



The Best New Steakhouses in America

Where to cut your next deal—and a world-class rib eye. PLUS: Stop salivating over the menus (beautiful cuts of meat! Blue cheese tater-tots! Bone marrow flan!), and [click here to book your table.](#)

By Adam Sachs; Photograph by Juliana Sohn

The allure of the place your grandfather went for a rib eye wasn't gastronomic, it was sociological. It was a men's club—an enclave where he could talk politics, business, and broads over a frill-free plate of meat and potatoes. Thankfully, those places still exist (Peter Luger, the Ur-no-frills New York restaurant, famous for its harsh lighting and harsher waiters, just earned a Michelin star). But a new breed of steakhouses—restaurants that combine the clubby spirit of the old-school spots with epicurean achievements that would turn Thomas Keller's head—are earning the cornerstone of the American dining scene the respect it deserves. The new chophouses are as worthy of adulation as their forefathers were. To find out, all you have to do is put down the chopsticks and pick up a well-sharpened steak knife.

Kevin Rathbun Steak, Atlanta

Kansas-born chef Kevin Rathbun's new Inman Park place is a big, bustling joint with a menu that delivers all the steakhouse crowd-pleasers—seafood “towers”; chopped salads; and cuts like a 20-ounce bone-in rib eye, which can be found under the second mortgage plates section on the menu—plus nods to the southern surroundings, like fried okra and seafood gumbo.

Best intersection of good idea and bad idea: The menu's accurate delineation of degrees of doneness (from BLUE: VERY RED, COLD to WELL DONE: NOT RECOMMENDED) is a nice touch. The giant portrait of the eponymous chef-owner isn't.

BLT Steak, Washington, D.C.

The Bistro Laurent Tourondel empire (there are multiple steak and fish establishments in New York and one in San Juan, Puerto Rico) recently set up shop in White House territory, bringing with it the revered French chef's affable expense-account luxury and smartly updated classics like lobster-packed Cobb salads. The menu is as massive as the steak knives—focus on the extensive raw-bar offerings and the solid selection of Japanese and American wagyu.

Best chance to put your new Lipitor prescription to the test: The “BLT,” an unholy trinity of kobe, foie gras, and bacon.

Boston Public Meat, Boston

Louis Boston now has an asset beyond an excellent selection of Jil Sander suits: an elegant, Asian-influenced steakhouse. The room is cool and serene, and the menu is far more eclectic than the standard steakhouse's—there's a CHINATOWN section (spicy pork ribs and crab wontons) as well as grass-fed beef and an exemplary version of the ubiquitous Kobe burger.

Best delivery of meat's best friend, salt: There are no shakers at the table; a waiter will offer to grate pink Himalayan salt over your steak.

Craftsteak, Las Vegas

Tom Colicchio (chef-owner of the Craft mini-franchise and judge on Bravo's reality series *Top Chef*) went to Vegas and brought with him his signature minimalist menu sections—VEGETABLES, GRAINS, MEAT—and maximalist options. There are more than a dozen pieces of beef offered under the roasted, grilled, and braised headings, plus another nine cuts of wagyu (the velvety Japanese breed of cow that's in vogue).

Best all-in high-roller play: The \$195-per-person Kobe Beef “Platinum” Chef's Tasting Menu (you're in Vegas).

Cut, Los Angeles

With so much glittering star power attached—celebrity chef Wolfgang Puck; a Richard Meier—designed space inside the Regent Beverly Wilshire; patrons like Jake Gyllenhaal and the Cruises—it would be easy to imagine that Cut is a dainty steakhouse. It isn't. The appetizer list alone includes veal tongue, bone-marrow flan, and glazed pork belly. As for steaks, there's a 35-day dry-aged prime from Nebraska and a 100-percent-wagyu rib eye from Japan.

The amuse-bouche to hope to God you're offered: “Foie gras sandwiched between leaves of brik pastry and dusted with fierce Arabic spices, propped upright, like a duck-liver Stonehenge, in thick puddles of puréed dates” (by Jonathan Gold in *L.A. Weekly*).

Duce, Fort Worth, Texas

Although cowboy-hatted chef Tim Love had to close the year-old New York offshoot of his Dallas steakhouse Lonesome Dove, he's still a superstar in Bush country. At his latest venture, an open space with an outdoor fireplace, he divides the meat options into small (6 to 12 ounces), medium (14 ounces), and large (28 ounces) and puts hearty not steak options on the menu like a pork chop with an apple-cheddar tart.

Most brazen appropriation of a night-club tradition: Table “bottle service,” \$200 for the top-shelf booze of your choice.

KO Prime, Boston

Ken Oringer's chic, loungey steakhouse in the chic, loungey Nine Zero Hotel updates the dark-wood-

red-leather décor with cowhide chairs and crocodile-trimmed banquettes. The skirt steak is dusted with North African spices, the creamed spinach is enriched with mascarpone, and the fries are sprinkled with ricotta salata.

Best attempt to get attention (and possibly a lawsuit) with a menu description: “McNugget-style” crispy veal sweetbreads.

Prime One Twelve, Miami

Local restaurateur Myles Chefetz’s SoFi-district place is calibrated to be, in his words, “sexy” and “woman-friendly.” In contrast to the super-slick aesthetic, there are some nice homages to the old-school steakhouse on the menu: an oversize porterhouse for two, beefsteak tomatoes and onions with blue cheese, and oysters Rockefeller.

Best complimentary pre-feast bar snack: Bacon. Yes, free bacon.

Quality Meats, New York

The guys who own Smith & Wollensky took a 21st-century detour with this stylish Manhattan meatery, which has lightbulbs hanging from meat hooks. This is precisely the place to go when you want traditional steakhouse food—a colossal 64-ounce rib eye for two and whipped potatoes—without the aging-men’s-club atmosphere.

Most unexpectedly good low-cholesterol options: An amuse-bouche of watermelon with smoked sweet salt, and a green goddess chopped salad.

Robert’s Steakhouse, New York

Steak and strippers are sort of a grown-up version of pizza and video games—a can’t-miss combo for bachelor parties and expense-account wipeouts. But even if you’re over the idea of “guys’ nights out,” Robert’s, inside the Penthouse Executive Club, is worth a visit—for the *food*. It’s a serious steakhouse with a serious chef—Adam Perry Lang, who has worked at Daniel and Guy Savoy. The excellent porterhouse is aged; the girls are not.

Save room for . . . : The “Buttery Nipple,” a cocktail-meets-lap-dance experience.

Stripsteak, Las Vegas

Michael Mina’s new place in the Mandalay Bay casino aims to combine flashy Vegas showmanship with culinary seriousness. It succeeds. The short-skirted waitresses and visual dazzle of the space are what you’d expect from casino dining, but Mina makes sure the steak is the main attraction, dry-aging his own meat and using equipment that allows for mesquite-wood cooking.

Best after-dinner reading: The 58-page, 1,000-selection Scotch menu.