LATINIC VER FOOD & TRAVEL MAGAZINE

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SAUDADE FOR BRAZIL BOTECO CULTURE IN RIO DE JANEIRO | A TOUR TO SANTA TERESA | SUNDAYS IN IPANEMA | DISCOVER CHURRASCARIA TRIBECA | MEET THE MIND BEHIND HBO'S: THE LATINO LIST | MEZCAL IN THE CITY | Q & A: JUNOT DÍAZ & MORE...





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LATIN LOVER FOOD & TRAVEL is a free online quarterly magazine on food and travel. Based in New York, our magazine's mission is to promote Latin America's cuisine and cultural heritage in

New York and around the world.



SONIA SOTOMAYOR

A native from The Bronx-New York, she is an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, serving since August 2009. Sotomayor is the Court's 111th justice, its first Hispanic justice, and its third female justice. *Portrait by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders from The Latino List project (page ??)*

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LATINLOVER FOOD & TRAVEL MAGAZINE

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SAUDADE FOR BRAZIL

Saudade is a Portuguese word that I really love; it has no direct English translation but describes a deep nostalgia or longing for someone or something. But can we miss something that we never had or somewhere that we've never been? Is it possible to fall in love with a place like Brazil through just music and countless fabulous stories?

Maybe you've been to Brazil, maybe not... That's why we embarked on this new adventure, which is about discovering the o *jeito carioca*, or the Rio spirit,— as insiders in Rio de Janeiro but also in New York, working our way into the vibrant pockets of Brazilian food and culture found throughout the city. We've been walking through Santa Teresa's streets, one of Rio's most iconic neighborhoods, enjoyed the fascinating world of Botecos, captured the magical light and vibe of Ipanema Beach, discovered the best Brazilian food and music in New York City, and also taken a deeper look at Brazilian Favelas.

And, if there's a doubt that Brazil belongs to Latin America, we have a definitive answer for you: Hell yeah!

Also in this issue Junot Díaz, the acclaimed Dominican Pulitzer Prize winning author shares his thoughts on food, travel, and literature in an exclusive interview. We introduce you to our new *Ultimate Latin Lover*, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders the director and photographer of *The Latino Series* project. And to celebrate our last issue of the year we say *salud* with Mezcal from Oaxaca!

A very special thanks to our amazing and talented team of contributors who believed in this project; we have created 4 wonderful issues during 2012! Thanks *chicos* and *chicas* for all of your hard work and, especially, your talent!

Stay tuned for amazing news in 2013, un abrazo!

Chris



CHRIS YONG-GARCÍA Founding editor-in-chie

CONTRIBUTORS



GABRIEL & MATEO ALAYZA

VISUAL ARTISTS

Brothers Gabriel and Mateo Alayza are artists based in Lima, Peru. Both completed degrees in Fine Arts at La Pontifica Universidad Católica del Perú and together they own and operate Hermanos Magia, a graphic design and illustration business. Their work has been featured in various magazines and newspapers, including *Dedo Medio, El Comercio*, and *Cosas*. They have also illustrated a number of books, most recently, *Navegantes*, a book detailing the voyages of famous sea explorers published by Septiembre. Gabriel currently works as a professor of art at La Pontifica Universidad Católica del Perú and El Centro de Imagen, while Mateo is the lead singer of the salsa band Mambo Glacial. Together they plan and organize the annual *Carnaval de Barranco* and both enjoy boating, bagpipes, Russian cars, and literature, particularly the works of the English author Charles Dickens.

RYAN BROWN

VISUAL ARTIS



Ryan Brown was born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. He studied Fine Arts at SVA (School of Visual Arts) in New York. In 2006 he was invited to participate in the European Exchange Academy in Beelitz, Germany. Ryan Brown has participated in multiple solo and group exhibitions including "Peekskill Project" organized by The Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art; "Ex-Libris" at Adam Baumgold Gallery; "Bibliomania", at The Visual Arts Center of NJ; "In and Outside Writing" at Voorkamer - Belgium; "Museum of Unlimited Growth / Museu Labyrinth" for the Art Projects of Art Rio (Rio de Janeiro), "Homeness", "Domestico", "Borders" (solo) and "Various Small Lots" (solo) at Y Gallery New York; among others. He lives and works in New York and is currently participating in "Storytellers" at The Stenersen Museum, (Oslo-Norway).



RENAN CEPEDA

PHOTOGRAPHER

Born in Rio de Janeiro in 1966, Renan started taking black and white pictures at the age of 11. In the 80s, his experience was enriched with photojournalism. In 1996, he initiated the collective exhibition *Arte de Portas Abertas* (Art with Open Doors) and the association Chave Mestra (Master Key) – Association of Visual Artists of Santa Teresa, both in the neighborhood where he maintains his atelier. Having his full time now devoted to the fine art photography, Cepeda has been recognized for his artistic research on unusual photographic techniques such as infrared photography and light painting. www.renancepeda.com

BRUCE CHADWICK

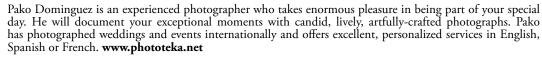
WRIT

Bruce Chadwick is a Ph.D. political economist, writer, and investment analyst specializing in global themes and emerging market economies. Born and raised in Northern California and now a long time New Yorker, he has a special love for Latin America and particularly Brazil, where he lived for several years in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro while researching and writing on the politics of sustainable development. While he would never be caught cheering for Argentina over Brazil in a *futebol* match, Bruce has been known to enjoy a tango and while his Brazilian friends aren't looking.



PAKO DOMINGUEZ

PHOTOGRAPHER



IZABEL FONTES

WRITER



Izabel is a Brazilian journalist from Recife, doing a PHD in Argentinean Literature in Germany. She knows how to laugh of herself and tries to do it all the time. Trying every day to be a better person, she is learning to hear more, to speak less and to take deep breaths once and while. Fontes also collaborates with cultural magazines like **www.suplementopernambuco.com.br**

CONTRIBUTORS



JULIO GRANADOS

Julio is an graphic artist, singer, actor, and gay activist. He studied at Pontificia Católica University, and at Toulouse Lautrec Art and Design Institute. Julio Granados hails from Perú and currently resides in New York City. He has won several prizes for his beautiful illustrations working for famous Spanish and American publishing houses such as Santillana, Alfaguara and Mcgraw Hill. In 2011 his works was exhibit at El Museo del Barrio in New York City. www.juliogranados.com



Vanessa is a photographer and a producer based in New York City. She currently owns her own production company, Little Giant Productions, which specializes in international advertising photo shoots. When she is not busy working on a shoot she likes to explore different countries with a camera in her hand. She recently spent 3 months in Brazil working on a documentary about Baile Funk and photographing everything she saw. Although photography is a big part of her life, Vanessa always finds time for a good action thriller film, papayas, green tea and sushi.



EDUARDO GONZÁLEZ CUEVA

Eduardo González Cueva is a Peruvian human rights activist and writer. A citizen of the world, he has been based in New York for 14 years, while crisscrossing the continents. He works at the International Center for Transitional Justice, where he specializes in researching war crimes. His human rights advocacy has been featured in *The New York Times, El País, Globe and Mail, Al Jazeera, BBC* and other media. His blog, in Spanish, "La Torre de Marfil", is dedicated to topics of culture and politics.

JORGE OCHOA

After working as a Photojournalist in newspapers and magazines in Perú for 10 years, Jorge moved to New York to study Photography at the International Center of Photography. He then worked as a master color printer for top fashion photographers. Today, Jorge is a freelance portrait photographer and is developing personal art photography projects. He's also learning Digital Design to complement his skills as an image-





MAURICIO PELTIER

A Brazilian carioca, not-suspiciously born in 1963 in Arequipa, Peru. There, between 1977 and 1981, he is part of Omnibus and Macho Cabrio literary groups. Later, he studied Fine Arts and Design in Barcelona, Spain, where he becomes member of the cultural collective *El Clan*. In 1987, he moves to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where he has published three poetry books, a story for children, a cartoon compilation, and some musical and literary reviews in South American and Spanish magazines. He works as creative director of graphic design and interactive media studios, like today's www.peltierdesign.com.br and www.inlinear.com.br

Caitlin Purdy is a writer originally from Rochester, New York. She recently moved back to the US after living in Lima, Peru and currently resides in Boulder, Colorado, where she studies Comparative Literature at the University of Colorado, Boulder. She enjoys traveling, hiking, kayaking and all things Peruvian, especially



CONTRIBUTORS

JESSICA SOLT

Born in Boston but raised in chaotic Mexico City, Jessica Solt would choose a good taco al pastor over clam chowder any day. When she's not making a living typing furiously on her keyboard, Jessica muses about life, food and other weird things at **www.chesterwrites.blogspot.com**. The most important goal in her bucket list is to travel around the world. She likes spinning—bikes not bottles—books and wine. She lives in New York.







Was born and raised in Mexico City, graduated from the University of Texas at Austin in 1994 with a B.S. in Communications and an M.A. in Spanish from The University of Tennessee, Knoxville in 2002. R.E. has contributed for the Spanish Newspaper *Hola Tennessee* and for *Revista Esperanza* in México City. Her poem Chilancana was recently published in the Spring 2012 Issue of Label Me Latina/o. In 2010 she hosted "De Todo un Poco" a Community Service Spanish radio show. R.E. coedited Imanhattan 3, the 2012 issue of the magazine for the MFA in creative writing in Spanish at NYU.



Born in Lima in 1973, Camila has a degree in Interior Architecture & Object Design at École Camondo in Paris. She has created set designs for dance, theatre and film productions; illustrated publications, and designed commercial and industrial products. Memorias de Salmo Trutta (2007), her first stop-motion animation film, co-directed in NY with Cayetana Carrion, was exhibited in diverse international film festivals and has won two awards in Peru. Currently, she is living in Rio de Janeiro with her husband and daughter.



BRIAN WANIEWSKI



Brian Waniewski is a poet, futurist and management and marketing consultant. He is cofounder and managing partner of the global future forecasting firm, Popular Operations, where he helps top organizations identify emerging opportunities, develop new visions and strategize to create new possibilities within existing structures. He also serves as managing director at the Institute of Play, a New York-based non-profit innovating at the intersection of games and learning. Brian studied history and literature in the US and Berlin and is currently on a crash course in Latin culture thanks to his Brazilian-Peruvian wife and baby daughter.

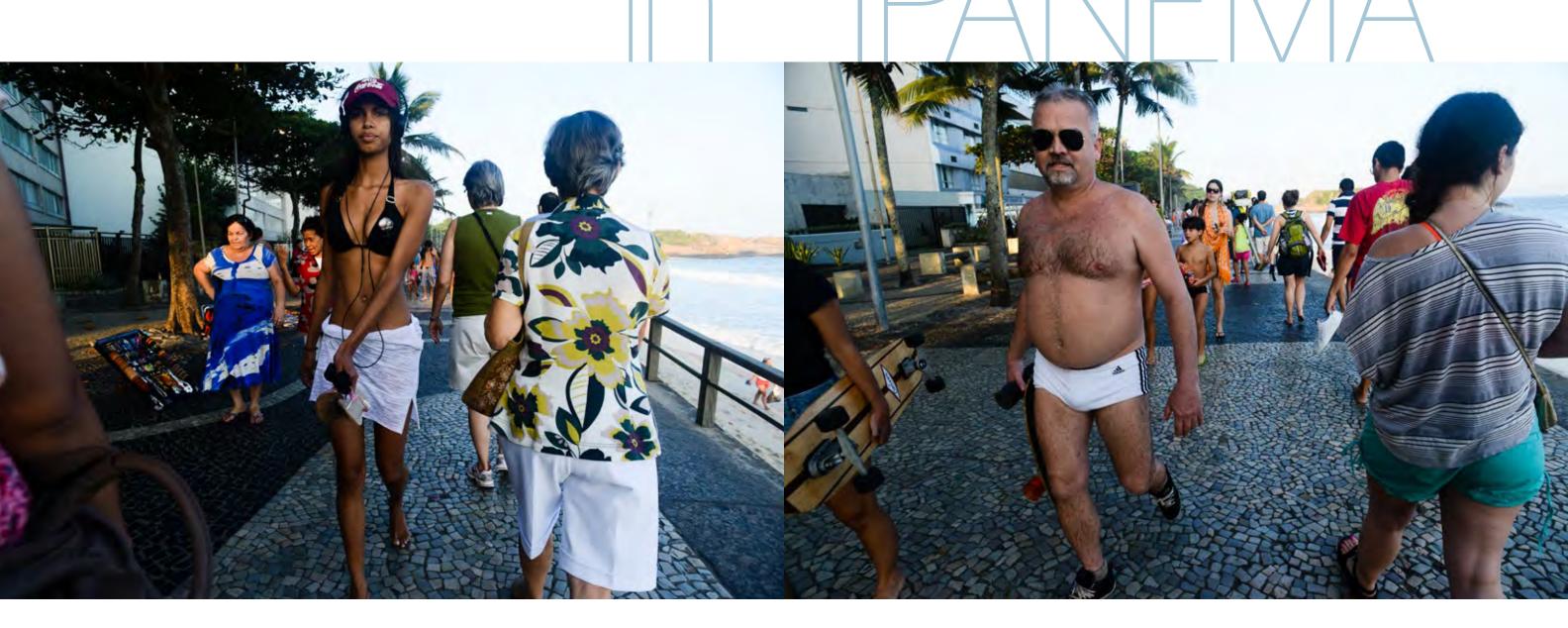
JAMES WILLIMETZ

James Willimetz was born in Tennessee but grew up in Perú. He's been teaching ESL at Hunter College for over 25 years and is a big fan of Peruvian pisco. He imported his wife from Peru and has a teenaged daughter. He has a website for students www.goenglishing.com and a blog on pisco www.piscoquest.com.



SUNDAYS

Text and photos by Vanessa Griggs





I recently spent 3 months in Brazil, first living in Rio de Janeiro for 2 months and then spending another month traveling along the coast. What can I say? I fell in love with everything about Brazil. The music, the food, the weather, the people... for me, everything was perfect. In particular, I developed a strong attachment to living an urban life on the edge of a beautiful beach. Yes, there are other cities in the world on the edge of beaches, but none quite like Rio.

