

THE M.O.B. NEWSPAPER

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"ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS RESTAURANT OF NEW YORK, VERY CLOSE TO YOU"

DAILY NEWS

Restaurant Review: Maimonide of Brooklyn

Michael Kaminer

July 18, 2012



New York

July 16, 2012

In short: The city's best vegan food, in one of Brooklyn's coolest rooms.

Don't Miss: Quinoa salad (\$8), MOB Burger Deluxe (\$15), anti-oxidant MOB (\$10).
Pass on: Brave Heart MOB (\$10).

Suggestion: Avoid Saturday nights, when a DJ cranks the noise level to 11.

Maimonide of Brooklyn isn't the only vegan restaurant with its own manifesto. But it may be the first with its own comic book.

"The Awesome Genesis: Vol. 1" stars a bearded imp in giant retro eyewear—a stand-in, it turns out, for hisute owner Cyril Aouizerate, the Paris hotelier/restaurantier who brought his savoir-faire to this blah Boerum Hill block near the Atlantic Ave. subway stop.

We also learn that MOB's namesake is Moses Maimonides, the towering 12th-century Jewish intellectual figure who wrote a treatise on healthful eating. "Nearly 1,000 years ago, he knew that certain combinations of fruits and vegetables had benefits for human health," the comic says.

Think of it, maybe, as Jewish Ayurveda.

Apparently, Maimonides also knew from flavor, and so does Maimonide of Brooklyn. From a pristine white kitchen behind the double arches in the restaurant's rear, Aouizerate and chef Neal Harden crank out New York City's best vegan cuisine.

Carnivores, be warned: MOB's kale chips are your gateway vegetable. Crunchy, paper-thin and slightly salty, they're delivered gratis to your table — along with a cobalt-blue bottle of chilled water — by serene, smiling servers.

You might follow with equally addictive oyster mushroom/chickpea nuggets (\$5), baked but still moist, and served with a puddle of whole-grain honey mustard that actually tastes of honey and mustard. Or you could dive into a heaping quinoa salad (\$8) tossed in lime and mint, the delicate grain both fluffy and tender. Accompanied by avocado, pumpkin seeds, toasted cumin and pastel-orange "candy beets" living up to their name, this makes a bracing warm-weather starter.

Likewise the corn soup (\$5), a frothy, marigold-colored concoction of frozen corn, soy milk and miso that tastes of summer itself. Served with a side of popcorn, the soup comes cold or warm; our server sagely

counseled the latter. As the MOB story notes, it's offered "in memory of the native Americans who used to grow corn on Boerum Hill." Who knew?

The most complex appetizer, a saucisson (\$7) of sun-dried tomato, porcini mushroom and sunflower seeds, won't fool meat-lovers. But that's not the point. With a light aioli and pickled radishes on whole-wheat sourdough, it's a concentrated flavor bomb that stands on its own.

You could make a meal of starters, but it would be a shame to skip mains like the MOB Burger Deluxe (\$15), a fist-thick, mushroom-based patty that banishes sad memories of sodden veggie burgers. Chewy and smoky, this one arrives on a house-made sweet-potato roll with intense Brooklyn Brine pickles, charred onions and smoked eggplant. Opt for the olive-oil-roasted yucca fries over salad, or — better yet — gobble them as an addictive side (\$5).

The signature dish here is the MOB (\$10), a kind of flatbread topped with carefully calibrated combinations of veggies or fruit on lush homemade crust. It's worth ordering just for the custom-made metal serving platters with arch-shaped indentations "inspired by the Brooklyn Bridge" and engraved with names of local 'hoods. The Belly Charmer MOB translates as a tagine of eggplant, zucchini, carrot, mint and the Moroccan seasoning ras el hanout; a hint of sweetness makes the sultry mix sing. The Iron Man sounds a wake-up call of shitake mushroom, sautéed kale, horseradish aioli and parsley, as refreshing as it sounds. The menu's only misfire is the Brave Heart, a brownish mess of sundried tomato, caper-parsley pesto, portabello mushroom and lemon that never coheres.

