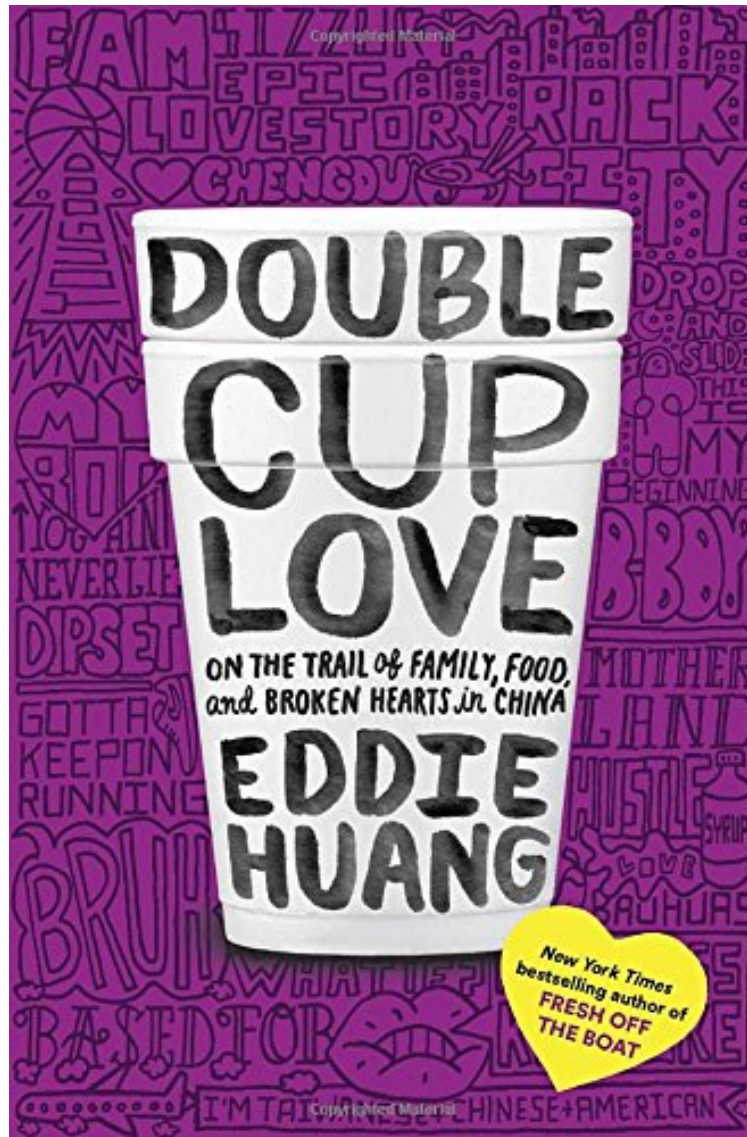


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Double Cup Love: On the Trail of Family, Food, and Broken Hearts in China

Eddie Huang

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#468194 in Books Eddie Huang 2016-05-31 2016-05-31 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.60 x .90 x 6.40l, .0 #File Name: 0812995465240 pages Double Cup Love On the Trail of Family Food and Broken Hearts in China | File size: 15.Mb

Eddie Huang : Double Cup Love: On the Trail of Family, Food, and Broken Hearts in China before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Double Cup Love: On the Trail of Family, Food, and Broken Hearts in China:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. I really enjoyed reading Fresh Off the Boat. By May I would rate it a 3.5. I really enjoyed reading Fresh Off the Boat. Double Cup Love focuses more on his cooking, his brothers, the food and cooking in China, his friends/people he meets in China, and of course relationships. What bothered me in Fresh Off the Boat is that he writes exactly as how he would talk. That is no different in this book. Now that can either be a good thing or bad thing for you. For me, it bothered me a bit only because maybe I'm not used to all that slang. He has a lot to say and I enjoyed reading it, but sometimes I felt he jumped from one subject to the next and then back to it again. Overall a great read if you are a fan of Eddie Huang, love food and have a sense of humor. 8 of 9 people found the following review helpful. still love his style but this fell short of my expectations. By Angela MI wasn't even going to review this book but then it kinda bugged me when I started reading other reviews and saw so many that clearly don't "get it" that Eddie isn't some family-friendly sitcom writer. I loved Fresh Off the Boat (the book!) and was pretty skeptical about the TV show taking off until I saw how much they got it twisted, and was not a bit surprised to hear about his reaction to it. I'm not focusing on that topic here though -- still loved that book, and I DO genuinely like Eddie Huang's writing style, all of the slang and "foul language" included. I think it's authentic and refreshing and for me it's pretty funny and easy to follow. However, I've gotta be real and admit that I just didn't really enjoy Double Cup Love. It took me several weeks to finish what should have been a two-day read because I just kept getting kind of bored with the endless descriptions of quite similar sounding dishes. I felt like this book touched on so many things without ever really getting down to business. On the topic of his relationship, especially, I just didn't "see it"...it seemed like there were tons of details and anecdotes missing or edited out that made the impact of the story practically nil. It was like someone telling me how they fell in love with a guy because he had blue eyes, smelled nice, and loved a band they also loved. I'd be like, "Oh yeah? That's too bad". Boring! Maybe it's just me. I dunno. Three stars is about as high as I can go. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. A bit all over the place, but classic Eddie. By Sheenmachine I don't think this book was as clear and crisp as the first one, but Eddie even stated that this. Felt this book is kinda like a contractual obligation. He brought it together and as a Chinese American I can relate to a lot of it. Eddie brought it together his way... my generation's Amy Tan, Eddie is building out his own brand, look forward to his next work.

