



First Pesto of the Season

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Necessity, is without a doubt, the mother of invention. Hunger amps necessity Especially at lunchtime. So, the story goes like this. It's about noon when I feel the first hunger rumble. I need to be fed regularly, it's just the way I'm wired. I've been on a grocery store strike, because I hate going to the grocery store. But the cupboard is getting bare so I'm going to have to knuckle down very soon. I tell Jeff we have no pasta for lunch. He starts to whimper.

It just breaks my heart when he whimpers like that.

I go downstairs and make some fresh pasta. It's not so crazy: flour, eggs, knead, stretch the pasta, cut it, done. Pasta for two; come on, no biggie.

The pasta water goes on the stove to boil, I run over to the orto and harvest the first of our basil. Poor basil, it's had a hard year, too cold, too wet. It never had a chance to grow and now it's flowering. Completely bypassed adolescence and went right into maturity. I harvest 10 or 12 nice size leaves, and a big chunk of rucola (arugula). The rucola has gone berserk; you have to hack it off in chunks.

By the time I get back to the kitchen, the water is nearly boiling. I'm thinking a little pesto would taste nice, and I go to the pine nut jar...and it's empty. Grrr..... But, what good luck, there are some shelled pistachios! Into the blender: basil, garlic, olive oil, pinch of salt, hunk of cheese and some nuts.

The pasta gets cooked in about 90 seconds, it all gets tossed together with a little chopped tomato and there you have it, a very fresh lunch. Total time to make: 30 minutes.

So, if you make pesto really fast, is it Presto Pasta? Or in this case Pistachio Pesto Pasta? Say that 5 times fast!

Image (optional):

