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In a year of dizzying gastronomic heights—\$350 sushi, a 65,000-bottle wine cellar, truffles in Brooklyn—our chief restaurant critic selects the best meals for every taste.

BY ADAM PLATT

FATSO DREAMS

LIKE RACING JOCKEYS and opera stars, food critics are doomed to a succession of diets. I endured a lengthy stretch of abstinence recently, and while I sat in grand restaurants gnawing on carrot sticks and gently pushing dessert plates aside, I passed the time hallucinating about meals that might have been...

Texas beef chili sold in cups at my local **Daisy May's BBQ USA** cart (it's on the corner of 39th and Broadway), which I used to supplement, during the course of long-ago binges, with sandwiches of Carolina pulled pork tasting faintly of citrus.