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**Stage Design for a Theater of Ideas:**

**Staging the Visual world of Naomi Wallace**

Honors Thesis  
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“I admit-and this is an unfashionable confession-I write from ideas. I do not start by drawing from the well of authentic experience uncontaminated by the dead carcass of ‘issues.’ I write to explore theories.” (Wallace, Guardian)

Naomi Wallace is an American playwright, who until recently held little acclaim in the U.S., but has had strong responses to her work in England, having four major productions produced in the mid-nineties in four years. In recent years she has had a number of plays in the Humana Festival of New American Plays in her hometown of Louisville Kentucky. Wallace was “discovered” in 1990 by Tony Kushner (*Angels in America*) during a one week residency at the Iowa Playwrights Workshop and has been pushing boundaries ever since.

“I write plays that I hope will disturb the public, yet disturb it in such a way that it will want to come back for more. And even though I believe that theater must entertain above all else, this entertainment should be challenging and dangerous. I myself am most impassioned by a theater that puts us all at risk. I am not as interested in answers as I am in questions. When a playwright gives an audience an answer, the story is, in a way, finished, closed down. I am interested in conflict, questions, contradictions, and the different possibilities for the transformation of ourselves and our communities.” (Clum, 426)

Wallace’s work is challenging, coarse, and at times brutal, but she writes with an eloquence and beauty as the poet she is. Throughout her work she requests simplicity in the design work so that the words can be clear of the visual. To dimensionally create the world of her plays is indeed a challenge, and it is only with an understanding of the issues and ideas



Wallace tackles, and the devices she utilizes that a dimensional world can be formed. In this discourse I will uncover these devices and themes in three of her plays and discuss how these themes have informed and challenged my design work on each production.

Wallace is the child of a Time-Life reporter father and a Dutch mother who was once a member of the Dutch Communist Party. Her early years were filled with friends who were the rural poor of Kentucky, whose parents were farmhands, mechanics, unemployed... juxtaposed with the less conservative views of her parents, with whom she marched in Vietnam protest parades starting at age eight. These early years inform all of her work. They frame her identity and her belief systems. Wallace does not deny she is a political writer. Theater is about representation and for her that representation is inherently political.

“I’m called a political writer and I’m happy to be called that. I don’t think there’s anything more exciting to write about than history and society and negotiations of power. If people want a label, they can call me a socialist. I write about capitalism, because that is how our society is organized; and how we make our way or don’t make our way economically affects all aspects of our lives. That is usually at the base of anything I write.” (Greene 451)

Three of Wallace’s early works from the 1990’s-*Slaughter City (1996)*, *In the Heart of America (1994)*, and *The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek (1998)*- are each challenging and political in their own way. They are, I believe, a good representation of her work and the ideas and issues she chooses to confront through her work. Although each play has a very definite subject,

(*Slaughter City*, life in the meatpacking industry; *In the Heart of America*, a love affair between two soldiers during the Gulf War; *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*, the relationship of two young people in a small town in Kentucky 1936), Wallace uses similar dramatic conventions and has common themes which run throughout these works. When these conventions and themes are closely examined and compared, they inform each other, and provide a greater understanding of the individual works. In each of these three plays the themes of “body,” “memory,” and “haunting” are present. These themes provide a great challenge to the designer. To create a world within the minimalist structure Wallace requests, and yet effectively allow the plays to breathe and communicate timelines that are muddled through the devices of “memory” and “haunting” is a difficult task.

Perhaps most present in all of Wallace’s work is the theme of body. Ron Daniels, director of Wallace’s *One Flea Spare* for the Joseph Papp Public Theater in 1997 and *Slaughter City* at the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1996, comments on Wallace’s gift of molding and morphing bodies into being in her plays:

“In Naomi’s work something is always being done to the body (...) It is always being touched, caressed, burned, perforated, poured on and spat on. It’s standing in a river of life-and-death fluids: alive to blood, sweat, snot, running sores and oozing wounds. For Naomi, it has to do with making the body-for which read “class”- burst its bounds. Now here’s the catch: it’s all in the name of change, hope, possibility.” (Gornick 31)

Indeed Wallace's work is filled with an acute affect on the human condition/body.

Wallace creates a delicate balance between the severe tolls that the work/labor takes upon the body in juxtaposition with the sensuous quality of the body.

"I've always been fascinated by the body and dealing with the sexuality and the body. I feel like that's central and the body is a political being. Also physically damaged bodies, damaged through social roles or labor. It has something to do with a different kind of sexuality than the mainstream accepts, breaking down notions of what's proper or right, or disrupting norms of sexuality." (Vorlicky 256)

For the purposes of this exploration I will examine Wallace's use of the "body" from three perspectives: the body as labor resource, often exploited and overused; the body as the sensual/sexual, focusing a bit on Wallace's penchant for exploring sexuality a bit away from the "norm"; and finally an erotic body-machine relationship which interlaces the two previous perspectives.

*Slaughter City*, written after interviews with striking workers at the Fischer Packing Company in 1992, touches deeply the laborer as resource/tool to be "used up" and cast aside. "I used to drive past this place with its tiny dark windows and I'd wonder what went on inside. And then I discovered that meat-packing is more dangerous than mining—40 percent of the workers get hurt." (Gardner) *Slaughter City* is our glimpse through the windows at those workers: employees in a fight for fair wages, safe working conditions and worker rights.



Workers fighting a losing battle. The play is filled with classic representative roles; management, the workers, a troublemaker or two, and as the play unfolds we are introduced to characters much less classic, perhaps designed to challenge our perceptions. Early in the play we get a clear sense of the consideration given the worker.

The white company manager Baquin in a conversation with Tuck, a supervisor, Act I Sc. 2:

BAQUIN: Where do you see yourself in five years?

TUCK: Do you like your job?

BAQUIN: Clever! Very clever.

TUCK: Yeah. But I've also been cut. (Shows his arm) Sliced.  
(Shows his torso) And hacked. (Shows where a finger is maimed.)

BAQUIN: Now, don't get sentimental. We've got a business to run. Special interests are slicing our hearts, gutting innovation, shredding our ability to compete-

TUCK: You've got two Mercedes.

BAQUIN: That's what I mean. Fellow at IBP's got three. *(Laughs)*

Later in Act I Sc. 12, Baquin pushes the exploitation a bit further. He demands that two of the female workers, Maggot and Roach, remove their uniforms and wash them standing in his

office. In a scene reminiscent of a slave auction Baquin asks the African American worker, Roach, to get up on the chair for a closer examination...

TUCK: She's clean sir.

BAQUIN: It's hard to tell. *(Sets a chair in the center)* Roach, could you help us out? Please. Step up here so we can see things better?

*(After some moments Roach steps up on the chair)*

Just as I suspected. There's dirt behind your knees.

TUCK: But, sir-

BAQUIN: Surely you can see it? Can't you Maggot?

*(Maggot does not answer but looks away from Roach.)*

Exactly. Well put. Smudges are attracted to the backs of knees. Finish the job.

TUCK: Sir?

BAQUIN: Scrub behind her knees.

ROACH: Go on, Tuck. Follow your orders.

*(Tuck kneels before Roach and she stands above him. He doesn't wash her. She sings.)(235)*

In *In the Heart of America*, Wallace is not concerned about the toll of "labor" on the body, but rather the body as an expendable resource. The labor of war is perhaps the greatest



labor a body can undertake. In Act II Sc.7 Wallace writes a scene where “the soul of Lieutenant Calley,” a character named Boxler is describing an intimate killing of an Iraqi to Remzi and Craver:

BOXLER: We had an Iraqi prisoner. I stuck the knife in just below the sternum...And I slit him all the way down. I pulled his ribcage open...and stood inside his body. I said: Hey, boys, now I'm really standing in Iraq. (129)

Bodies are profoundly affected, perhaps less by chronic injury caused by the repetitive work of a factory, but so much more by the death or maiming of bodies through the acts of war. War, almost by definition, is intent on the destruction of the body. In Act II Sc. 4, Craver and Remzi are reliving the day's events, events mirroring the infamous “highway of death:”

Craver: Imagine dropping a five hundred pound bomb on a Volkswagen! Every moving thing. Terminated. Thirty fucking miles out of scrap metal, scrap meat. All scrapped. (*Lets out a howl that is half celebration and half terror*) And I've never seen guys dig that fast. Forty-nine holes the dozer dug.

(Later in the same scene)

REMZI: What was it like, you son of a bitch? To carry a man's leg?

CRAVER: We were ordered to pick up-

REMZI: (*Interrupts*): To carry a man's leg when the man is no longer attached?

CRAVER: To pick up the pieces and put them in the holes. The dozers covered the pieces we found with sand.

REMZI: Is that what you think we're doing, burying them?

CRAVER: We buried them.

REMZI: We're covering them up. So no one will ever know. I saw you, Craver. I saw you.

CRAVER: It was like a limb of a tree. No. It was like the branch of a tree. That's how heavy it was. I said to myself: Craver, you're not carrying what you think you're carrying. It's just a piece of tree. For the fire. And you're out in your backyard in Hazard, Kentucky, and he's still alive, my father, and my mother still laughs, and we're having a barbecue. And I can smell the coals.

REMZI: One of the bodies I saw...it was very...burned. In one of the vans. For a minute I thought. Well. He looked like... Maybe it was the sun on my head. I don't know. I put my finger inside his mouth. I wanted to touch him someplace where he wasn't (*beat*) burned. (123)

Boxler and Lue Ming, the two “ghostly” characters of the play, perhaps more than any of the characters, capture the essence of the unspoken toll of war on the body. Their ghostly presence is the result of the timeless connections of all war. The deep psychological stresses of a war time experience forever ingrained on the soul:

Act II Sc. 8

*Boxler and Lue Ming alone.*

LUE MING: Why did you have to shoot her twice? Three times? Just to make sure?

BOXLER: Just to make sure, I did it four times. And shooting a child, if you must know, is rather exceptional. It's like shooting an angel. There's something religious about it.

LUE MING: I woke up after you and your troops were gone. I woke up with my child in my arms. A dead child weighs so much more than a live one. I carried her back to the village.

When I was well again, I continued my work with the Vietcong. I was one of their top commanders. I searched for you everywhere. Everywhere. With more passion than one would a lost lover. But I never found you.

BOXLER: Just how did you die?

LUE MING: I can't remember. How long have you been dead?

BOXLER: Calley is still alive and well in Georgia, only I've run out on him. I'm his soul. Calley's dead soul.

LUE MING: His soul?

BOXLER: Yes, his soul and I'm homeless.

LUE MING: I don't believe in souls.

BOXLER: Neither do I, but here I am. I go from war to war. It's the only place that feels like home. I didn't kill your daughter. Calley did. I was inside him, looking out, but I didn't do it. I didn't pull the trigger.

LUE MING: You watched.

BOXLER: What else can a soul do but watch? We're not magicians.

LUE MING: Are you suffering?

BOXLER: I can't suffer. I can't and it hurts me.

LUE MING: Is it terrible?

BOXLER: It tears me apart.

LUE MING: How long will this go on?

BOXLER: World without end.

LUE MING: Delightful. More than I'd hoped.... (131-132)

In *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*, Wallace returns to the effects of labor on the body.

Dalton's parents Gin and Dray are each profoundly affected by the act of labor on their lives.

Dray's life is affected by the extreme trauma of the loss of a job that defined his existence. Gin's

life is visibly affected by the physical toll that the act of working has taken on her body. The

visual eloquence of the opening moment of Sc. 11 is stunning, with only her "blue" hands

glowing in the darkness. Gin's face is soon revealed...

GIN: I didn't see you. I was just. Trying to get used to this. It won't come off. They're lights, almost. It doesn't hurt. Well, it hurts 'cause I scrub them but it does no good. This color's here to stay. One morning I go to work and I come home with blue hands. They changed chemicals again at the plant. All sixteen of us in my section got blue hands. Some of the women, they were upset when it wouldn't wash off. But we had to see it as a wonder, too. During break, we turned off the lights and standing all together, some with our arms raised, others at our side, we looked like a Christmas tree in the dark, with blue lights.... The manager said it would wear off but it won't. We even used bleach. We'll have to get used to it. Kind of ugly and kind of pretty both, isn't it? But hands aren't meant to be blue. (316-317)

Dalton's father, Dray, has lived his life and created an identity entirely defined through his years of labor in a foundry. The closing of that foundry was the dissolution of his identity.

He is reduced to a "child" creating shadow puppets in the corner of a room.



GIN: Go to the jail and visit your son. Get outside. Tear the bricks from the sidewalk if you have to. I don't care.

DRAY: I can't. I'm afraid.

GIN: Of what?

DRAY: That if I go out, they won't be able to see me.

GIN: Who? Who won't be able to see you?

DRAY: People. Out walking in the road.

GIN: Yes they will.

DRAY: They'll walk right through me. *(Slowly takes off his shirt, seemingly unconsciously while he speaks)* My mother used to tell me, "Dray. You are what you do." In the foundry, it's no rest and you've always got a burn somewhere. I never minded. I was doing. I was part of the work. Part of the day. I was. I don't know. Burning. Freezing up. Inside that buzz. Melting down alongside thirty other men. But we were there. You could see us, and we weren't just making steel, we were. I don't know. We were. Making ourselves. We were. I was. All that. Movement. Movement. And now I do. Nothing. So. Then I am. What? Yeah. Nothing. (324)

Naomi Wallace is fascinated with the interrelationship of labor and the sensual. Her early years growing up in Kentucky; surrounded by hard working people, people made old in their 30's by the work, made her acutely aware of the act of working and its toll on the sensual aspects of the body. She captures this sensuality expertly.

...there is the eroticism of Wallace's writing: In the worlds of her plays, breath or the imagination can be as potent as an embrace. (Indeed, directors and actors would do well to examine skeptically any urge for physical contact not specified in Wallace's stage directions.) She speaks to, and for, the body as eloquently as any American writer since Walt Whitman.



And, as director Gayle Austin points out, Wallace's imagination and generosity of spirit allow her to speak for both women and men. Murphy (artistic producing director of Atlanta's Theater Emory) admires the playwright's "recognition that we're all halves of something, that we're all much more erotic and tender and forgiving than we can allow ourselves to be," due to the impact of society. (Bilderback)

A fine example of her crafting the world of the sensuous in *Slaughter City* is an interaction between Brandon and Roach. Act II Sc. 7:

BRANDON: I have this dream sometimes. And in the dream the scars on my mouth are gone, and my mouth is...like it's...scorched, seared, and then you kiss me and your kiss is so cold, (Gently runs a finger over her lips) Like an apple in the snow. (Roach removes his hand) When I wake up from that kiss, my pillow is always wet and I'm crying like a baby.

ROACH: A kiss is a dangerous thing.

BRANDON: It's a dangerous thing to live without it. (Beat) Are you afraid of me?

ROACH (Laughs): I'm afraid of me.

BRANDON: I won't give it up.

ROACH: No. I don't think you will. All right. (Takes one of Brandon's knives) I'll give you a kiss. If.

BRANDON: If?

ROACH: If you can take this knife from me. (Beat) But if either one of us bleeds, if either one of us gets so much as a paper cut, it's over. And we'll never talk about us again. Agreed? (Beat) Agreed?

BRANDON: Yeah. Completely.

(Roach puts the blade between her teeth. Slowly and carefully she passes the knife from her mouth to Brandon's mouth. In doing this they are also in a kiss. During this transfer, Brandon is pushed to his knees. He holds the knife between his teeth as he kneels.)

ROACH: That's where I like my Tarzan. On his knees. (257-258)

Perhaps some of the finest examples of Wallace's ability to weave the sensuous and body into her work is in *In the Heart of America*.

"One of my leads into the play was thinking about the body in love and war. While war is intent on destroying the body, love supposedly has capacity to reconstruct the body's sensuality. The body is central—and vulnerable—in both love and war. The question is: How does the body's sensuality or sexuality survive in the face of systems designed to destroy it—either war or late capitalism." (Istel)

In Act I Scene 9, one of the most beautiful moments in this play, Remzi has returned from his time visiting his father's village and has given Craver a gift of a bag of figs:

REMZI: You're not eating them right. You don't just plug them in your mouth like a wad of chewing tobacco. You've got to eat them with a sense of purpose. (*Eats one*) With a sense of grace.

(*Craver picks out another one*)

CRAVER: With a quiet sense of pride?

REMZI: Exactly.

(*Craver eats it*)

CRAVER: Nastier than the first one.

REMZI: No. Look. You're gobbling.

CRAVER: Why didn't you buy me a souvenir, like a nice little prayer rug?

REMZI: Eating is like walking. My sister taught me that. There's a balance involved. You have to eat the fig gently. As though it were made of the finest paper. (*Puts a fig in his own hand*) Look. I'll put the fig in my hand, and, without touching my hand, you pick it up. Gently.

*(Craver starts to use his fingers, Remzi stops his hand)*

With your mouth. *(Beat)* Go on. See if you can do it.

*(Craver leans down to Remzi's open hand and very carefully and very slowly lifts the fig from Remzi's hand. Craver holds the fig between his lips.)*

Now take it into your mouth. Slowly.

*(Remzi helps the fig inside Cravers' mouth)*

Slowly. There... Well. How does it taste now? (107-108)

Moments like this are some of Wallace's finest work, definite moments of Brechtian "gestus".

She writes many similar moments in the *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek* describing the interactions of Dalton (15) and Pace (17), two adolescents discovering their sexuality. Act I Sc. 10:

DALTON: But she doesn't think about kissing.

PACE: Not on the mouth; that's common.

DALTON: Where else then?

PACE: I don't know. A place where no one else has kissed you maybe. Everyone in the world has kissed you on the face, right?

DALTON: Keep talking.

PACE: If I ever kiss you, and I'm not saying I ever will, it will be some place even you've never thought of.

DALTON: You mean- *(Looks down at his crotch, with a sort of reserved bravado)*

PACE: No way. You could trick me and piss on me. Look, if you want a kiss so bad, I'll give it to you, but you got to promise to take it wherever I want to plant it.

DALTON: If it's at least ten seconds long, I promise.

PACE: Agreed. Take down your pants.

DALTON: (Suddenly afraid): No. Wait. You said it wasn't there.

PACE: It's not. Trust me.

*(With some apprehension, Dalton drops his pants.)*

Turn around.

DALTON: Pace. I'm not sure-

PACE (Interrupts): Shut up, kid. We got a deal.

*(Dalton reluctantly turns around. Pace stands behind him, then drops to her knees.)*

Count.

*(Pace puts her mouth just above the back of his knee. She kisses him there and holds it.)*

DALTON: One, two, three, four, five, six...seven...

*(Pace slaps him and he continues counting.)*

...eight, nine, ten.

*(Pace stands up. Dalton pulls up his pants. They look at each other. Dalton is unsure of what has happened.)*

Well. Yeah.



PACE: You happy now?

Some of the most electric moments in Wallace's work are when she weaves the world of the labor of the body into the world of the sensuous. It is something she does exceedingly well and seems to know she does. Similar to the knife kiss in *Slaughter City*, Wallace utilizes the object that actually creates the damage; the machine becomes the sensuous. It becomes a climactic metaphor for the developing relationship. Wallace employs this technique in *Slaughter City* at a couple of different places. The first is in an interaction between Maggot and Cod when they are on a break. Act II Sc 6:

COD: Fords are temperamental.

MAGGOT: Yeah. The engine sweats, foams just a little at the edges. The trick isn't in your hand really; it's in your groin. You got to rock your hips at just the right rhythm to lubricate the hitch on that second gear.

COD: I could drive a truck like that.

MAGGOT: Ever changed gears with your mouth? Not too tight and when the pressure's right and just about the blow you open it up, wide, and shoot across that highway with the windshield shattering over your head like snow and the sun pouring down you throat like water. And there's no turning back.

COD: Ford, huh? A person could go to hell for driving a Ford. They'll put a stick shift up your ass, and the Devil will cruise you all over his Island singing, "Ford gives you better ideas." All through eternity.

MAGGOT: Should have figured you were Chevy.



COD: A '58, V-8, short bed with chrome hubs, AM radio, four on the floor and no hitch. But not everyone can drive a Chevy. You got to have the proper wrist action or you'll burn the gears. And if your hands are dry- (spits in palm) you won't get the grip you need. *(Takes out a screwdriver or other sharp work tool)* You drive a Ford soft, but a Chevy's got to be treated rough. It's what a Chevy likes, 'cause it's an immoral engine and it can take it. Slap it some gas in first and, when you have the speed up and the friction between the rubber and the road is sending sparks down your spine-

*(Cod sticks the screwdriver into the ground or box between Maggot's legs. This should be done suddenly and should frighten anyone but Maggot. Cod takes a hold of the screwdriver as though it were a stick shift between Maggot's legs.)*

-then fast into second, straight on and hard. *(Moves stick into second)* Now third's a risk. Third is going down on the engine. But you got to keep up the speed. And speed isn't a motion, it's a texture. And it's not dry. No. Speed is wet. Speed is an ocean, and third's a deep gear, a driver's gear, only for the brave at heart gear, and I open up the vents 'cause my cylinders need some air, and then down, down- *(Moves stick into third, closer to Maggot's crotch)* and lock into third.

*(Some moments of silence.)*

MAGGOT: And what about the last one: fourth gear?

*(Cod unsticks the screwdriver and turns away to finish checking his tool belt.)*

Hey! What about fourth gear?

COD: I never tell a girl how to get into fourth gear. She's got to find that out herself. I will tell you it's not about breaking the sound barrier. It's about breaking light, just like breaking ice under your wheels.

MAGGOT: Never met anyone like you. (253)

Wallace uses this technique again in Act I Sc. 9:

*Brandon alone after everyone has gone home. A makeshift, bloody bandage on his hand, he stands on a work scaffold, then jumps down and clears the space for his "dance." He places his cassette player in the center of the space and then begins to run, jump and dance around the stage. The feeling is one of a body taking complete control over the space around it. There is a part of a wrapped carcass hanging from the ceiling. Brandon cuts it loose with this knife and it falls. He turns off the music to begin the second part of his "show." He circles the carcass, then takes off his shirt and speaks. All this movement should be stylized. Brandon has done this sort of "show" before.*

BRANDON: "Let sorrow split my heart- *(Slashes the wrapper open to expose the meat)* if ever I did hate thee."

*(He gently undresses the carcass and sings to it)*

I got a mouth like a spider  
And a web for you I'll spin.  
Just open up a little wider,  
With my spinneret, I'm comin' in.

*(He throws away the knife and begins to kiss and nip at the carcass. He then holds out his arms. Roach appears elsewhere on the stage and watches Brandon. He is not aware of her.)*

See the light comin' off my feathers, Love? See it?  
I'm an angel, and I'm gonna reach my wing so far  
Inside you, I'm going to disappear.

*(He pushes his hand, then his arm inside the carcass. This should be both sensual and frightening. Roach picks up the knife. She comes up behind him, takes him by the hair and holds the knife to his throat. She is in complete control.)*

ROACH: Oh, but that's not enough, my cherub. No. This piece of meat wants your sweet face inside her, your whole head inside her.

*(She crushes his face into the carcass, then turns him on his back so she's straddling him, knife still at his throat.)*

You like this dream, lover boy? What happens in the End? Does she come like he needs her to, like a Train, blasting off, straight up to the sky?" (221)

In *In the Heart of America*, Craver is fascinated with the language of weaponry, reading the weapons manual. He finds beauty in the way the words sound. These "tools" of war become his language of love...the language he uses to 'seduce' Remzi. Act I Sc 11:

CRAVER: I had a thing for the Sentry jet, but how long can love last after the first kiss, after the second, still around after the third? I dumped the Sentry jet and went on to the Wild Weasel, F-4G. Like a loyal old firehorse, the weasel was back in action.

REMZI: Have you ever touched the underbelly of a recon plane? Two General Electric J79-15 turbojets.

CRAVER: If you run your hand along its flank, just over the hip, to the rear end, it will go wet. Not damp but I mean wet.

REMZI: Have you ever run your face over the wing of an A-6 Intruder, or opened your mouth onto the tail of a AV-8B Harrier II? It's not steel you taste. It's not metal.

CRAVER: Ever had a Phoenix missile at the tip of your tongue? Nine hundred and eighty-five pounds of power, at launch. (113)

Memory is the second theme that seems to inherently run through Wallace's work.

Few of her plays are anchored in the present, but rather traverse time, lingering briefly in the



present and then returning to a time past. This is no more visible than in *In the Heart of America*. Wallace describes the time of the play as follows:

All scenes are in the present time of the story, except for the scenes between Remzi and Craver, and Remzi and Fairouz, which take place in the past. In some scenes the past and present collide.

In Act I Scene 11 there is a beautiful example of this dance of the past and present. It is at times difficult to discern which is more real. The scene contains the interplay of Fairouz and Craver in the present, each interacting at different moments with Remzi in the past, while the other observes the moment. Fairouz and Craver are in Craver's motel room. Fairouz continues to probe into the whereabouts of Remzi and his last days...his time with Craver... their collective memories dancing back and forth with Remzi.

FAIROUZ: He could be a bastard, my brother. But if you fucked him and then hurt him in any way, I'll tear your heart out

CRAVER: Remzi never said he had a sister with a limp. His sister, he said she walked like a princess.

FAIROUZ: Was he gentle with you? Sometimes when we were children he would soak my foot in a bowl of warm water, with lemon and orange rinds. He would blow on my toes to dry them. He thought if he cared for my foot, day by day, and loved it that somehow it would get better. (Beat) What was it like to kiss him?

CRAVER: After the Buffs it was the GR. MK-1 Jaguar with two Rolls-Royce Adour MK-102 turbofans. A fuselage pylon and four wing pylons can carry up to ten thousand pounds of armaments...

*(Remzi now "appears." Fairouz moves away and watches, as though watching Craver's memory.)*

REMZI: The Jag can carry a mix of cannons, smarts and gravity bombs. And get this: maximum speed: Mach 1.1.

CRAVER: Then there's the brain of the electronic warfare....

*(Craver moves to kiss Remzi, but at the last moment Remzi moves away.)*

FAIROUZ: Is that how you kissed him?

(...)

FAIROUZ: Would Remzi like that? *(Beat)* Do you like to watch or do you like to kill? You haven't tried dying yet, have you? Perhaps you should.

CRAVER: There's nothing wrong with your foot.

FAIROUZ: You're kind. I see why Remzi was so attached to you.

*(Remzi enters, unobserved by either of them.)*

My brother was the kind that watched. Is he the other kind now, Mr. Perry? *(Beat)* I think I'm going to scream.

*(Craver now sees Remzi and backs away, watching the two of them, as though he is seeing them both in the past. Remzi holds her foot.)*

REMZI *(Talking to her gently)*: Just once more.

FAIROUZ: I can't. I can't.



REMZI: You've got to do it or you'll never walk right. Just once more.

FAIROUZ: Just once more. Only once more. Will it be better then?

REMZI: Soon. It will be better soon.

*(Remzi twists her foot, and she lets out a sound of pain that is part scream and part the low, deep sound of a horn.)*

There are also many scenes that are just pure memory pieces such as Act 1 Scene 8, an interaction between Fairouz and Remzi:

Fairouz and Remzi. The past.

FAIROUZ: Did you get the vaccines you needed?

REMZI: Yesterday.

FAIROUZ: Then everything's in order?

REMZI: All set to leave. The big adventure awaits me. Little brother goes to war....

