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Abandon hope for society. Cities will betray you; the Bauhaus can’t save you. Ditch the chronometer, the microwave. Take on lodgers, Van Gogh potato eaters. Proliferate anomic children. Feast in the evenings. On Kitchen Island everyone is both cook and critic; everyone peels the garlic, stirs the pot, butchers the pig.

To build the island, fashion a heavy table of wood and melamine. Make it one meter square, with a hole cut in the center, going nowhere. In the drawers of the table are magazines, calculators, kitchen twine, business cards, compact discs, recreational drugs. The island should resemble a pedestal, vaguely figurative. The surrounding kitchen should be made of metal, softly burnished, unyielding—the opposite of soft stomach-fat.
Attainment of Kitchen Mind: Address only difficult problems while cooking or eating. Brooding stimulates the internal organs.

Kitchen Island Diet: Muesli, sliced fruit, a small seasonal salad. Rediscover regional cuisine, peasant gourmandise: Swabian ravioli, Swiss rösti, Provençal bouillabaisse, Neapolitan pizza, Bohemian dumplings.

You may need a larger house, but not the largest house. Plug the kitchen into the living room. De-rationalize, re-feudalize, ruralize. The countryside is a commoditized Arcadia, and your new home, a proscenium theater of kitchen capital.

Can your own jam, bake your own bread, cultivate herbs, grow vegetables using the proper fertilizer.
Make sure your friends see the results. Break bread before their astonished eyes.

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Creativity—yes. Follow Beuys’s thread. Does margarine belong to the artwork or to the kitchen? That is the question, dummy.

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Eat in. Cleave to the middle point.

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After two years on Kitchen Island, a metal grille should be erected above the prep table. Hold it in place with a steel lattice bolted to the ceiling. Suspend implements by S-hooks: spatula, ladle, whisks, knives (butt-end down), kitchen sheers, nutcracker, vegetable peeler. Glass containers and water pitchers should be stacked above, separating raw foodstuffs from the pedestal below. The sculpture is the meal. If no meal, no art.
Kitchen Orienteering: To the North is the dishwasher, the sink; to the South, the refrigerator, the oven, the convection roaster; to the West, the range with the exhaust hood; and to the East, the serving table.

Spend holidays in Bali, Mexico; eat real dumplings, spicy beans. Know the difference between real and unreal. The globe opens itself to the castaways of Kitchen Island.

Don’t lock the wife away; bring her to the center of the house, to the shores of Kitchen Island. Repeat to her the following mantras: attainment of skill; honing of technique, pursuit of exactitude; perfection of quality.

Everyone is required to eat. Eating facilitates communication, especially after the end of a long
workday. The longer the meal, the better the conversation. With eating, the mind deepens, penetrates further, gets tangled up in itself. Eating something prevents you from eating everything.

No escape from work. You tell yourself you’re just lending a hand, but think again: Everyone works and everyone eats. The kids scramble the eggs faster than their parents. She who makes her own scrambled eggs will be served dumplings tomorrow.

Someone must cut the chives. Maybe you?