

BACALHAU

No one will ever be able to convince me that the Portuguese in America are not a paradox.

We yearn for cod which is exported to Portugal primarily through a firm in Charlotte, North Carolina, and then re-imported by Americans in the form of salted "bacalhau" to be sold to Portuguese and Luso-Americans residing here.

Then, after considerable and highly-skilled food preparation, we enjoy ourselves, "matando saudades" while simultaneously reaching the apex of happiness. As if that weren't enough, we then show how tolerant we are as a people. Yes, tolerant.. Tolerant...

After all, how else can anyone define people who find their "nirvana" while eating something that, only a few minutes before being cooked, smelled like pissy panties?

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