

# Saladella Offers Light Mediterranean Cuisine

BY JILL SANTOPIETRO  
STAFF WRITER

I know that "salad" is not an inherently Greek word, so I guess "delia" must be. That's my five cent explanation for the plethora of delicious Mediterranean accented food to be found within a stone's throw of campus.

I was not previously aware of Chapel Hill as a major mecca of mouthwatering Middle Eastern delight. I knew that Mariakakis was supposedly great, but hardly convenient when an overwhelming hunger pang struck while in the fitting room at the Gap.

So, in order to discover the epicurean treasures of the corner of Franklin and Columbia, I rounded up three fellow eaters and marched on Saladella, the modestly named purveyor of sensory delight, right next door to Healthy Bite and across from the Young Republican club, er, I mean Spanky's....

Without a conscious bombardment of caloric measures, Saladella offers a light fare, showcasing Mediterranean delights such as falafel, tabouleh, hummus and gyros. ("It's a hero with a g and a y," said Karl, proving that grammar and dinner always compliment each other.) We ordered from the complete menu which provides for all vegetarians and carnivores alike.

As we waited for our dinner, we took

in the atmosphere- plants, mirrors and plants. Greenness cascades down the side wall and lurks in the corners. The wooden tables and chairs are homey and cute and the counter stools feature vegetables, no doubt lovingly hand painted by some craftsman in Amish country. The music was faint and forties-swing-kind-of-stuff. "It's very James Bondish," Karl observed.

The walls were covered in framed vegetable prints, doubtlessly a form of subliminal brainwashing to all wayward vegetable haters.

In a curious twist, interspersed with the Peruvian-style wall hanging and the little wooden village on one wall, there were large works of art rendered in black and white and featuring some human forms in very odd poses. If anyone can identify the actions being performed in the strange drawings, I suggest you see a counselor very promptly...

The food itself garnered little complaint and was nicely presented in baskets with little nuclear yellow bags of chips. The baskets themselves were the main complaint, as the food tended to get a little messy at times. "It's the baskets," said Ross. "Baskets make it messy because they suck. You can't push anything to the side."

The edibles got good reviews from all present and not Mike, the musician unable to make our dinner and Meg, our grilled cheese expert, gave two thumbs up



## EATING ON THE HILL

### Saladella

FOOD: ●●●● 1/2

SERVICE: ●●●●

ATMOSPHERE: ●●●●

PRICE RANGE: About \$5.50 for a sandwich and drink.

LOCATION: Columbia Street

PHONE: 932-1020

to the hummus plate. Meg also felt that her grilled cheese had reached that mythical perfect stage on the toast continuum. "It's really crispy, but not burned," she pronounced.

Ross raved about the falafel, "This may be the best falafel I've ever had!" and Karl solemnly stated, "The real vegetables and un-shredded lamb are a good idea. These gyros rival the ones in Raleigh." (apparently Raleigh is quite a gyro town...)

My own vegetable pocket, basically a salad in a pita, was full of very nice vegetables, but could have used more cheese.

Thumbs up to the dressing on the side idea, which helped to make the pita less soggy overall.

Saladella is definitely a fun place to go and their cookies are delicious, although their other desserts can be a bit expensive. They have a very unusual and extensive tea list, and were featuring cream of asparagus soup, which is an eccentric taste choice.

Overall, a fun place to catch a good bite to eat, especially if you have that yen for the salty air and crystal blue waters of the Mediterranean.

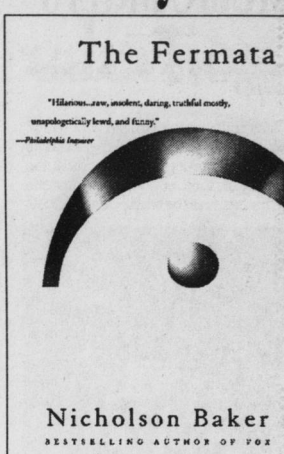
# 'Fermata' a Novel-Sized Short Story of a Voyeur

There is no one who has not, at one time or another, wished for time to stop so that they could fix their lives. The exam where you look up at the clock to find that you have half an hour less than you expected, or the interview when you suddenly realized that you are flying low. "Arno," the protagonist of Nicholson Baker's new novel "The Fermata" has precisely this power. In fact, the title refers to the "folds" in time which he is able to create.

