

# TOSTITOS WALKING

JUDITH W.



Corn. What if it disappeared? Regal would push Pop-Tarts, Chipotle would discontinue their *medium* salsa, barbeques would be lame ... and? AND 45,000 supermarket items would vanish, 80 million acres of USA farmland would wither and die, and prices from virtually everything edible to ethanol would skyrocket. *Corn* impacts much more than a concession stand's cornucopia of fizzy, buttered, popped, boxed movie munchies; habitually-mild burrito eaters seeking a little more spice; or the only pulled mesquite-smoked accompaniment that seems to have evaded 3 cups of mayo.

Corn's exodus would shatter the bones of our agricultural industry and everything that depends on it. This sculpture is created from found objects: wood, resin, flies, eggs, chicken feet, corn, cat and raccoon bones, salmon skin, wire, embroidery thread, acrylic paint, Elmer's glue, and corn. I wanted to create a sculpture that portrayed corn as I saw from the vantage point of reading Michael Pollan's *Omnivore's Dilemma*. Exposing corn's covert monopoly over us, Boardwalk, chicken, cattle, cats, and cars. I hope you will walk away from my *Chupacabra* viewing America, the "land of the free" more like this rotting branch.

Judith W

This spring break in attempt to feel well read and drown out potential heart to hearts that are characteristically tandem with reunion, I queued up The Omnivore's Dilemma. In addition to stifling the 4th round of 20 questions I exited the three and a half hour car ride feeling SHOOK. 30 minutes into the audiobook I remember laughing at Michael Pollan's verging on absurd dissection of the "CORNucopia" of some +40,000 seemingly diverse items strewn throughout your local supermarket. But 6 hours in, I'm beginning to regard corn as less of a gluten free tortilla alternative, a buttery salt laden street fair essential, or movie theater incense, and more as an **infestation**. A "chicken nugget" is no longer a utensil to eat Heinz, but CORN. From the corn that's fattened it's pulverized chicken center, to the yellow corn flour encasing it, to the corn oil it's fried in, to the dextrose and fructose that make you grab another, to the corn maltodextrin allowing it to outlive you, to the modified cornstarch fusing it together, to the xanthan gum thickener that prevents this bland beige breaded dinosaur from being a dense salty hulk, but a chewy one. Popcorn and corn starch are even in the corrugated cardboard wrapping this corn smothered corn. The vibrant high-res golden brown crumb close ups are printed in ink manufactured from extracted corn proteins, even the glossy sheen that catches your eye from the freezer section among the sea of other five minute microwave still lives is made of corn. And chances are you're washing it all down with some coca-cola, aka liquid corn. WTF.

I feel like Neo from the Matrix and I unconsciously just took the red pill and it's HORRIFYING. But why does this soylent-green-is-corn realization matter? What's the harm in an agribusiness industry rooted in corn? Why are the foundations of these corporations corn? Are there any benefits to this massive masked monoculture, this covert Americana? Corn appears to condemn everything it touches: compromising everything from the chicken that eats it to the customer that eats that. Exactly how corn dependent are we? Following corn from the field to the CAFO<sup>1</sup> to the KFC, just how all encompassing is corn in America? What's the harm? Is there a practical solution? Does it start with an "O" and end in "ganic?" What would happen if our corn-centric system were dismantled? If our corn-assembly line was disrupted? Where'd the holdup be? What could cause corn's downfall? An invasion of self-righteous Whole Foods shoppers? A polyface farmer with a subsidy and a megaphone? An episode of Keeping Up With the Kardashians featuring Michael Pollan? Our New Jersey sized dead zone to swallow up Delaware and Pennsylvania too? A Tyson product launch, featuring a chicken that matures in 5 days – 24 hours less than our lord and savior created the universe. The only drawback: in addition to the chicken's legs occasionally buckling under their breast meat, 14 times the size of their heads, they're prone to explode. Regardless of what could do it, would do it, **what would happen if corn disappeared?**

