

The LUNCH BREAK TIMES

OCT. 2011 / BAY AREA EDITION



Sharon Lockhart. *Outside AB Tool Crib: Matt, Mike, Carey, Steven, John, Mel and Karl*, 2008. Framed chromogenic print, 49 1/16 x 62 7/8 in.

SHARON LOCKHART: LUNCH BREAK

RUDOLF FRIELING

Newspapers these days seem to be for our daily 20-minute bus or train commutes or for those too-long waits at the bus stop or train station. Or for our lunch break. Sure, some people still read actual newspapers, but most of us now feed our notoriously short attention spans by constantly checking our smartphones. There's no denying that the end of the newspaper as we know it is nearing. But as the newspaper is increasingly becoming obsolete, the Los Angeles-based artist Sharon Lockhart has decided to take a closer look at this medium.

These free copies of the *Lunch Break Times* are an extension of the exhibition *Sharon Lockhart: Lunch Break*. Lockhart and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, a fine art museum located in a city that has cut almost all of its ties to its industrial past, including its legendary steel and shipping industries, share with many of the collaborators a desire to understand better what happened to the region's industrial labor force, what cultures have emerged, what fights were fought, and what rights were gained. The right to a lunch break is a crucial one in this context. To this end, the artist has composed a wonderful menu of voices, stories, and images in a spirit of collaboration and generosity.

In 2008, Lockhart began a long-term collaboration with the workers of Bath Iron Works, an historic shipyard in Bath, Maine (although Lockhart was born in Massachusetts, she spent much of her childhood in Maine, and her family still lives there). Over the course of one year, she interacted with the workers and gained their trust and collaboration. From this experience, she produced a series of works that include the films *Lunch Break*, *Exit*, and *Double Tide*. These works also include three series of photographs: one depicts workers' lunch boxes, which function as unconventional portraits; a second, certain independent businesses in the shipyard, where workers sell snacks and sundry items to other workers; and a third, genre scenes of workers during their lunch break. The photographs foreground the actuality of individual objects, routines, and spaces, from the stickers on the lunch boxes to the handwritten signs in the snack booths. In addition, Lockhart also produced an artist book titled *Lunch Break* featuring selections from an archive of images she compiled—ranging from Old Master paintings to contemporary works—representing workers on their lunch breaks and related subjects.

SFMOMA's exhibition focuses on the centerpiece of Lockhart's project: an 80-minute film installation titled *Lunch Break* (2008). In this film, Lockhart's camera travels in extreme slow motion past a long row of workers as they take their lunch in a hallway that stretches nearly the entire length of the shipyard. The depicted space is echoed in the architecture of the viewing room, which was designed by the architects Frank Escher and Ravi GuneWardena. In addition, it is enhanced by a musical composition that includes industrial sounds collected from the factory space by the composer Becky Allen and the filmmaker James Benning. The exhibition also features a small selection of the photographs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

High Tide, Low Ebb

JOSHUA JELLY-SCHAPIRO

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the 'Frisco bay . . .

It makes all kinds of sense that the modern soul song most identified with San Francisco should mimic the sound of waves lapping a pier and be voiced by a singer who had washed up from afar. When Otis Redding composed "(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay" in 1967, he was not only a Bay Area resident but a musician passing through: he penned its first verse on a friend's houseboat in Sausalito, after his storied appearance at the Monterey Pop Festival down the coast that summer. Released just after the Summer of Love had made San Francisco the center of global hippiedom, and as the Black Panthers were building Oakland's reputation as a font of black revolution, "Dock of the Bay" used a timeless leitmotif of African American culture—sea, ships, and waiting—to offer a timely invocation of this newly hip region. Yet, as with most great pop laments, part of the song's lasting power comes from a story that resonates with a larger social history. In this case, it is the history of thousands of emigrants from the Jim Crow South who'd come west looking not to put daisies in their hair but to build the boats and guns that won World War II—and who then remained, after the shipyards and factories closed, to make the bay their home.

The U.S. effort to defeat the Axis powers during the Second World War brought more profound changes to the Bay Area than to any other region. The larger Bay Area—one of the world's great natural harbors, linked by rail to the Midwestern steel needed to build ships, and by water to the war's key Pacific theater once those ships were built—was transformed with astounding speed into an immense shipbuilding center. It turned out 1,400 vessels during the war—more than a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

SARDINE MAN

JOE HANNAN

The Colossus of Rhodes was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. Dedicated in 280 BC, the hundred-foot bronze statue of the Greek sun god Helios stood astride the harbor of the ancient city of Rhodes, a maritime crossroads in the eastern Mediterranean.

Drivers entering Maine on Route 1 from New Hampshire in the 1950s and 1960s were greeted by a similar colossus—a 30-foot figure of a fisherman in yellow slickers. It bore the legend "Maine Sardines Welcome You to Vacationland and Sardineland." The sign was an emblem of the thriving sardine fishery along the Maine coast—and the 50 or so sardine canneries that then dotted that coast. In an old postcard of the sign, a small man leans nonchalantly against its shin. Who hatched the idea for the sign? Did it actually exist, or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



"Giant Sardine Fisherman." Postcard of promotional highway sign, c. 1950–70. Painted wood. 30 ft. high.



Woman welders on lunch break, Richmond Shipbuilding Corporation, Shipyard Number 2, California, c. 1942–45. Courtesy Labor Archives and Research Center, San Francisco State University.

WHY CAN'T I CATCH A BREAK?

RAMONA MIKELSON

Today I spent lunch outside. We sat on benches, laughing and lounging languidly in the sun. It was pleasant to talk about the New Testament in preparation for our test next period. It was beautiful and simple and a break from the chaos of six class periods strung together and then three hours of homework. Yet I know that later in the year, when the sun isn't shining as brightly, and rain streaks the windows, I will be sitting inside an ugly, crowded room. Then I will run to the next crowded room to do some research before my advanced placement literature class, to finish that last essay, to read that last paragraph in my psych book. This is what my lunch break, and my friends' lunch breaks, have come to: studying and rushing through heaps of homework that we couldn't complete the night before (even if we hadn't squandered that half-hour on the new episode of *30 Rock*).

In economics, we learned about opportunity costs. The "real cost" of something is much more than its dollars-and-cents value, or even its apparent value. That lunch break that I spend in the library reading or writing is directly costing me the happiness and freedom of the sun outside and a table full of friends. Perched on a metal chair before a computer, I am reminded of my reckless opportunity spending on an A, which is tangibly slipping away. What worth will that grade have in ten years, when my memories of my senior year are limited to books and papers?

As I watch other students purchase cold milkshakes and pile in greasy fries, I open my plain brown paper bag and pull out a flattened PB&J, an apple, and maybe some trail mix. I eat slowly, but not too slowly, because there's work to be done. Nevertheless, those five or ten minutes, when I only think about chewing and swallowing, and about laughing and gossiping, are the highlight of my day.

I remember when recess was the highlight. I played on a swing set for half an hour, and nothing else demanded my attention. Recess was always right after lunch, but everyone ate quickly so that they could play as soon as possible. Now we don't play. We can't. We're supposed to be adults. ■



Sharon Lockhart. Gary Gilpatrick, *Insulator*, 2008. Three framed chromogenic prints, 24 3/4 x 30 3/4 in. each.

Shifts in the Wind

GLENN STOVER

The Golden Gate Bridge, one of the greatest architectural icons ever built, will commemorate its 75th anniversary in May 2012. This kingly traverse over the Golden Gate Strait is a monumental tribute to its builders and the clout they carried with them to the construction site daily. They were an all-male menagerie of ironworkers (riveters and cable spinners), carpenters, electricians, engineers, painters, divers, and laborers. The women's workforce would rise up soon enough, as "Rosie" and legions of female riveters with their "We Can Do It!" attitude would make history working for victory during World War II.

My original intention was to interview anyone—builders or their family members—connected with the construction of the bridge. I learned that Harry Fogle, believed to be the last surviving builder, died in February 2011 at age 97. But I connected with Dick Zampa, Jr., whose grandfather, Al Zampa, was one of the original builders—and the namesake of the Carquinez Bridge (Alfred Zampa Memorial Bridge), the first bridge in the world named in honor of a blue-collar worker. Dick is an ironworker and Apprenticeship Director for the Field Ironworkers District. Our conversation gave me a sense of what those original builders were made of.

Dick told me in one word what might motivate a man of that period to show up daily for some 10 hours of strenuous, grueling, death-defying activities that pay alone could not justify. He spoke of a kind of intestinal fortitude...well, actually, he referred more bluntly to those twin orbs of the male anatomy hanging just under the gut. It's a guy code that transcends the vulgar and the physical and speaks to that mighty potent personal force of Nature that is the essence of his survival come hell or high water and quite literally separates the men from the boys.

And what was the right stuff when it came to climbing 700 feet up the high wire in the fog, where wet steel became as slippery as ice? Bridge builder Walter Vestnys painted a colorful caricature when he described co-worker Ed Walker as a "rotten, no good S.O.B... his spit bounced...he would fight anybody, and he was a tremendous ironworker." One day Walker cussed out chief engineer Joseph Strauss for telling Ed to hook up his safety belt and was fired on the spot.

An attitude of grit and gumption, summoned by both the work and the world at large, seemed to drive many of the bridge builders. By 1932, the average American's income had been slashed nearly in half. During the ensuing decade, 9,000 banks went under, along with tens of thousands of businesses. Shantytowns emerged and swelled with the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



James Benning.

A Toast to Gary D. Gilpatrick

Bath Iron Works worker Gary D. Gilpatrick passed away on June 1, 2011, in Togus, Maine. He was 65.

Gary was born on December 12, 1945, in Gardiner, Maine. He was one of the sons of the late Kenneth and Eleanor Gilpatrick. He has three daughters: Michele Horne of Penacook, New Hampshire; Bridgette Moody of Litchfield, Maine; and Tanya Poissonnier of Augusta, Maine. He is also survived by several grandchildren.

Gary worked at Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine, for over 38 years as a pipe insulator. He was a member of the American Legion Post 132 in Richmond, Maine, and he also enjoyed coin collecting.

Gary was one of the BIW workers who collaborated with Sharon Lockhart on the *Lunch Break* project. Sharon was smitten by the black lunch box he brought to work every day. Adorned with a sticker representing every ship he's help build at BIW, the lunch box documents his entire career at the shipyard. Sharon's "portrait" of Gary consists of three photographs of the lunch box. In two, you can see a copy of the *Times Record*, a Maine newspaper Gary liked to read during his lunch break. After his death, Gary kindly left his lunch box to Sharon. We miss you, Gary. ■



Barry Campbell, with Dave Lezotte and Robbie Henderson.

BARRY CAMPBELL AND THE POTATOES OF AROOSTOOK COUNTY

LISA ANNE AUERBACH

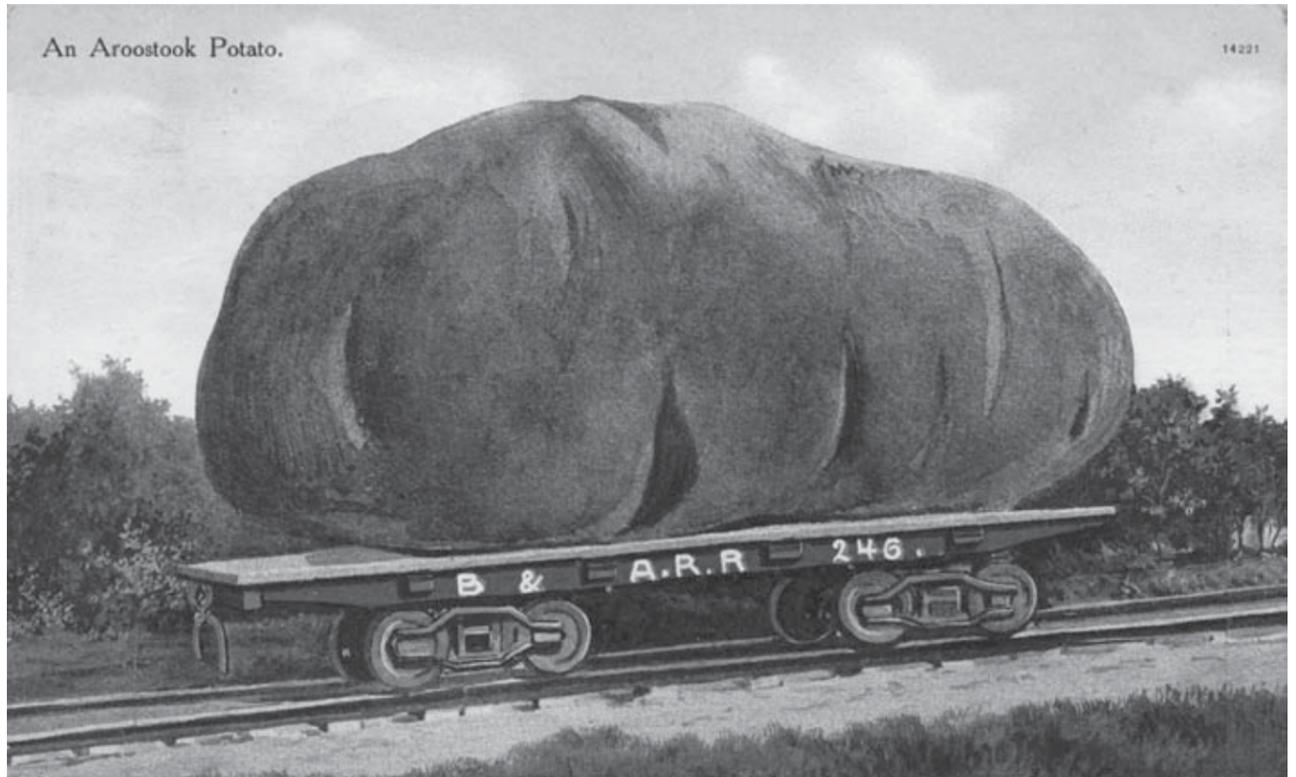
Barry Campbell (pronounced with two distinct syllables: Camp-Bell) grew up in a white farmhouse on the potato field in Aroostook County where his grandfather farmed potatoes. When he married his high school sweetheart Debbie, he built a new house on the land and moved across the dooryard to raise a family. He says he isn't ever moving away from the farm and that his next move will be to the graveyard.

Currently also living with Barry and Debbie is a barnyard menagerie that includes four Belgian horses, a donkey, a rescued horse, a sweet young filly, and a whole bunch of super-friendly barn cats. He also has a menagerie of deceased animals, including a stuffed bear, a giant moose head mounted in the garage, and various pieces of local fauna in his freezer and in jars of mincemeat Debbie makes each holiday season from a top-secret recipe.

Barry isn't sure how many fields he has, but he's pretty sure he's planted them all with potatoes, mostly Russets, Red Norlands, Superiors, and Shepodys. His potatoes primarily end up processed by Naturally Potatoes or McCain's into table-ready and fries, but an early crop of his goes to the Big E in Springfield, Massachusetts, where they're sold baked with all the toppings you'd ever want.

"The Maine difference is the flavor," he says about what makes Maine potatoes different from other less desirable spuds. He says it's the soil they grow in that makes them so tasty, with its special mix of minerals and organic material. Dirt also comes in handy for hunting, and Barry wears an amulet of dirt scent when he goes out looking for animals he'd like to see on his dinner table.

Potato farming isn't what it used to be when his grandfather was farming, and it's not just the soil that's different, even though the dirt too isn't the same as it used to be. He's watched the number of farms in Littleton, a small town in the County, shrink from over 100 to under 10 in the past years, while he's watched the price of potatoes drop and the price of production rise. Used to be that the whole town, including the kids, would harvest potatoes together. Now that it's more automated, it doesn't take



Postcard from Aroostook County, n.d.

such a large crew. School used to recess for potato harvest so the kids could help out for three weeks. Now, they only get a week off beginning in mid-September.

Life revolves around growing seasons, and Barry reflects this cyclical aspect of farming in his personal style. During the harvest time, he lets his whiskers grow into a bushy beard, which he shaves off as soon as he finishes planting in the spring. Beard season is also new clothing season. Work clothes start out stiff and scratchy, and the best way to break them in is while wearing long underwear underneath. By the time summer rolls around, the fabric has thinned with wear and the garments are the perfect warm-weather weight.

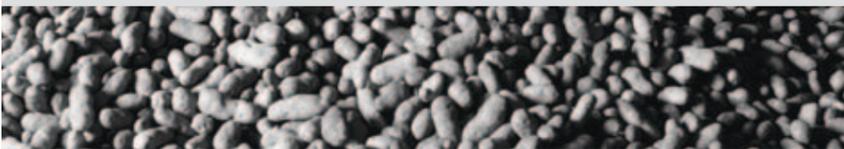
As times change, new markets are created, and to tap into the lucrative organic craze, Barry has planted a few acres of organic potatoes over at Bernie's Outback this season. In addition to branching into organic farming, Barry's been instrumental in forming the Southern Aroostook Agricultural Museum. If he's not in his fields or at The Blue Moose, you can probably find him over there at the tool museum, working on a new building, or just hanging out with all the old stuff. ■



Barry (in summer, without beard) with his stuffed bear.

CAMPBELL FAMILY FARMS

"The Maine difference is the flavor!"



AROOSTOOK COUNTY
(207) 538-9583 • LITTLETON, MAINE

Newspapers . . . Love / Hate Relationship

JEAN R. LOCKHART

I have this thing about newspapers. I will read any newspaper from front to back. Providing of course that it is written in English. I will peruse the entire thing with the exception of the NYSE. That doesn't interest me in the least, and maybe that is a good thing, given the economy.

Having a newspaper in bed is *the* best. I don't care if it is first thing upon waking or last thing at night. Therein lies the problem. I had a bad habit, well, maybe a few, but this one caused more than a few headaches with my kids while growing up. You see, after I would make a complete wreck of a paper, I would throw it on the far side of the bed, on the floor.

Assigning chores to my teenage girls was a challenge, especially with the youngest one. She didn't like doing dishes, taking out the trash, making the bed, or almost any other designated chore. I did, however, delegate to her the task of removing the said newspapers weekly. She did it, but it wasn't pretty. Grumbling all the way.

As mothers we carry a lot of guilt, but this one is way over the top. My daughter *now* can't stand to read *or* even touch a newspaper, and guess whose fault it is? I will have to live with this for the rest of my life. Thank goodness for the Internet, lest she be in the dark about the happenings of the world.

Pardon me while I put on my pajamas and get the *Coastal Journal* and the *Times Record*, but first I must call my daughter, the *publisher* of this newspaper, Sharon Lockhart... go figure. ■

NOT EXACTLY BREAKING NEWS

LUCY R. LIPPARD

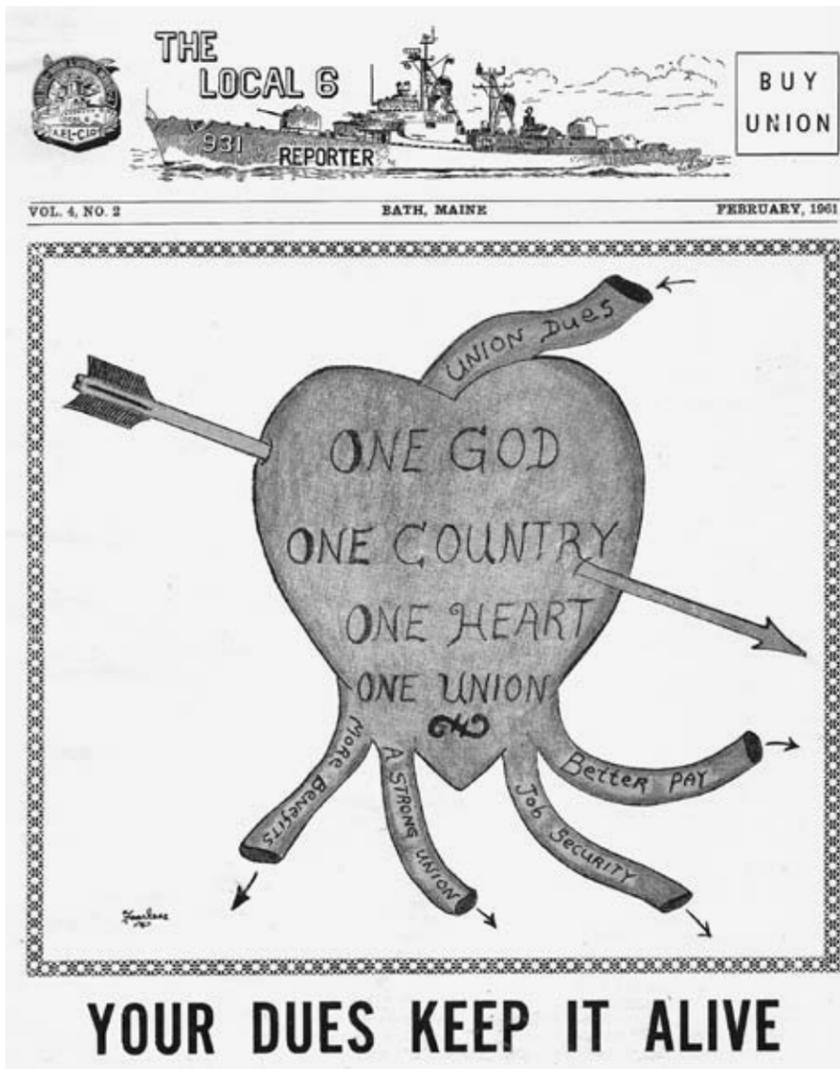
Because I've spent 74 summers at Kennebec Point in Georgetown, Maine, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, I connected with Sharon Lockhart's Maine films on many levels, but *Exit* hit a special chord, because for years, whenever the Bath Iron Works' late afternoon shift let out, traffic getting onto the Bath bridge screeched to a halt. Finally a new bridge was built, better traffic patterns were constructed, and the gridlock vanished. When I go to Bath to shop in the afternoons now, I'm almost nostalgic. . . .

When I was little, Bath was a quiet, poor, historical town, the last stop before Georgetown. We vied to be the first to see the old bridge's green towers (now overshadowed by BIW's giant crane—fondly thought of as "Biggest In the World"). Then came World War II and a boom that lasted for years. We watched from the bridge as BIW launched a destroyer almost every week to a certain amount of patriotic fanfare. (My father was in the Army in the South Pacific, and we saw him off from the little brick Bath railroad station.) Because BIW was so productive, the mouth of the Kennebec was a target for German submarines. We had heavy blackout curtains for the duration of the war, and supposedly a sub was caught just entering the river at Fort Popham, where there was a military installation on the highest hill. In 1607, the first British

colony had built a fort there that was found and excavated in the late 1990s. They were undiplomatic with the Native population, and the Popham colony was abandoned within a year. The current big stone fort was, I believe, begun in 1812 and readied during the Civil War, but never completed.

Bath boasts beautiful old shipbuilders' houses, and today it's relatively prosperous, very aware of its tourism potential, and verging on quaint . . . except for the Yard, which anchors the town and makes it real. Twenty years ago I was going with a maintenance mechanic at BIW (an artist/would-be archaeologist/activist who told people he worked at a museum of ancient ships). In the early 1990s, Philip Berrigan led a Plowshares action to protest the production of Aegis destroyers by spilling blood on a guided missile. Even though BIW is owned by General Dynamics, it has rarely been attacked by local art activists (though groups have conducted peace vigils there), probably because it is the biggest private employer in Maine and everybody has friends or relations who depend on it.

So, I'm from away, and for me Bath remains the entrance to the summer—no less entrancing in old age than it was when I first arrived in a basket, on a boat from Boston, at around three months old. ■



Fred Elwell. *Untitled*, 1961. Originally published in *The Local 6 Reporter* (Bath, Maine), vol. 4, no. 2 (February 1961).

Fearless Fred Elwell: Bath's Own Labor Cartoonist

JOHN ALAN FARMER

Fred Elwell is Bath's very own labor cartoonist. Ever since the first labor newspapers were founded in the early nineteenth century, their pages have been brightened with cartoons. Among the luminaries in this field is Fred Wright (1907–1984), who was staff cartoonist for the *United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America* (UE). From 1939 until his death, Wright drew cartoons for the *UE News*, the union's newspaper. Among his best-known works is a series of 177 cartoons on the history of the American labor movement. Today, Wright's legacy is carried on by labor cartoonists such as Gary Huck and Mike Konopacki.

