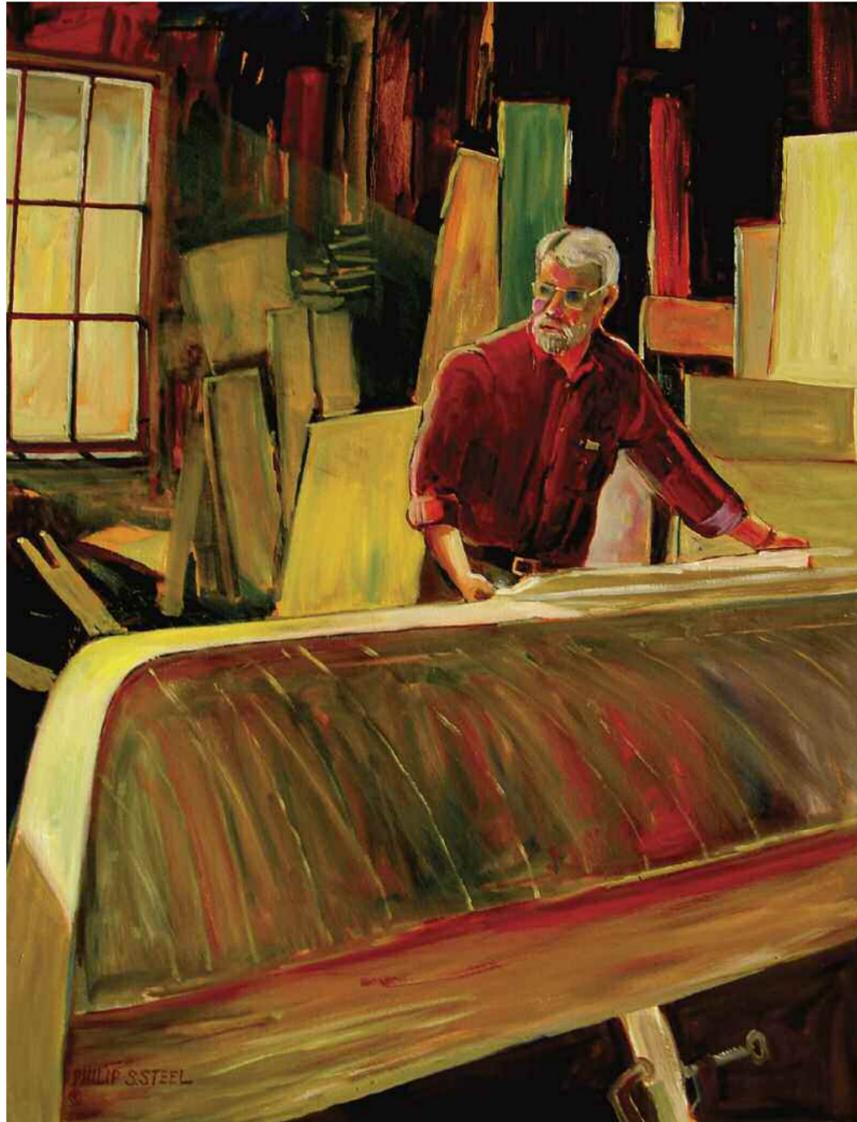
I don't know. More'n you ever made in a day.

BARRY

What in hell would I talk with him about?
I'm used to bein' alone out there.

JIM

Tell him about your kids, complain about
your wife, I dunno, ask him questions.



George Butler, the Last Wooden Boat Builder, Reedville, Virginia; oil, 36 × 42 inches.

You don't know everything. Ask him questions.

BARRY

What questions?

JIM

Well, if he's a banker, ask him about money. If he's a hairdresser, ask him what to put on your hair. I dunno, Barry, what the hell! Put him to work. If he's a pain in the ass, throw him over the side.

BARRY

(laughs)

Now you're talkin'.

JIM

The point is, it's money. But it's also bringing the world to us in a way. People who can afford to buy a package have to be successful.

We can learn from them, figure out how to keep our act together here. We're all gonna have to get smarter to make it work.

Or maybe you want to have to leave here, go dig dirt in West Virginia like Harry and Bella last year? Go work in the prison? Go ahead if you want Barry. But not me. I like this package idea. This ex-peer-ee-enshall tourism thing. People come, they

hang out for 24 hours, they learn, we learn, they leave. It's time to open up, learn some new tricks.

