

1,211 views | Oct 24, 2019, 04:39am

Where to Eat in Paris: The Best 13 New Restaurants to Try Right Now



Rooksana Hossenally Contributor @

Travel

As with every fall, an onslaught of new restaurants have opened in the city, making it even harder to choose [where to eat in Paris](#). To help you along, we've done the "hard" graft by testing out 13 of the newest, most talked-about places in the city, making picking a restaurant to eat in Paris on your next visit, a smooth and fool-proof process. So, from creative cuisine hailing from the Middle East to outfits devoted to heartfelt farm-to-table produce, the new chef shaking things up at the Eiffel Tower and the two-star restaurant that's got tongues wagging, we've got you covered.



The counter and open kitchen at Shabour restaurant in Paris. HANS MEIJER

1. Shabour, A (Michelin) Star In The Making

Every dish here is testimony to the chefs' inexhaustible inspiration for inventive cuisine, and teamed with hospitality that's rarely seen in trendy Paris restaurants of this caliber, [Shabour](#) certainly packs one mighty punch.



Left, Head Chef at Shabour Assaf Granit. Right, a plate of smoke-cooked octopus. [THE SOCIAL FOOD](#)

With several restaurants under their belt in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, London and [Paris](#), Shabour, meaning 'hangover' in Hebrew, is the clan's third restaurant and first independent endeavor in the French capital. Alongside the enigmatic Assaf Granit is his clan, Dan Yosha and Uri Navon in the kitchen, and Tomer Lanzmann as head host and all-round ambiance-setter. And they know how to make sparks fly by rustling up dishes so good that each mouthful risks stopping diners mid-sentence, forcing us to fully focus on what's on their plate.

As far as the décor goes, it's simple. And that's the way they wanted it to be. A former jazz club, the space is entirely candlelit. Its stone walls and a waxed cement floor are the perfect backdrop for the open kitchen encased in a marvelous jade-green marble counter around which diners perch on high stools into late evening, giving the restaurant a perfectly achieved result.

In a silent ritual of swift movements and the occasional hint of a smile in his icy blue eyes, lead maestro Assaf's hands covered in cryptic black tattoos, come out of the shadows to deposit utensils in front of diners in preparation for the upcoming dish.

He lays down dinky forks in front of us. An oyster appears adorned with zata herbs (similar to wild oregano), apple and shallot juice, all laid on top of a wooden stand like an artwork, ready to be blowtorched before we are able to swallow it, reeling from the burst of flavor as it imparts its notes slowly in our mouths.

Another stand-out dish includes scorched leek plunged in vegetable stock and filled with *labanais* (yoghurt-like drink) and porcini mushrooms accompanied by a halloumi crumble, and leek stock - meant to recall a journey through the woods. And what a journey it is, each dish pulling us deeper into a world unknown, a world lit only by candlelight where flavor becomes all that matters.

Next up, Assaf lays out a porcelain egg cup, ready to be filled by Dan with four types of egg: poached, marinated for 48 hours in black tea with ginger, relish of carrots and onions, raisins, tahini, Egyptian spinach, salmon eggs, and *poutarde*. Explosive. As is Uri's exceptional amuse bouche of escargot-shaped apple roasted with olive oil and arak, and pickled pink and white beetroot stuffed with brie and plum purée, prepped like a "small tower of Babylon," as he describes it while he rolls it into shape behind the counter in front of us.

A flurry of dishes, each one more sophisticated than the next, are interwoven with accents from a faraway land; the genius behind each mouthful being the scattered positioning of the ingredients on the colorful mismatched porcelain plates - no bite ever tastes the same.

Here, time stalls as the experience takes you to places you've never wandered before. When we left some hours later, we were floating – merry from the wine (which flowed) and not uncomfortably bloated from the food. The next morning however, starting the day proved a little less smooth, but then again, we were warned - the restaurant isn't called Shabour for nothing.

Shabour - 19 Rue Saint-Sauveur, 75002 Paris