Entering the supermarket is akin to stepping into the twilight zone, the 9th floor in an 8-story walk up. A sealed windowless world impervious to time, season, and local. A 45,000 square foot Earth, all its regions meticulously modeled to scale. Stepping through the automatic sliding portal you'll first encounter the fresh produce forest, periodically misted by spigoted

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<sup>1</sup> Concentrated Animal Feeding Operation

storms along Safeway's equator. Fowl reside in the adjacent canopy: aisle 2. Next is a vast desert of desserts, all perennial, able to survive long periods of time, neglected, gathering dust on shelves, adapted to live without water, in favor of sodium nitrate. Evolving to replace stomata with sucralose. 7 rows, 70,000 cans, 7,000 liters to the right you will enter the tundra. The polar LED icebergs display vast arrays of crystallized cobblers and Lean Cuisine chicken supremes. Extinct petrified life forms, dormant in a Frigidaire induced hyper sleep, awaiting a 1,200 watt resurrection.

Back in the canopy, the customer (simultaneously the primary, secondary, and tertiary consumer of this single story linoleum landscape) picks up their naked, nondescript, boneless, coming soon, Saturday night potluck from its refrigerated nursery amidst all the other Styrofoam cribs and cellophane coddled cutlets. Like a closed adoption, Tyson prefers their 49-day-old chicks' predecessors to remain anonymous and their past irrelevant to the mouthwatering crispy fried future distracting you on their \$5.99 saran wrap adoption plea. In Michael Pollan's unfortunately non-fiction debunk of all things agriculture "The Omnivore's Dilemma" he writes, "Naturalists consider biodiversity to be a measure of a landscape's health," making monoculture a healthy landscape's antonym. The vast ecosystem inhabiting the aisles of every grocery store would suggest that many Americans self identify as "naturalists," embracing this doctrine. But the variety is simply a mirage. A myth upheld by seemingly diverse ingredient labels located on remote corners or folds tucked within a package's plastic propaganda, consisting of countless arrays of tongue twisters written in 5 point font.

However, post Omnivore's Dilemma (my Rosetta stone): acetic acid, artificial flavorings, artificial sweeteners, aspartame, baking powder, barley malt, bleached flour, brown sugar, calcium citrate, caramel color, citric acid, confectioner's sugar, dextrin, dextrose, distilled white vinegar, drying agent, erythorbic acid, erythritol, ethanol, ethylene, food starch, fructose, fruit juice concentrate, glucose, gluten, glycerin, honey, iodized salt, lactic acid, lecithin, malt, maltodextrin, modified food starch, molasses, MSG, natural flavorings, powdered sugar, splenda, starch, sucralose, sucrose, sugar, vitamin supplements, xanthenes gum, xylitol, and yeast are all just a few of the hieroglyphs that directly translate to corn<sup>1</sup> kôrn/ noun. And this list comprises just a sliver of corn's exponentially increasing pseudonyms. Suddenly the contents of your shopping cart lack their initial construed diversity. These aliases have infiltrated over ¼ of the 40,000 "different" items in the supermarket. "Food scientists have figured out a way to transform corn into a virtual cornucopia" (Pollan) while simultaneously upholding the mirage of a quaint family run farm, a figure head obscuring the massive industrial agribusiness hydra.