Elwell occupies a unique position in the history of American labor cartoonists. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, he contributed countless cartoons to *The Local 6 Reporter*, a union newspaper published in Bath. But his work as a labor cartoonist is just one aspect of the fascinating life of this quintessential Mainer.

Born in 1937 in Phippsburg, Elwell, one of eight children, enjoyed a childhood straight out of the *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. By the time he entered Morse High School in Bath, he had become a paper boy for the *Bath Daily Times*. Every weekday after school, he would hustle to the printing plant, pick up his papers, and head over to the Hyde Windlass Company



B.I.W.'s 20 Year Diploma for Loyal Service

Fred Elwell. *Untitled*, 1961. Originally published in *The Local 6 Reporter* (Bath, Maine), vol. 4, no. 2 (February 1961).

by 4 pm so that he could sell his papers to the workers as they were heading home at day's end (this in addition to his 300 residential customers). He eventually became the head news boy, where one of his duties was to clean the linotype machines used to print the paper.

A few months after graduating from Morse in 1957, Elwell applied for a job at Bath Iron Works, which offered the best wages and benefits in the region. He accepted a job in the shipfitters department pounding steel, joined Local 6, and became a dues-paying union member. Then in 1959 the United Steelworkers of America went on strike. The strike's effects rippled throughout the country and led President Dwight D. Eisenhower to invoke the back-to-work provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act—a decision that the union challenged but that the U.S. Supreme Court ultimately upheld.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Ahead of the Crowd

JANE NEIDHARDT

Thirty minutes into the cruise the guide shouts, "Brown spot!"
Passengers scramble to the rail. The guide points,
his Save the Harbor cap bright against a backdrop of sky.
Sludge drifts drunkenly toward the boat.

Boston Harbor, 1988. A presidential candidate, poised
for the press, blames the bay on his opponent, then leaves.
The amber water churns.
He wins the election, and tours go out

three times a month. It is easy—no effort
to site what the tourists pay to see. The sludge
is willing, the harbor relatively harmless, the men
hauling lobsters up from the bottom intent on their work.

*

In the 1970s and the 1980s, pollution in Boston Harbor was so extreme, due to raw sewage dumped directly into the bay, that it became a topic in the 1988 presidential race between Michael Dukakis and George H. W. Bush. Since then, the Massachusetts Water Resources Authority was established to create and enforce clean water regulations, new treatment plants have been installed, and cleanup efforts have been largely successful, although human activity and water quality issues continue to affect lobster fishing in the area, as elsewhere. This poem was based on an article published in the late 1980s, source unknown. ■



Sharon Lockhart. *Double Tide*, 2009. 16mm film transferred to HD. 99 min.

JEN CASAD

LINDA NORDEN

When Sharon Lockhart invited me to contribute to this newspaper, I knew what, or rather whom, I wanted to pursue. Lockhart packs an inordinate amount of visual information into her films, but there's a lot that we don't learn, despite their careful construction and slow pace. I was made newly aware of this disparity between "subject" and person recently, while reading *Sweet Chaos*, Carol Brightman's illuminating meditation on the Grateful Dead and the enduring subcultures they helped spawn. I stumbled on a reference there to "the shipbuilders at the Bath Iron Works"—the workers featured in Lockhart's films *Lunch Break* and *Exit*—amidst a long list of inveterate Dead Heads whom Brightman had turned up.

Lockhart's emphasis on the ritual, repetitive aspects of daily activity can suggest that her interest is in types. The individuals she makes her subjects, however, know her as a diehard people person; she comes to know them all very well, and the identification of those individuals plays as critical a role as what she goes on to compose. I wanted to know more about the workers in Lockhart's trio of Maine films; not so much about those in *Lunch Break* and *Exit*—there were too many—but about Jen Casad, the 30-something clammer whose tenacious, slurpy digging punctuates the almost painfully exquisite seascape of *Double Tide*.

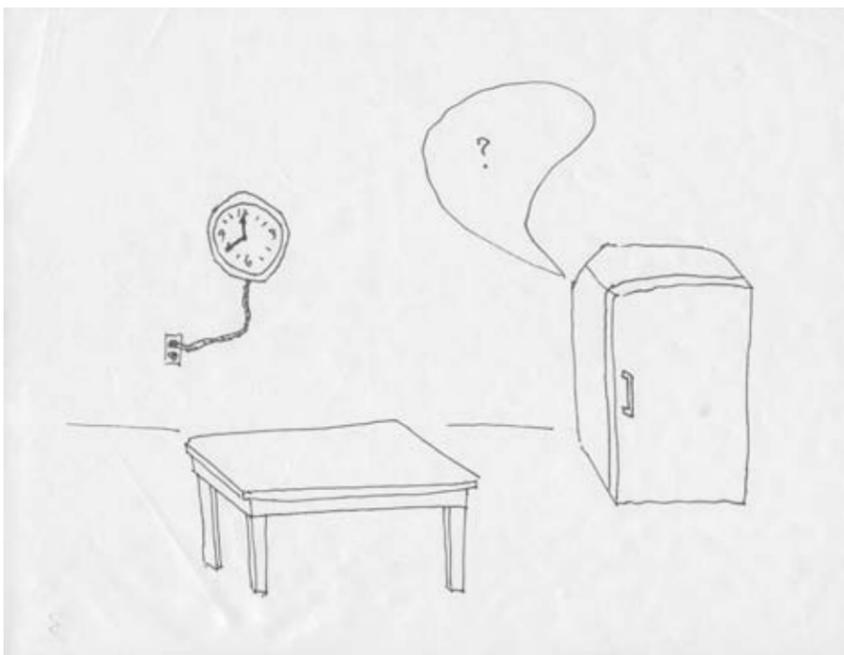
Casad is also an artist, and that fact, coupled with her talents as a clammer and her commitment to the environment, made any number of enthusiastic locals insist that Lockhart seek her out. The two are kindred spirits: Casad's drawings share an approach to portraiture that parallels Lockhart's approach to her films, and both artists learn about their subjects by watching them at work in a particular, defining landscape. "As I was fishing," Casad wrote, in reply to a long list of questions I sent her, "my ideas of nature and men changed. I realized the intimate relationship that connected the two. And out of my respect for this, I started drawing working fishermen."

Some of Casad's drawings are on view in the Colby Museum exhibition. Their incandescent intensity, manifested through months of drawing in multiple pencils, is as patient and painstaking as her clam digging. As an artist, she is equally attentive to the character traits that her portraits allow her to find in her fellow fishermen and -women, as she is to such abstract details as the formation of ice, which the pace of her clamming allows her to observe with an almost hallucinatory clarity. The following exchange is an edited version of a much more extensive correspondence between Casad and myself that took place in May 2010.

Dear Jen,

A year ago January, I talked to Sharon about doing a show of your drawings in conjunction with projections of *Double Tide*. I've been interested in seeing those drawings and meeting you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



James Benning.

JACK DELANO: NEW DEAL PHOTOGRAPHER

JAYME WILSON

"I've always felt that photographs for me were primarily for reproduction and for mass distribution. A photograph is something for lots and lots of people to see." This statement exemplifies the concern of the photographer Jack Delano (1914–1997) for the human condition, a quality that made him a perfect candidate for the Farm Security Administration. Established in 1935 as part of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal, the FSA was a branch of the Work Projects Administration (originally called the Works Progress Administration), which was the largest New Deal federal agency. The WPA employed millions of unemployed workers to carry out public works projects, ranging from the construction of public buildings, roads, and schools to the creation of public murals, theater, and writing projects. The works produced under the auspices of the WPA can still be seen today in almost every American community, including communities in Maine.

The mission of the FSA was to support small farmers in communities that had been devastated by the Great Depression. Among its many programs, the FSA employed photographers to document rural poverty. The pictures that these photographers produced had a great impact on how people understood the Depression and its impact on everyday Americans.

While working as a photographer for the FSA in the early 1940s, Delano became known for his strong compositions and sensitivity toward his subjects. Like the other FSA photographers, he traveled throughout the United States documenting American communities. But he is not as well known as some of his colleagues, such as Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange, in part because he shot most of his photographs in color, which endowed his works with an aesthetic quality that at first glance might seem to be at odds with the FSA's documentary focus.

For example, in Delano's photograph *Women workers employed as wipers in the roundhouse having lunch in their rest room, C. & N.W. R.R., Clinton, Iowa* (April 1943), the rich, saturated colors lead viewers to question whether they are looking at a photograph or a painting. This is not to say that the individuals portrayed in photographs like this one were not facing the same day-to-day struggles as those in the works of the other FSA photographers. Nevertheless, while the stark contrast of black-and-white photography might be said to evoke a sense of truth, color of the type that Delano shot might be said to exude a dreamlike quality.

Congress decided to terminate the WPA in 1943, two years after the United States had entered World War II, on the ground that it had fulfilled its purpose. The FSA was then transferred to the Office of War Information, where it survived until 1944. Both the WPA and FSA brought life back to Americans during a time of hardship and enabled photographers like Delano to practice their craft and to create pictures that are not only vital historical documents, but outstanding works of art. Seeing that the United States is currently experiencing similar, though lesser, hardships in the present, we must wonder where such programs are now.

* Although the WPA and the FSA both ended years ago, their legacy remains to this day throughout the United States. In Maine, students in Professor Eileen Eagan's class "The 1930s: Class, Culture and the New Deal" at the University of Southern Maine in Portland are documenting the sites of WPA projects throughout the state. Among the sites you can still visit are Aroostook State Park, the Androscoggin Swinging Bridge, Sebago Lake State Park, and Pleasant Mountain ski area and the following sites in Portland: Deering High School (mural), Nathan Clifford Elementary School (mural), Portland Jetport runways, and the Portland Observatory on Munjoy Hill. You can also see works of art in post offices in Dexter, Dover-Foxcroft, Ellsworth, Fairfield, Farmington, Kennebunk, Kennebunkport, Millinocket, Norway, Portland, South Portland, and Westbrook. ■



Jack Delano. *Women workers employed as wipers in the roundhouse having lunch in their rest room, C. & N.W. R.R., Clinton, Iowa, April 1943.* FSA/OWI Collection, Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress.



Sharon Lockhart and Carly Short in the Carpentry Shop at Bath Iron Works in a moment of exuberance, Oct. 2007. Photo Glen Hillt.

A LIFELONG ROSIE

JANE NEIDHARDT

Her name isn't Rosie, and she's not a riveter, but Barbara B. is every bit the dedicated factory worker that any Rosie ever was. And unlike the World War II Rosies who returned to their roles as American housewives after the war, Barbara has made factory work a lifelong career. This September will mark her twenty-second year at Bath Iron Works in Maine.

She hopes someday to retire from BIW, making it the last factory she'll ever work in, but it certainly wasn't her first. Born in Houlton, Maine, near the Canadian border, she moved with her family to Brunswick at age 13. After graduating from Brunswick High, she headed out, as the young are wont to do, leaving the salt air of Maine behind her. It was the mid-1970s when she landed in Kenosha, Wisconsin, beginning her factory life on the assembly lines of the American Motors Corporation.

But the mid-'70s led to the late '70s, and by the late '70s, the influx of Japanese auto imports had flooded the market, and AMC (among other industry giants) began laying off workers in waves. One of the last hired, Barbara was among the first to go, so despite the best efforts of the UAW (an awesome union, Barbara says), after four years on the line making engines, oil pans, auto bodies, and interiors, Barbara (and thousands of others) joined the ranks of the unemployed. To hear her tell it, though, she wasn't fazed. She simply turned around and, thanks to the support of President Jimmy Carter and the Trade Act, enrolled in the Wisconsin Indianhead Technical College in Rice Lake, where she got a degree in carpentry. She thought at the time



Sharon Lockhart. *Barbara B., Assembly Hall, June 2008.*

she would like to go into the home-building business.

Call it the call of the factories, or call it just a calling, in any case, Barbara found herself not building homes, but back on the line, building home parts: first part-time then full-time, she worked at Wright Products, a window and door manufacturing company right there in Rice Lake. It wasn't until nine years later that she finally responded to a deeper call—the call of Maine. "It's the good life," she says. "Maine is where I want to be." So she returned, and with her brother Dave as a connection (he's been working at BIW since 1982, interrupted only by the occasional layoff) and her own extensive factory experience, she was hired by BIW. First making berths and lockers in the Tin Shop for sailors' sleeping quarters on the ships, for the last six years she's been working

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

ROSIE IN RICHMOND

When you hear the name "Rosie the Riveter," you may picture that buff woman in the famous World War II-era "We Can Do It!" poster. After the United States entered the war, thousands of "Rosies" were recruited to work as riveters, welders, and electricians in the Richmond Shipyards. For many, this was the first time they had ever earned their own incomes. By the war's end, they had helped build over 700 ships. They also shattered stereotypes by proving that women could excel in jobs that until then had been reserved for men. Today, the shipyards are the site of the Rosie the Riveter/WWII Home Front National Park. The centerpiece is the Rosie the Riveter Memorial, dedicated in 2000. But the park offers much, much more.

The *Lunch Break Times* recently interviewed Marsha Mather-Thrift, the new Executive Director of the Rosie the Riveter Trust and an enthusiastic advocate for the national park, which the Trust supports in partnership with private and government entities. Marsha's father served in the war as a doctor running field hospitals, and her mother was a homemaker. Growing up, she used to play in a World War II pup tent with her dad's helmet, and she developed into a passionate believer in social equality. Working at the Trust is a dream come true for her.

Marsha described to us some of the exciting new developments at the park. In August, the Trust "completed renovation of the historic Richmond Maritime Childcare Center, set up to provide 24-hour childcare for shipyard and home-front workers during the 1940s. In addition, we have the *SS Red Oak Victory* ship, owned by the Richmond History Museum, which partners with the park, provides its own tours and hosts park events like our

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



Marsha Mather-Thrift.



Mario Merz. *A Real Sum Is a Sum of People* (S. Giovanni a Teduccio), 1971–72. © Mario Merz by SIAE. Courtesy Archivio Mario Merz. © 2010 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / SIAE, Rome.

AT AN ITALIAN FACTORY WITH ARTIST MARIO MERZ

SABINE ECKMANN

Mario Merz (1925–2003) was one of Italy's most prominent and politically engaged post-World War II artists. During the war, he was part of the anti-fascist group Justice and Liberty, and he continued his socialist politics throughout his life. For example, while working in Paris as a truck driver from the late 1940s into the 1950s, he would scribble on the streets throughout the city the words, "Solitary Solidarity."

Within the art world, Merz rose to prominence in the late 1960s together with the highly influential Arte Povera group, which promoted the use of cheap everyday materials to challenge traditional high art. The group was founded in 1966 and included Merz and his wife Marisa, Jannis Kounellis, and Michelangelo Pistoletto, among others. Arte Povera was Italy's most significant art movement in the latter half of the twentieth century. Exploring life as an arena of art and vice versa, the Arte Povera artists objected to the increasing pressures of capitalist society that had created a condition in which

humans were seen as solely functional.

In this context, Merz became fascinated with the mathematical Fibonacci sequence. The medieval monk Leonardo da Pisa, called Fibonacci, had invented this system in the early thirteenth century. He proposed that each number cited should equal the sum of the two numbers that preceded it: 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, and so on. Merz employed this numerical system when photographing factory workers of San Giovanni a Teduccio in Naples and customers of the George IV pub in Kentish Town, north London, in his 1971–72 series, *A Real Sum Is a Sum of People*. In the sequence of photographs in which he captured workers slowly filling a lunch room at a factory, Merz sidestepped documentary traditions that recorded workers' everyday habits. Instead, the workers enter and inhabit the lunch room according to the principles of the Fibonacci sequence. First we see one worker, then another one, then three, then five and so forth.

This numerical system escapes a traditional mechanized progression of numbers and allowed Merz to eschew an image of factory workers as a collective, functional workforce. The artist saw in the organic form of the spiral a visualization of the Fibonacci system: numbers, objects, movements, and human beings, rather than being formed and shaped by the standardization of modern life, expand through the spiral form and replicate organic biological growth. The artist over and over again contemplated how to render individuals as living, rather than mechanized, entities or numbers. Complementing this inquiry are the tables that structurally dominate these photographs and define the center of activity: Merz shows the moment of consumption and social activity that create new energy (and life). ■

GEE GHEE GHENG

WILLIAM WONG

My father, Gee Ghee Gheng, also known as Gee Seow Hong, arrived in the United States from China as a teenager in 1912, 99 years ago. He lived a productive life until his death in 1961 in Oakland, California, where he settled.

His particular immigration history—enveloped by the Chinese Exclusion Act era (1882–1943)—is probably only noteworthy to me, my older sisters, and our families. His story is but one of countless millions, reflecting the journeys of people who uprooted their lives somewhere else to come to America for a chance at a better life.

Bereft of a full education, either in China or the United States (he completed eighth grade in Oakland), Pop, as I called him, worked variously in service jobs (for merchants, peddling vegetables from a truck) in Oakland's highly



(Left to right) Gee Ghee Gheng, William Wong, Victoria Lew (first grandchild of Gee Ghee Gheng), and Gee Suey Ting (wife of Gee Ghee Gheng), in the family's Great China Restaurant, Oakland, California, around 1945/46. Photo courtesy of Henry Lew.

segregated Chinatown, until he became a small businessman.

The term "small businessman" masks the illegality of one of his enterprises. Like other Chinatown denizens of his day, he ran an illicit lottery-ticket operation, strictly small potatoes, but a survival strategy nonetheless. He had set up a false grocery storefront, selling

lottery tickets in the back. That was in the late 1930s, when he and my mother had six daughters and not a lot of money. (I came along in the summer of 1941.)

Pop's gambling business and his membership in a Chinatown tong almost cost him his life. In 1940, a business colleague shot him four times over some financial dispute; luckily, he survived.

When the U.S. geared up for World War II, Pop worked as a welder in a military shipyard not far from Chinatown. That job lasted until he and mother opened a restaurant, the Great China, in Chinatown in 1943. The restaurant helped turn around our family's fortune.

Pop had borrowed \$3,000 from a relative to start the business, and, according to number two daughter Li Keng Wong, he paid it back within two months because business boomed, thanks to the shipyard workers who streamed into Chinatown for cheap meals. And in 1948, my parents paid \$16,000 in cash for a five-

THE SOUTHERN AROOSTOOK AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM

LISA ANNE AUERBACH

Founded in 2002, the Southern Aroostook Agricultural Museum is housed in the former Littleton Elementary School, on Route 1 in Littleton. It is a collection of farm family memorabilia, ranging from furnishings from their homes to equipment used on their farms. If you're ever up in northern Maine, it's definitely worth a visit. Just be sure to call first.

You can see a whole lot of tools at the Museum, but the Snowball Hammer was our favorite. A Snowball Hammer is used to knock the snow from the hooves of horses when they are walking in snow. It has a hook on the handle that can be attached to the horse's harness for handy access on snowy trails. It can also be worn clipped to your belt and used for self-defense if necessary. Might not pack a huge punch, but do not underestimate the power of surprise. Not good for airplane travel: it's on the list of items prohibited by TSA. The Museum does not have a borrowing policy, so you'll have to find your own.

While we were up in Aroostook County, we also visited a one-room schoolhouse, where we found the following text explaining how things used to operate back when the Ross Ridge Schoolhouse was going strong a century ago:

Most students carried their lunch in a two quart lard pail. No waxed paper or saran wrap was used, but lunches stayed moist because the pail was nice and tight. A typical lunch would be homemade bread and butter, and preserves in a small jar. Occasionally, a pork or beef sandwich (no mustard) would also be included in the lard pail. Eggs were scarce in the winter. One would also enjoy a molasses or sugar cookie for dessert. If children lived close enough, they were permitted to walk home for lunch.

On cold days, students would bring ingredients for hot chocolate. The fathers all had cows and would see that milk was delivered. The older girls would make cocoa from scratch with cocoa powder, sugar, and a little milk to make a paste and then add to the pot of milk. Students carried a small tin or enamel cup in the lunch pail.

Dot Campbell, Barry Campbell's mother, who was born in 1922 and is a gold mine of information about life in Aroostook County, wrote this text. She couldn't find an example of a lard pail to show us, but she says there used to be a lot of them down in the basement. Over the years, however, they've been commandeered for use as tadpole nurseries. We prefer frogs to lard pails, but if anyone knows where to find a nineteenth-century lard pail for the Southern Aroostook Agricultural Museum, please send it on over, attention: Dot. ■

*

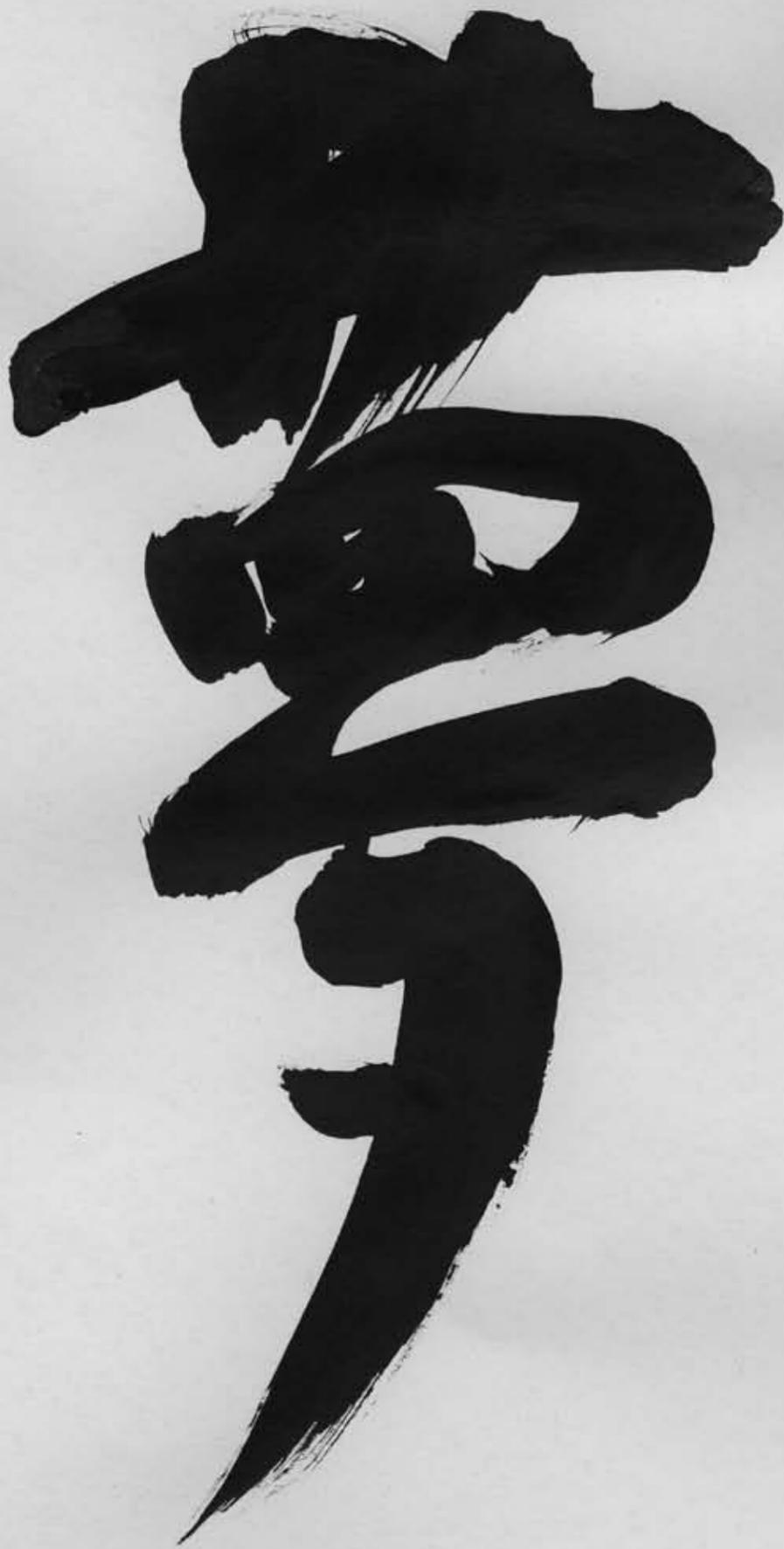
The Southern Aroostook Agricultural Museum is located at 1664 US Highway Route 1, Littleton, Maine 04730. Visit the Museum's website at www.oldplow.org.

bedroom home two miles outside of Chinatown in a formerly all-white neighborhood.

