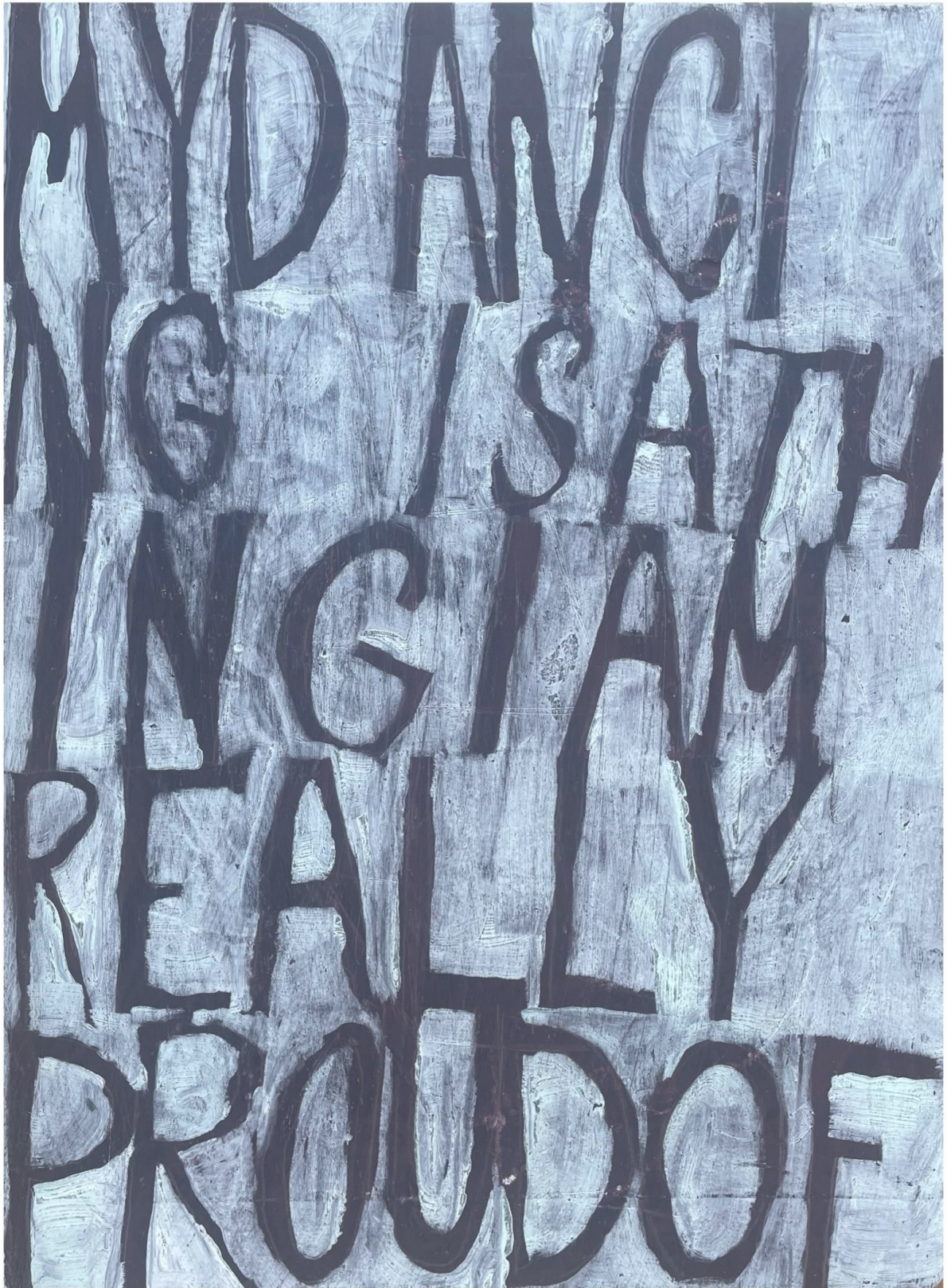


When's My Next Thing That I Get? February 2026



I bought a house recently and it has this kitchen in it. I knew when I took possession that I wanted to renovate the kitchen a little bit. The house was built in 1965 (Rubber Soul), and very few aesthetic decisions had been made in the kitchen since then. This is not necessarily a bad thing. The kitchen has very well made Amish cabinets, and the original brown-enameled cast iron sink was thrilling to behold, though an absolute bear to remove. The original gold-veined linoleum floor had been covered by a significantly less attractive ochre sheet linoleum approximation of parquet tile. There was a weird little desk built into the corner, behind which I found coupons and correspondence dating back to the mid-1980s.