"You are what you eat," is a phrase that seems to pop up every so often since Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, a French physician, said it in 1826. But does it hold any truth? According to Pollan, maybe. Most Americans would probably identify as "wheat people" (if forced to align with a grain) and assign "corn people" to Mexicans, whose diets are dominated by corn, comprising approximately 40% of their daily caloric intake (Pollan). However, contrary to this misconception, analysis shows Americans' bodies contain even more corn than Mexicans. How do we know this? After water, carbon is the most abundant element in our bodies. Originating in

the air, carbon atoms are extracted by plants during photosynthesis. By eating these plants (directly or through a middleman like meatloaf) we consume the very carbon we will be comprised of. Normally plants gather carbon atoms in triplets (a compound referred to as C-3). Corn however, gathers carbon atoms in bundles of four. This quadruple carbon compound earned corn its C-4 status. C-4 plants are more efficient because every time a plant grabs a molecule from the air it must open its stomata (leaf pores) and in the process lose a little bit of water (a side effect plants prefer to mitigate). Plants gather two types of carbon: carbon 12 (12 carbon atoms per molecule) and the slightly heavier carbon 13 (13 carbon atoms per molecule). While C-3 plants prefer carbon 12, C-4 plants, like corn, can't afford to discriminate and tend to absorb more carbon 13. This means an abundance of carbon 13 directly translates to a corn saturated diet. The more carbon 13 in your body, the more corn you've been eating. Berkeley biologist Todd Dawson told Pollan, "We North Americans look like corn chips with legs." Okay but does it matter if we're walking Tostitos? Unaware we're all multiracial mosaics of Peruvian and Party Size, Macedonian and Multigrain, Rwandan and Restaurant Style, Swedish and Scoops, Haitian and Hint of Lime. Maybe not, but in addition to composing the very fibers of our being, Pollan suggests corn domesticated us contrary to us it – again all, of course, unbeknownst to us. We North Americans look like C-13 cornhusk dolls being played by corn itself.

So how exactly did corn "domesticate us?" "Agriculture" is rather egotistically defined by Google chrome as, "the cultivation and breeding of animals, plants and fungi for food, fiber, biofuel, medicinal plants and other products used to sustain and enhance human life." Pollan however, regards agriculture as a "brilliant (if unconscious) evolutionary strategy on the part of the plants and animals involved to get us to advance their interests." In the case of corn, we were wined and dined with a "ready-to-eat vegetable, a storable grain, a fiber source, animal feed, heating fuel, and an intoxicant" (Pollan). – In other words, bribed, with a full-blown maize metamorphosis to fulfill all our edible, dried, pulverized, starchy, caloric, ethanol, and fermented desires. This dependence, however, is mutual, as corns own thick husk and silk have evolved to smother itself. Dooming all 800 seeds to rot without human intervention. Due to corn's inability to independently reproduce it was relatively easy to select favorable traits such as disease resistance and productivity. Allowing humans to manufacture and patent an ultra-fertile, ultra-resilient corn hybrid that skyrocketed yield from 20 bushels an acre in the 1930s to 200 bushels today (1 bushel of corn is 70 pounds). With 30% of our land dedicated to corn (roughly 97 million acres, an area the size of California) the United States is pumping out 1,358,000,000,000 pounds of kernelled commodity every 80 days (the time corn takes to mature).

This is a fuck ton of corn. The influx caused the crop to undergo a massive deflation. Condemning many farmers to the corn trap which I define as: in response to plummeting price\$, farmers must produce more and more corn to remain in business. Forcing them to receive government subsidies in order to expand their farms, run by fewer employees, assuaged by more chemical and mechanical aids (like nitrogenous fertilizer and the latest and greatest \$108,094.00 6130M Cab Tractor with 130-hp) to compensate for their ever expanding plots, manned by their ever shrinking staff. "Many farmers are forced to borrow hundreds of thousands of dollars to

meet corporate requirements for efficient facilities while ending up earning as little as \$18,000 a year” (Robert Kenner, Food, Inc.).

So why do farmers continue to grow corn? Subsidies.

Due to high sugar tariffs, the government subsidizes corn producers and researchers (in search of more elaborate ways to use our corn surplus) more heavily than any other crop. Farmers receive payments by the bushel, an incentive to grow more corn and less anything else. “We should also consider helping all farmers who suffered losses, not just those growing only certain commodity crops” (writer Jonathan Foley). Our government has established a system that only affords failure-growing corn. If corn were to vanish, where would the government’s money trickle? Organic farmers embracing polyface principles could use some Benjis. But this is a half-baked idealistic illusion, romantic reverie, the plot to the next utopian YA trilogy, as long as there are colossal corn corporations.