There wasn't much down time for my father during the frenetic war years—the restaurant was open seven days a week, dawn to late at night. In the postwar 1950s, he reduced the restaurant's hours and closed it on Wednesdays. On that day, we had family meals together, a rarity when the Great China was open.

Illness forced Pop to close the restaurant in 1961; he died shortly thereafter.

One more thing: Pop was likely an "illegal immigrant," even though he gained legal entry as a "son of a native." The story of his probable illegal status and how he skirted restrictive U.S. immigration policies is too complicated for this account, but the arc of his working-class and entrepreneurial life, replete with productive descendants, provides a lesson for our country's continuing debates over immigration. ■



A file of Dreams

2011

Volume One

My Mother's Garden and Summer Lunches

MOIRA ROTH

My mother made lavish Sunday lunches each summer, held, when the weather was good, in our garden.

We lived in Letchworth, a famous garden city between London and Cambridge, designed around 1910 by Ebenezer Howard. During the World War II bombings of London, we would hide nightly, when the sirens sounded, in the bomb shelter that my mother had had dug into our back garden, where we grew a wartime "Victory Garden," as they were called, of vegetables. In the shelter you could still hear the planes headed toward London, and sometimes we would see flashes of fire in the sky as we ran inside it.

Only once was the town actually bombed, and then the doodle bomb fell into a large pond at the town's outskirts. (Later, after the war until I was in my 20s, I was to have a recurring nightmare about a German invasion of England.)

My mother usually cooked French and Italian food, and, occasionally, an English roast with Yorkshire pudding, new potatoes, and peas with mint. I remember vividly her summer puddings—whipped gooseberry fool, stewed tart apples from our garden, and rhubarb puree.

We would have these lunches on a wooden table—sheltered by a huge tree with long horizontal branches—which would be set quite formally with white linen napkins and a tablecloth and bright ceramic dishes.

We always had guests at these lunches.

For years my mother shared our home with the Redlichs: Hans was a Jewish musicologist, born in Vienna, who specialized in Monteverdi, and Liesl had been a principal ballerina in Munich. They had escaped from Germany just before the war, and ended up billeted with us because our house was quite large. The war ended, but the Redlichs didn't leave, and we lived—unusually for that time—in an almost commune-like situation, always sharing meals.

Hans Redlich took my education in hand, and introduced me to classical music and plied me with books—for instance, newly translated French existentialist texts—so I was the only kid on the block, so to speak, reading Sartre hot off the press.

He would invite composers, singers, and scholars, English and European, to our Sunday lunches. As I recall, my mother didn't invite anyone herself.

It was in my mother's garden in 1950 that I met Frank Walker, who was researching Hugo Wolf, the Austrian composer. I left England a year later to visit my father in Washington, D.C., but when I returned, it was "Hugo" (as we all called Frank) who came up with the idea of my going to Austria to learn German, and arranged for me to teach English in an inn to the children of the four sisters who owned it. Near Gmunden lived the illegitimate daughter of Hugo Wolf, whom Hugo had instructed to look after me. She would visit me once a week, driving up in her cart and horse to the inn to bring me back to her farm for the rest of the day. There she would serve me lavish local dishes and talk to me about Hugo Wolf. After my Gmunden stay, I went to study in Vienna, where I frequently visited Brueghel's *Tower of Babel* painting at the Kunsthistorisches Museum and the State Opera House on the Ringstrasse, and feasted on Wiener Schnitzel, Apfelstrudel, and Linzer Torte. ■



Vern Bosworth clammng in South Bristol, Sept. 2007. Photo Sharon Lockhart.



Moira Roth's Ausweiskarte from the University of Vienna.



Frederick Wiseman. *Belfast, Maine*, 1999. 35mm film. 248 minutes, color. Courtesy Zipporah Films.

FREDERICK WISEMAN'S BELFAST, MAINE (1999)

JOSHUA SIEGEL

On April 18, 2010, the last remaining sardine cannery in the United States shut its doors. The cannery was in Prospect Harbor, Maine. It retained the name of the family that had founded it more than a hundred years ago—Stinson—though it was eventually owned by Bumble Bee. For more than a century, sardines were a booming business in Maine. Canneries were established as early as the 1870s, and according to the *Bangor Daily News*, they reached their peak shortly after World War II, when 46 factories employed thousands of workers.

When the Stinson plant closed down, 128 workers lost their jobs. Some of the workers were loyal, second-generation veterans of the company, having learned the trade from their own mothers and fathers. Many of them were women. Nancy Harrington, 70, worked at Stinson for more than 40 years. Lela Anderson, 78, worked there for 54 years. She remembered a time, not long ago, when workers had to use scissors rather than automated machines to slice the sardines as they flowed along the assembly line. The pace was frenetic because the workers were paid by the number of cans they packed. Their bodies would become arthritic after years of hunched, repetitive movements. Their fingers would bleed and blister. Their hands, bandaged with white tape to staunch the bleeding, looked like the hands of aging boxers. But however grueling, however monotonous, their work was undeniably skillful. The *New York Times* wrote of two women, Lulu Orozco and Alma Rodriguez, who could pack an astonishing 5,228 cans in 195 minutes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

A REAL BREAK FOR A MEAL BREAK?

MARYELLEN HERRINGER

Workers' rights to lunch breaks are the subject of intense debate in the courts. Thousands of lawsuits have been filed, and decisions are piling up. The Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, which is the federal law providing protections for workers' rights, did not include any rules regarding meal breaks. Individual states have been left to enact their own legislation and interpret their own rules. Only 19 states give workers legal rights to meal breaks, which range from 20 to 30 minutes. The other states leave meal breaks to the discretion of individual employers.

One recent case of interest working its way through the California courts was originally filed by a small group of employees of Brinker Restaurant Corp. Brinker operates over 130 restaurants in California, including

Chili's Grill & Bar, Romano's Macaroni Grill, and Maggiano's Little Italy. The employees claimed that Brinker failed to provide them required rest and meal periods and also made them take their lunch shortly after they began their shifts (this practice is called "early lunching"). By contrast, Brinker argued that it had complied with the law. The plaintiffs won a major victory when the trial court certified a class of more than 59,000 employees at Brinker's restaurants. Brinker then appealed the case.

In 2008, in *Brinker Restaurant Corp. v. Superior Court*, the California Court of Appeals decided that California employers must make rest and meal breaks available to their workers, but that employers cannot be held accountable if workers do not choose to take

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

David Kaler: Back in the Day

JOHN ALAN FARMER

David Kaler graduated from Southern Maine Community College this past spring with a degree in liberal arts and history. He also graduated with a very special honor. Born in 1939, the Bath native is reputed to be the oldest graduate of the 2,100 members of the Class of 2010—and perhaps the oldest graduate in the history of the school (we're still waiting for President Ortiz to let us know). Kaler may have taken a little more time to get his degree than the other "kids" in his class because he's been quite busy the past few decades. He spent many of those years working at Bath Iron Works. In fact, he is a gold mine of information about the history of BIW and the men and women who have made it great.

I spoke to Kaler as he and his wife Sandy were sitting down to a supper of red flannel hash, a traditional New England dish made from the preceding night's boiled dinner and consisting of potatoes, beets, cabbage, onions, and corned beef or ham. Kaler told me that he started working at BIW in 1960. With the exception of a few stints with other employers in the region, he continued to work at the shipyard through the 1990s. Like many BIW workers, he served in a variety of capacities—as a painter, a cleaner, a pipe fitter, a quality control engineer, and ultimately as a designer in the engineering department, where he designed piping systems for destroyers.

Kaler has particularly fond memories of life at BIW in the 1960s. During this decade, BIW workers focused on two main shipbuilding programs: the construction of guided missile cruisers for the U.S. Navy and commercial ships. The first of the cruisers was the *U.S.S. Leahy*, which was launched on July 1, 1961 and sailed until 1993. Eight more in its class followed.

The generation of workers who built ships like the *Leahy* included not only young whipper-snappers like Kaler, but workers who were then in their forties and older—veterans of World War II, who experienced both the Great Depression and the war. These individuals, Kaler remarks, formed truly deep bonds with one another, a quality undoubtedly nurtured by their wartime experiences, which they rarely discussed. For example, one was a survivor of the Bataan Death March of 1942, when the Japanese forced over 75,000 American and Filipino prisoners captured in the Philippines to march over 60 miles of rugged terrain from Bataan to their prison camps. But Kaler didn't learn this fact until after this gentleman's death.

Although BIW workers worked hard, they had plenty of fun, too. Getting pranked was a rite of passage, and the focus of many pranks was the lunch box, which Kaler describes as "the most iconic of all the things that are visible at BIW. It's a man's defining being. His personality. Lots carry political slogans, for many party affiliations and for candidates of many persuasions. And a great many are emblazoned with the logos of sports teams, the Boston teams holding a big edge over everyone else—the Red Sox, the Pats, the Celtics, the Bruins. Only the bravest of the brave would display the hated New York Yankees. Those lunch boxes more often than not could be found in the trash at day's end!"

And woe to the newbie who neglected to check his lunch box before opening it. You never knew what you might find inside: ladies' lingerie, notes from "girlfriends" intended to be found by wives, and every once in a while, live pigeons. It was not uncommon to find your lunch box nailed down to your workbench, and once, a lunch box was tied to the hook of a crane and hoisted to the sky. The most scandalous lunch box legend? One day, a BIW worker, known as a ladies' man who married almost as many times as Elizabeth Taylor, told his lunch mates that when he left home that morning, his wife had informed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

The Identical Lunch

HANNAH B HIGGINS

When Alison Knowles was sharing her Chelsea studio in New York with her friend, fellow Fluxus artist and composer Philip Corner, in the late 1960s, Corner noticed her habit of eating exactly the same lunch each day at a diner nearby called Riss Foods. As Knowles explained in a conversation with me on February 21, 2003, Corner suggested the meditation could be explored as an artwork, which it was. This work describes a lunch that consists of "a tuna fish sandwich on wheat toast with butter and lettuce, no mayo, and a cup of soup or glass of buttermilk."

The resulting *Identical Lunch* was served (among other places) at the Fluxus New Year's banquet hailing in 1970, where Knowles built a booth, offered identical lunches to her friends, and took the Polaroid photographs that would eventually constitute the graphic form of *The Identical Lunch*. In January 2011, history repeated itself. Knowles made lunches in Café 2 at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. No simple repetition, though: a series of the artist's serigraphs, made from the earlier Polaroids, were included in an exhibition of the permanent collection on view from June 30, 2010 to September 12, 2011, and upon the occasion of this exhibition, Knowles served up lunches and conversation.

By 1971, the performance had become an inclusive artwork in just this way: the lunch initiates a process of keen observation as well as conversation. Accounts of the lunch were collected by Knowles, Corner, and myriad other artists and in great detail. The resulting books—the artist's *Journal of the Identical Lunch* (San Francisco: Nova Broadcast Press, 1971) and Corner's *The Identical Lunch* (San Francisco: Nova Broadcast Press, 1973)—demonstrated that the *Identical Lunch* is never that. Never identical. Prices change, as do bread, consistency and flavor of the salad (mayo heavy/mayo light/top or bottom of the bowl), side dish, garnish, dishware (plastic/ceramic/paper/wrapped), kitchen sounds, street sounds, neighbor sounds, smells, music, conversation, and so on. There is infinite variety in the identical lunch. The only thing essentially identical about the lunch is the carefully scripted direction, and one's attempts to have it correctly played out,

which makes it a performance score.

Duke University's eminent art historian Kristine Stiles has written eloquently and repeatedly about this work. In her essay "Tuna and Other Fishy Thoughts on Fluxus Events," published in *FluxAttitudes* (New York: New Museum of Contemporary Art, 1992), she describes the work's embodied aspects: "'Identical Lunch' is about the body that eats. . . . Now the body that eats and drinks is alive. It is nourished, gains sustenance, and survives. The profundity of the 'Identical Lunch' is sustained by the simplicity with which edible organic matter ('a tuna fish sandwich on wheat toast. . .') signifies the primary, nurturing action of life." (25). As noted by Stiles, this "life" is social in the sense that it forms a transaction between individual experiences and shared ones. She continues: "Identical Lunch negotiates sameness, unity, and homogeneity, all aspects of the individual identity unmitigated by the social, simultaneously with the foil of opposition, counterpoint and heterogeneity characteristic of the communal." (25).

In the last few years, much has been written in the art world about "relational aesthetics." As Nicolas Bourriaud observes in his book *Relational Aesthetics* (Paris: Les Presses du Réel, 2002), this term can be defined as "a set of artistic practices which take as their theoretical and practical point of departure the whole of human relations and their social context, rather than an independent and private space." (113). The term is usually reserved for artists in the 1980s and 1990s who threw fabulous dinners, created social spaces, or navigated complex social issues as artworks. The term is useful, if a little vague, and applies handily to *The Identical Lunch*, whether it's eaten as breakfast or dinner or even when it's imagined—not eaten at all.

Understanding the work has less to do with writing about, historicizing, or subjecting it to this or that theory. Better just to buy or make one. As Corner's Aunt Gertie Brandwine from Parkchester in the Bronx observed in a statement that appears on the title page of *Journal of the Identical Lunch*, "What's there to write about? It's just a lousy tuna fish sandwich!" *

Parts of this article are adapted from "Love's Labor's Lost and Found," *Art Journal* (Spring–Summer 2010) and the forthcoming essay, "Fluxus: The Raw and the Cooked," in *Fluxus and the Essential Questions of Life*, ed. Jacquelyn Baas (Dartmouth, N.H.: Hood Museum of Art, 2010). ■



Unidentified photographer. Exhibit at Downtown Gallery, New York, between 1930 and 1940. Photographic print. 7 x 9 7/8 in. Downtown Gallery records, 1824–1974 bulk 1926–1969. Smithsonian Institution, Archives of American Art.

The Ogunquit Connection

KATY SIEGEL

It would be an exaggeration to say that contemporary American art was born on Perkins Cove in Ogunquit, Maine. But not entirely untrue. In the summer of 1911, Hamilton Easter Field founded an artists' colony there, the Ogunquit School of Painting and Sculpture. Field, a New York painter who would also begin a school in Brooklyn, as well as founding the important art magazine, *The Arts*, had driven up the Maine coast in a horse and buggy with the young artist Robert Laurent, looking for a setting that would inspire American artists, much as rural France had inspired French artists throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Students and fellow artists who came to Ogunquit included such well-known American modernists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Niles Spencer, George Bellows, Robert Henri, and Marsden Hartley.

The largely New York-oriented and self-consciously artistic crowd wasn't always a natural fit. As the *Portsmouth Herald* reported in August 1915, "Women have been posing nude for art classes on the Perkins Cove rocks. Ogunquit lobstermen, plying their humble craft on the nearby waters have been distracted. Wives of the lobstermen think that model gazing is no part of a respectable lobsterman's business and they don't hesitate to say so." Field defended the shocking behavior on artistic grounds a few days later in the *Boston Globe*. In a strange footnote, the primary offender seemed to be Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, a German-born, much-married artists' muse and bon vivant primarily associated with New York Dada, and the subject of Man Ray's first film. She thrust her nakedness not only on the fishermen, but on a neighboring and more conservative artists' colony, flinging herself nude on the steps of Charles Woodbury's studio.

If Ogunquit was ambivalent about the artists, the artists were wholehearted in embracing Ogunquit. Field, despite his own cosmopolitanism, found in Maine an original and sympathetic aesthetics equal to or better than modern art. He bought fishing shacks to use as studios—they dotted the Cove—because they were cheap and appropriately sized, and, even more, in appreciation of their spare, hand-built look. He then decorated the shack-studios with local art and crafts: weathervanes, hooked rugs, and simple figurative paintings made by amateur artists. These objects had an enormous influence on the New York professional artists visiting Ogunquit, many of whom learned from and imitated their overtly handmade, simplified formal qualities, using them to subvert overly-familiar European modernist styles.

Many of the artists also became collectors themselves of American folk and ordinary objects, including Charles Sheeler and Elie Nadelman (who would open a museum devoted to the subject). Field's studios and his enthusiasm also inspired Edith Halpert, who visited Ogunquit with her artist husband and subsequently opened the Downtown Gallery in New York to show this work. She sold folk and early American art to Juliana Force, the director of the Whitney Museum, as well as Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, a major collector and patron of New York's Museum of Modern Art. Curator and impresario Holger Cahill also came to Ogunquit, and his enthusiasm for what he saw there would inform exhibitions of folk art at the Newark Museum and MoMA, as well as the underlying philosophy of his major projects, the Index of American Design, and the arts division of the WPA.

The intersection of European modernism and native American object-making—sometimes conflicting and sometimes harmonious—has defined contemporary American art for the past 100 years. Even today, the appeal of objects that are directly made (whether by hand or machine) and the rejection of arcane, art-for-art's sake references in favor of appeal to a broad audience still echoes in studios and museums across the country. ■



Hansel Mieth. *Newspaper vendors among workers at Mare Island Shipyard, 1942*. San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, gift of the artist. © 1998 Center for Creative Photography, The University of Arizona Foundation.

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

ERIN O'TOOLE

That morning, as the war raged in the Pacific, the headlines of the local papers blared "Corregidor Blasted," and "Japanese Bombers Raid Bataan." This dire news, that the Japanese were on the verge of taking the Philippines, was personal for the men and women arriving for work at the Mare Island Shipyard in Vallejo, California, some 30 miles north of San Francisco, hard hats on heads, lunch boxes in hands. It was the spring of 1942, and these workers were building the submarines and ships the US Navy desperately needed to fight the Japanese.

Born in Germany, Hansel Mieth and her photographer husband, Otto Hagel, were rabidly anti-fascist before most Americans had ever heard of Adolf Hitler. Yet, despite his political views and the fact that his wife had papers, Hagel had come to the United States illegally in the late 1920s, and was thus

considered an enemy alien. His job prospects consequently dried up, and he lived in constant fear of being deported to Germany, where he would have been conscripted into the German army.

Before they were able to make a living as professional photographers, Mieth and Hagel had been laborers. They worked in factories, on construction sites, and on farms across California, giving Mieth a sense of solidarity with the riveters, welders, drillers, and even the young newspaper boys she encountered at Mare Island. While at the shipyard, she also photographed a young woman in a bulky welding mask brandishing a torch. Having herself worked tough jobs alongside men, Mieth identified with this anonymous "Wendy the Welder," the shipbuilding sister of the mythic aircraft worker, "Rosie the Riveter." A supporter of equal rights for women and minorities, Mieth must have welcomed seeing women and men of diverse ethnicities working side-by-side to build ships for the war effort, demonstrating that integration was possible, and even desirable. ■



Gail Wartell. *Shift Change*, 1981. Acrylic on canvas. 18 x 24 in. Local 6 Union Hall, Bath, Maine (artwork © Gail Wartell).

Activist and Artist Gail Wartell

JOE HANNAN

An unusual painting hangs in the Local 6 Union Hall in Bath. Created in acrylic paint with a brushy technique and colors that suggest a cool, grey day on the Maine coast, it depicts a stream of workers departing the Bath Iron Works. The hulks of two half-completed ships tower over the scene, with a hint of the coastal waters just beyond.

Shift Change is a 1981 work by the Portland-based Gail Halfkenny Wartell. Her career has intertwined twin strands of art and union work. A native of Massachusetts, she trained in fine and commercial arts and in the 1970s worked as a graphic artist in advertising firms in Boston. When Wartell moved to Maine in 1979, ad jobs were scarce, so she started to work in a garment shop, Healthtex, and became active in the ACTWU (Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union). It was a difficult time for the apparel industries, as manufacturers moved jobs offshore. Wartell became a shop steward and then represented the ACTWU on the Southern Maine Labor Council. She soon took a job with the Maine AFL-CIO, traveling to dozens of union workplaces throughout the state. It was at this time that she painted *Shift Change*, the view of the shipyard at Bath Iron Works, the largest employer in Maine. Wartell notes, "The title carries some metaphorical weight, since in my job I was encouraging these workers to think about their work, and particularly about health and safety, in new ways. It was exciting to see the shift in their thinking and sense of empowerment—I admired them so much for making that shift."

For several years, Wartell herself shifted between jobs with the AFL-CIO and the ACTWU. Michael Cavanaugh invited her in 1982 to create a mural at ACTWU headquarters. The large scale was a challenge, and Wartell had to figure out how to incorporate a bulky radiator. (In the mural, bolts of cloth appear to rest on it.) Cavanaugh later wrote that the mural "depicts in brilliant colors the mosaic of Maine ACTWU members at their jobs, at Union meetings, and marching in the Solidarity Day rally in Washington, D.C. The plant closings and economic violence of the Reagan years forced many of the members whose lives are represented in this mural to lose their jobs in the 1980s." When the office moved years later, and it was clear that the mural would be destroyed, Cavanaugh printed the image on posters, which were sold to benefit union members who lost their jobs.

Along with a busy professional life and activities as entrepreneur and community activist, Wartell has always found time for her art. Her



Gail Wartell. Photo Cameron Lane.

mediums include acrylic paint, pastels, fiber art, drawing, and the medium in which she feels most at home, watercolor. Some of her work is available on prints and notecards. By creating "a great number of pencil drawings" over the last 10 years, she has further sharpened her drawing skills, which resulted in revised approaches to working in paint and pastels.

For the past five years, Wartell has worked in administrative support at the University of Southern Maine, where she is active in her union, the Associated COLT Staff of the Universities of Maine (ACSUM). COLT indicates that the union represents clerical, office, laboratory, and technical workers—several hundred of them. "We represent and negotiate for folks in seven campuses from Portland to Fort Kent, as well as random Extension program workers." Last September, she helped negotiate a three-year contract for the union, and this spring she was elected president of her chapter.

Images of Portland's industrial waterfront, shipbuilding, and cranes persist in her work, along with bucolic themes of the Maine coast, such as views of Schoodic Point, Casco Bay, and Macworth Island. The landscape works are usually created *en plein air*—that is, onsite, working directly from the landscape rather than from sketches or photographs. Other works by Wartell feature images of botanical objects, her red-eared slider turtles Fuego and Vida, iguanas, and emblems of Jewish spirituality.

As if her work as artist, university worker, mother of two, and union member were not enough, Wartell has for the past 15 years hosted *Sunday Simcha*, the only program of Jewish music in Maine and northern New England (Sundays, 6:30–8:30 am on Portland's WMPG). It features "an eclectic blend of Jewish music from across the diaspora, including klezmer, Sephardic, ladino, traditional, sacred, folk, rock, classical, and jazz," in addition to interviews, news, "and occasional Jewish humor." She also cohosts a Tuesday evening broadcast on community affairs, environmental sustainability, and, of course, union news. ■

* To see more of Wartell's art, visit www.turtlesong.com.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT SFMOMA: TAMMY FORTIN SPEAKS WITH WALTER LOGUE

Tammy Fortin: What do you do at SFMOMA?

Walter Logue: I'm an Operations Technician. I move stuff, set up and break down events, maintain the building, paint walls, fix people's desks, set up their ergonomics.

Tammy: Do you have a lunchtime ritual?

Walter: Generally I go to lunch with Jess and Al on the installation crew. We have a circuit. Sunrise for the falafel; the taco place, Si Señor, which goes from one condescending and insulting name to another—now I think it's called Ay Caramba!; and Sammy's on 2nd, a liquor store with a deli in the back. I try and keep it under eight bucks.

Tammy: Downtown, that can be kind of hard. Do you ever bring your lunch?

Walter: Not really. I feel like I'm treating myself when I buy my lunch.

Tammy: Can you describe your workspace?

Walter: Back of the house, like the catering kitchen and the back stage of the theater, various storage areas and offsite storage.

Tammy: Is there anyone's workspace you're particularly impressed with?

Walter: I like the communal paint shop and woodshop downstairs. Al has a crazy wall of cats he started in the woodshop. It's funny because there's this macho table saw, and then these cute little pictures of cats. [We walk into the woodshop, and Walter shows me the cat wall.] We made a 'zine called *Consolidated Cat*, a collaborative art project, by me, Al, Jess, and Jeff. Al likes squirrels, too. [Walter points to a poster of a squirrel in a go-cart. We walk into the paint shop.]