On Sundays I would always head to Ipanema Beach and Arpoador Rock. Ipanema, a beach often characterized as sexy and Arpoador, one of the best metropolitan surf spots in Rio. The road along the beach is a four-lane road, two lanes going in one direction and two going in the other with a sidewalk in between. On Sundays the two lanes closest to the beach are closed to traffic and open to pedestrians, bikers, skaters, men and women in tiny bathing suits, etc. It is easily one of the best places





for people watching in the entire city. As the sun would start to set, I would make our way over to Arpoador, a large rock jutting out into the ocean at the end of Ipanema Beach. There is always an array of entertainment going on at the foot of the rock - coco water for sale, acrobats on the beach, musicians playing a little tune, surfers running in and out of the water, bodies seeking attention, bikinis for sale, kissing - lots of kissing, kids excited to conquer the rock, tourists with all sorts of cameras, girls bouncing soccer balls high off of their knees and lifeguards making sure no one got in trouble. The highlight is always finding a comfortable spot to sit and watch the sun go down as the city lights come up, the brightest light being the surfers' light. The Sunday afternoons I spent on Arpoador, amongst many different types of people all gathered to end the day in a breathtaking location, always brought me comfort and happiness.





JUNOT DÍAZ Q&A

By Caitlin Purdy & Chris Yong-García

BORN IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, critically acclaimed author Junot Díaz immigrated to the US as a child and was raised in New Jersey. Fluidly blending Spanish into his prose and offering powerful insight into the emotional complexities and harsh realities of the immigrant experience, Díaz has often been labeled a voice for Latinos in the US. Ultimately, however, Díaz's works have a universal appeal, transcending bounds of race and culture and exploring common elements integral to all human experience: love, loss, and longing.

Díaz is a graduate of Rutgers University and earned an MFA in creative writing from Cornell University, publishing his first collection of short-stories, *Drown*, in 1996. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker* and *Paris Review*, among others, and he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 2008 for his novel *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*. Díaz is a finalist in the fiction category for this year's National Book Awards and is a recent recipient of the MacArthur Foundation's genius grant. Latin Lover was honored to be able to talk with Díaz on a range of topics, including his childhood, his love of food, and his new book, *This Is How You Lose Her*.

"I'm obsessed with el DF de México—I lived there for a year and try to go back as often as possible. Oaxaca was a revelation to me..."

1. You've mentioned that food acts as a compass in your life. Where is that compass taking you these days?

Korean restaurants in NJ. Mission Chinese Food on Orchard. Maharlika in the East Village and now, of course, Jeepney—I know that Chris you had their choriburger and for me it's one of the best burgers in NYC. If you haven't eaten the gyoza at Minca you have to. In Boston I'm a huge fan of Vejigantes (their Sopa de Crema de Platano is not to be missed) and Strip T's (try their eggplant Japanese bahn mi) and of course the wonderful East by North East.

2. A few years ago you wrote a piece for Gourmet magazine, "The Chef," about your love of Japanese cuisine. Ruth Reichl, the magazine's last editor-in-chief, commented that the journey you started for Japanese food was really about finding your father. Have you found him? What is the relationship between your childhood, your father, and food?

Yes, I found my father and what I found was perhaps the least pleasant person I could have imagined. But not all of us have heroes and admirable people for parents. Some of us have jerks and predators. That's my dad. Not exactly the patrimony I imagined for myself but we do not pick our parents.

During my childhood my father had a passion for food and I guess wanting his love as a child I mirrored that passion. I made it my own. Never really learned to cook though. I'm always writing in my head and what that means is that my mind drifts constantly and that's not a good trait when you're trying to be a chef. I nearly burned down my grad school kitchen four times before I finally gave it up.

3. In "The Chef" you write that during your childhood you loved to spend your money on food, going out by yourself and eating what you really, really liked ... Did you really do that? Do you still keep that wonderful habit?

Yes, I did that. These days I prefer company when I eat out. But I pretty much organize my days around food. I'm an amateur foodie. Anytime I'm going to a new city I do a ton of research, sound out my friends for recommendations. Travel for me is all about eating.

4. How often do you travel? Is there a place in Latin America or the Caribbean (besides the Dominican Republic) that you're hooked on?

I make two or three big trips a year. This is what happens when you don't have any children—time and money are easier to come by. I'm obsessed with el DF de México—I lived there for a year and try to go back as often as possible. Oaxaca was a revelation to me (I came to this particular party late.) Colombia was another country I fell for hard. I've been to Bogotá three times and each trip I ate until I practically burst.

5. You are a big role model for the new generation of Latinos and the immigrant experience in the US I remember people reaching out to you during your talk at "Word Up" in Washington Heights, not with questions about your creative process, but with questions about just surviving. How do you feel about that?

I'm a role model? God save us all. But let's be frank: to be a person of color in the US, to be an immigrant, to be Latino, ain't fucking easy. If you came up like I did you don't have a lot of spaces where you can talk about your life, about your experiences as an immigrant, as a person of color. You can't talk freely about racism, about alienation, about white supremacy. Often what matters most to you is off-limits with most of your friends and family and in most venues. If you grew up like me you are often dying for connection, for communion, for the kind of conversations that this country discourages conversations where we Latinos, where we immigrants, are the center, where it's our concerns, our experiences that drive the dialogue. I'm not surprised that people use my readings as an opportunity to connect – if you grew up like me you are dying from the way we've been marginalized and silenced and erased and are looking for any excuse to reach out—to connect.

6. In the book's opening story, "The Sun, The Moon, and The Stars," Yunior confesses, "I really love Santo Domingo," and goes on to give a beautiful description of the city. It seems to me that Yunior loves the city with a loyalty, with a fidelity, that his relationships with women often lack. He yearns for the city in New York and while stuck at the fancy resort with Magda. Have you ever experienced this, the heartache of being somewhere while wanting to be somewhere else?

Isn't that what immigration is all about? Finding yourself with two countries, two lands, two homes simultaneously? One traditional way to deal with that conundrum is to sacrifice one of your homelands. Me, I could never make that terrible cut. I decided very young to live with them both as best as I could. When I'm in the US, Santo Domingo pulls on me—when I'm in Santo Domingo, NJ is always on my mind. It's my immigrant fate to live my two homelands simultaneously. It's been hard since we're all tempted by the myth of cohesion, of unity, of singularity. But who the hell is all these things? We long for unity because really what we all are are archipelagos.

7. In several of the pieces, perhaps most notably in "The Cheater's Guide to Love," you employ a second-person voice. What made you decide to use a second-person narrative?

The distance. Some of these stories I needed distance. The material was too radioactive for me and I could not write these stories in first person without losing my perspective. And in third person they came off way too cold. I also needed that sense of the older Yunior talking to the younger Yunior. Second person gave me all those things.

8. "Otravida, Otravez" is the only story in the collection narrated by a woman. Was the writing process for this story different? What made you decide to write this story from Yasmin's point of view? Who is Yasmin in "real life"?

OtraVida is a story written by Yunior about his father and the Otra Mujer that nearly tore their family apart. The woman in the DR writing those letters is of course his mother. (And when you think about it she, his mother, is his writerly precursor). I know, I know: you'd have to be a grad student to unravel those connections (or at least have copy of DROWN handy.) I guess I conceptualized my books as chapters of a larger book and so each book stands alone but also speaks to the

other books. If you remember from DROWN that Yunior's mother is named Virta and his father is named Ramón, that information (plus the fact that at the end of THIS IS HOW YOU LOSE HER it is revealed that Yunior wrote the book that you just finished) unlocks the story's connection with the rest of the book.

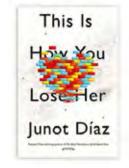
But writing from a woman's point of view is always difficult for me. For most straight men, I suspect. It's not like we get a lot of training in early life imaging women as fully human. Not much training in later life either. So that story was one of the difficult ones.

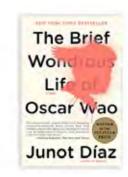
9. In the last several pages of the book Yunior laments, "The half-life of love is forever." This line really struck me. Do you think the women Yunior has lost will continue to haunt him forever? Is it ever really possible to fully recover from the pain of lost love?

I think they will haunt Yunior forever because A) he really did love them and B) because he feels responsibility for what he did to these gals—for the million ways he failed them and failed the love between them. Yunior isn't one of those people ain't about forgetting. Say what you want about him. But he bears witness to his past—broods on his crimes and how many of us have the courage to do that?

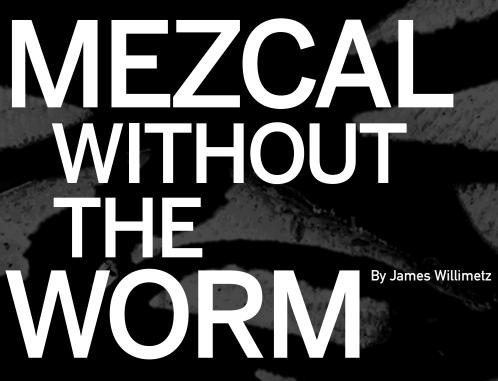
10. If our magazine were to create a food contest and had every country submit their most important/popular dish, which dish from the Dominican Republic would you send?

Chivo guisado con chenchen. It's a regional dish but my absolute favorite. The DR doesn't have the dining complexity of Mexico or Colombia. Ours is a humble, robust cuisine but even here among the fragments of larger cuisines there are extraordinary gems and for me chivo guisado con chenchen is one of them. �









iding the uptown bus to 82nd Street, I looked up the word Toloache, the name of the Mexican restaurant, where I'm meeting Yira Vallejo for Sunday brunch to discuss mezcal. Toloache, I discovered, is a brew intended to bewitch the person you have your heart set on, but who shows no interest in you. Was Yira trying to "embrujar" me into becoming passionate about mezcal? If so, no need. I've been a fan since attending "Mezcal From Oaxaca," a tasting event Yira helped organize just two weeks ago.

























First, I ask Yira the most obvious question: "How is mezcal different from Tequila?"

"Well," she replies, "in Mexico people always say that all tequila is mezcal, but not all mezcal is tequila."

She explains that tequila can only be made from the cactus-like blue agave and is mainly made in the state of Jalisco. Mezcal, however, can be prepared from various other cultivated and wild agaves and is mainly produced in Oaxaca. Tequila is highly industrialized and mezcal tends to be more artisanal, typically produced in small batches by individual families or villages. And while the blue agave of tequila is steamed, the various other agaves used for mezcal are buried in a pit over hot lava rock and smoked. It is this smokey flavor that gives mezcal its distinctive taste.

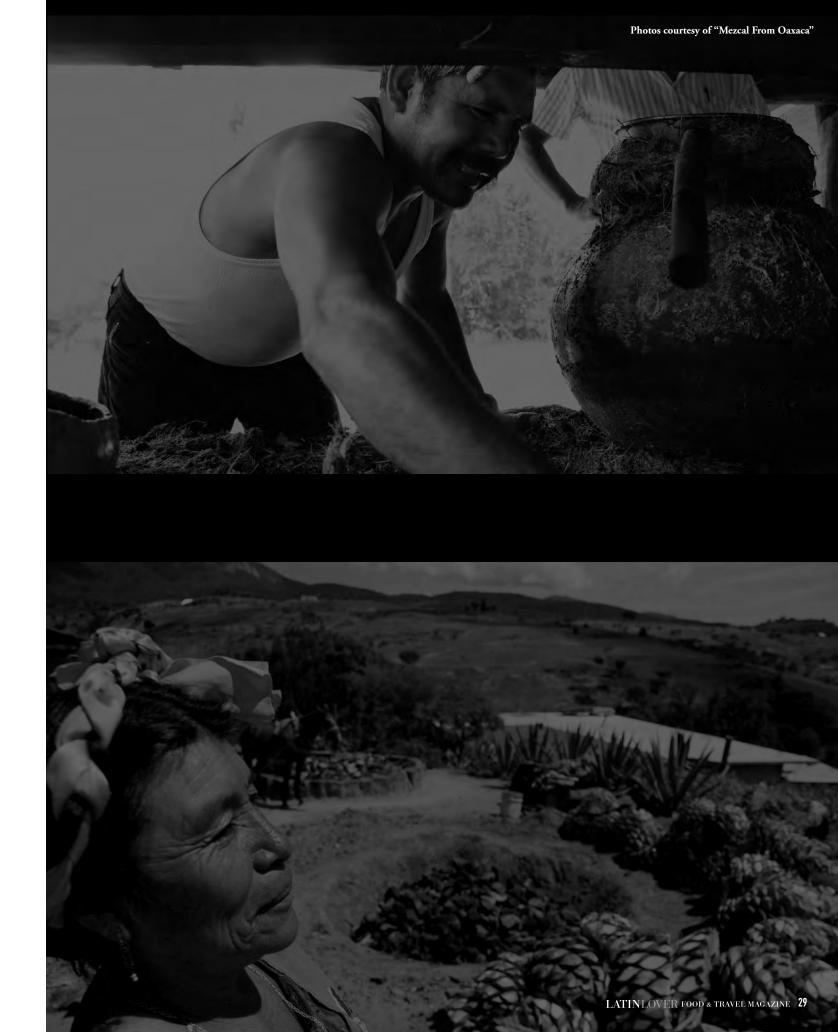
Dicen que tomando pierdes La cabeza y el dinero Pero a mí me crece el pecho Con ese mezcal del bueno

They say if you drink You lose your mind and money But I get my courage From good mezcal

(from Mezcalito, my favorite Lila Downs song)

Next, I feel obliged to ask, "What's up with the worm in the mezcal bottle?"

The worm comes from the maguey (agave) plant and some say it adds flavor, while others ridiculously claim that it proves the mezcal is strong enough to preserve the worm, that it isn't diluted. Many think it's just a marketing ploy. Most of the mezcal coming into New York doesn't have the worm and I tell Yira that I'll miss it. I want to swallow one to get bragging rights like many before me. Though, of course, I can still try to get the mezcal bottle with a scorpion in it. Yummy! "Don't worry," Yira insists, "You can still have your worm, but in a different form. The tradition is to sip mezcal with slices of orange and worm salt, ground bits of toasted worms mixed with salt and chilly peppers."





"What about that mezcal I tried at the tasting called Pechuga? It was great but was it really made with . . . chicken?"

Yira explains that it's a tradition to sometimes add chicken breast during the fall harvest in November. This mezcal is distilled three times in total and before the final distillation, seasonal fruits are added to the pot and a chicken breast is hung directly over it. While it may sound weird, the chicken adds a gamey flavor that balances the sweetness of the fruit and blends beautifully with the smokey agave flavor. I have to admit, Pechuga is one of my favorite mezcales. Similarly, Pierde Almas, has a mezcal made with wild rabbit, \$40 a shot at Toloache. Quite nice as well.