The book charts the growth of Arno's powers, from the time he used a transformer to stop time in Mrs. Dobzhansky's class and lift up her shirt (our Arno was an early starter). At the time the book opens Arno is a middle-aged secretarial temp, who can stop time merely by pushing down his glasses or by clicking his fingers. The novel follows the innumerable variations on the theme of opening the Fold, and what Arno can do in it. The plot (or rather the lack of one) raises the first objection to the novel from a purely aesthetic point of view. It drags. I'm afraid even Arno's powers couldn't solve this problem. By the middle of the book, one is inured to any possible "changes" in Arno's lifestyle, and those that do come at the end are so minuscule that one is irritated at having waited so long for them.

There are, however, other problems, such as the technical question as to how exactly he stops time. Ummmm.... the skeptics bite their lips in bluish cynicism. How can he do that? But, no explanation is given for his power, no pseudo-scientific gobbledook which science fiction writers are so fond of. I for one, am glad that Baker trusts in his readers ability to accept Arno, who (literally) lives in his own hermetically sealed world. Baker achieves the most important criteria of all fiction in this respect - the suspension of disbelief.

OK, first problem out of the way. The acceptance of the basic premise is but the first of three doors which bar easy access to this novel. The second barrier to our entry is unfortunately one almost impossible to overcome. The problem resides in what Arno chooses to do with his power, during the periods of his life when he has it. He might occasionally use it to escape an embarrassing position, or even aid him in his work as a temp, but would never use it for criminal purposes. He uses his power to take women's clothes off.



Arno is a sort of inflated adolescent, caught on the cusp of sexual discovery and perpetually enamored of the sheer thrill of arousal simply obtained by seeing a woman's body. He is aware that voyeurism, particularly his variety, which women are powerless against, is wrong. From this perspective, Nicholson has created a highly convincing character, caught in the pincers of a moral dilemma, which is not too removed from many in real life. The opportunities for voyeurism in real life are enough to keep any aculo-ophile happy.

Despite this layer of moral awareness, Arno preserves a sense of joy at each instance of his Fold Powers, a joy which transcends the guilt he feels. As convincing as this moral prevarication is, one suspects that many readers will not want to start a two-hundred plus page book, whose subject matter they know they are going to find offensive. The final door is perhaps one only evident after a bit of reflection. The inclusion of a large chunk of Arno's amateurish pornography in the middle of the text is not only jarring, but unnecessary.

Did Baker have a word count to fill? "The Fermata" concerns an interesting subject, but fumbles its attempt to handle it sensitively. Bringing up issues of pornography and its role in literature, Baker, like his adolescent-esque protagonist refuses to look these issues in the face. I wish I could recommend "The Fermata" for its occasional bursts of humor. Unfortunately, these are too few and far between.

# Springtime at UNC: A Hitch Hiker's Guide

Ah yes! Spring in North Carolina. The time of year when flowers start to bloom, the birds start to sing, and surprise snowstorms sweep in to kill it all. It's the time of year when it becomes hard to pay attention to one thing for very long. So in keeping with the theme, I offer some random comments on our changing times.

1. Have you noticed that people spend a really long time worrying about what to call things instead of doing something about them? It's not "voting," it's using your "constitutional electoral selective processing rights." It's not the "Southern Part of Heaven," it's the "Northern Part of Hell." It's not a "baseball strike," it's a "national pastime negotiation extension." It's not "Outland," it's "Outback."

2. A little poem for our friends at Duke: Well my friends, it's been a long season And I'll tell you now, it's for more than one reason.

You can't beat a team in the ACC Except for those wimpy bumble-bees.

Cherokee Parks, you get beaten at center.

Cause you're missing Coach K; your coach and your mentor.

Chris Collins, you seem mediocre at best.

And Greg Newton, well you cheated on a test.

If you ever win, I'll swear that you bought it

Unless you get rid of that horrid Pete Gaudet.

So good luck in the tournament play-in game

Having to beat you just isn't the same.

C. You know, if O.J. wanted to get off for murdering his ex-wife and that other guy (and isn't the media giving HIM the shaft?), he should have had somebody videotape him doing it. I mean, it worked for the cops. Allegedly.