In *Slaughter City* memory is deeply linked to Cod, the Textile Worker and the Sausage man. These three characters have deep connections though past intersections. Cod is the conduit for these collective experiences/memories, bringing them to the present. The interconnection of memory to characters in the present, and with/to characters of the past is so strong in Wallace's work that often these memories build to a "haunting" of characters in the present by the characters in the past.

*We are back in the workroom with Cod and the Textile Worker. It is the same dream/scene as the prelude. The Textile Worker is the central focus, but we also see Maggot, Roach and Brandon working slowly, in silence. They are not aware of the scene going on around them, though they chant with the woman.*

TEXTILE WORKER (*Chants*): Pull the cloth, punch it down, cut three out and trace.

COD: Hey! I'm talking to you!

TEXTILE WORKER: Hurry, hurry, don't go slow, keep your cheer and grace.

COD: I know you can hear me.

TEXTILE WORKER: Pull the cloth, punch it down-

COD: Look at me!

TEXTILE WORKER: (*Turns to look at Cod, but looks in another direction away from Cod, as though she sees him elsewhere*): I am looking at you, I'm always looking at you.  
(*Smoke begins to trickle in from a crack in the floor.*)

COD: No. No.

TEXTILE WORKER: Yes. Look at your hands. They're beautiful. (*Holds up her own hands*)  
Like mine once were.

COD: Can't you see what's happening?!

TEXTILE WORKER: Your hands are like two flames.

COD: Do something!

TEXTILE WORKER: All the water in the world can't put their fire out.  
(*Cod drops to his knees and tries to cover the smoke with his hands to keep it from coming in.*)

COD: There's no fire. There's no smoke. Not here. So pull the cloth, punch it down.  
*(Sausage Man enters with his sausage machine.)*

ALL THE WORKERS: "Cut three out and trace."

SAUSAGE MAN: The doors have been locked.

TEXTILE WORKER: "Hurry, hurry, don't be slow—"

SAUSAGE MAN: From the outside.

ALL THE WORKERS: "—keep your cheer and grace."

SAUSAGE MAN: To keep track of employees. The fire trucks are on their way. The fireman will say his ladders could only reach the seventh floor. Is this the eighth?

COD: Let us out. Open the fucking doors!

SAUSAGE MAN: I don't have the key. I lost it years ago. *(Beat)* It's already happened. You can't change it. Why upset yourself?

COD: *(Turns to the other workers):* Help me with the doors. We'll break them down.  
*(The workers go on working. They can't hear him)*  
You stupid bastards.

SAUSAGE MAN: They can't hear you.

TEXTILE WORKER: My hands sweep the cloth like water—

COD: *(To the workers):* Do you want to die?

TEXTILE WORKER: *(Continuing):* --over the keys of a piano.

COD: Are you just going to stand there and burn?  
*(Sausage Man cranks his grinder, and the fire increases. The workers go on working.)*

SAUSAGE MAN: They won't ever be able to hear you. Because you're always somewhere else, my child.

*(Cod sinks down to the floor, the sound of the fire drowning out his voice as he screams:)*

COD: Isn't anybody out there!

In the "washing scene" in Act I Sc 12, described earlier, Wallace uses another memory technique. She draws deeply on the audiences' cultural memory to create the tension that exists in that scene. As a playwright, Wallace uses history as an effective tool in eliciting an emotional response from an audience.

In Act I Sc. 9 of *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*, Gin is visiting Dalton in his cell and he is talking with her discussing her relationship with Dray and trying to explain what it was like to be with Pace and the impact she had on him.

GIN: You don't have to look at someone-

DALTON: I don't need your excuses. Neither does he. From what I remember, he didn't look at you any more than he did at me.

GIN: Not long ago he used to hold me.

DALTON: Big deal. Holding someone's a cinch. It doesn't cost. It's easy.

GIN: And the girl. What about her, then. To hold her.

*(Pace appears. While neither Gin nor Dalton sees her, sometimes they sense, at different moments, that she is "there." Pace is playful.)*

Was that "easy"?



DALTON: That's none of your business. *(Beat)* I don't want you here.

PACE: Was that "a cinch"?

DALTON *(Shouts)*: I didn't hold her! *(Now he is quiet)* She held me. Pace did. But it wasn't that. Holding. Sometimes when I was with her she wasn't there. Alone at night in bed, I could feel her breath in my ears. No.

PACE AND DALTON: That's not it.

PACE: It wasn't just you and me.

DALTON: It was something more. Like at school. At school they teach you. To speak. They say it's math-

PACE: History-

DALTON: Geometry, whatever. But they're teaching you to speak. Not about the world but about things. Just things: a door, a map,

PACE: a cup. Just the name of it.

DALTON: Not what a cup means, who picked it up, who drank from it,

PACE: who didn't and why;

DALTON: where a map came from, who fixed in the rivers, who'll take the wrong turn; or a door. Who cut the wood and hung it there? What that width, that height? And who made that decision? Who agreed to it? Who didn't?

PACE: And what happened to them because of it?

DALTON: They just teach us to speak the things. So that's what we speak. But there's no past that way.

PACE AND DALTON: And no future. (308-309)

The third theme, which runs through Naomi Wallace's plays, is the "haunting" by characters once living, whether connected or not to the characters in the present. One could argue these haunting characters are merely an extension of memory in the living characters. I would argue that Wallace often takes it further and these characters become something more than memory. They seem to run a parallel course to a character living in the present. In *Slaughter City* the Sausage Man (of the past) runs a somewhat parallel course with Baquin, the present company man. In *In the Heart of America*, Lue Ming (of the past) parallels Fairouz in her search for answers about the death of someone close to her. And in *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*, Pace parallels Gin, both desperately trying to affect a change on men whom they care about. In an interview with John Istel for American Theatre, Wallace discusses these parallels and the importance of them to her:

"I think because of my strong belief that wherever there is a present moment, the past is also present, although it is usually invisible. That's what draws me to theatre—the ability to put different times on stage and see how they collide or how they resonate with one another—how the past tells a story within a present story." (Istel)

In Act I Sc. 6 of *Slaughter City* we are introduced to Sausage Man, who wanders alone through the empty packinghouse at night:

(A noise somewhere that startles Cod. He clings to the Sausage Man, frightened.)

What? What? Where are we?

SAUSAGE MAN (Holding him): Shhh. We're still here. Shhh.

COD (Still clinging): Where? Where?

SAUSAGE MAN: My child, why are you always lost? You've got to learn to locate yourself. Listen: this little piggy went to market. This little piggy stayed home. This little piggy-

COD: OK. Stop it. Stop it. I know where we are. But why a slaughterhouse? (Looking Sausage Man over) I preferred you as a Pullman, a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, delving into mines, reeking of money, not meat.

SAUSAGE MAN: But you complained about the mines. Too much coal dust in the nose. And then you caught a cough, remember? That was a nasty cough you had.

COD: Yeah, and we were ready to blow that mountain wide open. The fuse was lit. But you yanked me out just before the explosion. Just in time.

SAUSAGE MAN: It might have been serious.

(Later in Scene)

SAUSAGE MAN: You're a fighter, Cod, not a beggar. Get out there and stir, spark, sputter. The laborer against my system! It's glorious. It's heroic. And we have all the time in the world. Do you know what that sounds like?

COD: I know what it tastes like. (Spits on the floor) Like ashes on my tongue.

SAUSAGE MAN: Listen. (Turns his grinder. We hear strange, sad and sensual music) That's the music of all the time in the world. Hear how it weeps, how it grieves and longs to be silent. But it can't. It must sing forever. Just like you. Dance to it, my child. Dance to your music. (Cod stands transfixed as Sausage Man slowly turns in a circle, like a figure in a music box, dancing to the music. (232)

In Act I Sc.2 of *In the Heart of America*, Craver Perry wakes to “an apparition or perhaps something more real:”

LUE MING: Ah. An Army fellow. Where were you stationed in Vietnam?

CRAVER: Vietnam? I wasn't in Vietnam. I was in the Gulf. In Saudi. In Iraq?

LUE MING: How can they fight in Vietnam and the Gulf at the same time?

CRAVER: We're not fighting in Vietnam.

LUE MING: Of course you are. Why just yesterday my grandfather was out in the fields trying to pull a calf out of the mud. The rains. So much rain. You flew over with your plane and bang, bang, bang, one dead cow and one dead grandfather.

CRAVER: I've never been to Vietnam.

LUE MING: Of course you have.

CRAVER: the Vietnam War ended over fifteen years ago, lady....

LUE MING: Are you sure?

CRAVER: Positive.

LUE MING: Who won? My God, who won?

CRAVER: You did.

LUE MING: Oh I wish I could have told Grandpa that this morning. (Beat) So I missed the house and the year. But not the profession. How many gooks have you killed?

CRAVER: I don't kill gooks; I kill Arabs.

LUE MING: Really? Arabs?



CRAVER: Not just any Arabs. Iraqi Arabs. Saddam Arabs. But that war is over now too.

LUE MING: Who won?

CRAVER: We had a kill ratio of a thousand to one.

LUE MING: Oh my! What's it like to kill a woman?

CRAVER: I never killed anyone.

LUE MING: Such modesty! In my village alone you killed sixteen people, seven pigs, three cows and a chicken.

CRAVER: I never killed anyone in my life. I never got that close.

LUE MING: Does it feel the same to shoot a cow in the back as it does to shoot a man in the back? (85)

*Trestle at Pope Lick Creek* is filled and layered with hauntings...the character of Pace spends the majority of the play haunting the present. In fact the first scene of the play sets the relationship up between Pace and Dalton. Dalton is seated in a corner making hand shadows and Pace appears:

*(Pace appears. She is there but not there.)*

PACE: That's not a fish, Dalton Chance. You should know better. That's a bird. A pigeon. The kind that live under the trestle.

*(Dalton slowly turns and peers into the darkness. He doesn't see Pace, though she is visible to us. He calls to her softly.)*

DALTON: Creagan? Pace Creagan? Is that you? (He stands up. He cries out to her) You go to hell, Pace Creagan!

*(Pace tips the candle over. Darkness) (283)*

In Act II Sc 11 of *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*, the scene discussed earlier in reference to Gin's "blue hands," the character of Pace is witness throughout, and after Gin's monologue begins a dialogue. We begin to get a glimpse at the parallels in their lives.

Pace: You asked me what I wanted with your son.

Gin: I meant no harm, girl. A mother's supposed to ask.

Pace: I was going to be different. I don't know in what way. That never mattered. But different somehow. Do you know what I mean?

Gin: There's blood on your leg.

Pace: And Dalton would be there to see it happen. That's what I was getting him ready for.

In the ultimate "haunting" the play ends with Pace and Dalton consummating their relationship. Dalton is in the same place as the show began, "a place that is both the past and the present at the same time." After their highly erotic scene, Pace's final words, "There. We're something else now. You see? We're in another place," leave us unsure of where we have traveled and ultimately where we have ended. What is this other place? Is it a place of rebirth or of deep loss? These are the questions Wallace likes to leave the audience asking.

*Dalton is making shadows on the wall, as in the Prologue. He is in a place that is both the past and the present at the same time. Pace appears behind him. She is dressed in her brother's clothes. She carries her dress. She lays it on the ground and spreads it out carefully.*

PACE: That's a bird, stupid. A pigeon.

*(Dalton slowly turns around)*

Like the kind that live under the trestle. Haven't you heard them? At dawn they make a racket.

*(She's finished spreading out the dress. She stands back.)*

Lie down on it.

DALTON: Why?

PACE: Just do it. Or you'll be sorry. Last chance, Chance.

*(Dalton kneels down on the dress)*

DALTON: What're you gonna do?

PACE: Just shut up and do what I tell you. Open your shirt.

*(Dalton opens his shirt. Throughout their dialogue, Pace never touches herself nor looks at Dalton.)*

Now. Touch Me.

*(Dalton makes a movement toward her but she cuts him off)*

No. Stay still. Right there. And do this. *(She puts her own hands near her chest, though she doesn't touch herself)*

Go on.

*(Dalton copies her.)*

Right. Now close your eyes. And touch me. It's simple.

*(Dalton hesitates, then he closes his eyes and touches his own bare chest. Pace is very still, her arms at her side.)*

Yes. There. You won't hurt me. *(Beat)* Go on.

*(Dalton touches his nipples)*

That's right. You're touching me. I want you to touch me. It's going to happen. To both of us.

Go on. Open your legs. *(Beat)* Do it.

(...)

PACE: There. We're something else now. You see? We're in another place.

*(Both are quiet and still for some moments. The Dalton opens his eyes. He slowly stands up.*

*Pace moves toward the candle. For one moment, Pace and Dalton look at one another.*

*Pace crouches over the candle. Dalton makes a slight movement, as though touching his mouth.*

*Then he raises his arms, as though welcoming her vision.*

*Pace blows out the candle; at the same moment Dalton seems to do the same. We hear the sound of the candle going out. Blackout)*

END OF PLAY

Through the examination of these three plays, one can begin to see the connections in Wallace's work. She maintains a clear focus on the body, a body torn between the world of labor and the world of the sensuous. Wallace brings to the stage an equality of issues through her use of the past, through memory and through "haunting" characters, which inhabit the worlds she forms. These characters from the past allow a truth to be told that often can only be seen from a distance, from history learned. The live performance of theater allows the differences between characters of the present and characters of the past, the "haunting" characters, to be minimized since living actors play both. This allows an equal voice to all.

"...one can see Wallace's ghosts less as devices for exposition in the text/performance, and more as agents of textual transformation. They dialectically render at once visible and dissoluble the boundaries between dead and living, history and memory, one war and another, soldier and worker, enemy and kin. (Cleary 3)

It is the use of these conventions that allows Wallace to foray in the issues and political topics she is so passionate about. In an interview with Tony Kushner she speaks to her goals of this work and her hope:



TK: Your work is very unsparing; the places of resistance are the places where hope might be located and you have to think about where to locate them. There's no sop being handed to the audience to make them feel it will all be OK. And the plays are sort of tragic in that sense. Bodies are damaged, hearts, lives damaged...I've noticed many more people are in a deep state of despair in the early 1990's so I'm asking...

NW: About hope? Well I see my work as irresponsibly hopeful in a lot of ways. There are moments of possibility and transformation in my play where structures of power suddenly become visible and we see them and we think, "Aha here is a place, a moment where something can change." (Vorlicky 258)

It is this "hope," this transformative possibility that has drawn me to Wallace's work. Work that has found critical acclaim from some and from others has been met with strong criticism.

The three works I have discussed have been produced multiple times and have collected many critical responses:

*Slaughter City:*

The play starts with a seemingly-straightforward critique of the workers' conditions but veers off in different directions, oscillating between past and present, dreamscape and reality, in sequences of poetry and wild strangeness. These scenes are the best parts of the play. The texture and fabric of human life, with all their contradictions, surprises, and obstacles, are revealed in the intimate scenes of the characters interacting, tying the quests for sexual and economic liberation in a complicated but fascinating knot. (Ahmed)

*Slaughter City* is a powerful, unsettling experience. In one messy package, the play manages to be a tirade against worker injustice and an erotic ode to the abused bodies of workers everywhere. Now that's a cut of meat you won't find just anywhere. (Jones)

*In the Heart of America:*

It just doesn't seem completely thought out, despite the many fine directorial choices and a good cast and team of designers. It is as if at some level they trust, with the playwright, that poetic magic is going to take care of everything.

Most of all *In the Heart of America* is disappointing because it lacks clarity, with nothing fully realized. The problem is not so much the murk of war or memory, but the murk of muddled writing. (Osenlund)

*Trestle at Pope Lick Creek:*

It's never clear what the play's jumble of shop of imagery in broken china, those shadow animals, Pace's fatal obsession—is intended to convey beyond a general yearning for escape or transformation. Wallace's ideas about the various nihilistic impulses engendered by the Depression remain opaque and her dialogue gets increasingly vague as the play progresses. In the end one isn't sufficiently engaged by the characters to ponder their cloudy rhetoric with any particular interest. (Isherwood, 46)

Oliver's production provided a well-delineated indictment of America's failure to provide for its young, as well as suggesting political resonances beyond the question of inter-generational conflict and the capitalist exploitation of labor. The audience left the performance disquieted but thoughtful, as if the issues warranted more hours of sustained reflection. Without offering utopian visions of a transformed society, *The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek* deals directly with an era of moral bankruptcy and reaffirms the power of the ordinary, engaged participant to connect with some of the most challenging issues of contemporary life. (Abbitt, 500)

Further explaining the diversity of perspective and response to *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*; the gestic moment of the plate toss between Gin and Dray, reviewer John Simon sees as a whim of the director, "who has penniless people play Frisbee with their plates until they get smashed, shattering a cup for good measure." (74) Whereas Abbitt sees this moment "an

act of desperate resistance”(500) adding that reactions (like Simons) to Wallace’s work are not completely unwarranted since the destruction of things in the plays’ world are done cavalierly, somewhat contrary to the North American tendency to play to the psychological motivation.

Strong responses are what come of Wallace’s work. Seldom are people left untouched by her words. They may find it deeply stirring or simply too much to understand, but an audience will leave impacted in some manner. It is about the language, the complex and eloquent words she crafts. It is the design team’s challenge to support those words and not distract or overload the audience with imagery that covers the language. Wallace’s works give little or no information for a production design team. Most are described as minimal and not realistic. The three productions discussed here are all listed similarly:

- *Slaughter City*: Slaughter City USA, setting should be minimal and not realistic.
- *In the Heart of America*: a motel room, a military camp in Saudi Arabia, another room, the Iraqi desert, minimal and not “realistic;”
- *Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*: a town outside a city. A jail cell. Somewhere in the U.S., minimal and not realistic. A piece of the trestle should be visible and awe-inspiring.

Wallace describes her reasoning behind her generally minimal and non-realistic staging choices in her interview with Alexis Greene:



My warning is to try and get designers and others to forget kitchen sink drama. You have the bodies and the language. The language of my plays may be pared to the bone, but there's a lot of it, so if you load a stage with 'things,' a production becomes cluttered. It can even become suffocating. The language needs all the space it can collect.

I'm influenced by Brecht and Brechtian theater. Pretending that something is real--what is the point? Realism stifles things. It eliminates the possibilities of what you can do. (Greene 470)

Of the three plays I have discussed here, two of them I have designed as fully realized productions and the third I designed strictly for the purposes of this discourse.

*Slaughter City* was my introduction to Naomi Wallace and I designed the setting for it in 1996. Wallace describes the setting as "Slaughter City USA. Should be minimal and not 'realistic'." Reviewers have described previous settings as: (a) gut-wrenching experience just by seeing the set, which prominently features two humongous carcasses and layers of bloody cloth," (Ahmed) or "imaginary carcasses in an eerily undefined space." (Isler)

In beginning the design process for this production, the director and I discussed a variety of minimal choices from a bare black stage to a couple of white paper walls that would become bloodied through the show. But as I began the design research for this production an opportunity arose that took me, and thus the production, down a very specific path. I was able to tour the Patrick Cudahy meatpacking plant, including the original 1890's "kill floor"- not an easy task to convince the company to allow a tour, however a great opportunity. In spending time researching



at the Cudahy Historical Society, I was also able to find many images and information about the early years of the plant, as well as interview several retired employees.

In touring the spaces, collecting images, and interviewing the employees, I was struck with two things in particular: the repetition of form and the presence of once living “bodies” throughout the plant. Repetition of form was present throughout the warehouse... beams, translucent windows, and the vast array of machinery were all visually important to me. One, it signaled the immense volume of space and time, and secondly it visually represented the “work,” the constant flow of the same action, same form, the rhythm and volume of work.

The second impression I had was harder to capture, to articulate. It was the “labor” of death. I am not a squeamish man; however, I found the eerie sense of “haunting” of creatures throughout the spaces. The burgundy stained concrete from decades of use. The tar tank and track for moving the “bodies” through space. In talking with people who had worked there, the desensitizing of the process was obvious, but even after years of distance from the plant they could easily recall the sense of place, the action of killing and gutting- obviously impacting their lives in ways they never knew. So the presence of living forms needed to be captured.

In the attempts to get permission to view the inside of a meatpacking plant and above all else a “kill floor,” another striking realization became clear. It was the facelessness of this profession. Meatpacking is an “invisible” profession. It is very difficult for the outsider to view

or have a sense of...for obvious reasons. The “inhumanity” of it would be counterproductive to the market. The translucent windows that Wallace spoke of earlier, and that I found throughout the plant formed an interesting metaphor for this.

Wallace’s instincts to minimize the gore is without question a wise choice; it is of utmost importance to maintain a connection to the world of the play and the characters in it, so any element that pushes the audience away viscerally will not serve the play well. The emotional connection to the people is critical.

So as I started the design process, the images of beams, translucent windows and the ever-present sense of living forms were foremost in my mind. The importance of the “timelessness” of the space...the intersections of the three worlds...the present meatpacking plant...the distant past textile factory...and the sausage man’s meat plant...all intersecting in this space and time.

My return to the design table and meetings with the director created a bit of a shift for the production but I am blessed to work with/for this director, who trusts my instincts. What we created was a timeless world of labor. The repetitive beams and windows had a strong presence in the space, continuing on into the darkness to give a sense of scale and distance that seemed important. It seemed important that the different worlds of the play had space to overlap and exist simultaneously, the world of the textile worker always present, the black void beyond

allowing sausage man to easily drift in and out of the present world...and the “bodies” of the pigs always present. It would have been easy to place the plant/factory far more in the present, more stainless steel, more tile, whiter, but the sense of history of this profession, the timelessness was extremely important to me.

In hindsight, the criticisms I have with the production are in the areas we pushed the envelope of realism: the use of water in the hoses to spray carcasses was too realistic. The knives and tools were necessary...the danger needed to be present, but water was too much. The dance with realism was a difficult one in this production, because the actors are real, and finding a balance with the things that they touch is always a slippery one. The pigs, for example, perhaps could have been more realistic but we felt it necessary to avoid “gore” and that the presence of form was most important to me.

The other area I struggled with in this production was the area of lighting, an area I did not control. In Wallace’s plays, as I have said, the dance between present and past is a constant and beautiful one; and the most effective way for the audience to understand that dance is through the light. I must admit, I didn’t fully understand what was bothering me at the time of the production, but making these connections has helped me understand what was missing.



## In the Heart of America

This production was my second Wallace production, designed in the Fall of 2005, and again Wallace called for little: a motel room, a military camp in Saudi Arabia, another room, the Iraqi desert, minimal and not “realistic.” The director had requested a “skin” over the stage, because for her, the play was about “touch” and skin as the medium of touch. So her initial thoughts involved a ground cloth filled with images of the war in Iraq in 1991 and the present war. She wanted this cloth to stretch into the audience seats. Desert fatigue was important to her as well as redefining the boundaries of the actor/audience relationship.

In beginning the research for the design, I had looked at reviews of previous productions, which spoke of the heavy war imagery in combination with the language being like a “maul.” This seemed a viable concern because the play is about the people, and if we are immediately shut down by war imagery, we will not connect to the love story, which is at the core of this play. Secondly this production was done at Macalester College, where the sensitivity to war is quite extreme, so I was concerned that we not shut the audience down before the house lights went out.

I researched many images of the war in Iraq, and after looking at many beautiful/horrific images was drawn to a simple image in the credits of a book, of a set of dog tags and an I.D. From that image, I went to a book about letters from home to soldiers, which for me was a



beautiful image of what soldiers fight for, and stay connected to...”the heart” of America.

Fairouz begins her journey for the truth about Remzi after she receives a letter from Remzi. (Act I Sc. 1) There was the emotional recollection of a soldier friend of mine who had died and the letters we exchanged. So surfaced in my mind the image of a soldier carrying a letter around in his pocket...the only connection to home ...the daily folding and unfolding ...the toll of the war visually taken on the letter as metaphor.

And so this design unfolded; a structural letter which became a real and metaphorical landscape for the play. The edges of the letter were charred and a few small bloodstains were reminders of the horrors of war. At the top of Act II, the ghostly character of Lue Ming conjures up the war and a small flame is lit over the letter. The fire seemed important to me because the Gulf war was filled with so many images of burning oil. Ultimately we had to cut the flame as a design element, due to budget, but it was conceptually important to me. The letter defined the playing space and all “real” characters were “discovered” with the lights up in each scene. Only the haunting characters of Lue Ming and Boxler were able to enter the world of the play climbing over the top of the letter and Boxler from under the letter as if climbing out of a Viet Cong tunnel. In Act II Sc. 5 Lue Ming literally chased Boxler over audience members trying to get back her hair braid, successfully pushing the boundaries between actor and audience. It was

only in the final moment of the play that we saw Craver and Remzi break the plane of the stage deck as they race off and leap into darkness.

The design of the letter worked quite well for this production. The crumpled surface gave a vast number of levels and terrain for the actors to work on and the dog tags provided seats and “beds” for the motel room scenes. The stage design meant different things to different people. To one man, the set was the constitution, to someone else a letter, to someone else the desert; the ambiguity was successful I believe.

There was one major issue that I struggled with in lighting the play and the world I had created for it. That was in defining the world of the motel room, which is the most “present” reality of the play. The desert tones that I had painted the letter made the reality shifts to the motel room more difficult than they needed to be. My initial instincts were to paint the “letter” in lighter tones. However that was not where we ended up. The director and I felt that darker was better as I painted the deck. It was only after level setting the show and my tuning the lighting arch of the show that I realized what I had done to myself. So I toned the set a bit more and adjusted some color in light and I believe ultimately I was successful in negotiating the time shifts of the play.

Trestle at Pope Lick Creek

For me this play is about a world filled with despair and hopelessness. It is about the search to find a way out of that world. Something has to drive Pace and Dalton to want to risk everything to find "life." To find life by risking death, find life by running **at** a train. The feeling of total oppression by the world they exist in; a world generated by labor. Dalton's and Pace's view of that world, of their families and friends, their history, pushes them on a desperate quest to find a way out. Their sexual discoveries although heterosexual are convoluted, challenged by/challenging their world as they fit in it.

As I began to imagine this world, it needed to be sparse. The dominant element needs to be the trestle: a strong symbol of industry and overpowering oppression. Kentucky in the late 1920's and early 1930's had over 4,000 miles of rail. This can be compared to today's Kentucky with approximately 2,900 miles. ( Harrison, 313.) That trestle and train is a big beautiful metaphor for the industry and capitalism that Pace and Dalton are struggling against. I believe there is a reason we never really "see" the top of the trestle. Pace and Dalton always meet underneath the trestle...looking up at the risk/opportunity for escape, but always visually contained by its presence.



For me the second image that needs to be present is the image of labor, the image of the factory. The presence of industry in the lives of these characters is so important to all that happens to them that we should always have a sense of it in their lives. So while the trestle forms the image of their demise/ultimate freedom, the image of a factory in the distance needs to be present as a reminder of what has been and what could be.

In the visual research for this design I found many images of railroad trestles, constructed out of a variety of materials: wood, concrete, stone and steel. I settled on the trestles being completely steel simply for the industrial feel that they provide. The beauty of the line of the steel trusses is quite lovely. This should be countered with the coarser textures found in the world surrounding. The floor work and the world of Gin and Dray exhibit this texture. The factory in the distance needs to be non-descript, simply an image of industry...of labor. In a discussion about Gin's blue hands, Wallace describes the eerie beauty we find in visions of smokestacks: "...there are certain beauties that capitalism creates. It may be horrific but at times there are these magical things that are created, like a tremendous landscape of smokestacks, it's frightening and breathtaking at the same time." (Julian)

I feel strongly that this design truly requires simplicity. The presence of the trestle and the factory are enough, all else is simply platform and paint. Dalton's jail cell is contained within one of the trestle structures. The steel framework creates a nice definition of space and



the subsequent metaphor is very nice as well. Perhaps the trestle framework could be utilized as a bit of a jungle gym for Pace to observe the play in her “haunting” moments. The set pieces are of a rather large scale, while I was not attempting to create them in actual scale, I do feel their towering presence is very important.

