

INDULGENCE

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# FEAST

*I distinctly  
remember my  
friend*

*making a  
blancmange*

with the sole intention  
of smearing it all over  
a girl he was after.

*We  
took it  
with us  
on a picnic  
to  
Hyde Park.*

**FEAST is a series of three publications presenting contemporary visual art and film works that explore our relationship with food as a social event, a marker of identity, a product of history and a commodity for trade. The publication combines articles on contemporary arts practices with recipes, film histories and literary narratives in an eclectic mix that serves to explore, highlight and question the varied roles food holds within our everyday.**

FEAST is an initiative by curator and researcher Laura Mansfield. The first edition of FEAST takes the theme of indulgence—over eating, sweet and sticky deserts, images of glistening food products and the tempting fast food of American movies are explored in a series of texts by Cathy Lomax, Jenny Lawson, and Peter Harrison. Uniting each text is a reference to film, from Robert de Niro’s weight gain for Raging Bull to the infamous Royal with Cheese conversation in Pulp Fiction and the sexual games with raw food stuffs in Bitter Moon and Tampopo. Alongside the written contributions artist’s works are featured that allude to indulgence through both saccharine and gluttonous ingredients, fetishised banquets and the materiality of food’s varying forms.

Throughout all the contributions associations of vivid and playful colour resonate for the reader informing the texts with their own memories of cooking, eating and encountering the mentioned ingredients. In conjunction with this first edition the Feast team are working on staging a series of food focused events. To stay updated on our forthcoming activities please visit the project blog at [www.feastjournal.tumblr.com](http://www.feastjournal.tumblr.com)

The Painter

8

The Last Dream of  
François Mitterrand

7

Make Your Own  
Gluttony Jelly



Chocolate and Beetroot  
Brownie Recipe



The Short Reign of the  
Gelated Dessert (part II)



Colonna and Smalls



Arno Maasdorp

8

Reality Bites  
into the Movies

8

Escoffier



Sexy Food



A Taste of Honey in  
Nougat Ice Cream



Contributors



Cover quote:

Robert Shadbolt, Illustrator

# THE PAINTER

PETER HARRISON

**The first week was wonderful. Robert De Niro travelled from the airport to the city, checked into a hotel and went down for dinner. He ordered two soups, two fish, meatballs and a steak. He drank two glasses of white wine, and three red. He ordered chocolate ice cream. That night, naked on the bed, he called down to room service for digestive pills. He dreamt back to running nights on Hester and Mulberry. Bobby Milk. He woke for breakfast, piled cheeses and meats onto his plate then walked into the city. He bought an ice cream. This, he thought, I can eat always. Mussels for lunch, steak for supper. That night he stood naked in his room, studying his reflection in the window, overlooking Paris, smoothing his hand over his toned abdominal muscles. Four months, he thought. I'll go to the coast, pace my meals, think nothing but food.**

The boxer had always struggled with making the weight. It matters, down to the ounces you take on in the weeks leading up to a fight. It matters, in front of that crowd and cameras and commentators, that moment you step on the scales. This is why he wanted the role, why he

chased down screenwriters and producers, bugged the director for years. The transformation.

He travelled by hired car down towards the Riviera. He stopped at village inns, ate fish and stew. Every meal was large. He filled the glove compartment with sweets. His belt size grew. By now it was feeling like work, a job to do. Each meal was followed by a bout of indigestion, which calmed just in time for the next meal. At night he lay naked on cotton sheets, listening to cars occasionally passing by outside, his hand on his belly. He drove into Saint Tropez, ate cheese fondue. He crossed into northern Italy, saying goodbye to France with calf's sweetbread and a bottle of port. He dived into pasta, meatballs, beef and veal stew, sausages, chicken, lamb, pork, fish. After a month he'd gained a stone. More, more, he thought. He bought trays of tiramisu, stowed one in the bedside draw, ate spoonfuls first thing in the morning. The alcohol tasted odd at that time of day. He burped loudly into his fist. Every morning he struggled on the toilet for twenty minutes, forcing out huge black turds. He thought back to a time swimming in the Bronx pool, a kid puking into the water. At least ten other kids saw him and reacted in kind. Puke fountains. He and his pals dashed for the side before the floating puke caught up with them. Heaving himself onto the lip of the pool, sunlight on his shoulders. Now he was able to take a man out in the

3

ring. He'd prepared for the role by fighting real guys, amateur boxers. He didn't tell the organizers he was an actor researching a role. This wasn't acting. He was becoming a boxer. He stepped through the ropes with a false name knowing he'd be hit. He'd taken the sting of a left hook, slept in an ice bath, walked on set with his face swollen. Now he was undergoing a new transformation, away from the boxer, towards an older, heavier man who had given up on life, had seen his wife and brother abandon him. He was becoming a train crash. Two stones in two months. Not enough.

## 'Hey Bobby Milk.'

With Jackie the Fool on the corner of Mulberry and Spring. Tony yelled from across the road. Every time he passes, the same fucking joke.

## 'Bobby, you look so pale. Like milk.'

He used to climb the fire exit up to his father's loft. Watched the old man paint. His father had a temper, was a hard man. Bobby saw him as a monk. Robert Senior lived an itinerant life, moving from loft to loft. He'd wake as dawn sunlight streamed through the shutterless windows. He'd make coffee on a stove, live his days in silence, spend hours with the texture of paint. He'd spent summers at a prestigious painting school on the coast, honing his tastes. Painting

during the day, cleaning fish at night to pay his way. Looking back from the restaurants of northern Italy, Bobby remembered two aspects of his childhood visits to his father's loft. The first was the smells; oil paints, turpentine, beans cooking on the stove, damp cardigans hanging from nails. The second was a postcard he saw once, taped onto the wall, of a painting by Giuseppe Arcimboldo. It was the face of a man made up of marrows, pears, garlic, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, peaches, grapes, sweetcorn, apples, courgettes, cherries, raspberries, plumbs, passion fruits, sprigs of parsley and bay leaves and stalks of barley. It was a familiar image, hung from more than one local restaurant. On the back his father had scrawled one sentence; Since childhood I have battled two contradictory feelings, the horror and the ecstasy of life.

