



Shot at Pure Space NYC.

GREEN LIGHT

The matcha craze may have originated with obsessive tea drinkers, but these concoctions take the hearty green tea far beyond its traditional realm. STEPHANIE WU

Matcha Bee’s Knees

“Our refreshing take on matcha is a riff on the classic Bee’s Knees. We replaced lemon with yuzu, infused Four Roses bourbon with Yamamoto matcha powder, and added honey syrup and mint for a hit of freshness. It’s a balance of something healthy—matcha—and our favorite vice, bourbon.”
—**Amarit Dulyapaibul** of *Ramen-san*, Chicago

Iced Matcha Seasonal Fizz

“Our fizz draws inspiration from the world of craft cocktails. It’s a shot of matcha over ice with house-made lemon cordial, simple syrup, and topped with sparkling water. The deep, earthy flavors of the matcha and the acidity of the lemon are balanced by the sweetness of the syrup.”
—**Ramon Puyane** of *Chalait*, New York City

Matcha Rum Iced Tea

“Matcha always tasted like a bowl of grass to me so I wanted to come up with a variation I would enjoy. I concentrated matcha into a syrup, using lemon to take away the bitter

grassiness, and combined it with Gosling’s rum, fresh lime juice, and a touch of St. Germain. It turned out delicious.”
—**Peter Kreidler** of *Clay Pigeon Food and Drink*, Fort Worth

Sansei

“The cocktail marries Japanese and Brazilian elements—a mix of Leblon cachaça, green Chartreuse, mezcal, matcha tea syrup, and yuzu. The balance between the vegetal complexity of the tea and fresh floral nature of cachaça and yuzu is complex but easy to drink.”
—**Adam Rothstein** of *Seamstress*, New York City

Matcharita

“Tequila proved to be a wonderful match for matcha because of the botanical flavors. Our Matcharita starts by respecting the traditional Japanese tea ceremony—using the bowl and whisk to stir the green tea into lime juice. Then we combine the matcha-lime mixture in a shaker with tequila, curaçao, maraschino liqueur, and plenty of ice.”
—**Juan Coronado** of *Barmini*, Washington, DC.

SEASON OF OUR CONTENT

Our so-called summer of green drinks was far more successful than the prior one of blue drinks had been. The blue flavor profile had been, well, limited: they all contained blue curaçao. But with green, we branched out into the leafy, fruity, herbal reaches of our garden and the dusty bottles at the back of our liquor cabinet. It began with a bottle of green Chartreuse and the quest for a palatable cocktail to contain it. It took all summer to complete our quest, and on the way we created many a green cocktail. There were limey margaritas, gimlets, and daiquiris; then absinthe-based green drinks, the standout favorite creation being a “Green Witch” (that’s absinthe, lime, simple syrup, and soda). Extra mint from the garden found its way into mojitos, and extra basil inspired basil mojitos, made that much more green by the addition of a basil syrup. The green drinks were enjoyed poolside or in the garden after a trip to the beach, our hair full of salt and sand, our eyes full of water and sky. In the end, we arrived at the Femme Fatale, which contained our hard-to-mix Chartreuse, vodka, and champagne. The Femme Fatale was so deadly and so delicious, we celebrated the success of our quest and ended the summer feeling a bit green about the gills. We were ready for a change, ready for a quiet study in the subdued ambers, reds, and rosés of autumn. HEATHER LONG

LUSH LIFE

I imagined the land would be flat and dry and coated in red dust. I pictured fat steaks and goblets of shiraz. I saw Mel Gibson in black leather, tearing through the outback in a modified Ford Falcon. But when I arrived at the edge of the world, it was green. I was in southwest Australia in the Margaret River wine region, hopscotching between microclimates: limestone ridges off the Indian Ocean, ancient Karri forests, lush vineyards where, if you ignored the kangaroos, you’d swear you were in Bordeaux. One night, at a winery called Knee Deep, I ate native crayfish seasoned with dead green ants. The ants were a conversation piece. Someone said they tasted like dried citrus, which is pretty accurate. The next day I sipped Sauvignon Blanc made by a good witch who plants grapes by the moon cycles and buries crushed quartz in the ground to promote healthy soil. The wine didn’t look green as much as it tasted it—lime-y and a little grassy. I ended the trip surfing (poorly) in saltwater so foamy it seemed carbonated. Afterward, I celebrated not dying on that surfboard by drinking more of the witch’s wine and pondering travel’s ability to shatter one’s assumptions.

CHRIS CLAYTON