Desserts like nut-based chocolate or lemon cheesecake (\$8) won't put Junior's out of business, but they're creamy and rich, and their oat crust makes a fine foundation. There's also a decadent sweet MOB (\$10) smeared with banana confit, chocolate fig marmalade and mint on graham-cracker bread; it supposedly offers anti-oxidant properties. Suspend disbelief and enjoy. Strong coffee (\$4), from ubiquitous Philly-based roaster La Colombe, comes in a French press.

For the especially adventuresome, Maimonide of Brooklyn also offers cocktails like Beet Wine (\$11) — beet juice, sweet vermouth, fernet branca syrup and fresh lemon juice — and lemongrass-infused sangria (\$10), both delicious. A short but intriguing beer and wine list features mostly California vintages and local brews like Southampton Double White (\$5).

This magical mystery culinary tour all takes place in one of the city's most idiosyncratic rooms; Aouizerate's collaborations with uber-designer Philippe Starck seem to have rubbed off. MOB's soaring dining room is dominated by a quartet of 12-foot-long communal tables, each illuminated by a row of charmingly mismatched overhead fixtures. A groove at each table's center holds 20 votive candles. When they're lit, the effect's mesmerizing.

One major gripe: When the DJ comes out to play Saturday nights, the sound's deafening. If you're unfortunate enough to get seated next to a speaker, conversation becomes but a memory and MOB's otherwise-sensuous vibe gets shredded. Come on a weeknight, when the mood's tranquil, the music soothing and the crowd local.

You'll realize Maimonides was onto something major. And so is Maimonide of Brooklyn.

"M.O.B serves the best vegan cuisine in New York"

MICHAEL KAMINER

EVOLUTION

THE WONDERFUL WACKY YEAR IN

PIZZA



THE NEAPOLITAN PIZZA craze was just the beginning. This year, New York has seen the intriguing debuts of the square-cut St. Louis-style pizza, a defiantly non-droopy Wisconsin-New York hybrid, avant-garde vegan pizza with a French pedigree, and, most happily for cheap eaters, a new and improved dollar slice. Contrary to what you might expect, some of the weirdest developments have come from the unlikelyst quarter: the highly codified ranks of our top Neapolitan pizzaioli, who wantonly tossed their precious dough into the Fryolator, stuffed it with porchetta, and even sculpted it into the shape of a tennis racquet. Here, a few of the current pizza moment's not-so-regular slices.

1. The M.O.B.

\$10
Maimonide of Brooklyn
525 Atlantic Ave., nr.
Third Ave., Boerum Hill
718-797-2355
M.O.B. is both the abbreviated name of this art-project-cum-pizzeria, and its featured attraction: vegan whole-grain flatbreads baked in molds shaped like the arches of the Brooklyn Bridge.

(Don DeMarco, avert your eyes.)

2. The Racchetta

\$23
Don Antonio by Starita
309 W. 30th St., nr. Eighth Ave.; 646-719-1043
Whoever said Neapolitan pizza-makers were no fun has not studied the menu at Don Antonio. It's a sprawling 54-pizza-strong document that

occasionally makes you wonder whether it's been hacked by some prankster over at Pizza Hut. Among the Margheritas and the marinaras, there's a stuffed pizza, a half-pizza-half-caldone, and this delicious, vegetarian-friendly invention shaped (rather interpretively) like a tennis racquet with a ricotta and mushroom-filled "handle." If Novak Djokovic ate

gluten, you could stick a candle in it and serve it to him on his birthday.

3. The Dressed-Up Dollar Slice

\$1
Percy's Pizzeria
190 Bleecker St., nr. MacDougal St.; no phone
When the owner of South Brooklyn Pizza couldn't move \$4 slices in the pizza-saturated NYU zone,

he downgraded the cheese and entered the recession-driven dollar-slice market. Granted, there's very little variation at that price point, but recent side-by-side give the edge to Percy's for a brighter sauce, crisper and more flavorful crust, and superior character overall.