He lay in bed, early morning. He reached out, splattered a glob of tiramisu on his belly. Come back changed, the director had told him, or we'll use prosthetics. I can do this, he'd said. Some of them understood the challenge, but they weren't convinced he could do it. The producer hated the idea. When in the history of movies has a film been shut down halfway through the shoot for the lead to go off to Europe and get fat? Bobby persuaded him. Everyone took a break, on full pay, until he returned. They shut down the entire movie and gave him four months. It was going okay. Three stones in three months. Now let's race to the end.

4

Growing up, his mother typed for Anaïs Nin, transcribing erotic fiction for 5 cents a page. Anaïs Nin posted stories to her collector, an anonymous millionaire in Texas. Rumour was he got rich off oil. His mother had painted, she was brilliant. But money was a problem. She started typing to pay the rent. If need be, his father could pack up his canvasses and slip down the fire exit, unseen by any bailiff. Not his mother, she wanted to do things right, for her son. Virginia Admiral. With a name like that no wonder the banks lent her money, enough to start up her own typing agency. Then later more, to buy property. They split when he was two years old, but always his parents loved each other. Both he and his mother most admired that same quality in his father, a quiet determination to disregard all other impulses and focus only on the canvas in front of him. It produced great paintings but it didn't feed a baby. She left, took Bobby with her, and carved out a way, leaving painting aside. His parents were always good to each other. She eventually bought him a loft he could stay in, rent free. When Bobby started making money in films, he made sure his father didn't have to worry about that side of things.

A month later, back in New York, he visited the film's producer. They'd known each other for over five years, but he walked in unrecognised, a broad smile on his face. Can I help you, he's asked. It's me.

Bobby. I did it. Five and a half stones in four months. There was so much more of him now. He moved differently, his limbs hurt, his stomach cramped. They used to look alike, father and son. Same name, same face. Now Bobby Jnr had elected to wreck his own body. His back hurt when he put on his trousers. His lungs were tight in his chest. He wheezed after walking a few feet. The fat spread around his belly, up to his chest, his arms and legs. His face was bloated, jowly. Belly so big he couldn't tuck his shirt in.

As a boy he hid inside his father's loft, brooding at the streets below. Now as an adult, walking through his old neighbourhood, nobody noticing him for the first time in years, he imagined buying a restaurant, placing his father's paintings on the walls. It'd be a place for the old man to sit, swirl a glass of red and admire his work.

## ARNO MAASDORP

Arno Maasdorp is a food designer, photographer and exquisite connoisseur. Hosting The Saltoun Supper Club from his Brixton flat twice weekly, he creates indulgent and imaginative feasts for his guests with such delights as smoked ham with caramelised pear, cauliflower and parmesan gnocchi with truffle oil, chocolate brownie with homemade peanut crackle and ice cream and perfectly ensembled petit fours.

The Saltoun Supper Club  
[www.eatwithyoureyes.net](http://www.eatwithyoureyes.net)  
Wednesday & Thursday  
19.30-12.00 Brixton, London  
£35.00 contribution BYO





## THE LAST DREAM OF FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND

JACOB CARTWRIGHT

Text by Mark Morton in the online publication Gastronomica.

When François Mitterrand, the former president of France, realized that he would soon die of prostate cancer, he engaged in a stupendous act of abliguration; that is, he squandered a small fortune on a lavish and bizarre meal for himself and thirty friends. The meal included oysters, foie gras, truffles and caviar, but the piece-de-resistance was roast ortolan, a tiny songbird that in France is illegal to consume. Traditionally, the two-ounce warbler is eaten whole, bones and all, while the diner leans forward over the table with a large napkin draped over his head. The napkin, according to food lore, serves two functions: it traps and concentrates the aroma of the petite dish, and it conceals the shameful exorbitance of the meal—the abliguration—from the eyes of God. In origin, the word “abliguration” derives from the Latin preposition ab, meaning “away,” and the verb ligurare, meaning, “to eat delicately.” Even further back, ligurare evolved from lingere, meaning, “to lick,” which is also connected to “cunnilingus” and “linguine.” As for the ortolan, the tasty object of Mitterrand’s abliguration, its name means “gardener” in Provençal, and it derives from the Latin hortus, meaning “garden.” This means that “ortolan” is related to words such as “horticulture” and “orchard.” The Indo-European ancestor of the Latin hortus was a word pronounced something like gher, meaning “enclosure,” which is also the source of “garden,” “yard,” “kindergarten,” and even “girdle”.

# REALITY BITES INTO THE MOVIES

CATHY LOMAX

September 2011

## Fast Food is put in the frame as a cultural marker.

Cinematic history is piled high with food. From gastronomic film pornographies devoted to highbrow eating, to paeans to the 1950s stuffed full of chrome and cheeseburgers. It is the lowbrow, day-to-day end of this spectrum, the throwaway appearance on the screen of the everyday and especially fast foods that I find really interesting. While the movies spin their dreamy escapism to their junk munching audience the low-key appearance of sinkers, Pop-Tarts and Quarter Pounders subtly define their times and quietly place a character without shouting out that THIS FILM IS ABOUT FOOD.