BARRY

Would I have to tuck 'em in?

JIM

Only if you fancy 'em.

Lisa comes in, hands JIM an envelope. JIM opens it, reads, and exults: punches the air, puts both hands over his head.

JIM (Cont'd)

You are NOT going to believe this. You couldn't guess what I have to tell you if you had all day and a crystal ball. But I am gonna give you the word with wool on it.

GROUP

Tell.

JIM

(brandishing a sheet of paper)
Here it is, in this email. That guy in Crisfield? With the law suit? He won! He won his lawsuit against the State of Virginia.

GROUP

Sweet Union!



JIM

Hold on, hold on. It'll be in today's paper. Jury agreed it was unconstitutional, illegal, that the required procedure HAD NOT BEEN FOLLOWED! The State will appeal. But it could take some time. Until then, winter dredging is ON for those with licenses in effect.

GROUP

Sweet Union, Hoorah! Sweet Union, Hoorah!
Sweet Union, Hoorah!

JIM

We are crabbin' men.

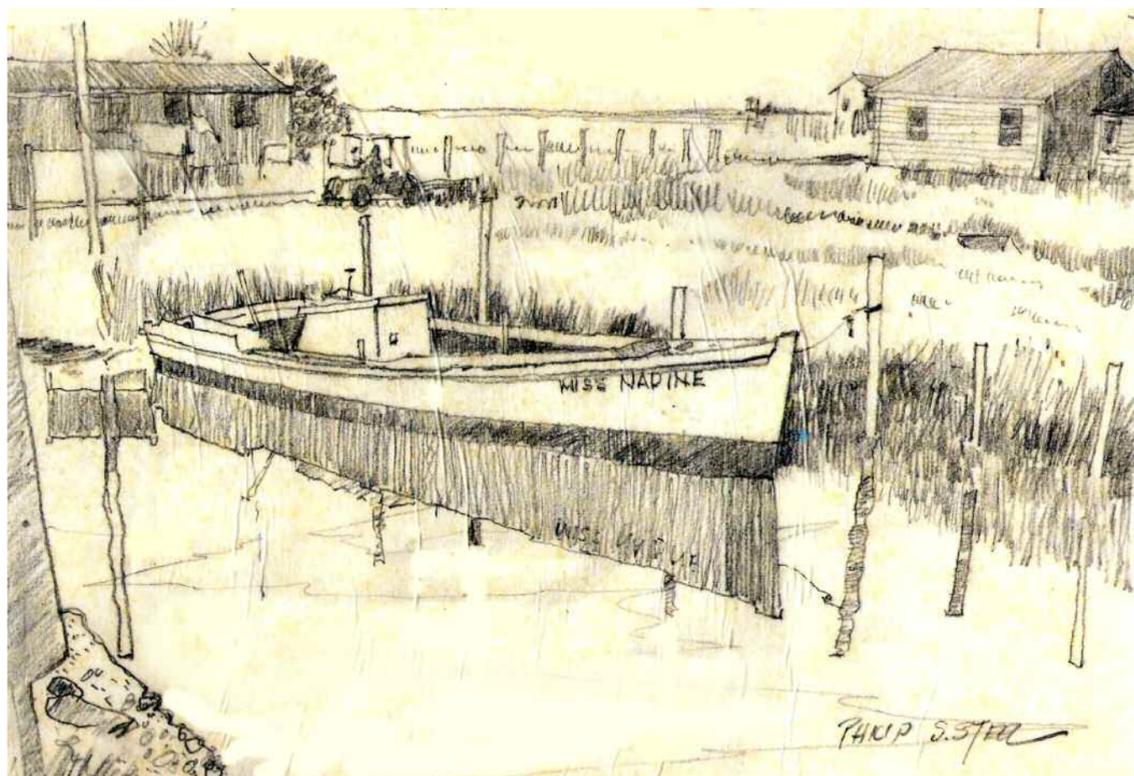
GROUP

We are crabbin' men.

JIM and the audience sing TANGIER CRABBING MAN, words and music by David A. Crockett. As they sing, BARRY changes into WALTER hat and cozies up to LISA. With each verse, WALTER puts on a different hat to represent the characters he has played.

CURTAIN.





