

THE ANNOTATED GROCERY LIST

Jessica Slaven

Met

FOOD MARKETS

MET FOOD SUPERMARKET
991 FULTON ST
BROOKLYN 636-1620

0183 02 02134340	10/11/05	MARLESE
① FIRM CRISPS	5:50pm	312
⑤ PRODUCE	\$2.19	F
⑤ PRODUCE	\$0.99	F
⑤ DAIRY	\$1.64	F
⑤ VST. MLK CHOC	\$3.00	F
⑤ GROCERY	\$1.49	TF
⑤ BALWINE SEL IODI	\$2.99	F
⑤ SCOTT 1000 TT WH	\$2.39	F
⑤ DE BRON LAVEN BA	\$0.95	T
⑤ NATURES YOKE	\$1.99	T
⑤ JYOTI MATAR PANE	\$3.49	F
⑤ IAMS CAT CATFISH	\$2.79	F
⑤ IAMS CAT CATFISH	\$0.85	T
⑤ .18 lb @ \$1.99/lb	\$0.85	T
⑤ PRODUCE	\$0.36	F
⑤ PRODUCE	\$0.60	F

SUBTOTAL	\$26.57
VY SALES TAX	\$0.51
TOTAL	\$27.08

MASTER CARD \$27.08
APPROVED 10/11/05 17:49

A NSTL MLK CHOC
(SWISS CHOCOLATE)

A. Dieter Roth, maker of birdseed-embedded chocolate busts of himself, and also as a chocolate lion, stands as a grand chocolate technician. He invited decay, and his chocolate took that powdery, whitish film called bloom as it aged, making it brittle, and crumbling, and less like the excrement it must originally have resembled. B. When in Cologne, visit the Stollwerck Chocolate Museum, right near the Museum Ludwig—the two can be taken as a pair. C. Janine Antoni should also weigh in to the chocolate discussion, having chewed on 600 pounds of it, making sure that chocolate is on the minds of conservators everywhere.

B PRODUCE
(LOLLO ROSSO)

What if Thomas Demand were to make salads? The green-to-red gradient on the lollo rosso might be difficult to achieve, but maybe not if he made the model overscale. Screw a salad, though, because sometimes lollo rosso is served with Bul Go Ki, and that, complete with glowing grill, would be a Demand worth making.

C SCOTT 1000 TT WH
(TOILET PAPER)

Piero Manzoni, Chris Ofili, Wim Delvoye, Michael Joo, Andy Warhol, Andres Serrano, Kiki Smith, Dieter Roth, Marcel Duchamp, Gilbert and George, Odd Nerdrum, and, as Dave Chapelle, channeling R Kelly, said, "Poop on you, pee on you, what I want to do, ooh, ooh, ooh..." A boyfriend once

commissioned me to make a Shitmobile. I still haven't done it. I'm still thinking about it.

D BALIENE SEL IODI
(SALT)

Banks Violette complained recently in the Brooklyn Rail about feeling "post-career," as result of his fast ascent into the (more) public eye. Buck up, Banks! The cast-salt church structure at the Whitney felt like the beginning of a career, as it relied less causally than earlier work on an exterior body of information (black metal, teenage murder, etc.) for its interest and apparent meaning. The darkness of the space and the purposefulness and luminosity of the toothsome salt beams interacted effectively with the sinister soundtrack, making this show formally and materially engaged enough to be of real interest to people who care for created, and not quoted, history. Ya a'ite, chief!