Because of its lowly status and the suggestion that it is very bad for you there is something thrilling about the appearance of junk/fast food on the screen. America is the ruling power of cinema and fast food; money spinning exports that are linked and intertwined throughout their young histories. Lana Turner one of the shining stars of Hollywood's golden era was even discovered

sipping a milk shake at the counter of Schwab's drug store (or was it a coke at the Top Hat café as an alternate history states). The temple of American fast food is of course the diner. In Britain we saw what they looked like and knew what was on the menu long before we visited our own homespun versions because we had seen Grease, American Graffiti and Happy Days. The Frosty Palace Malt Shop where Grease's Danny and Sandy have a difficult date sounds as exciting and exotic to me as the recently defunct Michelin starred temple to gastronomy El Bulli. Double Polar Burger, cherry soda with chocolate ice cream, Dog Sled Delight and even Eskimo Pie feature in Frosty's eclectic Arctic themed menu—wow. Director Quentin Tarantino takes 50s pastiche one step further as he critiques the contemporary fashion for reviving Americana in Pulp Fiction (1994). From the infamous discussion about what French McDonalds call a Quarter Pounder (the Royale of course) to the ultimate pop culture themed diner—Jack Rabbit Slims—where Vincent (John Travolta) orders a 'bloody as hell', Douglas Sirk steak and Mia (Uma Thurman) has the Durwood Kirby burger and a five dollar shake. Tarantino delights in the nuances of America's 'great' cultural heritage whilst at the same time lampooning its shallowness.

During the great depression of the 1930s and 40s food became an ultimate object of desire. Sullivan's Travels (1941) features Veronica Lake's

hungry 'tramp' staring longingly at a pile of sinkers (doughnuts) at a simple lunch stand before cramming one into her mouth. Another Preston Sturges scripted film, Easy Living (1937), places food alongside fur and jewellery as dreamed of luxuries. After being given a fur coat our hungry heroine spends her last few coins on a coffee in a futuristic automat. Unable even to manage a dime to spring one of the glass fronted food-containing windows, one of the staff takes a shine to her and surreptitiously opens the 'beef pie' window. This leads to a comedy confrontation, a lever is fallen on and all the glass slots snap open; 'food, food, all free food' shouts an over excited diner—anarchy ensues. To an audience struggling though the end of the depression free food was a high pitched fantasy.

The 1990s small wave of Generation X / slacker films, featured food that was every bit as unfocused as the young protagonists. Reality Bites (1994) directed by Ben Stiller, stars Winona Rider as a recent high school graduate living away from home for the first time. Her main source of income is her gas card—a parent funded credit card that can only be used at gas stations. Short of money she starts to buy all her groceries, Pringles, Coca-Cola, cling-film wrapped sandwiches, at the gas station and consequently lives on a diet of the kind of trashy food that satisfies an immediate hunger but soon makes you feel really sick. 'The empty calories of modern culture' as the

Gastronomica website so succinctly puts it. As the young stars lie around this empty food perfectly mirrors the nothingness of their lives.

The very successful teen vampire film franchise, The Twilight Saga, is based on a series of books by Mormon mum Stephenie Mayer. The series is full of food and abstinence (big subjects for the mainly female audience) with her vampires not only refraining from eating normal food but also eschewing human blood in favour of the animal variety. Bella, the human heroine, emphasises their difference by spending a lot of her time cooking very down to earth dishes such as baked potatoes, grilled cheese sandwiches and chicken enchiladas all of which are described by Meyer in great detail. At one point (in one of my favourite ever cultural food references) Bella even puts a couple of Pop-Tarts in the toaster. In the first film of the series, Twilight (2008) directed by Catherine Hardwicke, the vampires, who have long forgotten how to, are seen cooking Italian along with a TV chef in order to produce a meal for Bella. A nice parallel with a generation of urban Americans who have forgotten how to cook as take-out and eat-out food is so easily and cheaply available.

Everyday lowest common denominator food is really important for its absolute ordinariness, its zeitgeist-y, transient quality describes a time like nothing else and its appearance on the screen sets this transience, creating a permanent

memory record. The photographer William Eggleston who often photographs food was once asked what it said to him. A man of few words he replied, 'I've never really thought about it', he paused and added 'food does exist, sort of like cars exist'.

**Cathy Lomax, 13.09.11**

She waited for the window to open,  
2011, oil on paper, 23x30.5cm

**Cathy Lomax, 16.01.11**

She bought food at the gas station,  
2011, oil on paper, 23x30.5cm

**From Film Diary series** – a visual diary of all the films Cathy Lomax has watched wherein she selects one image from each to make into a small, rapidly executed painting, providing a record of what it was that drew her in and kept her rapt.



# MAKE YOUR OWN GLUTTONY JELLY

NICHOLAS POPE, 2010

## Equipment needed

Microwave

Empty refrigerator

Spirit level

† For display and longer life use undiluted jelly. Dilute to taste for eating although constructing the Gluttony Jelly Stack becomes increasingly more difficult and its lifespan shorter the more diluted and palatable you make the jellies.

## Shopping List

15 Raspberry, 30 Lemon, 30 Orange & 20 Lime 135 ml jelly packs (for undiluted jelly stack) †

Clear gelatine—small pack

2 litre plastic measuring jug

4 identical shaped plastic bowls  
100 x 50, 190 x 70, 210 x 80 & 230 x 90  
mm (diameter x depth)

1 oval glass bowl 250 x 190 x 60 mm  
(length x width x depth)

240 mm diameter heavy plate with  
curved lip

Wooden spatula

9mm retractable 'snap off' cutter knife

Pastry brush

Cling film

## Making the Glutton flop

Fill oval bowl to 30mm below top with Lime jelly allow to set. Release and flip over the 'flop', then immerse bowl in hot water again to melt the flat top edge, now on the bottom, to match the rounded bottom edge, now on the top.