Lighting is critical to this play and this design. It must allow controlled isolation of bodies in space with only the limited visibility of the presences beyond. It should reveal and utilize the trestle as a presence towering overhead, through the use of cast shadow. In this vast open set design, light will need to provide the containment for many of the internal scenes.

While this is perhaps the simplest of the three designs visually, the largest metaphor is the overhead trestle, which must be carefully crafted and utilized as the major scenic element. This may provide challenges since its presence is somewhat disguised. It is not as invisible as it appears in the photos, because it was a bit difficult to get a photo from the audiences’ perspective as opposed to a “god” view.

Each of these three designs is vastly different in style and form. What they share, however, is the unity of theme and device. Each is a non-realistic minimal metaphor of the world Naomi Wallace imagined in each of her plays, and through an examination of her particular dramatic conventions and unifying themes; I have attempted to provide a solution for

each of her visions. In examining the themes of “body,” “memory,” and “haunting,” I have attempted to forge some connections between individual works, which allow a greater understanding and appreciation of Naomi Wallace’s work as a whole.

Do I believe that I have created the quintessential “Wallace” designs? No. Do I feel more informed to make stronger design choices for her work in the future? Yes. Theater is a very temporary art form, and as a theater artist I am always ready to move on, re-imagine, re-conceive and re-create.

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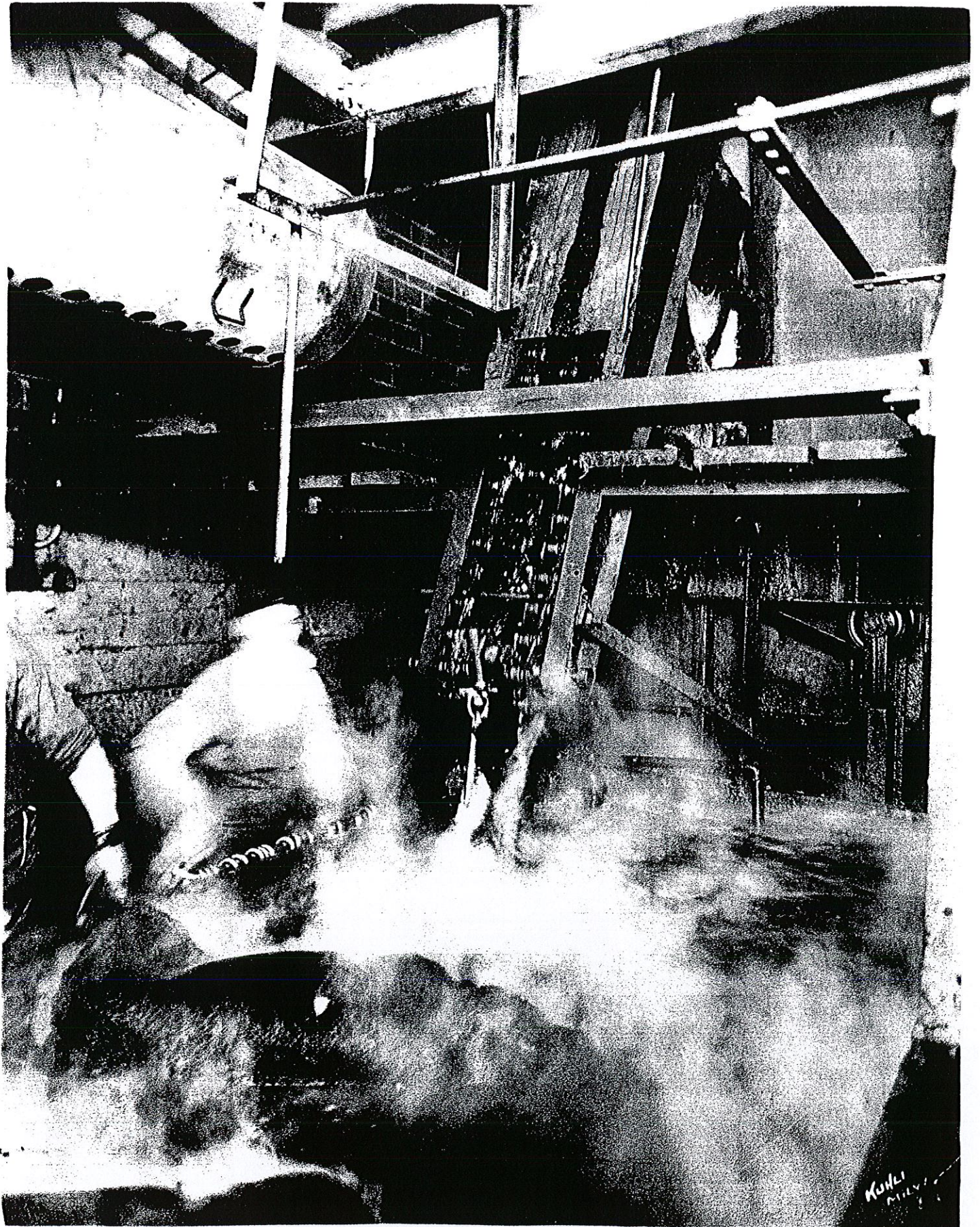
- *The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*. 1998. *In the Heart of America*. 277-342.



# **Slaughter City**

## **Research and Design Work**

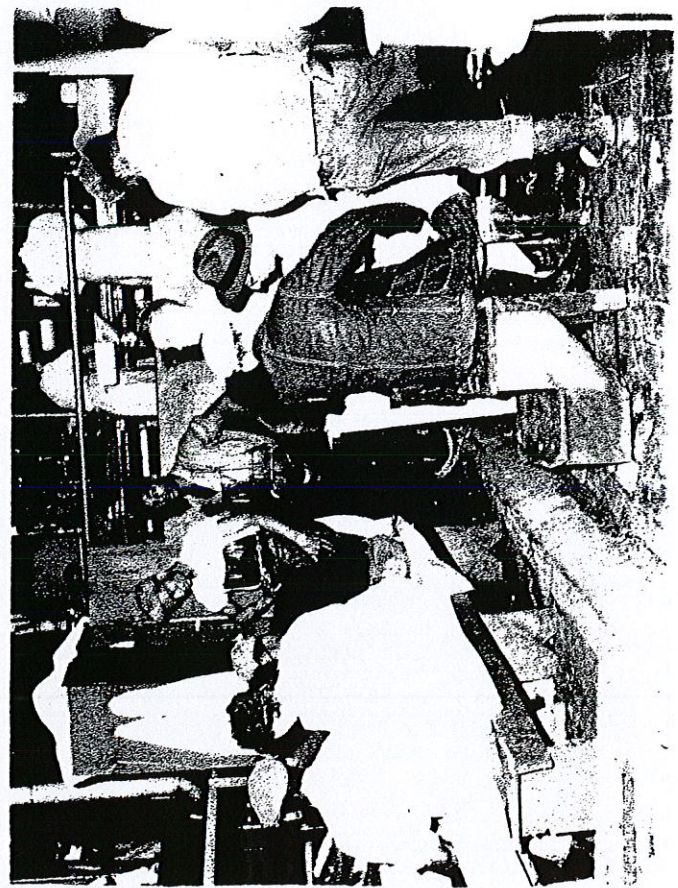
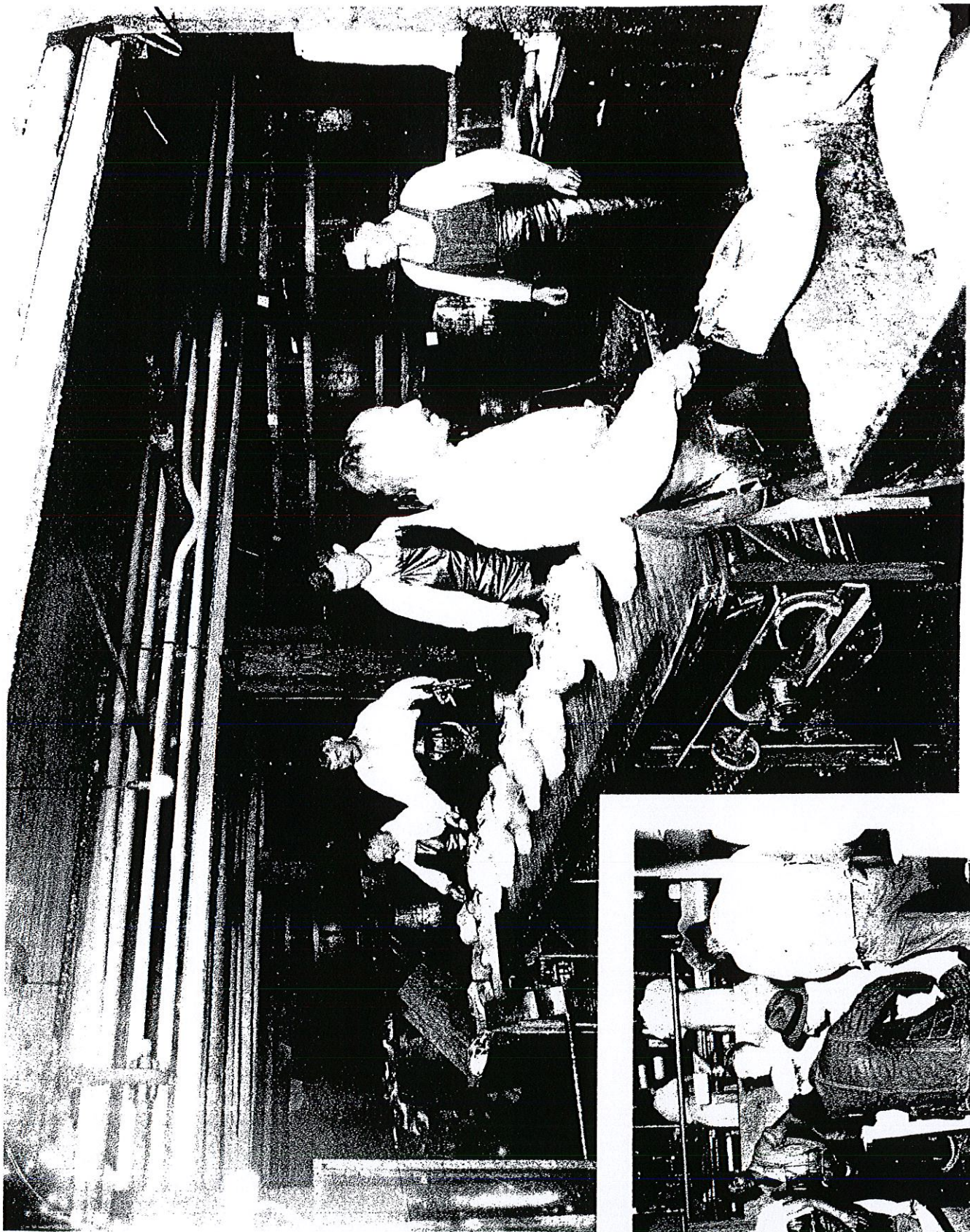




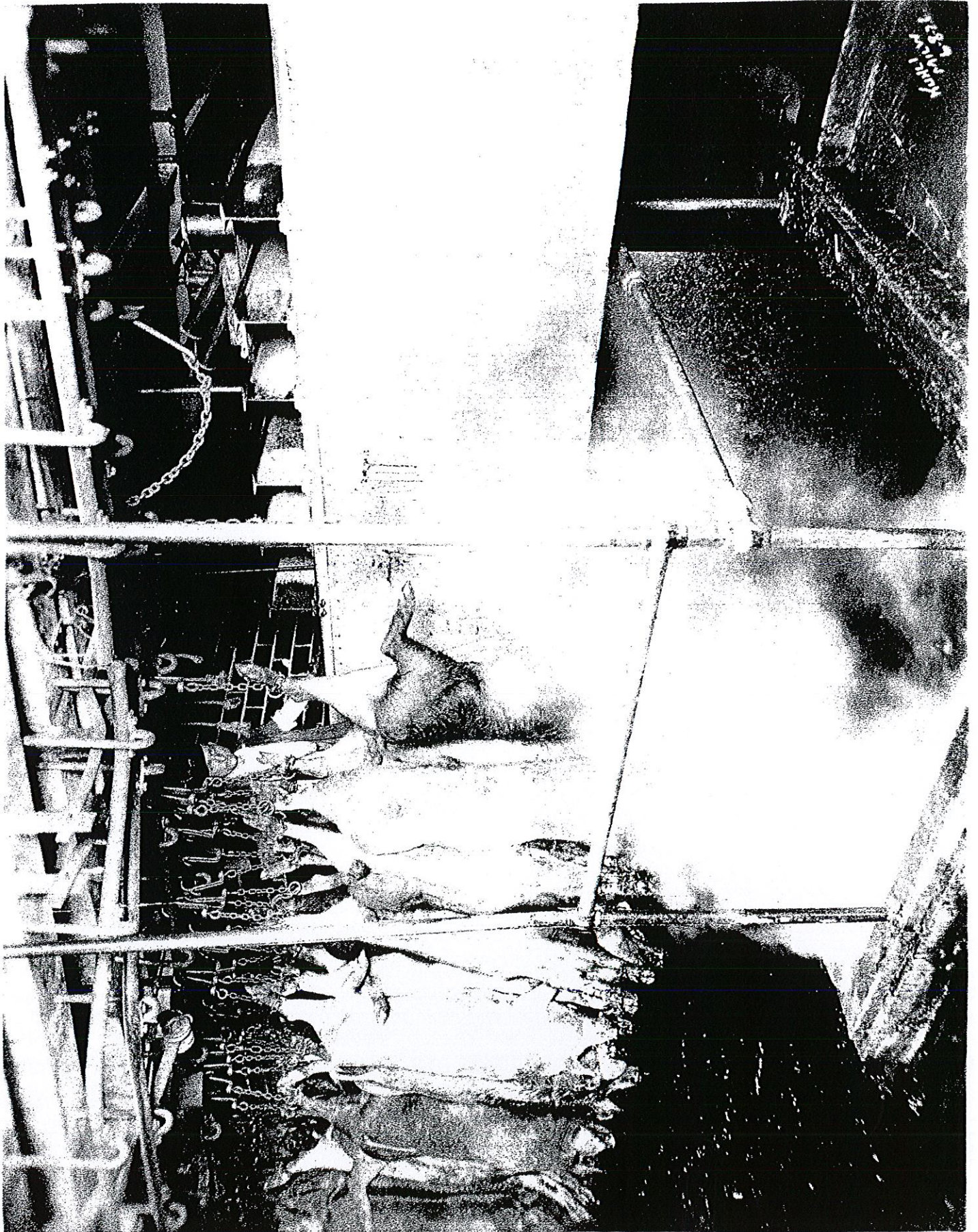




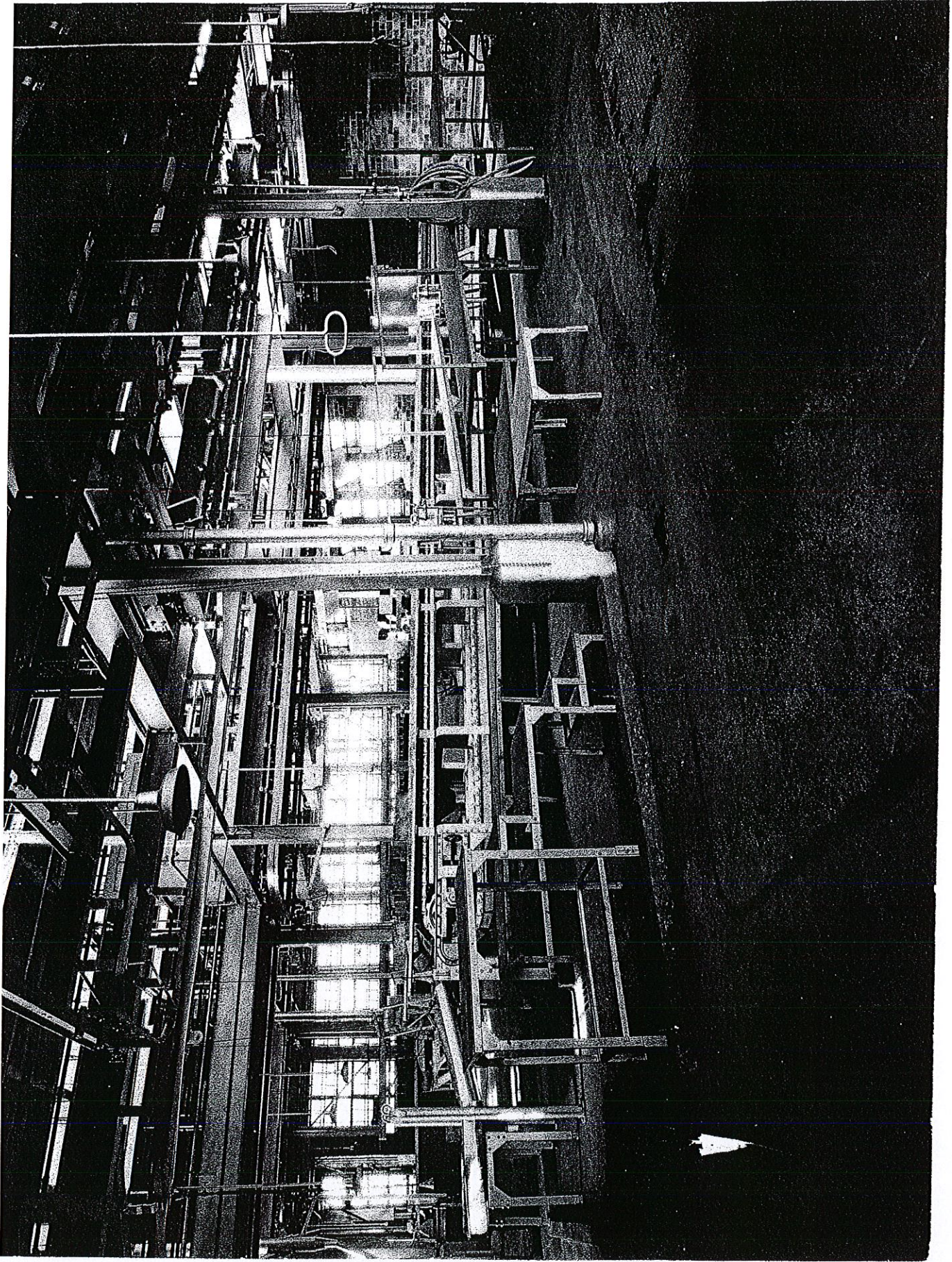






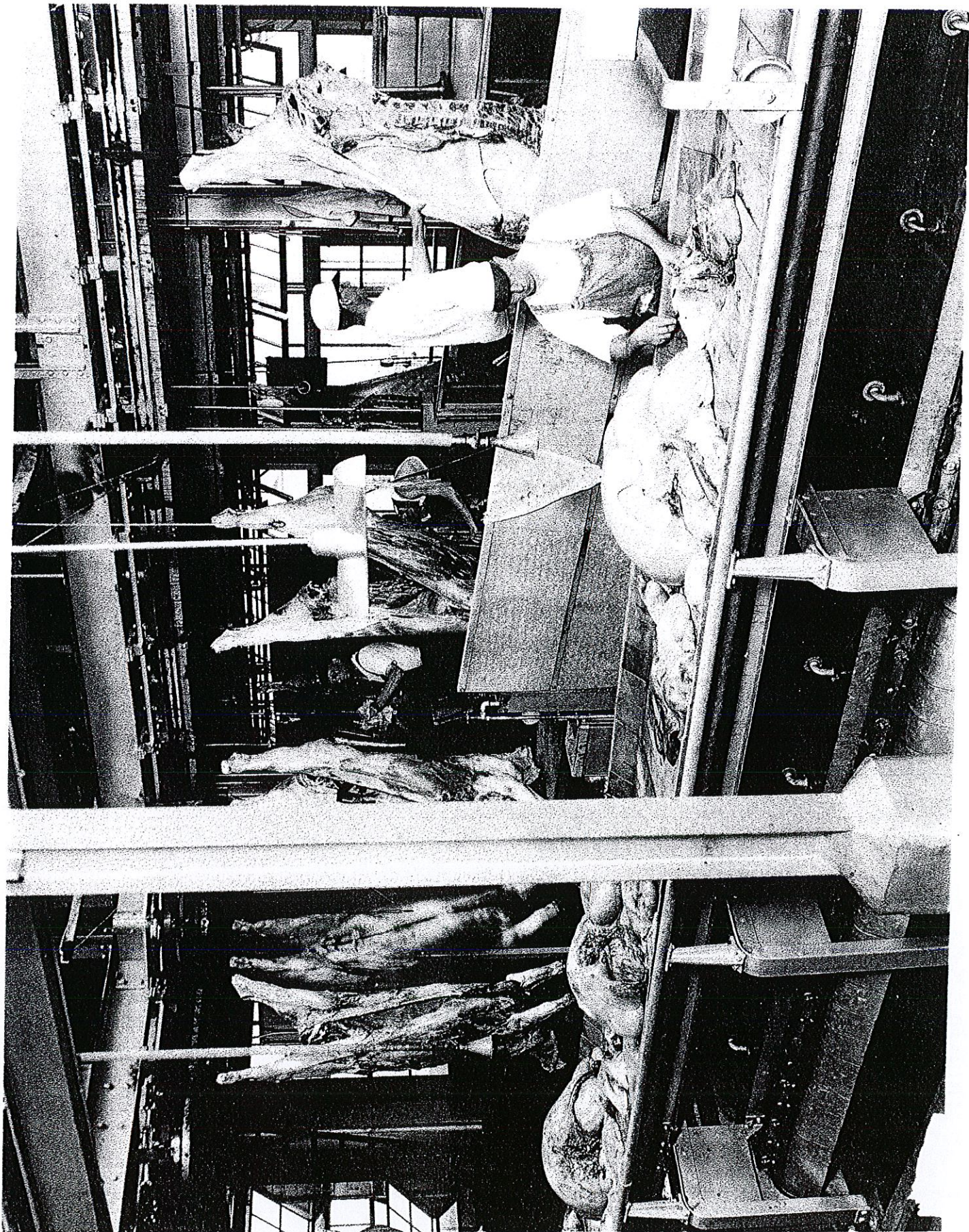






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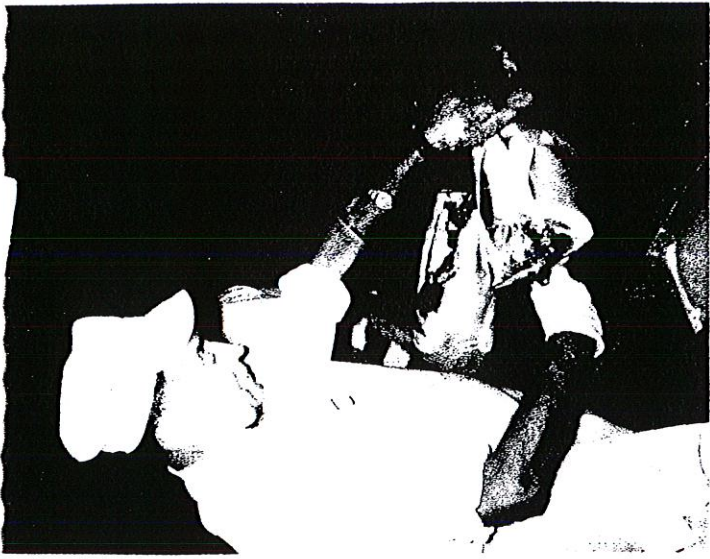












1. CLEM JAECKLE ON THE WHIZZARD KNIFE

2. GARY KULIG PULLING LOINS

3. (LEFT TO RIGHT) RIBBER KNIFE, LOIN ~~KNIFE~~ PULLER, BUTT PULLER, WHIZZARD KNIFE, TRIMMING AND BONING KNIVES.

