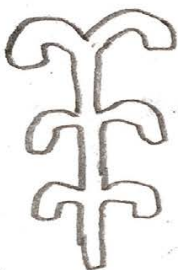




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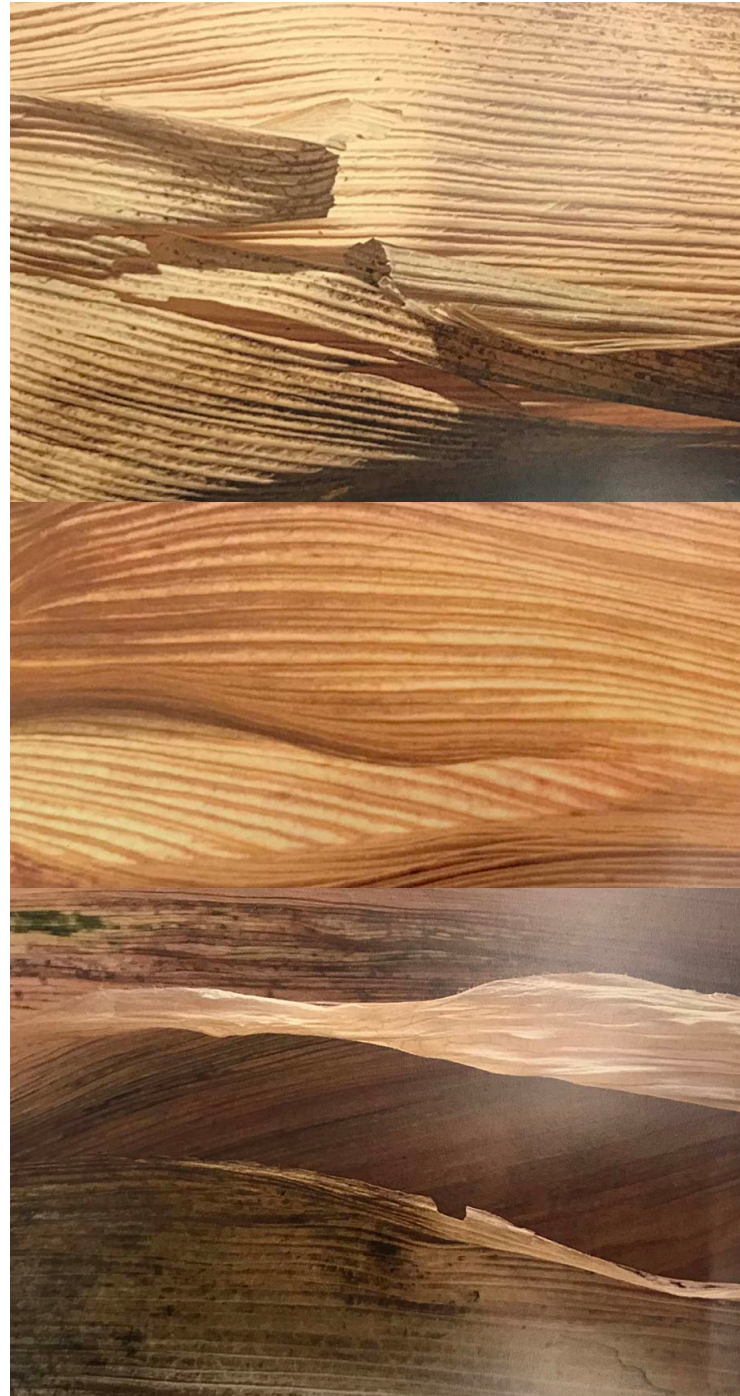
But is there
no end
to your treasure?

Oda al Maíz
Pablo Neruda

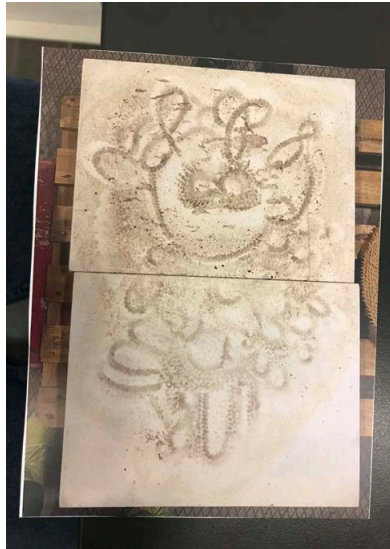
he also wrote an ode to the apple



A multiple harvest
To be cut, separated, packaged, transported, dried, crushed,
cooked, eaten, digested.