But it would be a mistake to linger too long on the exotic. Like many, I originally (and ignorantly) believed mezcal to be only a cheap and poor quality spirit, a distant cousin of tequila. And some of it is. But Oaxaca, and indeed all of Mexico, has seen a rebirth in pride of all things Mexican, including mezcal. The mezcal coming into the New York market is high end (and high priced due to the small batch, artisanal way of production). And mezcal has become quite popular all over Mexico. Indeed, quite a few tequileros have become mezcaleros, welcoming mezcal's variety in taste.

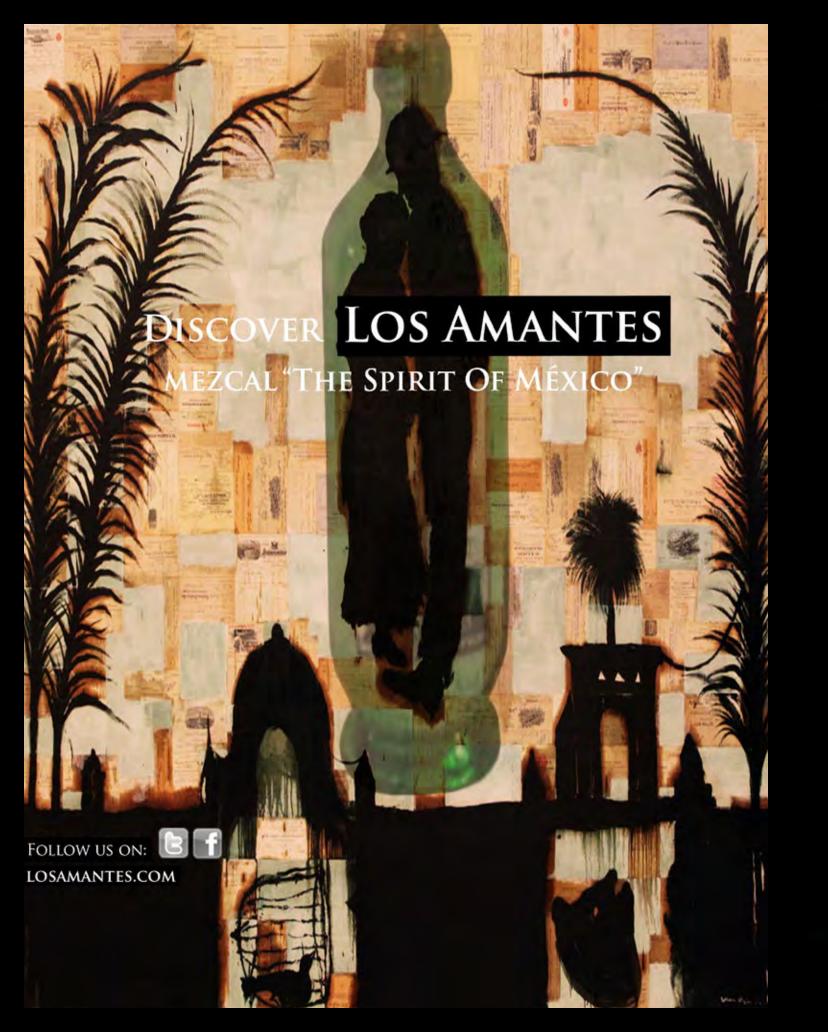
Yira's company, Genesis, is trying to become an incubator for mezcal in New York, helping mezcal producers navigate through the difficulties of obtaining licenses and processes of local distributors, all of which takes time and money.

Mezcaleros always describe their spirit passionately. Siete Misterios mezcal has, for example, "delicate shades of butter, herbal nuances between mint and thyme, cooked agave, smoky tones and delicate floral presence, leaving a pleasant taste with flashes of wet earth." Pierde Almas claims, "On the palate the effect is fruity and of short duration with emphasis at the root of the mouth followed by ephemeral tones of clove and scented wood, especially in the aftertaste." Although I'm new to mezcal and I didn't get any of these things when I tasted it, I did love it and I promise to keep practicing. I'm totally bewitched by the stuff. Eric Asimov, wine critic for the New York Times, seems to feel the same. "Mezcal is one of the world's great spirits," he writes. "Complex, gorgeous and endlessly intriguing."

In any case, you know what they say, "para todo mal, mezcal, y para todo bien, también (mezcal for the bad times, and mezcal for the good times, too).

Hey, give it a shot.

www.mezcalfromoaxaca.com





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AVÓ'S RECIPE



By Jessica Solt // Photos by Pako Domínguez

If something defines Latin Lover it is curiosity. We wanted to embark on a quest for true Brazilian flavors filled with the warmth of home. So it seemed only natural to ask Carlos Varella and Andressa Junqueira to allow us into their New York apartment for an evening of food and stories.

They were thrilled.













"The art of cooking is in your blood, it's something you grow up with."

LOVE TO EAT AND TO WATCH PEOPLE EAT!" says Carlos, wearing an apron and armed with a wooden spoon and tongs. He wears an ear-to-ear grin while showing off the ingredients that he will magically turn into a cozido over the next few hours.

Round one of caipirinhas arrives.

Carlos grew up surrounded by aromas emerging from pots and pans being patiently stirred by mom or grandma back home in Brazil. A few years ago, he took the plunge and bought a restaurant that specializes in Brazilian dishes, a self-serve joint established in 1954 in Santos, São Paulo, his hometown. Now a revamped locale, locals and tourists flock to Restaurante Florença looking for homemade fare.

Where would Carlos be without his better half? Her name is Andressa, a fashion model from Minas—the third largest urban agglomeration in Brazil after São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Although she has traveled the world while in the fashion industry, working for brands like Lord & Taylor, Donna Karan, Garnier, and Theory, her eyes inevitably light up when she speaks about her beloved Brazil.

"One of my fondest memories is going to the Carnaval do Rio," she shares. "It's amazing to see the rich and poor come together and to be surrounded by such an incredible energy."

Marisa Monte is playing on her iPad on the kitchen counter, which she claims is the best music for cooking. We can't help asking about her jetsetter career. She tells us she was discovered at the tender age of 14, when a scouter approached her grandmother on a beach.

The Brazilian couple met in Mexico City in 2002. We sip on our second round of caipirinhas, while listening to their amazing love story. Nicolas, their 4-year old son, peeks playfully through the kitchen door, probably wondering what could possibly call for such an invasion.

It feels like we're old friends when Andressa shows us pieces of art brought from Mexico. She even invites us into the intimacy of their bedroom to explain—bursting with pride—that it is the only place where they can store their surf boards. There is a large one for Andressa, a medium-sized one for Carlos—a surf champion—and a tiny one for little Nico, who is still learning how to catch the waves.

The cozido is almost ready. Originally a Portuguese stew, it was adopted by Brazil and through the incorporation of various local flavors given its personal touch. "It's a very grandmotherly dish," Andressa explains. Carlos quickly adds, "It's a family tradition. You stay away from the kitchen because you know grandma would never let you lend a hand." So how did Carlos learn to cook? "When we had to travel for the surf championships, we would make instant ramen noodles. One day I started playing with the flavors by adding cheese and other ingredients," he explains while opening one of the cabinets filled with Maruchan containers. Laughter takes over the kitchen. "I still eat them!" he adds with a smile.

Perhaps it's the caipirinhas or the Portuguese wine, but everyone is cheerful when it's time to gather around the table for a feast that is sure to please both hearts and bellies. São Paolo might be thousands of miles away, but here, in this New York home, surrounded by the stories, the samba, the surf boards, and the tastiest cozido, you can't really tell.

Cozido à brasileira (Serves 8)

Ingredients:

1 1/2 pounds pork ribs

4 pieces of chicken (thighs or wings)

1/2 pound beef loin

1 pound pumpkin (cut in 2 inch pieces)

2 sweet potatoes (cut in 2 inch pieces)

2 pounds of yuca (cut in 2 inch pieces)

1 large carrot (cut in 2 inch pieces)

1 ear of corn (cut in 4 pieces)

1 cabbage

1 pork sausage

1 smoked sausage (or blood sausage)

1/4 pound bacon

2 plantains

Salt to taste

How to...

The night before preparing, marinate pork ribs, chicken and beef loin in lime juice, crushed garlic, salt, and pepper.

Drizzle olive oil in a large pot and start browning the pork ribs, beef loin, and chicken. Add the pumpkin, sweet potatoes, yuca, carrots, sausages, bacon, along with 2 cups of water. Cover pot and let ingredients cook and flavors blend for about 90 minutes. Stir occasionally and add water if pot seems too dry. Take sausage out, cut into 3 inch pieces and place back in the pot. Add the corn and cabbage leaves, cover and let cook for 20 more minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

While the cozido is cooking, cut ends from plantains and slit lengthwise to allow steam to penetrate. Place in steamer basket and cook for about 15 minutes.

For the pirão:

1 cup Manioc Flour (Farinha de Mandioca)

Pan juices from the cozido

Place the manioc flour in a bowl and pour hot juices from the cozido, whisking to incorporate the ingredients until you form a paste.

Arrange the cozido over a platter garnished with cooked cabbage leaves and serve with rice, pirão, and plantains.

Bom proveito!





ON READING NABOKOV IN PERU

By Caitlin Purdy // Ilustration by Gabriel & Mateo Alayza

NCE WHILE AT THE IMMIGRATION OFFICE in the center of Lima, I met an Australian man. The Australian didn't speak Spanish and was frantically flailing his arms around in a desperate and unsuccessful attempt to communicate with the visibly agitated woman at the counter. He was thin and tall. These physical characteristics in conjunction with his pink shirt and perpetual arm flailing evoked the image of a giant flamingo.

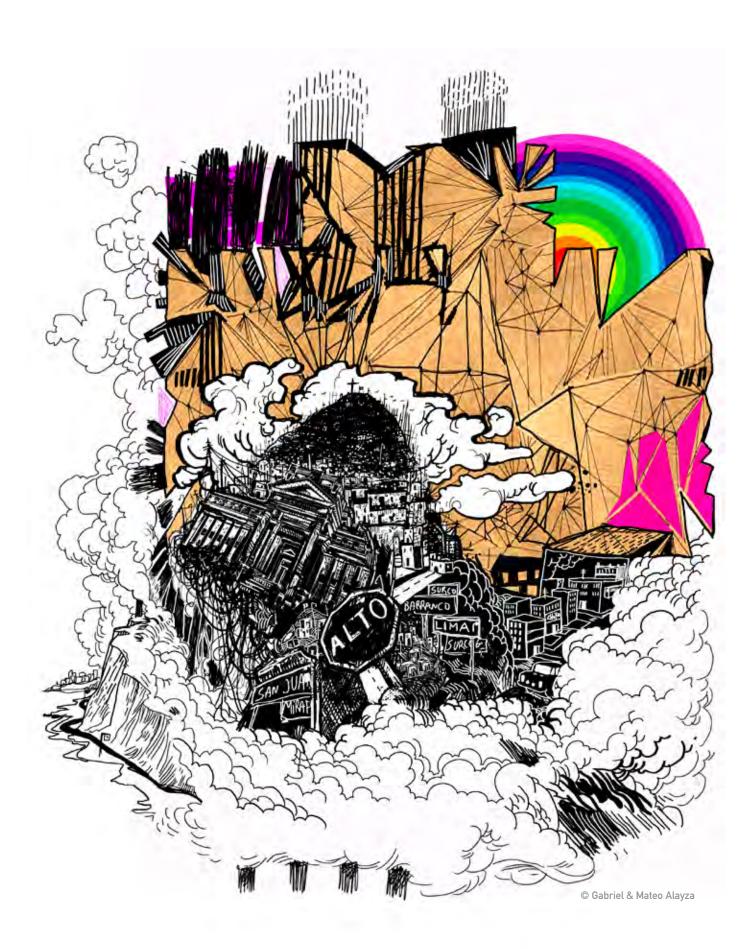
It was early morning: hot, hot in the raucous, humid Lima summer kind of way. I was tired and sweating and I found the flamingo in the midst of the whole thing to be hysterical, so I felt compelled to intervene and translate. Later, I took him to La Lucha in Parque Kennedy and he bought me lunch, I think, expecting us to form some kind of expat bond. We didn't. He told me that he hated Lima; I told him that I loved it, and any chance of an expat bond dissolved right there.

"How could you love Lima?" he asked. "It's dirty, it's chaotic. I've never met any expat who loves this place."

I left the lunch shortly after that.

I suppose it would be hard to love Lima if judging by purely aesthetic standards. It is covered in a thick

layer of fog a good part of the year and it certainly isn't the cleanest of cities. But Lima isn't dirty, Lima is gritty and grit is interesting. I like that Lima doesn't wear her treasures on her sleeve, that you have to do a bit of digging, peel back a few layers of grime. And if you do the hunting the treasures always emerge: the pork filled pastries in Chinatown; the view of the city at night, glittering and sprawling, from a rooftop in Miraflores; the fruit vendor on Avenida Brasil with the wonderful mandarins; the little store full of used instruments on a random street in the city center where Mateo somehow managed to acquire a fully functioning trumpet for under 100 soles.



Gabriel once compared Lima to an ugly woman. "She tries to be pretty, though," I remember him saying. "She puts on make-up and wears classy clothing and even though she isn't the prettiest you love her anyway. You love her for the effort."

And as for the chaos, I love the chaos. We're a clan in Lima-- Gabriel, Mateo, Santiago, and I-- and we navigate the chaos together. I crave the bumper-to-bumper rushhour traffic, the honking horns, the angry cab drivers, the screaming street vendors. It all adds to the city's eclectic kind of beauty, the asynchronous charm. The new is constantly trying to invade the world, but in Lima the old seems to be able to hang on a little longer, lending the texture of everyday life a few extra layers of time, a beautiful temporal unevenness that never gets dull. The streets are full of beaten up Mercedes and Monte Carlos that still somehow miraculously manage to start with a tender touch and perhaps a bit of luck. Sunday afternoon coffee is still made by hand, a mixture of water and coffee grinds pushed by palms through a strainer.

No, Lima isn't perfect. It is often frustrating and sometimes dangerous. I've been pickpocketed twice here, robbed at knifepoint once, and harassed by strange men in the street too many times to count. But this is all part of its charm, because in the end Lima is always fascinating and truly glorious. Lima is the most alluring place I've ever been.

I've done a lot of roaming; I'm good at roaming. But when I moved to Lima something clicked, I fell into the city, it absorbed me, and leaving broke my heart. I felt fragmented, a part of me was in Lima but I wasn't. And so seven months later I packed up and moved back, falling right

back into rhythm with the city. The problem is that I left Lima for a second time two months ago.

No matter how many times I have to do it, I will never be prepared to leave a space that I have grown into. Because when you leave a space-- a country, a city, a house-- there are always pieces of that life that remain. The pieces that can't be packed into a suitcase and hauled back to wherever it is you are returning to.