When set cut, out the centre 'star burst' section of the jelly with the 9mm snap off cutter knife, remove and replace with Orange jelly. Cut the star burst from the Lemon flop as shown in the coloured Gluttony drawing—cut out the Orange section shown in the drawing.

Do this by returning the flop to the oval bowl, with the best cut out profile to the base of the bowl.

Chill well, then initially fill only 5mm deep with Orange jelly, when set fill the cut out section to flush with the Lime jelly. When set, release and turn out onto cling film.

## Making the Gluttons

Fill 100mm bowl to 5mm with Raspberry jelly, When set cut Gluttons to between 3mm and 5mm high to match shapes below—cutting slightly larger and not too precisely. Gluttons show below as in the Gluttony drawing anticlockwise from top left—make to fit 'flop'.

Wrap each glutton in a cling film sack, with the Glutton in the centre with all remaining cling film twisted into a tail. Immerse the Gluttons in hot water ensuring no water leaks into the wrap, when the outer edges are melting, massage the Gluttons to smooth the shapes like the drawing.

Chill to set trying to stand each Glutton on a its base. When set, unwrap, trim the base and glue in the correct positions on top of the Glutton flop with concentrated clear gelatine solution, glazing and gluing each Glutton with more gelatine when in the correct position. Chill to set. Glue as shown in the six Raspberry Glutton shapes in the Gluttony coloured drawing. Finally 'glue' the completed Glutton flop with Orange jelly to the bombe stack

At all construction stages jelly dribbles and slurps are good and increase stability.

Finally chill the Gluttons stack and whenever the stack becomes unstable return to the fridge.





**'Gluttons, plated on a stack of lime, orange, lemon and raspberry jelly bombe'. 2010.**  
33cm (high) x 25cm (diameter).



**Gluttony 2010**  
Watercolour, felt-tip pen, pastel and biro. 420mm x 590mm.

## ESCOFFIER

*Colour meant  
so much to Escoffier,*

and a memory arises  
of a feast  
at the Carlton

*for which the table decorations  
were white and pink roses,  
with silvery leaves*

– the background for a dinner  
all white and pink,

Borscht  
striking the deepest note,  
Filets de poulet à la Paprika  
coming next,

*and the Agneau  
de lait  
forming the high note.*

Georges Auguste Escoffier was a French chef, restaurateur and culinary writer. Popularly referred to by the press as roi des cuisiniers et cuisinier des rois “king of chefs and chef of kings” he modernised traditional French cuisine. One of his most famous recipes the Peach Melba is considered by many food critics to be an example of culinary perfection.

The Times, 16 February 1935, p. 17



# A RECIPE FOR A MOST INDULGENT CHOCOLATE AND BEETROOT BROWNIE

## **A recipe for a most indulgent chocolate and beetroot brownie from Katie and Kim's Kitchen.**

Katie and Kim's Kitchen is a collaboration between two art school friends. For several months throughout 2010 they hosted a regular supper club in their Bristol home, quickly establishing themselves as an exciting new addition to the city's secret supper club scene. Creating an ambitious and varied menu to a full house each month, their pop-up restaurant was a sell-out success and in recent months the duo have moved on to develop a daily café where they prepare and produce everything from scratch from their converted horsebox kitchen.

[www.katieandkimskitchen.blogspot.com](http://www.katieandkimskitchen.blogspot.com)  
15-19 Stokes Croft, Bristol. BS2 8SR  
Open Monday to Friday 8am-5pm

1. Boil 1 large beetroot until soft and then blend it.
2. Whisk 2 large eggs and 8oz of sugar (soft brown) together till creamy.
3. Melt 2oz butter and add to mix with tsp vanilla.
4. Beat together and add beetroot (making sure it has cooled down.
5. Sieve 2oz plain flour and 3 tbsp of cocoa, 1/2 tsp baking powder and 1 tsp of salt (the crystallly stuff).
6. Fold together.
7. Roast 100g of almonds until crunchy and then roughly chop... Add to mixture.
8. Bake in oven at 180 for 10 to 15 minutes. Turn oven off and leave in the oven for another 10 minutes.
9. Let cool.
10. Heat a cup of double cream before boiling pour over 100g of chocolate.
11. Let stand for a couple of minutes then stir until you get a glossy chocolate sauce let thicken slightly by letting it cool down and then Ice your Brownie.





## SEXY FOOD

JENNY LAWSON, 2011

**Sitting watching TV, I am presented with images of desirable, almost sexy food.**

Marks & Spencer adverts remind me of the fashionability and luxurious exclusivity of food, (which is at the same time paradoxically, very readily available). Their flirtatious dishes leap out of the screen, and I am invited into a fantasy world of sensory and sexual promise by the husky, breathy, slow-speaking and suggestive female voice. And it's not just TV advertisements, this food pornography is omnipresent in cooking programmes, celebrity chef documentaries and films; in magazines, newspapers and cookery books; and on the street, the market stall, the delicatessen and the food festival. Food is ready and waiting wherever I look, dressed to impress in an overtly fetching pose: I am seduced, I succumb and eagerly devour.

This sexy food draws a parallel with the imaging of the sexy body—the female body decorated and alluring, on display for the viewer. The conflation between food, women and sex has become almost commonplace. The commodification of both food and women produces a

symbiotic relationship between the biological desire to consume food and the physical and psychological desire to consume women. Similar to pornography, in which sensory, haptic perception is laced into the visual contract between the looker and the looked at, as a consumer, I am teased and enticed by the many seductive, sumptuous images of food on offer.