Tammy: How did the idea for Merle's Bar come about? [Merle's is an impromptu party that appears for special exhibition openings in the basement's paint shop.]

Walter: It's the bar left over from Tom Marioni's *Free Beer* piece [featured in the exhibition *The Art of Participation*].

Tammy: William Kentridge came down here for a drink once.

Walter: Yeah, and Ellsworth Kelly. He seemed excited by the dude vibe.

Tammy: So, by day this is a paint shop, but at night, if there's an opening, Kentridge and Kelly can be found having a beer down here. [Walter shows me the official Merle's

signage, complete with spilled beer logo on what is shaped like the back of a dreadnought guitar. Then he hands me a giant cat made of black tape.]

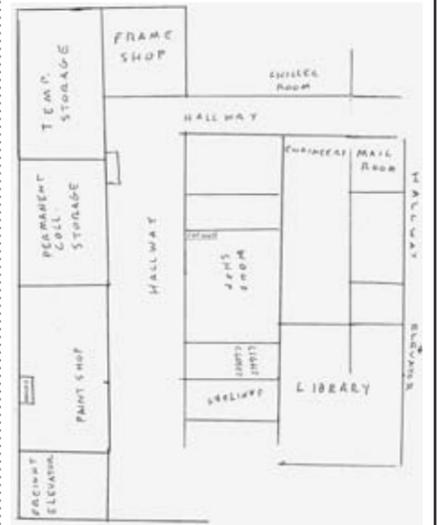
Walter: And here's the tape-ball cat.

Tammy: What's the best part of working at a museum?

Walter: Getting to work around the art is fun. And there are lots of artists and creative people. I like to show my work to some of them, because I value their opinions. And there's free stuff, like recycled wood left over from exhibitions. It changed the way I make art in a lot of ways. I never painted on wood before, but now it's one of my primary mediums because there are dumpsters full of it after the exhibits come down. ■



Detail from the Wall of Cats.



Walter Logue. Map of the basement at SFMOMA.

SHARON LOCKHART: LUNCH BREAK

Curator One on One: Rudolf Frieling and Sharon Lockhart discuss Lunch Break

October 20, 2011, 6:30 p.m. / Koret Visitor Education Center

Double Tide / October 20, 2011, 7 p.m.

Pine Flat / January 5, 2012, 7 p.m.

NŌ / January 12, 2012, 7 p.m.

Podworka / January 12, 2012, 7 p.m.

ALL SCREENINGS IN THE PHYLLIS WATTIS THEATER

SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

151 Third St. (between Mission and Howard), San Francisco, CA 94103

www.sfmoma.org

POTATO HARVEST, FALL 1999

TESSA CAMPBELL BURPEE

In October 1999, I set out with my camera to photograph the potato harvest. Having grown up on a farm in Aroostook County, Maine, I was especially interested in what brings people together in a community and makes this community not just a place on a map, but a group of people woven together by shared experiences, goals, and values—a common way of life. For me, this sense of community is embodied by the potato harvest. Like no other time of year, there is a feeling in the air that everyone is involved and working toward a common goal: to bring in the crop.

1. This picture conveys the care and concern, the attention to detail and the sense of pride in one's work that goes into farming. My father spotted these potatoes as we drove by the freshly dug rows early one morning as we were checking his fields. Seeing that they had been missed by the harvester, he picked them up and placed them in the next row to be picked up on the next trip.

2. The start of the day at Jewell Brothers Farm in Monticello. These farmers were some of the last to use hand-pickers to harvest potatoes. At the time, they employed between 90 and 100 students on break from school.

3. Bending over to pick potatoes all day is hard work. Pickers are paid by the barrel, not the hour.

4. Campbell Farms uses machine harvesters, with three to four people picking rocks and dirt out of the potatoes and one or two people picking potatoes out of the rock bed. Inside the cab, the tractor driver must watch over the workers behind him while maintaining eye contact with the truck driver beside him.

5. Fewer kids participate in the harvest now, but they still learn the important values that are part of the farm community: the meaning of hard work, the value of a dollar, and a sense of accomplishment.

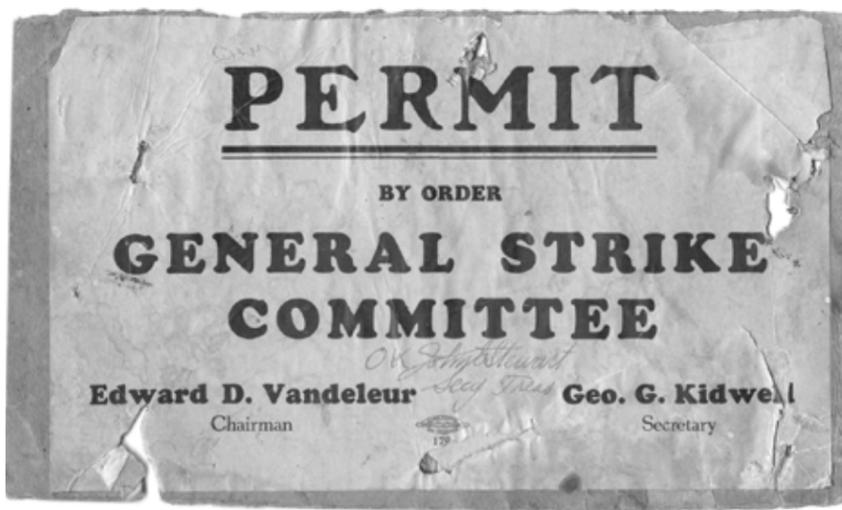
6. Typically, coffee and lunch breaks are taken in the field—a quick break or bite to eat, then right back to work. But on this rainy day, farmers gathered for a coffee break at the local gas station, sharing insights and experiences and empathizing with each other about the weather.

7. After filling a basket, pickers empty the basket into a barrel. It takes about four to six baskets to fill one barrel, which holds about 165 pounds of potatoes.

8. The work is not done, even late in the day. Pictured here is Campbell Farms's potato house crew, who are sorting the potatoes as they arrive from the field to make sure that the potatoes going into storage are in good shape. There many steps involved in harvesting, and there is a sense of pride and ownership that comes with seeing the job through to the end.

9. The work is difficult and dirty. Through it all, there seems to be a willingness to work in less than desirable conditions, such as the wet muddy weather documented in this picture, to help get the potatoes dug.

10. The roads are alive during harvest—trucks going to the field or to unload, tractors and harvesters moving locations, parents or spouses taking supper to their loved ones who are working late. There is a sense of urgency and purpose. a sense of community. People still take the time to greet their neighbor as they pass, with a wave or a nod that acknowledges a common bond: the harvest. ■



Strike permit, 1934. Courtesy Labor Archives and Research Center at San Francisco State University.

STOP IN YOUR TRACKS, YOU PASSER-BY

CATHERINE POWELL

"Stop in your tracks, you passer-by; uncover your doubting head. The workingmen are on their way, to bury their murdered dead."
—Mike Quin, "These are the Class War Dead" (1934)

San Francisco's waterfront was once a gritty working port before it became a tourist destination and home to trendy shops and upscale restaurants. Strolling among the palm trees and street vendors of today, it is hard to imagine that in the long hot summer of 1934, pitched battles took place between striking maritime workers and the police along the Embarcadero, culminating in an historic general strike that shut the city down for four days.

At the heart of the struggle was the dreaded "shape-up"—a humiliating cattle call of longshore workers begging for jobs from corrupt gang bosses each morning. The workers never knew if they'd have jobs from one day to the next, bribery for work was rampant, and any one who complained about the brutal working

conditions soon found themselves blacklisted.

By May 1934, the longshoremen had had enough. Across the Pacific Coast, they went on strike and were quickly joined by their fellow maritime workers. San Francisco became the center of the struggle, led by the fiery rank-and-file activist Harry Bridges. When the ship owners tried to force open the city's port in early July using strikebreakers escorted by police, the workers fought back and the violence escalated into open warfare on the waterfront.

On July 5, 1934—a day that came to be known as Bloody Thursday—police opened fire on a crowd gathered at Steuart and Mission Streets, killing Nick Bordoise and Howard Sperry. Sperry was one of the striking longshore workers, while Bordoise was a member of the Cook's Union who had come down to help in the strikers' relief kitchen. A massive funeral procession was held for the two men, a peaceful and haunting display that left people astounded and crystallized the anger of the city's working class. The unions called for a general strike and shut the city down from July 16 to July 19. This led to an agreement between the waterfront employers and maritime workers to settle the dispute through arbitration, which ultimately resulted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



Tanker: 1942–1945 War Time History of Marinship Corporation. Courtesy Rick Prelinger.

An Engine Stopping Between Strokes

RICK PRELINGER

1942: In a feat of coordination, engineering, and capital mobilization that would be difficult to duplicate today, the Bechtel family forms Marinship Corporation and builds a shipyard in three months and 93 ships in three years. Employing some 20,000 workers, Marinship collapses the phases of industrialization and deindustrialization into a rapid trajectory: land acquisition by war powers condemnation, forcible evictions, landfill, dredging of a ship channel, and construction of workshops and warehouses. At World War II's end, the shipyard closes as fast as it had opened.

A film entitled *Tanker: 1942–1945 War Time History of Marinship Corporation* serves as a corporate diary. Shot in radiant Kodachrome, replete with manufacturing and human detail, it situates the shipyard as an uncanny place. Sprawling under the benevolent presence of quiet Mt. Tamalpais, the yard is a frenzied scene of rapid and heavy production, ceremony and ritual, and paternalistic concern for workers. But like so many others during World War II, Marinship's workers are displaced persons, many of them African Americans from the southern United States, displaced from their homes and networks of support. Often unable

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

All photos Tessa Campbell Burpee.



Left to right, top to bottom: Vince Bailey, Bonnie Libby, Bruce Leach, Dan Bushy, Butch Greenleaf, Chris Teale, Clayton Grover, Dan Blachett, David Boldvac, Dean Grazioso, Frank Raz, Gary Gilpatrick, Garyannah, Gordon Prosser, Herb Eastman, Jack Ware, Jim Cox, Jim (Swiftly) Swift, Jim Tainter, John Fournier. Photos Sharon Lockhart.

“Name That Worker” Contest: If you can identify the missing name on this page, send it to J. Farmer, 99 S. Raymond Ave. 610, Pasadena, CA 91105. The first person with the correct answer will receive a special prize from the Publisher.



Left to right, top to bottom: Jon Westerlund, Justin Bowdich, Kevin Alrich, Mark Overrette, Michelle Lancaster, Mike McCann, Moe Moussette, _____, Dave Gay, Gerry Lilly, Paul Jame, Peter Presby, Robert McNally, Randy Bryant, Rocky Grenier, Shaun Coffin, Stan Edgecomb, Stephen Reynolds, Steve House, Tracy Ripley. Photos Sharon Lockhart.



Alan Aunapu at *Clearwater* launching, 1969. Photo Chet Pinkham.

PETE SEEGER ON THE LAUNCH OF THE SLOOP CLEARWATER

JOHN ALAN FARMER

Pete Seeger has written and sung some of the most moving songs in the American songbook, including "If I Had a Hammer," "Turn, Turn, Turn," and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" And at age 91, he's still a vocal advocate for the labor, civil rights, peace, and environmental movements. Recently, I spoke with Seeger about an episode in his life as an environmental activist and conservationist that has earned him an honored place in Maine's maritime history: the launch of the sloop *Clearwater* from South Bristol in 1969.

In the early 1960s, Seeger and his wife Toshi were living in Beacon, New York, on the Hudson River, where they still live. He had taken up sailing and was dismayed by how polluted the river had become. At about the same time, he was reading Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (1962), an influential book that raised his awareness of environmentalism. Then a friend, Vic Schwarz, loaned him a book, *Sloops of the Hudson*. Over the next few years, they developed the idea of building a sloop—a type of sailboat that plied the Hudson in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They imagined that a replica of these historic sloops would spark the imagination of the public, encourage them to experience the river's wonders, and inspire them to preserve it. This sloop was eventually christened the *Clearwater*.

To realize this dream, they helped form a nonprofit corporation called Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc. Cyrus Hamlin, a naval architect from Kennebunkport, emulated the designs of old-style sloops and charged one-tenth the price that he usually charged for such jobs. Seeger originally planned to have the sloop built in New York. But Harvey F. Gamage, the legendary owner of the Harvey F. Gamage Shipbuilding Company in South Bristol, offered to build it for half the price that New York shipbuilders had proposed—an offer the little organization couldn't refuse. Gamage was an experienced shipbuilder who oversaw the construction of almost 300 boats between 1924 and 1976 (although boat building at the yard ceased in 1981, the dedicated staff of Gamage Shipyard presently offers docking, mooring, and other caretaking services for boat owners). Still, construction was costly, and Seeger recalls that Toshi secured loans at a crucial moment from generous friends and supporters.

The keel was laid in 1968. By the time it was finished, the sloop was about 100 feet long and 25 feet wide, and had a mast over 100 feet high. It could accommodate a crew of 15 and included a tiny captain's cabin, a mess room, and other features. Seeger himself participated in the construction. He told me that that he helped paint the sloop's weights—iron window sashes salvaged from demolished buildings. He also helped put in its ratlines—the ropes tied between the shrouds of a ship to form the rope ladders that crew members climb to work aloft. And when the assistant of the crew member responsible for putting

in the top mast didn't show up for work one day, Seeger himself pitched in by climbing up top—much to the consternation of Gamage, because he wasn't insured.

The *Clearwater* was launched on May 17, 1969, in a festive celebration. Although Seeger believed that only 200 people would attend the launch, 2,500 came. He recalled that Toshi and her helpers accordingly had to scramble to ensure that there was enough food and drink for everyone. Dignitaries included Kenneth M. Curtis, Governor of Maine, and Steven C. Rockefeller, who represented his father, Nelson Rockefeller, Governor of New York. Busloads of New Yorkers—including "a group of African Americans from Newburgh, who brought their drums"—also came. And many locals turned out, including this newspaper's own Chet Pinkham, a teenager at the time, who took photographs of the event.

The initial crew was a most unusual one. They were all musicians, and some had never been on a sailboat before. The captain was Alan Aunapu. Seeger recalls that he was "a young fellow with golden curls down to his shoulders," whom the locals simply could not envision as a ship's captain. Other crew members included Len Chandler, Jimmy Collier, Jack Elliot, Louie Killen, and Don McClean, an aspiring folk singer who gained national acclaim in 1971 with the release of his album *American Pie*. The first mate was Maine's own Gordon Bok, who was born and raised in Camden and was a folk musician who wrote and sang songs inspired by the state's fishing, sailing, and sea traditions; he was also the crew's only real sailor. (Bok still performs: see him in Vinalhaven on July 16 and Jonesport on July 18; visit his website at www.gordonbok.com for details.)

On June 27, the *Clearwater* set sail for New York City. During this voyage, it stopped at ports such as Portland, Portsmouth, and Ipswich. At each stop, the crew would give a concert, the proceeds of which helped fund the sloop's construction. They ultimately gave about 25 concerts, all arranged by an industrious woman who traveled ahead of them. Seeger recounted one concert, organized in South Bristol just before they took off for Portland at the request of the minister of a small church, who invited the crew to sing for the entire town. This concert took place in the town's public square, with the audience arrayed in a semicircle around the performers—but for one three-year-old, who decided that he wanted to mingle with the performers themselves. At the end of the concert, the minister insisted on giving a hundred dollar donation to the sloop to express his gratitude "for introducing the town to so many new good things," Seeger recollected.

On August 1, 1969, the *Clearwater* sailed into New York Harbor, where it was welcomed by Mayor John Lindsay, who took a turn at the tiller. For the next few months, it was the site of folk-singing festivals, jazz concerts, and craft fairs on the way to Albany. Since its launch, a half-million children, teenagers, and adults have participated in educational programs aboard the sloop, which was named to the National Register of Historic Places in 2004, and extraordinary progress has been made in cleaning up the Hudson. Seeger told me that the success of these programs has inspired the construction of 11 other sailing ships throughout America dedicated to the conservation of our waterways. It also reveals the power of imagination and of collective action. As Seeger observed in Alec Wilkinson's book *The Protest Singer: An Intimate Portrait of Pete Seeger* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2009), "I'm just one person, but it's almost my religion now to persuade people that even if it's only you and three others, do something." (106). ■

*

For information on the programs offered by Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, visit their website at www.clearwater.org.

Lunch at the Landfill

LAURA OWENS

When I worked at the Huron County Landfill in Ohio, my job was to weigh trucks in and out, keep a ledger for accounts receivable, and regulate and advise locals on the laws of dumping their trash. In my one and only government job, expectations of me were clean and clear, with an emphasis on stretching the tasks to fill the workday. Breaks were mandatory and extensive: a 9:15 a.m. break, an hour lunch break, and an afternoon break. In mirror fashion to my repetitive and routine job, I ate the same lunch every day: a Lean Cuisine beef teriyaki and rice frozen dinner that I would pop in the microwave on top of the fridge at work. Lean Cuisine is a division of Stouffer's, the Ohio-based frozen food company that had big ideas in the 1980s. As a teenager, I had gone through several periods of only eating one food at a time—a three-month stint on raisin Rice Krispies treats comes to mind—so this self-imposed restriction wasn't new. But it nicely completed a routine that was perfectly symmetrical day after day.

We ate in the mechanics' room behind the shack where I weighed the trucks. The lead mechanic, the longest-serving government employee on site and father to one of the other girls in the office, liked to freak me out by opening his coveted jar of pickled pigs feet and popping one in his mouth. Everyone but me seemed to come from a farm, so they were humored watching my face fill with horror.

Unlike any retail or service job I have had since, working at the landfill had a warm and familial atmosphere. We were there to represent the rules, do our job well, and conform to a slow pace so as to stretch the work out to the end of the day. I took care not to write too quickly and had the best penmanship of my life.

Sliding open the tiny office window above my desk, I would tell customers whose pickup trucks sat on the scales that they were not in compliance with the law and that I would call the state highway patrol to give them a ticket if they didn't leave and come back with a tarp on their load.

I watched as people unloaded their trucks with bicycles and furniture, antique windows and doors, all in perfect condition. The Amish would ride up in buggies with their trash. We welcomed the same six guys who were the city trash collectors multiple times a day. A BFI driver we knew drove up with his

ROSIE IN RICHMOND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

summer park film series on board. In early spring 2012, we will have a Visitor's Center with wonderful exhibits—preliminary ones in 2012 and the full exhibit in 2013, as well as a park store, all located next to the historic Ford Assembly Plant and Craneway event pavilion in a beautiful spot on the bayfront."

The park doesn't just tell the stories of the home front. It also "tells stories about the transformation of American culture—about women, about a huge African American migration from the South to California during the war, about integration of both women and blacks into the workforce and the terrible difficulties they faced, and about the seeds of great social changes that were delayed and detoured, but ultimately surfaced. It is also the story of prepaid health care, which the Kaiser Shipyards provided to their workers, and about childcare and early education for children. All passions of mine."

Marsha also described the park's innovative educational programs. For example, the Trust's "Rosie's Girls" program coordinates with the YMCA to offer a free summer program for Richmond middle-school girls to teach them unusual skills, bravery, leadership, and more. They learn welding, carpentry, firefighting, policework, and this year they went to Yosemite to learn outdoor



Laura Owens. *Untitled*, 2011.

whole hauler full of packages of Pepperidge Farm chocolate chip cookies straight from the factory. He opened the back of his load and we all took multiple packages while he relayed that they had too much salt. None of us could taste a difference. I was 17.

After many jobs working in retail and the service industry, where lunch was an escape to myself, and to thinking my own private thoughts, I am now alone with my thoughts the whole day. Working for myself in the studio, there is no limiting organization that dictates my hours. Lunch is not something to be savored, but an attempt to strategize what foods will give me the most energy and focus for the rest of the afternoon. It can be a place to rebel against my own tyrannical pressure to produce. More often it is an annoying distraction, something to conveniently forget about. At best, it is a time to regroup and come back to the studio with fresh eyes and ideas. Unlike the government job and my frozen meal that was so comforting and routine in its slow methodical nature, my lunch break is now stressful, a debate every day of what to eat and how to avoid wasting time. ■



"Animal" doing his crossword puzzle at lunch, Carpentry Shop, Bath Iron Works, Oct. 2007. Photo Sharon Lockhart.

skills, too. The National Park Service has a terrific teen program called Hometown Richmond that creates victory gardens on vacant lots. Both groups are focused on developing school programs to bring this history alive for children." Also, Marsha recommends the National Park Service's tours. One ranger, Betty Reid-Soskin, worked on the home front and "tells all the stories incredibly well from the perspective of an African American who lived through the war."

Marsha hopes "to create resources to expand both our local and our national presence, bringing people to see what an amazing park we have in Richmond. I also hope we can expand the park's ability to restore more of the buildings that tell, among other stories, the stories of all the women who came as 16- and 18-year-olds and older to take on jobs they didn't even know how to do—and succeeded brilliantly." ■

Be sure to visit Rosie the Riveter/WWII Home Front National Park. We guarantee that the experience will lift your spirits and that kids will love it. For more information, and scheduled tours, check out the Trust's website at <http://www.rosietheriveter.org> and the National Park Service's website at <http://www.nps.gov/rori/index.htm>.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

ALEXIS TURZAN

I look up from ungraded essays, peering between stacks of classroom papers. Tehray M., seventh-grade cynic and a favorite former student, regards me quizzically. My pen stops squeaking.

"I don't mean to be rude, but I keep wondering why you're a teacher. Doesn't it get boring putting up with the same stuff—wondering if you'll have a job every year, dealing with sixth graders acting the fool? You're always so happy when you draw. Why aren't you, like, doing *that*?"

Considering the half-inked comic book on my desk, I pause. Growing up, school was a sanctuary. Books fed my imagination, and "making the grade" made life bearable outside the classroom. Throwing myself into an essay numbed the pain of familial dysfunction. Studying distant cultures offered an escape from the brutality of local news. Learning was my salvation, and I an acolyte at the altar of trivia.

Art? That was just something to do when class was over.

After college, I joined Teach for America—a national service organization dedicated to educational equity. The moment had arrived. What better outlet for a love of learning than spreading the gospel of knowledge?

Needless to say, my first year teaching was a lesson in shifting expectations. Lesson plans failed, and students routinely cussed me out. Our classroom flooded with foul-smelling water, a little girl was killed half a block from school, and the paramedics who visited our class on Career Day later delivered me to the emergency room after sustaining a severe neck injury.

The harder work became, the more I drew and painted. Doodles appeared on memos, and bulletin boards bloomed with black-and-white photographs. My class made a wall-sized mural of the 1968 Mexico City Olympics. Cartooning became part of lesson plans, and I became deeply involved with the school's art program.

In time, incorporating the arts into the classroom helped reconcile my experience as a student with the reality of being an educator. I realized that good art and good teaching share a lot in common. Both are emancipatory acts, capable of inspiring curiosity and broadening perspectives beyond the present moment. Colleagues proved that art and teaching are transformative and expressive crafts, steeped in a tradition of experimentation. In the end, it was my students who taught me that art and education represent investments in our collective future.

"Tehray," I reply, "I'm here because I want to be, and because I care. Maybe I'm not very creative, but being a teacher is the best art project I could imagine." ■



Alexis Turzan. From *Frick Action Comics*.



WINSLOW HOMER. *New England Factory Life—“Bell-Time.”* Wood engraving. Originally published in *Harper's Weekly* (New York), July 25, 1868.

FACTORY BELLS

ISABELLE SMEALL

New England Factory Life—“Bell-Time,” an illustration by the American artist Winslow Homer (1836–1910), portrays men, women, and children workers leaving the Washington Mills in Lawrence, Massachusetts, at the end of their workday. They all wear hats (or scarves), and they all carry lunch pails (or baskets). The workers in the foreground quickly dissolve into the masses pouring out of the mill, all presumably carrying their own lunch pails or baskets.

But for a few tree branches in the upper right corner, the last vestiges of a pre-industrial New England landscape, nature has been pushed out of the scene almost entirely. Even the water visible in the background is a product of industry: a man-made canal, whose power is being harnessed to run the mill. The factory, its canal, and its workers flow together in parallel diagonals across the picture, as the tree strains in the opposite direction.

