

David Savona

In Defense of Steak

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A good friend of mine maintains that there are far too many steakhouses in Manhattan. I disagree. Bring 'em on.

I'm an unabashed steakhouse fan. A steakhouse dinner—start with a selection of raw oysters, then a salad with bleu cheese dressing followed by a medium-rare steak washed down with rich, red wine—is my favorite meal. And you can hold the cheesecake for dessert—give me a cigar instead.

I have several favorites here in New York City, and unlike my friend I revel in experiencing new expressions when I try a new steakhouse. Here are a few of the newer ones I find interesting, plus a selection of old favorites.

THE NEW

Benjamin Steak House, 52 East 41st Street

This beautiful restaurant sits only a block from Grand Central Terminal and excels in steak for a group—large porterhouses sliced off the bone, served on a blazing hot platter. On a recent visit, the matre'd presented slices of the sirloin cut, and brushed each against the hot platter with a sensational sizzle to cook it more, if needed. For the truly hungry, the restaurant also serves a full breakfast. Yes, you can have a sirloin steak at 7 a.m. The restaurant is around the corner from the Barclay Rex smoke shop on 42nd Street.



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