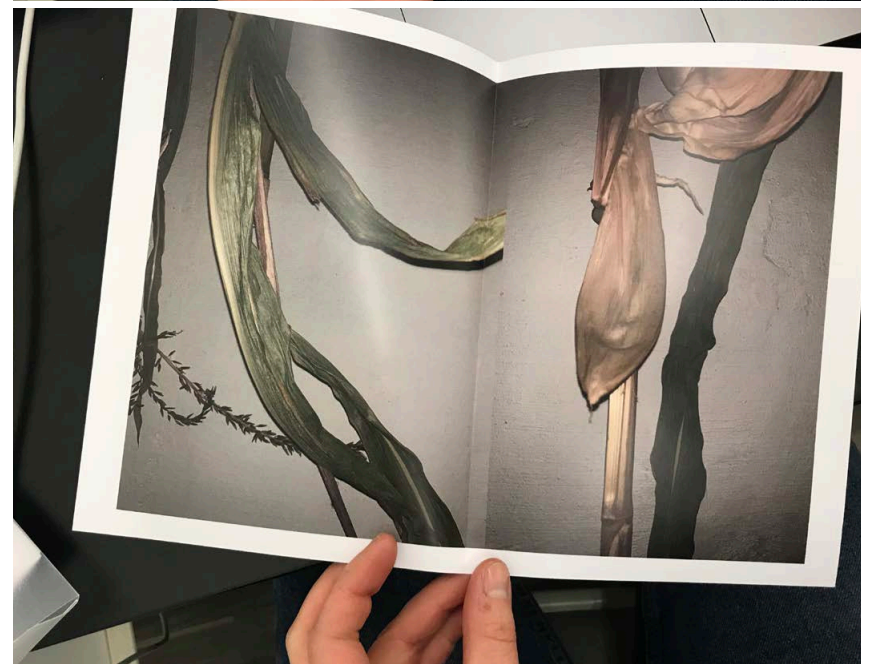


Badger loves corn. Deer loves corn. Mouse loves corn.
Boar loves corn. They hide in the tall stalks, taking and
eating the fresh cobs. Candy on a stick.

From Robin Wall Kimmerer's *Braiding Sweetgrass*
"Some stories tell of a long winter when the people were
dropping from hunger. Three beautiful women came to
their dwellings on a snowy night. One was a tall woman
dressed all in yellow, with long flowing hair. The second
wore green, the the third was robed in orange. The three
came inside to shelter by the fire. Food was scarce but
the visiting strangers were fed generously, sharing in the
little they had left. In gratitude from their generosity,
the three sisters revealed their true identities — corn,
beans and squash — and gave themselves to the people
in a bundle of seeds so that they might never go hungry
again." p 131.

The kind that is used for popcorn - puffmais - is called Zea
Mays Microsperma. Can we make a Microsperma Bowl,
please? yes please (a Microsperma Tripod Bowl?:))

Planting corn seeds, 2021. We were in the tractor and it became clear very quickly that the tractor was driving itself. We were merely bystanders in the conversation between the satellites and the machinery beneath us, sending signals about where and when to plant the seeds.



December 5th, 2021

It's as if we have fallen asleep during a lecture on corn. This dream state was the start of our process and has been the platform for our collective work. *Zea Mays* presents objects and images which were born out of that day dream. *Zea Mays* is also part of a problematic landscape, an echo of a greater culture oscillating between worship and consumption, or consumption as a form of worship.

Zea Mays is a re-evaluation of our relationship with corn. For over 9,000 years this crop has allowed our civilization to grow and expand. Corn has been the center of countless origin stories in mythology, having been worshiped by the Aztecs, Maya, and Native Americans cultures, to being a seminal part of colonial history. Today corn has a drastically different connotation in our daily lives. Food source, cattle feed, biofuel, by-products, chicken nugget, etc. (To be cut, separated, packaged, transported, dried, crushed, cooked, eaten, digested.) resulting in mono-culture which harms biodiversity, relies on pesticides, and creates a corn-centric world.