Through watching and consuming images of food and women, I am invited to participate in a multitude of pleasures. I longingly lick my lips as I feast my eyes on a beautiful array of glistening food products, which I can almost taste at the back of my mouth. But I also recognise the woman in the picture, I've seen her before in World movies, on billboards, in music halls and theatres, on TV and in films and countless advertisements in glossy magazines; her familiar coquettish glance speaks of a complex history and cultural desire for all she represents—the desire to be desired. I've watched her—from a distance—caught in a moment of constructed surreptitious indulgence. She is sweet, sugary, delicious and refreshing, like the Coca-Cola she drinks, and she melts along with the ice cream she eats, lost in her own 'magnum moment'. Although she knows I'm watching, she pretends that she doesn't know that I know that she knows that I'm watching. She appears to me, 'as if' alone. She eats. I see. And in seeing I also eat,



feeding my hunger and my own insatiable desire.

Whereas images of women are used to sell numerous products through the metaphor of sex, the entanglement between women and food tells a particular narrative of both women's association with food, through the domestic and the bodily, and women's treatment as food, in consumer culture. This entanglement between food, women, sex and desire is demonstrated through common linguistic and visual metaphor: colloquially, women have been, and continue to be, referred to as sweet foods: cupcake, cherry pie, honey, muffin, sugar plum, pumpkin (to name a few); and well-known phrases such as sugar and spice and all things nice and good enough to eat, which metaphorically position the female body as food and align the act of eating with sex. This conflation is further echoed in visual culture through iconic depictions of show girls jumping out of cakes; lone women seductively eating 'sinful' food products, such as the iconic Flake Girl sitting in an overflowing bath eating an unmistakably phallic chocolate bar; and the fantasy image of the erotic yet nurturing housewife.

Within film we are presented with numerous examples of food being used to heighten a sexual encounter, by depicting an erotic sharing, licking or eating. In Tampopo, a couple enter into a playful yet sexually charged experimental game of passing a raw egg

yolk between their mouths until it bursts out of the woman's mouth. The male figure initiates the encounter, with the yolk coming first from his mouth, penetrating the female mouth back and forth until the female is left marked with the residue—an echoing of the classic ejaculation shot. Although potentially dangerous given the cultural health threats surrounding consumption of raw eggs, the egg yolk is not abjected; rather it becomes a symbol of (masculinised) erotic pleasure. A similar sequence occurs in Bitter Moon, in which the heroine Mimi, wearing a gaping dressing gown, drips creamy milk out of her mouth and down her naked breasts whilst sitting at the breakfast table. Her partner Oscar proceeds to lick the milk from her chest before she performs oral sex on him, culminating in the suggestive popping up of two slices of toast from the toaster.

Underpinning these bold instances of food-porn is the obvious disruption to domestic order; the sexual encounter in Bitter Moon takes place in the kitchen over the breakfast table and interrupts the orderly, clean and civilized behaviour commonly adhered to during meal times.

Milk and eggs, two staple foods associated with mothering and feeding practices, are sexualised onscreen and incongruously evoke bodily fluids. In both instances the foods mark the female body either as a symbol of male (and





by association female) pleasure, or as an expulsion from the female body out of her mouth (an already erotic body part).

Furthermore, this disruption to domestic order makes a sensual and provocative game out of playing with our food, and invites us to appreciate the other physical pleasures available through food—touch, smell and sight. The sensory pleasure available and induced by food is celebrated by television cook Nigella Lawson, who constructs her media persona through the trope of sexual desire. Nigella adopts a flirtatious cooking style, vocally delighting in the touch, taste, sight and smell of her ingredients. She gets messy, she is greedy, she never deprives herself, and she breaks the rules, ultimately playing at being the paradoxical sexy housewife.

This pornography of food, makes way for new sensory pleasures and practices, and traverses boundaries pertaining to the internal and external body and public/private domestic sites; in doing so it produces and perpetuates the objectification and sexualisation of women as being the ‘instant’, ‘ready meals’ of popular culture—Stir and serve.



## THE SHORT REIGN OF THE GELATED DESSERT (PART II)

MARIE TOSELAND , 2011



The plump, milky dessert slumps from the mould with a sigh. A dribble of the warm liquid which greased its retreat follows it from the orifice, flows down its sides and onto the platter. It sways tensely for several seconds, moving with an economy of gestures.

As soon as it has slithered from the confines of the cast, the bloated mass begins to wither. Commencing its slow demise, it collapses as a lung gradually exhaling a held breath. It lies limply on the salver, its sides spreading as it sinks; the elongated curve of its mound vulnerable and exposed.

**Marie Toseland Image – Mass I, 2011.**

Gouache on paper



# A TASTE OF HONEY IN NOUGAT ICE CREAM

**From The Alice B Toklas Cookbook first published 1954. My copy of The Alice B Cookbook is a Folio Society edition hardback with silver and black fish illustrations on the cover and end pages. Drawn from the chapter Dishes for Artists, do you fancy Bass for Picasso, or Oeufs Francis Picabia? A Taste of Honey in Nougat Ice Cream promises to be a sweet and syrupy desert.**

Alice B Toklas was the lover of writer and art collector Gertrude Stein. They met in Paris in 1903 and soon after collaborated to set up the famous Paris Modernist Salon's of 1906 where artists, and expatriate writers sat amongst the art collection at 27 Rue de Fluers—a crucial social catalyst in Modern Art.

Alice remained an important figure in the background until Gertrude wrote The Autobiography of Alice B Toklas written in the guise of Alice in a reinvention of the autobiographical text. For a while now I have been reading around Gertrude Stein, interested in the fascinating nature of such a character, the cross over realms of her involvement in art and literature and

how her biography is disseminated through history.