1 or 2 companies have a monopoly on our entire food system, and according to the documentary film Food, Inc. their “regulatory agencies are being controlled by the very companies that they are supposed to be scrutinizing.” McDonald's, for example, is the largest consumer of ground beef and potatoes, and one of the largest of pork, chicken, tomatoes, lettuce, and apples. In order for such a massive food chain to insure consistently oily grey hockey pucks of salt wedged between three deflated disks of wonder bread (aka the Big Mac), they must obtain a uniform product: ensured by a hand full of monocultures, supplied by an oligarchy of distributors. Americans want a diverse array of consistently identical food, provided by whatever Monsanto, BASF, DuPont, Smithfield, and Tyson deem the perfect roundup ready, additive laden, prima fungicide, pecan praline, zesty garlic chicken wyng\*. The top 4 beef companies control 80% of the U.S. market and Tyson (a meat packing industry specializing in chickens) figured out a way to genetically engineer their birds’ to mature 2x as fast and 2x as BIG. “It’s all a science. They got it figured out... If you could grow a chicken in 49 days, why would you want one you gotta grow in three months? More money in your pocket” (Vince Edwards, a Tyson contractor). “We’re not producing chickens, we’re producing food” (Richard Lobb of the National Chicken Council). This mass “production” of “food” requires quite a bit of food to feed it, which comes from – you guessed it – corn.

What does corn have to do with livestock?

In addition to depleting the soil’s nutrients, choking the water, and polluting our atmosphere, conventional industrial corn farming substantially compromises the health of animals, in which corn dominates their feed. This forgo from grass evicts billions of cattle from the pasture to the CAFO. Corn is a terrific way to fatten cattle in a hurry. Unfortunately, cattle have not evolved to eat corn and often get sick. 70% of the antibiotics in the US are fed to cattle in attempt to alleviate this side effect. Antibiotics however, coupled with the close proximity characteristic of CAFOs = a petri dish for Super, drug resistant, feedlot bacteria like the horrifying new mega mutation of E. coli: E Coli 0157 : H7. Supposedly, if you were to take feedlot cattle off their corn diet, replacing it with grass for just 5 days before slaughter, they will shed 80% of the E. Coli in their gut. This of course is “not practical” (Food, Inc.).

Not only is corn a deficient feed source, but a detrimental one. The solution seems painfully obvious: quit feeding cattle corn and you can quit feeding them antibiotics. But instead of feeding cattle what they're naturally apt to eat (**grass**) we continue to raise on cows on corn, CAFOs, and chlortetracycline.

We've developed the mindset that nature is no longer a resource to be coaxed and cultivated, an entity to co-exist with in houses and harvests, but an enemy to be exploited and circumnavigated with technological patches (e.g. antibiotics) that shit on the very land they intend to reap. Post WWII, the American government had excess ammonium nitrate (leftover bomb material). Scientists in the Department of Agriculture proposed it be spread on farmland as fertilizer. This was the focal point of chemical fertilization. Ammonium nitrate fertilizer releases excess nitrogen which 1) evaporates into the air (creating acid rain which becomes nitrous oxide, a gas that contributes to global warming), 2) seeps down into groundwater, and 3) is washed off the crops by rain (flooding the ocean with nitrogen, skyrocketing algae growth, depleting the oxygen in the water, choking off all other life, creating a hypoxic dead zone the size of New Jersey in the Gulf of Mexico).

There is a lifeless black hole in the Caribbean.

Why don't more people know this?!

