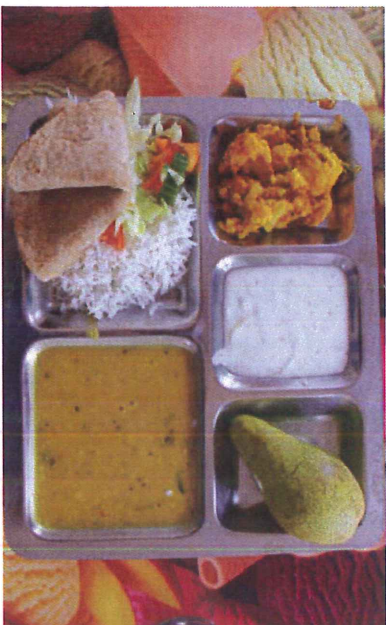


Moskiningham

The Dosti Luncheon Club This thali is gnarly



If you saunter up Hucknall Road, you will notice a rather grand building next to a mini-supermarket that shall remain nameless. This building – a former printworks - is home to the Indian Community Centre Association and, with it, the Dosti Luncheon Club. Like its Pakistani counterpart on Woodborough Road, the ICCA runs a no-nonsense canteen service that is open to the entire community, from elders in saris to nearby office sorts, and is one of those places that you hear about but never get round to checking out. This time, we did.

Situated downstairs in the building, the actual venue has impressively high ceilings and windows that let the sun stream down on us. There's no messing about here; you grab a TV dinner-style tray, you pay for a set meal (£3.99 for the non-vegetarian option, £3.70 for the vegetarian option) and queue up to be served the exciting range of Indian thali dishes. I started with the moong ki dahi dal, a lentil-based dish with a soup-like consistency. With hints of coriander and cumin, the dish was perfect for lunch - spiced enough to give a heat in the aftertaste but not enough to call it hot. Dipping my chapatti into it, I quickly demolished the portion.

I then turned my attentions to the chicken curry, a medium-strength tangy tomato-based dish that benefitted from the ghaa yogurt I mixed under the sauce to cool the heat. The chicken leg was so well-cooked that the meat just fell off the bone, and was so tender I wished I could have had two. The rice was plain, but when it's as fluffy and well cooked as this, it didn't need any additional touches. Starting to feel pleasantly full, I dug into the aloo gobi. The mildest of all the dishes, the cauliflower – of which I'm not always the biggest fan – was cooked beautifully; still firm but not crunchy. I didn't feel I had enough room, so I took the dessert – a sweet and juicy pear – away with me for later.

The Dosti Luncheon Club is a brilliant idea; a communal kitchen that you can just pop along to and enjoy with friends, family or whoever you're sat next to, with a Bollywood film playing in the background. Join the ICCA's Facebook group, and you get the set menu every morning. Actually, don't, because it's too damn tempting and worth jumping on the bus from town for. If you can get over the prison style trays, this is seriously good food at an amazing price. *Alison Finn*

99 Hucknall Road, Carrington, NG5 1OZ
theicca.co.uk/luncheon

Loch Fyne Touched by the hand of Cod



This is one of those places that pulls you up a bit when you find out it's actually a chain, although it leans heavily upon its Scottish heritage (it started as an oyster shack on the banks of said loch), you're not battered about the head with it, the staff are polite and helpful without being overbearing, and you feel at ease whether you're the only people in the place (which we were, when we arrived) or if it's heaving with punters (which it was when we left). The decor is light and airy; gleaming white tiles contrast with light, sturdy wooden tables, the fishy wares are stacked up at the counter, while you absent-mindedly clock the work of Watson Fothergill along the rooftop opposite, you can't help but feel that you're in the world's most luxurious food court.

After a palate-cleansing tipple of house prosecco (£4) we got stuck into the starters. My companion's mussels marinieres (£5.95) immediately let us know that they don't mess about here; a sizable yet manageable bowlful of mussels drenched in a beautifully subtle cream, white wine and shallot sauce that let you know that they do things proper here. My tempura battered squid (£6.25) was amazing – super-light batter wrapped around calamari that, for once, didn't make me feel I had a mouthful of laggy bands.

The (fishing) boat was shoved right out with the lobster frites (£19.95) – succulent and slightly sweet, accompanied my super-thin chips – a very interesting experience, as long as you're OK with being seen awkwardly smashing up a big crustacean in a window in town. Meanwhile, my partner (alright, me Mam – she's been wanting to come here for years) went for the fish and chips (£9.95 on Fridays with free glass of wine). The natural inclination is to balk at something you can get all over the place after the pub shuts for nearly half the price, but Loch Fyne's take on it is next-level. People queue up for over an hour in Whitby for fish and chips almost as good as this; line-caught North Atlantic haddock coated in razor-thin deep golden batter, accompanied by immaculately fat twice-cooked chips and a pot of heavily-minted peas. Apparently, they're the best fish and chips me Mam has ever had. Seeing as she's responsible for the best fish and chips I've ever had, that's a massive endorsement.