Of all the numerous rolls of Alice too in Gertrude's life (companion, confidante, lover, muse, editor, critic) one of the most important was to be the cook.

“There was nothing demeaning in her apparent servitude. She was the power behind the throne, the uncompromising promoter of Gertrude's talent and the manager of both of their lives”

The Alice B Cookbook records something of the time they spent together and the ritual of their daily life. Recipes were collected from friends as well as her own and these are interlaced with the recollections of meals shared between Alice, Gertrude & Company, So it's not only the strange antiquated concoctions that make good reading, it's the biographical snippets in between, where, when and who were they with when they ate these bites. It represents a bygone era of indulgence: An Upper Class existence, one of expatriate excess but also an enforced restraint due to the First World War and the German occupation. There is a nod in the introduction to the darker personal times that Alice B fell upon after her great love died. There is no doubt that this was written as a money making exercise. Gertrude had dismissed it in her lifetime, and the author wrote it in bad health with Jaundice.

“Partly, I suppose, it was written as escape from the narrow diet and

monotony of illness, and I daresay nostalgia for old days and old ways for remembered health and enjoyment lent special lustre to dishes and menus bared from an invalid table, but hover dream-like in invalid memory.”

We also have Toklas to thank for first mention of Hashish Fudge. There is an urban myth that the word Toke has its origins in Toklas. Proof in the pudding Now for the test—to make a real treat in the spirit of the Cookbook and on the occasion of the first issue of FEAST.

It seems that for a lot of the recipes, a gathering of people is required, or some sort of party. I am tempted by Scheherezade's Melon, however it requires high summer for fruit and sunny outdoor celebration, not to mention the procurement of obscure liquors. Consideration is required for ingredients within budget and proximity. Reading through the Treasures chapter, anticipated tasting delight jumps out from the following description. “An excellent ice cream is made with honey instead of sugar.” So Nougat ice cream is chosen. It appears to be suitably decadent, but the cooking process delicate. Perfect, you can't go wrong with ice cream; everybody loves ice cream, We All Scream For Ice Cream!

I decide upon the team my friend Claire and her son Freddie. Claire has a great kitchen and does a lot of baking; she knows about mixing. She also has a good freezer, which I don't have. Churning ice cream by hand is quite a process. We have to

be sensitive. Creams and egg heated, whisked, and nuts chopped honey mixed. It takes us hours. Freddie is impatient and reaches for a Cornetto from the freezer.

We wait a few days until Sunday Lunch brings us back together with some other guests. It's far too rich for most of the table—Claire doesn't like it, it's too much for her, but still she's impressed with the consistency. It's certainly acquired with its avant-garde aromas and Orange Blossom Flower pungency from the honey—and that's exactly why I like it. It's early twentieth century, syrupy, orange flavoured, rich, honeyed. Creamy, buttery, nutty—just what I imagined it to taste like when I first read the recipe. For me it works, perhaps if anything, as a proof of the reading in the pudding.

At least one of the guests is enthusiastic. “It's better than anything you can buy”. She goes on to suggest adaptations, and is beginning to notice the small oversight we made substituting Argentinean Brandy for Orange Flower Water. Perhaps we are so used to the artificial richness of contemporary luxury ice cream we wouldn't know how to spot something authentically modern.



# COLONNA AND SMALLS

LUCY DRANE

Colonna and Smalls is an extraordinary espresso room. Co-founded by Maxwell and Lesley Colonna-Dashwood, this specialist coffee shop opened its doors in 2010 in a small unit in a back street in Bath and within months had established itself as a unique alternative to the mass of high street chains. Considering coffee as comparatively complex as wine, Maxwell and Lesley's knowledge and expertise has been developed from their years training in the Melbourne coffee scene. Brought to the South West their approach is redefining what coffee can be for their local customers. Their recent expansion to an impressive new space on Chapel Row in Bath incorporates a coffee school downstairs, putting refined taste, barista skill and knowledge at the centre of their business. Lucy Drane meets the couple to talk about how they developed their approach.



## What were your initial aims and intentions for Colonna and Smalls?

Simple. Serve a changing of high quality speciality coffees to the people of Bath with excellent service in a nice environment.

## And how might these intentions have been contradictory to what the general public expects from a coffee shop?

The flavour of a cup of coffee does not seem to be the main driving force for much of its consumption in the UK. Coffee shops use the beverage as a mechanism to have a social interaction, or read a paper or do some e-mailing. We wanted to put the focus squarely on amazing possibilities of coffee from a tasting perspective. People were not used to someone guiding them in their coffee drinking, previously it's been all about customer choice—tall, grande, skinny, sugar, cinnamon, whereas this is more about an artisan product served with a lot of passion and understanding.

## How does being situated outside of London influence your audience and response from your peers?

There are pros and cons. There was a lot of legwork to establish ourselves and our approach with no real peer group. But it has also allowed us to develop a unique shop and experience. We feel quite free here to pursue

ways of doing things that are different. It's really become something very special that we are proud of and Bath has turned out to be the perfect ground upon which to serve speciality coffee

## Can you explain a little about what you wanted to bring from the expansion of the shop and why this was an important step in your development?

The expansion was all about implementing and developing on what we had learnt from running the smaller shop. We realised that we need to guide the customer more; we had to manage expectation. People were walking into our shop thinking it was "just a coffee shop" and being confronted with a specialist approach. The new store communicates much more about our intention and angle with the coffee. There is much more education, with menus that explain why sugar may unbalance the cup and how the freshly brewed filters are closer to a fruit tea than a "traditional" smokey, earthy bitter coffee and thus will not work with milk. This approach benefits both the customers, ourselves and the coffees.