Homer depicts nature fighting against the current of industry, but his picture, a drawing mechanically reproduced as a wood engraving, has already lost the fight. It is an industrial artifact itself: a work of art in the age of mechanical reproduction. It appeared at the centerfold of the July 25, 1868 issue of *Harper's Weekly*, a pictorial news magazine published in New York in the second half of the nineteenth century and the early twentieth century that was distributed to hundreds of thousands of readers. In 1842, the British author Charles Dickens described his experiences traveling in the United States in his famous *American Notes*. Homer's 1868 drawing illustrates an article recapping Dickens's positive account of American industry, which was "among the things he did not condemn." The anonymous *Harper's* author boasts that "factory life throughout all the Northeastern States . . . has less horror, is accompanied by less of disease and misery contingent on the labor, and is better paid than in any other part of the world."

Homer's illustration strays from Dickens's observations and complicates this happy message. His somber workers carry their own industrial artifacts—most of their lunch pails are metal canisters made in a factory like the one they are leaving. They swing them as they walk, echoing the factory's bells sounding the end of their workday. *New England Factory Life—“Bell-Time”* tells the artist's nostalgia for a lost American landscape. The scene distances itself from Dickens's outdated pronouncements and becomes an illustration of Homer's own American notes. ■

wo/manifesto

W.A.G.E. (WORKING ARTISTS AND THE GREATER ECONOMY)

W.A.G.E. (Working Artists and the Greater Economy) works to draw attention to economic inequalities that exist in the arts and to resolve them.

W.A.G.E. has been formed because we—visual artists, performance artists, writers and independent curators—provide a work force.

W.A.G.E. recognizes the organized irresponsibility of the art market and its supporting institutions and demands an end of the refusal to pay fees for the work we're asked to provide: preparation, installation, presentation, consultation, exhibition and reproduction.

W.A.G.E. refutes the positioning of the artist as a speculator and calls for the remuneration of cultural value in capital value.

W.A.G.E. believes that the promise of exposure is a liability in a system that denies the value of our labor. As an unpaid labor force within a robust art market from which others profit greatly, W.A.G.E. recognizes an inherent exploitation and demands compensation.

W.A.G.E. calls for an address of the economic inequalities that are prevalent, and proactively preventing the art worker's ability to survive within the greater economy.

W.A.G.E. advocates for developing an environment of mutual respect between artist and institution.

W.A.G.E. demands payment for making the world more interesting. ■

POLITICS IN PUBLIC ART: THE GOIT TOWER MURALS

GRAY BRECHIN

Virtually all public art in the United States prior to the Great Depression and New Deal served to endorse the legitimacy and benignity of the American Dream. No market existed for artists who might question it. President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal art projects opened unprecedented opportunities, however, for those who might dissent, as well as headaches for the sponsors and administrators of the art they commissioned.

Roosevelt's experiment in federal art sponsorship began at the suggestion of his Groton and Harvard classmate, George Biddle. An accomplished painter himself, Biddle—like other artists—hoped to ignite an American equivalent of the Italian Renaissance; he said of the WPA's Federal Art Project that "[i]ts credo was that if one creates a cultural background,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



Human chain with more than 5,000 Hattingen residents and factory workers protesting the shutdown of the Henrichshütte steel mill, 1987. Photo: LWL-Industriemuseum / M. Vollmer.

Shutdown at Richard Serra's Steel Mill

MAIA GIANAKOS

The year is 1987. Henrichshütte Ironworks has been operating successfully as a subdivision of the Thyssen-Gruppe manufacturing corporation for over 13 years. Having survived the setbacks of war and a stumbling economy more than once since its founding in 1854, the Hattingen-based steel mill has finally succumbed to the steady decline of heavy fabrication in Germany's industrial Ruhr region. This year, a full-scale shutdown of the factory will commence, beginning with the termination of 2,900 employees out of the total workforce of 4,700. Massive resistance is taking place, with thousands of people gathering in defense of the steelworkers. Demonstrations have included a hunger strike, as well as a human chain extending from Duisburg-Rheinhausen to Dortmund, more than 32 miles long.

By 1993, the last 662 workers in the division of steel production at Henrichshütte will have been laid off, and by 2003, all activities of the company will have ceased. In its place, the LWL-Industriemuseum will open its doors, housing exhibitions devoted to the legacy of the mill and other local industrial production.

Though specialists in the mass production of industrial parts and sea vessel components, Henrichshütte also came to be known as the primary fabricator of Richard Serra's large-scale steel sculptures. In 1979, Serra and Clara Weyergraf released *STEELMILL/STAHLWERK*, a silent film with footage at Henrichshütte of the workers—and machines—who brought form to Serra's vision.

With the closing of the factory, Serra redirected the production of his works to a Baltimore-based steel mill until 1997, when he began his collaboration with Pickhan Heavy

Fabrication. Based in Siegen, Germany, Pickhan was founded in 1930 as a small, family-run company with less than 100 employees. To meet the challenges of producing Serra's colossal structures, Pickhan invested in new technology, machinery that has also enabled the company to expand their output to other commercial areas, including ship, aircraft, and oilrig manufacturing.

A brief phone call with a factory administrator yielded the following information about break conditions at Pickhan: that there is no staff cafeteria and that workers eat either at their workspaces or outside, weather permitting. At the time of publication, answers were still pending to a series of questions submitted to individuals at the Pickhan mill regarding the specifics of their lunch content and habits. ■



Worker at Falcon Footwear doing his crossword puzzle after lunch. Photo Sharon Lockhart.

POWELL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

in a clear victory for the longshoremen. In addition to coast-wide union recognition and a 30-hour work week, a dispatcher-run hiring hall was established, which finally ended the hated shape-up.

The 1934 San Francisco General Strike was a pivotal moment in the city's history, inspiring a wave of labor organizing that dramatically increased the city's union membership by the end of the decade and solidified San Francisco's reputation as a union town. ■

THE LABOR ARCHIVES AND RESEARCH CENTER AT SAN FRANCISCO STATE UNIVERSITY

The Labor Archives and Research Center preserves the rich, lively labor history of the San Francisco Bay Area. The Center collects union records, personal papers, scrapbooks, photographs, posters, oral histories, film, video, and artifacts documenting local working people and labor organizations. Founded

in 1985 by trade union leaders, historians, and university administrators, the Labor Archives is a unit of the J. Paul Leonard Library at San Francisco State University.

To learn more about the region's labor history pick up a copy of the Labor Archives' *San Francisco Labor Landmarks Guide Book: A Register of Sites and Walking Tour*. The guide book provides a tour of San Francisco's labor past and present—working-class neighborhoods, labor hangouts, monuments, murals, memorials, and buildings that reflect the history of the people who built the "City by the Bay." Discover 88 different sites and five neighborhood walking tours covering an array of landmarks from the unique point of view of those who work in its stores, labor in its hotels and run its cable cars.

Labor Archives and Research Center, 480 Winston Drive, San Francisco, CA 94132; tel: 415-564-4010; larc@sfsu.edu; www.library.sfsu.edu/larc. Hours: Monday through Friday from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. ■

LUNCHTIME TIMELINE: SOME BRANDS I HAVE LOVED

JULIE AULT

Pre-school: My favorite lunch was **Morton's Macaroni & Cheese**, an individual serving that started out frozen and got baked to crusty-topped perfection. **A&P** brand was second choice. **Howard Johnson's** made a larger-size tin for sharing, but I didn't like to share. I wanted the consistency of knowing exactly how much I would have so I could plan each ecstatic bite. And **Hojo's** version was lumpier and less cheesy. I ate macaroni and cheese every day my mother let me.

Grade school: Mom packed a tuna sandwich for me day in and day out, and gave me change to buy a half-pint of **Hood's** milk and some cookies or nabs at school. I switched off between **Nabisco's Nutter Butter Creme Patties** (the flat creme patty filled with real peanut butter—far preferable to the peanut-shaped cookie sandwich version), **Oreos**, **Peanut Butter Nabs**, **Cheddar Cheese Nabs**, and **Sunshine Biscuits' Vienna Finger Sandwiches**. But just thinking about the tuna mixed with mayonnaise without salt or pepper jammed between two slices of soggy misshapen bread sitting in my lunchbox all morning made me sick. So I tossed the sandwiches. I was paranoid I'd get caught if I threw them out at school—too many eyes watching. Instead I carried the sandwich around with me all day in order to hide it at home under my brother's bed or in his closet. Not until years later did Mom start coming across unidentifiable dark colored items when cleaning closets and the boxes under Brian's bed. (She was not a frequent housecleaner.)

During my pre-teen and teen summers in New Gloucester at Nana and Aunt Dot's house, and at Aunt Jo and Uncle Carl's just up the road, lunch was typically **Chef Boyardee** canned **Cheese Ravioli** or **Beefaroni**—both equally good. Alternatively, I had a grilled cheese sandwich (**Kraft American Cheese Slices** on **Wonder Bread**), a bowl of **Campbell's Tomato Soup**, and a glass of grape or raspberry **Zarex**. Sometimes I substituted **Bosco** chocolate syrup with cold milk for the **Zarex**. Nana, Aunt Jo, and Aunt Dot did a lot of baking, so there were always molasses, refrigerator or chocolate chip cookies, egg custards, hermits, pie, or yellow cake for dessert. Occasionally we had Sunday family lunches at **Cole Farms** in Gray, where I ordered either a bacon sandwich and a chocolate shake or the fried clam roll with a **Coke**, inevitably followed by a piece of chocolate cream pie.

Junior high and the first two years of high school: the norm was either an **Oscar Mayer Beef Bologna** sandwich on **Arnold White Bread**, or **Cottle's Thin-Sliced Turkey** on a bulkie roll. I liked these so I didn't throw them out. All-in-one packages of cheese spread and crackers became popular for a while, which was great since I am a cheeseaholic. But my favorite lunches were **Drake's Funny Bones** (perfect proportions of whipped peanut butter cream filling in springy chocolate cake dipped in chocolate to form a thin crust), followed in order of preference by **Devil Dogs** (no chocolate outer layer or frosting, just simple vanilla cream spread between two pieces of rich dense chocolate cake), **Ring Dings**, **Yodels**, **Twinkies**, and **Hostess Cup Cakes**, both the chocolate and orange flavors. I ate all of these in quantity. For special Saturday lunches Dad would take us for **Sam's Italian Sandwiches** in Lewiston. My favorite was ham and cheese with everything on it, accompanied by a bottle of **Moxie**.

At 14 I discovered **Kraft Macaroni & Cheese**, being the best at three for a dollar, while **A&P** brand was less tasty but only four for a dollar. These both came with the cheese powder packet. The deluxe version with the can of premixed cheese sauce enclosed cooks up into a much richer dish, but cost a bit more. A can of **Starkist** ("Sorry, Charlie") **Tuna** mixed with the deluxe **M&C** was the pièce de résistance. This was also my individual frozen pizza period. They came in a four-pak, but I can't recall the brand.

While working as a checker at **Sampson's Supermarket**, I bought lunch items in the store, such as **Kraft Muenster Cheese Singles**, **Nabisco Wheat Thins**, and a pint of **Hood's Chocolate Milk**. Simultaneously I was taking courses at the University of Maine. Vending machine generic brand **Cream Horns** were the only cafeteria offering I liked, so I usually had between four and six a day, starting at lunch. They were excellent. My friend Tim had a theory that I never got sick cause no disease could live in my body, thanks to all the non-dairy, chemically concocted cream horns. Sometimes a group of us went out to lunch at **Howard Johnson's** or **Friendly's**, where I invariably ordered a chocolate frappe and a side order of rolls with butter. Cheap, filling, and delicious. Occasionally we went to **McDonald's**. I left Maine at 17.

Today, once or twice a week if I'm having lunch at home, I treat myself to **Amy's Macaroni and Cheese**, the current "healthy" version of my first and still most memorable lunch. In fact, that's what I am very much looking forward to having today. ■



"Ro-Ro Café," Machine Shop, Bath Iron Works, June 2008. Photo Sharon Lockhart.



Publicity photo of Dick Curless. Courtesy Pine Tree State Country Music Association.

Dick Curless: The Baron of Country Music

ROSALIE BENITEZ

Born in Fort Fairfield, Maine, in 1932, singer, songwriter, and guitarist Richard William Curless, known as the “Baron of Country Music,” recorded numerous country and trucker songs, holding 22 Billboard Top 40 country music hits in his career. Known for his rich baritone voice, Bakersfield sound, eye patch, and 6 foot 3 stature, he was a pioneer of the trucking music genre and most well-known for the 1965 Billboard Country Top 5 hit, “A Tombstone Every Mile,” which chronicled a harrowing stretch of road through Aroostook County’s Haynesville Woods.

Raised in a musical household, Curless’s mother played the organ, and his construction-worker father sang and played guitar. The family moved to Massachusetts when he was eight years old, and he wrote his first song when he was in the eighth grade. He began performing in local clubs as a teenager in the 1940s, and his skills as a singer, songwriter, and guitar player were soon recognized by his father’s friend, Yodeling Slim Clark, who took Curless under his wing, helping him to get a radio show in Ware, Massachusetts, and dubbing him the “Tumbleweed Kid.”

In 1950, at the age of 18, Curless recorded his first single, “The Coast of Maine.” Yodeling Slim Clark also put together Curless’s first touring band, the Trail Riders. Curless moved back to Maine in 1950, settling in Bangor, where he lived with his wife Pauline the rest of his life. He still performed with the Trail Riders and also played guitar for Gene Hooper, Hal Lone Pine, and Betty Cody. The Trail Riders’s regional success was interrupted in 1952 when Curless, just married, was drafted and sent to Korea, where he served as a truck driver. Nicknamed the “Rice Paddy Ranger,” he hosted two radio shows for Armed Forces Radio. He returned to Maine and recorded his first solo album in 1956, *Dick Curless Sings Songs of the Open Country*. The

next year he won CBS’s *Arthur Godfrey’s Talent Scouts*, which proved to be a big breakthrough, landing him a record deal with Tiffany, which released his album in 1959. Tiffany released two additional LPs in the early 1960s: *Singing Just for Fun* and *I Love to Tell a Story*.

An even bigger break came with the national success of “A Tombstone Every Mile,” which Curless co-wrote with radio personality Don Fulkerson in 1965. Chronicling the dangerous stretch of road on Route 2A, a potato and Christmas tree trucking route through the Haynesville Woods, “Tombstone” was a hymn to the dangerous and courageous profession. Following the success of “Tombstone,” Curless was picked up by Capitol’s Tower Records, which re-released the two Tiffany albums as *A Tombstone Every Mile* and *Hymns*. Tower’s 1966 release of *The Soul of Dick Curless* held new recordings, followed by two compilation albums from Curless’s archives: *Travelin’ Man* and *At Home With Dick Curless*.

In 1966, Curless recorded the duet album *A Devil Like Me Needs an Angel Like You* with Kay Adams. From 1967 to 1968, he was based in Bakersfield, California, and The Dick Curless Show Band toured with the Buck Owens’s All American Road Show. Curless played Carnegie Hall to three encores and was named the Baron of Country Music for his recording of *The Baron*. During those two years, he recorded four albums in Nashville: *All of Me Belongs to You (House of Memories)*, *Ramblin’ Country*, *Long Lonesome Road*, and *The Wild Side of Town*.

Curless had a falling out with Owens, returned to Maine in 1968, and recorded 12 more hits for Capitol between 1970 and 1974, when he was also a regular on the *Wheeling Jamboree*. Capitol released the live LP *Live at the Wrestling Truck Drivers Jamboree* in 1973 and the 1974 album *The Last Blues Song*, Curless’s last album with Capitol. In 1976, he recorded 20 new songs in Nashville. He was inducted into the Maine Country Music Hall of Fame in 1978 and more or less retired to his home in Bangor. He came out of retirement to record three LPs, 1987’s *Welcome to My World*, 1988’s *It’s Just a Matter of Time*, and 1989’s *Close Up*. He recorded his final album, *Traveling Through*, in 1994.

Curless died in 1995 at the age of 63 and was buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery in Bangor. *Traveling Through* was released posthumously in 1995. The Dick Curless Memorial Scholarship Fund was established in 2000 to support music students at Bangor High. The Dick Curless Scholarship Show, which features local and national acts, is held the first Sunday of every June. This year, the show took place on June 6 at The Spectacular Event Center in Bangor. The show featured the All Star Band of Denny Breau, Ronnie Chase, Frank Coffin, J. D. Foster, Harry King, and Tommy Thompson. Scheduled performers included Dennis Doiron, Jackie King, Bonnie Rairdon, and Ken Wentworth. ■

FARMER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

him that today’s lunch would be the last one she would ever pack for him. To demonstrate to his buddies that he didn’t care a whit, he opened his lunch box and threw the contents overboard the ship on which they were sitting. But before the contents fell into the sea, a seagull swooped down, caught and consumed his sandwich, and then dropped dead.

Kaler also remembers this generation as consummate craftsmen. He tells the story of Jess Homans, a welder in the Tin Shop, who was always given the welding jobs everyone else considered to be impossible. Homans, Kaler observes, “could weld anything but a broken heart and the crack of dawn.” One day, one of his buddies left on Homans’s workbench a tea kettle: his wife had left the empty kettle on the stove too long, and its bottom had cracked off. He dared Homans to weld a new bottom. The kettle sat on Homans’s workbench for weeks, untouched. Then one day, Homans presented the kettle to his friend, with a brand-new, paper-thin, seamlessly welded bottom. Perfection.

Perhaps the ultimate artisanal achievements of this generation were the custom-made stainless steel lunch boxes they traditionally presented to the senior members of the Tin Shop. Kaler recalls that “it took years of waiting for your order to be filled. Years of seniority had to be attained to receive the holy grail of the lunch box. Rookies need not apply. You would come to work one day, and you would find on your workbench a new lunch box with no name or identity, but everyone knew who it would be for. It meant that you had made the grade and that you now owned an heirloom that would be passed to your son, and then to his son. It would never be given away or thrown away. It might lie fallow on the garage bench, in the cellar, or in the attic, but it would never leave the family of the man who carried it.”

As the World War II generation has gradually passed away, this Tin Shop tradition has faded away, too. And just this year, the Tin Shop itself closed. But this generation will always be remembered for the values that they embodied in their lives and in their work. ■



Banh mi sandwich moments before being consumed by the photographer. Photo Luong (Mike) T. Ly.

THE BELOVED BANH MI

ANDREA NGUYEN

Forget the PB&J, the BLT, and even the panini. We submit that the banh mi, invented in Vietnam, is the world’s greatest sandwich. Wanting to learn more about banh mi, we went straight to the source: Andrea Nguyen. Andrea is a celebrated author and cooking teacher based in Northern California. A contributing editor to *SAVEUR* magazine, her work also appears in the *Los Angeles Times*. Her publications include *Into the Vietnamese Kitchen: Treasured Foodways, Modern Flavors (Ten Speed Press, 2006)*, *Asian Dumplings: Mastering Gyoza, Spring Rolls, Samosas, and More (Ten Speed Press, 2010)*, and *Asian Market Shopper (Chronicle Books, 2011)*. We’re eagerly anticipating the publication of her next book, *Asian Tofu*, in 2012, also published by *Ten Speed Press*. Andrea’s website, *Viet World Kitchen*, at <http://www.vietworld.kitchen>, is an indispensable repository of information on Vietnamese cooking, as well as on the social significance of food in Vietnamese culture. Andrea generously shared her master banh mi and daikon and carrot pickle recipes with us. Thanks, Andrea!

Whenever I bite into a *banh mi* sandwich—whether it’s on a street in Vietnam, sidewalk of Little Saigon, or in my home kitchen, I am ingesting Vietnamese history and culture. The bread, condiments, and some of the meats are the legacy of French and Chinese colonialism. But in its entirety, the beloved *banh mi* is 100 percent Viet, full of self-determination, resourceful craftsmanship, and culinary magic. It often costs little but deserves a hefty sum for all the care involved.

BANH MI SANDWICH

For each sandwich:

1 petit baguette roll or a 7-inch section cut from a regular-length baguette, purchased or homemade
Mayonnaise, real (whole egg) or homemade mayonnaise
Maggi Seasoning sauce or soy sauce
Your choice of boldly-flavored meat or tofu, sliced and at room temperature
3 or 4 thin seeded cucumber strips, pickling or English variety preferred
2 or 3 cilantro sprigs, roughly chopped
3 or 4 thin jalapeño pepper slices
Everyday Daikon and Carrot Pickle (Do Chua) (recipe follows)

1. Slit the bread lengthwise, and then use your fingers or a bread knife to hollow out the insides, making a trough in both halves. Discard the insides or save it for another use, such as breadcrumbs. If necessary, crisp up the bread in a toaster oven preheated to 325°F, and then let it cool for a minute before proceeding.

2. Generously spread the inside with mayonnaise. Drizzle in some Maggi Seasoning sauce or soy sauce. Start from the bottom portion of bread to layer in the remaining ingredients. (As with all sandwiches, you’ll eventually develop an order for layering the filling so as to maximize the interaction between flavors and textures.) Close the sandwich, cut it in half crosswise for easy eating, and enjoy.

DAIKON AND CARROT PICKLE (DO CHUA)

Try this daikon and carrot pickle recipe once and then tweak the recipe to your liking. Variations include adding tangy-sweet-pungent pickled shallots (*cu kieu*) to the mixture, as well as making heavier on the carrot side than the daikon side. I prefer to keep a higher ratio (say 2:1) of daikon to carrot as I like the mild bite of daikon radish. I like a tangy-sweet flavor whereas you can alter the ratio of sugar to vinegar to make the brine sweeter, and hence affect the pickle’s flavor.

Makes about 3 cups

1 large carrot, peeled and cut into thick matchsticks
1 pound daikons, each no larger than 2 inches in diameter, peeled and cut into thick matchsticks
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons plus 1/2 cup sugar
1 1/4 cups distilled white vinegar
1 cup lukewarm water

1. Place the carrot and daikons in a bowl and sprinkle with the salt and 2 teaspoons of the sugar. Use your hands to knead the vegetables for about 3 minutes, expelling the water from them. They will soften and liquid will pool at the bottom of the bowl. Stop kneading when you can bend a piece of daikon so that the ends touch but the daikon does not break. The vegetables should have lost about one-fourth of their volume. Drain in a colander and rinse under cold running water, then press gently to expel extra water. Return the vegetables to the bowl if you plan to eat them soon, or transfer them to a 1-quart jar for longer storage.

2. To make the brine, in a bowl, combine the 1/2 cup sugar, the vinegar, and the water and stir to dissolve the sugar. Pour over the vegetables. The brine should cover the vegetables. Let the vegetables marinate in the brine for at least 1 hour before eating. They will keep in the refrigerator for up to 4 weeks. Beyond that point, they get tired. ■



Men coming out of the shipyard at noon hour for lunch. Bath, Maine, December 1940. FSA/OWI Collection, Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress.

LOCAL S6: A BRIEF HISTORY

JOHN PORTELA

While union activity in the city of Bath, Maine, can be traced back to the mid-nineteenth century, the story of Local 6 begins in the early 1930s in Camden, New Jersey. It was there that a group of workers founded the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America on October 3, 1933. IUMSWA's founders envisioned one large union to represent all shipyard workers. In September 1934, union activists from throughout the northeast, including Bath, met in Quincy, Massachusetts, to charter the first six locals of the national union. The charter for Bath was Local 4.

Because of a series of external events, a representation election was not held in Bath until 1938. On December 21 of that year, Local 4 lost its first union election by just 42 votes. Organizers regrouped and petitioned for another election in June 1940. This time they lost by a mere eight votes.

The year 1941 brought the birth of the Independent Brotherhood of Shipyard Workers and the first election win for a bargaining agent. On October 6 of that year, they signed the first labor contract with Bath Iron Works and would go on to represent BIW workers for the next nine years, turning back election challenges in 1942, 1944, and 1946. Then in 1950, the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Ship Builders and Helpers of America defeated the IBSA by a nearly five to one margin. The Boilermakers chartered Local Lodge 168 in November.

IUMSWA came back to challenge the Boilermakers and lost an election in 1953. Two years later, the two unions met again with an unusual outcome: neither won an outright majority. They agreed to a run-off on September 15. This time, IUMSWA prevailed and won the representation election. IUMSWA signed its first contract with BIW and a week later chartered Local 6 on November 14, 1955.