Before my second move to Lima, I had lunch with a literature professor. Her parting gift to me was, appropriately, a book-- the complete collected short stories of Vladmir Nabokov.

"For the extra time you'll have in the airports," she said gently, as she pushed the book across the table. Waiting to board my flight in Newark I encountered *Spring in Fialta*, the story of a man who abandons reality for a few days and heads off to Fialta, meeting up with a woman with whom he has had various fleeting romantic trysts. It moved me

"I found myself, all my senses wide open, on one of Fialta's steep little streets, taking in everything at once, that marine rococo on the stand, and the coral crucifixes in a shop window, and the dejected poster of a visiting circus, one corner of its drenched paper detached from the wall, and a yellow bit of unripe orange peel on the old, slate-blue sidewalk, which retained here and there a fading memory of ancient mosaic design. I am fond of Fialta, I am fond of it because I feel in the hollow of those violaceous syllables the sweet dark dampness of the most rumpled of

small flowers, and because the alto like name of a lovely Crimean town is echoed by its viola; and also because there is something in the very somnolence of its humid lent that especially anoints one's soul. So I was happy to be there again, to trudge uphill in inverse direction to the rivulet of the gutter, hatless, my head wet, my skin already suffused with warmth."

Lima, quite simply, is my Fialta. Both are costal cities; both are humid. The two names even have a similar linguistic resonance, marked by euphonious sounds—long vowels and soft consonants. But these similarities are superficial, really. The most intriguing characteristic of Nabokov's Fialta? It doesn't actually exist. It is an illusion, spun from a filament of Nabokov's imagination. And now, back in the green New York summer, a landscape so unlike Lima, I find myself wondering if Lima actually exists or if I've fallen in love with something imag-

I lose myself in Lima. Time evaporates, order evaporates, reality evaporates. Stretched out across the cool, tiled porch, listening to the hum of the evening traffic and the rich, low notes of Mateo's bagpipe I find myself wondering how long I've been laying here. Floating down the Malecón in Gabriel's Soviet-era Niva Jeep I stick my hand out the wind and drag it through the breeze, tracing the gleaming horizon of the Pacific that appears off in the distance with my finger. 90's grunge rock pounds out of the stereo and Mateo chatters away at me in Spanish. I'm unsure of where we are and wondering where we are planning on going. Shoved up against the wall at a concert in the Socialist Party headquarters, drunk and in need of a cigarette, I find myself pondering when, specifical-

ly, I became a socialist and at which point, exactly, I began to succumb to the power of the cigarette. It's all a blur. A foggy, beautiful, catastrophic blur. In this city I've traded the sensible for the sensual, learning along the way that the sensible doesn't really get you anywhere anyway.

*

Several weeks prior to departing from Lima I woke up early one morning to Gabriel calling my name. When in my early-morning, groggy state I failed to respond, he continued calling until I managed to get up and wind my way down the stairs, my bare feet pattering on the cool red tiles, my fingers dragging along the smooth, stucco walls, eventually finding him standing in the kitchen, arms outstretched, smiling.

I remember how enthusiastically he greeted me, how he picked up the breadbasket and rattled it in my face

"EAT BREAD." He is wearing a blanket like a cape.

"It's stale," I respond, after examining it skeptically.

"EAT BREAD."

I take a piece of bread and sniff it.

"DON'T SMELL YOUR FOOD YOU MOTHERFUCKER."

At this point, Chancho, our dog, strolls past the table, potentially intrigued by the sound of the rattling

"Chancho is the only person in this house whose soul is totally inside of

A month after returning to the states I'm on the A train in New York. I'm sitting across from a Peruvian telling him about how much I love Lima because somehow everything I say morphs into that refrain.

him," Gabriel insists.

"Where is my soul?"

"Outside of you."

"All of it?"

"Part of it."

This intrigues me. I have always pictured the soul as a container.

The first boy I loved was a poet. I used to drag my fingers back and forth across his chest and imagine that I could rub away his skin and expose his soul, green, glittering and smooth like glass. I imagined that I could open it and gently tuck a small piece of myself inside.

This didn't work and neither did our relationship.

I eventually learned that he had a bad habit of snorting OxyContin off of the back of Led Zeppelin CD cases. I used to imagine that this OxyContin rusted his soul. When our relationship imploded one afternoon in a coffee shop and he told me that he didn't love me, that he never had loved me, I was thoroughly convinced it was because there was no room in his soul

for me, all the space had been filled with the rust and the OxyContin and the bad confessional poetry he used to like to read.

"You really think my soul is outside of me?"

"Where is Alejo right now?"

"At the University."

"Right, but you can feel him here. His paintings are here; the bread he bought this morning is here. This house is full of Alejo even if he isn't here right now. His essence is here. You drop parts of your soul everywhere; the soul is much bigger than the body."

*

A month after returning to the states I'm on the A train in New York. I'm sitting across from a Peruvian telling him about how much I love Lima because somehow everything I say morphs into that refrain.

"That is a city that needs love," he says, smiling. "God knows that city needs love."

He gets off at 96th Street and I stay on until 4th Street, the whole time imagining I'm on a Lima micro, weaving in and out of traffic, blazing through the blue-black city night. And it's here that Gabriel's words return to me.

You drop parts of your soul everywhere.

If my soul were actually a container it would be easy to just take a piece of Lima, bottle it up inside of me, and move on with my life. Yet, instead, it seems that the issue is a bit more complicated. It appears that Lima is the container, sucking in pieces of my soul and slamming shut

the lid. Gabriel is right. The soul does shed, leaving pieces of itself wherever we happen to wander in life.

Back in Lima, buying empanadas at Manolo's, I'm drumming my fingers on the glass countertop while I wait. Part of my soul slips out through the skin of my fingertips and I pound these pieces into the counter as I continue drumming.

In Barranco, roaming the streets on a Saturday night, stumbling straight into 4 AM, drunk and in search of the sandwich truck. I'm accompanied by a philosopher and we're wandering down Grau and the philosopher is extoling the glorious concept of the 4 AM drunk sandwich, so we're now pondering the origin of the sandwich (it's either 16th century China or 14th century England, we're certain it has to be one of the two). I shake out my hair and tie it up, shedding strands of hair and soul out across the sidewalk.

There are other parts of me on rooftops, in the backseat of taxis, on street-corners, in dive-bars where the floors are covered in a fine, grey sludge and the walls are coated in colorful writing. I would in fact argue that a good part of me is eternally stuck in Lima dive-bars, drinking cheap beer out of thick glass mugs, putting on lipstick, trying to find a cigarette, and putting on even more lipstick (because the thick glass mugs always rub it off), while wondering aloud, "howmuch-for-another-round?" Someone says, "two-for-fifteen," so in response I say, "I'll-throw-in-fivethen," and so I continue drinking more cheap beer out of the same thick glass mug while pulling of the paper decals from the damp glass beer bottles and slapping them on the table, calling it art.

Pieces of me are wedged in the great red divan after the many afternoons I spent stretched out across it. Pieces of me dropped when I was eating lunch and they are now stuck in the cracks of the long wooden table in the courtyard. I used to sometimes

Lima, in my dreams you come walking to me. You cross continents and oceans. You arrive at my window. You are like Fialta—dark and damp. You are dripping wet, worn, and gloriously grungy.

drag my fingernails through these cracks in swift, rhythmic motions in an attempt to force the lost pieces of myself out. They have always resisted my attempts of reclamation, however, and so I have placidly accepted my defeat.

We're not whole; we'll never be whole.

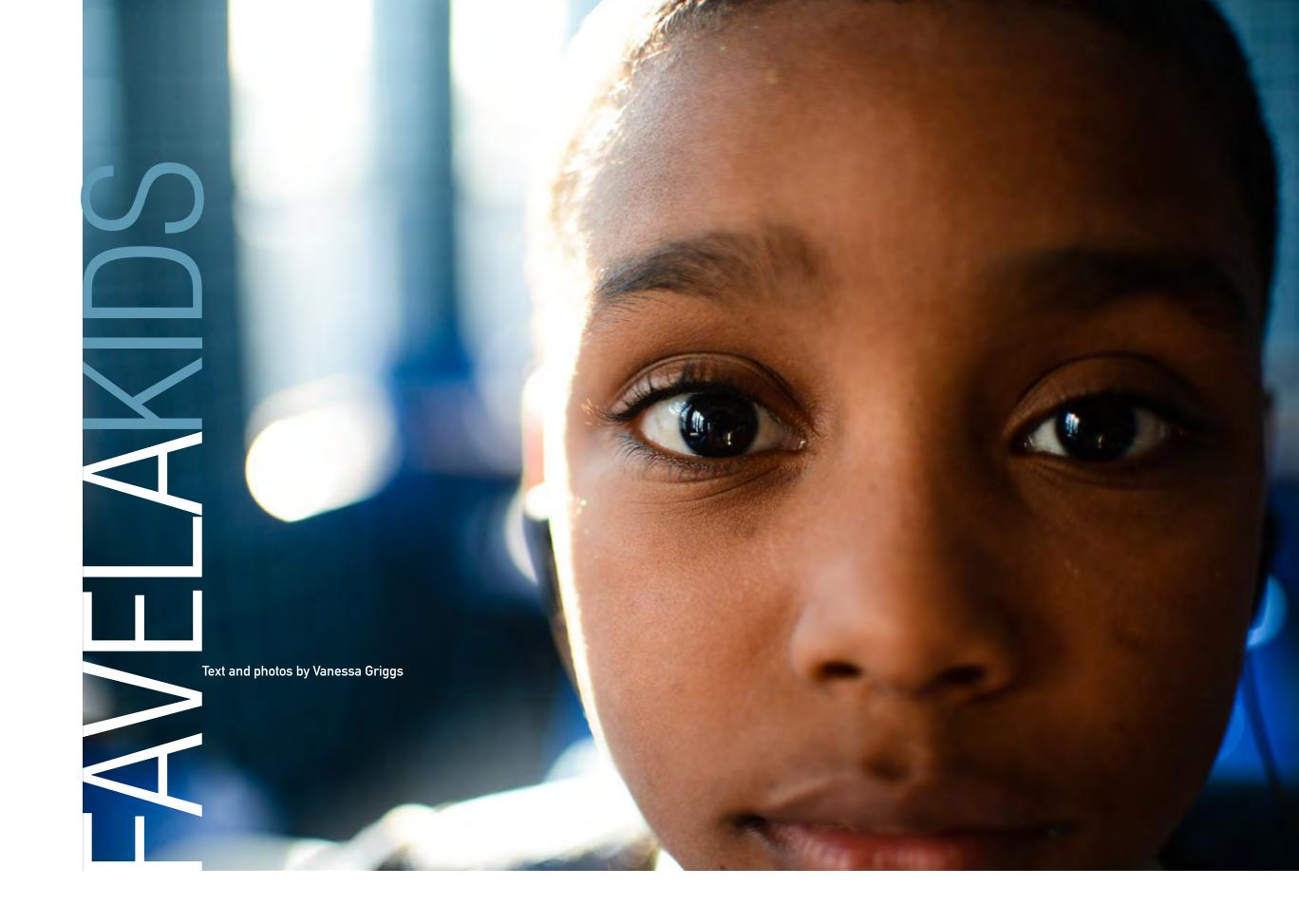
There is no way to be whole when your life ping pongs back and forth between continents.

But this is not something that is easy for me to accept. I'm afraid that the pieces of myself that I have shed will someday dissolve. I'm afraid that they will become like that fading memory of ancient mosaic design on Fialta's old, slate-blue sidewalks.

I find the prospect of dissolving into sidewalks, in Lima or elsewhere, absolutely terrifying.

And here I am again, grappling with this issue of personal fragmentation. So I only have this left to say:

Lima, in my dreams you come walking to me. You cross continents and oceans. You arrive at my window. You are like Fialta—dark and damp. You are dripping wet, worn, and gloriously grungy. You wave to me. I let you in. You gently touch my hand. You pat my head and your hand leaves my hair damp and warm. You offer me the lipstick I left in a dive-bar last month, the wallet I lost in the back seat of the taxi, the change I spilled out across Larco while rushing out of a micro. You have the pieces of my soul that I shed. You've peeled them off of the sidewalks and collected them neatly in a plastic bag. They are small and colorful and in the New York summer sun they glitter like beautiful sea glass. You lay with me. You assure me that you are real, that you are 100% real. You rub your fingers back and forth across my chest, back and forth and back and forth, until you have rubbed away my skin and exposed my soul. You open it and you gently put all of the pieces back, one by one. �



ach year New School graduate students travel from NYC to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil to work as youth media educators. This year the group developed lesson plans to teach young adults how to create their own narratives and stories through documentary films.

Working in conjunction with Luta Pela Paz (Fight for Peace), an organization utilizing sports as a means to help kids stay off the streets, we were given a classroom where we taught a group of kids how to tell their stories. Luta Pela Paz not only provides a safe space for children to participate in physical activities, but also promotes education and healthy living. The facility is located in un-pacified, Maré, one of Rio's 750 favelas, located









near the northern coastline. A favela is the Portuguese word for slum or shanty-town, most often found in urban areas. As a group, we created a website which reflects the students' local community as well as highlights their individual passions. The site is a collection of videos, photographs, interviews, and stories showcasing how the students continue to enrich and change their lives through education, sports, hobbies and community.

There are many great organizations working to keep the children of favelas safe and away from drugs and gang warfare. This is a collection of images focusing on favela kids in Rio.

For more information, you can visit: www.mareemfoco.wordpress.com



By Ryan Brown

three weeks of intense work and sleepless nights preparing my artwork for ArtRio, one of Latin America's largest art fairs and the reason I was traveling to Rio de Janeiro in the first place. Although it was my first time visiting Brazil, the stress and anxiety of a rapidly approaching deadline drowned out any sense of anticipation and excitement. After a chaotic and dramatically epic departure I sighed with relief

as our plane left the ground. All of the concerns that led to this madness slowly faded from view.

When we awoke our first morning in Brazil, my wife Cecilia and I found ourselves lying together on a small bed in the room that would be home for the next ten days. We took the advice of a friend and stayed at a delightful little bed and breakfast located in Copacabana on Rua Francisco Sa, a half block from the bordering town of Ipanema. It was here that we first experienced the kindness and generosity of the "carioca" spirit, which accompanied us everywhere we went-- on the streets, in the market, at the bars, in the cabs and on the

train. The compassion and warmth around us was quickly melting my hardened New Yorker facade.

