

TRAVELLING WITH TARGET:**MATSUHISA'S MUNICH MUSH**

For the learned people of the world and those people, blessed with more than a modicum of perspicacity, it is well appreciated that one cannot be that which one is not: To try to be that which one is not results in one, becoming a nothing.

And, out of nothing, comes nothing: Ex nihilo nihil fit.

So, it is with regard to the lone, speciality restaurant of Mandarin Oriental Hotel, Munich.

It is named '*Matsuhisa*', an eatery, so thought to have been the creation of the 66 year-old, Japanese restaurateur, Mr Nobuyuki '*Nobu*' Matsuhisa.

Mr Nobu Matsuhisa has, according to recent accounts, some 37 Japanese-styled restaurants, around the world, including a couple of his food outlets on two cruise ships.

TARGET () visited Matsuhisa Munich, during this medium's stay at Mandarin Oriental Munich, throughout part of the month November and all of December 2015.

On Monday, November 30, 2015, having reserved a table for three people, this medium's reviewing team strolled into the restaurant to the chorus of a bevy of German ladies, all attempting to bark out something nearly inaudible in a rather strange, German-Japanese dialect.

(This medium could not understand this unique language dialect that, according to one waiter, who appeared to have a keen sense of humour and appeared to enjoy the bizarreness of the female screeches, was a welcoming psalm, sometimes sung by a chorus of virgins in this part of the world as a type of appeasement to the gods of Japanese cuisine.)

TARGET had been warned that only two hours would be allotted to this medium's visit to Matsuhisa Munich and, when that time was up (at 9 p.m.), it was assumed that this medium's team would vacate the table, making way for the next guests (victims).

Well, as it turned out, **TARGET** did not stay for the allotted two hours, but, instead, vacated the assigned 30-inch, square table – within 45 minutes!

The reason for this seemingly quick exit?

The food was atrocious!

TARGET's waiter, a charming young man in his early 20s, parroted the many things that he had been taught to relate to patrons, but, on being questioned about one thing or another, the poor young man was completely at a loss for words and had to make frequent trips to his superiors in order to obtain appropriate answers to this medium's queries.

Unfortunately for this young man, many of his answers were bold-faced lies, merely passed on to him by

somebody who dismissed the questions as being not worthy of an accurate (or truthful) answer.

Be that as it may, the single, most-important factor about the entire, one-course meal that was ordered by **TARGET**'s trio on that unforgettable evening was that the food was as far removed from being enjoyable, Japanese cuisine as would be the appreciative smile of an oyster, prior to the death throes of the unfortunate bivalve mollusc, sliding down a homo sapiens's throat.

TARGET had ordered a variety of sushi pieces (small balls or rolls of vinegar-flavoured warm rice).

The seaweed wraps ('*nori*', in Japanese) on all of those sushi pieces that required them were soggy, having been infused with oil and water, indicating a distinct lack of expertise of the party, preparing the sushi.

The negitoro maki, which should have been among the highlight of the evening meal, was infused with oil and water so much so that it dripped out of the open end of the cone of the nori wrap.

The reason for this was that the toro – the fatty part, cut from the belly of the tuna – had been minced by a machine to a point that it was, simply put, a watery mush – and completely tasteless, too.

TARGET fully understands that Matsuhisa Munich is a commercial venture at Mandarin Oriental, Munich, but there appears to be no reason to sacrifice quality for the sake of a few more yen, is there?

As for the other sushi pieces, this medium would grade them from '**F**' – for **F**ailure – to '*U-Minus*' – bordering on inedibility.

This medium is not suggesting that the raw material from which the sushi pieces had been created had not been fresh and/or of a good quality, but the problem with the selection of sushi pieces that was served to **TARGET**'s reviewers was the fact that the person, trying to create the sushi pieces, had very little knowledge as to how sushi should be prepared and presented.

It was noted that some diners were tucking into what appeared to be a two-inch round steak sandwich – which is, clearly, not a Japanese invention.

This medium had been informed that the sushi chef was an Italian – which, probably, explains a great deal in respect of the food that was served to this medium's team.

In many respects, Matsuhisa Munich must be considered somewhat of a novelty act for many German people, who are sufficiently brave to sample the food at this lone restaurant at Mandarin Oriental, Munich, but the novelty will, most likely, wear off in due course unless, of course, something is done to stop the rot.

It was noted that, during the time that **TARGET** was attempting to sample some of the sushi, there were no Asian people in the restaurant.

Of course, Matsuhisa Munich had only been open since the beginning of last November so that, perhaps, the '*word*' had not yet spread, far and wide, in this beautiful German city.

One may only ponder at the paucity of Asian patronage, unless the '*word*' had, already, spread.

One cannot comment on the serving staff or the ambiance of this restaurant: Only the food and its presentation should be severely criticised – because it was absolutely terrible!

In a conversation a few days later with one, black-jacketed waiter – who was a manager of one hotel outlet – on hearing of **TARGET**'s misadventure, nodded in approval and suggested that all hotels make mistakes, from time to time.

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