Miss Nadine, pencil sketch, 11 × 8.5 inches

TANGIER CRABBING MAN

Words and music by
David A. Crockett

I sit on the bayside
My little town on the Bay
Tangier Island is its name
It is found on the Chesapeake Bay

I sit there watching the sun
Setting in the west
Listen to waves rolling in on the sand
Cause I'm a Tangier Island, Chesapeake Bay crabbing man

I get up early in the morning
Head out across the Bay
Crabbing is the way we live
Just like a farmer making hay

I see the Bay is calm today
But not many times you see
Cause I'm here to tell you, I'm a crabbing man
I'm a Tangier Island, Chesapeake Bay crabbing man

Chorus:

This is my song about the Bay
This is my song where I make my way
This is my song Tangier style
Cause I'm a crabbing man
I'm a Tangier Island, Chesapeake Bay crabbing man



ROGER VAUGHAN

Roger Vaughan grew up in Massachusetts where his father was a small town general practitioner who made house calls. At age 8, Roger began writing, taking photographs, playing music, and sailing, all of which became life long pursuits. Personal offshore yacht racing experiences include the lethal '79 Fastnet Race, and a leg of the Whitbread Race 1990 around Cape Horn. He graduated from the Choate School, and received a BA in English from Brown University.

Vaughan worked in mass print media as reporter, writer, and editor in Philadelphia and New York for ten years, at *Saturday Evening Post*, and *LIFE* magazines. Assigned briefly to *LIFE*'s Chicago Bureau where he covered 17 states, he returned to Manhattan to run *LIFE*'s Youth and Education Department, covering experimental education, the Monterey and Woodstock music festivals, Bob Dylan on tour, and the cultural upheaval of the 1960s.

Fleeing the big city, Vaughan moved to Rhode Island and worked as commercial fisherman, photographer, short-order pizza cook, and Director of Brown's News Bureau before focusing on a freelance writing career after *The Grand Gesture*, his first book, was published in 1973. *Grand Gesture*, about a struggling America's Cup syndicate, began an ongoing involvement with coverage of the America's Cup. He has written eleven books since then, including biographies of media magnate, Ted Turner; the late Berlin Philharmonic Music Director, Herbert von Karajan; and live polio vaccine pioneer, Hilary Koprowski.

Vaughan worked for many years as a writer for ESPN TV; has written and directed a score of videos; co-authored the story for the feature film *Wind*; and was founding editor of *TheYACHT* magazine. Assignments have taken him to 44 of the States, and more than 20 countries.

Writing about accomplished people has always been Vaughan's major interest. Among those he's covered are: Roy Disney, Olin Stephens, Malcolm Forbes, Irving Johnson, Mstislav Rostropovich, Ann Sophie Mutter, Seiji Ozawa, Andy Warhol, Lee Marvin, and HRH Princess Margaret.

Roger moved to Maryland's Eastern Shore in 1980. He lives with his wife, Kip Requardt, and their assorted dogs, cats and laying hens, on a river in Oxford—a short sail from Chesapeake Bay.



PHILIP S. STEEL

Knowing Philip Steel by his many talents is like knowing a dozen different people. He's an artist, an architect and an active preservationist. He teaches watercolor, he sails, he plays the piano and the concertina. He's a world traveler and has taught watercolor workshops in Italy, France, Scotland, England and on Mediterranean cruises.

Phil has illustrated a book with author Evelyn Wilde Mayerson. Phil and Evelyn have documented the fascinating history of Florida's commercial coastal fishermen. The result, "NET LOSS," was performed across the entire State of Florida as a unique combination of a one-man monodrama and a traveling art exhibit. "Net Loss" set tongues wagging about its controversial theme: the banning of certain types of net fishing and the staggering effect the ban had on generations of fishing families. "Net Loss" broke ground as an innovative partnership between a dramatist and a painter, with both disciplines sharing equal billing in the production. "Net Loss" also focuses on a larger issue, the issue of art as a social commentator.

Phil is currently painting the Watermen of Tangier Island in the Chesapeake Bay. Author Roger Vaughan and Phil are capturing the uniqueness of this Island and the challenges facing these watermen. Maine's lobstermen will be Phil's third study with author Frank Reilly.