From the author of Fresh Off the Boat, now a hit ABC sitcom, comes a hilarious and fiercely original story of culture, family, love, and red-cooked pork. Eddie Huang was finally happy. Sort of. He'd written a bestselling book and was the star of a TV show that took him to far-flung places around the globe. His New York City restaurant was humming, his OKCupid hand was strong, and he'd even hung fresh Ralph Lauren curtains to create the illusion of a bedroom in the tiny apartment he shared with his younger brother Evan, who ran their restaurant business. Then he fell in love and everything fell apart. The business was creating tension within the family; his life as a media star took him away from his first passion food; and the woman he loved an All-American white girl made him wonder: How Chinese am I? The only way to find out, he decided, was to reverse his parents' migration and head back to the motherland. On a quest to heal his family, reconnect with his culture, and figure out whether he should marry his American girl, Eddie flew to China with his two brothers and a mission: to set up shop to see if his food stood up to Chinese palates and to immerse himself in the culture to see if his life made sense in China. Naturally, nothing went according to plan. Double Cup Love takes readers from Williamsburg dive bars to the skies over Mongolia, from Michelin-starred restaurants in Shanghai to street-side soup peddlers in Chengdu. The book rockets off as a sharply observed, globe-trotting comic adventure that turns into an existential suspense story with high stakes. Eddie takes readers to the crossroads where he has to choose between his past and his future, between who he once was and who he might become. Double Cup Love is about how we search for love and meaning in family and culture, in romance and marriage but also how that search, with all its aching and overpowering complexity, can deliver us to our truest selves. Praise for Eddie Huang's Double Cup Love. Double Cup Love invites the readers to journey through [Eddie Huang's] love story, new friendships, brotherhood, a whole lot of eating and more. Huang's honest recounting shouts and whispers on every page in all-caps dialogues and hilarious side-commentary. Huang pulls simple truths and humor out of his complex adventure to China. His forthright sharing of anecdotes is sincere and generates uncontrollable laughter. . . . His latest memoir affirms not only that the self-described human panda is an engaging storyteller but a great listener, especially in the language of food. Chicago Tribune An elaborate story of love and self-discovery . . . Huang's writing is wry and zippy; he regards the world with an understanding of its absurdities and injustices and with a willingness to be surprised. Jon Caramanica, The New York Times Huang is determined to tease out the subtle and not-so-subtle ways in which Asian-Americans give up parts of themselves in order to move forward. . . . Fortunately for us, he's not afraid to speak up about it. The New Yorker Huang connects in Chengdu the same way he assimilated in America through food, hip-hop and a never-ending authenticity, which readers experience through his hilarious writing voice and style. New York Daily News

Double Cup Love invites the readers to journey through [Eddie Huang's] love story, new friendships, brotherhood, a whole lot of eating and more. Huang's honest recounting shouts and whispers on every page in all-caps dialogues and

hilarious side-commentary. Huang pulls simple truths and humor out of his complex adventure to China. His forthright sharing of anecdotes is sincere and generates uncontrollable laughter. . . . His latest memoir affirms not only that the self-described human panda is an engaging storyteller but a great listener, especially in the language of food. Chicago Tribune An elaborate story of love and self-discovery . . . [Eddie] Huang's writing is wry and zippy; he regards the world with an understanding of its absurdities and injustices and with a willingness to be surprised. Jon Caramanica, The New York Times Huang is determined to tease out the subtle and not-so-subtle ways in which Asian-Americans give up parts of themselves in order to move forward. . . . Fortunately for us, he's not afraid to speak up about it. The New Yorker Huang connects in Chengdu the same