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SLUMMING AT THE TIKI DORÉ

TIKI DORÉ

Buffet

AVEC SOUPE WONTON
THE ou CAFE

JEU, VEN, SAM, & DIM.
4 P.M. - 10 P.M.

TOUS LES JOURS — 12 P.M. — 2 P.M.

6.25	(PAR PERSONNE) (PER PERSON)	3.50	(MOINS 10 ANS) (UNDER 10 YEARS)
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TOUS LES SOIR — 5 P.M. — 9 P.M.

6.95	(PAR PERSONNE) (PER PERSON)	3.95	(MOINS 10 ANS) (UNDER 10 YEARS)
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: : The complete Tiki experience must be a balance of ambience and food, the perfect mix of post-war Polynesian kitsch and fine faux-Polynesian and Chinese fare. It doesn't have to be perfect, but at least a little effort in the ways of authenticity is expected. The point, as the Montreal Tiki Appreciation Society understands it, is to be transported to the optimism of the American post-war boom. Unfortunately, Tiki Doré on Sherbrooke Street East amounted to little more than a barely audible pop from nowhere in particular. : :

: : Tiki Doré is a sad little hole-in-the-wall with a promising face but lacking much in the way of a soul, Tiki or otherwise. The decor isn't bad, with their stock of blowfish and pagoda lamps, mock bamboo, and big, round-backed rattan chairs. A section of floor-to-ceiling photographic wallpaper of a tropical beach sunset, complete with a lone silhouetted palm tree, recalls a more recent period in the retro imagination: 70's bachelor pad kitsch, somewhat out of place but perfect as a backdrop for cheesy pictures. Kudos for the lobby which, although small, is authentic with at least one Polynesian idol watching over patrons who wait patiently for a table. On the night we went, however, the wait was short; we were the only customers in the place. : :

: : One of the joys of the Tiki experience is the drinks, the Mai Tais, Grogs, and Singapore Slings that, with every sip, bring one back to war-time, and the memory of a romantic tryst on the Polynesian shore. A mixture of tropical fruit juice with a drop of grenadine added usually calls to mind an early evening sunset and the cool breezes in The Ring of Fire. Problem was, all our drinks looked and tasted the same - rum laced, yellow-powdered juice, nondescript and high in acidity, lacking even the dignity to be called Tang, and no grenadine. Pour it into a high-ball glass and it's a Mai Tai. Switch to a large tumbler and, presto, a Singapore Sling. How unimaginative. We even had to bring our own cocktail umbrellas. Okay, so we drank them to the point of giddiness, but what choice did we really have. : :

: : Onto the food. When Tiki-ing, one may order one's meal à la carte, but it is best to brave the buffet which, in more reputable Tiki establishments, is usually replete (not to say overflowing) with gastronomic delights up to and including sauteed frog's legs. Not so at Tiki Doré. : :

: : Spare ribs, chicken balls, and meat-like substance sparsely mired in tubs of glutinous goo of various translucent colours, remind one of something more akin to the nuclear waste that produced a Godzilla rather than the fine fruits de cuisine from the shores of the South Pacific. The red and amber coloured (read: dyed) glop with the consistency of hair gel was intended to intimate plum and cherry sauce. But for the colour, the two were indistinguishable to the tongue. : :



Pu-Pu Platter

C'est tout nouveau et des plus succulent. Tentez une expérience amusante et faites griller vous-mêmes sur un petit barbero des Bo-Bo, Egg Rolls, Bali Miki, Bali Har, Ailes de poulet Bar-B-Q., Goldfingers, Spare ribs Bar-B-Q.

POUR DEUX
PERSONNES

13.50

FOR TWO
PERSONS

POUR UNE
PERSONNE

7.25

FOR ONE
PERSON

It's new and exciting for appetizer's lovers. You may toast all these delicious tiddits of Bo-Bo, Egg Rolls, Goldfingers, Bali Miki, Bali Har, Bar-B-Q. Chicken wings, Bar-B-Q. spare ribs with Flaming Hibach.

: : With a wink of an eye to post-war America, tiny cocktail weenies floated lifeless in a shallow pool of tepid water, each of them an unfortunate G.I. who hours before had come face to face with a Jap, their fatty life-blood seeping out and curling over the surface like years-old remnants from the Exxon-Valdez. Next, the mini egg-rolls, surely from a frozen pack picked up at Price Club for a song, searing under heat lamps like pale and overweight vacationing imbeciles fallen asleep under a tropical noon-day sun. We actually ate this stuff... and even went back for seconds. : :

: : Desert was a laudable effort but only because we lied and told the proprietors that one of our number was celebrating a birthday. Out came the stereotypical pineapple boat, a quarter slice of a pineapple, the fruit cut into bite-size pieces, with a couple of sparklers spitting fire like a well-placed napalm bomb. Again, unimaginative, but not un-befitting the Tiki experience. For those who so desired, there was also some kind of white cake, and a heavy pink mousse-type chantilly that looked and felt like it was covered in the same fatty oils from the weenie tub. I opted out. : :

: : The key to Tiki is, of course, kitsch and bad quality food. So, despite my chagrin with Tiki Doré, it should not be passed over by anyone interested in exploring Montreal's Tiki landscape. To wit, the crap is part of the fun. Once you've made the rounds, it's worth going back for a laugh, unless you took photographs of your first time there. Then you could always go to Price Club, pick up your own frozen egg rolls, pull out the pictures, and reminisce about your Polynesian adventure in east-end Montreal. : :

Tiki Doré
6976 Sherbrooke East
(CLOSED)

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MONTREAL TIKI INDEX