Much of Philip's subject matter reflects his love of the sea and the people whose lives are affected by it. To paint the excitement, speed and grace of sailing craft as they move through the water represents a formidable challenge. His ability to capture the power and energy of wind and waves, ever changing light and tension in sails, rigging and crew is unique.

Philip has gained world recognition as an artist. His work is found in many corporate and private collections throughout North America and Europe. His numerous awards include The National George Gray Medal for the United States Coast Guard and the Silver Brush Award in the Florida Watercolor Society's Annual Juried Show, The Sanford Award in the New England Watercolor Society's Annual Show, and the Gallery Award in Tallahassee Tri-State Show. He is a Signature Member of the Florida Watercolor Society. To win signature status, an artist must be juried into the show three times, which is difficult in itself. Steel accomplished this in three consecutive years. He is a signaure Member of the American Society of Marine Artists and the American Artist Professional League at the Salmagundi Club in New York where he won Honorable Mention for his painting, "SEA OF FOAM." He has held a number of one-man shows in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maine and Florida, and he is the first member of the Florida Association of the American Institute of Architects invited to have a one-man show of his paintings at the institute's headquarter in Tallahassee. He is listed in Who's Who in American Art.

His painting career began as a teenager in Chester County, Pennsylvania. He studied drawing and painting at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Chester County Art Association. Philip graduated from the Pennsylvania State University with a degree in Architecture and a Commission in the Navy. His Navy career took him to the South Pacific and the Orient, where he was a passionate student of the art of these regions. After his Navy tour, he completed a Master of Architecture Degree from the University of California at Berkeley where he continued his painting studies.

WHO'S WHO in Fishing Gone

Roger Vaughan is an internationally published writer for print, film, television, stage, and the web. His latest book, *Smart Guys At Play In The Reality Distortion Fields*, about some people behind the recent information technology cycle, will be available in 2009. He lives on Chesapeake Bay with his wife, Kippy.

Philip S. Steel, the project director and artist, is a signature member of the Florida Watercolor Society; American Society of Marine Artists; The American Artists Professional League; and is listed in the Marquis Who's Who of American artists. He was instrumental in a similar, highly-successful project in Florida, *Net Loss*. Phil and his wife, Joan, live in Florida and Maine.

Joel Kolker, director and lead actor, has appeared in several films including *Cape Fear* and *Love Story*. His many television credits include roles in *Miami Vice*, *Que Pasa*, *USA* and stage productions include *The Fantastics*, *Beggar's Opera*, and *Glengarry, Glenross*. He was the solo performer in *Net Loss*. He has helped train Lisa Wheatley and James Eskridge for this performance.

Joanne Marsic, trained at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, has worked in films, television, and theater. Her film experience includes *King Fat*; *Porkey's*; and *The Dynamics*. Her TV credits include *The Jackie Gleason Show*; *Miami Vice*; and *Burn Notice*. She has been in more than 30 theater productions, including *Bliith Spirit*; *My Fair Lady*; *Picnic*; and *Noon*.

David Foster, who plays JIM, lives in Oxford, Maryland. He has a life-long avocation as an actor, director, producer and teacher of acting and stagecraft. He is a regular performer with Oxford's Tred Avon Players and his one-man show, "Meet Mr. Mencken," has been performed throughout Maryland.

Herb Ziegler Ph.D. is a well known actor and educator in the Mid Shore of Maryland. He is currently Vice President of Tred Avon Players, located in Oxford Maryland, and Chairman of the Social Sciences Department at Chesapeake College.

Lisa Wheatley, a Tangier Island resident, plays herself as Lisa. She has been instrumental in ensuring that the project reflects the history and ambience of the community. She echoes the concern of watermen and their families on Tangier Island, and on all of Chesapeake Bay.

David "Davey" Crockett, a Tangier native, has worked on the water all his life. His observations of the Island abound in many of the songs he has written. He is a gifted, self-taught guitarist with a good ear. A master of the "instant song," Davey wrote the words and music for *Tangier Crabbing Man*.

Peter Leshner, Curator of Collections at The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, will help lead post-performance discussion of the issues facing watermen. As chairman of St. Michaels Historic District, he has published a number of award-winning articles about the Bay. He is Peer Reviewer of The American Association of Museum Accreditation.

Larry Chowning, who will also help lead post-performance discussion, is a reporter for *The Southside Sentinel* in Urbanna, Virginia.



After the Storm, oil, 48 × 26 inches.