4. The Wiscopolitan

\$16 to \$21
Niccolito, 160 Second Ave., at 10th St.; 212-432-1600
No one — least of all Mike White — knows what to call his sturdy-crust, toppings-forward, non-Neapolitan pizza. We're going with Wiscopolitan (Wisconsin plus cosmopolitan). A teenage White spent time in a Wisconsin pizzeria called Domenico's, the home of the Mezza pizza (sausage, pepperoni, ham, bacon, ground beef, and mozzarella). Niccolito's Calabrese is like that — a more refined Mezza minus the ham, bacon, and ground beef.

5. The Pizza-Dough Sandwich

\$7 to \$9
San Mateo Pannozzo & Espresso Bar, 127 St. Marks Pl., nr. Ave. A



525 ATLANTIC AVENUE BROOKLYN

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

March 7, 2012

The Observer Encountered Mimi Sheraton at a Restaurant in Brooklyn

Kat Stoeffel

Blind item! Which tweedy French chef's rare stateside appearance made former *New York Times* restaurant critic Mimi "The whole Brooklyn thing must be greatly exaggerated" Sheraton to schlep out to Boerum Hill for lunch on Tuesday? Just kidding. The Transom never withholds.

It was none other than Alain Senderens, the populist papa of the *nouvelle cuisine* famous for renouncing all three of the stars Michelin awarded his Paris restaurant, Lucas Carton, so that he could reopen as Senderens, which is French for "a restaurant that we can actually afford to eat at."

Mr. Senderens was in town for the opening of Maimonide of Brooklyn, a.k.a. M.O.B., the self-proclaimed "avant-garde vegetarian" restaurant, in which he is a partner with French hipster hotelier Cyril Aouizerate. And it couldn't be further from the Place de la Madeleine.

M.O.B.'s red and yellow façade is a colorful addition to an under-populated stretch of Atlantic Avenue in the shadow of One Hanson, where the growing-daily Nets stadium promises future foot traffic. But it remains to be seen whether sports fans will mob for M.O.B.'s esoteric fare, which combines the popular borough principles of veganism and localism with the dietary suggestions of twelfth century Jewish philosopher Maimonides.

Ms. Sheraton, for one, had in mind less restrictive times.

"I remember your lobster with vanilla," she told Mr. Senderens.

The kitchen run by Pure Food and Wine's Neal Harden sent out Yucca fries with artisan ketchup, tangy sun-dried tomato saucisson, frothy corn soup, and chickpea-mushroom "nuggets," to a francophone-heavy crowd.

And, in a cruelty-free twist on Brooklyn vernacular, resin vegetables adorn the walls like all those taxidermy bucks, on wooden plaques painted with solemn painted messages. "RIP Mister Avocado, he died for guacamole."

The honey in the honey mustard dipping sauce is the only animal product on the premises, a waiter wearing a one-armed apron not unlike the toga Maimonides himself might have worn told us. And despite the Jewish associations, he explained, nothing is blessed.

As for the corn used in the kitchen, according to "The Awesome Genesis," a comic book manifesto starring Mr. Aouizerate distributed in lieu of menus, the use of America's favorite subsidy was "in memory of the Native Americans who used to grow corn on Boerum Hill in Brooklyn." Their memory was further preserved by a Navajo headdress in the front of the restaurant.

"We don't get a lot of corn in France so it's always...special," Le Fooding's New York chief Anna Polonsky remarked, as she finished off hers.

The Brooklyn Paper

March 5, 2012

Take a bite outta the Bridge!

KATE BRIQUELET

These guys have a bridge to sell you.

Maimonide of Brooklyn is dishing out open-faced odes to the Brooklyn Bridge in sandwich form — topping flatbread shaped like the monument's arches with kale, eggplant, horseradish and Moroccan spices.

Just don't call them pizzas. They're MOB's.

"It's been a trial to explain to people what it is," said chef Neal Harden, referring to the whole-wheat mosaics named after the restaurant's initials. "We're constantly tinkering with the menu to make it more interesting."

The Atlantic Avenue vegetarian spot offers an intrepid slew of architectural gluten, including the Iron Man, a blend of shiitake, sautéed kale and horseradish aioli; and the Brave Heart, a bold cocktail of sun-dried tomato, caper and parsley pesto and portobello mushroom.

