

MAINE COASTAL ODYSSEY

A timeless portrait of a place and its people.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD SCHULTZ

Nearing sunset at Reid State Park, Georgetown. "This is one of the most amazing beaches I've seen in Maine," says Richard Schultz. "I never expected it. It reminded me of the Northwest coast."





Brian Boru, an Irish pub in Portland. "It was Sunday morning. Raining," Schultz recalls. "I was walking around and about to give up finding something. I'd been in Portland two days and was frustrated, thinking maybe I should head north. I started walking back to my car, and I heard music. It was an Irish Sunday brunch. See, you can't always plan on what you'll find."



The Kennebunk Plains, a Nature Conservancy site off Route 99, is one of the best blueberry-picking spots in southern Maine.



Dale Grant enjoys a day at Beech Ridge Motor Speedway in Scarborough. "I've learned how to judge interesting people," Schultz says. "I tried different angles until I got the moment I wanted to capture."



A summer night along the pier at Old Orchard Beach.



Youth is served on the shore at Ocean Park in the town of Old Orchard Beach.

Richard Schultz left his Rhode Island home last August, carrying a map of Maine dotted with "spots I thought had potential." His assignment: Roam the coast of Maine; capture the sights, the people, the moments. "This is my favorite thing to do," he says. "I'm given a broad guideline, and then I interpret how my eye sees it without a detailed agenda. It's a treat to take whatever catches my eye."

The eye of Richard Schultz has been seen in national magazines for years, including *Rolling Stone*, *Time*, and *National Geographic*, and, during much of the 1990s, many of *Yankee's* most memorable photos carried his name. About a decade ago, he took his vision to the world of commercial photography. "We'd have 50 to 75 people or more at a time on a set," he says. "Everything had to be perfectly controlled." Our asking him to just take off brought him back to his roots.

Schultz grew up by the sea, in Marblehead, Massachusetts. His cousin, Bill Eppridge, one of America's most famous photojournalists (he shot the iconic photo of a busboy cradling Robert Kennedy's head as he lay dying), took the teenaged Richard across the country on photo shoots. "It seemed an amazing career," Schultz says. "People paying you to travel around the world—what more could you ask for?"

After studying photojournalism at Indiana University, Schultz apprenticed with Louie Psihoyos (director of *The Cove*, winner of this year's Academy Award for best documentary). His life course was set.

"I use him as someone whom I totally look up to," Schultz says. "Like when people say, 'What would Jesus do?' For me, it's 'What would Louie do?' He's the total consummate photographer. We were always on the road shooting. I gained insight into how you had to mentally prepare."

When Richard Schultz came home from his Maine journey, he had traveled from Kittery to Mount Desert Island. ("The coast of Acadia," he says, "deserves a whole separate trip. I want to go back.") He brought with him more than 9,000 frames. "I find it totally freeing to shoot a lot," he says. "I'm driven by light. It's the light that makes images beautiful. And I love the juxtaposition I find in Maine. In the morning I can be with a lobsterman and then later out shooting a Rockefeller." He found families picking blueberries on the Kennebunk Plains and fishermen bringing their catch into harbors; children playing and teenagers working; classic cottages and seaside hotels that time has passed by. Mostly he found summer playing out in the lives of people who for a moment or two allowed a stranger with a camera to hold them still. —Mel Allen



"Buzzy" Dow (holding a halibut) is a former fishing-boat captain. Now he shares his expertise with customers at Portland's Harbor Fish Market. "I went in and asked, 'Do you have a great fish you can bring out?'" Schultz says.



Sparsely populated (and car-free) Great Diamond Island comes alive in summer with youth unafraid of Casco Bay's chilly waters.



On the water in Wiscasset, Kalei Sprague takes orders for lobster rolls and ice cream at Sprague Lobster & Clam Bake, her family's stand. "This just looked like summer to me," Schultz says.

Pemaquid Point Lighthouse, overlooking Muscongus Bay on the tip of the Pemaquid Peninsula, attracts 100,000 visitors each year.



