

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

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

**Name of Restaurant**

Dot Cot Restaurant and Oyster Bar

**Address of Restaurant**B4, Basement, Prince's Building, Number 10, Chater Road, Central,  
Hongkong**Date of Visit**

Thursday, November 6, 2008

**Category****TARGETs 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 -- None	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</u></b>			
Choice	Extensive	Limited	Unbalanced
Cost	Reasonable	Unreasonable	Expensive
Storage of Wine	Good	Poor	Unknown
Expertise of Sommelier --	None	Excellent	Poor

**Total Cost of Meal**

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

Nil

**Name of Executive Chef**

Mr Colin Gouldsbury

**Comments**

Sir Noël Peirce Coward, who died on March 26, 1973, wrote many songs, most of them, surviving to this day.

One of the many favourites of this remarkable man was called: '*Mad Dogs and Englishmen*'.

This little ditty is so true, of yesteryear and today, that even most Englishmen cannot help but chuckle at their own idiosyncrasies.

The final verse of this song is:

*'Mad Dogs and Englishmen, go out in the midday sun.  
The smallest Malay rabbit deplores this stupid habit.  
In Hong Kong, they strike a gong, and fire off a noonday gun.  
To reprimand each inmate, who's in late.  
In the mangrove swamps where the python romps  
there is peace from twelve till two.  
Even caribous lie down and snooze, for there's nothing else to do.  
In Bengal, to move at all, is seldom if ever done,  
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.'*

In the Hongkong Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) of the People's Republic of China (PRC) of today, things are a little different from the days of Sir Noël Peirce Coward, playwright, prolific composer of lyrical songs as well as a composer of comic operas.

But, one can find remnants of those British die-hards of Colonial Hongkong, the kind that walked the streets of the territory, during the time of Sir Noël Peirce Coward ... in a small eatery near the heart of the Central Business District!

But, at Dot Cod Seafood Restaurant and Oyster Bar, it is not Mad Dogs and Englishmen that go out in the midday sun, they are mad (or maddening) Englishmen, sporting straw hats and safari jackets in the coolness of the evenings, when the sun has descended below the horizon, disappearing into the bowels of Prince's Building in order to have a gin and tonic and their favourite food.

Lest **TARGET** Subscribers are unable to guess the favourite food of these die-hard, British Colonial Englishmen, it is, today, as it has been for decades, fish and chips, not wrapped in newspaper, but placed on plates in this restaurant that is owned by The Hongkong Cricket Club, one of the last vestiges of Colonial Great Britain in the HKSAR.

**TARGET** (), recently, had been taken to task for not visiting this watering hole of Englishmen in Central and so, last Thursday, at about 6:25 p.m., this medium gave its best for Dear Old Blighty and descended into the basement of Prince's Building in order to try the food.

This is that which was ordered:

***Soup of the Day***

\$HK58

**Crab Soup**  
\$HK82

***Fillet of Cod Florentine***  
***Baked and Served with Spinach and a Creamy Cheese Sauce***  
\$HK198

***Crab and Parmesan Soufflé***  
\$HK118

***Puree of Swede and Carrot***  
\$HK48

***Pavlova with Cream and Passion Fruit***  
\$HK72

***Fresh Raspberry Tart in Coconut and Hazelnut Pastry***  
\$HK78

While awaiting the arrival of the soups, in walked an Englishman, wearing a straw hat, the kind that umpires wear at cricket matches.

But it was getting on for 7 p.m. – and it was dark outside!

As good manners demand, this English gentleman, to his credit, did take off his straw chapeau while eating his fish and chips.

On another table, another English gentleman, wearing a safari jacket and sipping a glass of white wine – where was that warm beer? – was giving a lesson to 2 other English gentlemen about how to invest in stocks and shares.

On yet another table, a balding English gentleman was studying the menu, very carefully – a menu that has not changed for some time, one waiter informed **TARGET**.

Then, there was that Englishman who took a stroll from his table, over to a display of fresh fish, in order to make his choice – for his order of fish and chips.

*‘Oh! I say! That does look smashing fish, doesn’t it?’* **TARGET** heard this Englishman remark to his wife (an assumption that the lady was his wife is made by this medium), who was seated at the table, next to **TARGET**’s. *‘We’ll have some of that!’*

Remarkable?

Yes.

But an accurate account of this medium’s observations.

### **The Food**

Turning to the food, the Soup of the Day was Tomato and it was just as had been promised.

It was served, piping hot, and it would have been extremely difficult to criticise it.

There was no hint of monosodium glutamate or any chicken stock: Simply a vegetarian broth.

As for the Crab Soup, it was dishwater!

It was completely undrinkable.

According to a senior waitress (she was wearing a uniform, different from the other serving staff), who noted that **TARGET** had only tasted the soup and, then, pushed it to one side: *‘Very few people order this soup.’*

This is quite understandable: After all, who would want to drink it?

**TARGET** suggested to this charming waitress that it appeared that the soup, served to this medium, had been the leftovers from lunch to which some water had been added.

*‘Oh, no!’* she said. *‘Very few people would order this soup so I know that it is freshly made.’*

She promised to tell the chef of this medium’s opinion of the soup, which was, completely, without any discernable taste in spite of their being pieces of black-and- yellow somethings in the bottom of the bowl.

As for the 2 main courses – the Fillet of Cod Florentine and the Crab and Parmesan Soufflé – they arrived about 15 minutes after the soup bowls had been taken away.

The reason for the wait was that the soufflé had to be freshly made.

It was well worth the wait, in this medium's opinion.

This soufflé must be among the best in town and it was equal to the spinach soufflé that used to be served at Gaddi's at The Peninsula Hotel.

The Cod Florentine was, also, a winner although the surfeit of cheese, in which the dish was floating, tended to mask the taste of the fresh fish, in **TARGET's** opinion.

Such a vast amount of cheese was, really, unnecessary since the dish could stand on its own merits.

The puree of swede and carrot was, just that: A puree of swede and carrot.

There is little that one could add to describe this side dish except to state that authentic swedes and fresh carrots had been used in this concoction without any garnish and any other added ingredients.

As for the 2 desserts, well, one must take into consideration that the food, served up at Dot Cod Seafood Restaurant and Oyster Bar, is, after all, catering for the taste buds of Mad Dogs and Englishmen, who like to come out in the midday sun.

Just prior to paying the bill, which was \$HK767, all in, a Black Jacket (meaning somebody in a position of authority at this restaurant) said that, had any member of the **TARGET** team been a member of The Hongkong Cricket Club, a 30-percent reduction in the price of the meal would have been in order.

Hmm. No wonder that this eatery is so well patronised at lunchtime and in the evenings!

This restaurant accommodates about 110 people and it does have an Executive Chef, a Mr Colin Gouldsbury.

Mr Colin Gouldsbury was not present, last Thursday evening, **TARGET** has confirmed.

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