Remarkably, between 1938 and 1955, 10 union representation elections were held at BIW with IUMSWA on the ballot nine times. It appeared that the issue was settled when the AFL and CIO merged in late 1955. That was until a prolonged strike in the fall of 1957 led to a challenge the following year by a new independent group: the Kennebec Brotherhood of Shipbuilders. Local 6 was successful in defeating them in May 1958 and continued to be the workers' bargaining agent.

Our story, however, does not end there. In 1988, IUMSWA sought to merge with the International Association of Machinists. The merger was completed by convention in the fall, with all the locals being assigned an "S" to distinguish them from already existing Machinists locals with the same number. Opposition to the merger gave rise once more to an independent challenge from a group calling itself the Bath Shipbuilders Independent Union. Elections were held in both 1989 and 1991 with Local S/6 IUMSWA/IAM prevailing in both cases and preserving the local originally chartered on November 14, 1955.

Today, Local S6 represents between 2,800 and 3,000 workers at BIW. Over the years, BIW workers have experienced ups, and they have experienced downs, including layoffs and strikes, such as the 14-week strike of 1985 and the eight-week strike of 2000. But through it all, Local S6 has continued to improve working conditions, wages, and benefits for its members. ■



"Genius" and friends on lunch break, Assembly Hall, Bath Iron Works, Nov. 2007. Photo Sharon Lockhart.

Half Tide

JEN CASAD

up early before the sun breaks
before the birds awake
down to the shore
armed with boots and hods
and a big black sled
it is overcast and gray
raw and chilly compared to the spring's
recent warmth

the tide is out
the channel meanders in winding
pattern across the clam flat
speckled dark with the chance
of mussel beds
a small island breaks up the river
a sand bar with rocks and seaweed
while all else is mud-colored, the bar is
topped off with one big boulder
and gravel of white with yellow-orange hues

I am all alone
with no other clammer to be seen
alone besides the birds of course
who always seem to congre-
gate around tidal zone
sea gulls mostly, but sometimes
ducks and Canada geese
kingfishers, a blue herring,
a few random crows
terns and laughing gulls in the summer
a number of fish hawks, if
the fishing is good
at times the blessing of a bald eagle
mostly noticed when the crows gang
up so much that you cannot help
but to stand up and wonder
what all the fuss is about
and see a black cloud be-
hind the massive spirit

the tide has left before break of day
and I must hurry to catch it
I sink easily halfway up to my knees
and deeper in some places
I head for the stream bed
following it north
I must pull each leg with an effort only
clammers can understand and forget

I am on the lookout for clam holes
the black circle or slit in the
mud that indicates that
there lies a clam
sometimes sediment covers these holes
and not a clam can be seen
to show or not to show
a not-showing day
can make for a very
very long tide

it is a big flat and
I can see a long ways up river
the shoreline is bordered with
rough rocky walls and the climb-
ing crest of evergreen trees
the leaves not yet on the hard woods
the light changes slowly
a woodpecker can be heard some-
where inland on the west shore

once I make it to the spot
generally
I will not notice so much
falling into automatic work mode
the brain takes over and the thoughts flow
randomly moving on
as does my hand
in and out with a clam
over and over
until the tide rushes in
and the muddy catch is all washed
clean
placed in the sled and floated back
to where I started
when the day was new

breathing heavy with the effort
I cannot help
but notice
that beauty surrounds me



Nancy with her rhubarb crisp.

NANCY'S RHUBARB CRISP

In the early summer, the appearance of rhubarb in vegetable gardens and pies signals the beginning of the new season. We stopped by Nancy's picture-perfect kitchen in Littleton, Maine, just when she was starting to put together a rhubarb crisp for dessert. The fresh rhubarb was from a neighbor down the way. We tried to get her recipe, but she was working from the knowledge gained from experience and not from a written list of ingredients. We took pictures, asked questions, and took notes. At the end of the evening, the rhubarb crisp was delicious. Use the instructions below as guideposts, but not as a street map.

Filling:

6 cups chopped rhubarb
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup water

Topping:

1-1/2 cups butter (preferably from Houlton
Farms Dairy)
2-1/2 cups rolled oats
1-1/2 cups brown sugar
1 cup flour

- For the topping: Cut butter into flour with a pastry cutter. Add rolled oats and brown sugar.
- For the rhubarb: Add the sugar and water to the rhubarb. Mix.
- Put it together: Dot rhubarb mixture with butter. Add 1/2 cup water. Add topping. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes. Serve with Houlton Farms Dairy vanilla ice cream.

NANCY'S NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

While the rhubarb crisp was in the oven, we asked Nancy for her New England Boiled Dinner recipe. Seems the consensus in this part of Maine (The County) is for ham for the boiled dinner. Haven't met anyone yet who prefers corned beef, but it's rumored that there are those who do.

Nancy starts this dinner by baking rolls for a nearby farmer who grows Yukon Gold potatoes. Then she goes to the butcher and gets a 3-1/2 pound ham butt.

Then, get a big pot and add some water to it. Cook the ham for three hours or so on the stove in the water. While the ham is boiling, peel the potatoes (maybe six or so) and dice them in chunks. Take out the ham. Add to the ham water the potatoes, some cut-up carrots, and onion. Cook until the vegetables are done. Serve the vegetables and meat together. It will taste great today, but even better tomorrow! ■



Workers on lunch break at Lie-Nielsen Toolworks. Photo Sharon Lockhart.

Chowder Showdown: Maine Clam v. Massachusetts Fish

MAINE CLAM CHOWDER

ADELE PRESSMAN

This chowder is delicious immediately after cooking but is at its best the next day. The recipe is modified from one originally appearing in Marjorie Standish, *Cooking Down East* (Camden, Me.: Down East Books, 1969).

Ingredients:

1 to 2 cups shucked "steamer" clams
(If you cannot find shucked clams and don't have the time or energy to shuck them yourself, you can steam the clams, remove the meat from the shells, and cut them up for chowder. It's best, but not necessary, to separate the stomachs from the strips and to cut up the strips but leave the stomachs intact.)
Clam broth (harvested from the steamed clams) or water
1 medium onion, diced
1/4 to 1/3 pound salt pork
1 to 2 tablespoons vegetable oil or salt pork renderings
4 or more potatoes, cut into little cubes
Salt
Pepper
3 small bay leaves
About 1/2 to 1 cup milk
1/4 to 1/2 cup cream, heavy or light as you wish (I usually use heavy)

Directions:

Sauté the onions until translucent in the vegetable oil or salt pork rendered fat.
Add the potatoes.
Add the clam broth or water until the potatoes are just barely covered.
Add salt and pepper to taste and the bay leaves.
Bring to a boil, then cook at medium heat until the potatoes are soft to a fork.
Add the clams and cook for about five to seven minutes.
Stir in the milk, cream, and more pepper.
Heat until the chowder just starts to boil, *but don't let it boil*.
Serve with salt pork crisps sprinkled on top.

MASSACHUSETTS LABOR DAY CHOWDER

WHITNEY CHADWICK

The village of Westport Point, Massachusetts, emerged gradually in the early 1700s along a spit of land nestled between the east and west branches of the river that gave it its name. Trees were cleared and farms laid out on land that sloped toward a harbor sheltered by the river. Beyond the river, a long barrier beach provided additional protection from Atlantic storms. By 1712 a landing and ferry were in place. During the next two hundred years, an active fishing industry developed around codfishing and whaling. To this day, a small independent fishing fleet calls the Point home port, returning there to unload lobster, cod, tautog, swordfish, striped bass, bluefish, and scallops, while the river's estuarial flats support

beds of mussels and clams. As summer wanes and the aromas of salt air and low tide mingle with the scent of wood fires and the golden brushstrokes of turning leaves, the passing season is commemorated in annual feasts. Among them are the Westport Point Methodist Church clam bake and the Dexter Family Labor Day Picnic. The latter takes place within the sights, sounds, and smells of New England summer: the bent backs of clam diggers raking the tidal flats, the distant throb of a diesel engine as a lobster boat enters the harbor, sun as it glints off the swelling sail of a beetle cat returning to a mooring before the tide turns, and the rich odor of a special chowder that is slowly cooked over a wood fire according to an old family recipe. The following recipe, for 120 people, originally appeared in *Some of Westport's Favorite Recipes* (Westport, Mass.: Westport Historical Society, 1976).

Ingredients:

3 pounds salt pork
6 quarts milk
1 peck Maine potatoes (approx. 30 pounds)
1-1/2 peck onions (approx. 22 pounds)
Salt
Pepper
30 pounds cleaned tautog
Worcestershire sauce
2 quarts coffee cream
6 boxes Pilot Crackers

Preparation:

Salt pork: dice in 5/8-inch cubes with scalpel.
Onions: halve and then thinly slice (for years, Helen Moore provided wooden matches for insertion between teeth to avoid tears).
Potatoes: slice in wedges with 1/4 inch butts; that thin edge will disintegrate in cooking to thicken chowder, while butt retains its consistency.
Fish: fillet and cut in 1-1/2 inch pieces. It is essential to search for, remove and set aside, and save every bone.
Bones: see above.

Cooking:

It is essential to cook on a granite base, with a southwest wind, and granite wall not less than 10 feet high to the northeast.
The fire should be fashioned of white oak, sparsely sprinkled with dried maple and kindling wood. The fire should be started with two pages from the *New York Times*. The oak logs should not be split until the kindling is brightly burning. The ashes and aroma of the burning oak provide an essential bouquet to the chowder.
Cook in a cast iron kettle (substitutes simply will not serve).
Fry pork until golden.
Add onion and cook until golden brown.
Add potatoes with sufficient fish juice and water to cover. Cook until potatoes are soft.
Add fish and boil until proper consistency is achieved.
At this point, tasters' tongues should be marinated (sharpened) with sherry.
Add salt, pepper, and Worcestershire to taste.
Remove from fire and add milk and cream. Serve not less than 25 yards to leeward and not less than 10 feet above the level of the fire.

Lewis Dexter, November 9, 1975 ■

Snacktime Smackdown

When the urge to snack creeps up on you, ordinarily we would say that given a choice between whoopie pies and granola, whoopie pies, a local favorite, would win every time. Then Helen Molesworth sent us the most amazing granola recipe. As Helen writes, "We all know that granola is good for you. Here is a granola that is better than good for you. Serve it with plain yogurt, a dollop of honey, and some cut-up citrus fruits and you will be having a party inside of your mouth." Try pairing Helen's granola with our friend Dottie's whoopie pies, and we guarantee that the party just won't stop.

HELEN'S GRANOLA

Preheat oven to 300 degrees.
In a large mixing bowl combine:

3 cups rolled oats
1 cup chipped coconut
1 cup unsalted pumpkin seeds
1 cup shelled pistachios
3/4 cup maple syrup (preferably Grade B)
1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 heaping teaspoon ground cardomom
1 heaping teaspoon sea salt (don't skip this, it's the magic ingredient!)

Mix well and spread out on a baking sheet. Cook for 40 minutes, stirring every ten minutes. Let cool before serving. Store in an airtight container.

DOTTIE'S WHOOPEE PIES

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons cocoa
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream together shortening, sugar, egg yolks. Add flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt, cocoa, milk, and vanilla.

Filling:

1/2 cup shortening
2 cups confectioner's sugar
2 egg whites (beat separately)
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes. ■

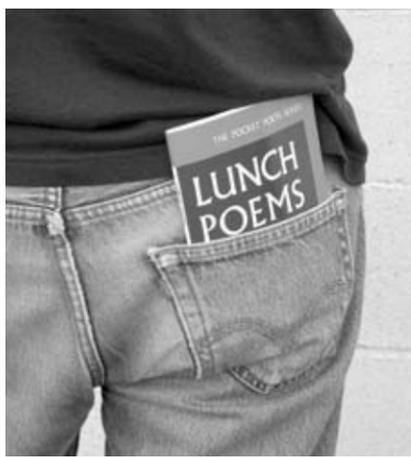


Photo Alex Slade.

The writer Frank O'Hara worked in New York City at the Museum of Modern Art. During his lunch hour, he'd go over to Times Square and write poetry. His book of poems written during lunch was called *Lunch Poems* and was published in 1964. Though the poems aren't explicitly about lunch, the slim volume of verse fits neatly into a lunch box (or a back pocket), and the poems can be enjoyed as tender morsels of inspiration and intellectual nourishment during a midday meal. ■

DOWNTOWN DIVES

REAGAN LOUIE

San Francisco was once a city of big labor: longshoremen, sailors, steel workers, and factory workers. They had their special hash houses and bars. Most opened at 6 a.m. for the morning pick-me-up and breakfast. Recently, I toured a few of the remaining joints near the wharf and in the downtown area to check out the food, drinks, crowd, and vibe.

RED'S JAVA HOUSE

Pier 30 (The Embarcadero)
Sitting at the long front table, you can still feel the salty atmosphere of old-time San Francisco. It's the nearest thing to a greasy spoon in the city, but with a twist (they serve burgers on sourdough bread). Daily specials include hash and sausage sandwiches. Photographs of sports stars, Hollywood celebs, and old San Francisco cover the walls.

THE JAVA HOUSE

Pier 40 (The Embarcadero)
The nondescript "hut" is close to AT&T Park, so on game days, baseball fans take over, and it gets pretty hectic. On non-game days, you can enjoy a classic three-egg-and-bacon breakfast with the great views. A Greek family runs it with a homey touch. Gyros complement standard sandwich offerings.

GINO AND CARLO COCKTAIL LOUNGE

548 Green St.
A friendly old-school everybody-knows-your-name hangout. Card-playing Sicilians, crazy neighbors, pool tables, cheap drinks—what's not to like?

GOLD DUST LOUNGE

247 Powell St.
A true San Francisco saloon located in the middle of touristy Union Square. Nightly music and cheap special drinks like Irish coffee. It retains some of its faded glory with its 1930s décor (cherubs on the ceiling). A mix of locals, tourists, and hipsters.

SUTTER STATION

554 Market St.
At the "Sutter Gutter" cool-looking degenerates mix with financial types. If you like hanging out in dark places on sunny days, this is the bar for you. You will have plenty of company.

THE BROWN JUG

496 Eddy St.
The "Jug" is one of the divier bars in the "Loin." which is saying something. The place is truly a dump—ceiling falling down, rug decorated with cigarette burns. Eclectic crowd of drag queens, neighbors, hipsters. Drunkenness is spoken in all languages. Heavy pours. And you can smoke. ■





Lisa Ohlweiler. *Untitled*, 2011. Courtesy the artist.

SAN FRANCISCO TREATS

For many staffers at the *Lunch Break Times*, lunch is the highlight of the day. Sure, we enjoy dining out. We especially love the grilled skirt steak sandwich at Naked Lunch (504 Broadway), the *banh mi* at Saigon Sandwich (560 Larkin Street), and the carnitas tacos at the El Gallo Giro taco truck (usually parked near Treat and 23rd Streets). And it goes without saying that the chicken Caesar salad at SFMOMA's own Caffè Museo is unbeatable. But our favorite "San Francisco Treat" is Rice-A-Roni.

When we have to file a story by deadline, we just can't leave the newsroom. That's why we always keep the staff kitchen stocked with plenty of boxes of Rice-A-Roni. This product was introduced in San Francisco in 1958 by the DeDomenico family, who had operated a successful pasta factory in the Mission district since 1912. A neighbor, a survivor of the Armenian genocide, taught Lois DeDomenico, the wife of one of the DeDomenico sons, how to make one of her specialties: rice pilaf. Lois served it to her family for several years. Then finally the family had the brilliant idea of transforming the dish into a boxed product incorporating both rice and the macaroni that their company made—a dish that housewives could prepare with ease.

The original flavor was Chicken, which was quickly followed by Beef, Spanish, and Fried Rice-A-Roni. In the 1960s, the family added Italian flavors like Parmesano and Fettucine Alfredo. Today, there are over 30 flavors reflecting a broad range of international cuisines. The Regional Oral History Office of the Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley has conducted oral histories with several members of the DeDomenico family. The transcripts are fascinating.

To read them, visit ROHO's website at <http://bancroft.berkeley.edu/ROHO>.

The following dish feeds four and is a festive addition to any lunch table. And because you only need one skillet, clean-up is a breeze. This recipe, and hundreds of others, can be found at <http://www.ricearoni.com>.

CHUCKWAGON BBQ RICE ROUND-UP

INGREDIENTS

- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1 (6.8-ounce) package RICE-A-RONI® Beef Flavor
- 2 tablespoons margarine, butter or spread with no trans fat
- 2 cups frozen corn
- 1/2 cup prepared barbecue sauce
- 1/2 cup (2 ounces) shredded Cheddar cheese

PREPARATION STEPS

1. In large skillet over medium-high heat, brown ground beef until well cooked. Remove from skillet; drain. Set aside.
2. In same skillet over medium heat, sauté rice-veggie mix with margarine until vermicelli is golden brown.
3. Slowly stir in 2-1/2 cups water, Special Seasonings and corn; bring to a boil. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 15 to 20 minutes or until rice is tender.
4. Stir in barbecue sauce and ground beef. Sprinkle with cheese. Cover; let stand 3 to 5 minutes or until cheese is melted. ■



Jean-François Millet. *Noonday Rest*, 1866. Pastel and black conté crayon on buff wove paper, 11 1/2 x 16 1/2 in. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Gift of Quincy Adams Shaw through Quincy Adams Shaw, Jr., and Mrs. Marian Shaw Haughton. Photograph © 2011 Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. In nineteenth-century France, a peasant's workday typically began before dawn and extended until the early morning. It was interrupted only for meals and a noontime rest period, when the sun shone most brilliantly. Jean-François Millet (1814-1875), the son of peasants, became famous for his dignified portrayals of agricultural workers, both at work, as in *The Sower* and *The Gleaners*, and at rest, as in this pastel. He once stated, in an 1880 letter to Alfred Sensier: "To tell the truth, the peasant subjects suit my temperament best; for I must confess, even if you think me a socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most." From today's vantage point, it is difficult to understand how radical this point of view was. Traditionally, peasants were not regarded as proper subjects for the fine arts, and after the revolutions that reverberated throughout Europe in 1848 (the year the Communist Manifesto was published), the peasantry was often considered as a class to be feared rather than appreciated.

NORDEN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

since then. If we can't work out a live meeting, would you mind my asking some questions via email? I'd love to know where you were born and grew up, when you started clamming, and when you started drawing. I'd love to know who you draw, and if you draw mostly people, landscapes, or other things, or abstractly; what you like to do and where you like to go when you're not clamming; etc. Actually, I'd just like to hear your thoughts and get a feel for you beyond the beautiful moves you make as you go about gathering those clams.

All best,
Linda

Hi Linda,

Wow, that's a lot of questions! I was born in Damariscotta, Maine. My mother is from San Francisco; my father, from Seattle. They came to Maine to buy an old wooden boat, the *Conqueror*, an 80-foot sardine carrier, so neither of my parents are Mainers. They lived on the boat while my mother was pregnant in South Bristol. I grew up between South Bristol, Alna, and Whitefield. This is like making a line from the coast and going north on a 40-minute car ride. My father, years later, disappeared on the boat.

I've drawn for as long as I can remember. My real father had an art studio on the boat, and both my grandmother and my older sisters are artists, too, but I didn't grow up with any of them. I have a brother who's an artist, and we were quite competitive as artists growing up. Maybe we still are.

I started clamming when I was about 20, as my first love was a digger, who got me into it. At first I picked snails, and then I got a digging license. I did better than most people starting out digging, and now it's just a way of life. Self-employed and independent.

I graduated from the University of Augusta in 2003, paying my tuition by digging. It took me five years to get my degree, as I had to take some semesters off due to finances. I took almost every painting, sculpture, ceramics, print making, and photography class available. I think that helped my perspective in many ways.

I used to draw from a lot of old fishing photos. The first one was a very small view based on a Shackleton photograph. As I began fishing, my ideas of nature and men changed. I realized the intimate relationship that connected the two. And out of my respect for this, I started drawing working fishermen. Now I'm drawing more fishermen, more working people, more Maine life, but through my own lens—a contemporary view, although I believe the past and present mingle when it comes to fishing. I like to paint, and my paintings focus on views of nature that most people miss—little abstracts, but done from photographs.

When I'm not clamming, I might be doing other jobs. I have a part-time job working on an island in John's Bay. I do some yard jobs. I draw a lot. I go for boat rides. Sometimes I go up north, where I have a couple of friends who live off the grid. We go on day-long horse-back riding excursions. I take lots of photographs for future drawings or paintings.

Looking forward to hearing from you,
Jen

Hi Jen,

I'd like to hear more about your ideas about the intimate relationship between nature and man. I'm intrigued by the very different ways Sharon's film and your drawings reflect that synergy. I'd also love to get more information on how you and Sharon worked together to plan the shots in *Double Tide*.

Thanks,
Linda

Hi Linda,

I'd like to think that I'm an environmentalist, or that I appreciate nature and have always been conscious of environmental issues. Man is not outside of nature: we are dependent on the ecosystem. It wasn't until I started fishing that

I realized some people do co-exist with nature, that this co-existence is soul, or sole, survival, and that every day these people live with the weather, tides, and changing seasons.

I respect fishermen because they're in tune with nature. Not all give back or try to maintain their resources, but many do, and must, care, to maintain a sustainable living. Fishermen, even the roughest ones, cannot look at the rising sun on the ocean horizon without a sense of awe and respect. Fishing gets in the blood and never leaves.

A short story: Once I watched as a friend picked clams, his arm quickly reaching down into the mud to grab the clam. He was oblivious to a blue heron not far away, just on the tide line, the same quick movements of its neck dipping down to fish. I never forgot that man and that bird, both doing the same thing.

Sharon's film—it was fun, and I love working out ideas with her. We think a lot along the same lines. When she decided she wanted to do something with clamming, it only seemed natural to shoot double tides. That extraordinary, slanting, first and last light of dawn and dusk. She calls it the magic hour. I took her to Seal Cove, a long, narrow, north-facing cove, with little islands and points. We shot five separate days, one double tide per day. I had to think about the composition of the frame and what the viewer was seeing. I had to think about where and how I would look in relation to the frame. Richard Rutkowski, the cinematographer, helped with this, as he was seeing through the camera eye. Other than that, I just went about doing what I was doing, picking clams and trying to fill my hod.

When I first saw the film, it was as if I were just another element in nature, like a bird or something. *Double Tide* is about making people slow down, look, listen, and feel as if they are there in the cove, watching. As if they were looking at a moving painting.

Jen ■

NEIDHARDT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

as a grinder, one of only two women in the Assembly Building. "I use a 3M standard offset grinder with a 3-inch disc, and other tools," she explains. "I grind sharp edges smooth."

It's not easy work. It's loud, too. And not only because of the din of the pneumatic tools used by the shipfitters, welders, and grinders in the AB: even when the equipment isn't running, the music is. "We love our music in the Assembly Building. From country to rock to hard-core rap ('head-banging music,' I call it), we just blast it," Barbara says. It's not just background sound, either; it's yard-wide, a key part of the culture at BIW. "The right music can make your day, and the smarter lead men realize that with the right music, you get more work done."

From her early days at American Motors (where people who worked in stationary spots along the assembly line would bring in whole sound systems) to the more communal setup of portable radios in the AB, music has been an important part of Barbara's career all along the way. In fact, she might have to miss the opening of Sharon Lockhart's *Lunch Break* exhibition at the Colby College Museum of Art this July because of its unfortunate coincidence with the annual two-day North Atlantic Blues Festival held in Rockport, Maine.

She's torn though, not only because she'd love to see Sharon again, but also because she'd love to hear the Kevin Gilmore Band, from Bath, which will be playing at the opening reception (Sharon's father, Bill Lockhart, plays lead bass). Either way, this is one Rosie who's not going to miss the opportunity to rock. ■



Lunch break at Lie-Nielsen Toolworks. Photo Sharon Lockhart.

FARMER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

With no steel coming to BIW during the strike, Elwell was transferred to the sheet metal department, where he became a “tin knocker” (sheet metal worker)—and began cartooning in a most unconventional way. He observes: “I was in a crew that worked aboard ships. The many secluded compartments of the ships provided me with big, open, primed canvases of steel, which of course always received more coats of paint. So my big cartoons were like pictures in the sand, always washed away with the next coat of paint.” He signed some of these cartoons with the pseudonym “Fearless.”