4. SAMUEL MERIDETH PULLING LOINS

5 KEITH BARTZ POSITION BELLEYS FOR ROLLER

6. JOHANN BECKER SCRIBING LOINS

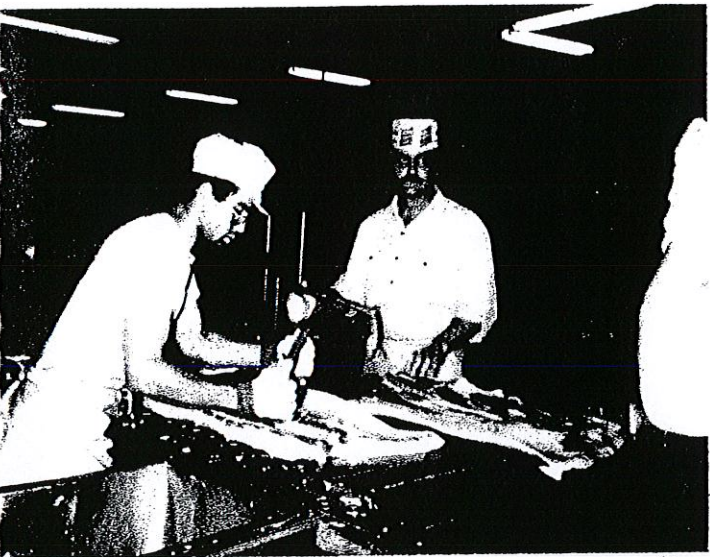
7. TOM HENK

8. SKINS HANG

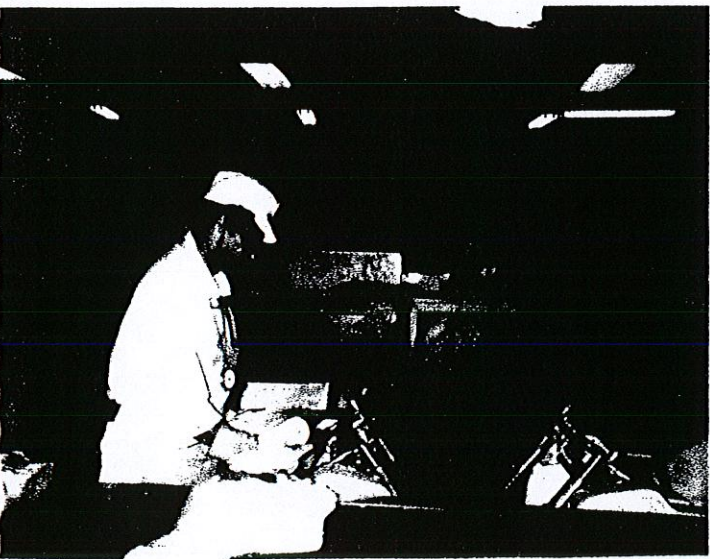
9. CURTIS

10. BILL BIRD

11. 10-5

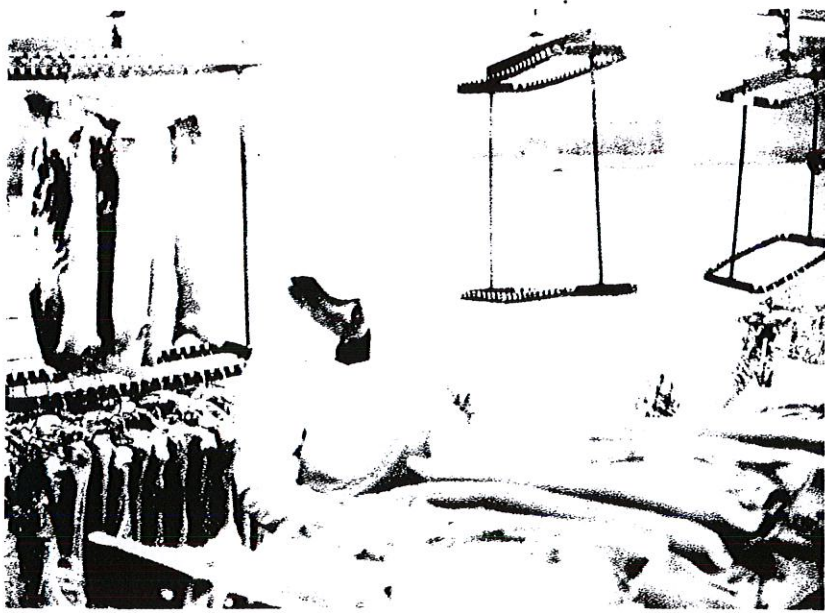


BARRETT JOHANN KRANZ

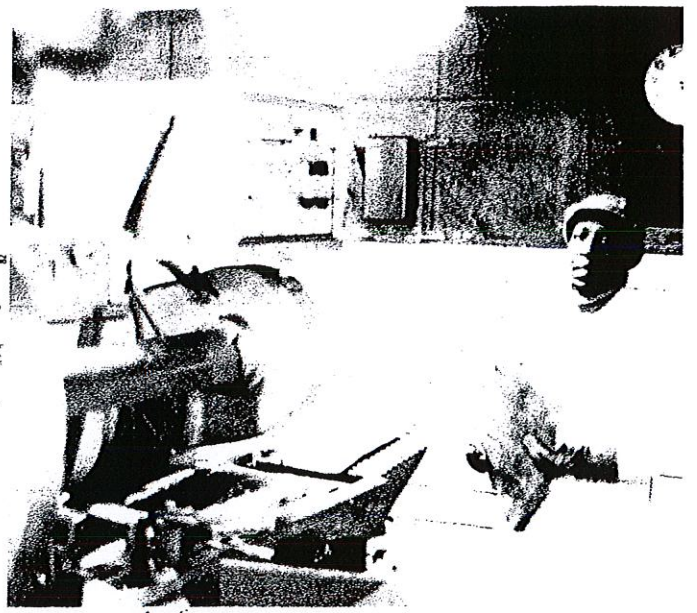


8 HERMAN TURNER





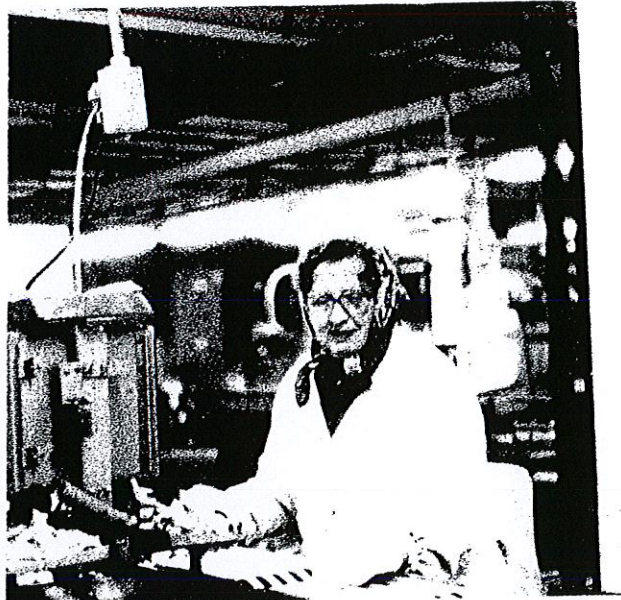
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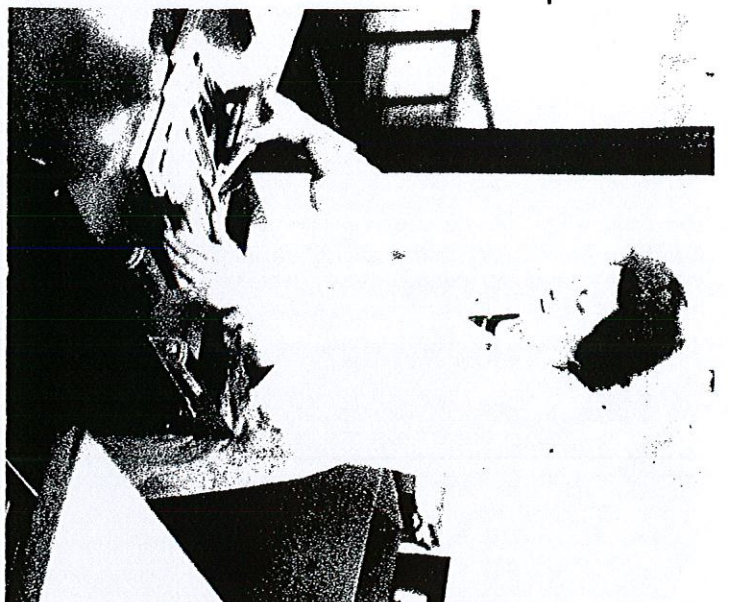
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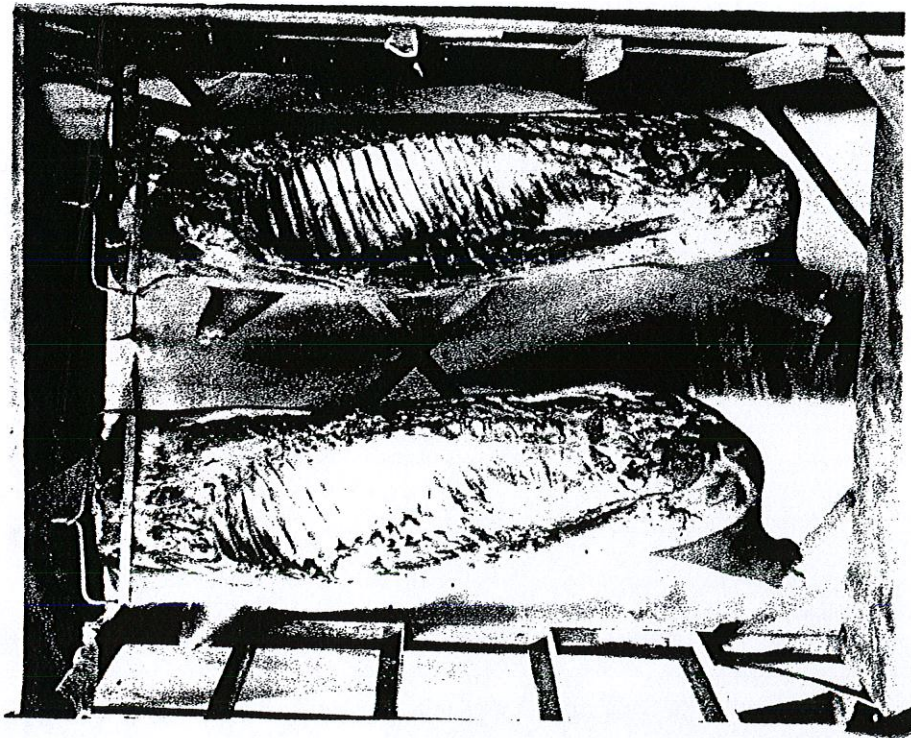
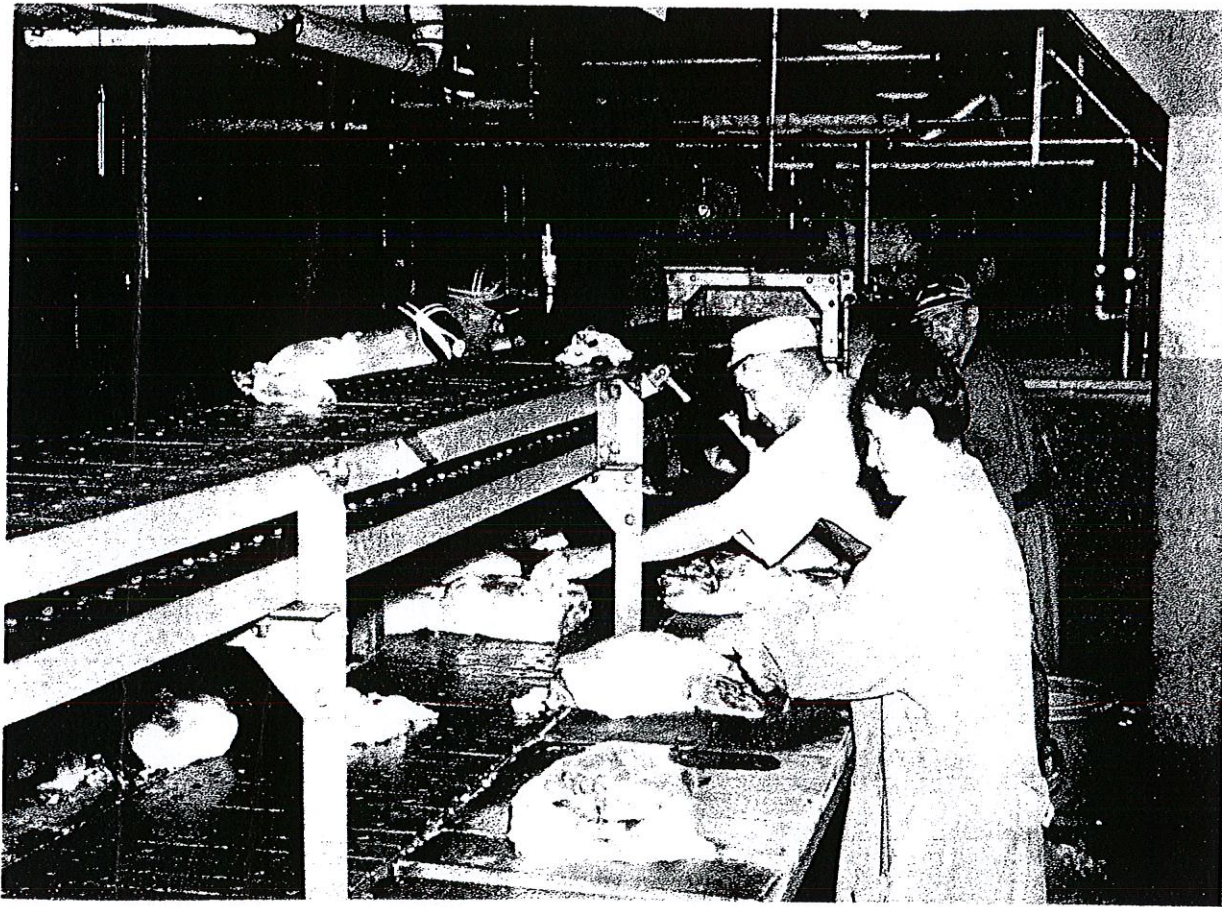


FINISHED



PACKING BOXES







# Casing Workers

The Hog Casing Department is one where quality workmanship is foremost. The foreman in Casing is Dave Bent, and he reports to Les Floore.

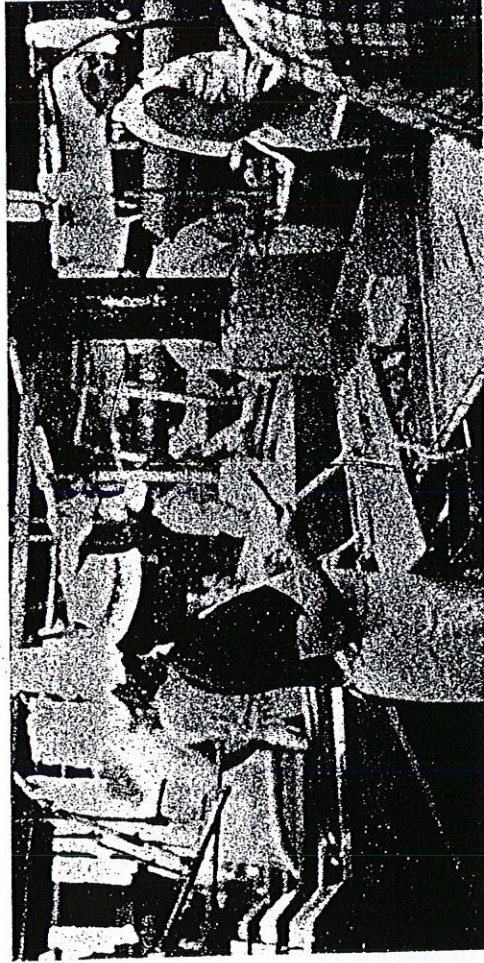
The Casing Department processes the intestines of the hog into two important products: natural covers, or casings, for all types of sausage; and chitterlings, a popular meat substitute in some parts of the country.

To start, two operators remove the pancreas gland from the set of casings, or intestines, in an area just off the Kill Floor. The casing set then moves down a water slide from the kill floor, onto a table in the Casing Department. The first operation is to strip the bung from the rest of the intestine set. The crown (rectum) is slipped onto a pipe to flush manure. Three trimmers separate the urinal channel from the bung, and strip the fat with a knife from the bung and urinal tract. The fat is then carried to turners who dip the crown in water and invert the bung inside out. The bungs are placed in a soaking tank. The bungs are taken out and placed on a salting table to drain. The salter grades two bundles of 5 bungs from the crown, and wraps the remaining portion around wrist to salt. The next morning, after draining, the salted bundles are placed in large



Raul Vasquez salting bungs.

# turn Lowly Intestines Into Valuable Product



Robert Schmid trimming bungs.

barrels (cierces), recounted, and trucked into storage.

Bungs are used as casings in dry sausage manufacturing. At the moment, bungs bring \$42.00 per cwt. The longer the bung, the more it is worth.

Secondly, the small intestine (casing) is separated from the chitterling (large intestine). There are nine pullers on this line. Ruffle fat is also removed for rendering. When properly pulled, a 60 casing is yielded. "Runners" (another name for small intestines) are fed through a roller machine which removes manure from inside the intestines. The casing then travels through another set of rollers. This (crusher) machine softens the mucosa (a mucus-secreting membrane lining the inside of the casing) and the tissue of the casing. The casing then passes through another "crusher" machine which has tighter rollers to remove any remaining mucosa. Tight controls must be kept during the operation on the temperature of the water to insure proper pliability of the casing. Cold water is only used in the final

operation. Mucosa is saved for pharmaceutical purposes if the market is profitable. Runners are finished by passing through two more finishing machines. The operator who feeds the machines manually separates the casing from the fat membrane. Casings are then bundled into groups of twenty, salted and left overnight to drain. They are packed in 30 pound tins or 400 pound barrels.

Chitterlings are separated by 6 pullers. All fat is removed from the chitt and it is split and washed through a Strickler Machine. Length of time from removal of chitts from animal in kill floor to cleaning is a major factor in its color. Chitts not handled quickly enough darken, which will reflect on its market value. Attendants remove debris from chitts as they exit the Strickler Machine. The chitts next enter the Cashin Scaldier. Chitts are split and scalded on the top trough of the machine and, as they move down successive troughs, cold water lowers their temperature to 45 degrees. This enables easier packing. Chitts go through the



Conveyor attendants Willie Mae Orr, Guillermo Becerra, and Melissa Elizondo separate chitts.



Song Nyo Cope (left) and Jung Hun Kim on the Strickler Machine.

machine best when torn. Ice is used on extremely hot days to cool chitts. Chitts are packed in 10 pound tins.

So as you can see, quality workmanship is needed in the Casing Department. Bungs and runners are graded by length and quality (tear-free), and chitts are monitored by their cleanliness and true net weight. All three products are sold by weight (cwt).

Employees in the department have to be careful at every step of the process. Our hats off to the people in the Casing Dept. who make these products of Patrick Cudahy the best products of their kind in the industry!





Pat. Cudahy Inc Jan 30

# Hog Offal Department

The Hog Offal Department is a place where Patrick Cudahy employees literally have their work dropping in on them. Thanks to the creative ingenuity of Plant Engineering, an intricate series of chutes in the floor of the Hog Kill Department delivers a variety of pork products one level down to the Hog Offal Department for further processing.

Although everyone is familiar with such well known pork products as hams and chops, it is in this department that a person can begin to realize the variety of other products that comes from hogs and see to what extent the company goes to get every useable part extracted from the pig.

The operations of Hog Offal are carried out under the very capable supervision of Foreman Johnny Hicks; a 31 year plant veteran. He is responsible for the 46 employees filling the 37 job slots to get the product through this department.

There are several major activities of work performed in the Hog Offal, the most prominent of which is the processing of the pig's head. The heads are delivered by chute and proceed on a conveyor line pass a team of skilled meat cutters who deftly remove all useable meat parts from the skull. Several machines are used to loosen the jawbones, but largely the work is accomplished by manual knife work.

Smaller production lines feed off the main lines. Bones and fat are removed where necessary and the meat carefully stacked on trays on multi-tiered carts. Each cart is weighed for accounting control purposes before being transferred to the Select Meat coolers. Cheekmeat, ear, lips and snouts are some of the valuable items recovered during the operations for later resale to the company's customers.

A second major activity in the Offal is the processing of the pluck. The pluck

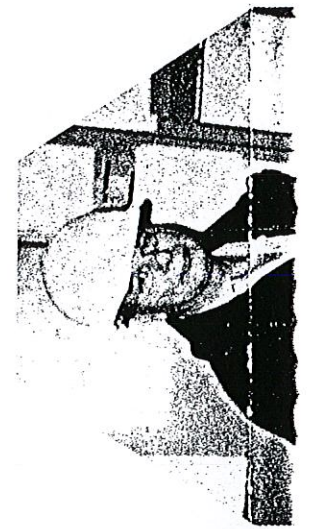
consists of the heart, liver, lungs and gall bladder and is delivered by way of drop chute directly from the Kill Department. A team of employees separates the organs and stacks them onto loading trays. The hearts are run through a ripping machine to remove the blood.

Smaller activities include the emptying and washing of the stomachs in a three cycle machine. The stomachs are scalded or washed cold depending on the wholesaler's preference.

Readers unfamiliar with the pork business maybe asking themselves, "What would anyone do with a cart of hog lips, ears, snouts, etc.?" Earl Wranovsky reports that 40 years ago, the pluck was given away to the workers for want of something better to do with it. Today, Steve Anderson of the Provision Sales Department states the cheekmeat is used in our production of canned luncheon meats and the headmeat is used in Patrick Cudahy

sausage. Snouts and ears are popular in America as ethnic food. Tongues and hearts are exported to Holland. The lips are shipped south to producers who pickle them. Edible livers are sold to local sausage makers and exported to England. Kidneys are also desirable items in England. Stomachs are sold to sausage makers and enjoy some popularity as ethnic food. Inedible livers, skulls and other inedible parts are used in our animal feed production. The lungs are sold to petfood manufacturers, and the pancreas is sold to health care industries who produce insulin from it.

The Hog Offal Department is an excellent example of state-of-the-art meat knowledge being combined with local work skills to create a market out of pork parts that were formerly thought to be useless. This additional market helps Patrick Cudahy retain their industry position and turn a profit; profit which helps pay everyone's paycheck and fringe benefits.





## HOG CUT DEPARTMENT

The Hog Cut Department is the next stop for the hog carcass after the Kill. Here the carcass is cut up into the major pieces of meat. In the Hog Cut it is very important to follow cutting instructions and maintain consistency. Our article on the cut floor will be run in two parts. This part will cover the conveyance of hogs, the breaking up of the carcass, the ham cutting line and the belly line. Next issue will feature the boning and cutting of the shoulder area and the Pork Trim Department.

First of all, after leaving the kill floor, the animals are conveyed by rail into a cooler. The cooler holds approximately 6000 hogs. The hogs are cooled overnight at temperatures varying from the low teens to 40 degrees.

Hog carcasses are brought up the next morning from the cooler on a conveying rail. The hogs are hung in the cooler in an upside down position. The first operation on the break-up table is to split the remaining piece of skin left on the hogs back, and cut the tendon where the gambrel is inserted. Best cutability for the hogs is 38-39 degrees. After the tendon is cut, the carcass falls onto a conveyor table which moves the animal down a line. The hog is in a horizontal position and is marked or scribed with a marking saw where the hams are to be cut. This scribe is set according to market prices. The hams are then cut by two operators (one for each half of the carcass) and placed to move down a separate conveyor, the tails are removed with a knife by an operator. The ham is then positioned to be cut just under the knuckle. Hams are then skinned by operators in a skinning machine so that about 30% of the skin is removed. Hams are skinned for market specifications. Other operators on the ham floor cut bruises before the hams are dropped to the second floor for packing.

Back to the break-up table, after the hams are removed, the carcass continues down the conveyor to a positioner who positions the carcass to be separated by a shoulder chop saw. The side of the carcass is positioned so that a line hits between the first and second rib. The line is actually a shadow cast by artificial light on the ceiling. The carcass is positioned sideways to enable it to go through the saw with the correct cut. This cut separates the belly from the shoulder. (The shoulder will be covered in our next issue).

The belly moves down a second conveyor line which is also at a 90 degree angle from the break-up table. The belly includes the loin, belly and ribs.

First, the loin is positioned for the loin puller vertically on the line. It is positioned by putting the belly on a hook which secures the belly for ease in pulling. After positioning, the loin is scribed or marked with a scribe. Like the hams, the loins are marked to determine where the cuts are to be made. The loins are pulled by three pullers. One uses a left hand pull, one a right hand pull, and one can pull to either side. Loin pullers use a denver knife (see photo). Loins are then dropped to the floor below for trimming and packing.

Now the belly (minus the loins) is positioned to be put through the belly roller machine. The belly is rolled flat, When the belly exits the machine two ribbers pull the ribs with ribbing knives (see photo). Ribs are also dropped to the second floor for packing.

The bellies are then positioned to remove the fatbacks from the belly by a machine. The fatbacks are trimmed of any remaining lean meat by a whizzard knife. (see photo). Flank meat is also trimmed off the belly by operators with whizzard knives. The trimmings are used for house trimmings, and are used in sausage manufacturing. They are also dropped to the floor below for packing.

The speed and skilful knife work of the Cut Department employees' play a big part in the success of the company. We acknowledge their contribution and would like to say "Keep up the good Work",



# THE NATIONAL PROVISIONER

OCTOBER 8, 1938

*The Magazine of the Meat  
Packing and Allied Industries*

## Fifty Years in Meat Packing

### Cudahy Bros. Co. Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary in the Meat Industry

**W**HEN a meat packing concern celebrates its 50th anniversary in business, that is news for the meat industry. Cudahy Brothers Co., Cudahy, Wis., passed its 50th milestone in business on October 1, 1938, and has always ranked as one of the important concerns of the industry.

The name of Cudahy has long been associated with meat packing in the United States. The branch of the family which maintained its business headquarters in Wisconsin later built its plant at the town of Cudahy and developed that modern industrial and residential city about 7 miles south of Milwaukee.

The Cudahy family emigrated from County Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1849. The grandfather, who was the head of the family at that time, had a pottery business there. Conditions in Ireland at that time were in a very depressed state and the period has been referred to in history as the famine years. The two older sons, Michael and John, became expert butchers in their youth, won championships at picnic slaughter contests and thus made considerable money to help out the family fortunes.

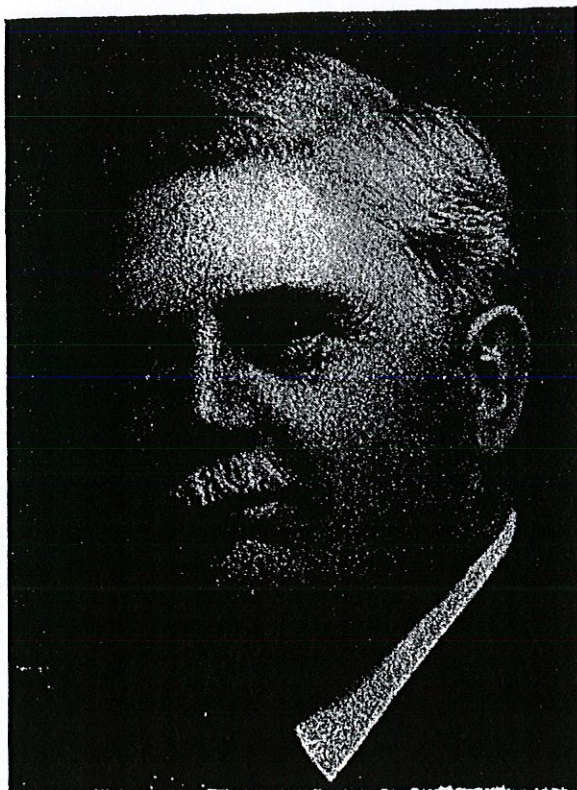
#### Early History of Founders

Later Michael Cudahy went into the plant of the Layton Packing Co., in Milwaukee's "packingtown" in the Menominee valley. He soon graduated to the position of board of trade inspector of Milwaukee packing plants, and in 1868 was made superintendent of the

Plankinton plant, owned and operated by John Plankinton, who had started his business in Milwaukee in 1844.

Plankinton had conducted this business alone until 1850, when he became associated with Frederick Layton, and the firm was known as Layton & Plankinton. This partnership continued until 1861, when it was dissolved on the retirement of Mr. Layton. For three years Mr. Plankinton conducted the business alone again and then joined in partnership with P. D. Armour, when the firm became known as Plankinton & Armour. This partnership continued until 1884; it was dissolved when Mr. Armour established Armour and Company, and the firm was once more re-organized, this time under the name of John Plankinton & Co. Meanwhile, Michael Cudahy had decided to cast his lot with the packing industry in Chicago and later at other Western points.

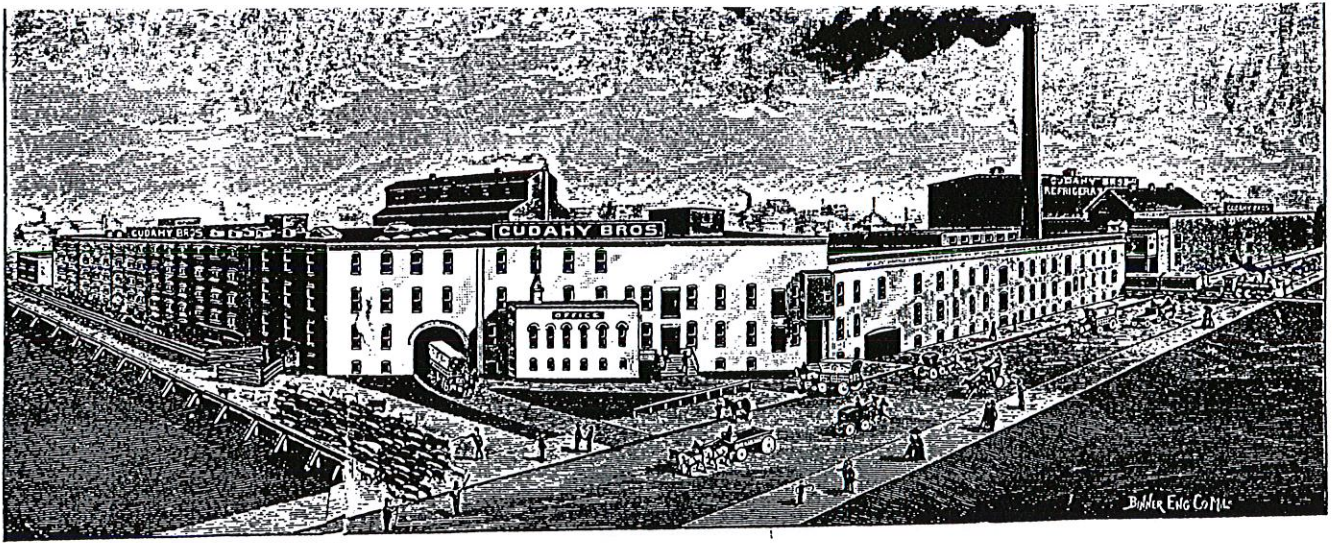
#### PATRICK CUDAHY, FOUNDER



#### A Milwaukee Native

Patrick Cudahy, said to have been the philosopher of the four illustrious brothers — Michael, John, Patrick and Edward—lived and died in Milwaukee. When Michael went to Chicago, Patrick succeeded him as superintendent of the Plankinton plant. This was in 1874, and the salary was \$1,600 per annum. About this time the packing industry passed from a barreled





FIRST PLANT OF CUDAHY BROS.—1888

This drawing shows the packing plant taken over by Cudahy Bros. from John Plankinton & Co. in 1888. It was located in the Menominee valley, in Milwaukee's packingtown.

pork to a cured meat business, and Patrick met the change with so much success that Plankinton gave him a sixteenth interest in his business. It was then that the company was known as John Plankinton & Co.