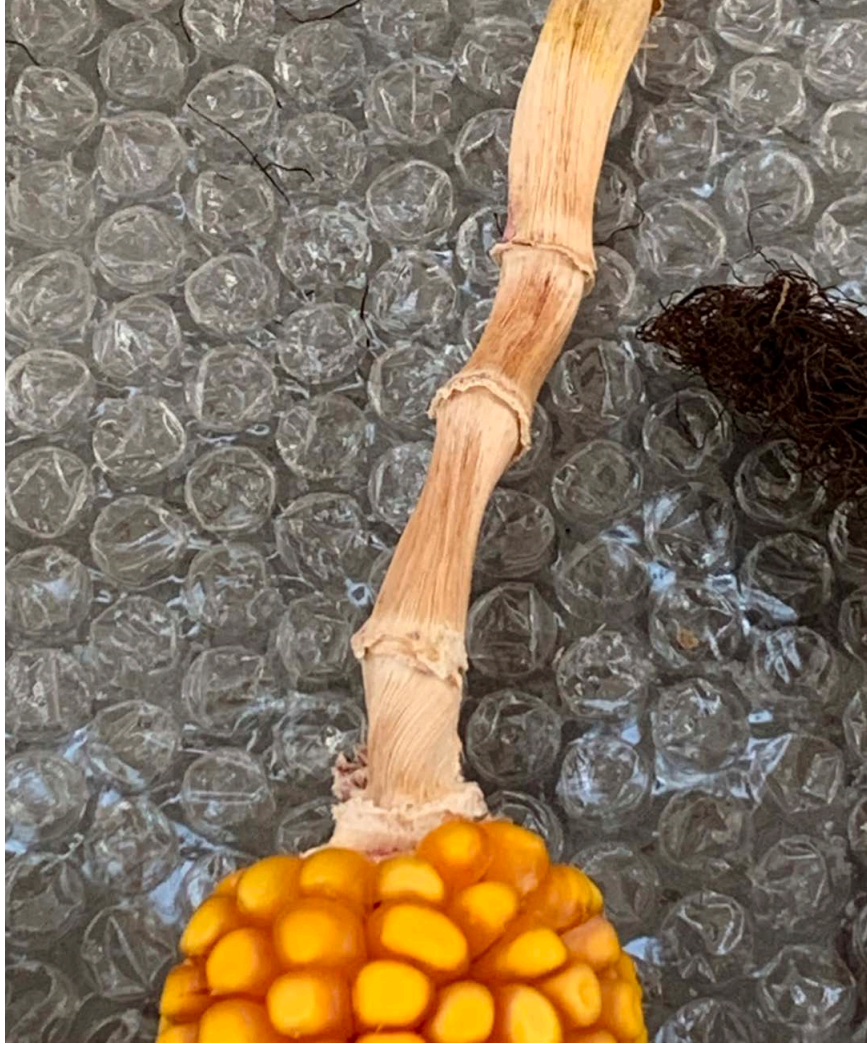
Worship. Michael Pollan:

“But return to that Iowa farm field for a moment and look at the matter — at us — from the standpoint of the corn plant itself. Corn, corn, corn as far as the eye can see, ten-foot stalks soldiering in perfect thirty-inch rows to the far horizon, an 80-million-acre corn lawn rolling across the continent. It's a good thing that this plant can't form an impression of us, for how risible that impression would be: the farmers going broke cultivating it; the countless other species routed or emiserated by it; the humans eating and drinking it as fast as they can, some of them— like me and my family— in automobiles engineered to drink it, too. Of all the species that have figured out how to thrive in a world dominated by *Homo sapiens*, surely no other has succeeded more spectacularly—has colonized more acres and bodies— than *Zea mays*, the grass that domesticated its domesticator. You have to wonder why we Americans don't worship this plant as fervently as the Aztecs; like they once did, we make extraordinary sacrifices to it.”

p 119, *The Omnivore's Dilemma*

All these ideas about corn, romantic - in the shape of a woman, a god, and industrial, as a crop that pushes other crops away, making them redundant.





Lightly child, lightly. Learn to do everything lightly.

Excerpt from *Island* by Aldous Huxley

I haven't collaborated this closely before. I've noticed the necessity of a subject, the necessity of drifting off, even disagreeing, of letting some threads hang loose, the intention of it all coming together, and the risk of it not happening being ever present.

