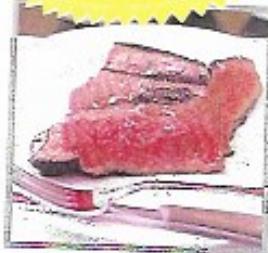


The City's Newsmakers, Stars & Angels of Entertainment  
Dog Walkers, Unleashed: What Really Happens When You're at Work

# NEW YORK

JANUARY 6, 2003

HOTTEST  
100 RESTAURANTS  
INSIDE



Rib steak at Gonzo



Baked Alaska at Terrance Brennan's



Skirt steak at Washington Park



Beet carpaccio at Pazo

## WHERE TO EAT 2003

Adam Platt's  
Guide to the City's  
Best Dining



Fried clams at Fresh



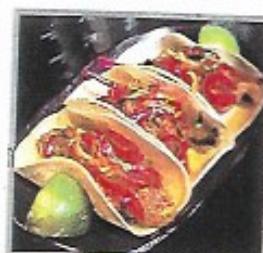
Duck agnolotti at L'Impero



Wonton soup at Yeah Shanghai



Mojito and mango mai tai at Noche



Pork tacos at Dos Caminos



0 74820 08183 9

NYWORLDMETRO.COM

# ADAM PLATT'S WHERE TO **eat** **NOW** **2003**

For a time-tested piece of gourmet beef, however, I prefer the balsamic-basted, charcoal-grilled prime rib (\$78 for two) whenever it's on the menu at **Etats-Unis**, the tangy, slightly crunchy miso-marinated hanger steak at **Union Pacific**, or the lunchtime sirloin at **Tocqueville**, which is sliced into two dainty triangles, charred on one side and rare on the other, and garnished with a hollowed bit of brioche containing a raw arauacana egg. Among Manhattan steakhouses, the Room Era gold standard remains the broiled rib chop at **The Strip House**, and for a taste of old New York, I always guide my carnivore friends to the hallowed New York cut at **Sparks**. If you want to spend roughly three times the money, for sheer grandeur, nothing quite tops the grilled Black Angus rib eye, served, according to the menu, "for two or three persons," at **Alain Ducasse**. The thrombotic potato gratin is thick as wet cement, the meat is daintily drowned in a pungent truffle sauce, poured from a silver pot, and the whole mass is served Rossini-style, under a pale, predictably gargantuan flap of seared foie gras.



**Bonita**  
You can buy the entire breakfast menu for \$80, but save your cash and order the *pambazo*, a dissertation on the art of Mexican cooking.

## Mrs. Platt recommends

After another twelve months dining out in the company of her unkempt, ox-size, omnivorous husband, my tidy, well-mannered, exceptionally discriminating wife wishes to commend the kitchen at

Itoen tea boutique on Madison Avenue, is her favorite new place for a cup of decadent afternoon tea.

Despite the departure of Überchef Kazuo Yoshida, **Jewel Bakes** is still where she goes for a precious downtown fix of tuna belly, although for cutting-edge sophistication, nothing—not even the aged, time-

**SUPER SPUD:** The salt-baked potato—with all its condiments—at Terrence Brennan's Seafood & Chop House.



Prune for its new desserts—in particular, the cardamom pan-na cotta with rum raisins—and to compliment chef Kurt Gutenbrunner of **Wallsé** for the fine zitronentorte (lemon tart) she enjoyed, along with legions of similar dainty souls, at his homage to fin de siècle Vienna, **Café Sabarsky**. The fusion cooking at **Annisa** is her choice for celebratory occasions. **Prêt à Manger** is where she rushes for a quick gourmet snack (the curried-cornmeal-chicken sandwich, usually, followed by a single regally wrapped corn-berry muffin), and **Kai**, in the

worm tricks at **Nobu**—beats the parade of *omakase* delicacies (tempura-fried ice cream, red snapper touched with vinegar jelly, bits of sesame speckled unagi set atop little surfboards of avocado) at **Sushi of Garlon** on the Upper East Side. For an equally inspired and more economical fusion feast on the Lower East Side, she visits **United Noodles** and nibbles chastely on crackly little napoleons made of deep-fried wonton skins layered with slivers of shrimp and orange, and the many varieties of mushroom rolls (oyster, shiitake, portobello), set in pools of fruity peanut sauce.

For Italian food in a similarly tiny salthox setting, there's **Patio Dining**, where chef Sara Jenkins turns out meaty Tuscan haunches of pork, bombed with sage and an ever changing signature crostini, topped on our last visit with eggs, cheese, and shavings of the freshest white truffle. With its whitewashed communal tables and petite flower arrangements, **Salt**, in Soho, evinces a tidy, feminine charm. If you want to order just one dish, my wife recommends the spinach salad,

which contains a generous portion of sautéed portobello mushrooms and chunks of chèvre, all tossed in a warm pancetta dressing, accompanied by a platter of fat California dates dipped in balsamic vinegar and honey and bundled in strips of sweetly smoked bacon.

## When eating on my own

As far as I know, dates aren't on the menu yet at **Beyoglu**, which is where I sneak off to dine on forbidden Turkish delicacies like *sucuk* (cured strips of beef rubbed in cumin and garlic), a strangely tangy garnish called *esme* (pomegranate syrup, minced tomatoes, peppers), and dissolving slices of halvah, flown in fresh from Istanbul. The pickings at **Alias**, down on Clinton Street, aren't quite so extreme, although the menu includes bits of skate molded into fish cakes, and delicious lamb ribs, which taste like charred little lamb chops flavored with apple cider. After consuming several platters of these, I like to conclude the evening at **Punch & Judy**, up the street, with a bite of the formidable