

## FOOD

03-26-2010 BY HARRY ZIRKELBACH

You are what you eat, says one philosopher.

Is that the good news, or something worse?

Count on me, Food Editor of EPICUREAN, to share your secret.

You all know the basic food groups so we skip that here,  
enter the topic chosen today directly.

Why is it that everyone you meet at any function takes more space than their parents, everywhere, elevator, table, chair, bed (no I did not peek). But shapes today exceed to that of grandparents who tended to be full-bodies, cheerful.

My whole experience is centered on Food, so I'll not credit changes seen on anything else, though some like to blame morality, (specifically, the lack of it) obsession with youth, song and dance. Thought I admit to being guilty of these vices too.

American men and women are being deprived of one basic food.  
It is as simple as that.

When is the last time you sat in a bus, subway, church, and large gathering, and had your breath taken away by the sheer beauty of some person nearby. It may have taken a time to realize it wasn't the fair complexion, posture, coyness, dress, from which this aura emanated, but that you were swept off your center pivot, overwhelmed by the reek of unadulterated garlic. It happens infrequently. You know this is a moment never to be forgotten, for you have lost your breath in ecstasy, became dizzy, couldn't think or breathe, knew that you are about to faint, maybe die.

You have been saved by that inner life within your soul, whereby without knowing, you rose, moved elsewhere, lest you spend eternity in that isolated paradise.

Joseph Campbell called this other world life, bliss or minerva,

that state of being which acknowledges nothing else. Campbell in his many books later interviews with Bill Moyers, confirmed this was a state of consciousness where few were admitted, though it could happen anytime, anywhere.

It might happen to you.

How?

The food magazine Epicure has devoted a recent issue to the preparation of savory Mediterranean dishes, each enhanced, invigorated, stimulated, by Garlic, and plenty of it.

Buy that issue. There is a recipe for each meal, all thirty days.

Treat yourself, every meal, every day, generously.

And don't forget the bottles of Chianti wine to wash down these savory offerings, also is from central Italy. There, in its aroma, you will find a strong hint of garlic and pure air, the latter a delusion.

Bo

Bon Appetite, Mes Amies