way he assimilated in America through food, hip-hop and a never-ending authenticity, which readers experience through his hilarious writing voice and style. New York Daily News Another punch of passion . . . With his gift for conversation, edgy humor, and deeply knowledgeable palate, readers get a sense of a young chef on a serious quest. . . . His passion for food and determination to get things right in the U.S., in China, and in his heart of hearts mark every page. Publishers Weekly Huang possesses a fiery descriptive flair capable of splicing disparate cultural references with the acuity of a yakitori grill master. . . . A challenging author continues to bravely bare his soul along with his best dishes. Kirkus s About the Author Eddie Huang is the proprietor of Baohaus, a restaurant in New York City. He's also the author of the New York Times bestselling memoir *Fresh Off the Boat* (now an ABC sitcom) and the host of *Huang's World* on Vice TV. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Connie When it all came crashing down in Houston, I was dating Connie. I met her on OKCupid, but she claimed she'd seen me on the train before, and in some metaphysical way, I felt like I already knew her, too. She was Chinatown ice cream, a seeming contradiction considering that most Chinatown residents shart their pants when introduced to lactose. Ice cream was a foreign object our bodies rejected, but being raised in America, we wouldn't be denied. We wanted our gummy bears. We wanted our hamburgers. We wanted our fucking ice cream. In the Chinatown ice cream truck there was always red bean, green tea, and the dreaded durian, but Connie represented a special flavor that anyone from Rowland Heights to Fairfax, Virginia, would recognize: black sesame. Our parents put red bean in ice cream, and Japanese heads even had matcha, but the greatest contribution my generation of Asian Americans has made to ice cream is undoubtedly black sesame. We'd seen black sesame in tong yuan, fried sesame balls, and even pancakes, but to infuse creamy, whole milk, lactose-laden ice cream with black sesame was extremely fucking future. Each generation must have its own ice cream. This was ours. We complain about silenced minorities and the lack of Asian-American voices in our culture, but it's not that we don't talk. Go to any boba spot or Chinatown ice cream shop on a Friday night, and you'll hear a lot of chicken talk. If you happen to be reading this book in Alabama, and there isn't a Chinatown ice cream shop for you to peep game, just go on Yelp, which is also Exhibits A, B, and C for the squawking Chinese American. Nothing encapsulates the over-reduced Chinese-American mind better than Yelp. We aren't quiet, we aren't devoid of opinion—we're an extremely passive-aggressive, tribal, prescriptive people who can't agree on how we feel about Indians. But it's extremely East Asian to even ask these questions, i.e., how we should feel about Indians as a group, as a race, but not as individuals? Other Asians like Filipinos are much better about these things and much more liberal in their acceptance and understanding of life in general, but if we keep it to the Dogmatic Three—China, Korea, and Japan—every opinion was reductive and authoritarian. In Korea you have chaebols, in China you have Confucianism-Maoism-Momism, while Japan has legislation on the proper way to fold and present a receipt. I once walked into a 7-11 in Tokyo, got a Pocari Sweat, took a sip of said Pocari Sweat, then walked up to the register to pay. When I reached the counter, homie said to me: You should not do that in Japan. Do what? Drink the Pocari Sweat before you pay. Is this rule specific to Pocari Sweat? No, anything. Do not eat or drink before you pay. Are you from America? Cause your English doesn't sound like you grew up in Japan. I am definitely Japanese. I was born in Japan, then went to high school in California and came back to Japan so I know how people