

MARTIN MARTINSEN

EVERYBODY SMILES IN ANANASPARK

Pineapplepark, June 2015

My dear Karoline,

Sorry that you didn't like the first text I wrote, I think I slipped into the role, that of the charlatan pineapple collector, which I am maybe not yet playing to perfection. This draping of myself in the fruit, and of others in the same tropical freshness, by me, and by others, is something that really interests me, but I slipped too much into a character. Anyway, I hope you are fine in Wien, I guess it must be pretty warm now that the summer is rolling in, a lot of sticky moistness in the air, I am sure. But anyway, I won't blabber on till the pineapples ripen or fermentation starts. I'm sitting here with the golden pineapple (Abb.1), which came into my possession in late 2010. It's manufactured, I would say in the 70's, but what do I know, in Sweden in the small town of Hjo at the west coast of Vättern. They have an old steam engine type train, in the central square, as a monument of the time when the railroad still made its way there. Lately these pineapples, from the company Guldkroken, have become intensely popular. They are maybe now selling for three or four times the price which I paid. It's strange, they are quite ugly in design, so bulky, but I guess it fits the shabbychicness trends and the general pineapple hype. And they come in a vast array of colors, which makes it cute. The original purpose of the jar is, if my research serves me right, a container for jam. I guess you could put any kind of jam in it, I like the idea of dressing up other, less royal and exotic fruits in the pineapple coat, though I use it as a secret underwear (Abb. 10) stash. I needed it in my collection because it, the collection that is, was lacking in gold. There are quite a few objects within the collection, well most of them, quite obviously, which are more or less figurative representations of the pineapple. Other than the Guldkroken Ananas there's the ananasmarcas and the coconut infused body butter inside a pink plastic pineapple (Abb. 8). The latter also a nice example of another

fruit, nut in this case, (though I am not sure if the coconut qualifies as a nut, I guess the banana is an herb and peanuts are probably some kind of bean, I don't know I'm not an expert in this area, but I mean anything can be anything) dressed up as a pineapple, in this case for a better commercial appeal. One of my favorites in the collection is actually a piece from Deutschland, the metal chocolate mold (Abb. 2) from Anton Reiche (No.1570), the classic chocolate mold manufacturer from Dresden. It's definitely one of the more museum worthy pieces in my pineapple collection. I used it in the days of the pineapple museum to make pineapple shaped madeleine cakes, served with pineapple tea to dunk them in, hoping it would infuse thoughts of times past, with a tropical twist. Oh lazy days at the hacienda in La Orduña! Sippin' on pineapple liquor (Abb. 12) at the edge of the fountain, the fountain crowned with the king of fruits, quite the coincidence. Très tropicool. I actually only brought one pineapple related item back from Mexico, a small pottery Döschen (Abb. 6), quite ideal for flaky salt I would say, pineapple shaped natürlich. Well, I'm getting a bit carried away with all these pineapply ramblings, it is taking time away from my manufacturing of a new hat model (Abb. 15), so I should just finish this letter already, I do get easily lost when talking, writing, about the pineapples and their histories. Sometimes it's hard to see beyond their bulging bodies and sharp leaves (Abb. 5). After all I am the pineapple collector, though a lot of the collecting happens without my knowing of it. People bring me gifts, they somehow heard that I collect, or they have come to associate me with this fruit of the Brazilian/Paraguayan rainforests (maybe you have too?), they bring me pineapple related things from faraway places, though I suspect they don't really know why they give me representations of this fruit in various forms and of different uses. One friend, who was working in California at the time, early 2014 I reckon it was, sent me the Japanese *PINEAPPLE GUMMY CANDY* (Abb. 7), I don't know how the Japanese pineapple



Abb.1



Abb.2



Abb.3



Abb.4



Abb.5



Abb.6



Abb.7



Abb.8



Abb.9



Abb.10

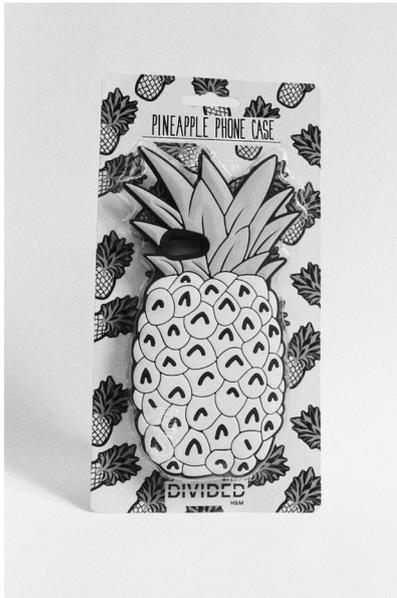


Abb.11



Abb.12



Abb.13



Abb.14



Abb.15

gummy candy ended up there, or how popular it is in the sunshine state. And since the product information is entirely in Japanese, I don't even really know what gummy candy is. I mean, I would guess the consistency is obvious, as is the taste, and I don't think there is a bigger mystery to it than that. The bag remains sealed and the pieces of gummy candy untouched, unlike the Fazer box (Abb. 14) of fragrant pineapple sweets, a box empty since 50 years, perhaps. It's a tin box, which was issued by the Finish candy mammoth, in a style of what is now described by electronic internet auctioneers as "old" or "retro". A quick look at the backside reveals, however, that only artificial flavorings were used, hence no pineapples were harvested in the making of the candies. I use it now, not for candy, but for my pipe tobacco, a brand which was described to me as "more exotic and tropically fruity, than what you are smoking now, really quite colonial" by the salesman. It would be nice to add a pineapple ashtray to the collection as an accompanying piece. Anyway, I am doing fine. It's warm here as well, the sultry heat has rendered my skin sticky and salty. I enjoy it, but I would lie if I said that I am not pining for a more Nordic climate, one last cooling breeze before the summer (Abb. 9), but as you know I don't have the sufficient amount of cash (Abb. 13) or time to travel how I want, at the moment. One day soon, me and my pineapples will go north, and it will again be "the tropics in the snow" as GG proclaimed. Do you know she made one film where she hallucinates meeting Jesus in front of a window lavishly decorated with pineapples? I don't know why it's happening there, I never saw the film, but probably it is because pineapples and absinthe go very well together. It also reminds me of the last heydays of the pineapple, late 19th century. After being the toast of the royal and imperial and upper class houses all over Europe since it was first imported in the early 14th century, it had suffered decades of declining popularity because of increasing availability, mostly due to progress in green house technologies. Only the Russian tsars still enjoyed its status as a symbol of wealth and prosperity, the tropics in the snow was of course a titillating thing, the most popular drink being champagne with a slice, quarter slice more likely, of the pineapple flesh in the flute (Abb. 3). Åh, now my paper is almost at an end, again the pineapples had me blinded. Anyway, I'll probably call (Abb. 11) you before you get this letter and we can have a less one themed conversation. And of course hope to see you soon IRL, I have a new idea for a dance (Abb. 4) video we could do, if you feel like it, I'll be home soon, c ya!

yours



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7FU-Prz4O2Y>

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