

The packaging at the market was different too. Not a lot of canned or boxed goods. Most items were in bags so that you could shake them and listen to their contents. **Feel 'em up a little** to see if they meet your standards. **Touch it listen**

to it, or spy on it through a glass jar.

Who knows what's hidden in that tin can or cardboard box.

I heard a story once about a mouse in a

Too many preservatives aren't good for us (or for architecture), but it's not about Spam versus smoked salmon. Architecture won't alter our grocery list. We eat what we like. We eat what is on sale. But the architecture can change our relationship to the food we eat. Through the way we shop. The way we orient ourselves and locate the food. The way it is classified and categorized. The way it is shelved. The way it is stored. The way it is presented. What is our role in this production? To consider the condition of the food- its past, present, and future state. Make me recognize the endless assortment of goodies

that await consumption. Remind me where they came from (Idaho? A warehouse in Baltimore?). A lot of effort went into getting me my Cheetos. I should appreciate that, but I am desensitized (Hey Mom, where do the Dorito trees grow?). When do the shipments arrive? How many times a day? Where is the surplus stored? What happens to the rotten peaches? How many workers does it take to...? There's more to it than scanning and bagging. Don't conceal it. Revel in it. It becomes part of the event.

Who knows what's hidden in that tin can or cardboard box.

can of frozen orange juice concentrate.

I think of it every time.

I bet they wouldn't have bought that can if they knew what was inside

SECTION C.C