"I was driving by and saw a beautiful lake," Schultz recalls. "It turned out that Hannah Dery [in hammock] was from Marblehead, my hometown."

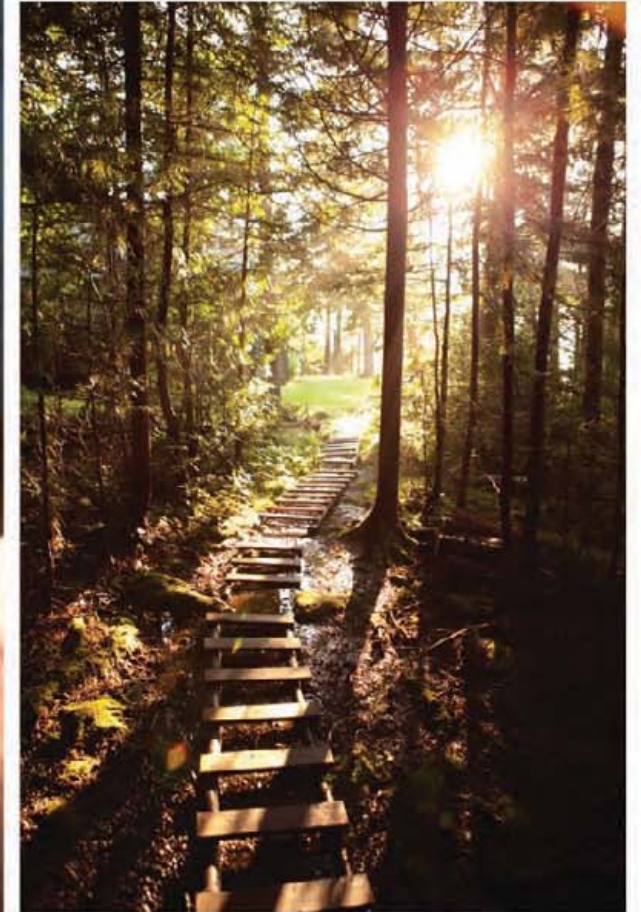


"I was heading to Pemaquid Lighthouse in Bristol. I know the best shot can happen along the way, so I've gotten good at just looking around while driving," Schultz says. "I saw a car parked, and this woman [Florence Elliott], who is blind, was sitting in the backseat of the old car. She'd moved there [to Round Pond] when she was 19, raised her family there, and she's still there. Never left. It's classic Americana."



At a compound in Harborside on Cape Rosier that has been in one family for more than a century, a friend of Richard Schultz's throws a traditional clambake.

A rustic path wends its way through the family's retreat.



At the Harborside compound, cabins are scattered along the water. Here, Nigel Wormser, age 7, finds a little quiet time away from family activities.

BELOW LEFT, on the Blue Hill Peninsula, Brooklin calls itself the "wooden-boat building capital of the world." Once the boats are finished, sailors cruise the familiar waters of Blue Hill Bay and off Northeast Harbor.



Ralph W. Stanley, legendary wooden-boat builder in Southwest Harbor. "I heard about Ralph from his grandson, who works at the Claremont Hotel," Schultz says. "His boat shop was right on the water. It's so hard for these boat builders to stay there, because their taxes have risen so much with vacation rentals all around."



In Southwest Harbor, far removed from the packed streets of Bar Harbor, lobsterman Travis Murphy battles low prices, high costs, and nature.



Martin Gorham, a dragger fisherman, is just off his boat at the Portland Fish Pier. "I love this picture," says Schultz, who shot it on his return trip. "I love his looks, his attitude. He's a total hardscrabble fisherman. It's 11 A.M., and he's just finished unloading his boat, and they're going drinking."

Early morning in Somesville, when lobstermen go to work.



Off the shores of Mount Desert Island, navigation aids have guided fishermen and pleasure sailors alike through Somes Sound, the only fjord on the East Coast.

For more of Richard Schultz's Maine photos, go to: YankeeMagazine.com/10Things