It was mid-September and the air was dry and pleasant as we wandered through Ipanema to the beach. The large palm trees crowding the narrow streets cast gorgeous silhouettes onto the pale surfaces of the surrounding buildings. Our spirits were light and became lighter as we walked, stopping periodically along the way for a refreshing "brama" beer or two. When my feet finally reached the sand it felt soft as flour as it slid softly between my toes. The sand merged seamlessly into the miles of moving flesh and colors swarming above it. Squinting my eyes under the bright noonday sun, the entire landscape appeared like a sea of voluptuous

forms. As I dove into the cool ocean water, I felt the last residues of stress and tension wash off of me like dry scales.

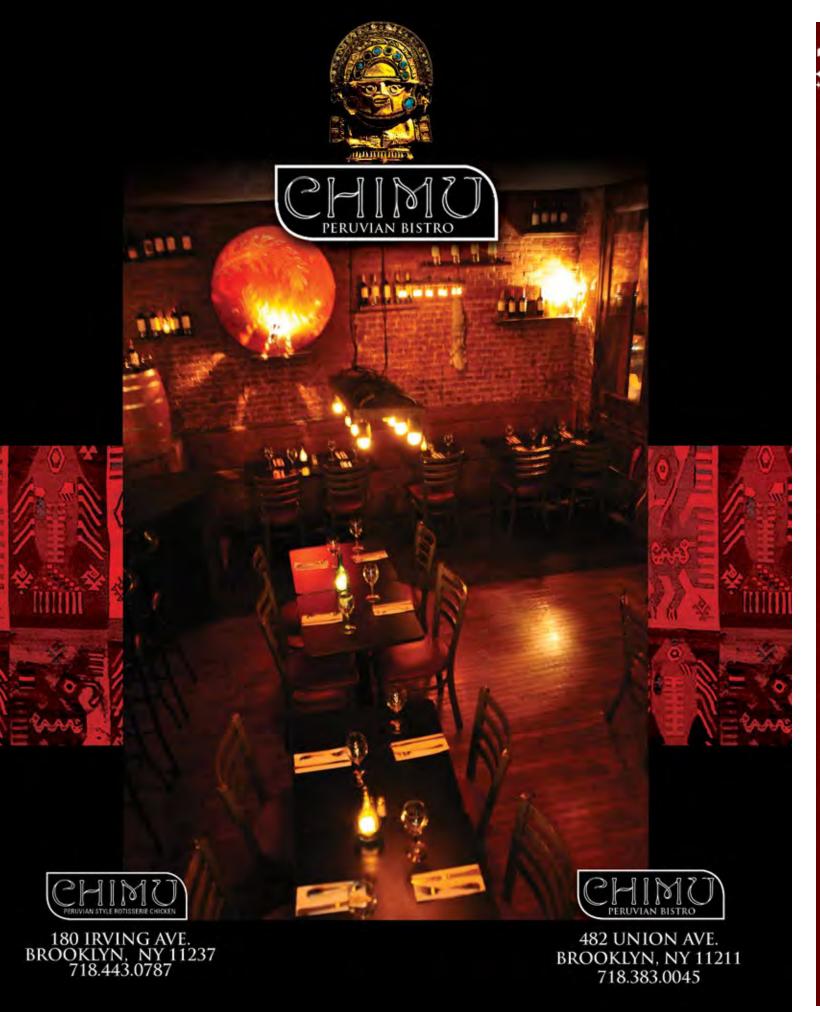
As night fell, we wandered to the far end of the beach, climbing up to sit on a large rock formation that offered an exquisite view of the city and many of the local landmarks. To our left the lights of the vidigal (favela)—located at the base of the Dois Irmaos (the two brothers mountain) shimmered like jewels as a thin crescent moon hung delicately in the evening sky. Above us, glowing in the distance, the eternal Cristo Redentor stood high above the Corcovado. The sea stretched out to the right of us and the lights left bright spots on the dark horizon. I

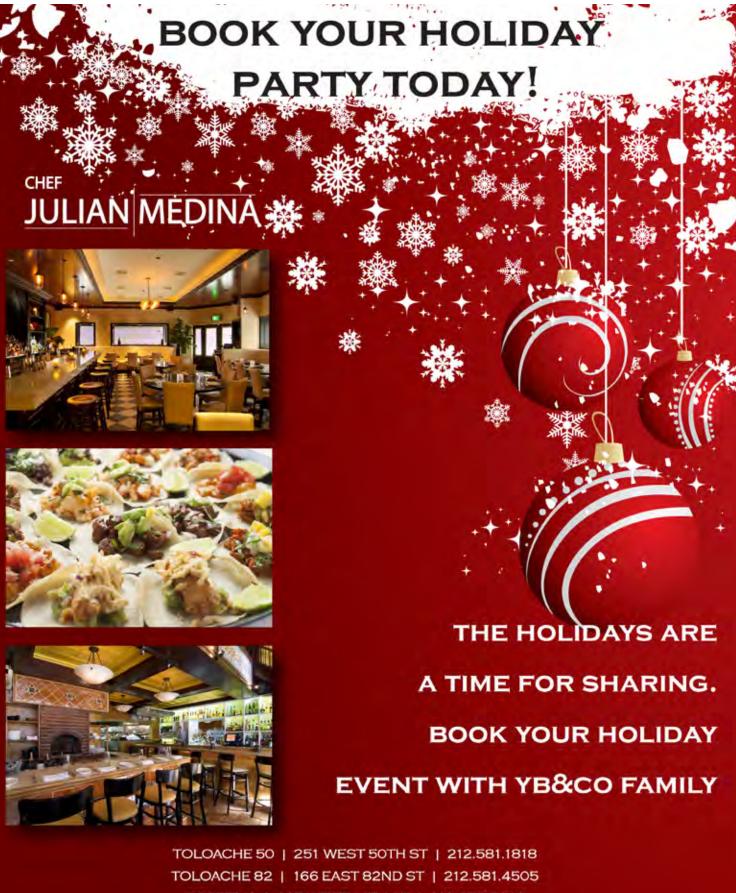
promised myself at that quiet moment to carry within me the "spirit of the carioca" and when I returned home or whereever I was to shine this light to the world.



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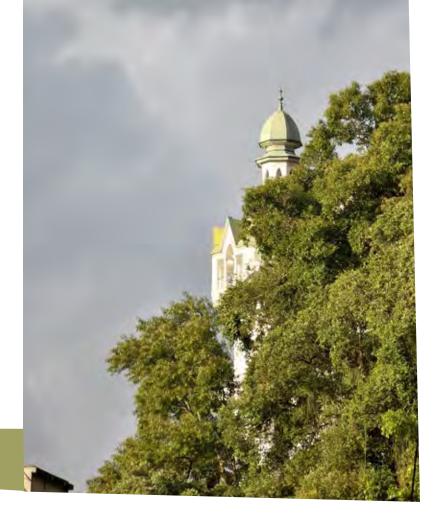
ASIGHT OVER SANTA TERESA

a little bit of history

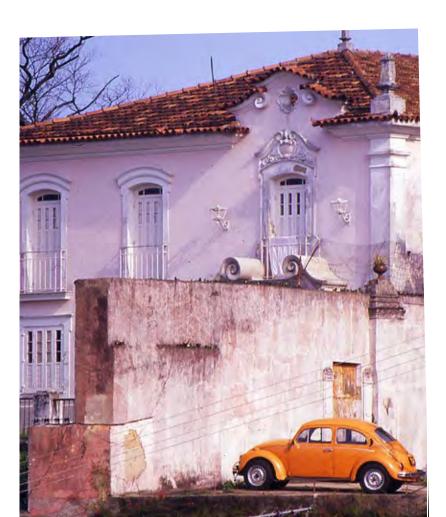
By Izabel Fontes Photos by Renan Cepeda and Camila Valdeavellano

> EYOND THE WORLDWIDE FAMOUS BEACH OF COPACABANA, with its golden sands and views of forest-covered mountains, lies a completely different side of Rio de Janeiro. In one of the city's stone hills, surrounded by the chaos of downtown and commercial districts, there is a neighborhood with colorful 19th century mansions, where the calm of a village lives together with a bohemian and artistic atmosphere. Santa, as Santa Teresa is called for those who have fallen in love with the place, has plenty of bars, cafés, restaurants and art studios hidden in the sinuous cobblestone streets. It is the kind of place where just wandering the streets is an aesthetic and historic experience.

> To guide us through the charming borough, we went to Renan Cepeda @ Ateliê Oriente. Renan was born in Santa Teresa, has lived his entire life there and now has an open photo studio, where he received us to talk about his beloved neighborhood. But Renan's relationship with Santa Teresa began even before he was born. With proud voice, he told us how his family ancestors are related to Saint Teresa D'Ávila. Two brothers of the intense poet and Carmelite nun were adventurers that traveled around Europe and Africa chasing fortune and ended up in Portugal, before being sent to Brazil, and











ultimately forming Renan's family. In more recent times, it was on the steep streets of Santa, with the romantic views of Rio de Janeiro, where his parents fell in love and started dating, choosing the neighborhood to live after they got married. Having lived there since he was a child, Renan mixes his story with the place's history and its changes, speaking with a passion that comes from years of intimacy.

Santa Teresa remained largely isolated until the 1850s, when the higher classes began to climb the mountains to escape from the epidemics ravaging Rio. It was the time of the explosion of the coffee industry, and the capital of Brazil was undergoing a building boom. With most of its people living in narrow and dirty streets, Rio was the perfect incubator for bubonic plague, cholera, tuberculosis and rubella, epidemics that killed thousands of people across the city in the 19th century.

Santa Teresa, with its calm forest and clean water, was close enough to downtown to be the ideal place for those who could pay to live there and build huge and beautiful SANTA TERESA REMAINED LARGELY ISOLATED UNTIL THE 1850s, WHEN THE HIGHER CLASSES BEGAN TO CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS TO ESCAPE FROM THE EPIDEMICS RAVAGING RIO

mansions. Many of those fabulous houses are still standing, recalling the times of Brazilian's belle époque and making the walk through the historical streets a special treat. In 1896 the area took off when the Arcos da Lapa, an aqueduct in the roman style that used to bring water to that part of the city, was transformed into tracks for the new electric tram. Connecting the heart of the neighborhood to the city center, the charming yellow bondinho provided easy and quick access to Santa Teresa, making the place less exclusive and attracting artists, poets and bohemians to the neighborhood, bringing the artistic vibe that persists today.

In the early 20th century, the mayor Pereira Passos began to rebuild the city, widening streets and adapting the city to European

standards. At this time, a tunnel was built connecting Copacabana to downtown, attracting the rich people to the beaches and leaving Santa's hills behind. When the slums spread into the hillsides, the district became an infamously violent place, with high crime rates, and was forgotten by the locals.

This neglect started to change in the 1970s and '80s, when more and more artists moved to the neighborhood and began to restore the old houses, giving new life to the ancient mansions and demanding that the government provide security. As part of the revitalization process, painters, writers and musicians started to organize cultural events, slowly attracting the local population back to the hills of the district. A tipping point of the urban renewal process came in 1996, with Arte de Portas Abertas (Art with Open Doors), an open studio that attracted many people and helped break prejudices about the district. It also acted as a vote of confidence for the district's re-development. The event still happens every year.





Another event that brings cariocas, the city's inhabitants, to Santa Teresa, is the Carnival. Unlike the world-renowned and expensive samba school parade, the carnival of Santa Teresa happens on the streets. Carmelitas Descalças (Barefoot Carmelites) turned to be one of the best examples of Rio's street carnival blocks, which is organized by the locals. According to tradition, costumes are filled with humor and irony. The parade, with hundreds of people dressed like nuns, plays off the monastery that is the neighborhood's namesake. The legend tells that on carnival's first day one of the nuns always runs away from the enclosure, jumping over the tall walls to join the parade. Renan is the headmaster of Carmelitas tambourines, one of the drum sections of the parade. Every year has new rhythms and lyrics

Today there are many cultural events occurring in Santa Teresa. Strolling through Santa on a normal day one finds quaint bohemianloving eating and drinking spots with street musicians, small rodas de samba and the always crowded botecos.

related to a neighborhood subject.

Largo dos Guimarães was the main station of Santa Teresa's bondinho, which used to be the oldest tram still running in Latin America. One of the most famous symbols of Rio de Janeiro, the tram was used to make the connection between Largo da Carioca, in downtown, to the district. Besides carrying tourists, it was also the main daily public transportation for the inhabitants of Santa Teresa. The service was suspended a year ago after an accident in which five people were killed. Caused by system's lack of maintenance, the disaster left deep scars in the neighborhood: there

in posters, graffitis and paintings.

On the other hand, Renan tells us that Santa Teresa still feels like a small town in the middle of a chaotic metropolis: you hear no traffic noise, the streets are green and filled with trees, and you can see and hear the birds. People still know their neighbors, speaking with each other on the streets and putting chairs outside to spend time chatting and people-watching. To go shopping in Santa is like meeting a friend: the seller knows you, knows your family and shows a genuine interest in what you have to say. Maybe, between all the beautiful architecture and bohemian vibe, it's this atmosphere of kind neighborliness that makes a walk into the district so special.

Getting the taste of

Our walking tour begins at Largo dos Guimarães, a small square in the heart of the bohemian area. The first impression when you arrive is that something is missing and what is missing is printed everywhere



is a strong movement asking for explanations and the return of the trams, but also remembering the victims and the tram's driver.

After a ten-minute walk from Largo dos Guimarães you can find the Parque das Ruínas, a place with a 360° view of Rio de Janeiro. The park is in the burned out shell of the mansion that used to belong to Laurinda Santos Lobo, a local



heiress who threw dazzling parties between 1920 and 1930. Laurinda's salon was visited by artists and intellectuals and became a symbol of Brazilian's belle époque. Left abandoned for decades, the area was a soccer camp when Renan was a child, used by all the local kids. Now the place has been transformed into a touristic location leaving the ruins of the old house and adding metal walkways that ascend to a cupola: from there you can see Guanabara Bay, Corcovado, Sugar Loaf and downtown Rio. Just next door is the Museu Chácara do Céu, with a small but well-chosen collection of art, including pieces by the celebrated Brazilian artist Di Cavalcanti and international classics by Matisse and Miró.

