

High-class Café Lucky Noodle proves lucky find

Café Lucky Noodle carries an interesting, although rather pricey, mix of cuisines

By **Natasha Chilingirian** and **Carl Sundberg**
Pulse Writers

We recently spent an evening at Café Lucky Noodle, located at 207 E. 5th Ave. After nearly three hours of drinking and dining, we discussed our feelings about the restaurant and evaluated it on price, taste, drinks, atmosphere and service.

Nat: From the minute I walked inside Café Lucky Noodle's sleek doors, I was pleasantly surprised. At first, the name "Café Lucky Noodle" conjured up images of soy sauce-drenched Chinese food with counter service and plastic chairs. After driving up and down Fifth Avenue searching for a boldly-lettered "Café Lucky Noodle" sign, I finally discovered the cursive "LN" sitting above a dimly-lit corner restaurant with the neon words "espresso" and "gelato" in the window. Oh, right! LN — Lucky Noodle. I didn't expect such a class act.

Carl: Well, since it was located in the Fifth Street Market area, I figured it would be a little more high-end, and it was. My first impressions were mixed; I'm more of a buffalo wings and beer kinda guy, so initially I was

intimidated. But the place was comfortable, the host was friendly and the lighting was darker than many restaurants, which I like. I also enjoyed the fact that The Postal Service was playing in the background — not the typical Eugene sound for such a peculiar restaurant.

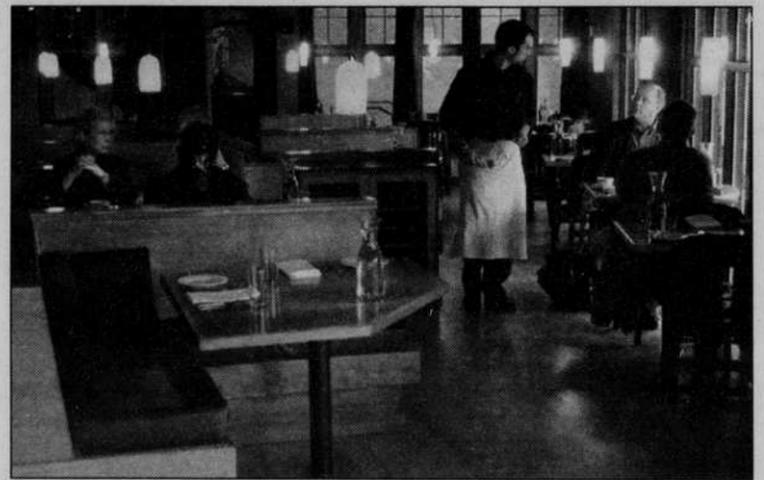
Nat: I guess you could call me an upscale dining gal, so I felt right at home in the restaurant. It was full of fancily dressed guests, and the waiters were attentive and professional. The seats circling the bar could either resemble African drums or champagne corks; the ambiance felt cozy and romantic. I presumed that the menu would adhere strictly to pasta, but I was impressed to find a few meat dishes sprinkled in with the noodle entrees. I appreciated the presentation of the bread, which arrived with an olive oil and balsamic vinaigrette dressing with a dash of diced tomatoes for dipping. And the cocktail you ordered was the perfect appetizer!

Carl: Yes, the "Venus" — which had Southern Comfort, raspberry liqueur, cranberry and orange juice — was good. As was the second one. A third one would have been even better, but they were six bucks a pop. I had reached my student-imposed budget limit. After looking over the menu, I noticed that the

dishes fell into two categories: Italian entrees and Thai entrees. I thought this was a pretty cool combination and very creative. I decided on a dish called Khi Mao, which they called "drunken noodles." I thought this was a funny name, and was ranked in the middle among their spicy dishes. I would have ordered the spiciest plate, but they were also the most expensive, running around \$14. Like I said, I was approaching my budget.

Nat: I chose the Pesto Ceppo because I was intrigued by their description of the pasta, which was said to be "shaped like cinnamon sticks." The waiter convinced me to order the dish with prawns, and I was glad I did. The rolled cylinders of pasta lived up to their description and came drenched in a strong, poignant pesto, which complemented the seafood perfectly. The only unnecessary aspects of this dish were two hard, dry, inedible breadsticks that came on the plate. I'm glad I left room for the dessert we shared. That was a little slice of heaven, wasn't it?

Carl: Not bad. It was called Zucotto, and it was a super-rich slice of cake with four dimensions: a near-solid chocolate rim, followed by rum-soaked sponge cake, chocolate mousse and thick whipped cream. It was gracefully accompanied by a



Erik Bishoff Photographer

Waiter Ramin Rezvani tends to customers at Café Lucky Noodle Wednesday morning.

scoop of orange-vanilla ice cream, a sprig of mint leaves and a decorative cocoa powder stenciling of their signature "LN" logo. Overall, I would say this restaurant is the type of place you don't go to before a ball game, but more the type of place you would go to feel important or to impress someone. On a scale of 1 to 10, I'd give it a 9 for quality, a 3 for price (we spent about \$43 total), and a 9 for atmosphere.

Nat: The menu was a little pricey, but you didn't have to order two

drinks! I'd say the price was about right for a special-occasion restaurant. I would recommend Café Lucky Noodle for anyone planning a nice birthday celebration or romantic date. The service was top-notch, the atmosphere was appealing and the food was flavorful and beautifully presented. Now if only the name were as sophisticated ...

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father to your children ... When I lost you I lost my family."

A few more songs round out the list. The Ramones cover of "Needles and Pins" is slightly more upbeat than the Smog song, but still not at the usual punk tempo.

I imagine that writing about a breakup is a hard process, and that it's even harder when the person you're breaking up with is in the band, as is the case with Sleater-Kinney's "One More Hour." And this list couldn't be

complete without the bluesy and soulful "Good Morning Heartache," sung by Ella Fitzgerald.

Finally, I'm also fond of listening to PJ Harvey when in a gloomy mood. Although most of her songs aren't necessarily about ended relationships, her music is dark and strong, raw and passionate, like a car accident you can't help but gape at or a lightning storm that keeps you in the rain, even though the safe, smart thing to do is go inside.

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SUNDBERG

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flaccid penises and beer commercials with farting horses, is a split-second of teat really bringing us down the path of full-scale corruption?

I find it hilarious that an entertainer can go right up to the line of acceptability and FCC-regulated taste, but if you even wave your foot (or in this case, your boob) over that line, you are shunned.

One argument for the FCC is that the breast flopped out during a time when children were present. I asked my 4-year-old niece what she thought

of it, and she replied, "She's pretty." There you have it. No corruption there.

Maybe we should look to our European brothers and sisters. Over there, the naked human form is not only accepted, it is praised for the beauty that it is. Had the Super Bowl been a French game show, I doubt anyone would have thought anything of it. But in the good ol' United States, breasts in public are horrific and should be kept locked away — at least in the eyes of network media and the FCC.

Wars rage, violence is praised, yet still in our barbarian culture a breast is more shocking than seeing a fistfight in the dogpiles of a Super Bowl

brawl, or civilians running for their lives while being fired upon by soldiers. Our Pavlovian conditioning over the years has trained us to tune out the violence, I guess.

What this says to me is that our country, despite being one of great accomplishments and beauty, is still in its adolescent phase, like a bunch of bullies on a national playground, beating people up and getting flustered and annoyed at the girls for trying to make us grow up.

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