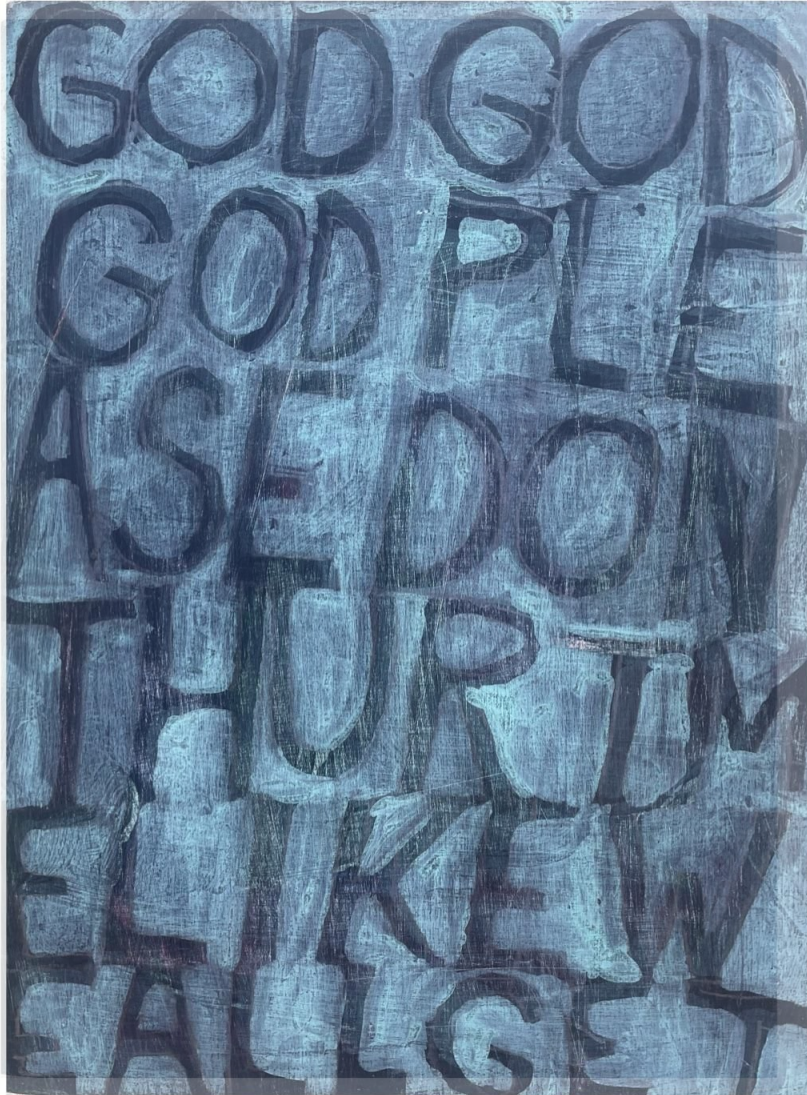


WE CAN'T
DO IT
WE ARE
EXHAUSTED



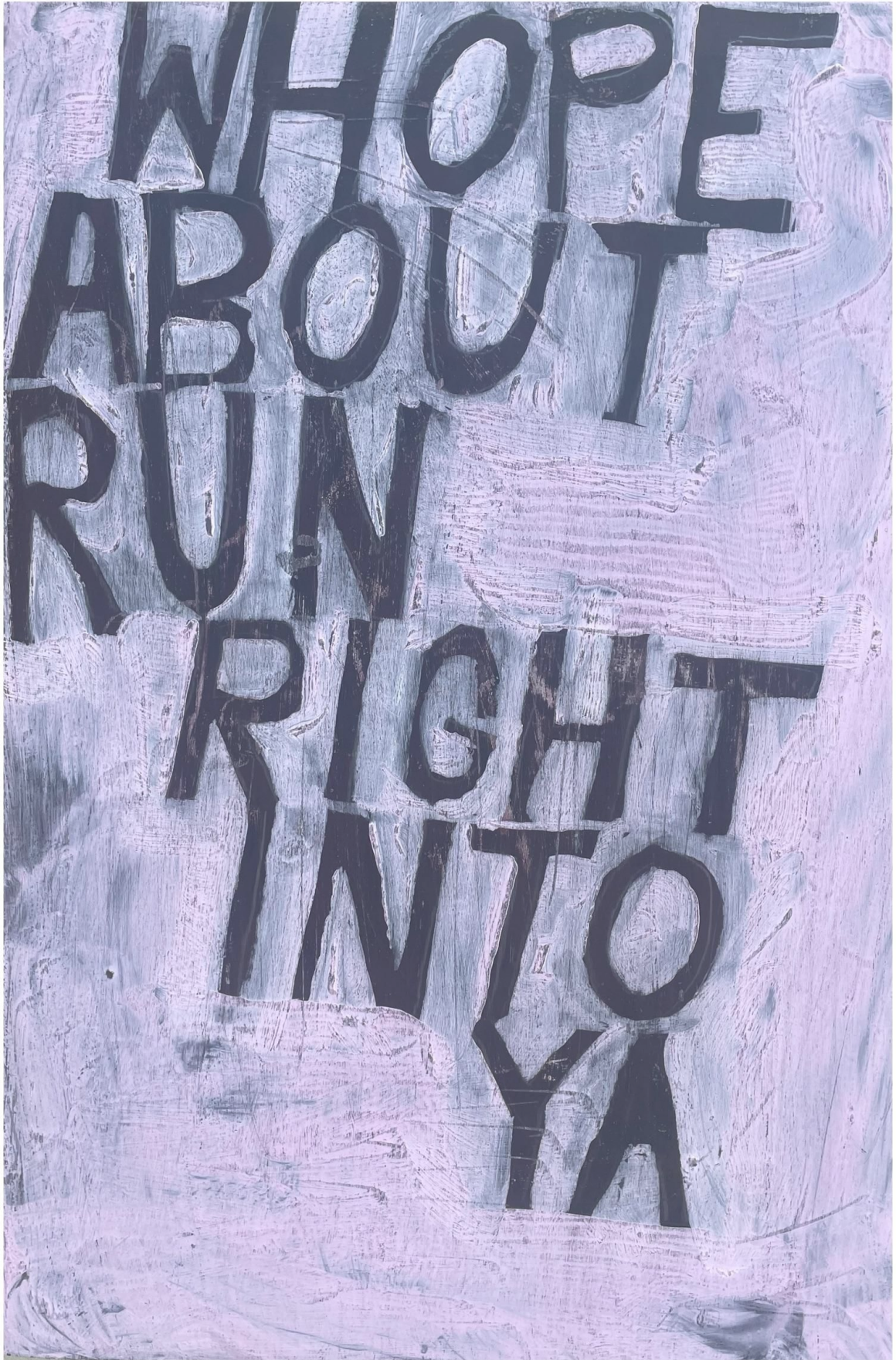
I painted the cabinets green. A full-saturation, just a skosh beyond Kermit, green. My initial thinking was timid. Let the cabinets have their fun, but do the walls and floor in neutrals, keep it safe, English country manorish. Light and breezy, conservative, terrified. Painting the cabinets was a chore. Sand them, primer every stupid little surface, sand them again, paint the insides, paint the outsides, do another coat, paint the fronts of the doors, the backs, another coat, put them back together, be crushingly disappointed with the results, make some little touch-ups here and there, find a little drip and fly into a rage beyond all proportion, step back five feet and realize it looks fine, etc.

NONE OF
IT HAS
COUNTED
SO FAR
SO DO
WORRY





Which is all to say that during the course of painting the cabinets, I went quite mad. In my altered state, I decided to paint the walls a rich, vibrant, electric, pornographic pink. I knew that it had to be done, and I knew that certain little cowards residing inside of me would try to talk me out of it, so I went and bought the paint and got it on the walls in very short order, before I could “better not” myself out of living some semblance of life as a free animal capable of expression and joy.



ALWAYS
FOR EVER
BEST
CAN ONLY
SWEET
LOVE





I'm pretty happy about it. There have been moments when I second-guessed, and I've thought a lot about the episode in which Homer wears a pink shirt to work and is summarily sent to the insane asylum. New neighbors welcomed into my home may well see my garish kitchen and quickly make excuses to leave. But ultimately, it's going to be me in there making coffee in my underwear, and anyone who doesn't like my Barbie Dream Kitchen can see themselves out.