There's also the Belly Charmer, an arch of eggplant, zucchini, carrot, pistachio, mint and cilantro.

French hotelier Cyril Aouizerate is the mastermind behind these finger-food delicacies. He created his casual-chic boîte in honor of medieval philosopher, Maimonides, who argued that God preferred people to adopt plant-based diets.

Aouizerate, who spends half his time in Paris, decked his cozy enclave with large wooden communal tables, a bright yellow wall with a flag of red, white and blue tiles, and a spot up front for a soulful deejay.

Waiters serve the MOB's, cut into three pieces, on Paris-made silver platters with indents perfectly shaped for the breaded curvature.

"People think it's a novelty," said Joseph Santiago, who works at Maimonide. "They're overwhelmed by the space itself and then you see the food. It's humble — something that's so authentically Brooklyn."

P

HILOSOPHY

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steeple to steeple
garlands
from window to window
Golden chains
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and I dance

ARTHUR

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G

ERONIMO



August 14, 2012

Summer Hitlist 3: Maimonide of Brooklyn

I make a point of checking out different vegan eating establishments whenever I'm in New York City — there probably isn't another metropolis of this size in the world that has so many on hand. Nor, for that matter, so many omnivore-friendly restaurants that offer at least one vegan option — such as the case when I was staying in Brooklyn the first weekend of August, and ventured out into the Cobble/Boerum Hill neighborhood on a Sunday morning looking for something other than a bagel and fruit juice. On Smith Street I stumbled upon Apartment 138, which not only had a classic Brooklyn back garden, the kind I genuinely miss, but a "house made beet burger" with "arugula (and) citrus whipped feta." Subtract the feta, add in the fries, a bloody mary and a coffee and it was a pretty good deal for the all-inclusive Brunch price of \$14. The beet burger itself — a burger made of beets, not merely a beet between two pieces of bread — was absolutely delicious and though I couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of the teenage Tony ordering such a meal, the fact that I'd just read some scientific study on the positive effects of beets upon athletes enabled me to enjoy it that much more.

This little meal was better, incidentally, than the all-vegan offerings at Red Bamboo on West 4th Street in Greenwich Village two days earlier, a "fake meat" Asian-style low-(ish) price café that

served two of us some disarmingly realistic and tasty chicken drumsticks and barbecue wings but then let us down badly with a fake eggplant-parmesan hero and Philly cheese steak. There comes a point in one's diet that the idea of a white-bread hero with lots of tomato sauce draped over some protein like substance — be it steak, eggplant or seitan — loses its allure compared to an inventive dish like a beet burger.

Then you go to Maimonide and the stakes (rather than the steaks) grow that much higher. I only read about this all-vegan pizzeria, which opened last November, in the Best of Brooklyn section of the current *E* Magazine that very weekend — there is something to be said for picking up those free New York weeklies from the street-side containers the moment you hit the City on all-too-rare visit — and although the write-up was inherently positive, it barely hinted at what was in store for me once I made the long trek down Atlantic Avenue, almost to the corner of the busy intersection with Fourth Avenue, indeed, almost to the street where I lived for the best part of a decade.

Maimonide is more than just a pizzeria. It is, to quote founder Cyril Aouizerate on page 3 of the comic book that comes with the menu, "a nod in the direction of Maimonides, scholar, philosopher, and physician to King Saladin, and a declaration of love to Brooklyn." If you want to know more about Maimonide, you could Wikipedia him, of course, but the philosopher's quote that sits proudly atop page two of the comic book — "No disease that can be treated by diet should be treated with any other means" — is a good enough place to start.

So Maimonide believes in fresh, wholesome, vegan food, your parents' concept of pizza be damned. But that doesn't mean it takes itself too seriously; the very mention of the comic book should have assured you of that. The front section of the Maimonide restaurant features a couple of vast benches, Wagamama style, from where you introduce yourself to your neighbors and then help yourselves to the silverware in the drawers underneath. I didn't have that option when I went there later on Sunday afternoon; there was a massive birthday party that occupied an entire table, and a DJ doing her best to play louder than the accompanying hubbub, and a bunch of families with various age kids on the other table, and the whole atmosphere generally evoked the notion of Brooklyn as the coolest multi-ethnic place on the planet. (Which, of course, it is.)

