



kobe or not kobe.

that is the question. as in the just-just opened 58th streeter, kobe club. yes, this was once the alain ducasse-jeffrey chodorow sparkling white resto, mix. but those days are over. jeffrey chodorow is back solo, and better than ever. okay, perhaps not solo. there is, afterall, partner and epic records president, charlie walk, who might be spotted dining with jessica simpson and the like on any given night. and then there are the bevy of new guests coming and going: molly sims, katie lee joel, and so forth.

and what's in a name? kobe beef of course. or flights of kobe served for two, and imported from japan and australia. yes, there's also american kobe, but you'll pay little attention in light of its competition. now inhale, and repeat after us: white sake truffled cream corn, truffled fries, truffle butter, truffled beef cheek ravioli, and kobe beef hot dogs (the latter of which is only offered as an amuse). of course, there's more. but we'd be explaining for a while. and think designer, dodd mitchell and a few mill in renovations. hundreds of samurai swords hanging from the ceiling (properly secured, of course), a bar covered in black stingray in the shape of a long samurai sword, thousands of chocolate suede strings hanging in the entranceway, and you have some idea what this sultry new spot looks like.

and we'll say it again. there's more. a lot more. but we'd be explaining for a while.

the kobe club
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