

It's time to end the tyranny of olive oil

By Roberto A. Ferdman, Washington Post

On a weekend morning not long ago, I found myself in the kitchen, near the burner, whisking eggs while a pan absorbed the heat from a light flame. I was making breakfast for a few friends. The mood was light. The coffee was dark. Music played in the background, and everyone sat silently, anticipating the meal.

That is, until I reached for the butter.

"That's a lot of butter," one friend uttered from behind a newspaper.

"Is there any olive oil?" another asked.

"Yeah, I would really prefer olive oil," a third joined in. "If that's ok," he added, softening the demand.

I looked down at the poor, marginalized, misunderstood stick of coagulated deliciousness. And then back up at the table, where the butter skeptics sat. Three rather slender men in their late twenties, terrified of a little dairy fat.

"Fine, I'll make my eggs separately," I said, audibly disappointed. "But I'm not sharing."

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