

from abroad. Our cows are not angry!  
blood, risking BSE, which if we have it, came  
amoral anthropophagi, when they eat cows  
cannibals are moral. Ah, but cows are  
but Montaigne stated that to each other even  
cows have souls and would not cook kin

Cover the bottom of a deep, wide, heavy, ponderous, ancestral pot with oil and heat until so hot that if you stick your finger in, you'll get a third degree burn. Do not, however, stick your finger in. Drop in whole cardamom, cloves, cinnamon ("She brought Solomon cinnamon" – now who said that of the Queen of Sheba?), and a heaping teaspoon of cumin seed. Wait for them to sizzle like your childhood Rice Krispies. Now add the meat of a cow to whom you have taken a dislike. Mourn the cow, brown the pieces, and remove with a slotted spoon. Spill into this, with a look of insouciance, a paste made of ginger and garlic, two chopped onions, and a bit of your neighbor's stolen green chilis. Brown the paste, add one quarter cup yoghurt, so slowly, so slowly or else you will offend the god of curries and he will punish you with a curse on every seventh son of a seventh son born unto you, and by making your yoghurt curdle. Add several spoonfuls paprika (decry snobs (but not Hungarians) who call it PAP-rika), cayenne so as to singe your tongue lightly, a large spoonful of ground coriander seeds, several pinches of turmeric, a teaspoon of real sea salt from your favorite ocean, and a few blessings to atone for cooking a calf in its mother's yoghurt. Cover amply with water, bring to a boil, and simmer with the heat turned low for one hour. Boil off some of the liquid to thicken the sauce, and add a pinch of garam masala, then serve. You may add vegetables if you like (think green beans or zucchini).

# A Recipe for Indian Curry

## Adapted by Millie Niss