They understand what to expect. The coffee can be appreciated for what it is and ourselves and our staff don't feel misrepresented or misunderstood. Basically if you are going to do it differently, do it very differently to avoid confusion.



To further the coffee experience and after popular demand we will be opening a coffee school downstairs and holding tasting sessions where people can expand upon the interest generated in the shop.

**Can you tell us about the Independent Roasters and Coffee shops that have been most influential and why?**

The whole industry influences us a lot, with many inspirational people, challenging and developing the way things are being done. I think its new territory in many ways, serving coffee in the way wine or would be served, appreciated on its own merits, and there's much to be learned from those industries and how they have changed. More and more people are taking coffee seriously. It's a relatively small industry with very creative conversations and projects happening. It's a great time to be involved.

**Which roasters do you use?**

We use several roasters, making the most of their expertise and the variety they can offer us and the customers. All the coffee is directly traded ensuring a better price for the farmer and a better quality in the cup. Coffee is difficult as you cant bottle it like wine, its perishable, needs to be freshly roasted and consumed in a relatively short period, with the baristas reacting to it constantly to get the best out of it.

It's also seasonal with different countries cropping at different times. At the moment we have a lot of coffees from Kenya and El-Salvador. Blending a lot of coffees together can yield consistency but whilst sacrificing the character of each coffee, so we embrace this change.

**What have your biggest challenges been and continue to be?**

Challenging people's expectations can be very difficult but ultimately very rewarding. We are always assessing our approach to service and trying to understand how it can evolve to searching for that perfect situation where all is clear and everyone is happy.

[www.colonnaandsmalls.co.uk](http://www.colonnaandsmalls.co.uk)  
6 Chapel Row, Bath, BA1 1HN  
Monday–Friday: 8.00–17.30  
Saturday: 8.30–17.30  
Sunday: 10.00–16.00



## CONTRIBUTORS

**Jacob Cartwright** is an artist represented by Bureau, Manchester. His individual approach to imagery forces incongruous connections between things, employing references and found imagery from a range of personal, historical and encyclopaedic sources. He paints on shaped boards, meticulously scaled up from small, casually drawn forms to create the sensation of a shifting ground—undermining formal regularity in favour of ambiguity.

Since 2004 Cartwright has collaborated with fellow artist Nick Jordan. Through collaboration, Cartwright & Jordan combine a range of cultural and natural themes, illuminating the peculiarities and contrasts with our everyday realities. They recently published *Alien Invaders* (Book Works), which takes the form of a guidebook to non-native invasive species found in Britain, and completed a trilogy of films centered on the writings of 19th century artist, ornithologist and frontiersman John James Audubon, filmed along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Between 2007 & 2008 Cartwright & Jordan were artist research fellows at The Manchester Museum, with subjects ranging from the extinct North American passenger pigeon to the

emblematic native British oak tree. Cartwright & Jordan have recently had the solo exhibition *Cairo* at Cornerhouse Manchester (2010) as well as exhibiting in Documenta, Madrid, Darwin's Eye, Institut National d'Histoire de l'Art (INHA), Paris; Art Futures, Bloomberg Space, London and The 55th BFI London Film Festival. They are currently working on a feature documentary *Between Two Rivers*, due for release in early 2012. [www.betweentworivers.net](http://www.betweentworivers.net)

**Lucy Drane**, a freelancer currently based in Bristol. At present, she works as gallery co-ordinator for WORKS|PROJECTS, the South West's leading commercial gallery. She also co-ordinates the programme and membership of the Spike Island Associates Programme, a network of around 100 artists, writers, curators and cultural producers. Of her independent work, her portfolio includes a number of key collaborative projects. *Central-Reservation*, a four-month project space and programme of exhibitions ran from March to July 2010. As one of three co-founders, she delivered the once monthly market *Checkout*, a platform for artists and designers. Lucy also enjoys an avid love for good coffee, hunting down those lesser-known independent coffee shops, keen to reveal the excellent alternatives to high street chains.



**Peter Harrison's** practice is centered upon exploring place and social ecologies through performance, writing and teaching. He is a founding member of arts collective Propeller, who conduct continuous research into perception, orientation and ecology. Propeller's first book, *Five Rooms*, was published by ACTS OF LANGUAGE in September 2009. Peter is a long-term collaborator with PLATFORM, a pioneering arts and social justice organization. Peter is one of four co-creators of The Light Switch Project, an attempt to discover everything that happens when a light is switched on. In April 2011 BBC Radio 4 broadcast edited highlights of interviews with a range of experts—search 'Light Switch Project' in BBC iPlayer to listen. Peter is currently writing his first novel.

**Jenny Lawson** is a performance maker, researcher and Teaching Fellow in Theatre and Performance at the University of Leeds. She makes solo and collaborative work for theatre studios, galleries and site-specific contexts. Her research interests include food, autobiography, femininity, domesticity, contemporary performance practice and popular culture. Her recent practice-led research PhD titled 'Playing with the Domestic Goddess: Performance Interventions into Contemporary Food Culture', investigated how performance practice can intervene in popular cul-

ural performances of food. Her research has involved ethnographic explorations of contemporary food practices and her performance work has engaged in a variety of food sites and phenomena such as the kitchen, restaurants, food festivals, cookery classes, television chefs and food media. Her recent performance works include *A Little Drama Over Dinner* (2009), *If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake* (2009) and *Good Enough to Eat* (2010).

**Cathy Lomax** is an artist, curator and director of Transition Gallery, London. Transition is an independent and innovative gallery and publisher founded by Lomax in October 2002. The gallery shows work by both emerging and established contemporary artists as well as producing publications, periodicals, and editions that extend the gallery's work. Transition Editions currently publishes two magazines—Arty, an idiosyncratic publication featuring artwork and thoughts by a group of invited contributors and Garageland a glossy art and culture publication which examines pertinent art themes such as beauty, machismo or nature.

