

That Old Mamoun's Magic

When our Israeli geophysicist friend, Gidon Eshel, provided major guidance for Mark Bittman's New York Times article on meat consumption*, the esteemed cookbook author offered to take Gidon out to eat "anywhere in New York City." "Where will you go?" I asked eagerly. "Mamoun's Falafel," Gidon said.

While I might have aimed a little higher, I have to say that Gidon knows his falafel. I, however, am partial to

Mamoun's chicken kebab sandwich (\$5.95): perfection of a sort you won't find at the trendiest eateries. It is a unique melding of flavors stuffed into a pita pocket and well worth the wait on the line



snaking out of this gritty, literal hole-in-the-wall. At least six tender chunks of marinated grilled chicken are tossed with fresh tomato, lettuce and just the right amount of tahini sauce. So often tahini sauce is chalky and overbearing, drowning out the flavor of your meat or

Mamoun's **Falafel**

119 MacDougal St. (near West 4th Street) 212-674-8685

falafel. Mamoun's is so delicate and delicious I lick every drop off my fingers, where it always drips. To round out the experience, I order cardamon spiked tea (\$1) and bring my sandwich and a side of smoky, oily

babaganoush (\$1.50) to the NYU Law School courtyard. If Mark Bittman cares to join me, he's welcome.

-Nancy J. Brandwein

Got a snack attack to share? Contact NBrand@aol.com