After leaving Parque das Ruínas, it will be almost lunch time. To choose where to eat in Santa Teresa can be challenging. There are many options for food, from traditional Brazilian feijoada to fresh oysters and sushi, from German food to a sophisticated French restaurant. Renan took us to Espírito Santa, a small restaurant with a breezy terrace and another amazing view overlooking the hills. The Brazilian-Peruvian chef, Natacha Fink, serves food from the Amazon

Today there are many cultural EVENTS OCCURRING IN SANTA TERESA. STROLLING THROUGH SANTA ON A NORMAL DAY ONE FINDS QUAINT BOHEMIAN-LOVING EATING AND DRINKING SPOTS WITH STREET MUSICIANS, SMALL RODAS DE SAMBA AND THE ALWAYS CROWDED BOTECOS.

Forest, mixing recipes from both countries. With ingredients such as coconut milk, Amazonian fishes, aromatic roots and Brazilian nuts, Natacha creates an original and contemporary *cuisine*. The cocktails made with exotic Brazilian fruits like cupuaçu, cajá and graviola are the perfect starter to the fish wrapped in a collard leaf with nuts, rice and a gingery banana sauce that was our main course.

Shortly after leaving Espírito Santa we found ourselves at Rua Almirante Alexandrino, the street full of bars, restaurants, cafés and souvenirs stores. A few blocks further we found Bar do Mineiro, one of the oldests and most famous botecos in Santa Teresa, known for

its bolinhos de bacalhau (a croquette made with codfish and potato) and feijoada (the Brazilian typical meal). Outside of the bar, on the streets, hundreds of young people gather every evening to drink beer and play music.

A short distance from the most crowded and touristy part of Santa Teresa, you will find the pretty square of Largo das Neves. The small plaza sits at the last stop of the old bondinho and is surrounded by a tiny white church and a couple of open-sided bars. During the day, the benches are full with families and children playing, and serves as the meeting point of the area's students.

At night, the square comes alive again with bohemians. It's the perfect place to end the day eating a pizza at the Goya Beira, a small bar peddling amazing pizza. Baked on a stone, the Goya Beira's eggplant pizza is for sure one of the best kept secrets in Santa Teresa. Even with the instructions from Renan, it was a little hard to find. We asked people on the streets but nobody seemed to know. The menu, with Renan's photo illustrating the eatery, was our only help. The amazing pizzas with nice music, cold beer and a calm atmosphere made the effort worthwhile. At the end, we decided that one day was not enough to get to know Santa Teresa, so we went back home already thinking about coming back soon. �

- Amazonian fish at Espirito Santa

- Fish wrapped in collard leaf with nuts

On this page: Rua Almirante Alexandrino

Santa - A one day walking tour

Cario ca's

The Boteco Culture

Boteco: (Latin apotheca - Greek Apotheke) bar, small shop. The latin forms are also bodega and botica. The boticas initially sold only drugs and elixirs. Over time, they began selling food and beverages, until they become a type of bar or restaurant called boteco.

By Mauricio Peltier // Photos by Camila Valdeavellano Special thanks to Gonzalo Maldonado and Rolando Ruiz-Rosas IO DE JANEIRO, OR SIMPLY RIO, is one of those global cities that has a truly unique lifestyle. Very few cities, some might say. No other, insists a carioca.

In *Flying Down to Rio*, starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together for the first time, Hollywood offers the world a picture of a 1933 idyllic Rio. Since then, the city became a contemporary, tropical myth. This first wave continued in 1941 with the world

premiere of the picturesque Luso-Brazilian Carmen Miranda in *That Night in Rio*, and ended in 1953, after countless films set in Brazil, with the emblematic *Latin Lovers*, starring Lana Turner and as local native, Ricardo Montalbán.

Post 1953, new mythical cycles—both on and off the screen—built a Rio, indeed a Brazil, propelled by eroticism, samba, summer drinks, and later, by Pelé's goals

and bossa nova music, culminating with complex nuances and urban violence, as in the Oscar winning film *Cidade de Deus*.

Today, Rio and all that it represents and offers, is back on spot. Walking through different neighborhoods of the city we have an opportunity to experience, first hand, one of its most idiosyncratic gastronomic treasures: the bars proudly known as *botecos*, or, when we fondly refer to "ours", *botequim*.





A single boteco: one thousand worlds.

One thousand botecos: one spirit.

RIO, THE MARVELOUS CITY, remains the vigorous Brazilian metaphor. The city is called "the divided city" not only for its sinuous granite mountains geography, lush vegetation, beaches, lagoons, and dense diverse microcities, but also for its huge social fractures. Rio reconciles with itself every day, with multiregional and multicultural flavors: salgadinhos, petiscos, daily specials, cachaças and beer, the boteco classic. Here, humble and passionate cooks - no, not chefs, please themselves continuously.

The boteco's delicacies were defined occasionally as popular Brazilian cooking or unpretentious everyday-food, and by some deeply wrong snobish critics, low gastronomy. As they say in good portuguese: Tudo besteira! - Nonsense. Everybody can understand the pleasures of the streets' culinary-- delicious, varied, succulent and with a magic ingredient that empowers human brotherhood. The boteco is a unifying and socializing core, outdoor or indoor, it is the true emblem of the plural and open to dialogue style of the city and the country in general.

We choose four botecos from various neighborhoods in the city, from the popular Northern Rio to the glamorous South Zone, knowing that customers, facilities and menus are different, but they all also share the fundamental ingredients of a boteco, worthy of that name: the congregational, humanizing spirit, the tradition held with imagination and, of course, excellent food and democratic vitality:

CACHAMBEER (Rua Cachambi 475, Cachambi, Northern Rio de Janeiro.14,5 Km from downtown)

Under the already inclement sun of September, pedestrians and vehicles compete for the shadows of trees and low buildings that line streets in the Cachambi neighborhood. There is a bit of everything here: bakeries, clothing stores, hair salons, garages, hardware stores, an abundance of churches, and, of course, a lot of botecos. Cachambeer customers form a line on the sidewalk. In that public space, as invaders, whimsical metal kilns expel fragrances from meats cooked in thermal bags -bafo style-, awakening and exciting our taste buds. Inside the place is packed. Mario Novaes leads the bar, along with his squire Zé, and Pança, the cook. The place is loud, simple and authentic. Waiters move about swiftly, balancing full trays of supercold beer glasses and offering food wonders with amazing names such as Total Infarction, Hypertension, Shrimp Risottón

and Goat Explosion. Goodbye cholesterols and neuroses: here we all know that health is less important than the superb ingredients and tasty flavors, worthy of the gastronomic awards adorning the tile walls. We enthusiastically recommend the Lamb Cachambeer, Steamed Pork Ribs and superlative stuffed shrimp with Catupity cheese pastries. In addition, Cachambeer offers mooth and refreshing draft beers and excellent Cachambique cachaça. And, if you still have room for dessert, you can have it!

Appetizers

- Bolinhos de bacalhau (fried small balls of dried cod and boiled potatoes with chives, marjoram and parsley)
- Pastéis de camarão, de bacalao, de carne seca, carne de porco desfiada e queijo catupiry (pastries stuffed with shrimp, cod, salt dried beef, shredded pork meat or creamy Brazilian cheese)

Main course

- Porquinho Embriagado (Drunk Pork, rib roasted with dark beer, basil, rosemary pepper and coarse salt)
- Cordeiro a Cachambeer com farofa amarela (roast lamb, seasoned with olive oil, onion sauce, parsley and mint, cassava flour in palm oil)





Bolinhos de feijoada do Aconchego Carioca

- Palmito natural ao bafo. recheado de camarão (steamed palm, lightly roasted, stuffed with abundant shrimp)

Beverages

- Organic Cachaça Cachambique (artisanal and exclusive cachaça from Minas Gerais)
- Chopp e Chopp de vinho (draft beer and red wine draft beer style)

ACONCHEGO CARIOCA

(Rua Barao de Iguatemi, 379, Praça da Bandeira. Phone 2273.1035. Rio de Janeiro Northern Zone. 5 Km from downtown).

In between the famous Maracana Stadium and the Sambodromo, on a narrow treelined street, stands a pink corner house with green awnings, a typical example of early twentieth century suburban architecture. On the opposite sidewalk, a tiny veranda still harbors the old, original boteco, remaining true to its roots, but not afraid of refinements. Local and tourists, both domestic and foreign, come from all over to line up at the door of Aconchego Carioca (Cozy Carioca). The place lives up to its name: cozy, homey, not too noisy, and decorated with sensitivity and pragmatism. It is full of comfortable chairs and tables, as well as a very efficient, and very friendly wait staff. What about this restaurant incarnation/boteco's food, beautifully directed by Katia and Rosa Barbosa Ledo? Loud applause, or if you prefer, a well deserved standing ovation. The delicate quality performed in everything they served makes it hard to decide which is the best dish of the house; nevertheless we emphasize the appetizers, the dessert based in Jaca fruit, and the perfect

caipirinhas.

Appetizers

- Bolinhos de aipim com bobó de camarão (Fried manioc balls with creamy shrimp in dendê oil)
- Bolinhos de feijoada recheados com couve (Fried black bean buns stuffed with collard greens)
- Bolinhos de feijão branco recheados com rabada (Fried white bean buns stuffed with oxtail)
- Pimentas dedo-de-moça recheadas com carne seca desfiada e molho à campanha (Brazilian thin chili pepper stuffed with shredded jerky beef and onion sauce)
- Jiló em mel e vinagre balsâmico com alecrim, queijo de cabra e pimenta rosa (Jiló fruit -solanum gilo- sauteed in honey and balsamic vinegar, with rosemary, goat cheese and poivre-rose pepper)

Main course:

- Galinha de ângola com quiabo e angú (Guinea hen with fruits and okra -abelmoschus esculentusserved with Brazilian polenta)

Desserts:

- Pudim de tapioca com leite de côco e melado com cachaça (Manioc starch pudding with coconut milk and molasses cachaça)
- Jaca gratinada com queijo e canela (Jaqueira Fruit -artocarpus

Beverages

- Caipirinha Lemmon Classic; Caipirinha Lima
- Beers from Brazil's Cervejaria Colorado: Cauim beer, peculiar Pilsen, with Czech hops and manioc starch, which gives it a robust and characteristic flavor; Ithaca beer, one of the best dark beers you can drink in southeastern

for regulars, is a carioca with a strong Portuguese lineage. One of the more traditional cariocas, founded nearly seventy years ago, Serafa gathers together old bohemians with the new generation. We enjoyed the simple tables along the street, far away from the excessive pasteurization of the neo-pseudo-botecos infesting the city. Juca Ribeiro, the successful and sympathetic, but now deceased, partner,





Brazil, with hints of coffee and roasted brown sugar.

BAR DO SERAFIM (Rua Alice, 54, Laranjeiras. South Zone, Rio de Janeiro. 6 km from downtown).

The neighborhood of Laranjeiras is situated between hills covered with vegetation, right at the foot of the Corcovado Mountain. The main streets mix residences. art workshops, studios, cultural centers, schools, small shops and, certainly, a number of botecos. The Bar do Serafim, Serafa

boasted a big, proverbial Portuguese mustache, as well as a love for cooking and good drink that are engraved into the bar's DNA. The culinary highlights are, obviously, the cod, the squid and the octopus, as well as the Pururuca (grilled) Pig and the ubiquitous Oswaldo Aranha steak. The cod balls, generous and perfect, honor their history. The Alentejan Octopus Rice is simply excellent.

Appetizers

- Bolinhos de bacalhau (fried small balls of dried cod and boiled potatoes with chives, marjoram and parsley)

- Carne seca acebolada (Sun dried shredded beef fried with onions).

Main Dishes

- Polvo Alentejano (A kind of risotto with octopus, chicken, pork, portuguese beans, onions, herbs, wine and olive oil)
- Arroz com Lula v Broccoli (Rice with squid, broccoli, potatoes, beans, onions and herbs)
- Bacalhau a la Transmontana (Cod cooked with wine, ham, potatoes and herbs)

Beverages

- Chopp (draft beer)





Panoramic at Cachambeer

Brazilian beer at Aconchego Carioca

- Swiss lemonade (lemon, sugar and ice mixed in the blender)

Meat cooking, Bafo style

- Batidas (Shakes of Chachaça, fruits and sugar)

BAR BRACARENSE (Rua José Linhares, 85, loja B, Leblon. South Zone of Rio de Janeiro. 17 km from downtown)

The Bracarense, established in 1948, is situated at the heart of Leblon, one of Rio's chicest neighborhoods. We arrived at the restaurant late one weekday evening, sitting at a sidewalk table to enjoy the refreshing sea breeze. The draft beer was really impeccable, cold and dense, with a kind of European taste, certainly the best we experienced along our gastronomic journey. For shrimp and Catupiry creamy cheese)

Jiló fruit sauted in honey with goat cheese and poivre rose at Aconchego

a carioca, beer that good

more than justifies the

New York Times choice

of Bracarense as the best

pub in town, a position

that has been annually

confirmed for many years

on the surveys made by

the main Rio magazines.

Additional explanation:

experienced "choppeiros"

in Brazil have worked

at the house for nearly

with the classic cassava

fried roll with shrimp

and Catupity creamy

several appetizers, starting

cheese, a true delight. The

party went on with cod

croquettes and chickpeas

and continued with very

sausage and jilô fruit, and

tasty dumplings. The first round stuffed with

the second with dried

meat and pumpkin. We ended with a small bean

soup. Though the soup is

certainly recommendable,

originals from Aconchego

the white beans and

fried buns stuffed with

beef do not match the

Carioca. As snacks

don't feed humanity,

towards midnight we

ordered another classic

of the house, the ham

with onions and olives,

perfectly seasoned and

The waiters were already

dismounting tables and

fading as we left, totally

happy and fully satisfied.

chairs and the lights were

exemplary flavorful.

