

**Dining and Wining ...  
Where To Go ...  
Where Not To Go**

**THE BEST  
RESTAURANTS OF HONGKONG ...  
AND THE WORST !**

**Name of Restaurant**

Pierside Restaurant and Bar

**Address of Restaurant**The Royal Pacific Hotel and Towers, Number 33, Canton Road,  
Tsimshatsui, Kowloon, Hongkong**Date of Visit**

Wednesday, April 9, 2008

**Category****TARGET's Rating****Service**

First Impression	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Attentiveness to Customers' Needs	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Flexibility	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Product Expertise of Serving Staff	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Speed of Service	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Cleanliness of Uniform and Serving Staff	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

**Ambiance**

Lighting	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Music	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
General	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

**Food**

Presentation	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
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Taste	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Quantity	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
<b><u>Wine (Please see comments)</u></b>			
Choice	Extensive	Limited	Unbalanced
Cost	Reasonable	Unreasonable	Very Expensive
Storage of Wine	Good	Poor	Unknown
Expertise of Sommelier	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

**Total Cost of Meal**

Very Expensive	Moderately Expensive	Very Reasonably Priced
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**Name of Food and Beverage Manager**

Mr Charles Lui

**Name of Chef**

Mr Jackie Lau

**Comments**

There is only one word to describe the food at Pierside Restaurant and Bar : Terrible!

The best part of **TARGET**'s visit to this outlet, located at The Royal Pacific Hotel and Towers, an establishment, owned the Sino Group of Companies of the Hongkong Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) of the People's Republic of China (PRC), was leaving ... in order to find a place to eat a meal.

**TARGET** () warns Subscribers: Keep away from Pierside Restaurant and Bar , the so-called, fine-dining outlet at Royal Pacific Hotel and Towers because the food is absolutely atrocious.

Last Wednesday night, at 7:30 p.m., **TARGET**'s team rolled up at Pierside Restaurant and Bar , having been told by the telephone operator at the hotel, earlier in the day, that this was the premier food outlet of the newly renovated hotel.

**TARGET** was told that this outlet was the '*fine dining*' restaurant of the hotel and so, armed with this intelligence, this medium's team booked a table in anticipation of enjoying an exciting meal.

Visiting this eatery was, indeed, an experience, but one that is not recommended for everybody.

The hotel is difficult enough to find, at Number 33, Canton Road, Tsimshatsui, Kowloon, but Pierside Restaurant and Bar is even more difficult to locate within the bowels of the hotel.

Having located the hotel and, then, the restaurant, **TARGET** was surprised at the seeming elegance of the hotel and of the '*fine-dining*' outlet which can accommodate about 60 customers.

Having been seated, overlooking the harbour, **TARGET** started to review the menu and to scan the wine list which comprised some 100 different kinds from most, wine-producing countries of the world.

Then, from the next table, came a terrible, gut-wrenching noise which sounded as though somebody was about to expire.

The American male, making the noise, did not expire, however, only vomit onto his trousers with his wife saying: '*Do you feel better now, dear? Are you OK?*'

When the reply came back that things were back to some semblance of normalcy, the unwanted something or other, have been excreted from the inner workings of the hotel guest's stomach, it was back to his eating the meal, with his excretions, resting comfortably on the male's trousers in the never-never land.

Since there were 4 people, seated at the table, it must have been difficult for the other married couple, also sounding very

American, to continue eating their meals – with the smell of vomit, permeating the area.

While this was going on, **TARGET**, having scanned the wine list, ordered a bottle of Chanson Pouilly Fuisse, Vintage 1998, at \$HK680.

The waitress, on hearing the order, said something to the effect that the set menu did not come with a bottle of wine.

This reviewer assured this lady that an additional cost of \$HK680 for the wine would be paid in addition to the cost of the food.

When a waiter came with a bottle of Chanson Pouilly Fuisse, he had his hand over the neck of the bottle, the place where the vintage of the wine is displayed.

On close examination, **TARGET** discovered that the vintage was 2003 and not 1998.

When this was pointed out, the waiter explained that the restaurant cannot keep a 1998 vintage wine, forever, and that the 2003 was all that was left.

When asked what would be the price of the younger wine, this reviewer was told that the price would be exactly the same as the vintage 1998.

This was just not on and the waiter as such.

He, then, disappeared and was never seen again.

When **TARGET**'s waitress reappeared, this reviewer had a second go at ordering wine.

This time it was Penfold's Koonunga Hill, Chardonnay, Vintage 2003, at \$HK480.