This partnership existed for four years. On October 1, 1888, Mr. Plankinton retired and the new partnership of Cudahy Bros. came into existence, with the good will of the Plankinton & Co. which the Cudahys had done so well to establish and maintain.

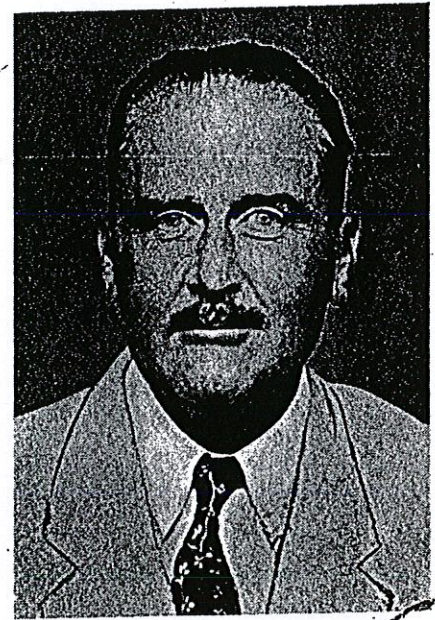
Patrick Cudahy, with his brothers, was the resident member and business manager of the firm. In 1892 the company reported the largest business in its history. Trade connections had been made in every important city in the United States and Canada and the

markets of London, Liverpool, Hull, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin, Hamburg, Stockholm and Christiania received its products. The company's telegraph and cable office connected "with all the inland and cable systems of the Continent."

#### Start of Cudahy Bros. Co.

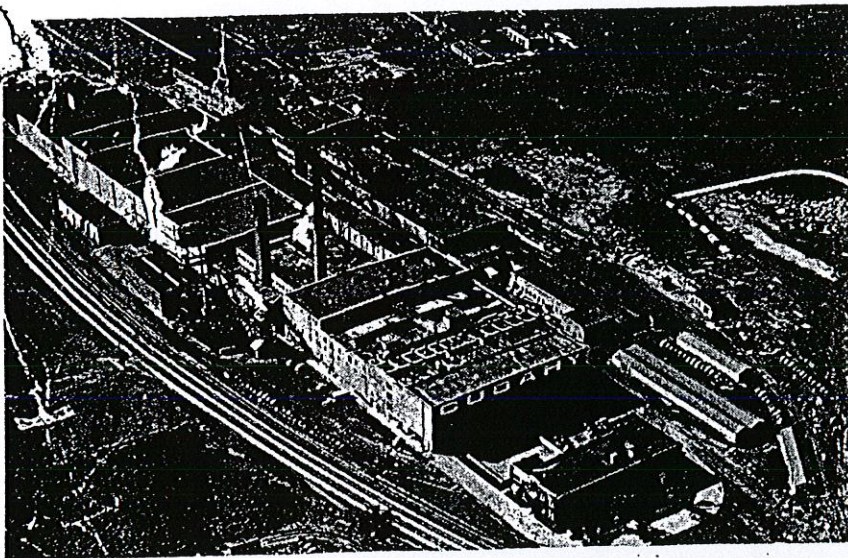
In 1893 the firm was incorporated under the name of Cudahy Brothers Co. Prior to this there had been agitation in Milwaukee against a packing center in the heart of the city, and Patrick Cudahy conceived the idea of building a new and modern plant in a location better suited for natural business expansion. The plan was to have all the packing plants grouped at a common center outside the city limits, with a large stockyard to serve all. The other packers

remained in Milwaukee, but Patrick Cudahy carried out his idea and established a new plant at a point about 7 miles south of Milwaukee.



#### IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

Michael F. Cudahy, son of the founder and first president of Cudahy Brothers Co., succeeded to the presidency in 1919, on the death of his father, Patrick Cudahy.

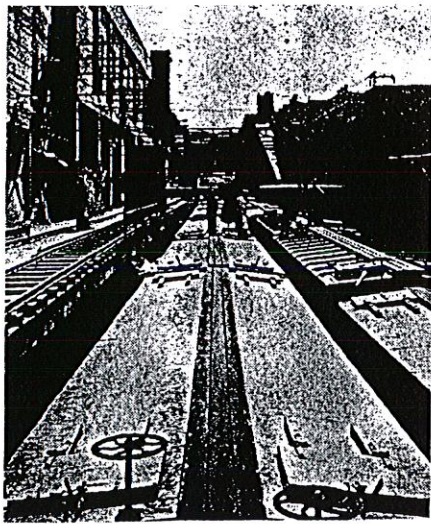


AERIAL VIEW OF PRESENT CUDAHY BROS. CO. PLANT

The plant of Cudahy Brothers Co. at Cudahy, Wis., is one of the most modern in the world. Its equipment and management to be found anywhere in the meat industry.

A townsite containing some 700 acres was acquired and construction of the packing plant begun. Cornerstone of this new plant was laid on August 15, 1892, and operation was begun in 1893 in one of the most serious periods of economic distress ever experienced in this country. For four or five years the company passed through difficult times but weathered the storm, secured a firm foothold in both the domestic and export trade, especially with the United King-





**52-CAR LOADING DOCK**

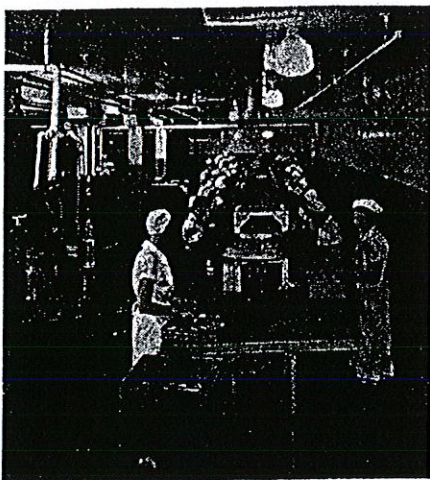
Fifty-two cars can be loaded at a time at the Cudahy Bros. Co. plant, 26 on each track. Enclosed loading docks opening off the coolers make for speedy handling.

dom, and made steady progress from that time forward.

John Cudahy was not active in company management, although he retained his interest at all times and lent counsel and encouragement.

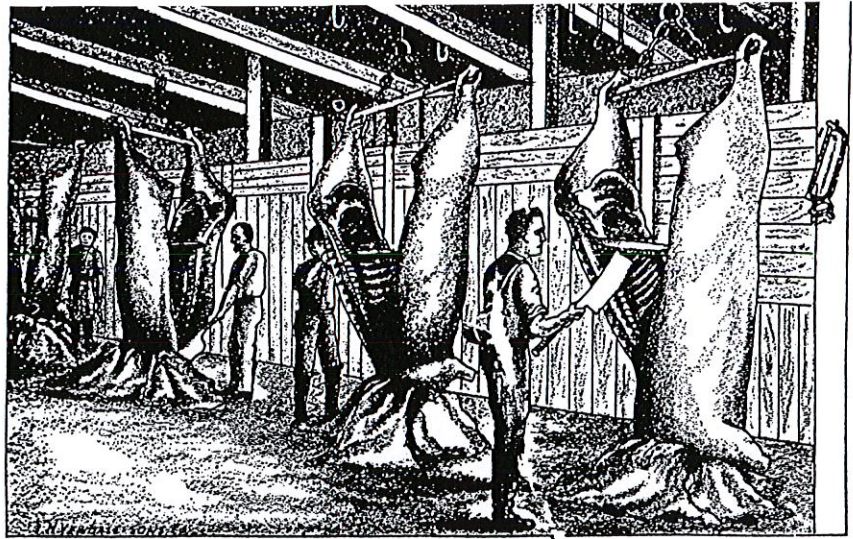
### Another Michael Carries On

As the company celebrates its golden jubilee Michael F. Cudahy, son of the founder, is its president. Mr. Cudahy entered the company 30 years ago, and was elected treasurer and member of the board of directors in December, 1908. In 1909 he was made vice-president and in 1913 assumed executive management of the business. The World War interrupted his business career, as he served his country abroad as an officer in the American expeditionary forces. He became president on the death of Patrick



**PACKING DRIED BEEF**

In this section of the dried beef packing room operators are filling 2-oz. tins, a new copyrighted Cudahy Bros. Co. package which is meeting popular acceptance.



**OLD AND NEW BEEF DRESSING METHODS**

**ABOVE**—Early cattle dressing methods at Cudahy Bros. Co. plant. Equipment was limited and methods of handling crude.

**BELOW**—Scene in cattle killing department of present plant, showing carcasses on a moving rail and a moving viscera table in foreground. Here modern equipment, layout and method of operation insure maximum efficiency without waste.



Cudahy in 1919. Both during the period of his management and of his presidency, Mr. Cudahy has followed the sound principles laid down by his father.

A unique feature of the Cudahy plant of 50 years ago was what might be termed a "hog hotel." Hogs for slaughter were not kept in open yards or pens but in a 5-story house with a capacity of 10,000 live hogs. The house was supplied with water from an artesian well, flowing at the rate of 200 gals. per minute. The hogs remained in this house before they were slaughtered "until their joints are thoroughly rested, thus avoiding all ordinary chances of the meat being tainted," an early history of the company states. During the winter season an average of 5,000 hogs was

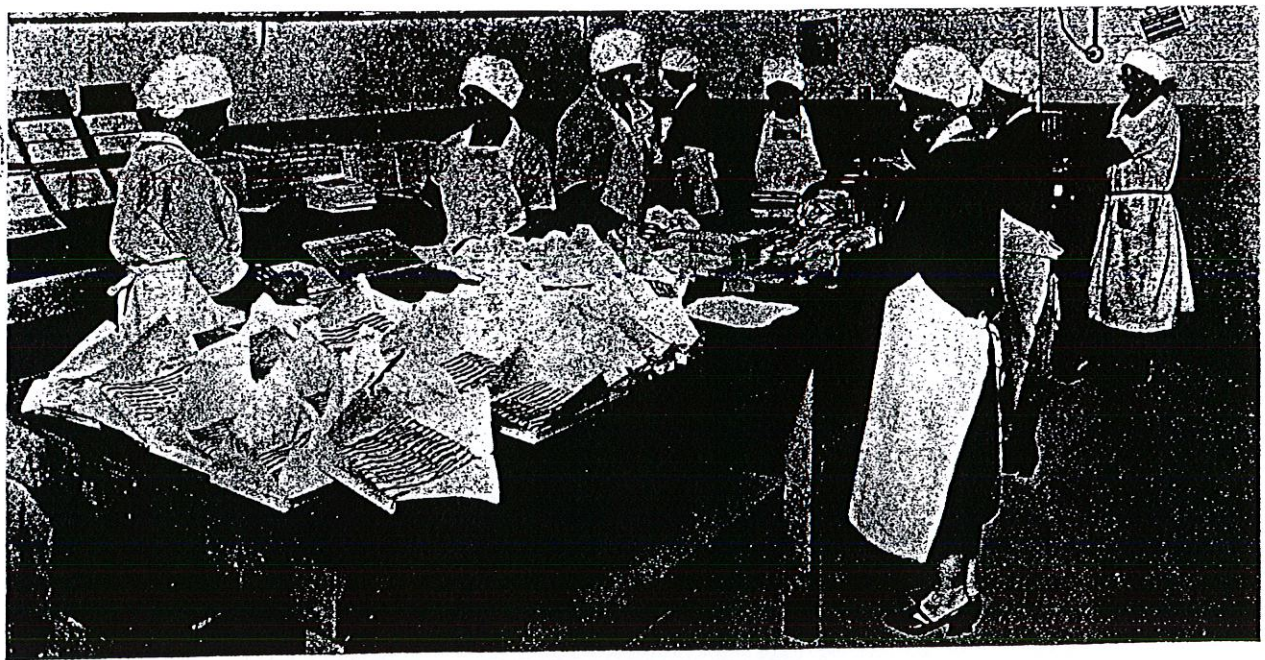
slaughtered daily and in the summer about 1,700 daily.

### An Early "Hog Hotel"

After slaughter the hogs were left in the hanging room, which had a perforated floor and roof, the holes being opened when the weather was heavy or murky to permit free air circulation. This was to "remove the animal heat, leaving the carcass in a dry, cool condition." From the hanging room the hogs were transferred to the refrigerator on an overhead tramway, "to which they were suspended by the hind legs." They remained in the refrigerator 48 hours and then went to the cutting room.

From the cutting room the cuts were transferred to the





### BACON SLICING AT CUDAHY BROS.—THEN AND NOW

Popularity of sliced bacon has resulted in great expansion of this department in the Cudahy Bros. Co. plant.

**ABOVE**—Scene in the early days of the bacon slicing department. This is in sharp contrast to the scene below, where new equipment, economical methods of handling and ideal working conditions are evident.

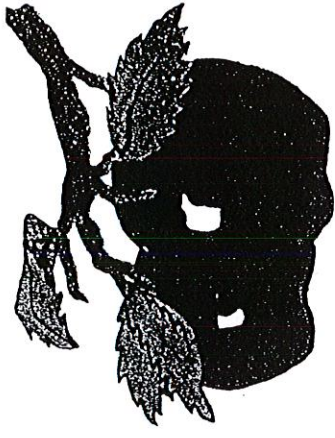
**BELOW**—Modern bacon slicing operations. At the far end of the room are U. S. slicing machines, from which the bacon moves along to the weighers and packers, is packaged in half-pound and pound lots and then packed in cartons ready for shipment. Here trim, smart looking girls in comfortable uniforms contrast with the workers in heavy clothes in the earlier day.





**PATRICK  
CUDAHY**

# Patrick Cudahy Ink



APRIL ISSUE 1978

Patrick Cudahy Incorporated, Cudahy, WI 53110

A Wholly Owned Subsidiary of Bluebird Incorporated

Published for and about the employees of Patrick Cudahy Incorporated

## Efficient Hog Slaughter Key To Successful Operation

### KILL DEPARTMENT

This is the first in a series of articles about different areas of our plant and office to acquaint employees on what really happens in each department. A few issues ago we ran an article on the stockyards and from there what better place can we start than the kill floor.

William Mc Donnell has been Supervisor of the Hog Kill Department for 8 years. He reports to Les Floore, Superintendent. Bemon Blythers is a newly arrived supervisor in the department.

From the stockyards the hogs are driven into a holding pen or

(Hog Hotel) as it is called and sprayed lightly with water. From the holding pen the hog is moved into a restrainer with assistance of a moving belt. There is a squeeze apparatus on the restrainer which prevents struggling and permits use of an electric stunner in an accurate and easy way. After the squeeze is released, the belt drops the immobilized hog onto a roller conveyor where the hog is positioned to stick.

For ease in sticking and to complete the bleeding process, the hog should be on the right side in a reclined position with the rear slightly elevated. The head and shoulders should be over the rear edge of the conveyor.

The sticker makes a small incision anterior to the breastbone inclining the knife upward but parallel to the side of the hog



Norman Murry makes incision to start bleeding process

to the scalding vat. The hog is then dropped into the vat for a release, and the shackle is returned. Recommended time between the sticking and dumping six minutes to avoid excessive reflex action on the part of the hog when it hits hot water.

The flow of hogs into the vat regulated. The contraction impedes proper dehairing a cleanliness of the hogs.

The vats are equipped with automatic duckers which propel the forward and keep the hogs constantly submerged. The ducking motion is advantageous because opens up the hair so that water comes in better contact with hair follicles. It also helps prevent scalding of the back which scalds easily. Careful attention has to be paid to avoid any "sinkers," name applied to hogs which sink to the bottom of the vat causing

## Hard Work Paid Off

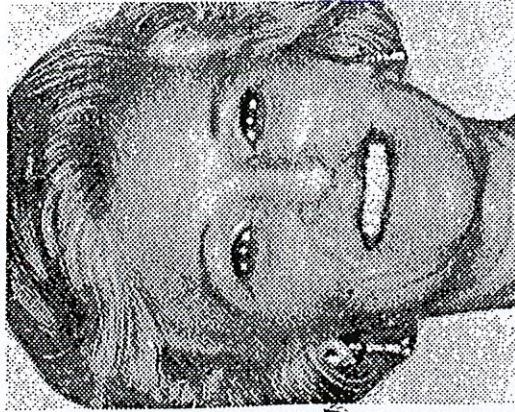
Mrs. Small was only 15 when she was forced to drop out of school



Supervisor of the Hog Kill Department for 8 years. He reports to Les Floore, Superintendent. Bemon Blythers is a newly arrived supervisor in the department.

From the stockyards the hogs are driven into a holding pen or

## Hard Work



Rose Cook Small

Hard work paid off for Mrs. Rose Cook Small, the company founder and Vice President of Bluebird Inc. of Philadelphia, the parent corporation of Patrick Cudahy Inc. The corporation the Cooks founded is now a multi-million dollar Company.

"I knew I had to work hard to get someplace," declared Mrs. Small, 65 and an active executive in the corporation.

"I haven't lost a day's work since my late husband and I opened the butcher shop in 1933, when two pounds of pork sold for 25 cents." "Back in those days there were times when I never went home to sleep. I wouldn't give up for anything." So she would snatch a few hours sleep right in the small butcher shop.

to stick. For ease in sticking and to complete the bleeding process, the hog should be on the right side in a reclined position with the rear slightly elevated. The head and shoulders should be over the rear edge of the conveyor.

## Paid Off

Mrs. Small was only 15 when she was forced to drop out of school and go to work to help her immigrant parents feed their family. Pulling a little red wagon through the streets of South Camden, New Jersey, Rose sold fruits and vegetables as her first business venture.

Rose was married at 16 to a butcher, she worked as a housewife and mother of two sons until the couple decided the best way to make it in those hard times of the early 30's was to start their own business. They opened a butcher shop in north Philadelphia. "We just worked that place up", says Mrs. Small. "It was one little butcher shop, then a larger one with meat smoking in the back. Then we had to get rid of the retail store in 1958 because we needed the space for the wholesale processing business".

In 1963 the operation was moved to new quarters. Now the company has three other plants, Patrick Cudahy, Agar Packing in Chicago, and Mid-South Packing, in Tupelo, Mississippi.

The Company's name echos Mrs. Small's optimism. She named the business after the popular tune "Bluebird of Happiness". "I wanted something that would spark a life of contentment. Most people in business are grumpy".

The determined Mrs. Small doesn't give up. She was widowed in 1950 and remarried 10 years later. She has no intention of retiring. She says, "To quit working is to say you give up".



Norman Murry makes incision to start bleeding process.

at about 45 deg. This cut severs the jugular vein and carotid artery, providing free flowage of blood into blood drain and from there to blood tank. Care must be taken in order to avoid a shoulder stick. A wound of the muscle will result in a clot of blood in the muscle and require extra trimming later. The stuck hog moves down the conveyor to the shackler, where the hog is shackled and lifted onto the reclining rail that takes

cleanliness of the hogs. The vats are equipped with automatic duckers which propel them forward and keep the hogs constantly submerged. The ducking motion is advantageous because it opens up the hair so that water comes in better contact with the hair follicles. It also helps prevent scalding of the back which scalds easily. Careful attention has to be paid to avoid any "sinkers", a name applied to hogs which sink to the bottom of the vat causing partial cooking of hog and rendering of fat in scalding water.

There must be a balance between time and temperature in the scalding operation. If too low, the hair is not released from the follicles. If too high a temperature, the follicles coagulate and "set", the hair.

In either case the dehairing machine cannot do an efficient job and severe singeing and shaving are necessary. Bristles become

Continued on page 4 . . .



(Left to right) Miroljub Radicevic, Roosevelt Wright and John Carter drop heads.



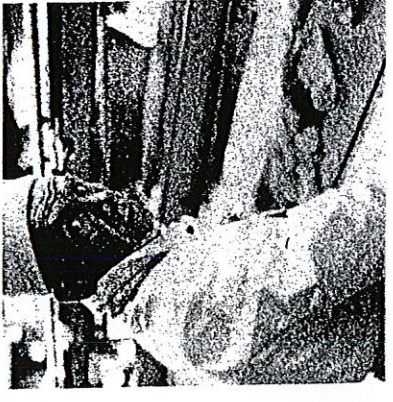
July 1980  
P.O. Co. Inc.

# Fresh Pork Converting Department

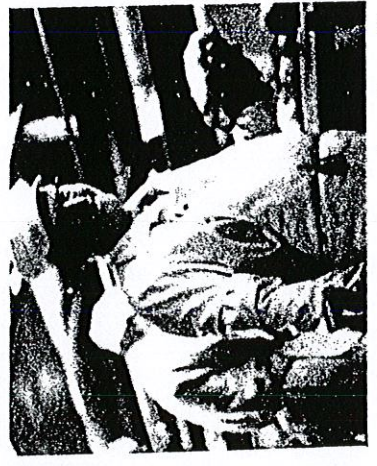
The Fresh Pork Converting Department "converts" the freshly cut ham sections from the Hog Cut Department into cured boneless ham that is needed for the Canned Ham Department, according to Tony Russo, the personable foreman of the department. The majority of the 62 departmental employees work along a 75 foot table with a conveyor line running in the center of it. The men are a blur of activity with their flashing knives and steel as they deftly cut the hams. Their work is performed in three general categories: boning hams for the Canned Ham Department, boning picnics (shoulders of the pig) for the Canned Ham Department and boning Boston butts for export sales.



Frank Tereschak places picnic hams on the conveyor line table for the skinners. At 6:30 A.M., Frank Tereschak and Earl Rutland, truckers hand internal, begin removing carts of hams from the "D" House cooler and positioning them at the head of the conveyor line. Using meat hooks, they place the hams at the head of the table so the next two men, Leon Butler and Ron Wierzba (operators, ham skinning machines), can

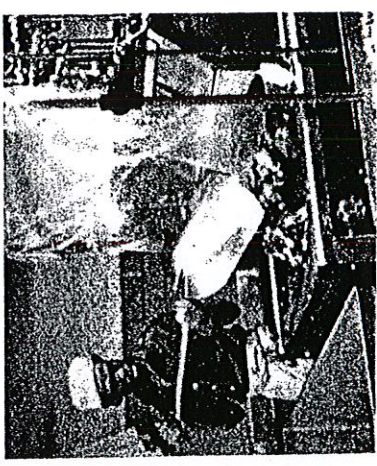


Joe Konieczny cuts the bones out of the hams. hams) assume their work stations at the end of the line. They cut the bones from the-fatted hams. Both the excess fat and the bones are placed on separate elevated conveyor lines over the main table. These scraps are collected at the end of the line. George Pizur, a serviceman (fat-boner conveyor) on the line, collects hams at the end of the table that missed being trimmed or boned. He inserts them back into the line at the correct point at various slack periods during the day so the trimmers and boners maintain a constant work pace.

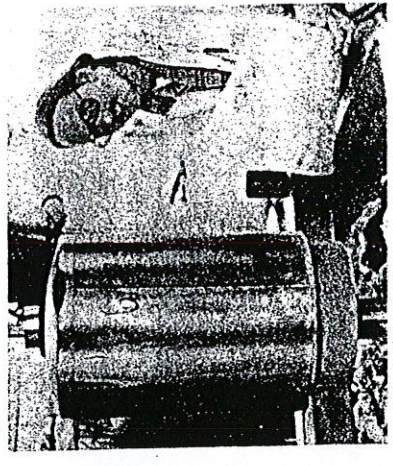


George Pizur removes a ham from the table that missed being boned.

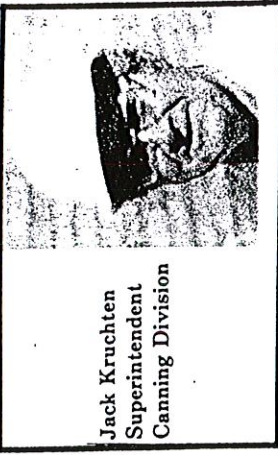
After this 2nd weighing, the vats of meat are removed to coolers where they are plugged in and left to operate for 12 hours. A curing vat operates like the agitator of a washing machine, but only much more slowly. The meat is gently turned in one direction for 8 minutes, stopped for 8 minutes and then turned in the reverse direction for 8 minutes. At the end of 12 hours, the ham is cured and ready for the Canned Ham Department (see the March issue of the "INK" for that department's story).



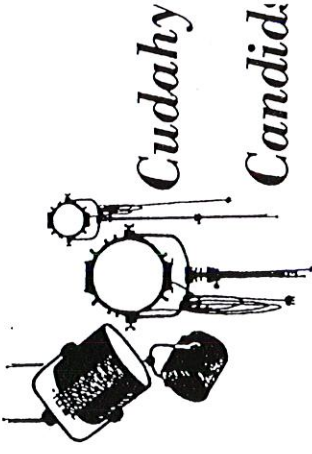
Lloyd Perkins shovels hams into the pump- ing machine.



Jeff Van Ruden adds the curing ingre- dients to a vat of hams.



Jack Kruchten  
Superintendent  
Canning Division



## Cudahy Candidates

ANDY TUECK  
(Andy's photo appears in the department story)

Poland? Germany? Yugoslavia? No, Andy Tueck was born and raised in Cudahy, Wisconsin. His father, Andrew Sr., worked at Cudahy Bros. for 36 years and was hired in 1912 when Patrick Cudahy was still running the Company. Andy followed his father into the pack- ing house business in 1937 and has worked in many different departments during his tenure although he spent 17 years as a beef boner and currently has 16 years seniority in Fresh Pork Con- verting. His employment was interrupted by World War II. The Navy used him as a cook in the South Pacific, a job which did not leave fond memories. Andy freely admits he has no desire to exercise seniority over his wife, Helen, in the kit- chen

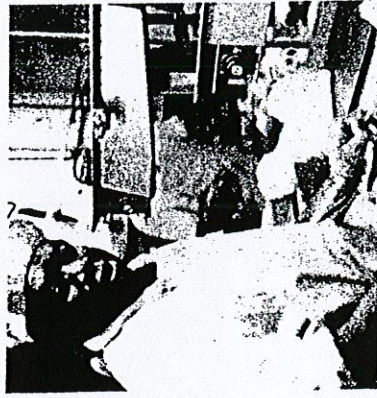




Leon Butler removes the skin from a picnic ham on his skinning machine.



Joe Malovec trims the fat from a ham.