30 years. We ordered

two of the more

- Croquetes de bacalhau e grão de bico (cod croquettes with chickpeas)
- Bolinhos de gilô com linguiça (Jiló fruit dumplings with sausage)
- Bolinho de abóbora com carne seca (rolls of dried meat with pumpkin)
- Bolinhos de feijão branco com agrião (white beans fried dumplings stuffed with beef)
- Caldinho de feijão (black bean soup)

Bye bye dish

- Pernil acebolado (cooked ham served with onions and olives)

Beverages

- Chopp (draft beer) �

Appetizers

- Bolinhos de aipim com camarão e queijo catupiry (Cassava fried roll with

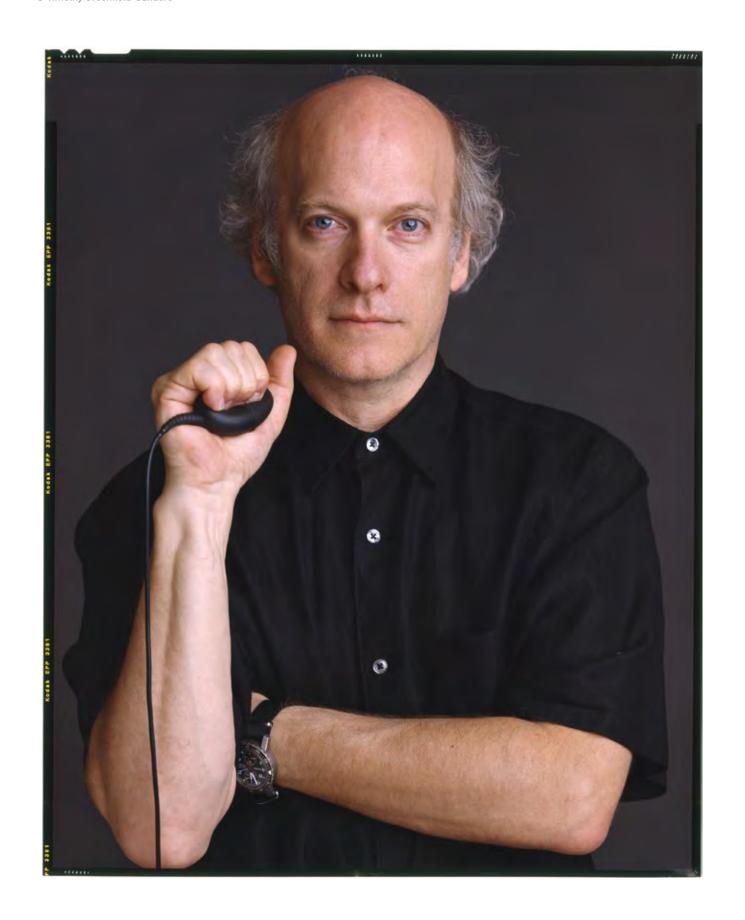
THE ULTIMATE LATINLOVER

TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

By R.E. Toledo

Greenfield-Sanders works with a large-format camera to capture the essence of his subjects. When working on film, he empowers people to speak directly into the eye of the lens, which brings the same intimacy with the viewer as in the portraits.

But it is not only Greenfield-Sanders' unique eye and power to capture people at their best, most natural, that makes him a photographic power-house; in the case of The Latino List, he draws on his power to give our community a presence in front of the camera that gives the world a new perspective on what the Latino community in the U.S. really is.

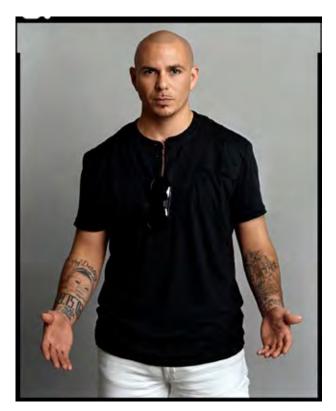




SONIA SOTOMAYOR



VICTOR CRUZ



PITBULL



SANDRA CISNEROS

The Latino List was at The Brooklyn Museum,
August through December 2011. It consisted of 25
large format art portraits, as well as excerpts of
the HBO documentary film. The film premiered on
September 29th and ran in its entirety during the
Hispanic Heritage Month, 2011. Volume Two was
being produced at the same time that Volume
One was still being worked on, and there is an
expectation for a Volume Three.

Greenfield-Sanders received a B.A. in Art History from Columbia University and a M.A. in film from the American Film Institute in Los Angeles. In 1998 he won a Grammy Award for best music documentary for the very first documentary he made: "Lou Reed: Rock and Roll Heart." Ever since, he has been producing and directing award winning films and portrait exhibitions, like "Thinking XXX", "The Black List" now on volume three, and "About Face," a view into the lives of super-models. His art portraits are in the collections at The Museum of Modern Art in New York City and at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, as well as in numerous other museums, including The National Portrait Gallery, The Metropolitan, The Whitney, and The Brooklyn Museum.

For us, Greenfield-Sanders is a real Latin Lover and here he talks to us about his experience in and his views on the Latino Community in the US. He shares with us what it meant to work with such important people as Supreme Court Justice, Sonia Sotomayor and NASA Astronaut Jose Hernandez, and he comments on bilingualism and the Latino Vote.

How did growing up in Miami influence your relationship with the Latinos?

I was born in Miami in 1952. It was a sleepy little tourist town. Less than a decade later, Cubans started to flee Castro, and everything changed.

I can only imagine. Did it immediately affected your daily life as personal experiences or was it only in the conversations around you that you had some influence?

Miami become more cosmopolitan. I noticed it in the food, the nightlife... the influence was on many levels.

How did you become involved with the Latino community and culture?

Living in Miami, when I did, one didn't have a choice. I learned to speak decent Spanish, had many Cuban friends and loved much of the energy and excitement that Cubans brought to Miami. It wasn't until I went to college in New York at Columbia University that I discovered that Latino was not just Cuban. In those days in New York, it was Puerto Rican. When I went to graduate school in Los Angeles, at the American Film Institute, Latino meant Mexican.

A lot of Americans outside of the big cities feel the English language is threatened by the use of Spanish. How do you feel about bilingualism, any words of wisdom?

Americans are so provincial sometimes. It's pathetic that we don't learn five languages in school the way that Europeans do. What are we afraid of? Bilingualism?

How did you get started in photography?

In graduate film school at AFI, I started to take photos for the school's archive of the visiting dignitaries. Alfred Hitchcock corrected my lighting and Bette Davis said, "What the fuck are you doing shooting from below". I learned from film aristocracy and fell in love with photography.

How did the idea of "The Latin List" came about?

When we started "The Black List" series, we quickly realized that this format of interviewing would work with many minorities. Latinos were an obvious next step. But, it wasn't until Ingrid Duran and Catherine Pino came to us that we decided to move ahead with "The Latino List".

For the "List" films, our goal was to follow the three E's: enlighten, educate and entertain. Latinos in America are so talented and varied.

I imagine that you were in total control of the people you chose to photograph for your exhibitions, but how involved were you in choosing the people for the Latino List and what was in your mind when choosing them?

As the creator, director and co-producer, obviously, I was very involved. Selecting subjects for the "List" projects is complicated. We always try for equal numbers of men and women, a variety of professions and in the case of Latinos... diversity of nationality. Often we want someone great, but might already have too many subjects in that category and have to pass.

Yes, the Latino List reflects the cultural diversity of Latinos in the U.S. as well as the Latino diversity in the fields they occupy. Great job! Did you already know some of these people personally?

Not really, most were known to me by reputation only. Only Christy Turlington was a friend from before.

I am sure there is some ultimate goal or rationale behind your work with Latinos. Is there anything else, more romantic or elevated than the obvious?

Film is a very powerful medium. For the "List" films, our goal was to follow the three E's: enlighten, educate and entertain. Latinos in America are so talented and varied. I think we did a decent job of showing this.

You have many other exhibitions featuring prominent people: people in politics, artists, soldiers, porn stars, fashion models. How did the Latino List evolve into becoming a documentary, or was it conceived as one from the beginning?

The "List" projects, from their inception have been multi-media. I direct and co-produce. I also photograph all of the subjects on my large-format view camera. The interviews, aside from being used in the film, become text for the books. The photographs find their way to the walls of museums and onto the pages of our books. True synergy.

What were some of the challenges you encountered while working on the Latino List?

I actually find the filming and photographing to be the easiest part of filmmaking. Coordinating the crew, the subjects, the production part of filmmaking is dull and complicated. I have great confidence on the set... I just need to make sure everyone shows up, including the subject!

What did you enjoy most about this project?

Definitely meeting all the amazing people who sat for us. From Sonia Sotomayor to George Lopez. That's quite a range.

What kind of input have you personally received from friends, community leaders and the media? Anything that you didn't expect?

The List films have had a profound effect on people across the country. I think we hit a real nerve with these documentaries. I'm extremely proud of this work.

How has The Latino List affected who you are, how you work, and what you believe?

As a portrait photographer, I meet remarkable people all the time. Almost everyone I know is either famous or accomplished. It's a little strange actually. I think The Latino List films certainly opened a window into the Latino world for me. But I knew the stories would be amazing, and that the people would be exceptional.

Are you going to work on a Volume Three? If so, Who and when should we expect to see it?

© Timothy Greenfield-Sanders



Jose Moreno Hernandez



SOLEDAD O'BRIEN



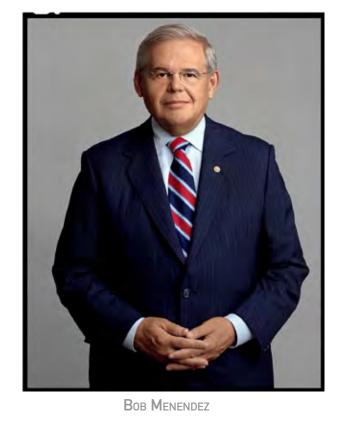
Eva Longoria

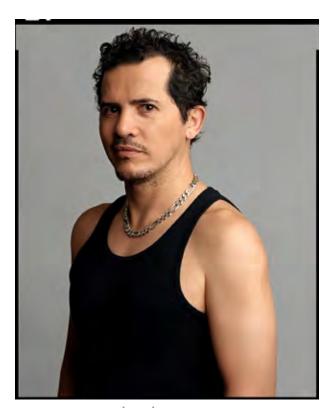


GEORGE LOPEZ



GLORIA ESTEFAN





JOHN LEGUIZAMO



NELLY GALAN

My new film is The LGBT List. HBO will air it in the summer of 2013. It's terrific and ranges from Ellen DeGeneres to Neil Patrick Harris to Christine Quinn to Suze Orman to Lady Bunny.

I read about your work with the large format camera and negatives and understand that much of the dramatic effect of the portraits comes from working with these tools. However, I am curious about your personal touch. How do you get your subject comfortable enough to capture the essence of their personality?

That's what portrait photographers do... try to capture the essence of their subject. I've been improving as a photographer year by year. In another decade, I might just get really good at it.

As a child growing up in Mexico in the seventies I had my portrait taken every year, then we used the pictures through the year for school, legal documents, everything else. I remember the photographer telling me how to sit, where to put my hands, fixing my hair, even trying to make me laugh. How much of these things do you do? Do you tell your subjects something special when you are with them or you leave it to the spontaneity of the moment?

It's not spontaneous. I [am] very good at reading people. I learned early on what makes someone comfortable. Psychology is 50% of portraiture.

Can you give us some advice on how to pose for our next portrait?

Never have your portrait taken early in the morning. The face needs time to relax. Also, your left side is usually your better side. Not sure why, but it is.

Apart from being an excellent photographer, and an artist, being able to photograph all these personalities puts you automatically in the personality list too. Is it very hard to get on your sitting list as a regular Joe or Jane?

It's hard to get on my list these days because I am really busy, but I do take commissions. They aren't cheap!

How do you think the Latinos have influenced the development of art in the US?

I think that Latinos have been generally ignored by the U.S. art world. But with people like my friend Patricia Cisneros, that will change. Patty has worked to get institutions like MoMA to recognize brilliant artists from Latin American countries. Art is becoming more globally important.

We are in the verge of the presidential election. How do you think the Latino vote will determine this election?

I hope it will show this country the power of Latinos. Viva Obama.

What is your favorite Latin Restaurant in NYC?

I love Cafecito on 11th street and Avenue C. The food reminds me of Versailles in Miami, but without the mirrors and heartburn!

Do you travel abroad? What is your favorite travel spot in Latin America? What place or activity should we not miss when traveling there?

For travel abroad, nothing beats Italy and in Italy, nothing beats Naples. Closer to home, I'd like to return to Belize. When I was 14, my brother Charles (now a travel writer for FAMtripper.com) and I visited our schoolmate, Victor Barothy in Belize. His family had a fishing camp there in the 1960's. It was a life-changing experience. The place is still there, under new owners for the last 25 years, but it looks like nothing has changed. They probably have internet by now! www. belizeriverlodge.com/history_of_lodge.html �

www.latinolistproject.com



By Bruce Chadwick // Illustration by Julio Granados

NE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE AND DELIGHTFUL PARTS OF BRAZILIAN CULTURE is its rich and distinctive musical tradition. Rhythms from Africa blend with more lyrical styles from Iberia and Southern Europe to create a delicious delightful mix of sound and sensuality that is loved all over the world. Foreign tourists who visit Brazil return to it over and over again, nostalgic for its rhythm and sway. Similarly, Brazilians living abroad often seek to connect with each other over the sounds and dances of home.

Brazil, of course, is most famous for samba, the quintessential rhythm of Carnaval. But Brazil is much more than samba. There are dozens of other musical styles that compete for one's ear: Bossanova, the mixture of a samba rhythm with jazzlike sensibility; Forró, a country dance from the northeast; Chorinho, a more classical instrumental style capturing laments of love and travellers longing for home; Funk, a Brazilian answer to rap that draws in elements from the 1970s funk movement in the US. On top of this, Brazil also sports its own styles of rock and pop music (MPB - Música Popular Brasileira), which tend to be less machine-produced and formulaic than US pop styles.

An international city like New York is wonderful because it provides the opportunity to experience the music and ambiance of a Brazilian night without having to endure an actual nine-hour flight. Here in New York, there are two main ways to enjoy a taste of Brazilian music: for one, there are a number Brazilian restaurants that host Brazilian bands for entertainment; alternately, many non-Brazilian locales sport a" Brazilian night" for those needing their Brazilian music fix.

Another way to enjoy the music is to follow the many local Brazilian bands and singers that play around town. And, of course, New York attracts some of Brazil's biggest talents – Ivete Sangalo, Roberto Carlos, Daniela Mercury, for example – when they travel and tour abroad.

Restaurant options have the advantage of complementing musical fare with Brazilian food and can make the feel of the meal that much richer and complete. One reason Brazilians are loved around the world is that they prize the ability to enjoy life on many levels, and food is no exception. In New York, these restaurants are typically delicious and enjoyable, but one generally does have to pay for the experience. While the prices are not necessarily excessive for the quality of the food and entertainment, these places can be hard to do on the cheap.

Both Churrascaria Plataforma and its sister restaurant Churrascaria Tribeca have large spaces



and live music on Friday and Saturday nights. It isn't necessary to order a full meal to enjoy the music, since it can be appreciated equally from the restaurant's bar. On restaurant row, restaurant Brazil Brazil has music every evening Wednesday through Sunday, while Via Brasil, on 46th Street between 5th and 6th Avenue, generally has live music on Saturday nights.

Restaurants generally go with the bossa nova genre, perhaps with a little bit of traditional samba and MPB sprinkled in. This is in part because bossa nova's close relation to classical jazz just fits a New York/Brazil fusion. Bossa and light MPB also work better in most restaurants, as they can fade into background music when necessary and won't drown out customers' dinner table conversations.

