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Expanding My Alimentary Horizons

Beautifully done. One of
best. Writing about food
liberates something in
you.

New Orleans, Louisiana is a city thriving in culture, history, and music, but the most interesting aspect for me was food. I am just about the world's pickiest eater, so I was considerably nervous about finding food that would satisfy my sensitive palate in The Big Easy. I found myself pleasantly surprised, however, with the varieties available to choose from. I also found that the food treated me well, as I may have gained a few pounds by the end of the trip. But I am perhaps most satisfied with the fact that I branched out and tried several new foods on this trip. In the past when I've traveled, I've let my pickiness get in the way of truly experiencing the culture and gastronomy of a place. Retrospectively, I seriously regret not trying even bites of food from other cultures and countries. I was determined to not let this happen on the New Orleans trip. I didn't want to regret any of my decisions, like I had in the past. And I was proud of myself for all of the walls I broke down on this trip.

Smoothly written

Being a selective meat eater and typically only eating chicken or turkey, I tended to gravitate toward these selections in New Orleans, specifically chicken because that is more prevalent, I observed. I learned really quickly what good, southern fried chicken tastes like and I immediately fell in love. Just about every opportunity I had, I ordered it. At Jaques-Imos, I ordered the fried chicken with the

mashed potatoes as a side. But before the main course was even served, I got a taste of real southern corn bread! I was immediately addicted and I think I ate three whole corn muffins. I also tasted the alligator cheesecake, which was a big step for me. It was definitely not my favorite food, but I was proud to say that I tried it and survived. Needless to say, I was pretty much stuffed by the time my fried chicken arrived and I ended up taking most of it to go. But the parts that I did eat were so delectable, especially the mashed potatoes! They were buttery and creamy and I was just in a stuffed, over-eaten heaven.

The other restaurant that stood out to me was Gallatoire's. I was so satisfied with my meal there and it is also where I tried the most foods! I, once again, ordered a chicken dish, but it was so different from all the other dishes! It was called Chicken Creole and it was a boneless chicken breast with rice on top of this spicy, traditional Creole sauce and it was easily the best meal I had all week. I ate all of it, and I am almost never able to finish all of a meal. It was such a unique twist on a pretty common food item. If I ever go back, I'll definitely recommend it to others!

I also tried three new foods at this restaurant. Sam Huryk ordered filet mignon and I tried that. It was surprisingly delicious. I normally do not like the taste of beef, but this was quite pleasant. Brian ordered escargot as an appetizer and was kind enough to share a whole snail with me. I found that the flavor wasn't bad; in fact it was just buttery and garlicky. It was the texture, however, that was more difficult to enjoy. It was just quite rubbery, although not awful. Would I ever order escargot for myself? Probably not, but I am definitely glad that I branched out

and tried it. I also tried a bite of duck from somebody's plate. I found that to be the most pleasant out of all the foods I tried in New Orleans.

much like

When I told my parents about everything I tried, they were proud of me, too! Well, except my mother, who was appalled that I ever let a snail pass my lips. She was thoroughly repulsed, admitting that I am far braver than she. I was proud that I overcame my mental block of different foods enough to at least try some different ones, even if I did not order them as main courses for myself. It is a big step in the right direction and I think this trip really was a breakthrough for me in regards to expanding my horizons with food. It boosted my confidence and helped me realize that new foods won't suddenly make me drop dead, as silly as that sounds. I left New Orleans with a new perspective on gastronomy and an excitement to go back and try more next time I find myself in The Big Easy.

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