

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

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

Name of Restaurant

Brotzeit

Address of Restaurant

Shops G6 and UG16, Tsim Sha Tsui Centre, No. 66, Mody Road, Tsim Sha Tsui, Kowloon, Hongkong

Date of Visit

Wednesday, January 9, 2013

CategoryTARGETs RatingService

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
Taste	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor
Quantity	Excellent	Acceptable	Poor

Wine

Choice	Extensive	Limited	Unbalanced
Cost	Reasonable	Unreasonable	Expensive
Storage of Wine	Good	Poor	Unknown
Expertise of Sommelier	Excellent	Acceptable	None

Total Cost of Meal

Very Expensive	Moderately Expensive	Very Reasonably Priced
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Name of Restaurant Manager

Nil

Name of Executive Chef

Nil

Comments

**BROTZEIT:
THIS IS JUNK FOOD, AT BEST**

It's not expensive and, in fact, considering its location in Tsimshatsui East, the cost of obtaining a sort of meal at this restaurant is remarkably reasonable.

The restaurant is Brotzeit, a franchise operation that, according to its Chief Executive Officer, Mr Sean Flynn, his franchise intends *'to open more than 80 stores in South East Asia, New Zealand and Australia in the coming five years'*.

TARGET () visited Brotzeit on reading that it claims to be a *'German Bier Bar and Restaurant'*.

On Wednesday, January 9, 2013, at about 6:24 p.m., **TARGET**'s team of three reviewers turned up at the restaurant without making a reservation and, less than one hour later, our reviewers rushed away in order to obtain a decent Chinese meal at one of Maxim's restaurants where one may watch the cooks, making fresh noodles.

In short, the most-poignant comment that this medium can definitively state about Brotzeit is that, for anybody with discerning taste buds, stay away from it.

This restaurant, in this medium's opinion, is, to put it bluntly, a fast-food *'shop'*, dressed up to resemble a German eatery. In fact, one could state that it is considerably worse than the majority of fast-food restaurants in the territory.

As a bar, catering for resident Chinese and overseas European tourists, all of whom, most likely, know little to nothing about German food, it is probably accurate to state that Brotzeit does the job, admirably – at least as far as selling German beer is concerned.

But that is as far as one can go to comment positively about this *'place'*.

On the night of **TARGET**'s visit to this restaurant, this is that which was ordered:

<i>Gulaschsuppe (Goulash Soup)</i>	<i>\$HK78</i>
<i>Tagessuppe (Soup of the Day)</i>	<i>\$HK68</i>
<i>Würstel Platte (Sausage Platter)</i>	<i>\$HK218</i>
<i>Wiener Schnitzel (Veal Escalope)</i>	<i>\$HK228</i>
<i>Kaiser Schmarrn (Emperor's cake)</i>	<i>\$HK78</i>

With the above, **TARGET** ordered a gin and tonic at \$HK78, and a glass of sherry, labelled as being *'La Guita'* Manzanilla, at \$HK78 an ounce.

The sherry appeared to have been watered down or, alternatively, it is the cheapest and poorest quality of sherry that one can buy. Needless to state, one sip of it and the waitress, a young lady from Nepal, was asked to take away the tasteless *'stuff'*.

The Food

The Soups

The two soups – the Goulash Soup and the Soup of the Day – were of equal rank: Terrible!

The Goulash Soup tasted, very strongly of tomato paste and little else – aside from the chili powder ... or was that cayenne pepper?

German Goulash Soup only comprises six ingredients if the cooks at Brotzeit care to take note:

1. Beef, cubed and thoroughly dried
2. Diced onions
3. Skinned tomatoes
4. A smidgen of tomato paste
5. A touch of sweet paprika
6. A touch of marjoram

Needless to write, the majority of the so-called Goulash Soup, placed on **TARGET**'s table, was removed.

As for the Soup of the Day, at first, one was told that it was Cream of Mushroom, but, by the time that it arrived, it was a concoction, labelled as Green Pea Soup.

What must have happened was that the kitchen ran out of Cream of Mushroom Soup and so, some enterprising person, filled up a large pot with boiling water and threw in some frozen peas, just enough to turn the water into a greenish colour.

It tasted like nothing: It, as with the Goulash Soup, was removed after this medium had sampled not more than one spoonful.

On taking away the soup and bowls, the Nepalese waitress, who had trouble in understanding the English language, asked:

'Don't you want the bread?' (two slices of bread had been placed at the foot of the each soup bowl).

'When the bread is fresh, we shall eat it,' **TARGET**'s reviewer replied.

The waitress touched one of the slices of bread with the thumb of her right hand and, noting that the slice was dry and slightly shriveled, noticeably, she just shrugged her shoulders and removed the offending bread.

The Main Courses

The Würstel Platte comprised a variety of sausages, mostly made of pork, the only exception, being two sausages, made of chicken.

All of the sausages suffered from the same problem: Not one of them had been properly cooked – if at all!!!

Each one of the sausages had been smothered in a layer of a vulgar, horribly-tasting oil (probably oil that had been used more than a dozen times) and not one of them had been fried, as they should have been.

Guessing what had happened was that somebody in the recesses of what is used as a kitchen for Brotzeit, the sausages – probably sourced in Aberdeen or the New Territories – had been either frozen or had been kept in a very cold refrigerator for some time and, then, when some unsuspecting customer ordered the Würstel Platte, the sausages were warmed up in a microwave oven, quickly tossed onto a frying pan that had been laden with an oil of some sort, and, then, placed on a dish to be served to the customer.

All of the sausages were lukewarm and, due to the fact that their skins had been unbroken and not one of them showed any signs of having been sautéed or fried, these were telltale indications of what had happened to the poor little things.

Oh, yes, there were, surrounding the sausages, some green leaves that was supposed to pass as a salad, but the greens were, all, shriveled up, indicating that they were either quite old or, alternatively, they had been left in a warmish room for more than a day.

TARGET telephoned Leo's Fine Food of Aberdeen and, there, talked to Mr Collins Li in the Sales Department. Mr Li said that his factory at Wong Chuk Hang made some or all of the sausages that are served at Brotzeit.

He said that Leo's Fine Food imports frozen meat from North America, mainly, defrosts the meat at his factory, turns it into sausages and, then, refreezes the completed sausages until requested by customers.

This medium was not quite certain whether Mr Collins Li meant that his factory was a supplier of the Brotzeit sausages, but that mattered little because, from that which he said, it had been confirmed that Hongkong can source all kinds of sausages that one finds in various supermarkets and restaurants in the territory.

Turning to the Wiener Schnitzel, the second main course, one discovered, as with the sausages, it had been prepared, some time earlier, and, then, placed in a refrigerator in readiness for somebody to order it.

Separating the crust from the meat told the story of this dish and, in addition, it indicated that the meat had, indeed, been frozen, the greyish tone of it was unmistakable. Also, one noted the seepage of water, oozing out of the meat.

Yuk@!!!

The Desert

The last dish, the Kaiserschmarrn, which had been translated into '*Emperor's Cake*' by the restaurant instead of '*Emperor's Nonsense*', it was quite obvious that it had been created right out of a cake or pancake mix, the mass-produced mixes that one may purchase at just about any supermarket.

It, as with the other dishes, was lukewarm to cold and was, almost completely, insipid.

One bite was all that **TARGET** could stomach.

The bill was requested and somebody, who appeared to be a little senior to the waitresses, asked **TARGET**: '*Is everything, OK?*'

How is one to answer such a moronic question from a person, supposedly in some position of power at the restaurant, on noting that not one of the dishes that had been ordered had been eaten?

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