The waitress took the order for the wine, but, as the smell of the vomit was intensifying, travelling to other regions of the eatery, it was requested that a different table be located ... as far away as possible from the vomit and the vomiter.

Having been seated a great distance from the quartet of Americans, the waitress came back with 6 bottles of very cold wine on a tray.

She explained that, in fact, this was all the wine that the restaurant had in its cellar: Four bottles of French wines – all Chardonnays – and 2 bottles of Australian wines.

**TARGET** chose a Louis Jadot Bourgogne Chardonnay, Vintage 2001, at \$HK580.

Actually, this wine was really quite good and it was drunk with some gusto because it was about the only safe thing to drink, in **TARGET**'s opinion, on taking note of the entire situation as will become clearer, later on in this review.

So, to summarise the matter of the extensive wine list of this food outlet, of the 100 or so bottles of wine on the list, Pierside Restaurant and Bar only had 6 bottles of wine, after all.

While waiting for somebody to open the wine, it was noted that there was no bread or water on the table and nobody had suggested that water or bread should be offered.

The waitress, on her return, said that she had forgotten about either the water or the bread.

When the bread did show up, all 3 pieces, comprising 2 stale rolls and one stale piece of something, it was wet and could not be eaten, in any case.

The following is the food that was ordered on this memorable evening:

### **Healthy Seafood Dinner Set Menu**

#### **Appetizer**

Pan-Seared Cajun Crab Cakes

Mexican Tomato Salsa, Corn and Beans Salad

Smoked Rainbow Trout Mescalito Salad  
Feta, Olives, Cucumber, Red Onion and Grape Seed Oil Dressing

Soup

Manhattan Lobster and Clam Chowder  
Topped with Chunky Focaccia Crotons

Entree

Poached Salmon Fillet Infused with Lemon Thyme  
On Spinach and Saffron Risotto, Topped with Cottage Cheese

Seared Grass Fed Beef Tenderloin  
Boiled New Potatoes and Roasted Garlic, Coated with Fresh Chopped Herbs

Dessert

Fresh Seasonal Fruit  
Honey-Berries Compote and Mint Yoghurt Dip

Tea or Coffee

\$HK298

**A La Carte Menu**

Assorted Grilled Sausages Plate  
Emmenthal, Veal and Pork Sausages with Sauerkraut and Mustard

\$HK60

Gingered Scallops with Middle East Salad

\$HK120

From the Charcoal Grill  
Whole Spring Chicken, with Forest Mushroom

\$HK180

All Grilled Items Are Served with a Baked Idaho Potato or Steak House Fries

**Trying To Eat The Muck**

The Healthy Seafood Dinner Set Menu may appear to be reasonably priced, but if the food is not edible, the price is extortionate.

Which, in fact, was the case.

While waiting for the food to arrive, **TARGET**'s attention rested on a little plastic notice, placed on the table.

It read, in both Chinese and English:

*‘Please keep an eye on your personal belongings.’*  
‘,’

It was, no doubt, a veiled warning about the lack of security at this outlet where hot and cold, running Chinese brunettes of the night are as common as cockroaches in a sewer and are readily available to perform whatever services are required of them for virile men of European original, for the most part, virile men of a certain persuasion, that is.

With the first glass of the Chardonnay, the Assorted Grilled Sausages were devoured, one after the other.

Actually, this dish was quite good – surprisingly.

At this point, the American vomiter was almost forgotten, and the **TARGET** team was settling down, enjoying both the wine and the sausages.

The sausage platter was the only thing that was eaten, however, because nothing else, served at Pierside Restaurant and Bar , on the night that this medium’s team showed up, appeared to be safe to eat.

The soup was lukewarm and insipid as was the Pan-Seared Cajun Crab Cakes.

The Smoked Rainbow Trout comprised about one teaspoon of fish and some curled up raw vegetables.

As for the Gingered Scallops, they had, obviously, been cooked at least one day earlier and had been merely warmed up in microwave oven, sitting as they were in a small pool of oil.

However, they were still cold!

As for the main courses – the beef tenderloin, the poached salmon and the whole spring chicken – they were all of the same calibre: Inedible.

Not only was the food on the dishes insipid, but it was clear that they, all, were simply fast-food, suitable for seamen, struggling to down some victuals in a heaving sea.

**TARGET** did not wait for the dessert, but simply paid the bill and left the restaurant in a bit of hurry – in order to find a decent restaurant before dying of starvation.

In closing, the waitress at **TARGET**’s table never once made any mention of the fact that the food, which was ordered, was never eaten, clearly understanding the reason that the plates, laden with the muck, were returned to where-ever they came because the food was just that bad.

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