I sauntered out to the back garden, realized that I could not survive any more exposure to one of the most humid weekends of the year, and finally pulled up to one of two available stools at the counter, from where I could see the kitchen and jovial wait staff attending to every order with surprising cool and calm giving the hectic party atmosphere out front. Cocktails in the shape of honey wines and infused Proseccos were very much the most popular order of the day but the mark-up seemed a little excessive to me, whereas the thought of a half-iced ginger tea/half lemonade for a couple of bucks seemed like a gift by any standards. And come to that, so did the bottle of Southampton IPA for \$5, considerably less than a decent micro-brew will cost you in any other restaurant in NYC.

But you wouldn't come to Maimonide just for the drinks. Everything at Maimonide is vegan — even (what must be) the (so-called) butter-milk pancakes. And the burgers. And the nuggets. Having had my share of vegan burgers and fake-chicken style dishes for the weekend, I ordered up the Iron Man M.O.B., one of three flavors of the signature dish ("a secret house baked dough made with locally grown and milled organic flour"). The M.O.B.s come on a specially produced square plate that replicates the distinct Brooklyn Bridge arches, the pizza in one of them, the silver ware in the other alongside; it's a good gimmick, but it would mean nothing without the quality of the food.

And... quite simply, this was the best \$10 pizza-like substance I have ever eaten. Without question. The fact that I absolutely love the Iron Man toppings — roasted shiitake mushroom and sautéed kale — as part of any meal certainly had something to do with this, but I think it was the horseradish aioli that made the true difference, adding a tangy, creamy bite that caused the combined ingredients to dance on my tongue and all the way through my digestive system.

The M.O.B. was so damn good that I stuck around and ordered up my second plate of fries of the day; I excused myself with the understanding that these were "yucca fries" and presumably more healthy than regular potatoes. They probably are, but they're also a little more of an acquired taste; that said, the \$5 side came with a choice of three ketchups and was almost a meal in itself.

I'm not going to waste time complaining that M.O.B. wasn't around when I lived down the street; I'm going to celebrate instead the fact that it's there now and that I still get to hang out in the old neighborhood often enough to visit. That neighborhood has changed beyond most recognition since I left: The Who will be playing just a few hundred yards from my old home at the new Nets Arena in November, and I have mixed feelings about attending and giving support to developer Bruce Ratner's rail-roaded ultra-urban monstrosity of an Atlantic Yards project. The great thing about M.O.B. is it feels like the Brooklyn I lived in for ten years; it looks like the Brooklyn I lived in for ten years, and it tastes like the Brooklyn I've always wanted more of. (Mind you, Maimonide opened a second location in Paris this spring.) There's enough different items on the menu to keep me coming back many times over; whether I will be able to resist the temptation to order something other than the Ironman M.O.B. is a different matter. Either way, I have a new favorite vegan restaurant.

The New York Times

February 21, 2012
Off the Menu

the **TRANSOM**

MAIMONIDE OF BROOKLYN French and vegetarian, with the chef Alain Senderens (once a Michelin three-star winner) as a partner, this is something of a first for Brooklyn. Cyril Aouizerate, a hotelier, was inspired to open a vegan-vegetarian restaurant after studying Maimonides, the medieval Jewish philosopher from Spain. The chef, Neal Harden, worked at Pure Food and Wine. Specialties include meatless sausages and a bread shaped like the arches of the Brooklyn Bridge and served with various toppings: 525 Atlantic Avenue (Third Avenue), Boerum Hill, Brooklyn; (718) 797-2555.

March 9, 2012

A French Vegan Takes On Brooklyn

Richard Martin

Warning! If you find any of the following to be insufferably pretentious, then skip this article: French people, vegans, philosophers, Brooklynites, Michelin-starred chefs.