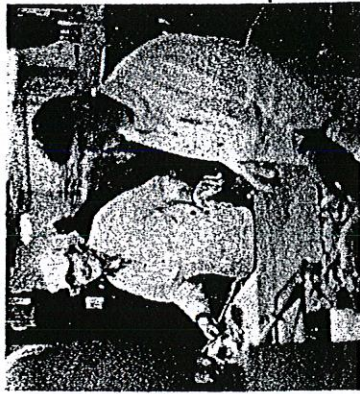


Charlie Chambliss - a trimmer/fatter

At 6:45 A.M. the 14 trimmer-fatters arrive on the line. As the skinless hams come down the line, the fatters pull the ham from the power belt, carefully trim the fat off with their knives and replace the hams back onto the power line.

At 7:00 A.M., the boners (process

a scale operator. 1,400 lb. loads are used because that is the capacity of the ham-curing vats. After the weighing, the scale-operator pushes the meat carts to



Arnie Drewitz (L) and Pete Oswald (R) portion the hams on their scales.

the pumping machine where a positioner (hams to pump machine) shovels the hams into the unit. The pumping machine injects brine solution into the ham (see #5, Trivia Contest, March issue of the "INK"). After injection, the hams drop through chutes to the first floor and into ham curing vats. A vat tender mixes dextrose, salt and gelatin into the

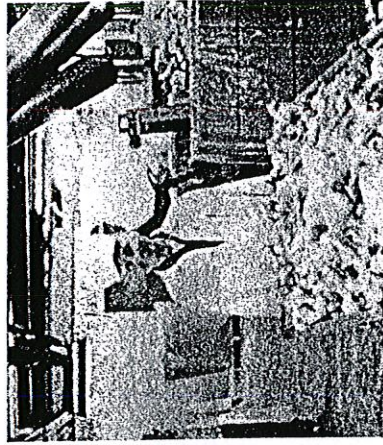


Bill Scholz pushes a cart of portioned hams to a scale for weighing.

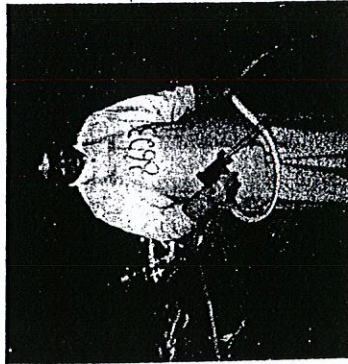
1,400 pounds of meat. A fork lift operator-(scale) transports the hams to yet another scale where the weigh is double checked to insure the correct amount of brine has been injected into the ham.



Andy Tucek uses his forklift to place a vat of hams onto a scale to doublecheck the weigh.



Felix Gulaj pushes 700 lbs. of ham bones in a wheelbarrow to the Lard Refinery.



Each morning, Greg Gaber washes down the floors in D House cooler.

The knifemen in the department wear mesh gloves, arm guards and belly guards for safety. The thousands of hams they process everyday is done in a safe environment despite the ever-present danger of their sharp knives. Their safety record is exceeded only by their attendance record: the best of any of the major departments.

Wisconsin to fish for Northerns and Muskies although as luck sometimes has it, pan fish are all he gets to show for his efforts. Andy and Helen spend most of their time around the house gardening and raising flowers. Helen was employed at Mitchell Manufacturing, but has been laid off since fire destroyed the business last November.

They say there is no place like home. In Andy's case, home is a house located next to the one he grew up in. People change, but the neighborhood stays the same.



NIMROD ALLEN SR.

The way Nimrod describes it, his wife, Myrtle, is a golf widow. When the snow melts, Nimrod hits the fairways with an active zeal. He shoots in the low seventies and has a 2 handicap. He is a powerhouse in the company league and one week of his vacation each year is devoted to competing in the Bronx Golf tournament in Minn., MN.

Born and raised in Louisiana, Nimrod moved to Milwaukee in 1945 and was hired in 1948 at Cudahy Bros. where his uncle, Buster Blunt (now a retiree), worked. He served in the Army with the 82nd Airborne Division and, like Chester Kabacinski, was one of those

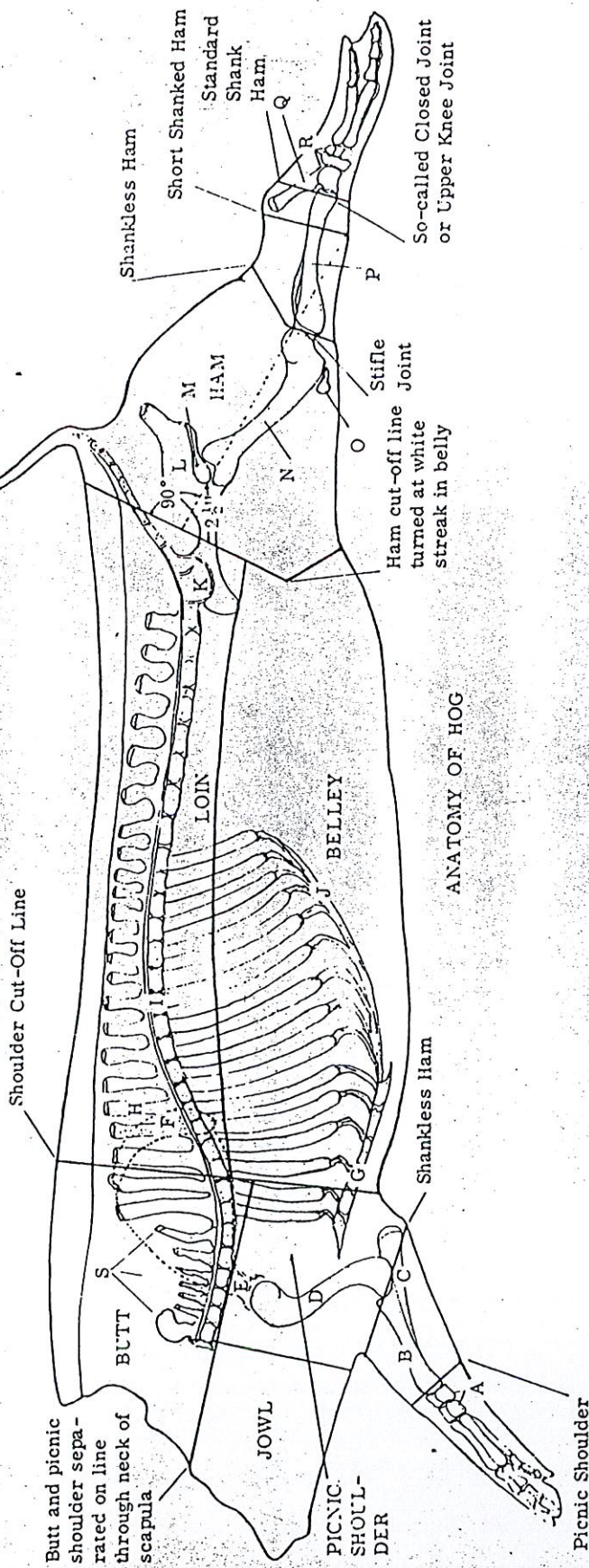


# PORK CARCASS CHART

\*Taken From AMI

## NOTE

This is an interior view of the right side. The cuts as shown represent usual practice although individual companies deviate.



ANATOMY OF HOG

The Hog Cut Department is the next stop for the hog carcass after the Kill. Here the carcass is cut up into the major pieces of meat. In the Hog Cut it is very important to follow cutting instructions and maintain consistency. Our article on the cut floor will be run in two parts. This part will cover the conveyance of hogs, the breaking up of the carcass, the ham cutting line and the belly line. Next issue will feature the boning and cutting

## Renovations

New smokehouses have been added as

of the shoulder area and the Pork Trim Department.

First of all, after leaving the kill floor, the animals are conveyed by rail into a cooler. The cooler holds approximately 6000 hogs. The hogs are cooled overnight at temperatures varying from the low teens to 40 degrees.

Hog carcasses are brought up the next morning from the cooler on a conveying rail. The hogs are hung in the cooler in an upside down position. The first operation on the break-up table is to split the remaining piece of skin left on the hog's back, and cut the tendon where the gambril is inserted. Best cutability for the hogs is 38-39 degrees. After the tendon

the skin is removed. Hams are skinned for market specifications. Other operators on the ham floor cut bruises before the hams are dropped to the second floor for packing.

Back to the break-up table, after the hams are removed, the carcass continues down the conveyor to a positioner who positions the carcass to be separated by a shoulder chop saw. The side of the carcass is positioned so that a line hits between the first and second rib. The line is actually a shadow cast by artificial light on the ceiling. The carcass is positioned sideways to enable it to go through the saw with the correct cut. This cut separates the belly from the shoulder

pulled by three pullers. One uses a left hand pull, one a right hand pull, and one can pull to either side. Loin pullers use a denver knife (see photo). Loin are then dropped to the floor below for trimming and packing.

Now the belly (minus the loins) is positioned to be put through the belly roller machine. The belly is rolled flat. When the belly exits the machine two ribbers pull the ribs with ribbing knives (see photo). Ribs are also dropped to the second floor for packing.

The bellies are then positioned to remove the fatbacks from the belly by a machine. The fatbacks are trimmed of any remaining lean meat by a whizzard

# Hog Cut Department



# Hog cut and Pork trim (part II)

The second half of the Hog Cut Department entails the cutting and trimming of the Boston butt, picnic, neck bones and jowls.

After the shoulder chop, neck bones (a continuation of the ribs) are cut out by four boners. Neck bones are then trimmed of any remaining lean by 3 trimmers and dropped to the floor below for packing.

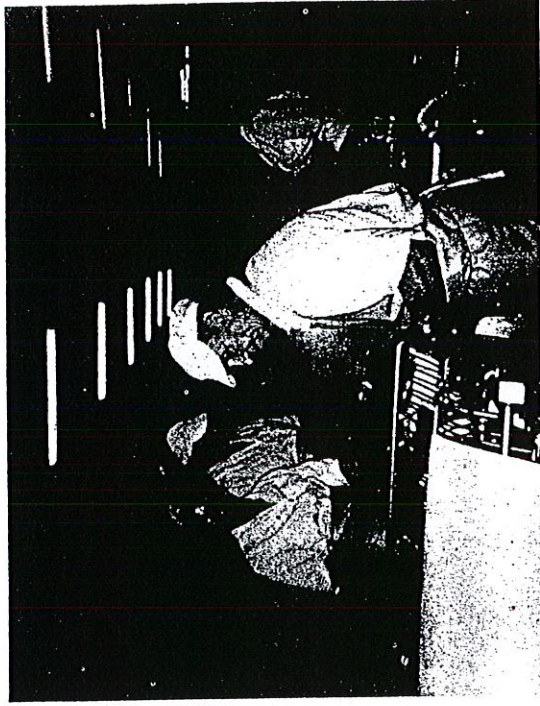
Remaining shoulder area is positioned close to the upper socket of the blade bone and picnic body bone and sawed. The foot is dropped to the floor below for packing. The butt and picnic move on separate conveyor belts for trimming.

Four butt pullers pull butts from shin by hooking the butt onto a board and pulling with a draw-knife. Another

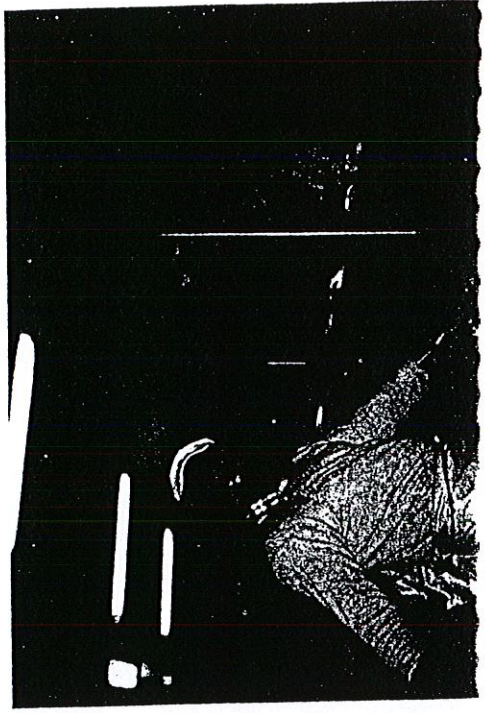
operator checks trim and drops butt to the floor below for packing.

Five picnic trimmers trim 80 percent of the lean off the face of the picnic and remove jowl. Picnics go to the floor below for packing. Jowls move to the Pork Trim Department which is located at the end of the conveyor. The shin is slashed on the Skinner-Slasher Machine and inspected for abscesses. The jowl is an area prone to abscesses. Trimmers look for any hair roots, skin left on, and blood clots, and the product is then sent to pack.

Skillful employees in these two departments play a major role in our company's standing as a famous meat processor. We would like to acknowledge everyone in these departments for their excellent work.



Pork Trim Dept., Left to right: Marie Machniewicz, Alojzy Olek, Henriks Smagars and Mildred Yahnke, trim jowls





MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

1983

As I thumbed through a business magazine recently an article about employee benefits caught my eye. As I read the article it occurred to me that Patrick Cudahy employees may be unaware of the cost of our fringe benefits. I asked our Accounting Department to calculate the annual cost of the Company-paid benefits for a typical Kill Department employee. I was surprised by the magnitude of the numbers and want all employees to know the amount of money the Company pays each year to cover employee fringe benefits.

Government Mandated Taxes and  
Workmens Compensation

Annual Cost

(this money is paid directly to the  
taxing authority or insurance carrier)

Wisconsin Unemployment Tax	\$ 84.00
Federal Unemployment Tax	42.00
Social Security (FICA) Tax - Company Share	1,596.00
Workmen's Compensation Insurance	333.00
TOTAL	\$ 2,055.00

Fringes

(this money is paid directly to the  
insurance company or pension fund)

Hospital-Medical-Major Medical	\$ 2,432.00
Prescription Drugs	150.00
Vision Care	47.00
Dental Care	280.00
Life Insurance	84.00
Pension Fund	1,227.00
TOTAL	\$4,220.00



Compensation for Time Not Worked

Annual Cost

(this money is paid directly to the employee in his regular pay check. The Company receives no production for these payments).

Vacation Pay	\$ 2,400.00
Holiday Pay	788.00
Clothing Allowance	46.00
Clean-up Time	227.00
Sick Pay	346.00
Funeral Time	15.00
Meal Tickets	35.00
Jury Duty Time	8.00
Rest Periods	906.00
	<hr/>
TOTAL	\$ 4,771.00
FRINGE BENEFIT GRAND TOTAL	\$ 11,046.00

Patrick Cudahy's employee benefits add up to substantial dollars. The projections were calculated based upon the following assumptions regarding our average Kill Department employee:

Base Rate	\$ 5.68
COLA adder	4.17
Average Hourly Incentive Pay	1.25
TOTAL PER HOUR	<hr/>
	\$ 11.10

Weekly pay at 38.0 hours worked x  
 \$11.10 Hr. (24 minutes of  
 breaktime is 2.0 hours per week) 421.80

Annual earnings 46 weeks

(assumes 4 weeks of vacation and

10 days or two weeks of holidays  
leaving 46 weeks of active work) \$19,402.80

The benefits totaled \$11,046.00 and the pay for active work weeks totaled \$19,402.80. In our example of a typical Kill Department employee, total compensation comes to \$30,448.80. Benefits in this example are 56.9% of pay. The majority of Patrick Cudahy employees earn a substantial amount of pay over the \$19,402.80 mentioned above because of overtime.

Most of our benefits are paid directly to insurance companies. This tends to hide the accumulated cost from employees. Some of our employees have incurred medical costs in the range of ~~\$50,000~~<sup>100,000</sup> or more. This is enough to wipe out some families financially. Fortunately our benefit plans have protected them from financial disaster.

I am personally proud of Patrick Cudahy's benefit program and I think it's an important reason why Patrick Cudahy is a good place to work.



A.C. Reimann, PRESIDENT  
PATRICK CUDAHY INCORPORATED



FINISHED MODEL



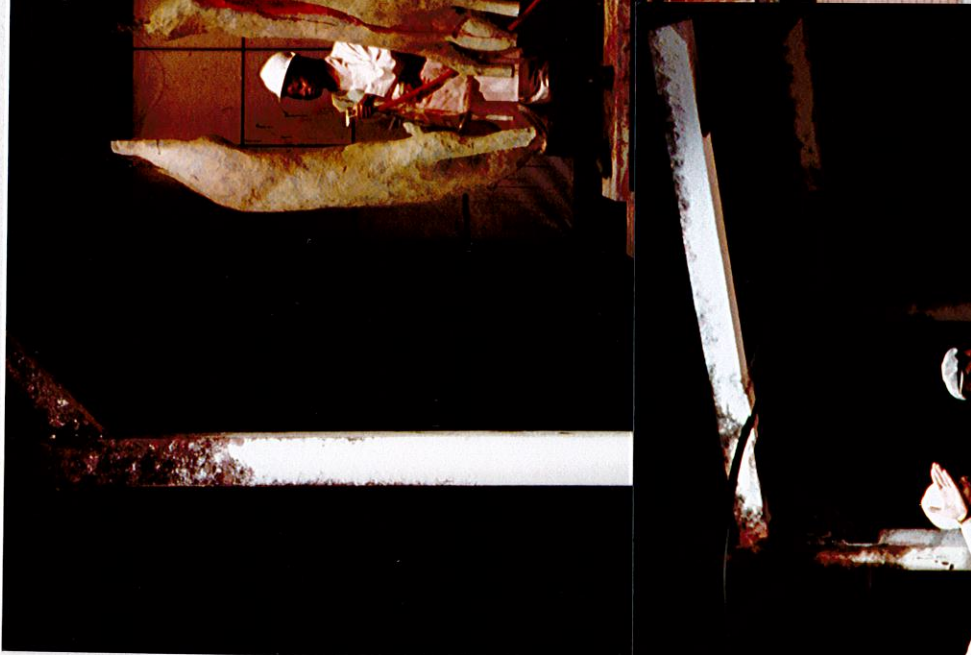
WHITE MODEL











**In the Heart of America**

**Research and Design Work**





## Among the Other Victims

*Desert wildlife—the most innocent of the creatures caught up in the tide of battle—may suffer the most. Far from a barren place, the desert is an abundant, but delicate, ecosystem. The environmental toll exacted by the fighting and pollution from burning oil wells is incalculable.*







# Technology



## F/A-18 Hornet

*The single-seat, carrier-based strike fighter was a workhorse in the Gulf. Equipped for night fighting, the \$24-million Hornet serves a dual role: aerial combat and ground attack missions with arms ranging from CBU cluster bombs to Maverick antitank missiles.*



## EF-111R Raven

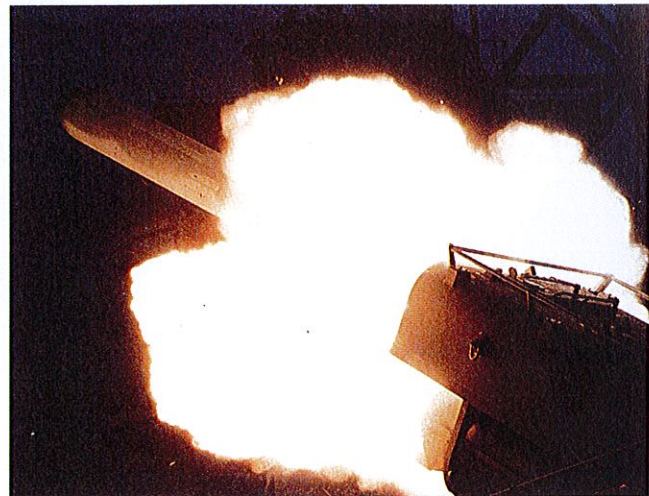
*Loaded with radar-detection and electronic jamming devices, unarmed \$73.9-million Ravens—with a range of 2,500 miles and a top speed of 1,400 mph—led the charge into Iraq on the first night of the air war, clearing a path for allied bombers.*



SGT. JEFF WRIGHT/U.S. ARMY

## Patriot Missile

*The air-defense missile, a \$1.1-million item, made a stunning debut against the Scud, downing forty-nine of the fifty Iraqi rockets it engaged. Flying at speeds up to Mach 3, the 2,200-pound Patriot is guided by ground radar to its target, knocking it out in a burst of shrapnel.*



TSGT ROSE S. REYNOLDS/U.S. AIR FORCE

## Tomahawk Cruise Missile

*Along with laser- and TV-guided GBU glide bombs, these were the first "smart weapons" used in war. Controlled by a ground-mapping computer, the \$1.3-million cruise has a 700-mile range and carries a 1,000-lb. warhead. One cruise stopped at a Baghdad corner, hovered, then took a left turn.*





U.S. ARMY

### AH-64 Apache Helicopter

The U.S. Army's main antitank chopper performed ferociously in the early phase of the ground war, chewing up Iraqi defenses with laser-guided Hellfire missiles and 70mm Hydra air-to-ground rockets. The nimble \$11.8-million Apache, can climb at 3,240 feet per minute and cruise at 180 mph.



U.S. NAVY

### Night Optics and Satellites

In the allied victory, the eyes had it. With infrared light-amplifying goggles, coalition soldiers could fight at night. They rarely got lost thanks to handheld electronic compasses linked to Navstar Global Positioning Satellites 22,000 miles above the earth.



DOD

### M1A1 Abrams Tank

Silencing critics who pointed to its gas-guzzling turbine engine and delicate electronic hardware, the \$3.8-million M1A1 proved its worth in Operation Desert Storm, outgunning Iraq's top-of-the-line Soviet T-72 tanks with a 120mm cannon, firing armor-piercing shells.

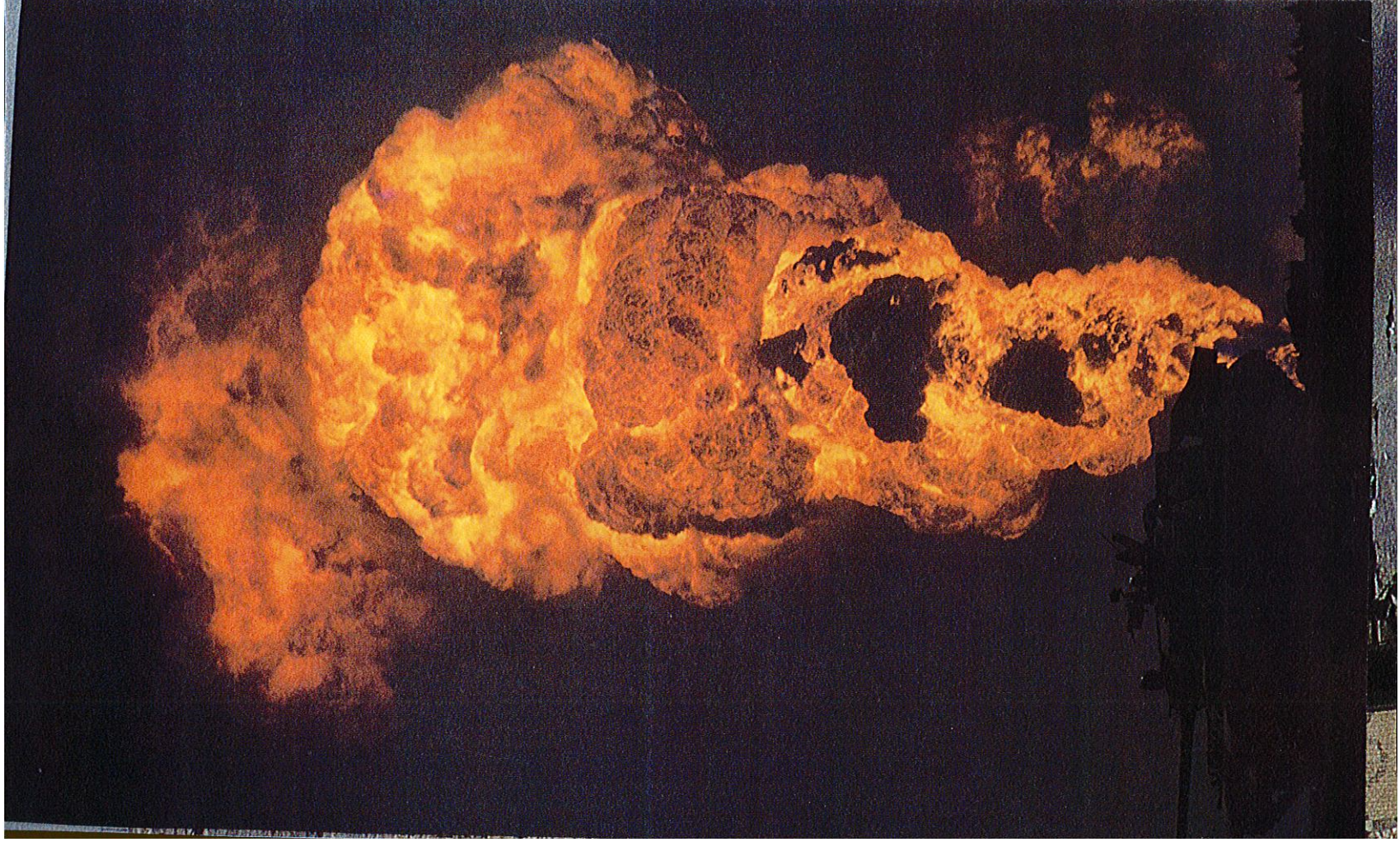


BOB PROTHERO/ARMY COMMUNICATIONS

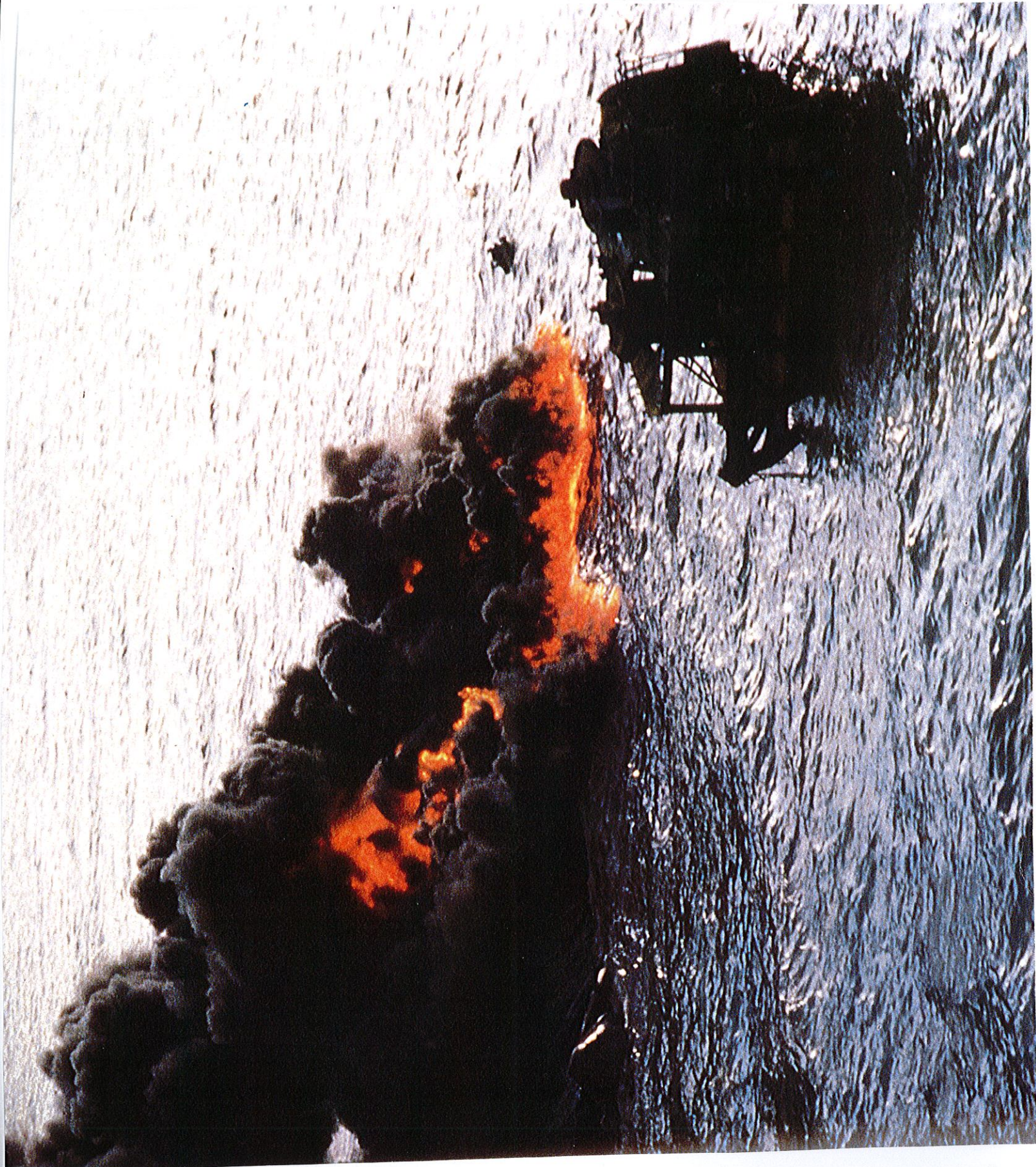
### Tornado GR-1 Strike Jet

British Tornado pilots took on the dangerous low-altitude attacks against Iraqi air bases early in the air war. The sturdy \$36-million jet can carry ninety types of ordnance, including JP-233 antirunway bombs. These containers hold bomblets that crater airstrips and act as antipersonnel mines.