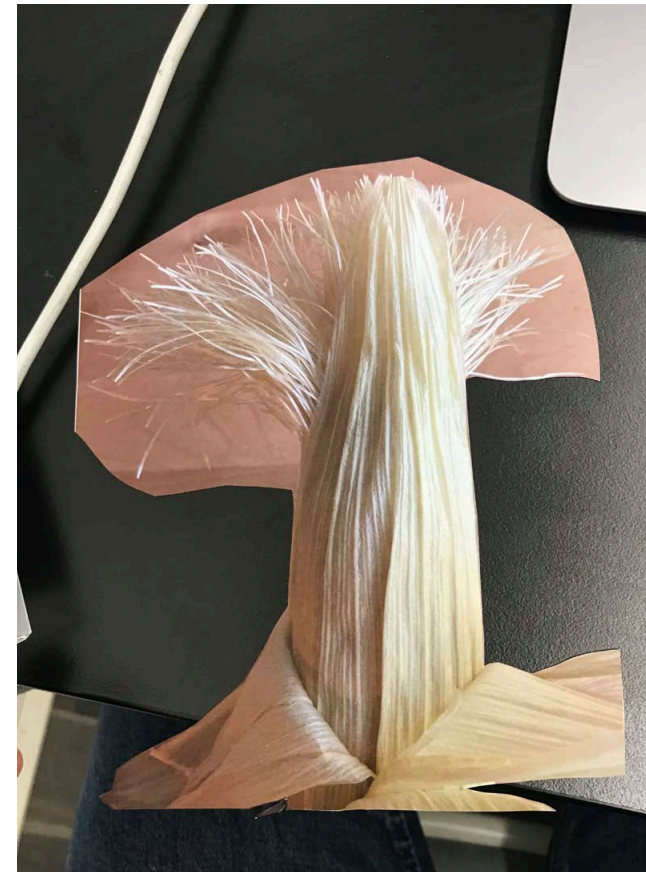


Omtrent 7 200 000 resultater (0,51 sekunder)

It's **Natural!** The odor on your pet's paws is typically nothing to worry about. Bacteria and fungi live on the skin and, when in balance, is healthy and normal. The "Fritos feet" phenomenon is from a bacteria called *Pseudomonas* and *Proteus*, which give off a yeasty odor that can smell like corn chips. 21. nov. 2019

<https://www.oakhurstvet.com> › blog › frito-feet-why-does...

Frito Feet: Why Does My Pet's Paws Smell Like Corn Chips?



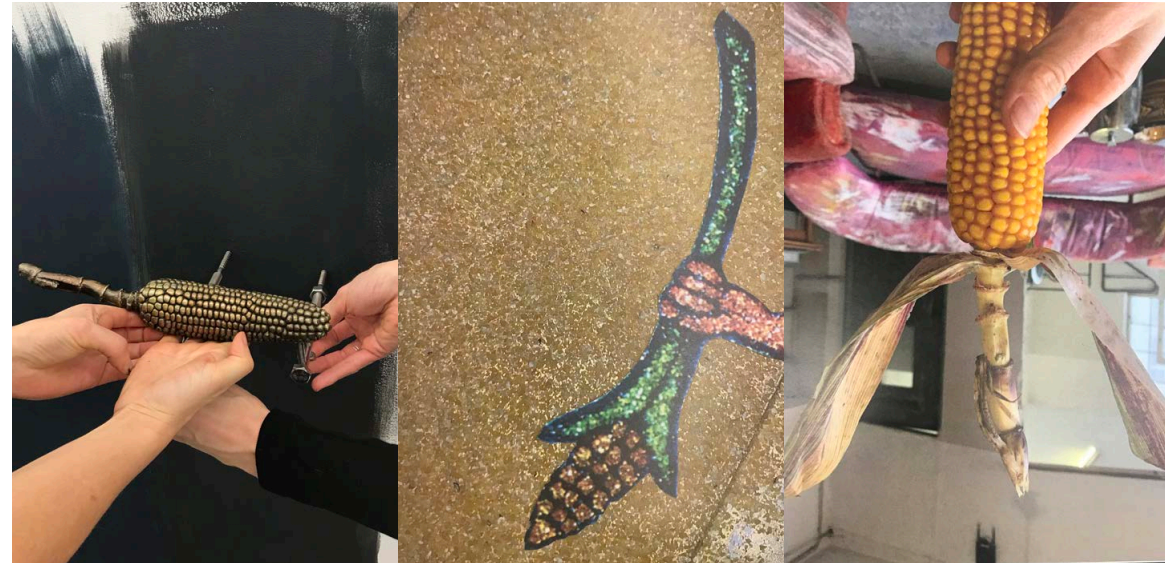
Images and drawings by
Sam
Patricia
Helen

& Arne Soltau

Zea Mays
20th January - 19th February 2022
Galleri RAM, Oslo

Nellie Jonsson, Helen Hausland, Freja Burgess, Samantha Albert and
Patricia Risopatron Berg

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¹ https://ghosty-production.s3.amazonaws.com/fotospot_spots/Mitchells-Corn-Palace-Fotospot_0a8fc708728b893af8ad3a1b27ac3b36/large.jpg