I have a theory: due to the distribution of subsidies (or lack of) the government has manufactured a mystique of "cheap" commercialized commodity calories, abandoning fresh produce in favor of a shiny "dollar menu" that distracts us from the literal void it's gouging in the Atlantic. "Why is it that you can buy a double-cheeseburger at McDonald's for 99¢, and you can't even get a head of broccoli for 99¢?" (Pollan). We live under the illusion of "cheap" food that's externalized the Steep environmental, societal, and health costs.

Food scientists have engineered Pringles, Twinkies, lay's, Reese's, M&M's, Cheetos and the like to slam down on our evolutionary buttons: salt, sugar, and fat, so seldom found in nature, a trifecta now everywhere. Consumers are given the option to spend more money on FOOD or less money on "food" and more money on medication in order to continue eating the "food." The choice between the "should" factor and the "shouldn't, but..." it's tasty, addictive, convenient, commercialized, endorsed, subsidized, pushed, demanded, craved, and EVERYWHERE. 1:3 Americans born after 2000 will contract early onset diabetes, 1:2 among minorities (Food, inc.).

Also according to Food, Inc. the meat packing industry is one of the most dangerous professions in America. Many companies began employing illegal immigrants from Mexico, most of which were originally corn farmers who couldn't compete with the influx of cheap corn coming from America and were put out of work. Corporations like Smithfield (a chief pork packing company) have an agreement with immigration authorities to "get rid" of 15 workers a day. No raids are ever conducted however, due to their potential detrimental impact on production. No Smithfield recruiter has ever been arrested.

If a 17-year-old can write 5 single spaced, 12 point Times New Roman pages of problems all revolving around corn, there's a serious flaw in our agricultural system. Or in corn's case flaws: from infinite incognito identities, to carbon 13-year-olds, to teenage taco chips, to edible

arrangements, to crashing commodities, to monoculture mortgages, to subsidy safety nets, to conglomerates, to roid-raised cattle, to ammonium antidotes, to “4 for \$4,” to ~~raids~~. The agro-industry is FUCKED. And how do we fix it?

Organic farming is not a universal synonym for wholesomeness. Like conventional farming, organic can also be all different shades of yikes. An organic Applegate natural chicken maple breakfast sausage living out the duration of its free-range “vegetarian grain-fed” life behind a locked doggie door being pumped with corn.

What’s the solution to such a massive invisible industry that stems from a necessity we cannot boycott, eating? How can you eat responsibly? Long-term? Not just a sporadic saturday morning farmer’s market haul, with some funky looking heirloom tomatoes we’ve been trained to think look more like gnarly 3” pumpkins, than how a tomato “should” look and “should” taste.<sup>2</sup> Additive-pesticide-hormone-fertilizer-GMO-cruelty-free-range food should be more than just a Saturday shopping spree.<sup>3</sup>

Sustainability should be accessible, not a special occasion or a double digit price tag contending with some super-sized snacks on sale.

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<sup>2</sup> or perhaps more accurately *not* taste. As the perfect ruby red wedges garnishing the perimeter of your garden salad are simply that, a *garnish*, more of a decoration, a *suggestion* of a tomato, a plastic prop in the kitchenette of a barbie castle, *than a tomato*. On the flip side of your complimentary “chips, bread, or *salad*” panera panini side, imagine digging into a sunday brunch ft a “how are you” an “it’s so good to see you” a couple “its been too long”s and some in laws you hadn’t seen in a year and intended to keep it that way. You pause in between nodding and chatting about how close \_\_\_\_\_’s 65-year-old-retirement-plan is and lying just how fast 12 years “flies by,” as the waiter fills your water glass for the 5th time and delivers the “do we want an appetizer?” next to the napkin you’ve been harassing for the past 30 minutes. Thankful for the glorified crouton marinara dosed distraction you take a bite of bruschetta and the drawl is momentarily replaced by a ricotta, arugula, extra virgin, pink himalayan, “would you like some freshly cracked pepper?,” baguette gobstopper. Dominated by a flavor you finally recognize as *tomato*. Hit with déjà vu to the last \$15 51st anniversary heirloom salad and road-trip road-side fresh produce stand with free samples that make you nudge shotgun and say “YO TRY THIS.” And even though it’s *just* a tomato, it feels like a “we’re going to watch a movie in class today,” a “want a piece of gum?,” or a picnic when your speaker’s still right by your door so you *won’t forget it*, and you *forget it*. But it doesn’t matter, cause you hit ► right when she does, and Mayer Hawthorne’s playing loud enough that everyone forgets there’s no blanket, no napkins, no cards, no ““ray-ban””s, and no jambox. And “it just ain’t gonna work out”’s hijacked the minds of everyone in that little sunny clover patch with 2 mealy peaches and a **THANK YOU** bag of supermarket spring rolls. We treat these moments like an eclipse, popping up once every 364 days and don’t give them a moments thought a day in between. They feel rare, but not precious, like a diamond that wouldn’t even pawn for a “happy meal.”

