



Adriana Gallo, "The Supermarket Sublime" (Exc.), *Mold* (19 Jan 2024)

The abundant sensibility of the supermarket is a calculated representation of economic, technological, and agricultural excess. The American Supermarket format is aesthetically devoted to the controlled representation of the latest agricultural technology while utilizing increasingly distant and degraded references to an all but completely fabricated pastoral American history. Identical fruit is displayed piled in wooden crates or bins while dairy and egg packaging features images of barns and pastures that no chicken or cow involved has ever seen or set foot (or hoof) in. Meandering through the spiral maze of the market, you might arrive at the “butcher”, styled as its own discrete shop to pick up pre-packaged ground beef (ground in-house if you’re lucky). This miniature village market format intends to soften the uniformity of the Supermarket, with a preference to be seen as analogous to an older style of shopping, just elevated with all the trappings of modernity. In actuality, the Supermarket is a place of almost complete surveillance and documentation of customer behavior in service of the design of future and increasingly modern marketplaces. The Supermarket becomes a space that trades in various forms of obfuscation, in which invisibilized systems of agriculture and labor coexist with the hidden systems of supply chains and consumer surveillance. In essence, a sublime space of encounter between individual humans and an infinite number of species and sorts of technologies.

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Audre Lorde, "Keyfood", *The Selected Works of Audre Lorde* (2020)

In the Keyfood Market on Broadway
a woman waits
by the window
daily and patient
the comings and goings of buyers
neatly labeled old
like yesterday’s bread



her restless experienced eyes
weigh fears like grapefruit
testing for ripeness.

Once in the market
she was more
comfortable than wealthy
more black than white
more proper than friendly
more rushed than alone
all her powers defined her
like a carefully kneaded loaf
rising and restrained
working and making love
behind secret eyes.

Once she was all
the sums of her knowing
counting on her to sustain them
once she was more
somebody else's mother than mine
now she weighs faces
as once she weighed grapefruit.

Waiting
she does not count her change
Her lovely eyes measure
all who enter the market
are they new
are they old
enough
can they buy each other?