Obviously, food this good doesn't come cheap – you're looking at about £30 a head to do Loch Fyne properly – but if you're feeling a bit flush and you fancy something different, you won't find many places in the same price range as good as this in town. *Al Needham*

17 King Street, NG1 2AX Tel: 0115 988 6840
lochfyne-restaurant.com

The Walk Café Looking for a bog-standard caff? Stroll on



Formerly specialising in afternoon tea, cake and mismatched china, The Walk came under new management last September and now boasts a dinner menu and extended opening hours (until 10pm, Fridays and Saturdays). These are not the only changes – on arrival, we noticed that the enormous model cake that dominated the front window for years has been removed. My friend was disappointed, but I never liked that cake. It reminded me of Miss Haversham's wedding cake - I suspected it might harbour mice...

Once inside, we noticed there was more than a dash of shabby chic alongside the stylish but minimal décor, with retro artwork and mismatching chairs and tables retaining an impression of laid-back individuality. We were quickly installed by the friendly waiter at a candlelit table, with a glass of Prosecco each (£4.50 per glass), and a bowl of organic Moroccan oregano olives (£2.90). The low lighting made reading the menu a slightly tricky task, but we appreciated the music of Gill Scott-Heron, played at a level aimed to encourage rather than defeat conversation.

My friend opted for the steak burger and triple cooked chips topped with cheddar, salad, mayo and ketchup (£8.50). The meat served at The Walk is sourced from local butchers Price and Petwell, and the fish is UK-caught, seasonal and sustainable. This was one motivation for me to select the 'famous' fish and chips (£8.90). After some deliberation - there's a choice of haddock, cod or hake - I went for the latter, fried in beer batter and served with triple-cooked chips and mushy peas. Arriving on a black slate accompanied by a pot of homemade tartar sauce, the fish was a fluffy, fresh, melt-in-the-mouth delight. My companion's burger was also top quality, although we felt the accompanying chips could have been crispier, but the portions were large, tasty, and beautifully presented.

Tucked away down Bridlesmith Walk and being a bit difficult to find makes this lovely little café feel like Nottingham's best-kept culinary secret, and is a perfect place to catch up with friends, or even book out for private functions. The café still provides an enticing day-time refuge from the hurly-burly of Fletcher Gate and Bridlesmith Gate, with a range of cake, sandwiches, light bites and an extensive drinks menu to enjoy inside or on the terrace - but now has the addition of a Specials Board and a 'From The Stove' range of hot dishes, including risotto of the day and a vegetarian bello burger (£7.50). With good value, locally-sourced food and a welcoming vibe, this place has definitely taken a step in the right direction. *Aly Stoneman*

12 Bridlesmith Walk, Nottingham NG1 2GR 0115 9477574
thewalkcafe.co.uk

Our resident fast food expert Beane Noodler continues his quest to eat at every takeaway in Nottingham...

ISTANBUL

When Mansfield Road's meat mecca suddenly closed its doors without warning in December, Nottingham went into meltdown. You can imagine how I took it: very badly. Life without my favourite kebab shop left me questioning the need to continue; I nearly had to take a week of work to grieve. So its completed refurbishment and re-opening had me skipping down Mansfield Road like an extra in *The Sound of Music* singing, "the hills are alive with the smell of kebabaaads".

However, my new-found joy was short-lived. First things first: the place looks a mess. Where are the well-loved pitch-black toilets? Where are the photos on the wall of pissed-up punters holding massive knives behind the counter? What have you done with that awesome magical open grill? Everything is new and wrong - including the staff, who had the kahunas to accuse me of not paying for the food I'd ordered, bought and then eaten. With a bathtub of booze swishing round inside me and the insult of this effrontery ringing round my head, massive row scenes ensued with the police nearly being called and me paying twice for what was, in essence, a very poor kebab. I stormed out with my harem of ladies, vowing never to return. The King is dead.

91 Mansfield Road, NG1 3FN

RED CHILLI

So, as history as shown us, when a titan falls to its knees and is cut down in a blaze of ignomy, a new contender must step up to the plate. We now live in interesting times, for the sad demise of Istanbul has left a power vacuum upon the Road to Mansfield: who will pull the kebab skewer from the stone and ascend to the throne? One young hopeful is the newly-opened Red Chilli. Yes, I know, another one. With Mansfield Road now groaning under the weight of take-away filth, you'd think we'd reached saturation point long ago, but you'd be wrong, because a new Indian takeaway sits uneasily upon The Road Of Dreams. With its great service and a well priced menu of the usual delights (with one or two new things thrown into the mix) it definitely deserves your attention.

The chicken punjabi, pilau rice and garlic nan I wolfed down ticked all the right boxes, and - as it sits next to the Golden Pleece, one of my favourite pubs in Nottingham - I'll certainly be returning. Welcome to the party, Red Chilli.

121 Mansfield Road, NG1 3FQ
leffion.co.uk/issue46 45