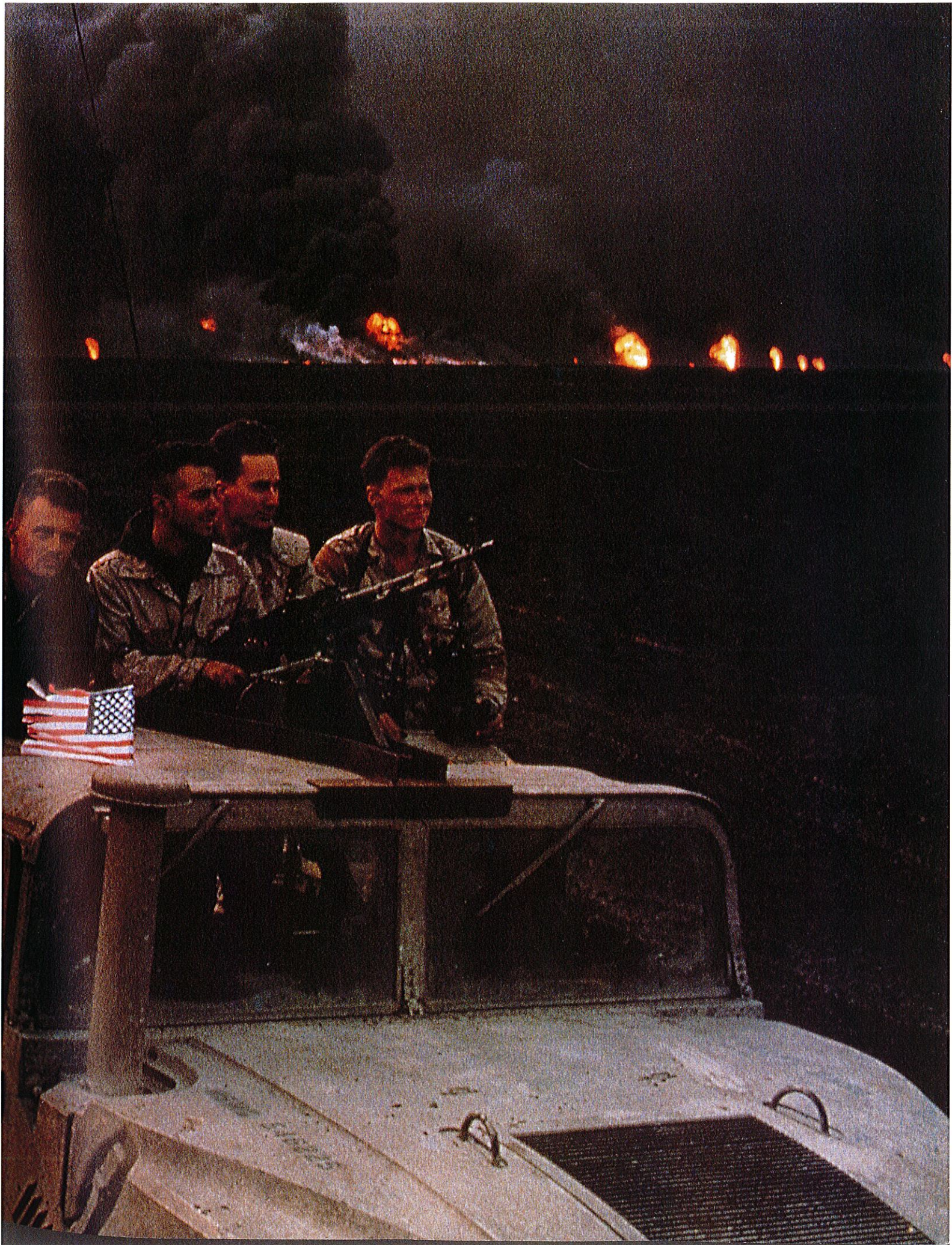










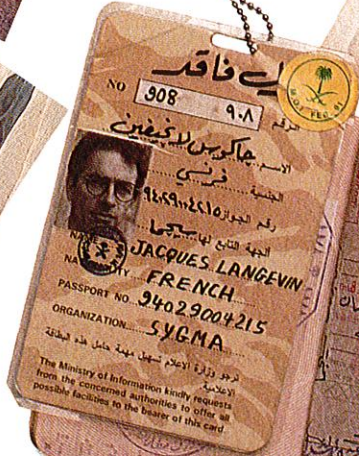
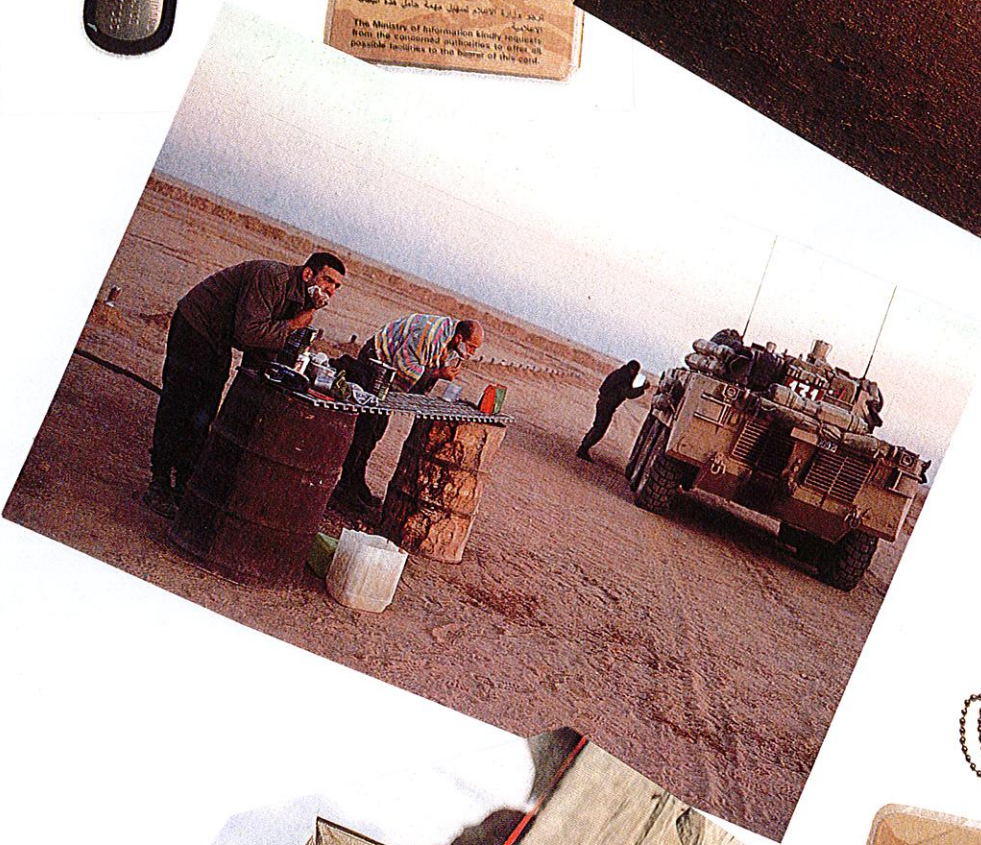
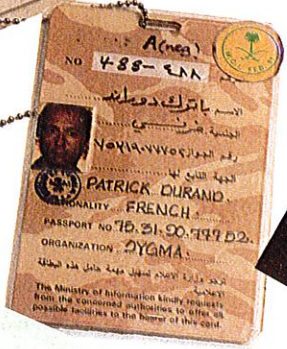




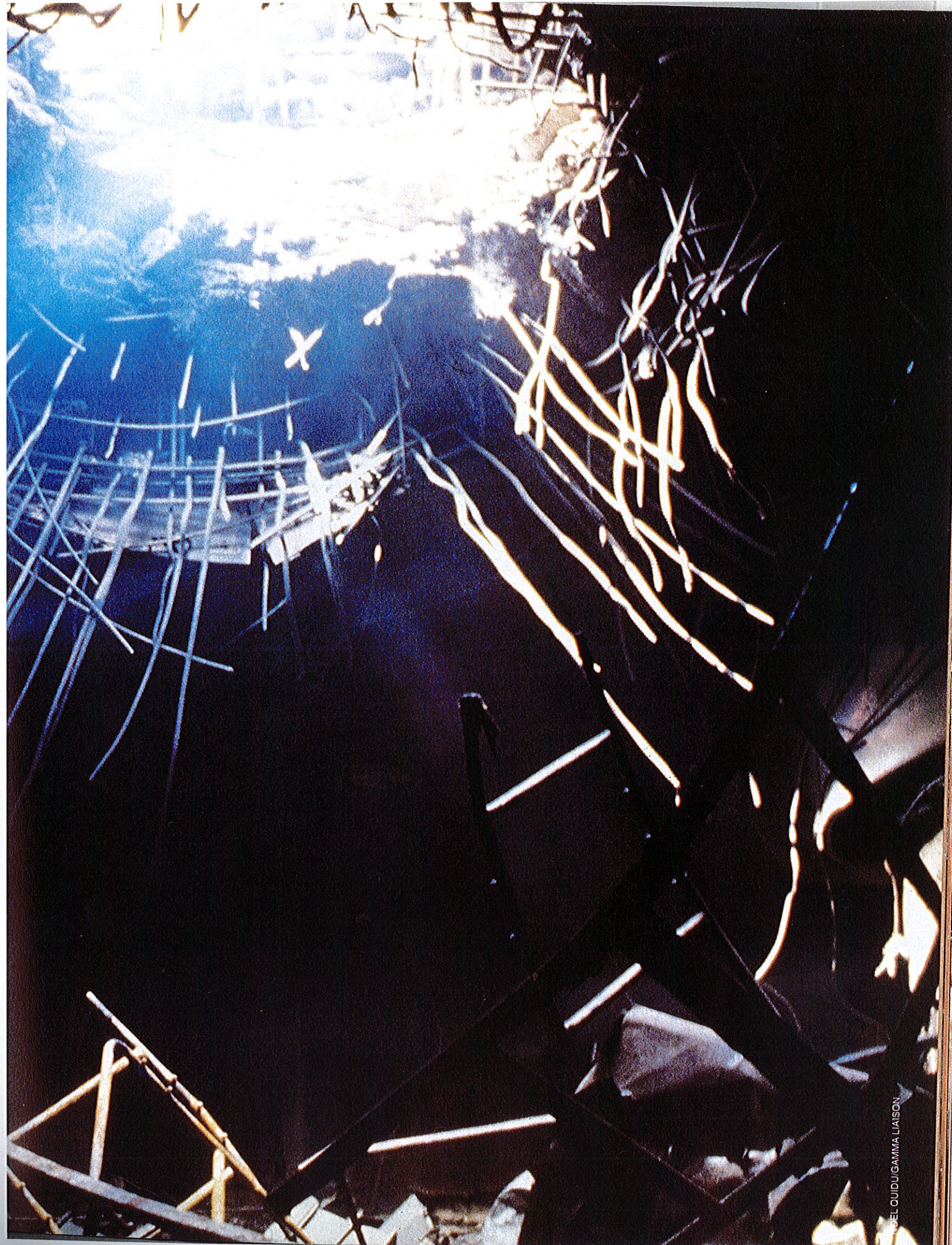




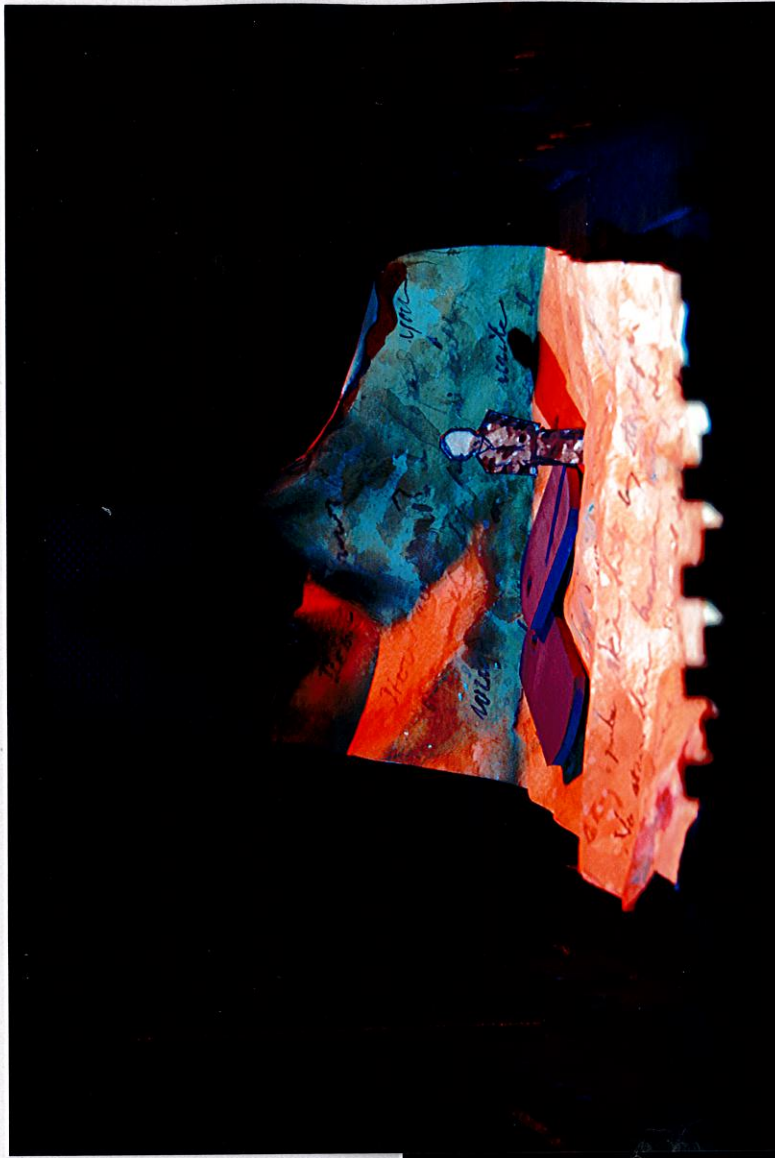
Handwritten note in Arabic script, possibly a message or instruction.



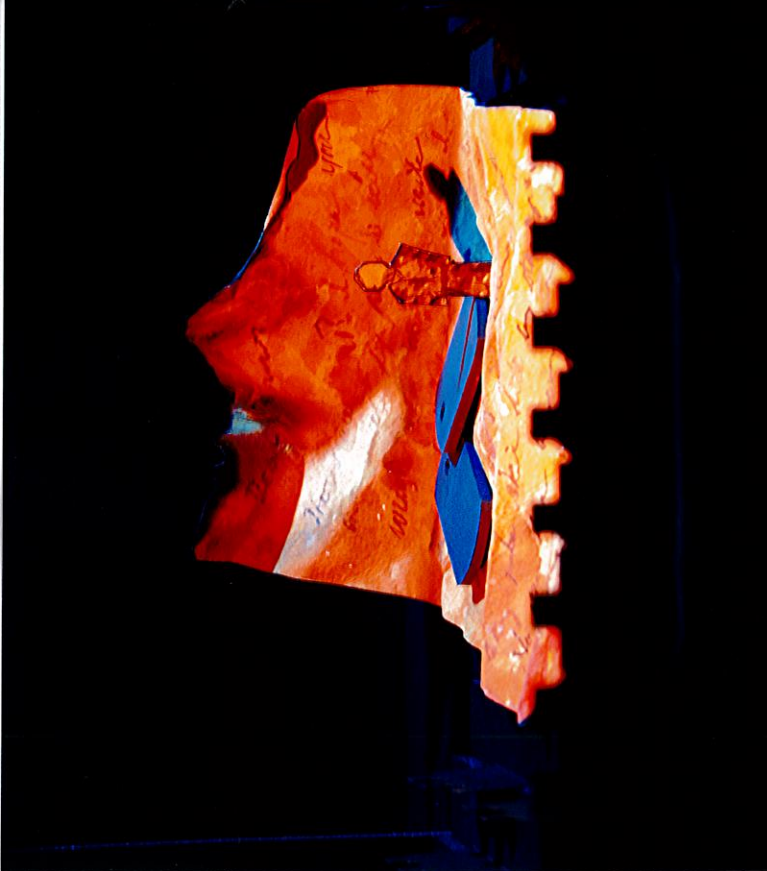








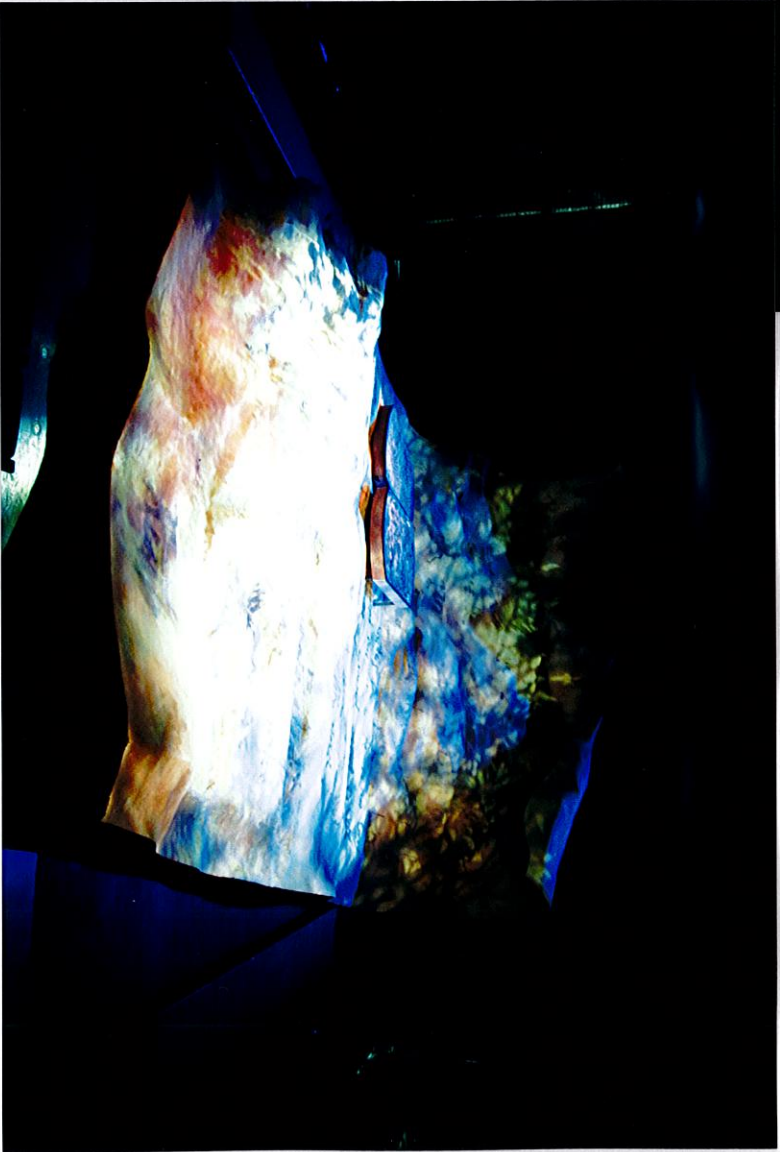
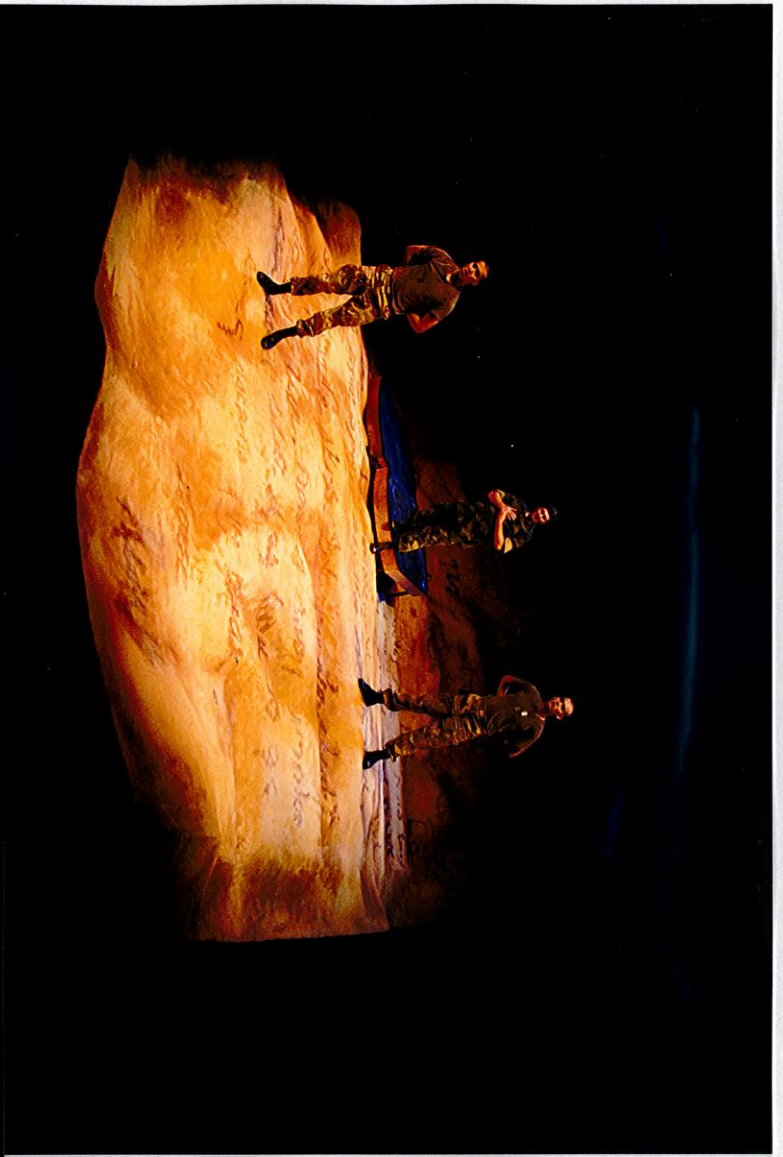
FINISHED MODEL →









