WHAT THE PAPER EATS
NT staffers pick their favourites. There’s a suspicious abundance of daal-bhaat and Japanese restaurants, which leads one to believe reports are filed on rice paper.

BK’s Fries
A Thamel place with a difference—there’s no Indian/Chinese/Continental/Nepali/Seet Meal menu. They do fries. These are the best fries in the Valley, perhaps even the country. The small, medium and large servings of double-fried chips come in paper cones with a choice of dips in little leaf platters. BK’s does mayo, ketchup, hot ketchup, tantar, cockail, devil, pinda, palate oozing and the mysteriously named “special”, which contains mayo, onion and hot ketchup. This friendly place is an open-on-two-sides storefront with four bar stools off which it is easy to slide when engorged on fries. Near the Bamboo Club and Hotel Vaishali.

Thakali Bhaancha
Thakali Bhaancha, opposite BK’s Fries, has that classic sign of good, down-home food—it is packed with customers, all eating the same thing. The specialty here is daal, bhat and tarkari. Thakali style. It is ideal if you are a “bhatte”, a rice lover, but you can also make a pig of yourself over more hardcore Thakali food like ghyanto (spinach gravy), dhung (thakali sausage), dhede (corn or millet pudding), and phapaar ko rohi. Chiang is also available.

Momotarou
A small Thamel place for Japanese budget tourists—30 covers in a parachutist that encourages you to look beyond tuna rolls and norimaki. There are delicious breakfasts like tempura, egg, or onion chicken over rice, accompanied by a tiny, incredibly fresh salad and miso soup. Lunch and dinner are pitch perfect renditions of the usual suspects—sukiyaki, teriyaki, cutlets and udon. The set meals include potato and tofu, ginger chicken, mackerel and a stunning light fried whole fish with a faint zing of wasabi. All come with a generous bowl of rice, miso soup, and a ginger dressed shredded cabbage salad, the perfect accompaniments.

Finding Tamura on Thapathali Hill can be tricky, but once you’re there, it’s great. The almost Standard style, go down daal bhaat, Nepali masala, but plenty of chilli. The perfect accompaniments.

If you’re a momo buff who doesn’t have hang-ups about trying new tastes, Tamura is a real democracy has come. And underneath, you will know that DAAL BHAAT TARKARI stencilled on the “Even If It’s Not Tasty, Then do you do” ritual, so too I think that Tamura shouldn’t be asked to lie about foothill in Nepal. Snobish if it’s not fancy, they don’t pretend that it is. It’s the idea of cheating in polenta or garlic, or foot of chicken is not your idea of dietary dislocation, then you shouldn’t be forced to eat something else.

Perhaps there is a solution to the political vacuum in Nepal at present: Nationalism through DBT. Given the chance, from Mechi all the way to Mahakali, I am sure that villages would vote for Daal Bhaat. Daal Bhaat. Daal Bhaat. Daal Bhaat! After all, there is a limit to the number of Pajeros a plate can see. If you start seeing steering plates of rice and vegetable curry all over the hilltops in town, with “VOTE Daal Bhaat” stencilled underneath, you will know that real democracy has come. And while we are on the subject: Enjoy Your Fooding.

Have you taken your fooding?
A white man’s experience of Nepali cuisine.

Myth One: Daal Bhaat. Richard (rieve BID) is the traditional food of Nepal, and Nepalis eat nothing else, which is what I had expected. I had various guidelines, and while they differed locally, except they all concurred that in Nepal, life is DBT and DBT is life.

Admittedly, I was sitting in the dark and only the flickering light from the frizzled illuminated mural, but I couldn’t mistake it: no, it was definitely definitely no vegetable curry. The yellow mountainous clay plate was either one large garden of yellow mountainous clay or it was not rice at all, and I was sneaking back to it. It was the latter. In the place where the lentil should have been, there was an almost fluorescent green soup, and where I had imagined little-sized chunks of potato or strings of squash and bok choy, I was faced with what looked distinctly like bits of stomach lining.

Yes, I was eating Chiang: Sun Sun house. Remember CHB, roughly translated as polenta: not-leap and animal bits. It was delicious, and I had found a way to break this off the summit, then taking my lunch without losing them down my shirt.

It was rice.
Perhaps the reason behind the Myth of DBT is what we can call the lowest common denominator effect. Parents place the same, whether it be in my mouth without losing them down my shirt. And it has understandably become the carbohydrate of choice.

As for the dal-is-simply-delicious second Myth of no DBT are the same. Alongside the obvious differences resulting from longitudes and latitudes, every household has its own different recipes for the lentil soup, the special seasons, and of course, as all good Nepali men will tell you, rice loses its taste when mummy does. However, a deep and dark understand in Nepali society is a growing split in the difference between a good plate of rice and a bad one. These are the followers of the “Then I’ll be in a bit, but no, Than do it. As If It’s West” Movement, a group of radicals who deal.

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