in America drink things before they pay, but you should not do it in Japan. It is very offensive. But I'm paying. It doesn't matter, I already thought bad things about you. Like what? That you are a thief. What if I don't care what you think? This is very dishonorable. It occurred to me early on that as an Asian American what I think about myself doesn't really matter, nor do intentions, because the ultimate arbiter of our lives is public opinion. We go through our lives making calculations based on expectations and declaring judgments using our advanced research skills despite never really touching, seeing, or feeling the things we're judging. While the West anchors identity in the autonomous mind I think, therefore I am Asian identity is the sum of our judgments of other people: I side-eye, therefore I am. Connie was an avatar of Generation Black Sesame but chose to quarantine herself in the old Asian-American mold. On our first date, she told me she had moved to N.Y. from L.A. largely because she read my blog, loved food, and related to everything I said about Asian identity—the power of an ancient culture hurtling forward unbound from arbitrary restraints—but I doubted it. She had been formulating all types of ideas for Baohaus from California; she criticized our forays into vegetarian curry, and seemingly had a plan for my life before ever meeting me. My mom was the same. I'm pretty sure the minute my dad's Calpico hit the lips of her vagina, she was screaming: I understand you! I know what you need! You must keep bar license active! Connie was a less effective American remake of my mom cloaked in skin-tight racerback dresses. If you told Connie and my mom to get to the same 99 Ranch Market from the same starting point, my mom would get there twenty minutes faster, taking back streets and residential service roads, while Connie would sit on the

405 driving in the sand, arriving at the 99 Ranch Market after all the good hollow heart vegetable was already bought up. I'd seen girls like her at Taiwanese-Chinese gatherings for years. My aunts and uncles loved propping them up. She has straight As! So smart. You must see her play violin, great form, beautiful hands, how you say ... exquisite! Yes, exquisite! Her face very generous will bring luck to a family. My cousin Wendy was like this. She went to Yale, was relatively tall, had the titty buffet on smash, and got paraded around at all our events in some derivative of the qipao. It was like she won the Heisman every weekend and did the potluck circuit for her adoring fans. The only thing she didn't have was bound feet. That would have unified all the belts in her weight class. Taiwanese-Chinese people just assume we all see the same math so there's no hesitation when pouring on the compliments. Nor do parents hesitate in pointing out your girls' bad fortune. For years, I heard complaints about my ex-Eddie's girlfriend, Vivienne, has stingy face. Bad fortune, she will take all your luck. Limp, too! Bad energy. I saw her wipe the table! She doesn't clean, she just smears the sauce into table more. Who taught her to wipe a table? Eyes are small. Not generous. That's why she doesn't want to clean. ALL OUR EYES ARE SMALL, WHAT ARE YOU AUNTS AND UNCLES TALKING ABOUT? Connie was the first woman I ever dated that could have been potluck-approved. For that reason, I stayed in the relationship, because hate-smashing the superficial ideals your race has held over your head is victory between the sheets. She knew kung fu, she had won an East L.A. beauty contest, and her father was a herbal medicinist, but it all felt extremely foreign to me. Not only did she not understand my Dipset references, but all she wanted to talk about was vegetables and being Asian. It was as if her entire life revolved around race and vegetarianism, which after a while started to feel like the same thing. When all else fails in romance, do people just give up and marry the manifestation of