<sup>3</sup> ,an uncomfortable annual breakfast at your local gentrified café (*with an accent*), an intermittent indulgence commemorating 51 bless’ed years kicking it to the same receding hairline, or even a route-101 turn off tradition.



Is it possible to mass-produce organics, to scale up a farming practice in which small is a characteristic adjective of its definition? – All while preserving integrity?

I believe that while Organics at Wal-Mart is inevitably an oxymoron and will not, cannot (with our current subsidy distribution), be organic in the way an Organic Valley milk carton's clip art would have you believe. Mass production of anything = cutting corners to supply demand. Organic is already mutating under pressure to produce **more** of the **same**. Organics' modest diverse origin is being challenged by a system that places customer satisfaction over sustainability. Externalizing the toll for "cheap" food paid in greenhouse gases, hypnotic dead zones, and "what's fair trade?" [a] "I don't know but its mad expensive." Also b) "trade in which fair prices are paid to producers in developing countries" (courtesy of Google chrome)].

I take "organic" with a grain of salt. An umbrella term for agriculture that acknowledges the steps that lead up to "debit or credit?" at checkout. Organic even at its locked 15 by 10 inch "free range" minimum is a step in the right direction: towards company to customer transparency and away from the ends justify the means mentality.

Organic is an acknowledgment of the means.

It is, however, by no means the solution to corn and the enormous industrial time bomb it embodies, but it is an improvement, and an attempt to start a conversation in which the solution could be discovered.

So, returning to my essential question, what would happen **if corn disappeared?**

A weird seemingly innocent question that has a catastrophic-conspiracy theory worthy response. Far too much. Nearly everything I've addressed throughout these 7 pages would topple. But which factor would falter first?

While I hope we can say "enough" before our environment utters the same. I fear Shel Silverstein's poem "Giving Tree" will become a relevant addition to the class of 2050's kindergarten curriculum- that we will milk corn to a stump.

Echoing corn's extinction, prices of all foods would skyrocket, corn and otherwise (as other commodities will be in higher demand in response to corn's absence). Processed foods (whoppers from Hershey to Burger King) would undergo a hiatus until food engineers could devise alternative ways to alchemize different commodities (like wheat and soy, America's guaranteed rebound girls) to fulfill corn's gaping legacy for an organic-akin-premium.

The price of beef, pork, chicken, salmon, and everything they produce from milk to eggs would rise in particular due to the corn that dominated their feed.

Even gas\$ would increase since, according to the EIA (U.S. Energy Information Administration), 95% of our gasoline is blended with 1gas ethanol (aka 10% corn).

Farmers would be out of work...

2017 would be referred to as the year of the Corn Crash.

If you were to ask anyone else, "What would happen if corn disappeared?" You'd likely receive a very different response ranging from no more popcorn to cornbread: a prophesied disappearance of explicitly **corn** foods.

I hope that one day this naïve speculation can legitimately replace my hypothetical corn-calyptose, but until then, back to the Matrix.

