



eating out with Sally Fisher

They say that size matters, but not all the time. Rather than take a risk with one meal, double dip with a few dishes

IT'S a dining disaster. After ordering a meal that promises to be a tantalising plate of gastro-wonders it finally arrives and is nothing, but a dull dud. What to do, apart from stare at the dishes around you, hoping someone will take pity? You could do a deal and swap with a fellow diner half-way, preferably

someone from your table and not bacterially challenged. Or go the small plate route. Not just the Spanish and their tapas, but from Argentina to Greece, from Japan to Egypt, eating is about dipping into many plates. Abandon the Anglo idea of ordering one meal and hoping for the best. Fork it up.



Snakepit

95 Queen St
Melbourne
9600 0900
Licensed

This basement Japanese is under the pounding feet of Queen St suits and is pleasantly reptile free, although Friday nights can be kind of scary. The chef, Mitsuo, is Japanese and trained there as a sushi master. One look at his pearly tiles of raw fish gives that part of his CV away. Try his little bangers made of wagyu beef – (the same cattle

that get massages and beer breaks in Japan – (\$9) and marlin grilled on skewers (\$15) or a plate of dumplings (gyoza) for \$12. His “tapas” are available from noon to 2.30am and there are also main courses such as the excellent chicken miso ramen (\$16) and a grass-fed wagyu steak (\$25) with trimmings included.