Tamera’s Kitchen, Rugby: ‘A credit to Anglo-Indian gastronomic relations’

Indian cuisine is often a stereotype. A stereotype of vegetarian food and a stereotype of your average Brit trying to be ‘cultural’, yet despite this Tamera’s Kitchen serves up exquisite food which is a keen equilibrium between the exotic and what the average Rugbeian will willingly eat.

Tamera’s Kitchen continues to provide food to the masses, despite the national state of emergency, and may I note that the food was brought to our home earlier than expected (you don’t usually hear that now, do you?). I thought it best to order two dishes but in side portions – a bhindi bhaji (a spicy okra curry) and a sag aloo. One conventional, one more exotic. I also opted for a portion of lemon and garlic rice, as well as two garlic naans.

While I gnawed away at the naan, which I had wrapped around a smattering of sag aloo, I noted how... ungarlicy? Garlicless? Either way, the naan failed to really taste of garlic, although I will excuse it for the sheer awe I got from its texture. The naan was warm and ripped well, just like paper, and when you chewed it, you knew that it was homemade. It knew that it had some faults, and it knew that it wasn’t pretty, but it felt homely and rustic, and that’s just what I adored about Tamera’s Kitchen.

Despite never getting to sit in its seats or see its staff in full swing, I think that I get what I’d call the ‘energy’ of Tamera’s Kitchen; when you read the takeaway menu, your eyes are drawn to ‘Ghandi’s revenge’, an ‘extremely hot and volatile curry, with special red bullet chillies’. This isn’t a company trying to generate some more dosh through creative branding, this is a gentle sense of humour, something that makes you really feel a familial atmosphere, and the fact that the restaurant is willing to introduce your average Joe to okra, or challenge our nation’s famously weak tastebuds with red bullet chillies, and slap a colonial joke on it, is truly brilliant, and it is deserving of high praise.

You don’t often get to encounter the restaurants of small, mundane market towns in your paper, but I’d be delighted to raise my head above the parapet and say that the blending of the known and loved with the obscure and exotic at Tamera’s Kitchen is a credit to the small restaurants of our small towns, and is truly a credit to Anglo-Indian gastronomic relations as a whole.