Market Meltdown. I told my broker in August of 2007 that the market was going to 7,000. For a year and a half she told me I was out of my mind. She now agrees with me. Do I pull out now? What’s the point? My equities are worth so little it hardly pays to worry about it now.

So ... we try Market Meltdown Deep Discount Pork Chops. Not Derek’s finest Kurobuta or Duroc. Wegmans plain old boneless pork loin chops. You know, the kind where the bones have already been sold as spare ribs. Deep discount pork ... the other white meat. So I let the chops sit for an hour in tequila. Then I let them rest for two days in a very hot, sweet, aromatic dry Jamaican jerk rub and cook them quickly over very high heat. Crisped, blackened, and medium rare. Jean’s skip the tequila and the hot spices, and get a light dusting of a sweet basic red rub where the hottest spice is paprika.

After the brining, or what ever you call a tequila bath, the texture of the chops was wonderful, tender, moist, and redolent of the tequila and the spices. Actually, the spices (allspice, cinnamon, cloves, coriander, ginger, and nutmeg) and the incredible heat of dry scotch bonnets together provide an intensity of flavor all their own. The combinations offered great flavor and great texture ... and probably represented the best financial investment I’ve made in some time.

Jean ensured that we had a complete and balanced dinner. She started with a salad (which I did not deign to photograph), and complemented the chops with wild rice, broccoli, and sautéed poblano peppers. I served them with a bottle of Victory St. Victorious, a Doppelbock that seemed quite happy to be served with pork chops.

I’m quite pleased with the photographs. The plate of pork, rice, and vegetables is an explosion of colors, in the sharpest possible focus. It’s flanked by two lines, focusing the eye on the bottle of Victory St. Vic, which is in pastel colors and is deliberately in a soft muted focus. The eye rebels and is drawn back to the intensity and crispness of the plate. Or so I think.
How much fun is this ... making up art critic narratives about a plate of discount pork chops!

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