Still with us? Great! Read on, and learn about the Parisian hotelier who, along with a (three-) Michelin-starred chef partner, quietly opened a vegan restaurant on an unassuming stretch of Brooklyn's Atlantic Avenue in December, named, of course, after a pro-vegetable philosopher. This ain't some random group of people and ideas. Cyril Aouizerate is the man behind Mama Shelter, the hip hotel designed by Philippe Starck in Paris's far-flung 20th Arrondissement. Aouizerate opened that boutique spot, with rooms starting at a paltry 79€ per night, almost four years ago and the project was praised worldwide; *The New York Times* wrote, "The location gives you a new perspective on Paris; the design gives you a new perspective on the world." So what did Aouizerate do for an encore? He planned two more Mama Shelters — one in Lyon and another in Marseille that will open next month — but his heart was set on Maimonide of Brooklyn. *Who of Brooklyn?* The funky comic book logo featuring Aouizerate's likeness shortens it to a more manageable MOB, but the Maimonide refers to the 12th century Egyptian philosopher/rabbi/physician Maimonides. Ok, but what's going on here?

After an introductory hunch earlier this week that Aouizerate hosted along with his partner, the three-Michelin-starred chef Alain Senderens, Aouizerate invited us outside into the restaurant's courtyard (he needed a smoke) and explained everything. In a nutshell, he loves Brooklyn, wants to open a Mama Shelter here, but first found this space and decided to open a restaurant serving healthy meat and dairy-free fare. Ok, but that still leaves some questions, such as: Why Atlantic Avenue in downtown Brooklyn?

"I have nothing against the hipster," he says, pronouncing it heep-ster, "but I never wanted to come to Williamsburg or something like that. I try to realize my projects in an unpopular area."

Why vegan?

"Firstly because I'm a vegan," he says nonchalantly. Turns out he met a girl who was vegan, married her, and decided to join her in meat- and dairy-free bliss.

Why such a complex name?

"I was a professor of philosophy, and I began to think about the question of whether we have the right to eat animals," he says. Aouizerate says he abhors militant vegans, and he never tries to discourage people to eat meat. So he sought inspiration in Maimonides, a proponent of eating plants, vegetables fruits and spices for better health. Senderens loved the connection as well; they'd create an affordable vegan restaurant that didn't so much discourage meat eaters as "seduce them," as Aouizerate puts it.

So is it any good?

We tried a good chunk of the menu at the luncheon, and we have to say, it's awesome. Chef Neal Harden, previously of Pure Food & Wine, is creating entertaining dishes like oven-baked oyster mushroom and chick pea "nuggets" and vegan charcuterie ("fennel and sage saucisson of sundried tomato, porcini mushroom and sunflower seed with aioli, pickled radish and whole grain toast") as starters, and a range of "avant-garde" pizzas, called MOB's, presented in pewter serving trays that nod to the Brooklyn Bridge, which Aouizerate nearly rhapsodizes about as a "beautiful monument."

Aouizerate went on to discuss the hotel he hopes to build around the corner from MOB, a Mama Shelter for Brooklyn with more affordable room rates than the borough is currently seeing. A place where visitors can come and see and interact with real New Yorkers, real Brooklynites — just as he did when he first came to the neighborhood back in 1986. Of course, he may not be completely altruistic. Discussing MOB's location, he noted the nearby mosque had good synergy with his Hebrew/Arabic-named restaurant, and then — "and the stadium, the future home of the Nets."

PAPER MAG **Mr N**
March 16, 2012
Maimonide of Brooklyn Chef Neal Harden on Vegan Food For Carnivores

Until Cyril Aouizerate is able to find a proper venue for the New York outpost of hipster-posh Parisian hotel Mama Shelter, we can revel in his restaurant collaboration with three-Michelin-star-French chef Alain Senderens, *Maimonide of Brooklyn* (aka M.O.B.). Inspired by the healthy habits of 12th century philosopher and physician Maimonides, this sunny Atlantic Avenue hangout, with communal tables, menus nestled inside comic books, and a retro soul-loving DJ, also serves carnivore-friendly vegan dishes whipped up by executive chef Neal Harden, a Pure Food and Wine alum. Here, Harden talks veggies versus fake meat, small budgets, and punk rock.