In addition to drawings on the interior surfaces of large ships, Elwell also drew cartoons on the more traditional medium of paper. He posted these cartoons on a bulletin board in the Tin Shop’s tool crib. “The guys would stop on their way out to the ships to view my cartoons,” he remarks. “I always had plenty of material to work on, as the grapevine kept me informed of humorous incidents, mistakes, or goof-ups. In the atmosphere of workers, especially shipbuilders, there is the downeaster unwritten code: if you know of a humorous tale, by all means share it.”

Eventually the editor of *The Local 6 Reporter* learned of Elwell’s cartooning and invited him to contribute cartoons to the paper. In the days before the Internet, the *Reporter* was an important news source for union members. It published articles informing members about what was happening at BIW, as well as items about union members; and each issue was distributed directly to BIW workers at the shipyard’s gates.

Elwell drew many cartoons for the *Reporter* and eventually lost count. A favorite is a drawing of a heart for the cover of the February 1961 issue—the Valentine’s Day issue. Elwell’s heart is a hybrid of a traditional Valentine’s heart, pierced by Cupid’s arrow, and an actual human heart. The union dues that sustain the heart flow out through arteries labeled “More Benefits,” “A Strong Union,”

“Job Security,” and “Better Pay.” Complementing an article in the issue, this drawing reminds union members of the important purposes their dues served.

In 1961, Elwell, who had served in the National Guard as a teenager, volunteered for the U.S. Army. After completing basic training at Fort Dix in New Jersey, he went to Fort Monmouth, where he studied motion picture photography. He was then sent to White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico, where he shot motion pictures and still photographs of missile launches with a high-speed camera. In 1965, he was sent to Vietnam, where he worked as a still photographer and lab technician for the Army’s criminal investigations unit, where his team investigated non-combat-related deaths of U.S. servicemembers, *CSI*-style. In this capacity, he drove all over the steamy streets of Saigon, photographing crime scenes and accidents.

After Elwell retired from the Army, he returned to Bath, where BIW offered him his old job. He moved up the ranks and eventually became a lead man specializing in the installation of the exhaust systems on the main engines of Navy cruisers and destroyers, until he retired in 1995. In addition, he attended classes at New Hampshire College after work and eventually earned his bachelor of science degree. He remembers his years at BIW as some of the best in his life, in large part because of the close bonds he forged with other workers—especially during lunch breaks, when the guys would relax and talk about what was happening in their lives. Today, he spends time with his wife Ana Lou and is a volunteer for the Maine Maritime Museum, for which he gives trolley tours of BIW. And occasionally he still draws a cartoon or two. ■

* The Bath Iron Works Trolley Tours offer visitors an exclusive opportunity to go behind the gates of BIW. These tours are not to be missed. To make a reservation, visit the Maine Maritime Museum’s website at www.mainemaritimemuseum.org. And if you’re lucky enough to have Fearless Fred as your guide, tell him that the *Lunch Break Times* sent you.

JELLY-SCHAPIRO CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ship a day. The flood of federal monies for war-related industries attracted a flood of people, who caused the Bay Area population to grow by half between 1940 and 1945 alone. Their arrival forever altered the region’s demographic mix, its politics, its culture, and its music.

With some ten million Americans drawn into military service and leaving the domestic labor force, Bay Area firms that had contracted to build the ships could ill afford to turn away able-bodied workers. During the war, industries long restricted by the prejudiced practices of employers or whites-only unions were opened to new groups of workers (helped along by President Roosevelt’s order to end discrimination in war-related hiring)—Asian Americans, Mexican immigrants, and perhaps more significant in terms of how they transformed the area’s demography and politics, African Americans from the South. These Southern migrants—tenant farmers, laborers, and domestics—struck out by bus and train and car on hearing from recruiters and relatives that jobs paying a dollar an hour were open to all comers; and they didn’t stop coming until, by war’s end, some half a million had arrived to make new lives in California.

By the time that Redding penned “Dock of the Bay,” the shipyards that had drawn many of those emigrants were long gone. But from where he sat, Redding could see many of the places that had been transformed by the arrival of Southern black workers. Northeast from where he contemplated the Sausalito tides was Richmond, where industrialist Henry J. Kaiser—an engineering magnate with no previous experience in shipbuilding—built a complex of four “instant shipyards,” which by 1945 were employing 100,000 laborers assembling Liberty Ships around the clock. Farther north on the east side of San Pablo Bay was Mare Island Naval Shipyard, where 46,000 workers launched submarines, destroyer escorts, and landing craft by the hundreds from

a site hard by the North Bay town of Vallejo.

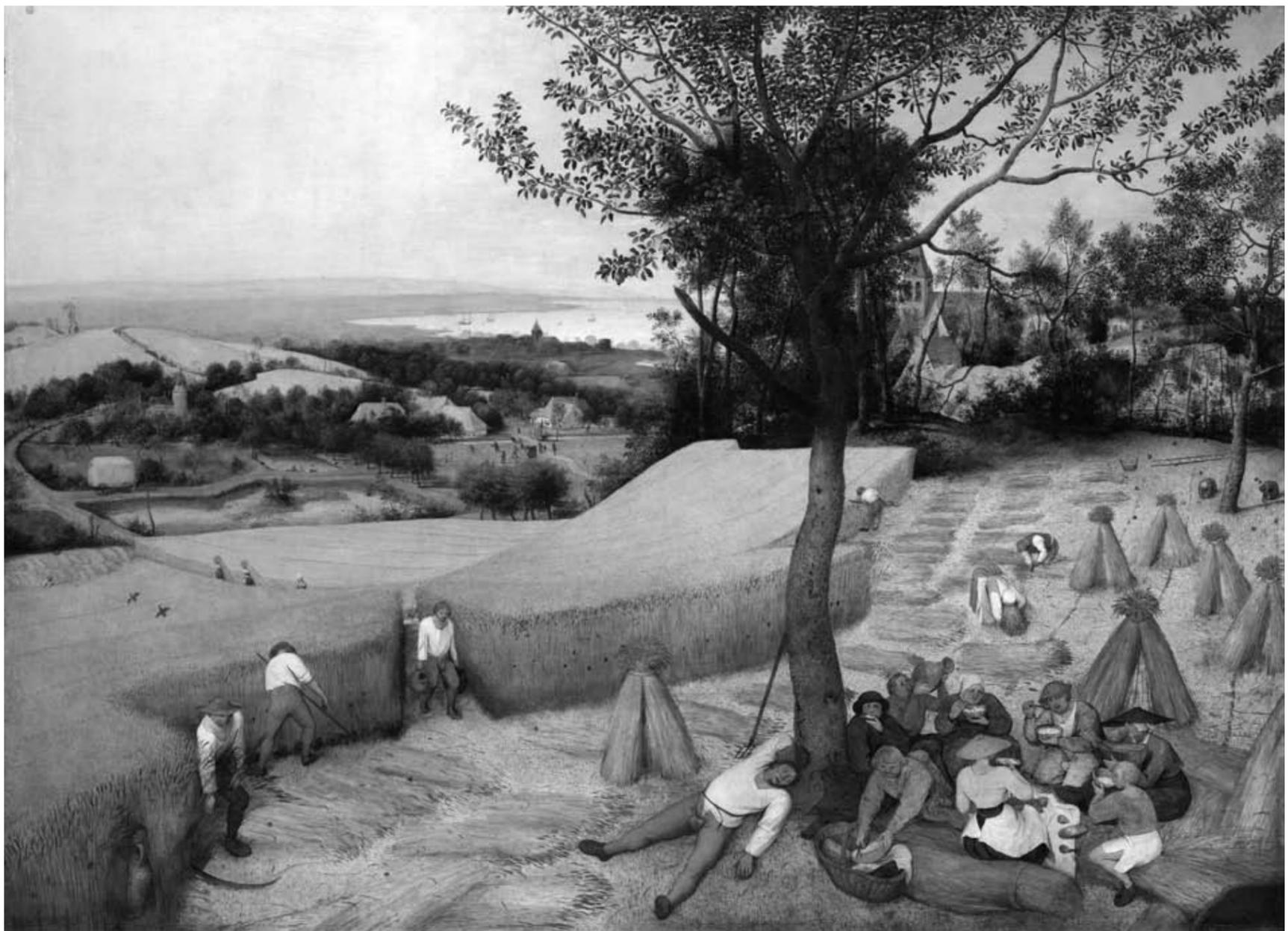
Across the water in Oakland, the work force at the old Moore Dry Dock Company—one of the Bay Area’s few commercial shipyards before the war—went from 600 workers in 1940 to 30,000 three years later. On the spur of land in San Francisco’s southeasternmost corner lay the Hunters Point Naval Shipyard, which during the war employed 17,000 civilians. Even Redding’s own perch, on a houseboat moored on mudflats at Sausalito’s north end, had been the site of a major wartime shipyard constructed by Marinship, a short-lived company founded in March 1942 by Kenneth Bechtel to build oil tankers for the navy. An “instant shipyard” like its Kaiser cousins, the Marinship yard was dismantled as soon as the war was over—but it left behind, just across Highway 101, the housing projects that had been built for the wartime work force.

To list the centers of wartime shipbuilding is to reel off the names of places that today remain centers of black population and of black poverty. As the descendants of those once lured to the docks of the bay by the promise of jobs paying a buck an hour can attest, to be born black in America still means, for too many, learning too young what it is to feel, as Redding sang, “like nothin’s gonna come my way.” ■

* This article is excerpted and adapted from Joshua Jelly-Schapiro’s essay in Rebecca Solnit, *Infinite City: A San Francisco Atlas* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2010).



Lunch room at Stinson Seafood factory, Sept. 2007. Photo Sharon Lockhart.



Pieter Bruegel the Elder. *The Harvesters*, 1565. Oil on wood, including added strips at top, bottom, and right, 46 7/8 x 63 3/4 in. Rogers Fund, 1919. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, NY, U.S.A. Image © The Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art / Art Resource, NY. Pieter Bruegel the Elder (c. 1525–1569) made this painting, one panel in a series devoted to the seasons of the year, for a wealthy merchant. Probably intended to portray the months of August and September, it includes in the lower right corner a group of peasants on their lunch break. Beneath the shade of a pear tree at the edge of a wheat field, they are enjoying a lunch of bread, cheese, porridge, and pears from the tree, as their colleagues continue their labor.

STOVER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

unemployed and the homeless. Droughts and pests decimated crops. Labor relations became more agitated, and strikes turned deadly. And Hitler was elected Chancellor of Germany.

There was no venue for distraction from this kind of wall-to-wall reality. For the blue-collar workers of the Depression era, it was all just another test of their mettle. Courage coupled with hard work had pioneered their ancestors to the West on tracks and on nerves of steel, and they employed that same formula to deal with their own challenges. In 1939, when a prototype of the television was demonstrated at the World's Fair, a writer for the *New York Times* provided us with a slice-of-life insight into the industrial-strength drive that the folks of that era possessed: "The problem with television is that the people must sit and keep their eyes glued on a screen—the average American family hasn't time for it."

The times have indeed changed, you may be thinking to yourselves at this point . . . but ironworkers may disagree. Life is still rife with tasks that take sweat and struggle to surmount. A work shift on a bridge is, as it was, still susceptible to forces outside the realm of planning and predictability. In the blink of an eye, a gust of wind could swoop in, snatch you in its talons, and deposit you into swift, frigid waters, never to be seen again. What may have changed today is the degree of distraction and the co-opting of complacency. And with jobs once again a burning issue in this experience we call America, we may be well advised by the actions of another working-class hero, the firefighter, who when faced with thousands of acres of fast-moving, flaming fury, prays for a shift in the wind and takes care of business. ■

HANNAN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

was the postcard a bit of trick photography? Might the sign still be standing?

For answers, we turned to Ronnie Peabody, probably the preeminent expert on the history of Maine sardine fishery and processing. With his wife Mary, he founded the Maine Coast Sardine History Museum in Jonesport and serves as its curator. "The Sardine Man sign stood in southern Maine in the 1950s," he notes, "and was made of painted sheets of plywood fixed to a framework. The Maine Sardine Council built it alongside Route 1 in Kittery, where it would be seen by cars entering the state on the coastal highway." The promotional sign braved the weather in Kittery for about 15 years, refreshed with an occasional paint job.

When a new bridge was built on the route in the mid-1960s, it bypassed the sign. The Maine Sardine Council decided to destroy the now-worn sign. The Stinson Seafood cannery came to the rescue, moving the sign to its plant in Prospect Harbor, down east close to the Canadian border. Cal Stinson, Jr., recalls that the sign was refurbished and rebuilt by 1972, when the plant opened after a fire. The new sign was constructed of painted aluminum panels attached to steel I-beams that were bolted into the ground. No longer well placed to welcome tourists to the state, it simply advertised the Stinson brand, Beach Cliff Sardines. In later years, instead of repainting the panels, a sign painter designed an image on colored vinyl panels that were glued over the aluminum surface.

The Colossus of Rhodes lasted only 46 years; it tumbled down in an earthquake in 225 BC. At one-third its size, the Maine sardine fisherman sign in Prospect Harbor has already outlasted it by about 15 years. Sadly, the sign has now also outlived the Maine sardine fishery and canning industry. On April 10, 2010, Bumble Bee Foods, the parent company of Stinson Seafood, shuttered the plant, the last sardine cannery in Maine—and in the United States. One-hundred-twenty-eight workers lost their jobs, the majority of them women.

A second (or third, depending on how you count) Sardine Man sign stands outside the Maine Coast Sardine History Museum in Jonesport. Just eight feet tall, it announces that "Maine Sardines Have Arrived." Jonesport once had 15 packing plants and, like previous generations of his family, Ronnie Peabody worked in the industry. He and Mary Peabody started collecting sardine-industry artifacts in 2001 and opened the nonprofit museum in 2008. The collection boasts not only nets, tools, processing equipment, factory whistles, cookbooks, and photographs, but also fish-scale baskets woven by the native Passamaquoddy Indians and hundreds of colorful vintage sardine cans—many still packed with fish. The museum is open on Memorial Day and from June 20 through mid-October. For schedule and other information, visit www.mainesardinemuseum.org or call (207) 497-2961. On July 11, 2010, the museum will host a live presentation with Rita Willey, the five-time World's Fastest Sardine Packing Champion. ■



Maurice Bedard, Bath Iron Works. Photo Sharon Lockhart.

HERRINGER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

advantage of their breaks. The appeals court also vacated the trial court's class certification order and suggested that meal break lawsuits needed to be decided on a case-by-case basis, making class actions very difficult to pursue. The California Supreme Court has agreed to review the *Brinker* decision. In 2009, it also granted review of *Brinkley v. Public Storage*, another Court of Appeals decision reaching the same conclusions.

Last October, the California Court of Appeals decided *Hernandez v. Chipotle Mexican Grill*, again rejecting the idea that employers must ensure that meal breaks are taken. The appeals court stated that it would be impractical and an undue burden to require employers to police whether its employees actually take their meal breaks. The California Supreme Court quickly granted review of that decision, as well. In each case, that means that the decision cannot be relied upon or used as a precedent.

Lawyers for both management and labor are speculating about the meaning of the California Supreme Court's review of these decisions. The California Division of Labor Standards Enforcement has issued a memorandum that adopts the *Brinker* standard for the interim period, but it has no effect on the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court may simply want to confirm the conclusions that have been reached, settling the law once and for all. However, it may be signaling that it thinks those decisions are wrong. California employers and workers will have to keep waiting to find out what the deal is with meal breaks in California. In the meantime, the *San Francisco Chronicle* recently reported that the legendary Chez Panisse restaurant

in Berkeley feeds its workers at meal breaks the same lovely meals it serves its patrons. Some folks are just luckier than others. ■

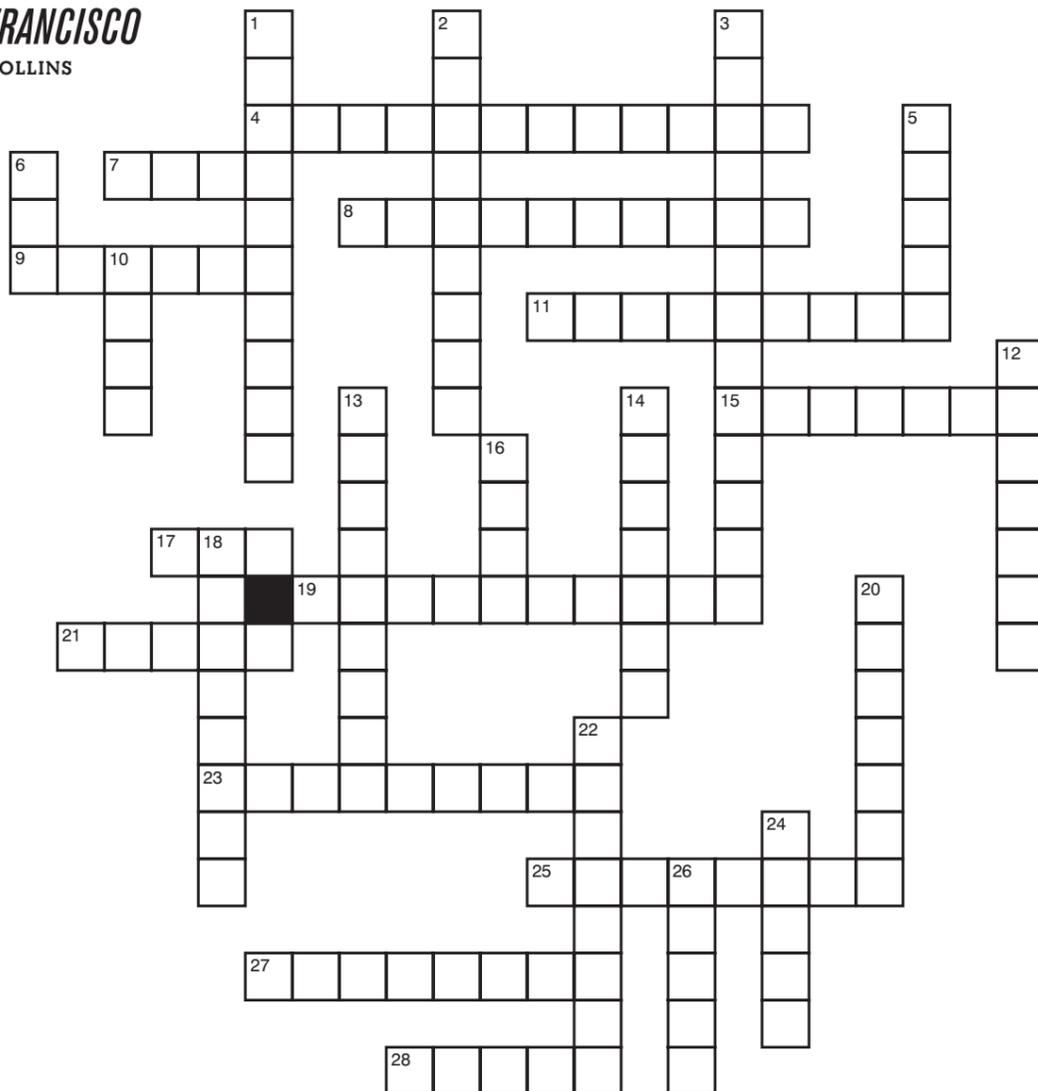
I WORK IN CALIFORNIA. AM I LEGALLY ENTITLED TO A LUNCH BREAK?

Yes. Under Section 512 of the California Labor and Industrial Welfare Commission Orders, employers must give employees a meal period of no less than **30 minutes** when the work period is more than five hours (or more than six hours for employees in the motion picture industry covered by IWC Order 12-2001).

Unless the employer relieves the employee of all duties during the entire meal period and permits her to leave the employer's premises, the meal period counts as hours worked and is paid for at the employee's regular pay rate. Just note that the law permits an "on-duty" meal period when the nature of the employee's work prevents her from being relieved of all duties (for example, a sole worker at an all-night convenience store) and when there is a written agreement between the parties. Whether employers must simply offer such breaks or monitor employees and ensure that breaks are actually taken is the issue in *Brinker*. ■

SAN FRANCISCO

BOBBY ROLLINS



ACROSS

- 4. The Big One
- 7. It's in the American River!
- 8. Karl Maldin's place here (2 words)
- 9. The season for love
- 11. Forget sweet Wonder Bread
- 15. Haight _____
- 17. A different kind of Mecca
- 19. _____ Fault (2 words)
- 21. _____ Blanket Babylon
- 23. Our treat

- 25. Opposite of McDonald's (2 words)
- 27. Old Army base
- 28. _____ Cars

DOWN

- 1. Sketchy cut of meat
- 2. Where you sit by the Bay (3 words)
- 3. Special Victorians (2 words)
- 5. North _____
- 6. 49
- 10. Good for gay rights and cookies

- 12. What I left here (2 words)
- 13. Sticks out of Golden Gate Park
- 14. Rivals in NY, now in Cali
- 16. _____ Peaks
- 18. Place for Natives, then bad guys, Natives again, now tourists
- 20. Crookedest
- 22. Iconic concert venue
- 24. De _____
- 26. Fisherman's _____

- DOWN
- 1. TENDRON
- 2. ONTARIO
- 3. PAINTED LADIES
- 4. NINETEEN SIXTIES
- 5. BEACH
- 6. ERS
- 7. GAY
- 8. THE STREETS
- 9. SUMMER
- 10. MILK
- 11. SHERBET
- 12. MYHEART
- 13. PANHANDLE
- 14. DODGERS
- 15. SAN ANDREAS
- 16. TWIN
- 17. AVALON
- 18. ALCATRAZ
- 19. SLOW FOOD
- 20. LOMBARD
- 21. YOUNG
- 22. WHARF

ANSWERS

FRIELING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The range of Lockhart's long-term observation and documentary practice will be recognized in a series of additional screenings of her films, starting October 20 with *Double Tide*.

Supplementing the exhibition is this edition of the *Lunch Break Times*. The first edition was produced for a previous version of the exhibition. For the SFMOMA version, Lockhart has created a new edition with a Bay Area twist. It's a paper not only for your lunch break, but about the lunch break. You'll find a treasure trove of facts, stories, and even recipes, as well as images, about the lunch break that paint a larger picture of this workday ritual without trying to generate history with a capital *H*. At the end of the day, we don't care about capitalized terms like *History*. We care more about the small things, the individual struggles with being employed or unemployed, the stories of how others cope with the constant changes in the working environment—especially here in the Bay Area, which is home to many of the revolutions of the networked society. How does the industrial past of the Bay Area inform our contemporary everyday life? In both the *Lunch Break Times* and the exhibition itself, Lockhart encourages you to resist the economy of short attention spans by taking your time to read and to take a closer look. In these times of accelerated global electronic communication, Lockhart thus reclaims an older, traditional mode of keeping you informed and entertained. And while the museum has always been part of this electronic revolution—for example, by starting our own "e-space" for online exhibitions as early as 2001—we, too, think that it's time to uncover what has been pushed to the side, marginalized, and deemed irrelevant for a master course in art history. This concern, exemplified by Lockhart's unsentimental yet deeply humane attention to the local and focus on the rarely portrayed experience of the working class, takes on a particular

social and political relevance in the context of contemporary global capitalism, war, and economic recession.

Not coincidentally, Lockhart has chosen to feature on the back page of this edition of the *Lunch Break Times* a photograph of Richmond shipyard workers leaving the factory. This iconic picture symbolizes the achievements of a movement for better working conditions, slightly romanticized by the glistening sun and soft embrace of the Bay Area fog in the background. It is a picture full of references to the iconography of economic and political struggles, even though no actual political fight is depicted: we simply see workers leaving the factory after a day's work during World War II. This photograph reminds me of iconic pictures that mark the turn of the century and the political struggles that peaked a few decades later, such as the famous painting *Il Quarto Stato* (1901) from the Museo del Novecento in Milan, which was immortalized by Bernardo Bertolucci in his epic film *1900*, and, of course, *Workers Leaving the Lumière Factory*, filmed by Auguste and Louis Lumière in 1895. This film is generally considered to mark the beginning of the motion picture industry, and Lockhart acknowledges the impact of this history in her own film *Exit*. From the history of painting that blends into the history of film to the history of film that is translated back into painterly still lifes in her photographs and slow-motion picture *Lunch Break*—indeed, in almost all of her work—Lockhart tries to understand how a site relates to people and vice versa, reconnecting us to a deeper recognition of what it means to inhabit a space, whether it's the Bath Iron Works, the woods of Northern California (*Pine Flat*), the low-tide clam flats of Maine (*Double Tide*), or the courtyards of a Polish city (*Podworka*). Time stands still and yet it moves, filling our time with a sense of place that is unique and an up-close look at how people work and live. ■

BRECHIN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

art will follow. It wasn't Michelangelo who created the 15th century, but the 15th century that created Michelangelo."

