

ARTS

Tasty tea room titillation for two

by Chris Lambie

WINTER IS A very cold season. In fact, it's probably the coldest of them all. Therefore, there is no better place to hang up your woolies than the Ardmore Tea Room.

Pepsi refrigerators and pink curtains are the total extent of decor at the Ardmore. There is no emphasis on the aesthetic here, but there is an emphatic stress laid on the quality of food delivered to your table.

The first thing you must do upon entering this stately pleasure dome, is order the fresh rolls and a steaming cup of strong, undiluted by foreign substances such as Irish cream or minty mocha java (yech...), coffee.

The next thing to do, is casually unfold the morning paper and read what wonders of the world have been destroyed/invented and/or destroyed again while you slept. There is no hurry at the Ardmore; no power breakfasts, no quickie business lunches; its been on Quinpool Road for over forty years - so why rush tradition?

Not that its the last bastion of backwardness or anything, the Ardmore can move as fast as you want it to. They open the doors at some ridiculous hour - five AM, I think... but if you want to do breakfast at that hour, I personally think its time you do some serious re-evaluation of your social life.

Once you've finished your paper, you may casually pick up the menu and peruse at your pleasure. My partner in crime was almost a half hour late, but the waitress showed a remarkable understanding in filling my coffee cup three times before asking me if maybe I

didn't want to go ahead and order on my own. She didn't even smirk over the fact that I was obviously wrapped ever so tightly around somebody's little finger to wait so long amidst all the smells and sensations of a completely bonus breakfast a brewin'...

Once my alabaster friend arrived, red-healthy with the frost prevalent in the atmosphere, we sat down to do some serious damage to that wonder of twentieth century miracles - the slim fast plan.

Hey - these guys have hot cereal! Apparently its a healthy thing to do, and a tasty way to do it. They

also serve amazingly cholesterol-like treats you thought had disappeared with the styrofoam cup, like steak and eggs, salt cod cakes, grilled sausages, pancakes and french toast (for last two, read: drenched healthily in butter and syrup).

We, of course, ordered the bran cereal and dry toast. Yeaah - right.



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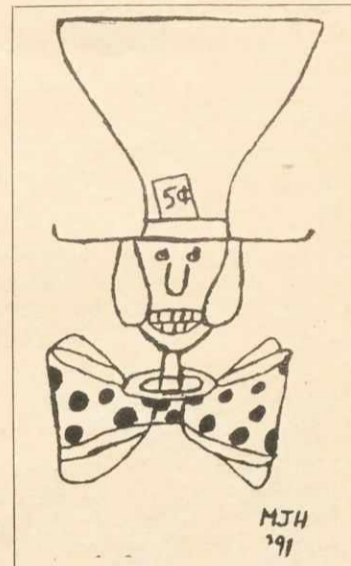
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So we're sitting around this place with people wearing sideburns and some guy who's telling the waitress he and his friend have to go and fell some trees, digesting heavily after appeasing the wrath of the feast gods, and the conversation wanders to the philosophy of food.

Most people just eat without ever really thinking about why or how. It's pretty common to worry about taste and quantity, but when was the last time you ever linked food to the other desires? For instance, when the coffee steam is licking the underside of your nose and you licentiously gaze into your dining partner's eyes while casually bursting the yoke of your egg with the tip of a knife, the yellow honey spilling liquid on to the buttered atmosphere of your cinnamon toast, does this really mean that your stomach is empty? Uh-huh... so were you looking for sex and death, or just a good meal.

Enough of all this craziness. Go to the Ardmore, you'll never regret it. The food is tantalfabulizingly good, and hey - thought provoking too.

