Yes, I’m glad to be home! The food in Singapore in particular was wonderful and perhaps I’ll fill a couple of blog posts with shots of Singaporean bar food or Singaporean local Peranakan cuisine. And, yeah, this steak and buttered potatoes stuff is probably lethal. But my body was raised on it and it loves it. In contrast, by the end of the trip I was seriously over-dosing on fried noodles, Peking Duck, fried taro pastry, and indeed almost everything I had been eating for the previous five weeks. Congee is too bland, and after a while everything else is too oily. What a funny thought, after a steak dinner!

Fast forward two days from my last steak dinner ... and play it again. This time I had a small dry aged rib eye and Jean had a small filet. I did the best I could, with garlic and salt and pepper on Jean’s and a spicy Cajun blackening rub on mine. I carefully ensured that the steaks were not over-done, since the difference in meat quality between these cuts and Derek’s would have been overwhelmingly obvious if the meat had been over cooked. And yet, once again, it was clear that this was not Charolais, not Hereford, and, once again, the meat was only adequate. Clearly Jean and I are going to miss Derek!

The second dinner was rounded out with a couple of ears of spring sweet corn and steamed Swiss chard with garlic, and in my case, with a bottle of Allagash Tripel. The corn just did not work. Perhaps it is too early in the season, but the sugars never developed and the corn had serious vegetal notes, sort of asparagus and grass, that could not be hidden even under a serious coating of Jamaican jerk spices. The Allagash made amends for all other shortcomings, however.
No meats in the fridge, and nothing planned going forward. Still, this is (I think) Memorial Day weekend fast approaching, and man does not live by beer alone. Econo-chicken? Burgers? Econo-ribs? The Genuardi’s econo-meats, disparaged in previous market-meltdown posts, may be the best we can find for a while!
And now, back up one day. The Wharton Brewmaster’s Guild scheduled an end of semester lunch at Victory Brewing. Unfortunately, it was so end of semester that only one of the graduating officers, and none of next year’s officers, was even available to attend. Fortunately, one of our Wharton colleagues, Professor Louis Thomas, was able to join us, and we turned it into a beer tutorial, with occasional guest appearances from barbecue, pizza, fries, even Schweinhauxe. Schweinhauxe are scarier than they sound ... deep fried pigs feet with red cabbage and creamy garlic mashed potatoes with chunks of smoked ham. Great fun. Still not health food in any global sense, but exactly what I think I need right now.

ekc