Biddle also looked to Mexico for a model of government art patronage without reckoning with its radically different political climate. Early in 1934, Nelson Rockefeller ignited an international uproar when he ordered Diego Rivera's fresco *Man at the Crossroads* stripped from the entrance of Rockefeller Center; but he did, after all, own the building. What of public art in public spaces?

Communist Rivera—as well as the dire conditions of the Depression—profoundly influenced many of the 26 local artists chosen by administrators of the Public Works of Art Project to embellish the walls of the new Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. Their assigned theme was "Aspects of Life in California, 1934"—a bad year for art that supported the status quo as deteriorating relations between labor and management along the waterfront below Telegraph Hill headed for the West Coast Maritime Strike.

In mid-February, the San Francisco Artists' and Writers' Union met at the tower to protest "the outrageous vandalism and political

bigotry" represented by the destruction of Rivera's New York mural. Their activism only drew attention to what they themselves were painting on the tower's interior. Reporters from the major press quickly discovered heresies in several murals. In a street scene, for example, Victor Arnautoff had replaced the *Chronicle* with *The Daily Worker* and *The New Masses*. Browsers in Bernard Zakheim's *Library* were choosing Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* rather than *The Wealth of Nations*. Most provocative of all, Clifford Wight had included a hammer and sickle as emblematic of one economic choice available to Americans in the 1930s.

William Randolph Hearst's *Examiner* carried a nationally syndicated photograph of Wight's symbol crudely spliced onto Zakheim's *Library*. The doctored photo appeared on July 5, 1934, the day that police killed two strikers in the Battle of Rincon Hill. Eleven days later, a general strike paralyzed the city. The city Park Commissioners ordered Coit Tower locked, ostensibly to prevent vandalism. They reopened it on October 20, 1934, after summer passions had cooled. By that time, Wight's symbol had mysteriously vanished, but the murals survived. They preserve in vivid colors aspects of life in California in 1934 that include controversies alive today. ■

SIEGEL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Reading about the closure of the last sardine cannery in Maine, I was immediately reminded of one of Frederick Wiseman's most magisterial films, *Belfast, Maine*. An epic four-hour documentary from 1999, *Belfast, Maine* is a profound and poignant study of a New England port town that had fallen on hard times at the end of the twentieth century. But it is more than that. As Wiseman captures the stoic grandeur of Belfast's lobstermen and factory workers, shop owners and town council officials, war veterans, churchgoers, doctors, judges, teachers, hospice care attendants, and deer hunters, his film becomes a brilliant and enduring meditation on American resiliency, faith, and industry.

In one unforgettable, 15-minute sequence, Wiseman traces the process at a Maine sardine cannery—a cannery in Belfast that also bears the Stinson name. A visual tour-de-force, the sequence recalls the factory photographs of Lewis Hine and the time-motion studies of Frank Gilbreth. We cannot avoid thinking about our own fragility and fate as we watch thousands of dead sardines making their way along the conveyor belt, their heads and tails unceremoniously lopped off, their bodies laid to rest in aluminum roll-top cans. This sequence is the very essence of a Wiseman film: an imaginative arrangement of quotidian life as a reflection and a reminder of our own mortality.

An artisan who still cuts celluloid by hand, Wiseman makes countless choices as he inches through hundreds of hours of footage, letting the inherent rhythms of sound and image and the natural action of the creative process dictate the drama. In sequences such as this, Wiseman gives us images that, as the critic Geoffrey O'Brien writes, make "palpable—and indeed breathlessly involving—the notion of film editing as an existential decision."

Together with his 1976 masterpiece *Meat*, an examination of one of America's largest feed lots and meat processing plants, *Belfast, Maine* is one of Wiseman's most beautiful films. The exquisite efficiency of worker and machine is both mesmerizing and appalling. But Wiseman does not want us to romanticize this beauty too much. This is not an idyll of labor, a paean to industrial progress, such as one finds in John Grierson's 1929 British documentary *Drifters*, about a North Sea herring fleet, or in Georges Franju's 1949 ode to the abattoir, *Blood of the Beasts*. As John Greenleaf Whittier wrote in 1845 in *The Stranger in Lowell*, describing the great center of the textile industry in Massachusetts and a birthplace of the industrial revolution in America: "There have been a good many foolish essays written upon the beauty and divinity of labor, by those who have never known what it is to earn one's livelihood by the sweat of the brow. . . . Let such be silent. Their sentimentalism is a weariness to the worker."

Wiseman has made 38 films in four decades—films that are often caustically funny or deeply sad, and always both urgent and vexing. His work has centered on certain themes: the military, education, medicine and illness, law and order, religion and faith, our relationship with animals and nature, fashion and the arts, and sports and leisure. In *Belfast, Maine*, these themes coalesce to form a monumen-

tal chronicle of industrial and cultural life. Wiseman compels us to imagine the toll, the physical and spiritual toll, on the worker who decapitates and cans thousands of sardines, day in and day out. But he also compels us to marvel at the workers and citizens of Belfast who preserve their dignity and courage, even in the darkest hour. ■

*

All of Wiseman's films, including *Belfast, Maine*, are available on DVD from www.zipporah.com.

PRELINGER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

to move elsewhere after war's end, many Black workers remain in Marin City, where their isolation grows.

But in wartime shipyards, lunch, housing, and entertainment are part of the production process. From the film: "There were the workers living in a beautiful new community less than a mile away from the shipyard. Marin City was built for them and their families by the Federal Government. Here were 1500 homes housing 5000 people. A short distance away, 1200 rooms for single persons provided comfortable dormitory accommodations. Schools, hospitals, stores made up a model community."

And again: "Outstanding were the fast-service hot food stations which were pioneered at Marinship through the joint efforts of management and labor. When the whistle sounded, each worker would choose his menu for the day by dropping a coin in the selected turnstile. Within a few minutes he would join his friends for an appetizing and nutritious meal served piping hot. For his entertainment there was always lunchtime music, and often a program featuring world-famous celebrities or name bands in person."

We see workers running to and from their shifts and fed at food stations, thousands at a time. But we also witness a more leisurely meal, "a genuine Oriental luncheon served on deck beneath the colorful folds of a desert tent" prepared for Prince Faisal, Saudi Arabian foreign minister, on the occasion of his visit. This "oil scion of the Middle East" later engaged Bechtel Corporation to build much of Saudi Arabia's oil and transportation infrastructure.

I don't mean to make simplistic comparisons between the accelerated life of shipbuilding workers and the leisurely "Oriental luncheon" served to a prince. Rather, I believe this film demonstrates that macronarratives molded by someone's intention deflect every aspect of daily life. Opportunity lured the African American workers who were desperately needed to fill jobs in the north and west that had never before been available, but the price of temporary opportunity was often isolation and displacement. I sometimes think that today's residents of instant wartime communities like Marin City, North Richmond, and Hunters Point should be honored as veterans who remain at their posts, unable to come home. And Prince Faisal's tented luncheon was not dictated simply by protocol, but a wartime investment in the postwar world. A lunch break is an interruption, yes, but not a break in a pattern—it's an engine stopping between strokes, a pause before business as usual resumes its work. ■



PRESENT THIS COUPON AND RECEIVE

10% off*
LUNCHCAFFÈ
MUSEO

SFMOMA

Open Daily (except Wednesday) / 10 am - 6 pm
Open late Thursdays, until 9 pm
For more information, call (415) 357-4500

*Excludes alcohol

SOLIDARITY

USA Promotions 800-619-0550

Lunch Break Times

Bay Area Edition, October 2011

Publisher: San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
 Editor-in-Chief: Sharon Lockhart
 Editor: John Alan Farmer
 Editorial Consultants: Alex Slade and Rudolf Frieling
 Designer: Purtil Family Business
 Production Assistant: Meredith Bayse
 Printer: p.s. PrintSmart
 Printed in California

The *Lunch Break Times* is published in conjunction with *Sharon Lockhart: Lunch Break*, an exhibition organized by the Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum, part of the Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts at Washington University in St. Louis.

Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum
 Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts
 Washington University
 St. Louis, Missouri
 February 5–April 19, 2010

Colby College Museum of Art
 Waterville, Maine
 July 16–October 17, 2010

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art
 San Francisco, California
 October 15, 2011–January 16, 2012

Initial support for the touring exhibition was provided by The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts; James M. Kemper, Jr.; the David Woods Kemper Memorial Foundation; the Missouri Arts Council, a state agency; and Helen Kornblum.

Generous support for the San Francisco presentation is provided by Lionel Conacher and Joan Dea.

This publication is produced and distributed for educational and noncommercial use only and is not for sale. Copyright for individual articles remains with the author unless otherwise noted.

Editor-in-Chief's Note

In 2008, after nine months of trying and ultimately with the generous assistance of Local S6 of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, I was given permission to develop a new project at Bath Iron Works, the historic shipyard in Bath, Maine, that is the state's largest employer. Over a period of a year, the workers of BIW and I developed strong and lasting friendships. I talked with workers at length about their lives, and I observed them as they went about their daily activities, both while they were at work and while they were on break. From this experience, I produced the films *Lunch Break* and *Exit*, as well as three series of photographs.

During my time at BIW, I conceived the idea of creating a newspaper. This newspaper would be for the workers, their families, the other communities in Maine whom I visited during the course of my research for the projects, and visitors to the *Lunch Break* exhibition. Not only do the workers of BIW enjoy reading a wide variety of newspapers during their lunch break, but BIW has a rich oral tradition, on which I wanted to expand. The first edition of the *Lunch Break Times* was published in July 2010, in conjunction with the presentation of the exhibition at the Colby College Museum of Art in Waterville, Maine. In addition to articles on art, law, nature, and other subjects, it included profiles of some of the individuals I met during the course of the project, as well as recipes, stories, and other materials I collected during my travels throughout Maine, a state where I spent much of my childhood and where all of my family now lives. This second edition is published in conjunction with the presentation of the exhibition at SFMOMA. It features many new articles focusing specifically on the Bay Area, which we hope will introduce you to some interesting people, places, and stories that you may not have known about until now.

Many people made the *Lunch Break* project possible. I would like to thank Barber Foods, Campbell Family Farms, Jen Casad, Ducktrap River of Maine, Falcon Footwear, Hancock Lumber, Lie-Nielsen Toolworks, Osier's Wharf, Ricker Hill Orchards, Stinson Seafood, Thibodeau Cement, and Wright Farms. I would also like to thank Frank Escher and Ravi GuneWardena, Becky Allen, and James Benning. In addition, I am very grateful to Sabine Eckmann of the Mildred Lane Kemper Museum of Art and Elizabeth Finch of the Colby College Museum of Art. I am exceptionally indebted to the workers of BIW and their families and Local S6. This

project gave me the opportunity to deepen old friendships and develop new ones. Above all, it gave me a new-found appreciation for the many wonderful people who live and work in Maine.

For the presentation of the *Lunch Break* exhibition at SFMOMA and the production of this second edition of the *Lunch Break Times*, I would like to thank Rudolf Frieling, Curator of Media Arts, for his generous support. I would also like to thank the staff of SFMOMA, including Tammy Fortin, Judy Bloch, and Victoria Gannon. Finally, I am very grateful to the contributors for their participation, to John Alan Farmer, and to Purtil Family Business. I am also grateful to the original *Lunch Break Times* team, which included Jane Neidhardt, Eileen G'Sell, Jayme Wilson, Clay Lerner, and Sidney Mills.

Contributors

Lisa Anne Auerbach lunches in Los Angeles.

Julie Ault is a New York-based artist and writer. She was born in Boston and grew up in Maine. Her mother's family is from New Gloucester, Maine. Her father's family is from Auburn, Maine. Her parents currently live in Winthrop, Maine.

Meredith Bayse is an artist and designer, and lives and works in Los Angeles. To clear up any confusion, she does in fact get a lunch break, and it does include delicious homemade treats on (rare) occasions.

In 1963, at age 20, James Benning was a machine shop apprentice at Woodrow-Brixius in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In 2009, Woodrow-Brixius closed its doors. Benning worked there for seven months.

Gray Brechin, Ph.D., is an historical geographer, a frequent radio and television guest, and a popular public speaker. He is currently a visiting scholar in the UC Berkeley Department of Geography and founder and project scholar of the Living New Deal Project.

Tessa Campbell Burpee grew up on a potato farm in Aroostook County, Maine. She currently lives in Brewer, Maine, with her husband and daughter and works as the executive director of a nonprofit whose mission is to help farmers become more sustainable both environmentally and economically. Her contribution to the *Lunch Break Times* originated as a documentary project she created during her photography studies at Rockport College, now Maine Media College, in Rockport, Maine.

Jen Casad is a commercial clam digger and artist who lives in Boothbay, Maine.

Whitney Chadwick is Professor of Art at San Francisco State University. She is the author of *Women, Art, and Society* (New York: Thames & Hudson, 1990), among other books.

Sabine Eckmann is William T. Kemper Director and Chief Curator at the Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum. She was the curator of the exhibition *Sharon Lockhart: Lunch Break*. John Alan Farmer is an art historian and attorney. His most recent book is *The Quiet in the Land: Luang Prabang, Laos*, co-edited with France Morin.

Tammy Fortin assists the Curator of Media Arts at SFMOMA. She is a San Francisco-based writer and musician who splits her creative time between working on a novel called *A Modern Champion of the World* and playing guitar in the band Excuses for Skipping.

Rudolf Frieling joined the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in 2006 as Curator of Media Arts, coming from ZKM Center for Art and Media, Karlsruhe, Germany. At SFMOMA, he curated the group shows *In Collaboration: Works From the Media Arts Collection*, *The Art of Participation: 1950 to Now*, and *Longplay: Bruce Conner and the Singles Collection*, as well as monographic shows by Candice Breitz and David Claerbout, among others. He also teaches as Adjunct Professor at the California College of Art and the San Francisco Art Institute.

Maia Gianakos is an artist liaison at neugerriemschneider, Berlin. She also edits *Alphabet Prime*, a periodic arts journal.

Joe Hannan, a composer and musician, works as codirector of publications for the College Art Association. He previously served as Shop Steward for Local 2110/UAW at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Maryellen Herringer is a San Francisco lawyer and SFMOMA trustee. She audits art history classes at Mills College and goes to the tea shop on her lunch breaks.

Hannah B Higgins is the author of *Fluxus Experience* (2002) and *The Grid Book* (2009) and the co-editor with Douglas Kahn of a forthcoming anthology called *The Muse in the Mainframe: Experimental Artists and the Foundations of Digital Art*. Future projects include *The Food Art Manual: A Cookbook of Edible, Almost Edible and Non-Edible Artists' Foodworks*. Higgins is a Professor in the Department of Art History at the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Dottie Hinds, 86 years young, is the envy of whoopee pie makers throughout Maine and also works in the gift shop across

from the Kelp Shed in Small Point, Maine.

Joshua Jelly-Schapiro teaches geography and literature at the University of California, Berkeley. His work has appeared in the *Believer*, the *Nation*, and the *New York Review of Books*, among other publications.

Lucy R. Lippard is the author of 21 books on art, politics, culture, and place. She lives in Galisteo, New Mexico, where she has edited the monthly community newsletter for 15 years.

Jean R. Lockhart lives in West Bath, Maine. She has avidly read newspapers for her entire life. Her first newspaper article appears in this publication.

Reagan Louie is an artist based in the Bay Area. He is fond of diners and dive-bars.

Marsha Mather-Thrift is Executive Director of the Rosie the Riveter Trust. She has always worked with her hands, even doing construction, and thinks that when you don't know how to do something, you had better learn.

Ramona Mikelson was born and raised in Longbranch, Washington. She has worked hard in school is now a senior at Peninsula High School and is applying to colleges. She hopes to attend film school next year. (Editor-in-Chief's note: she is also one of Sharon's favorite nieces.)

Helen Molesworth is Chief Curator at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston. She enjoys Stinson sardines served on Triscuits.

Jane Neidhardt is Managing Editor of Publications at the Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum in St. Louis.

Andrea Nguyen is the acclaimed author of *Into the Vietnamese Kitchen*, *Asian Dumplings*, *Asian Tofu* (forthcoming 2012), and the *Asian Market Shopper* iPhone app. Andrea's work appears in the *Los Angeles Times* and *SAVEUR*, where she is also a contributing editor. She is a regular guest on food radio programs and has been an invited speaker at the Southern Foodways Alliance Symposium and Yale University. Andrea resides in the Bay Area and publishes *Vietworldkitchen.com*.

Linda Norden is a curator based in New York, who writes occasionally on art.

Lisa Ohlweiler is an artist whose photographic works have been exhibited at Margo Leavin Gallery and published in *Auto Focus: The Self-Portrait in Contemporary Photography*. Lisa lives and works in Los Angeles.

Yoko Ono is an artist whose thought-provoking work challenges people's understanding of art and the world around them. From the beginning of her career, she has been a conceptualist whose work has encompassed performance, instructions, film, music, and writing. One-person exhibitions of her work have been organized by the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, the Japan Society, and the Hiroshima City Museum of Contemporary Art, among other institutions. Erin O'Toole is an Assistant Curator of Photography at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. She starts thinking about what she is going to have for lunch before she finishes breakfast.

Laura Owens is an artist who lives in Los Angeles.

Catherine Powell is the Director of the Labor Archives and Research Center. She serves on the executive boards of the California Faculty Association and the Fund for Labor Culture and History, and is also a delegate to the San Francisco Labor Council.

John Portela has been a member of Local S6 for 37 years. He

was elected Shop Steward at Local 6 in 1976. Since then, he has served the union in a variety of capacities, including as a member of the Negotiating Committee, and as Financial Secretary and Secretary Treasurer, a position he held from 1998 to 2009. Among his many other positions, he has also served three terms as a member of the Executive Board of the Maine AFL-CIO, and since 2010, as a Commissioner on the Maine Commission for Community Service.

Rick Prelinger, an archivist, writer, and filmmaker, co-founded Prelinger Library in San Francisco. His local history moving image compilations play annually in San Francisco and Detroit.

Bob Rollins began eating lunch in 1962. He teaches fourth grade at Park Day School in Oakland, California, where he has lunch duty on Tuesdays.

Moira Roth, Trefethen Chair of Art History at Mills College, Oakland, California, has written extensively on a wide range of contemporary art. Her first volume of collected essays, *Difference/Indifference: Musings on Postmodernism, Marcel Duchamp and John Cage*, was published in 1998, and currently she is at work on her second volume, *Traveling Companions/ Fractured Worlds*. In recent years, Roth has increasingly devoted herself to writing poetry, fiction, and plays.

Joshua Siegel, Associate Film Curator at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, is co-editor of *Frederick Wiseman* (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, and Paris: Gallimard, 2010), which features new essays by William T. Vollmann, Errol Morris, Frederick Wiseman, and others.

Katy Siegel is an art historian and critic. She is Professor of Art History at Hunter College in New York and Editor-in-Chief of *Art Journal*, published by College Art Association.

Glenn Stover, aka Glance Dover, has taught Somali and Sudanese refugees in Lewiston, Maine, has developed cultural diversity workshops for teachers, and has lived and worked aboard for over 14 years. He wishes to learn how to order a beer in every language.

Alexis Turzan, a graduate of the University of Southern California and an Alumni of Teach for America, teaches English and History at Frick Middle School in Oakland, California, where she serves on her school's Arts Council.

Working Artists and the Greater Economy (W.A.G.E.) was formed in Brooklyn, New York, in 2008. They are an arts advocacy and consciousness-raising organization of cultural workers. Please join them at www.wageforwork.com.

Jayme Wilson recently graduated from the University of Southern California studying sociology and art history and has been a studio intern for Sharon Lockhart. She co-curated the exhibition *re: View* for the USC Fisher Museum of Art in 2010.

A retired journalist, William Wong is author of *Yellow Journalist: Dispatches from Asian America* (Temple University Press, 2001), *Images of America: Oakland's Chinatown* (Arcadia Publishing Co., 2004), and co-author of *Images of America: Angel Island* (Arcadia Publishing Co., 2007).

Page 7: Yoko Ono. *A File of Dreams*, 2011. Sumi ink and ink on manila file folder, 24 x 37.1 cm. Signed, titled, and dated.

Sharon Lockhart and SFMOMA are very grateful to Yoko Ono for creating this work especially for the *Lunch Break Times*. They would also like to thank Jon Hendricks and Kathy Halbreich for their kind assistance.



Workers, Richmond Shipyard, n.d. Courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

The Lunch Break Times



.....

Artist Sharon Lockhart reflects on the presence of the individual in the context of industrial labor through film, photography, and printed matter. For *Lunch Break* (2008), she spent a year at a naval shipbuilding plant in Maine, and the exhibition — [now on view](#) — examines the workers' activities during their time off from production. SFMOMA is also distributing Lockhart's newspaper, *The Lunch Break Times*, which relates stories about labor and lunch breaks. Every Wednesday, **at NOON**, we're posting one of the articles here.

.....

..... LUNCH AT THE LANDFILL ~ ~

Laura Owens

When I worked at the Huron County Landfill in Ohio, my job was to weigh trucks in and out, keep a ledger for accounts receivable, and regulate and advise locals on the laws of dumping their trash. In my one and only government job, expectations of me were clean and clear, with an emphasis on stretching the tasks to fill the workday. Breaks were mandatory and extensive: a 9:15 a.m. break, an hour lunch break, and an afternoon break. In mirror fashion to my repetitive and routine job, I ate the same lunch every day: a Lean Cuisine beef teriyaki and rice frozen dinner that I would pop in the microwave on top of the fridge at work. Lean Cuisine is a division of Stouffer's, the Ohio-based frozen food company that had big ideas in the 1980s. As a teenager, I had gone through several periods of only eating one food at a time — a three-month stint on raisin Rice Krispies treats comes to mind — so this self-imposed restriction wasn't new. But it nicely completed a routine that was perfectly symmetrical day after day.



Laura Owens, *Untitled*, 2011

We ate in the mechanics' room behind the shack where I weighed the trucks. The lead mechanic, the longest-serving government employee on-site and father to one of the other girls in the office, liked to freak me out by opening his coveted jar of pickled pigs feet and popping one in his mouth. Everyone but me seemed to come from a farm, so they were humored watching my face fill with horror.

Unlike any retail or service job I have had since, working at the landfill had a warm and familial atmosphere. We were there to represent the rules, do our jobs well, and conform to a slow pace so as to stretch the work out to the end of the day. I took care not to write too quickly and had the best penmanship of my life.

Sliding open the tiny office window above my desk, I would tell customers whose pickup trucks sat on the scales that they were not in compliance with the law and that I would call the state highway patrol to give them a ticket if they didn't leave and come back with a tarp on their load.

I watched as people unloaded their trucks with bicycles and furniture, antique windows and doors, all in perfect condition. The Amish would ride up in buggies with their trash. We welcomed the same six guys who were the city trash collectors multiple times a day. A BFI driver we knew drove up with his whole hauler full of packages of Pepperidge Farm chocolate chip cookies straight from the factory. He opened the back of his load and we all took multiple packages while he relayed that they had too much salt. None of us could taste a difference. I was 17.

After many jobs working in retail and the service industry, where lunch was an escape to myself, and to thinking my own private thoughts, I am now alone with my thoughts the whole day. Working for myself in the studio, there is no limiting organization that dictates my hours. Lunch is not something to be savored, but an attempt to strategize what foods will give me the most energy and focus for the rest of the afternoon. It can be a place to rebel against my own tyrannical pressure to produce. More often it is an annoying distraction, something to conveniently forget about. At best, it is a time to regroup and come back to the studio with fresh eyes and ideas. Unlike the government job and my frozen meal that was so comforting and routine in its slow, methodical nature, my lunch break is now stressful, a debate every day of what to eat and how to avoid wasting time.

—
Laura Owens is an artist who lives in Los Angeles.

0