

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

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

**Name of Restaurant**

La Locanda

**Address of Restaurant**Shop 402, 4/Floor, Ocean Centre, Harbour City, Tsimshatsui, Kowloon,  
Hongkong**Date of Visit**

Monday, May 28, 2014

**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
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	Reasonably Priced
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### Comments

Newly opened Italian restaurant, La Locanda, may be going through its teething problems, but, if it does not get its act together in a hurry, it might not be long for the 416 square miles that constitutes the Hongkong Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) of the People's Republic of China (PRC).

**TARGET** () visited this restaurant last Monday at 7:30 pm. It is located at Ocean Centre, Harbour City, Tsimshatsui, Kowloon, but due to the 'rabbit warren' of this shopping centre, the signposts of which are appalling, it is not easy to find for those people who rarely visit this part of the territory.

After roaming round the shopping centre for about 15 minutes, atop a fourth escalator, there stood what appeared to be an unpretentious eatery – with four Europeans, sitting out in front of it, sucking on bottles of beer.

This medium's initial observations of this restaurant were confirmed by the end of the evening: It is unpretentious.

**TARGET** had not made a reservation and, as it turned out, there was hardly any need for trying to reserve a table since there were an abundance of empty tables.

After scanning the menu, this is that which this medium ordered (it is copied, exactly, from the menu without any changes, having been made):

*Mascarpone e San Marzano*  
(Tomato Sauce, Mascarpone, Buffalo Mozzarella,  
San Marzano Peeled Tomatoes and Black Olives)  
\$HK172

*Ravioli de Pecorino*  
(Homemade Ravioli Filled with Pecorino Cheese,  
Apple-Carmel and Balsamic Vinegar)  
\$HK208

*Scamorza*  
(Grilled Scamorza Cheese, Roasted Vegetables and Pesto)  
\$HK178

*Merluzzo in Scapece*  
(Black Cod Fish, Fried Zucchini with Mint and Mashed Potatoes)  
\$HK258

*Zabaione*  
(Warm Marsala Sabayon, Almonds Streusel and Fresh Strawberries)  
\$HK88

*Bignolata*  
(Cream Puff Filled with Vanilla Chantilly Cream and Chocolate Sauce)  
\$HK98

With the above, **TARGET** ordered a bottle of Veuve Clicquot Champagne at \$HK588.

### The Food

The pizza was served only warm, not hot as it should have been, and the six or so blobs of mozzarella, which must have come

straight out the refrigerator, was much colder than the pizza filling so that the entire dish had been ruined, not by the ingredients or the pizza's concept, but due to the rank incompetence of the person who put the ingredients together.

Mozzarella is supposed to be a warm, unripened cheese with a mild flavour and a rubbery texture: You cannot serve it cold!

It is as simple as that.

However, other than this major complaint, it was noted that the pizza's ingredients were fresh and, had attention been paid to detail, this could have been a very nice dish.

As for the homemade ravioli, this was a complete disaster area.

Aside from the terrible presentation that resembled nothing and turned one off at the first sighting, some fool had sprinkled sugar atop of the dish!

When a passing waitress was questioned about the taste of sugar on the pasta, she confirmed its presence.

**TARGET** had its usual team of three reviewers in attendance, all of whom, on taking a small sample of the pasta, pushed it to one side of the table.

Turning to the Scamorza, a dish that **TARGET** has eaten in various parts of Italy, from Venice to Rome, it was a dried-out dish that must have been made the night before by the looks of things.

It was a dried-out, semi-circular patty of cheese in the middle of a dish, a patty that resembled, strongly, the unmentionable substance that is excreted from one's nether region, usually after breakfast.

It was inedible. Leave it at that.

Turning to the Black Cod dish, this medium had taken the trouble to ask a passing ethnic Indian, wearing a black jacket, whether or not the fish was fresh.

The answer came back that it had been purchased that very morning and that it had not been frozen.

It was an outright lie: The fish had been frozen somewhere between the time that it was harvested to the time that it had been flown to Hongkong.

One might challenge the above statement, but how else could it be possible for about two ounces of fish meat to be absolutely and completely insipid?

This dish, as with the Scamorza, could not be eaten.

As for the two desserts, they were very good and, along with the Champagne, they went down very well.

### **The Ambiance**

La Locanda is a simple-looking restaurant with no soft furnishings and wooden furniture.

It resembles, if anything, a trumped-up, fast-food outlet of an American chain, catering for people with limited budgets.

But, considering that which is being dished up, eating at this Italian-styled restaurant is far from being reasonably priced.

The serving staff is quite helpful and very pleasant with one exception: The ethnic Indian liar.

On **TARGET**'s visit, there appeared to be two European cooks, preparing the food in an open kitchen, with a number of Asian men in assistance.

In conclusion, this is certainly not the restaurant for a courting couple since the ambiance is not conducive for an intimate intercourse of any description.

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