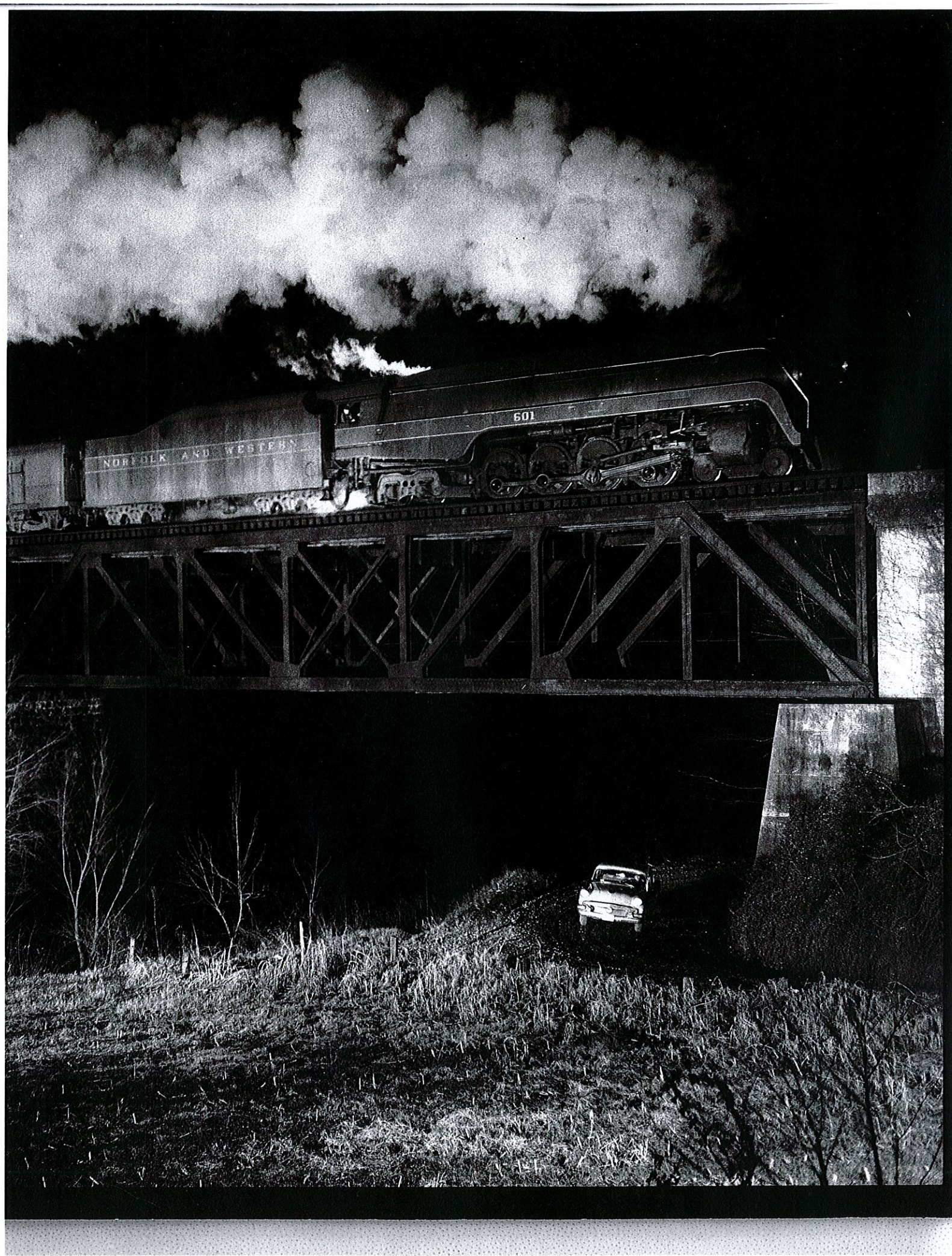




# **The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek**

## **Research and Design Work**





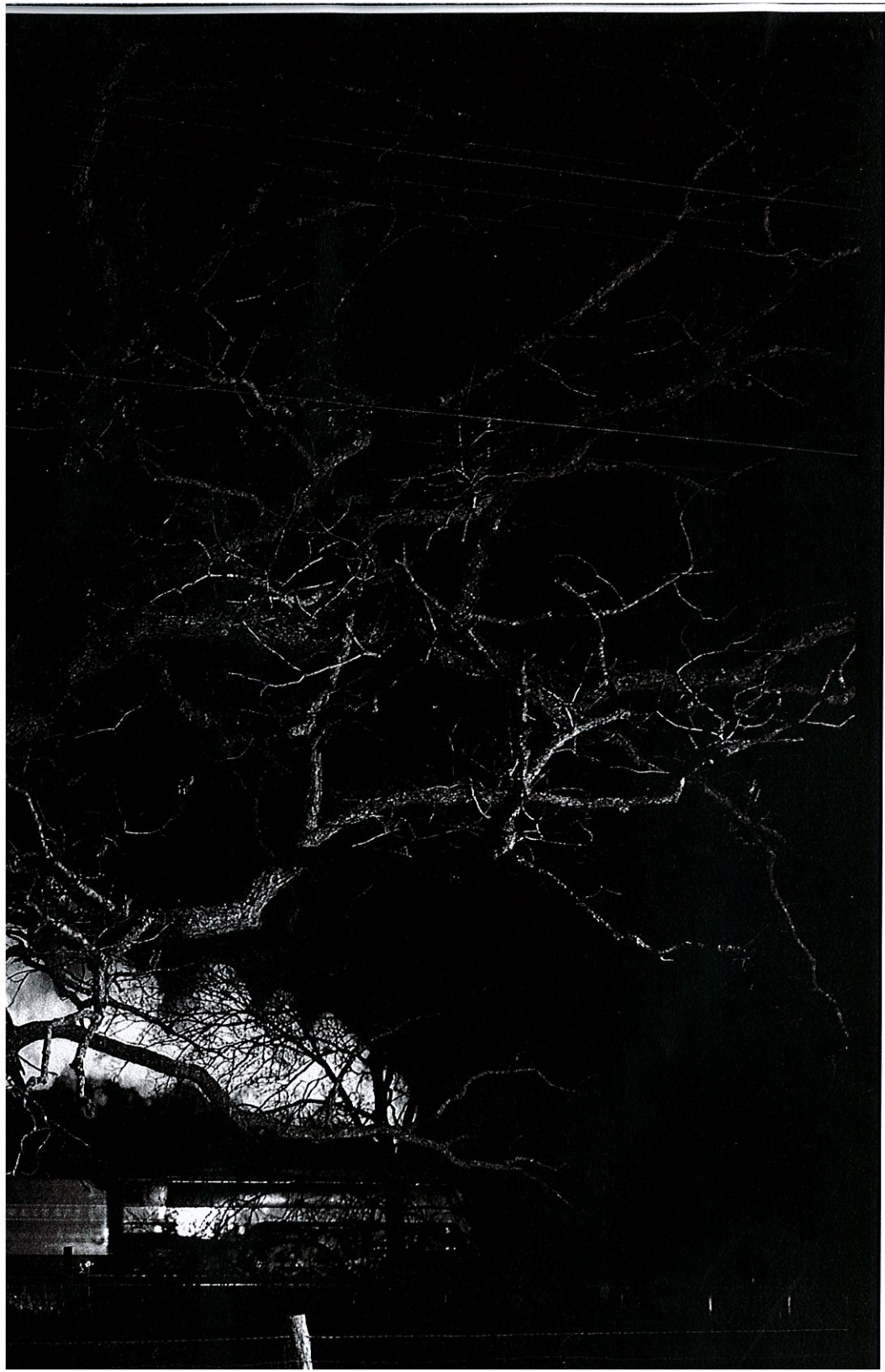




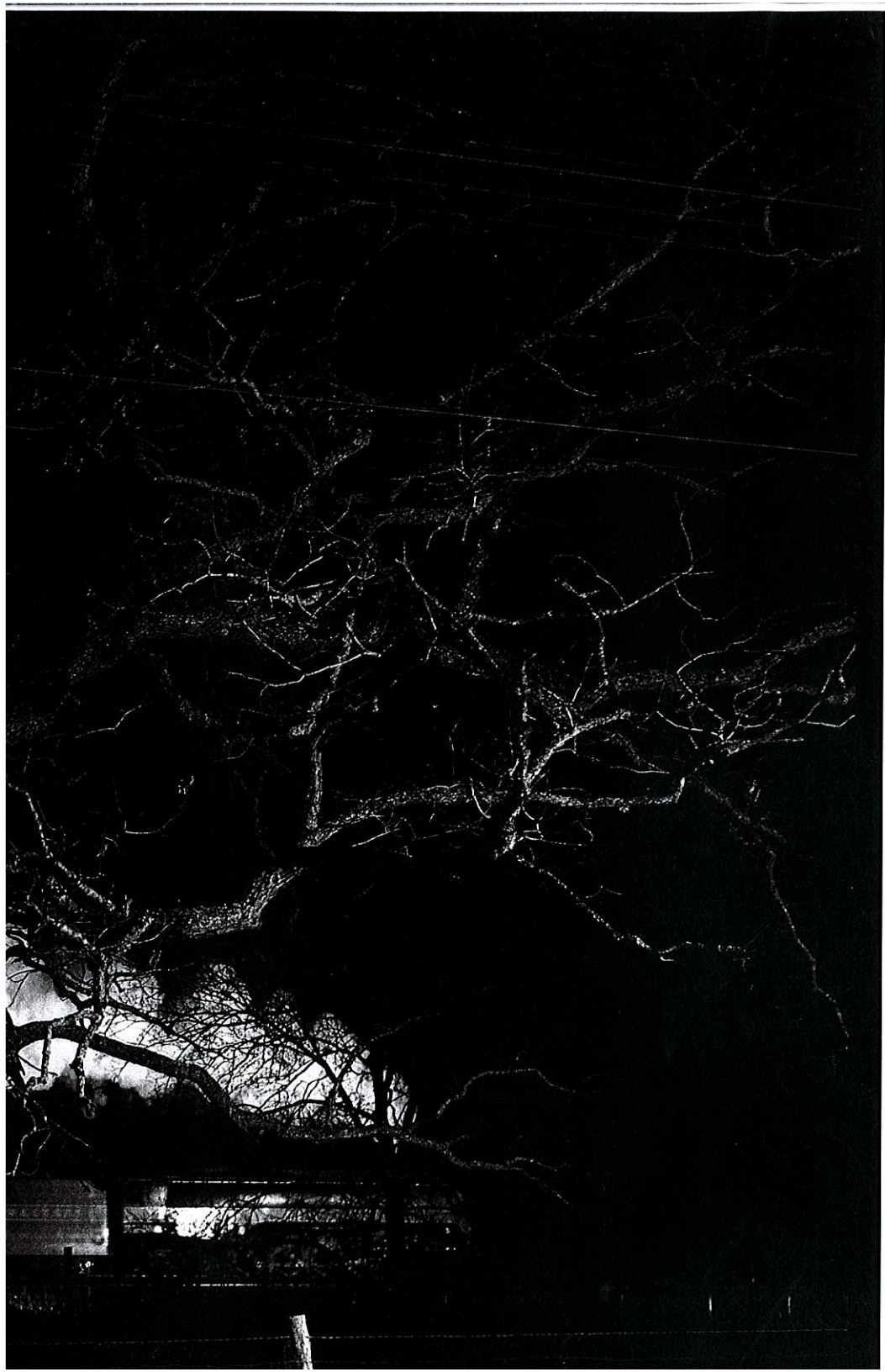




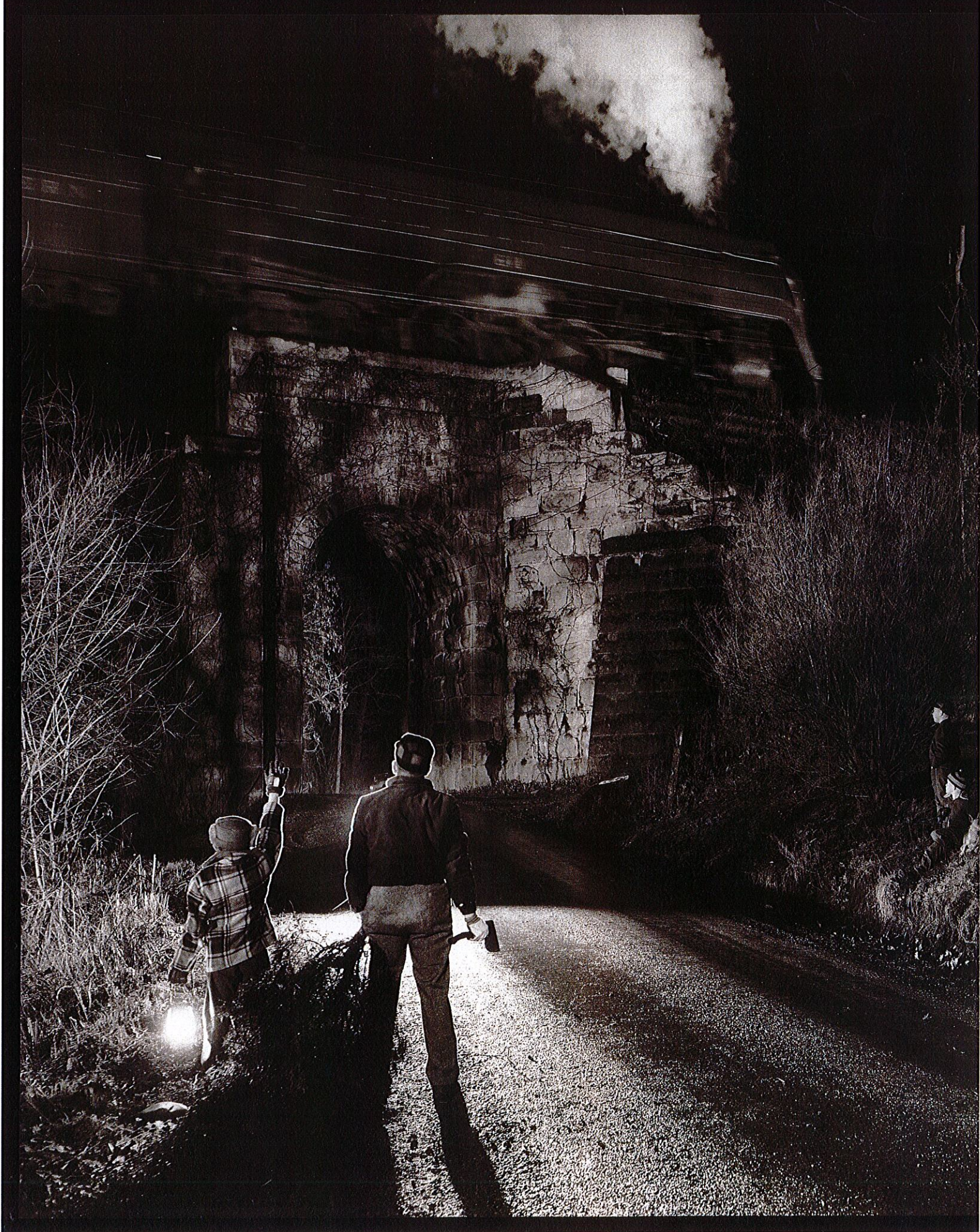


















# Image:Popelick2.jpg

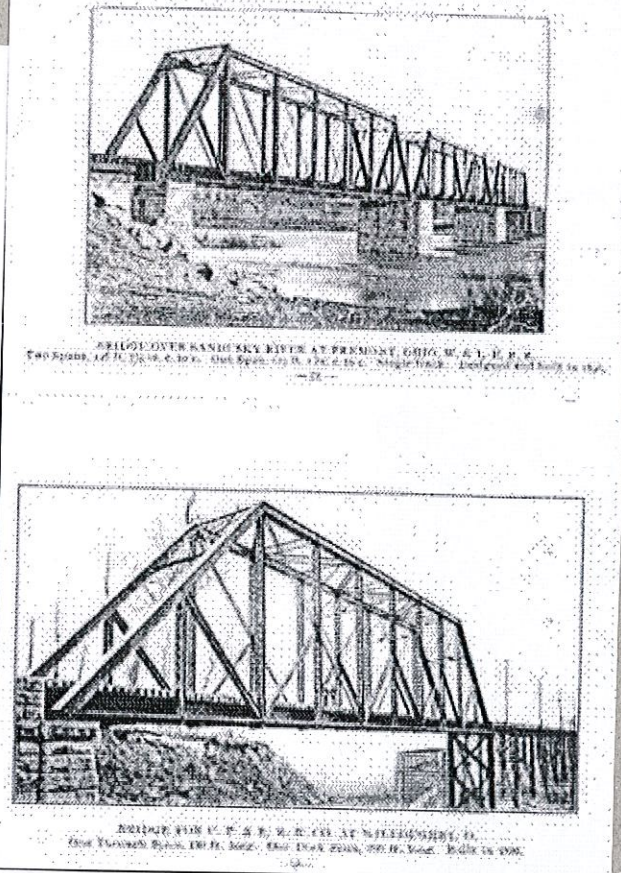
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

- Image
- File history
- File links



Popelick2.jpg (12KB, MIME type: image/jpeg)

Pope Lick Trestle, in Louisville, Kentucky, reputed home of the Pope Lick Monster. Took this myself quite a few years ago.



Coming Soon:

## Kentucky Dirt

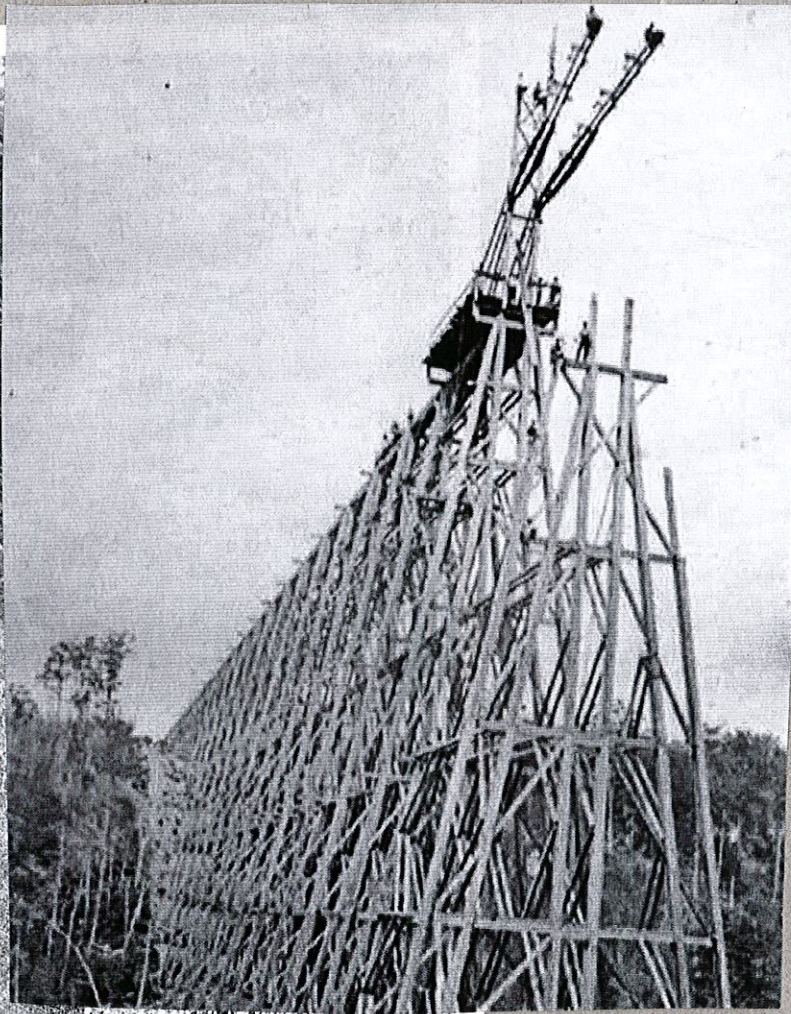
new paintings  
by Jeffrey Scott Holland

About the exhibit

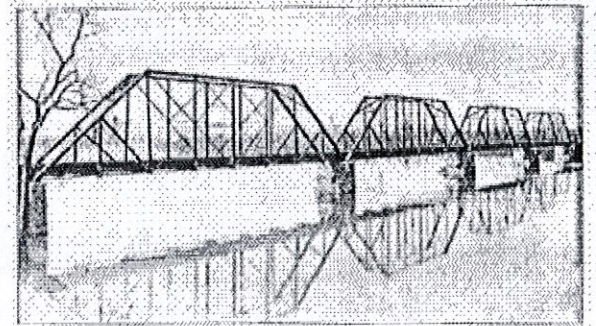
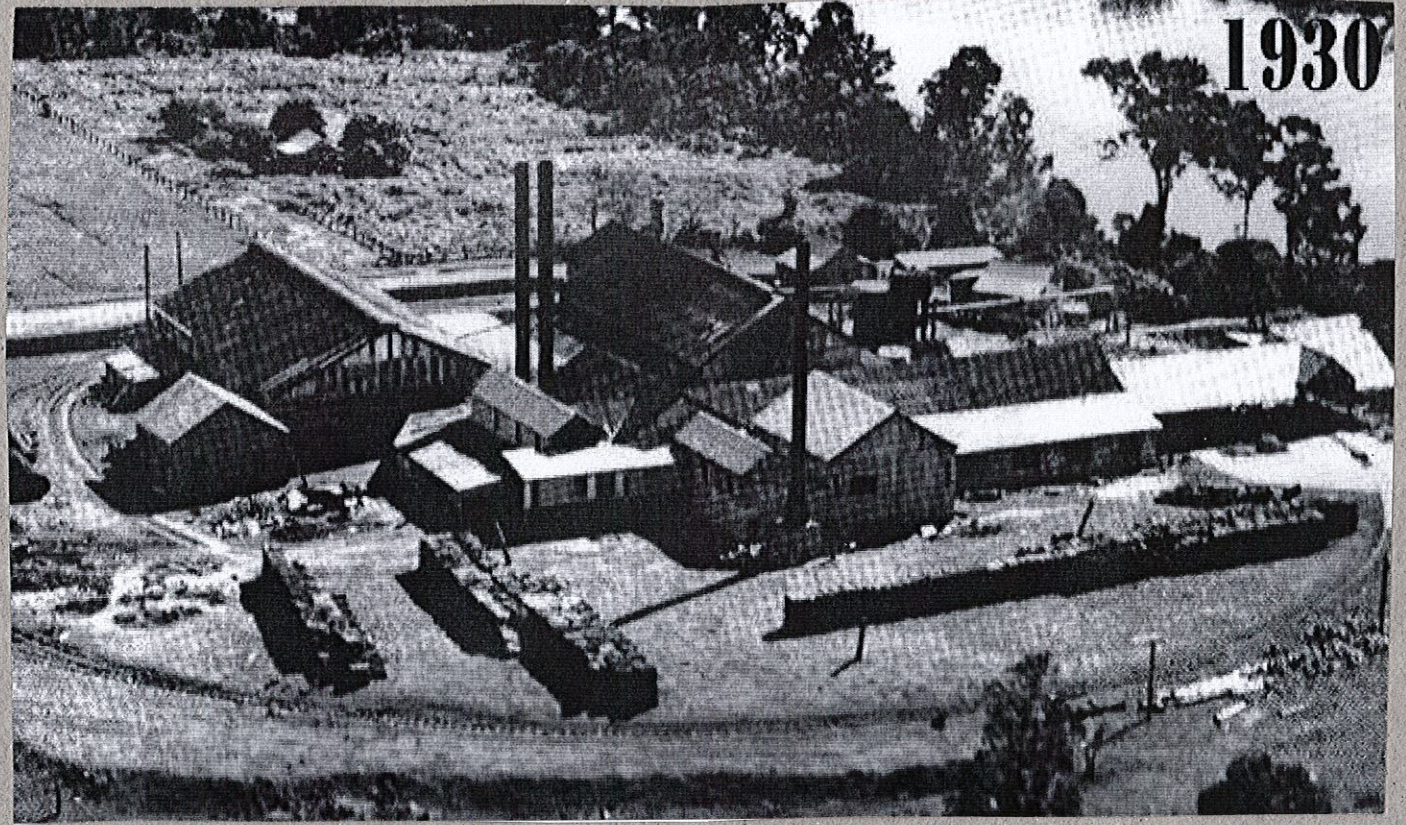
**Image:** *Midnight at Pope Lick*, 36x36 inches,  
acrylic and dirt on canvas, 2003.

This painting illustrates the legend of the Pope Lick Monster, a horned bigfoot-like creature said to inhabit the Pope Lick area in the rural outskirts of Jefferson County since the 1930s. It contains actual soil samples taken from near the haunted railroad trestles where the





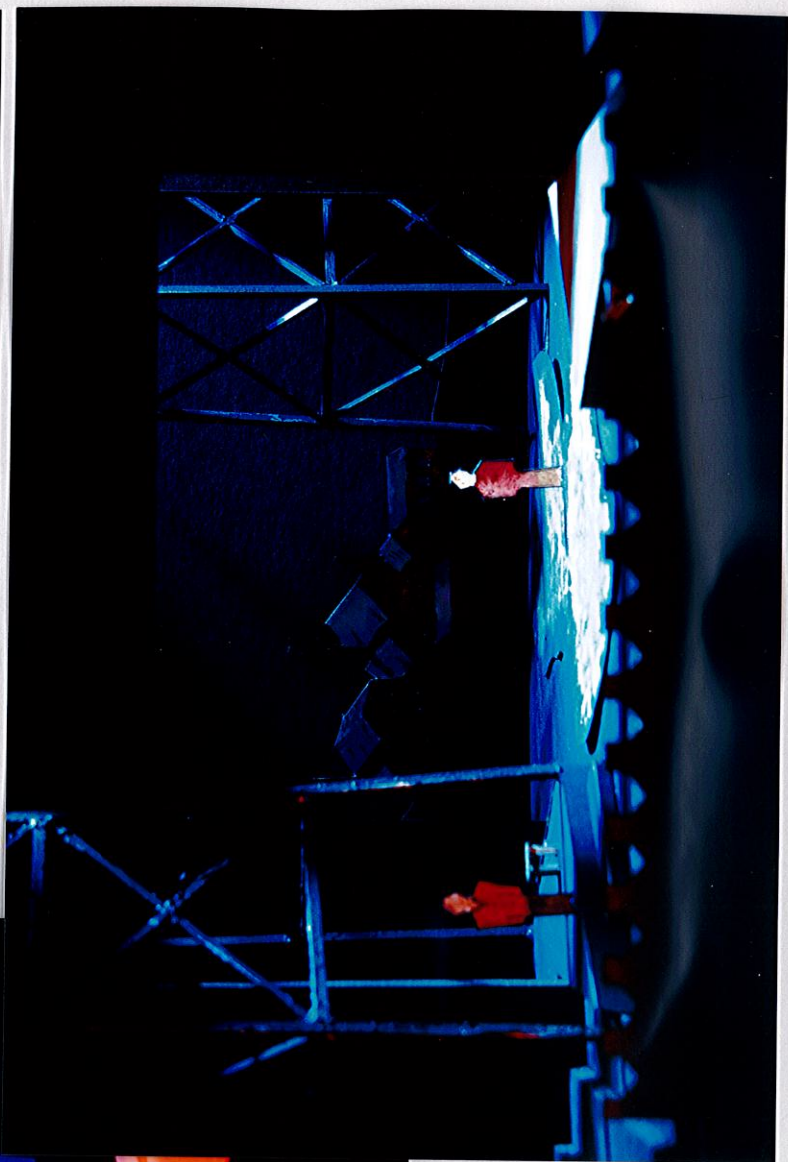
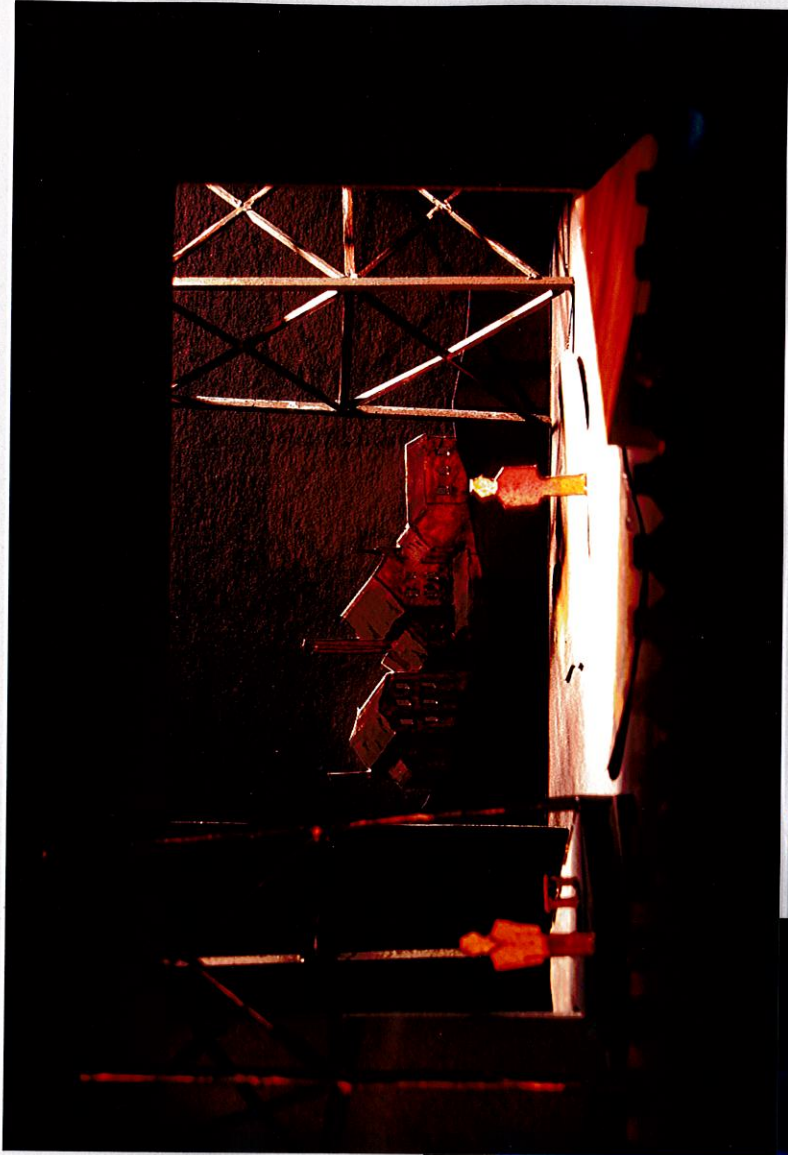




BRIDGE OVER MAUDIE RIVER AT NAPLES, OHIO. LIMA NORTHERN RY.  
First Span, 170 ft. 6 in., Single Deck. Designed and built by KCB.

THE KERR BRIDGE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.





FINISHED  
MODEL ↗

WHITE MODEL ↗



FINISHED  
MODEL ↗



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