Miss Favela restaurant in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and S.O.B.'s restaurant/nightclub in Manhattan's West Village are two places that don't worry about customer conversations and just let the music get loud. These places can be great fun for those who want to dance. It isn't uncommon to find people dancing between tables and up close to the musicians. S.O.B.'s has a long tradition in New York, as well as music every night of the week. However, one does need to check the schedule if you want a Brazilian night, as S.O.B.'s features other Latin and African rhythms. Saturday, however, is typically Brazilian, and Sunday offers a bossa nova brunch.

Miss Favela in Williamsburg is more consistently Brazilian and attempts (successfully) to create the look and feel of a Brazilian "boteco," or neighborhood bar. The food is tasty and the drinks are strong, though the prices – while not astronomical – are certainly not suitable for a Brazilian favela. The music is very authentic and it can be hard to navigate around when everyone is up and dancing; it's usually just easiest to join in. Samba and Forró dominate here, with live music on the weekends and sometimes on weekdays too. Note to partygoers: Miss Favela does not accept credit cards, although there is an ATM in the back.

Brazilian nights in non-Brazilian venues can be equally satisfying. The Zinc Bar on 3rd street, just south of Washington Square Park, is one of my favorites. On Saturdays, Marianni Ebert sings her sultry bossa-jazz fusion in the relaxed and comfortable bar, spiced up with bits of samba, forró and baião. On Sundays, Cidinho Texeira follows up with some of his more modern Brazilian Jazz.

The Caulfield, on 27th Street between Park and Lexington, looks like any ordinary bar and eatery but every Sunday night it hosts live forró music and dancing. Violinist Eliano Braz and vocalist Liliane Araujo play infectious rhythms that can make one seriously ponder the attractions of settling down with a spouse and raising seven-to-nine children out on the Brazilian sertão (Brazil's semi-arid countryside in the northeast). On crowded nights, it can be challenging to maneuver among all the whirling "forrozeiros," but it is fun to watch, whether or not you decide to jump into the fray. Forró's steps loosely resemble a mixture of salsa and swing, but with a rhythm all of its own. And for those who thought the triangle was a musical instrument reserved for kindergarteners, forró musicians will open your eyes. While the live music at the Caulfield tends to be Forró, visitors also get a mix of samba and MPB during band breaks.

In the Village, Café Wha on McDougal Street still has a Brazilian Night every Monday, where Carlos Darci and his "Brazooka Band" have played with special guests after 10pm for years. Increasingly, Café Wha has billed the music as forró, but there has always been a healthy mix of MPB and samba. Given that Tuesday is a workday, it can be surprising how full the aisles are with dancers and just how late the party can go.

For New Yorkers wanting to learn to dance forró, samba, and the partner form of samba, known as samba de gafiera (occasionally called "brazilian tango"), Marizete Browne and her school at Sambazina.com have become a prominent fixture in New York's Brazilian community, teaching Brazilian music and dance and creating a positive and accepting group for both Brazilians and foreign Brazilophiles. Moreover, Samba and forró dancing are excellent calorie burners. And, accompanied by happy music and life-affirming people, they can be excellent antidotes to the challenges of shorter days and cooler weather in winter.

Everyone needs to spend some time in Brazil at some point in their life in order to put themselves in touch with sheer joy of being alive. But for those of us in New York who are impatient and can't quite manage to pack up and go tomorrow, there are at least some options for music, dance, and food that can keep us going until the opportunity arrives.

BRAZILIAN RESTAURANTS WITH MUSIC

CHURRASCARIA TRIBECA www.churrascariatribeca.com Evenings, Thurs-Sat (Bossa & MPB)

BRAZIL BRAZIL
www.brazil46.com
Evenings Tue-Sat (Bossa & MPB)

VIA BRASIL

www.viabrasilrestaurant.com
Fri, Sat, and occasionally other nights
(Bossa & MPB)

MISS FAVELA www.missfavela.com (Forró and Samba)

S.O.B.s

www.sobs.com Saturday (Brazilian Rock, Funk, Samba) Sunday (Bossa Nova Brunch)

PLACES WITH BRAZIL NIGHTS

ZINC BAR
www.zincbar.com
Saturday and Sunday nights (Bossa and Jazz)

THE CAULFIELD www.thecaulfield.com Sunday Nights (Forró)

CAFÉ WHA www.cafewha.com Monday Nights (Forró and MPB)

<u>MUSICIANS</u>

Marianni Ebert www.marianni.com

Cidinho Teixeira www.cidinho.com

Carlos Darci / Brazooka Band www.cafewha.com/the-bands/brazooka

Eliano Braz www.elianobraz.com

Liliana Araújo www.lilianaaraujo.com

DANCE AND DANCE LESSONS

Marizete Browne www.sambazina.com



PUZZLING THING HAPPENS WHEN
A BRAZILIAN AND A SPANISHSPEAKING Latin American
meet in New York: they use
English to communicate. A
strange roundabout, if you consider how close
Portuguese and Spanish are. It feels bizarre,
colonial, like those South-South trips where
a traveler from Latin America going to Africa
needs to go first to Europe. As a Spanish

speaker listening to Brazilian Bossa Nova, I always had the sensation that I "understood." Even if my mind was making up what half the words meant, I was somehow in tune with the feelings expressed in the music.

Cuisine is a type of language and a form of music. And sharing a meal is a fleeting pleasure, a mysterious

sensation of personal well-being and social communion that often requires no words, just the acknowledgment of each other's presence around a table. The conviviality of a raised glass, the glances exchanged when our taste buds are surprised at the same time, these very often short-circuit the need for words.

Enter *churrascarias*. A long-standing tradition, *churrascarias* are the culinary heritage of those tough European immigrants, who arrived on the enormous plains of the Brazilian south to raise cattle and simultaneously created the culture of the *gauchos*. Not unlike the gauchos from Argentina and Uruguay, *Gaucho* identity in Brazil's southernmost state of Rio Grande do Sul is marked by independence, willingness to go where nobody else does, and a profound

love for the simple satisfactions of nature, hard work and large families.

Tradition has it that after their long, hard labors, *gaucho* cowboys would gather around the fire and share the best cuts of meat in prolonged banquets. Their stories were told, rivalries were solved, and traditions were created. Even

now, the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, Porto Alegre, is a city where no house is considered good without a grill, and where the weekends are marked by the aroma of *churrasco*.





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Churrascaria Tribeca, therefore, is not just the heir to a powerful tradition, but the bearer of a heavy responsibility. It must represent a very demanding identity, and it must also be open to very diverse persons, each with their own trajectory and quest. Churrascaria Tribeca attracts a varied crowd: young couples in a first date sit next to a large family with many kids, and the well-dressed meet the informal. The night I visited, I heard a musical combination of English, Spanish, Portuguese and German coming from the different tables, and I managed to hold my ground with my rudimentary Portuguese.

In fact, the only group that is not represented around the table of a *churrascaria*, I suppose, are vegetarians. For here, meat is the center of a celebration involving all the senses, in the complementarity of textures, color, aroma, flavor and even the sizzling sound of a cut just

off the grill. The diversity of cuts provides one surprise after another, as the expert hand of the meat cutters who come to your table slice through the skewered meat as if it were butter.

Picanha, which sounds exactly like the Spanish *picaña*, is a sirloin cut with just the right proportion of meat to flavor-filled fat, and it is my favorite, especially when paired with *feijao* (black beans) and *farinha* (toasted ground manioc). The juicy cut contrasts nicely with the dry *farinha* and the rich *feijao*. Add to the equation, as I did, a glass of dry Malbec, bring friends and loved ones to the table, and the experience cannot be better.

A good thing about a *churrascaria*, and that is the case of *Churrascaria Tribeca*, is that Brazilians are not fastidious or pretentious. They won't serve you just beef, or expect you to be an expert in the different cuts they master; there



Duck legs





Chicken hearts

Beef short ribs

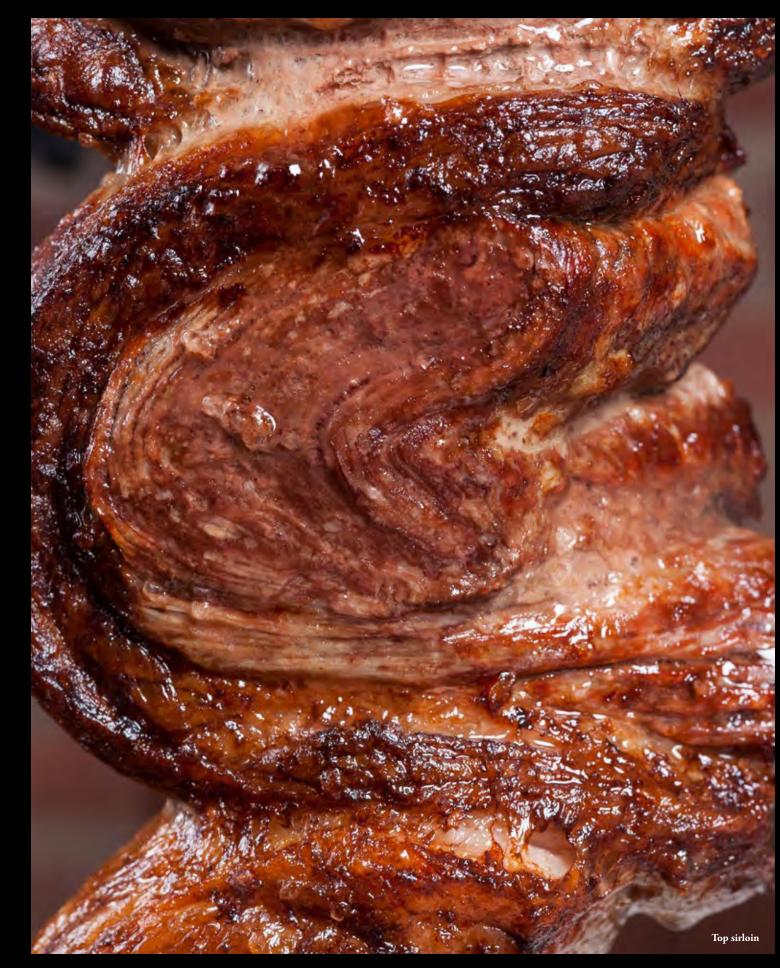


will be cuts of veal, pork and chicken around too, to pamper those of us who have a tooth for small cuts. Not to mention the fact that every self-respecting *churrascaria* has a salad bar that brings the word 'decadent' to mind. My nine year-old daughter was quite happy to indulge in the salad bar sushi, and then the sausage, while I combined my beloved *picanha* with *fraldinha* (flank steak) and *costelha* (pork ribs).

A note is needed on the actual method of ordering meat in a *churrascaria*; the so-called *rodizio* system. Each guest has a small round chip on the table with two sides: red and green. If you want the meat cutters to serve you, you leave the chip in the green color. If you are satisfied, or are busy with a cut, you just turn the chip red. Whenever the servers see a green chip, they will approach you and describe what they have for you; if you want the cut, they will slice exceedingly thin pieces for you to pick at.

What sealed the deal for me was an invitation to see the actual grill, and the different cuts of meat rotating slowly in the heat while the master cook gave orders in the same way a conductor would lead a musical ensemble. Because cuisine is music: that mysterious form of time spent in the senses and in feeling. Holding my daughter's hand, I started to feel *saudade*, an anticipated nostalgia for that experience that we were starting to close, a melancholy sensation of having been for a fleeting moment in a wordless bridge between the worlds of Spanish and Portuguese, Pacific and Atlantic, in this softly lit corner of Tribeca. �

www.churrascariatribeca.com

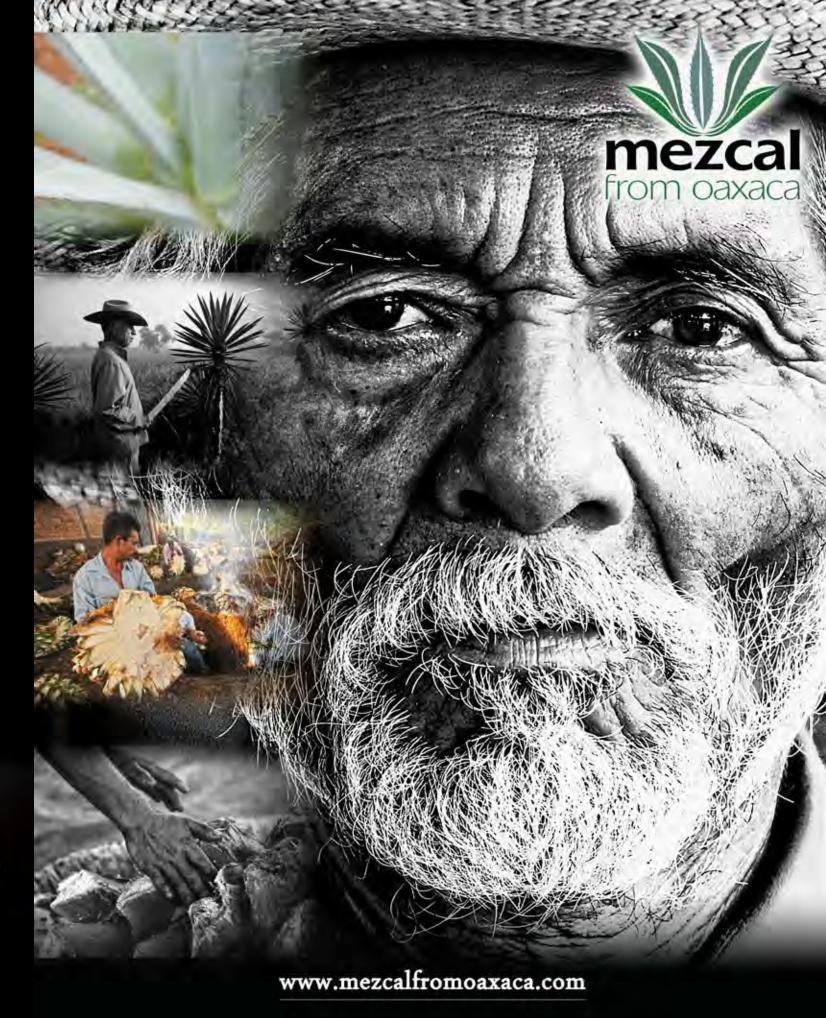






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WHAT'S COOKING! ON THE NEXT LATIN LOVER ISSUE:

A visit to Mercado de San Miguel , Madrid - Spain *Photo by Jorge López Conde.*