their favorite restaurant? I guess that would explain why so many people in middle America look like they married a Cheesecake Factory. But I couldn't resist. The relationship started off like the Spring Breakers experience got white-gloved-delivered to my couch: kung fu grip on the throat, lobster sauce on the walls, Gucci Mane might as well have been watching in a bathtub. She was fresh out of culinary school, working at Dirt Candy, and would come over right after her prep shift in the afternoon cause she liked riding reverse while Yo! MTV Raps was on. It was around the time Rack City Tygas strip-club anthem came out, which made me want to throw change around my living room cause I'm too cheap to throw Washingtons at someone who's already agreed to have sex with me. Like George Bush paintings or French Montana records, it was extremely entertaining but devoid of any deeper enrichment. She was the Carl Lewis of my single life. In record time (thirteen days), she started leaving all her things in my crib, stayed over every night, woke me up at random hours to tell me about sweet potato muffins and ask if I was listening to her. I didn't realize what was going on until it was too late. You know, Seren's recipes are so smart. We're making sweet potato muffins at work. Dope, I mumbled. It's one of those recipes where it's not just a substitute muffin that isn't as good as the non-vegan ones, it's actually so much better. That's awesome. Nobody wants to be Plan B, not even a sweet potato muffin. Yeah, it really bothers me when people assume vegan food can't be as tasty. It's not less delicious because it's vegan. I think it's actually better. Vegan discrimination is super fucked up. Are you making fun of me? No, I definitely agree that vegan food shouldn't be discriminated against, and I'm ready to march. You don't have to listen to me if you don't want to. You gotta let me live. It's two a.m. on a Tuesday and you're talking to me about vegan food discrimination and sweet potato muffins. Do you think anyone in the universe wants to talk about this right now? Why are you so mean? I'm not mean, I'm just not interested. You need to talk to someone else about the plight of vegan food identity politics. What is wrong with you? You are so crazy! And I really think a lot of people would agree with you. I'll even agree with you if I can go to sleep. If you don't want me to be here, you can just tell me. In all honesty, I wished she didn't stay over. The sex was face-melting, but I hated feeling like I was staring the rest of my life in its muffin afterward. I lied to her anyway. I want you to be here. There was nothing wrong with Connie. My boy David kept saying she checks a lot of boxes, and he was right. Connie came into my life, rearranged my kitchen, cleaned my room, befriended Evan, got me eating breakfast, and kept the crib smelling like lotion. But it only made me even more suspicious. What did she want? She was definitely trying to trap me, but why me? Why did I deserve this? And why did she double-plate breakfast? My room doesn't even have a door, but my plate got a plate, the eggs had miso, and the salad had microgreens. The food was delicious, the service was incredible, but I was uncomfortable. Everything Connie did made me feel like I was an orphan being relocated to the Russian Tea Room, but I liked my lo-fi lo-life. Evan appreciated Connie more than I did. It's nice having Connie around. It's O.D. Son, this apartment was Iraq before she came. Iraq has its charms. And people in Iraq don't want to eat kebabs on two plates. Ha ha, yo, why do you care if she uses two plates? She washes them anyway. It just doesn't make sense! We're in a shit apartment, why is she trying to make it Le Bernardin? She got plans for herself, my g. That's what I'm sayin! She got plans for me and I can tell they're really bad plans. They're like Dad's plans when his friends came over to the house! Fuck, I hated those plans. I'm saying!