James Hall presents art about the proletariat, an ensemble of objects and images entitled "Wake up, it's time to go to work." In a gallery smelling of tar hangs a corridor of baskets that workers carry while gathering the crust of the earth. The bounty in the baskets reflects the misdistributed wealth in our society; one basket is full the rest suffer. The corridor is actually an invitation for the art viewer to charge like Sisyphus down the gallery and up a mountain of tar only to slide and fall in the sticky goo.