Since 2003 Lomax has regularly recorded her thoughts and artworks on the blog. [cathylomax.blogspot.com](http://cathylomax.blogspot.com) Her practice is rooted in the romance of popular culture, assimilating media fictions and mythologies of fame and juxtaposing them with personal identities and the everyday, to create

seductive visual narratives and wish-lists of popular and obscure icons.

**Laura Mansfield** has written on a variety of artist's work for Circa Magazine, Situations Papers, Arty, and Spike Island Gallery Bristol. She often collaborates with artists in the development of publication based projects, most recently producing the publication *Traits of Sidney* for the artist Daphne Wright. From 2008–10 Laura was part of the editorial team for Corridor8, a new visual arts and writing magazine based in the North West, commissioning content for the magazine and curating a variety of public events, including an audio guide to the city of Manchester with writer Ian Sinclair and a symposium Art School Alternatives as part of the Liverpool Biennial events programme 2010. Laura is currently visual art co-ordinator at Islington Mill Studios in Salford and is undertaking a phd at MIRIAD Manchester. She regularly collaborates with Swen Steinhauser to curate a programme of visual art and performance events, currently delivering the project SEVEN SITES.

**Marie Toseland's** work is concerned with ideas of stillness and imperfection. Working across a range of media which includes print, sculpture and performances, her practice combines elements as disparate as fleeting ice sculptures with

unyielding walls of speakers, or slight mark-making with overwhelming hip-hop. The works exist muted and refined; minimal and formal whilst ample room for error is left in their hand-made, unskilled production.

Recent projects include the solo exhibition *Local Interference*, WORKS | PROJECTS, Bristol (2011), group exhibitions *The Potential For Windows and Scale* as part of the Contemporary Art Society, Rotate Programme (2011), *Space Exchange*, Aid & Abet, Cambridge (2011), and spoken word performances for *Happy Hypocrite—Say What You See*, East-side Projects, Birmingham and *Happy Hypocrite—Miniature Essay*, Spike Island, Bristol.

**Nicholas Pope** has exhibited extensively, representing Britain at the 39th Venice Biennale and having a retrospective of his work at the Rijksmuseum Kroller Muller, Amsterdam in 1981. Having taken a break from his studio practice in 1987, Pope returned to making in 1992 and exhibited as part of Tate Britain's Art Now programme with the 1997 solo show *Nicholas Pope: The Apostles Speaking in Tongues*. Nicholas's contribution for FEAST features a work he produced for the 2008 Handel Street Projects Super Farmers Market. Super Farmers' Market was the second in a series of group shows that looked at the possible proximity of two forms of specialist consumption: fine food and fine art. Initiated by Fedja Klikovac,



Director of Handel Street Projects, and curated by Mary Anne Francis and Lucy Heyward, the exhibition took the theme of 'upcycling': the current trend for taking low-grade artefacts that might be destined for landfill and enhancing their value by means of handwrought interventions. 32 artists were invited to produce artworks using low-cost supermarket goods: groceries, cleaning materials and discarded packaging. Alongside Pope participating artists included Rasheed Araeen, Phyllida Barlow, David Batchelor, Stuart Brisley, Richard Deacon, Braco Dimitrijevic, Mary Anne Francis, Martino Gamper, Lucy Gunning, Lucy Heyward, Susan Hiller, Andy Holden, Koo Jeong-A, Ian Kiaer, Sharon Kivland, Darian Leader, Sarah Lucas, Hayley Newman, Tina O'Connell, Lucy Orta, Giorgio Sadotti, Saso Sedlacek, Jane Simpson, Bob & Roberta Smith, Rasa Todosijevic, Zlatan Vukosavljevic, Richard Wentworth, Franz West, Alison Wilding, Gerard Williams, Elizabeth Wright.

**Lucy Woollett** aka Lady Lucy works amongst the realms of social practice, painting, drawing and moving image. Centred upon an exploration of identity and biography her works are informed by the interview, the portrait, collaboration, documentary and the act of naming. Central to her practice is the process of drawing and painting where she produces many series of work often editing second Hand

found imagery. Lucy has exhibited and presented her work extensively. She is co founder of The Drawing Exchange a series of social drawing events with Kayle Brandon. Recently projects and Exhibitions include: The Court Portraits, Spacex, Exeter (2010), The Whitechapel Gallery Staff Portrait Studio (2011), The Portrait Service, Bblackboxx Basel (2011), Volunteers, Festival of Britain Southbank Centre (2011) and Model City Publication, V&A (2011).





### **Making the Glutton flop**

Fill oval bowl to 30mm below top with Lime jelly allow to set. Release and flip over the 'flop', then immerse bowl in hot water again to melt the flat top edge, now on the bottom, to match the rounded bottom edge, now on the top.

When set cut, out the centre 'star burst' section of the jelly with the 9mm snap off cutter knife, remove and replace with Orange jelly. Cut the star burst from the Lemon flop as shown in the coloured Gluttony drawing—cut out the Orange section shown in the drawing.

Do this by returning the flop to the oval bowl, with the best cut out profile to the base of the bowl.

Chill well, then initially fill only 5mm deep with Orange jelly, when set fill the cut out section to flush with the Lime jelly. When set, release and turn out onto cling film.

### **Making the Gluttons**

Fill 100mm bowl to 5mm with Raspberry jelly, When set cut Gluttons to between 3mm and 5mm high to match shapes below—cutting slightly larger and not too precisely. Gluttons show below as in the Gluttony drawing anticlockwise from top left—make to fit 'flop'.



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