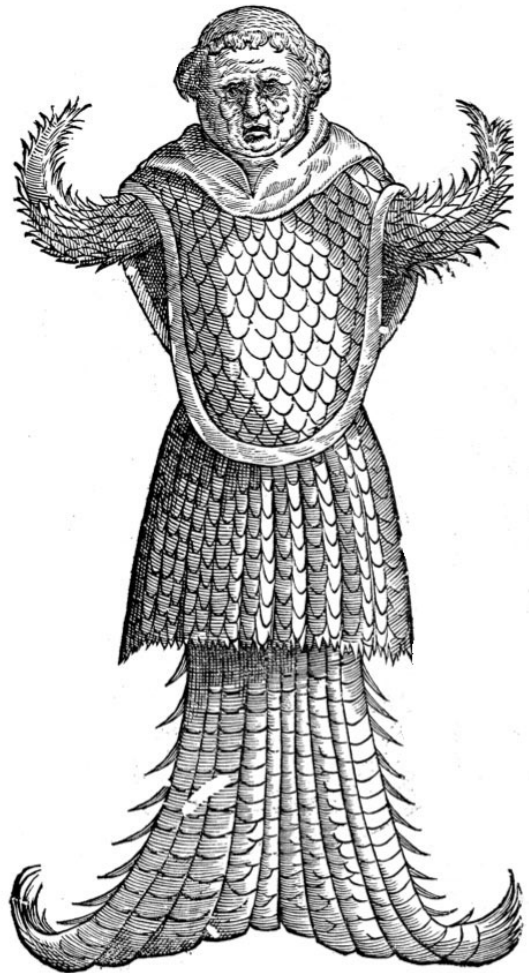
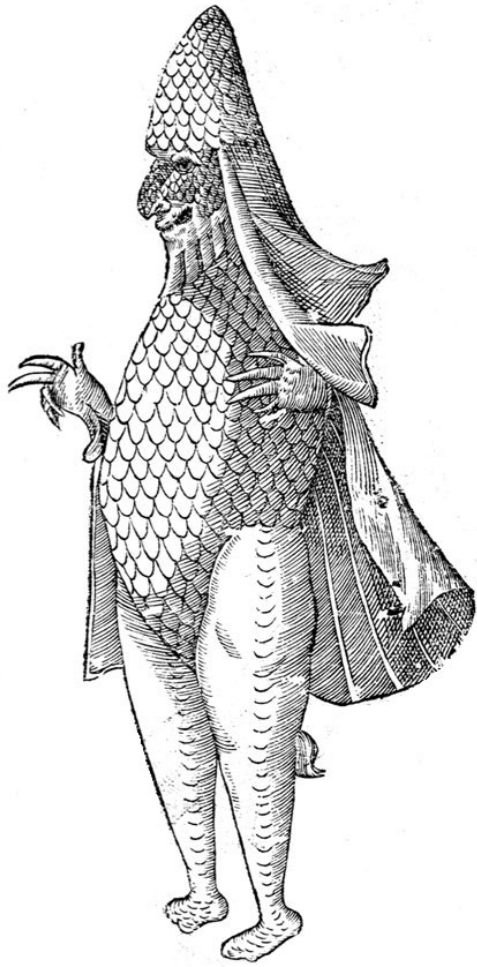






What does the soul do in the interim? It lives in itself, and like a pilot in a calm, like a mirror at night, a lute that no one touches, awakes new excitement.

-Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, *The Physiology of Taste*





high brow low brow fish consumption (one fish two) consommé or dashi or some anchovy snacks. While looking at the rain that presses against my eyeball as I stare at it I am eating a raw mackerel

and pretending I am a tuna who has found some delightful lunch. Is a shiny mackerel the equivalent of

Italian hoagies... for the mental contentedness of a tuna rather than me? This meal would be more enjoyable

if my digestion could manage bones. Even the pin bones are more than prickling, they are piercing my

throat and screwing my palette with iron-y blood. I decide the mental exercise isn't worth the pain investment.

I eat dried squid dipped in coconut vinegar and XO sauce which I made using expensive dried sea creatures which I smoke with cherry wood and butane perfumed charcoal. I mignonette everything and incorporate them into wagyu, boar, and chicken fat which I've caramelized and steeped using sugar cane, peppercorns, shaoxing, and pu-erh leaves. This snack, while far nicer to eat than the sea mackerel, is obnoxiously intellectual in its convoluted process of dehydrating and rehydrating sea-things. While considering this and continually distracting myself from conceited sensuality, I toss the components against a wall effectively staining the surface with Sichuan-styled fats and designer bi-valves. I am disturbing the order of a home-kitchen with listless disaffect. Though I'm ashamed of my theatrics, the confluence of stimuli inspire me to cook a Chinese lasagna with pasta dough I had in the fridge. Really good recipe.

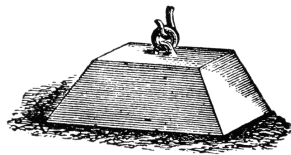


To enhance the diner's experience, I leak a water-based fire suppression system in the ceiling. I bury 400 feet of in-ground garden hose which is pricked with pinholes so it slowly trickles, equivalent to a sweaty epidermis. The dining room floor is covered in soil sourced from Jamaican coffee farms. The humidity and organic elements makes most people's eyes glaze over before the first glass of long-tasting wine reaches the table. The seating arrangements include canopies, so that one eats isolated with their company and the space acts as an illusive estrangement of the urban exterior. The dining table is marble, and coordinates harshly with the superficially alive environment. It's weight offers stability to the space, and effectively draws the focal point to food placed on it. When the amuse arrives in its stone bowl my eyes are removed from the setting and I look at the immensity of that bite of food and its effective consummation of my sense. I think about dying with it in my mouth. The taste will infinitely elongate as a childishly anticipant projection.









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