

# China Blue Restaurant

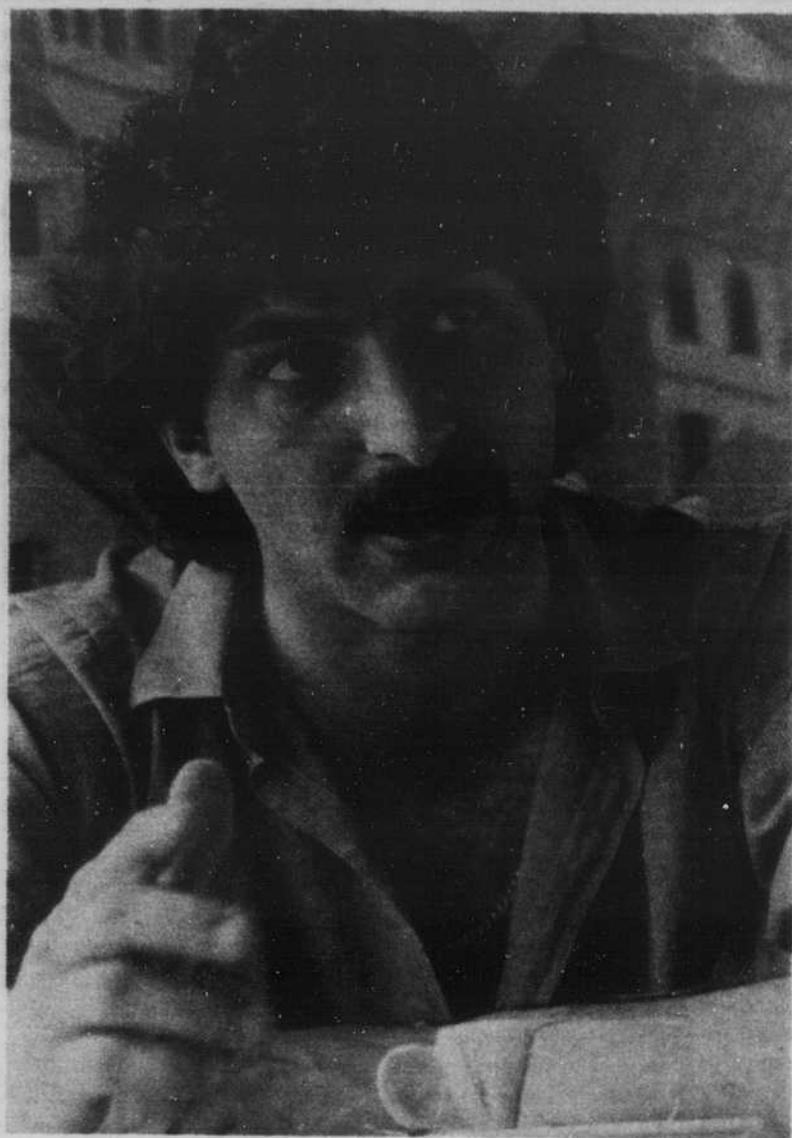
upstairs next to  
the U of O Bookstore

Serving lunch from  
11-4 • M-F

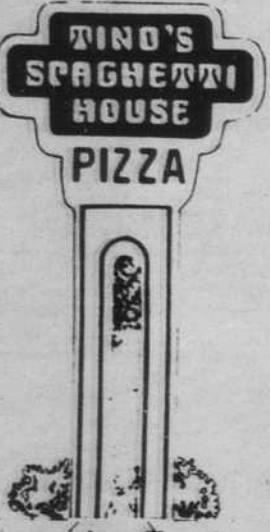
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# M a r c o 's



For 60 years, Maurizio Paparo's family made ice cream in Florence, Italy — he brought their 'art' to Eugene



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Ice cream is an art for Maurizio Paparo, manager of the recently-opened Italian ice cream parlor Marco's on 25th and Hilyard.

Paparo was making ice cream fulltime for his parent's parlor in Florence, Italy, by the time he was 16. Now 21, he came to the United States and Eugene this past December to help an old friend, Frank Hernandez, the owner of Mazzi's, set up Marco's, which opened March 28.

Paparo has made every effort to see that his ice cream is made from scratch the Italian way.

Whenever a recipe calls for it, fresh fruits are used. Other flavors and ingredients are imported from Genoa. His mixing and freezing machinery comes from Milan. His cabinets for storing and serving ice cream are American — until replacements arrive from Italy.

"Italian cabinets circulate cold air and keep ice cream much fresher," Paparo explains while casting a disdainful eye at the American machines.

Paparo says he's visited New York's Little Italy and hasn't found ice cream as authentic as his.

In New York, they don't make their own basic mix before adding flavoring, Paparo contends. They buy that mix from a wholesaler.

As for homegrown all-American ice cream, Paparo dismisses the majority of our brands. "Most American ice creams taste the same," he says. "Cheap." They may sell for 50 cents a scoop — his sells for 85 — but they contain "a lot of fat and a lot of air," he says.

"It's not really ice cream, but cold air," he says of one particular brand. Then he quickly points out that there is absolutely no air in his ice cream.

Paparo becomes agitated when he talks ice cream. His English is amazingly fluent for someone who only knew a few words when he stepped off the plane in December, but the words just don't seem to come fast enough to match the flow of his thoughts about his art.

It seems funny at first to use such a pretentious word as "art" in connection with

"Here, ice cream is not that important," Paparo observes. "But in Italy, there is a different conception." Ice cream makers convene each year for a huge convention — there is a lot of technical interest and attention to detail, he says.

This kind of effort is enthusiastically appreciated by consumers in Europe, Paparo says.

"Ice cream is simple, but it can also be something different. You must stand in line for hours to eat ice cream in Italy," he says. Waiters and waitresses serve tables, there is a great variety of flavors and specialty dishes. Recorded popular music — as in Marco's — is played. And as in the America of long ago, students and other young people think of the parlors as hang-outs.

"When my family's place would close at two at night, it would still be crowded even though everything might be sold," Paparo says, adding that he loved to party with American exchange students from Smith and Stanford. Unfortunately, as it turned out for his English, the students were learning Italian and refused to speak English, Paparo jokes.

A cross-section of people are making up Marco's clientele — everyone from junior high students from the school across the street to folks who want to speak some Italian to World War veterans with memories of Florence that are refreshed by the taste of real Italian ice cream and the special atmosphere of Marco's.

Paparo helped see to it that the parlor, as well as its ice cream, is as close as possible to the real thing.

### Flavors

#### The week of July 4

Strawberry, Orange, Lemon, Cantaloupe, Pineapple, Banana, Raspberry, Watermelon, Pistachio, Vanilla, Martinica (chocolate rum), Nougat (almond, walnut, honey), Amaretto, Croccantino (almond, walnut, rum), Walnut, Coffee, Chocolate Hazelnut and Chocolate.

By William Kogut  
Photos by Mark Pynes

ice cream. And Paparo, youthful and sporting the trim body of a semi-professional soccer player, doesn't fit the stereotype of the wise-old artist. But he is born of the tradition of the European craftsman.

His family has been in the ice cream business in Florence for 60 years. Sherbert has been sold in Florence for hundreds of years — perhaps ever since Catherine Dei Medici invented Italian ices five hundred years ago.