

dish y divas

By: JoAnn Takasaki & Cheryl Collett

THE BREAKFAST KLUB

\$5-10/person
3711 Travis at Alabama
M-Sat 6-2, closed Sun
(713) 528-8561

"Wow! Can you believe this line? 10 a.m. on a Saturday morning? Must be a hot spot," I said as we walked up to join Scott. We had to move aside to let the Adidas-wearing European soccer guy and his entourage out. They seemed incongruous to the setting, as they maneuvered past the African American woman wearing the billowy, gold African-inspired kaftan.

Scott was his usual effervescent self, "Whassup girls?!!!"

Sometimes he reminds me (but in an endearing way) of that Jamie Kennedy character, Brad Gluckman, from Malibu's Most Wanted – a movie I've never seen nor expect to see.

"Hello, dahling!" cooed Cheryl. "How ahre you? You look fabulous!" Her Australian accent, her flair for style, and her Chinese petite-ness makes her truly irresistible. Despite the early hour and the heat beating off the sidewalk, we were both excited to be here. It was our 1st gig as

up. But then again, my mom's from Brooklyn.

I talked to the woman behind me in line. She looked like a regular, and she was. She had been coming to The Breakfast Klub since she'd discovered it some nine months ago. She recommended the Katfish & Grits and the Pork Chops & Eggs, and said you could tell the grits were real, not that



instant kind.

"What ahre 'grits?'" asked Cheryl wide-eyed. We all busted up laughing. "It stands for Girls Raised in The South, baby," answered Scott glibly.

Waiting in line gave us a chance to check the place out. It really reminded me of one of those old Howard Johnson or Comfort Inn diners from the 70's that been converted to...I'm not sure what. The chic leather couches just inside the door were new. Not sure what they were for since the place didn't sport a bar or a hostess stand. But you could tell that they were starting to make little improvements here and there to the overall decor.

Beyond this faux lounge area is a sectioned-off area where all the tables were filled with happily dining patrons, elbow to elbow. There's a raised platform for a stage

where there were tables set up for the gospel girl group, Ramiyah, to sit. They were there to promote their self-titled debut album. The four young women were positively radiant as they sang a snippet of one of their

songs.

"Oh my gohd! Is that Destiny's Child? Which one's Beyonce?" Cheryl asked. Her very question started the rumor down the line and some people behind us craned their necks a little to catch a glimpse.

Scott wanted us to get the full Breakfast Klub experience. We got the Wings & Waffle, Katfish & Grits, Green Eggs & Ham, Breakfast Klub sandwich, pan sausage, coffees and water.

We found a table in the middle of all the diners and helped ourselves to the serve-yourself coffee Thermoses. I emptied the Estate Guatemalan and mixed it with the Costa Rican. Pretty tasty. And all you can drink for a buck fifty – not a bad deal.

While we waited for our food, Scott took a picture of Ramiyah and told us about the Music World Entertainment label and the new studio Mathew Knowles (Beyonce's father) had set up right here in Midtown. He also told us of Monica Pope (of Boulevard Bistrot fame) opening a new restaurant soon right next door. "Dahling, we're going to have to make you an honorary Diva since you know so much of



the Midtown scoop."

When our food came, we dug in, undaunted by the unlikely combinations of flavors and sheer volume of food. I liked the Katfish & Grits. The crust was crispy without being greasy and the fish was still flaky and juicy.

The grits...oh the grits. Just like Maw-maw used to make, let me tell you. No wonder it's a favorite.

Cheryl preferred the Green Eggs & Ham at that time of the morning. We probably should have ordered the eggs scrambled but were still able to get the over-easies to pick up the flavors from the spinach, chives and bell peppers they were served with. A note to those of you who know the difference between over easy, over medium, and over hard – The Breakfast Klub does too. The over



easy was perfect. The ham could have been a little thicker sliced but Cheryl got over it.

Marcus stopped by the table while we were eating to make sure everything was ok. They were a little short staffed that morning or he would have greeted us (and every other person waiting) right at the door. It's all about the personal connection at The Breakfast Klub.

The Breakfast Klub's a keeper. The loyal patrons – one family drove in all the way from Stafford – agree, as evidenced that it's survived since late 2001 despite the rail construction going on around one block away from its location at Alabama and Travis. It's

got that winning combination of a great vibe, decent food and coffee, at reasonable prices that will make it a Midtown institution.

restaurant reviewers, after all.

We perused a menu as we stood in line. Wings & Waffle. Katfish & Grits. Green Eggs & Ham. I don't know about you, but my mama didn't cook any of that for breakfast where I grew