I believe if a majority of sheeple realized all we've been eating is **Congeaed, Oiled, and Raw, kneaded... Corn** would be demonized immediately. Undergoing fame to fugitive metamorphosis in record time. Establishing its rank among the Top 10 Most Wanted, alongside Carb S. at #9.

Imagine if everything that contained corn suddenly tasted like it. If you could take a bite from corn's 10,000 cameos at Costco and confidently say, "Yep, this's got corn in it."

Picture a parallel universe, with an Earth-sized planet named Zein and a moon-sized moon named Mannitol.

Zein has no distinguishing characteristics from our Earth apart from its inhabitants' heightened sense of smell, and ergo taste. Everything on Zein tastes like it was ordered off one of those LA times-sized, faded pastel diner menus.

5 miles of BLTs, Belgian waffles, and bottomless cups of "cream no sugar." And yet, no matter what you order: sunny side, bacon fried, home fry, or buttered rye, it all tastes the same.

"Yeah, I'll have a platter of the scrambled warm nondescript, bacon extra crispy."

"OJ?"

"Yes, thank you."

Even if you chose the "wrong thing" it tastes just like the right thing.

It's fitting American comfort food tastes (or doesn't taste) as it does. It accurately demonstrates our unparalleled infinity for thesaurus.com, and tendency to go Ham. Punching: corn , command c, command v into columns of Breakfast Specials, 3-Egg Omelets, Side Orders, and Subs. Generating 10 pages of savory ("maple") (high fructose corn) syrup smothered synonyms for corn, and as it turns out: America [uh-mer-i-kuh] noun.

# Blé Bistro

FINE FRENCH DINING



## Small Plates

See specials board for today's fresh hydroxypropyl methylcellulose phthalate

<b>YEAST SEARED POLENTA</b>	26
<i>Gluten, hydrolyzed vegetable protein, and splenda</i>	
<b>HIGH FRUCTOSE FRITTERS</b>	18
<i>Three coco glycerides in a crepe</i>	
<b>HYDROXYPROPYL METHYLCELLULOSE RISOTTO</b>	24
<i>Lightly scrambled lactate, invert syrup, and fresh seasonal flavorings</i>	
<b>GERM MEAL RAVIOLI</b>	30
<i>Poached polysorbate over creamed corn</i>	
<b>HOMINY HOT CAKES</b>	22
<i>Filletted fibersol-2 drizzled in ascorbic acid and artificial sweeteners</i>	
<b>MINI SUCRALOSE SLIDERS</b>	28
<i>Sautéed sorbitol in a decadent modified food starch purée</i>	
<b>NEW ORLEANS CORN CHOWDER</b>	22
<i>20-oz dextrose breast, dusted with a pink citrus cloud emulsion</i>	

## Entrees

Served with your choice of the house erythritol salad, steamed hydrolyzed corn protein, or maltose medley

<b>TREACLE</b>	36
<i>Wild glucose over a light MSG crème sauce</i>	
<b>GLUCONO DELTA-LACTOSE MAIZE</b>	45
<i>Sweet fermented corn oil with a vitamin A pesto</i>	
<b>OREGON ZEIN</b>	42
<i>Fresh boneless cellulose stuffed with xanthan gum in a xylitol butter sauce</i>	
<b>SEMOLINA</b>	56
<i>Thinly pounded cyclodextrin chops, encrusted with malt, on a bed of vanilla extract</i>	
<b>MALTODEXTRIN GRITS</b>	38
<i>Oven-roasted calcium lactate topped with a vitamin E vinaigrette, and pickled lecithin reduction</i>	
<b>ETHANOL AND IODIZED SALT</b>	32
<i>Flambéd fumaric acid, sucrose chunks, and organic caramelized aspartame</i>	
<b>POLYVINYL PARFAIT</b>	26
<i>Julienned olestra, marinated in brown sugar bouillon, garnished with kettle corn</i>	



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