

# Seafood to the west, sandwiches to the east, and a tavern that slants to the right

by Tom Maicon

## Six Feet Under

685 11th Street, Westside  
404.810.0040

Mon. - Thur., 11a.m. - 1a.m.  
Fri. & Sat., 11a.m. - 2a.m.  
Sun., 11a.m. - 12a.m.

With global warming in full swing, dining al fresco is more appealing than ever. Restaurants with rooftop decks could practically be considered a new class.

The deck and six feet under. With the rooftop deck, Six Feet Under on 11th Street leisurely now have an official Westside hang.

The lofty rooftop deck is surprisingly tranquil — even during a busy crunch. Lazy onlookers mostly gaze to the south and east, and are enamored by an awe-inspiring view of our emergent Midtown and downtown skylines. Deceptively elevated, depth perception is skewed — if you are a betting man you'll be awfully tempted to wager a round of drinks for the entire table that you could toss a quarter over the edge and hit Bacchanalia, several blocks away.

It's been more than a year since I've eaten at the original Six Feet Under on Memorial Drive, and despite my old age and forgetfulness, I still vaguely remember fried seafood baskets, shrimp po'boys, and fish tacos tasting just a shade better than need be — at least for this type of seafood and shellfish concept, which typically doesn't require anything more stressing than severely frozen seafood and enough liquor to sidetrack suspecting taste buds.

Unlike similar concepts around town, which I won't name here, juicy Apalachicola oysters are superbly fresh and briny.

A basket of spicy rat toes, basically 3 large shrimp-stuffed jalapeños wrapped with bacon, didn't have me doing back-flips under the Midtown skyline, but I'd certainly order them again.

Six Feet Under performs its best work disguising mediocre seafood, and the better of the fried options is a fresh spinach topped po'boy, drizzled with a weary, cucumber wasabi sauce whose bark is much bigger than its bite — the cucumber prevails.

The beer selection here is also just a shade better than need be. Speaking of brew, I could use another Dogfish head.

Where's that stupid guy with the quarter?



Briny Apalachicola oysters with a view at Six Feet Under

# Quick Bites

## 5th Earl Market

309 East College Avenue, Decatur  
404.377.5477

Tue. - Thur., 10a.m. - 9p.m.  
Fri. & Sat., 10a.m. - 10p.m.  
Sun., 11a.m. - 7p.m.

Is it just me, or do restaurants in Decatur typically offer a superior beer selection to most metro Atlanta eateries? The newly opened 5th Earl Market is no exception — St. Bernardus by the bottle and Dogfish Head on tap will definitely place you in the good graces of local beer enthusiasts.

Despite my deep, abiding love for beer, I am about the food first and foremost. And I want desperately for more restaurants in Decatur to impress with the spatula as well as the taps.

The 5th Earl Market won't knock your socks off with sandwiches built for an epicurean like, say, Muss & Turner's, but it won't cost you an arm and a leg to eat here. It's about bang for your buck at the 5th Earl Market.

Most deli meats on display are Boar's Head, or at least that's the way it appeared during my two visits. Despite the popularity of Boar's Head products with the mainstream, I find them a bit too pedestrian for my taste. But I've had good luck when ordering non-Boar's Head items at 5th Earl Market. The Meats is far and away the best sandwich on the menu. Stringy beef brisket is cooked in a smoky, vinegary red barbecue sauce. After the meat is insanely piled onto the bun, the kitchen tops it with what they call "soon-to-be-famous" white BBQ sauce — think coleslaw with a slight singe and no veggies.

It should be a requirement that every modern day sandwich shop offer at least one panino. One of the better (and lighter) menu offerings at 5th Earl Market is Earl's Yard — a lively pressed baguette panino filled with meaty roma tomatoes and stringy buffalo mozzarella. It's worth every bite at just \$5.95.

The space is well thought out with lots of exposed brick and high industrial ceilings. A snug bar is tucked away in a dark corner.

Oh, did I mention the kick-ass beer selection?

## Right Wing Tavern

251 East Main St., Woodstock  
678.445.2099

Sun. - Thur., 11a.m. - 9p.m.;  
Fri. & Sat., 11a.m. - 10p.m.

I was appalled to learn that after nearly 2 terms of tyranny, somebody actually had the nerve to name a place The Right Wing Tavern. And all the while, I was under the belief that all boastfully outspoken republicans had quietly buried their heads in the sand.

"I bet some serious political punching breaks out in here after the beer gets flowing," I said to the man sitting next to me at the bar.

"No," he casually replied, "if a liberal has ever stepped foot in here, he never let himself be known."

"Don't look at me like that," I replied. "I'm a proud libertarian."

The menu items here are gimmicky. My personal favorite are the Reagan wings, which the menu boldly describes as a cold war finger-on-the-button nuclear sauce that will have you crying for peace. They aren't lying, which is hard to believe considering the politically charged atmosphere, this sauce is fiery hot.

Entrées are humongous. We tried The Pruett, veal meatloaf served under a pile of House Whip