E TOTAL (27.08)

In 2000, Time magazine published a grocery store receipt from Leonardo DiCaprio's trip to a Los Angeles Ralph's grocery store and, in Berlin at the time, I tried, as best I could, to re-shop his bounty. I've done it occasionally since, in order to get a feeling for a place against a fixed set of standards. Here's the latest trip, with his information first, and mine, from Brooklyn's Fulton/Washington Met, in parentheses: SUNMD FRT BT 3.17 (3.19) NAYA WATER 1.29 (1.29) (3) LEMONADE 2.27 (2.29) (2) EURO SALAD 2.49 (3.99) FAMOUS AMOS 3.49 (NA) (2) KELL BRN FLK 3.99 (4.49) (3) NAKED JUICE 3.29 (2.27) X LG EGGS 3.49 (3.49)

(3) VERNORS 1.19 (NA) MOZZ/CHD
 CHS 2.63 (3.39) (2) BETTES MIX 4.09
 (1.99) WALNUTS 4.87 (4.29)
 GHIRAHDELLI 2.77 (3.39) BROWNIE MIX
 2.37 (2.19) (2) C/DRY GNGRLE
 1.19 (1.49) MAGAZINE 3.50 (3)
 LACTAID MILK 3.69 (4.39) VLASIC PIKL
 3.09 (2.99) PARADIGM MIX 3.77
 (4.79) WLCH GRPE JC 3.29 (2.99)BF
 TENDRLOIN 7.06 (NA) BF TENDRLOIN
 7.91 (NA) THIN BACON 4.57 (5.39)
 MAPLE SYRUP 3.99 (6.49) 7UP 2 LTR
 1.29 CANOLA OIL 2.19 (3.39) (2)
 GLBE VERMICKL 1.19 (1.29) CKN BREAST
 5.11 (5.28) TRIDENT GUM .99
 STONY YGT .99 (.99) STONY YGT
 2.99 (2.79) COKE 12PK 3.99 SWT
 GNGR TER 4.57 (3.69) CKN BREAST
 3.53 (6.31)

F HAM
 (NOT PURCHASED)

“Trenton Makes, the World Takes” imparted the feeling of eating creamed chipped beef and toast on a rainy Monday night, trying to rationalize to your recently divorced mother why catechism wasn’t necessary, knowing the whole time that parroting your absent father’s reasons wouldn’t help, and that you’d better hurry up and eat, ‘cause it was almost time to go. Back in the gallery, now in a rainy catechism mood, you remembered the bats in the church, and considered how the hat on the stick had a bat-like quality, until the boy you were with said, “You know, I just want to touch it, even though I shouldn’t, because I just want to know what it’s made of.” And you say, “It’s wax, weisst du, Wachs,” meanwhile

growing annoyed at your date’s lack of haptic imagination and being incredibly glad that Trenton Duerksen exists to make the most beautiful and space-worthy objects since Olaf Nicolai...

G RESTAURANT SUPPLIES
 (NOT PURCHASED)

Three cheers to Allen Ruppertsberg and Gordon Matta-Clark for operating restaurants as conceptual projects, way back in the day. Allen’s was in California, and I believe it was called Al’s Restaurant, and there he served a whole menu of temptations, one of which was some sticks and rocks on a plate. He also served alcohol, because he is very much an artist who knows his ass from his elbow. There were to have been only two whole collections of this menu, one I think at LACMA, and one of them was accidentally thrown out as trash. Matta-Clark’s restaurant was in Soho, in New York, and he considered it a sculpture. Artists staffed it. Matta-Clark could also have made use of the RESTAURANT SUPPLIES for any Photo-Frying he needed to do. I can’t think of a single asinine project undertaken by either of them; so with the food dudes on our team, ascetics 0, voluptuaries 2.

H Sorry about the pun in the Thomas Demand section. I’m really tempted now in editing to do just that and remove it, but some people like puns, and they’re usually interesting people, those with an appetite for garbage.

I DR BRON LAVEN BAR
(SOAP)

Janine Antoni made the shopping list again. She's supposed to be far-out awesome, and I'd assume she's not vegetarian. Just a guess, though. Ingrid Calame seems like a veg. Alex Katz, probably not veg. Hot dogs at the ball game. Sophie Calle, also not veg. Malcolm Morley, not veg. Deborah Butterfield, possible veg. Polly Apfelbaum could be veg, maybe even vegan. I've heard that Cecily Brown is raw food. Peter Krashes is not veg.