4. Isn't it horrible that neither Dan Quayle or Newt Gingrich is running for President in '96? Who are we gonna make fun of?

V. They don't allow sex and violence on television, but it still gets in there. Just look at some of the sexually tilted names of past popular shows:

"Small Wonder," "Who's the Boss?" "Just the Ten of Us," and "Matlock."

It's disgusting. Unfortunately, my personal letter writing campaign to the FCC didn't work. Oh well, it doesn't matter.

I've moved on to trying to get somebody to alphabetize the books of the Bible so they're easier to find. There's not much interest, but I'm working on it.

Don't you think that guy in the picture kinda looks like Bob Saget?



ANTHONY KING  
RUNNING ON ICE

# Eurotrash Trend Heats Up in U.S.

BY CARTER S. DOUGHERTY  
SPECIAL TO THE DTH

In the song "Eurotrash Girl," David Lowery of the rock group Cracker sings a bluesy tune detailing one man's search for love: he's looking for his angel in black. Convinced that she will not be found in the United States, Lowry scours the Old World: from Paris to Berlin, via Spain, Greece, Italy, and Holland.

He is robbed, runs out of money, sleeps in a park and gets a tattoo. In the end, he comes up empty. No angel in black. Nothing. Zilch.

This poor slob's mistake, as Lowry knows, was going to Europe in the first place. The image of the sophisticated and erudite European woman who rolls her own cigarettes and gulps espresso is pure Americana, a stereotype if there ever was one.

You will find more Eurotrash Girls (and Boys) in the United States than you ever will in Europe. We have constructed our model Europeans with only the most careless concern for the diversity of Europe itself.

This image of Europe and Europeans is invading popular culture faster than you can say "cappuccino, please." "Saturday Night Live" always manages to satirize any trend just as it gets going, and this one was no exception. Mike Meyers offered up the wickedly funny Dieter, the black-clad German host of the dance show Sprockets.

Dieter spoke with the laughable authority of a highbrow cultural critic and danced what appeared to be a spastic interpretation of some obscure piece of existentialist philosophy.

As do many SNL skits, this one laid bare the absurdity of a stereotype by taking it to ridiculous lengths — and made us laugh to boot.

Lots of things have come to have European overtones since Dieter strutted across late-night Saturday television. Look down and you're bound to see a pair of Doc Martens rounding the pavement round these parts.

To be fair, DM's are British. But let's get real—Does anyone really believe this is the typical European shoe? Some people think berets are the perfect European headgear, but I'm not so sure.

To me, they conjure up images of hokey American tourists trotting around Paris. Of course, you can always take to rolling your own cigarettes. Here we're getting closer: in some European countries, close to half the adult population smokes. But most of them stick to the basic filter cigarette, and they don't strike a model's pose when they exhale.

More recently, Infiniti has decided to bombard us with stereotypes designed to sell cars. They never utter the word European, but just look at the commercials! The host is a smooth-talking guy with a British accent whose wardrobe apparently includes only black blazers and turtlenecks.

Behind him is the sleek and silvery Infiniti GT, which looks like it ought to have a built-in espresso machine. The unspoken (and ridiculous) message is crystal clear: if you can't be a sophisticated European, owning this Japanese car is the next best thing.

As the Eurotrash trend heated up, I started to notice angels in black of both sexes all over the place. All this dovetailed nicely with the explosion in the number of cafes and espresso bars in this country. Happily enough, here in Chapel Hill, a few well-heeled investors were nice enough to open a Eurotrash flashpoint. Besides serving up the best (and strongest) cup of coffee in town, Caffeiro offers Tar Heels the chance to slouch over a table with a cigarette and the collected interviews of Michel Foucault. In the back, it's so smoky, you sometimes lose sight of the main entrance. Just don't lose sight of the fact that you're not in Europe.

The misguided individual who jets off to Paris or Berlin expecting to find legions of black-wearing, philosophy-discussing, coffee-drinking sophisticates is in for a shock. It's one of those stereotypes you really should leave in the United States or risk extreme disappointment. The best slice of Europe is full of people of all shapes and sizes, representing (and dressing in) every color of the rainbow. If you don't believe me, fill out an application at the Study Abroad Office and go see for yourself.

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