



# BARRON'S

## Penta

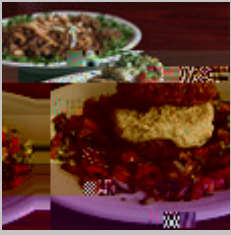
Insights and advice for families with assets of \$5 million or more.

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New York doesn't take a backseat to any city in the world when it comes to food, but there are two cuisines that are just better in London: Indian and Lebanese. Everyone who has visited or lived in London has their own favorite "local" curry house, but for those who are London bound and want a little Old Raj ambiance with their tandoori, I recommend that reliable standby, [The Bombay Brasserie](#). The [Good Curry Guide](#) calls it the "UK's most acclaimed Indian restaurant – consistently superb."

The restaurant, owned by the Taj Hotels, recently went through a major refurbishment, but is still redolent with special



But the point is, with this London benchmark to measure up to, every time I have eaten Lebanese in New York I have been disappointed. Until last weekend, that is, when I made my way to Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, to eat at [Tanoreen](#), a restaurant where Michelin inspectors take their families to eat on their days off. A few blocks from the water and the looming Verrazano Narrows Bridge, Tanoreen is an airy dining hall with long tables and lots of glass. The proprietress must be Lebanese Christian – angels wrapped in red tinsel stood in the windows the day we visited.

Tanoreen is different to Al Hamra, home-style rather than crisply formal, but it sure holds its own in the kitchen: browned cauliflower, dribbled with tahini and pomegranate molasses; crispy Brussel sprouts with a citrus spritz; *tagine*, a grapes, carrots and lemon-chicken stew, where the meat fell off the bone.

I was swooning over the *sujok* – an Armenian lamb sausage that was paprika-red and oozing a slick of artery-clogging fat – when the kohl-eyed chef-owner, Rawia Bishara, came to our table. “It’s not paprika,” she said. “The *sujok* is made with my house-made chili paste.”

I told her this was the best Lebanese I had since London. She pooh-poohed the idea. “I don’t know why,” she said, “but they don’t have good Lebanese in London. Paris, yes. But not London.”

“Well, I love Al Hamra.”

“Aah, Al Hamra. That is another matter entirely.” I went poetic on her about Al Hamra’s quail and how much I missed it. “Next time you come, call me 24 hours ahead. I will make the quail for you,” she said.

So I am heading back to Tanoreen soon. Our gourmet lunch, for four people, cost \$106 including tip, and qualifies as one on my “best-value” restaurants in New York, alongside [Wong](#)