THE VEGGIE BURGER



Eat, Pray, Pray

Blind item! Which tweedy French chef's rare stateside appearance made former *New York Times* restaurant critic Mimi "The whole Brooklyn thing must be greatly exaggerated" Sheraton to schlep out to Boerum Hill for lunch on Tuesday? Just kidding. The Transom never withholds.

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hotelier Cyril Aouizerate. And it couldn't be further from the Place de la Madeleine.

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Ms. Sheraton, for one, had in mind less restrictive times.

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525 ATLANTIC AVENUE BROOKLYN



The 'menu' at M.O.B.

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4 journalists eating corn soup M.O.B





NBC MIAMI

April 4, 2012

1st Look Loves: Best New Culture Mash-Up Restaurant, Maimonide of Brooklyn



Maimonide of Brooklyn, a new vegetarian and vegan-friendly restaurant with a menu affectionately tagged as as "avant-garde vegetarian food for carnivores" has arrived on the Brooklyn dining scene. Founder Cyril Aouizerate, legendary French chef Alain Senderens and executive chef Neal Harden (Pure Food & Wine) hosted the opening celebration just last month, with guests ranging from comedian Louis CK to legendary musician Afrika Bambaataa, who also guest DJ'd. Makes us feel clean and good just thinking about this place!

The intriguing culture mash-up is in M.O.B's design, an homage to 90s hip-hop culture, Brooklyn, and the healthy-living beliefs of the famous Jewish philosopher Maimonides. The arches of the Brooklyn Bridge lend their shape to the M.O.B sandwiches as well as the physical design of the space, and there are displays that nods to BK legends including Biggie Smalls and Spike Lee.

Most charmingly, there is a Maimonide comic book, featuring superhero Barack Tomahawk, all of which is a driver in the larger creative direction of the restaurant. The ideas behind the M.O.B sandwich and the inclusion of Maimonides is explained through the story of Barack, a former fast-food delivery man, who realizes the error of his ways and heads off to save the world, one healthy meal at a time.

What a fun, unique and delicious way to get a life lesson and eat good grub at the same time--located at 525 Atlantic Avenue, get to M.O.B now!

WALL STREET JOURNAL

The Aluminum Arches

Rubina Madan Fillon

February 15, 2012

The Brooklyn Bridge has inspired many artists, writers and filmmakers. Maimonide of Brooklyn shows the landmark can also influence vegan chefs. Its signature dish, the "MOB" flatbread, comes out on an aluminum plate designed like the bridge, with the dough fitted into the arches.

The thick flatbreads (\$8) are topped with hearty fruits, vegetables and spices. The popular Braveheart MOB features portabello mushrooms, pesto and sundried tomatoes.

Even the nuggets (\$5) are healthy. They're made of chickpeas and oyster mushrooms, baked and served with whole-grain honey mustard. Or start with the pureed corn soup, served with popcorn (\$3).

Four long communal tables encourage strangers to sit together. While waiting, they can flip through a Maimonide comic book. It outlines the origins of the restaurant through the eyes of a pizza delivery man-turned culinary superhero. Its colorful pages challenge customers to "write a love note" or "a poem about Brooklyn."

"It stimulates conversations between people. It's a message for everyone to engage one another," manager Zorina Price said.



NEW YORK POST

March 9, 2012

Sightings . . .

Last Updated: 11:48 PM, March 8, 2012

Posted: 11:39 PM, March 8, 2012

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Mamie, Grace and Louisa Gummer at Joe's Pub, with Claire Danes and Hugh Dancy, to see Benjamin Walker's monthly comedy show, "Find the Funny" . . . Hip-hop legend Afrika Bambaataa and comic Louis C.K. at the opening of hipster vegetarian eatery Maimonide of Brooklyn . . . CAK Entertainment head Charles Koppelman and his wife, Gerri, at Bice Palm Beach with DIY Network star Vanilla Ice, whom Koppelman signed in 1990 to SBK Records.



Mamie Gummer, Grace Gummer and Louisa Gummer

OPENING OF M.O.B
March, 7, 2012
with
AFRIKA
BAMBAATAA
&
Louis C K



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