J NATURES YOKE
(EGGS)

Marcel Broodthaers comes to mind, and beyond his use of actual eggshells, his Musee d'Art Moderne, Departement des Aigles. If you've got eagles, you've got eagle eggs. There's reputedly a Japanese dish named something that translates to "Parent and Child." It contains both chicken and eggs, and although I've never seen a Lucy McKenzie painting featuring a chicken with an egg in its clutch, I think it might be incubating in Lucy. I once commissioned a boyfriend to make an addition to the Musee d'Art Moderne, Departement des Aigles. I'm still waiting. He claims to be still thinking about it.

K JYOTI MATAR PANE
(CANNED INDIAN FOOD)

This seems to be a foodstuff central to the diets of today's young artists. While in geographically imposed culinary isolation this summer, a painter friend

and I established that we both found the Jyoti canned Indian food to be of superior quality, for canned food. He found it at a local bodega, and In Philly it came from Essene, a health-food store. Two days ago, while picking through a sculptor friend's refrigerator, I came across an open can bearing the Jyoti label.

L FINN CRISPS
(FINNISH CRACKERS)

If you visit Helsinki, and you're reading this magazine of free will, you'll most likely visit Kiasma, the contemporary art museum. If you're like thousands who visited before you, upon exiting, you'll take off your glove, unzip your coat, and remove your museum-issued "K" sticker from your breast, then place it on the thickly-stickered post outside the museum. You might also decide not to participate, either to maintain your body's temperature, or to collect the sticker. You can also order beer in three strengths, when you're done, and visit the world's northernmost McDonald's, in Rovaneimi, sixteen hours north by train.

M PRODUCE
(LEMONS)

Paul Cezanne, you had your Fils, and Madame Cezanne, ever unhappy, but your family has expanded! Lots of people love you, love you, love you: they travel to Chicago to view your sketchbooks, they reserve months ahead of time at the Barnes Foundation and pay for parking, they write songs about you and Paul Gauguin, but use him only because Gauguin rhymes slightly

better with Lausanne, hey: that's how much people love you. I'll bet if you Lazarus-ed on us, you'd want to buy a car, and it would be a 1989 Honda CRX with its front wheel well reconstructed in corrugated cardboard and duct tape. Everyone would still be nuts for you.

N BONES
 (NOT PURCHASED)

Charles LeDray, Charles LeDray, where'd you get your human bones? Was any dust produced as you made your sculptures? Did you wear a facemask? If you were to breathe in human bone dust, would you be cannibalizing someone's body? You're one of the best sculptors we have, I guess it can't be a cakewalk all of the time.

O NSTL MLK CHOC
 (SWISS CHOCOLATE)

Dessert could also be the boys of Vienna's Gelatin! Cooking and swimming and bathing and shooting folk into PET bottles, all because collective effort makes it possible!

P DAIRY
 (KEFIR)

There's a brand of Kefir in Berlin called Kalinka Kefir, and on the 500ml container, it explains Kefir as the legendary drink of centenarians. I believe that Louise Bourgeois is ninety-one, but I don't know whether or not she drinks Kefir. She reminds me of Edna St. Vincent Millay, and her poem "Pretty Love, I must Outlive You," which ends: "Knowing well I must outlive you, If no trap or shot-gun gets me."

Louise is in charge of the traps and shot-guns, it seems.

S PRODUCE
 (I WISH BLOOD ORANGES HAD
 BEEN IN SEASON)

Remember when Adorno was psyched on art because he felt it makes models for possible society, and alternatives to the totalitarian culture industry? And how concepts can't convey alternatives because they don't act as models, but instead as totalizing forces that purport to be identical to reality? And how the aesthetic idea can't be reduced to analysis, but instead exists always in its own body, that which can't be conceptualized? And these models should be models of resistance, and the artist's job, while in this crushingly myopic puddle of apparent choices and preferences, is to politicize their own genius and bring to form something hadn't been suggested before? That our production has to be the defense against cultural implosion? Has it collapsed? Bloody oranges, only in winter.