

BOSSA NOVA COCKTAILS

Fresh and Fruity Notes Played Gently

BALANÇO 12.5

(Long drink, fruity & citrus, mineral, spicy on the rim)

Tequila 100% agave, raspberry & green pepper shrub, grapefruit soda, sal de gusano (spicy agave worm salt)

In 1962, Tom Jobim and Vinícius de Moraes watched a girl pass by the sea in Ipanema. It wasn't just her beauty — it was her **balanço**. That sweet sway became a melody, a rhythm, a quiet revolution that would change the sound of longing forever.

A salty kiss of agave and citrus lingers like the last line of a quiet samba.

“... e que passa, num doce balanço a caminho do mar...”

BRISA 11.5

(Coupette, sweet & tangy, lightly herbal)

Vodka, Aperol, passion fruit, lemon, thyme syrup

In *Flor de Maracujá*, João Donato sings of sunlit balconies, tender glances, and the gentle wind that carries the scent of passion fruit blossoms. That playful wind became a breeze of music, color, and fleeting tropical romance.

A gentle tropical breeze dances across the palate, light and luminous on the tongue.

AQUAS DE MARÇO 11.5

(Long drink, fruity, sweet & floral)

Cachaça, guava jam, caju (nut allergen), lemon, rose & cardamom, guaraná soda

In 1974, during the recording of *Águas de Março*, Elis Regina and Tom Jobim laughed, stumbled, and improvised their way through what became one of the most beloved duets in Brazilian music. What stayed was the spontaneity — raw, real, joyful.

Tropical notes, floral rhythm and playful sparkle — Spontaneous laughter

“É Pau, é pedra, é o fim do caminho...”

KISSA NOVA 11.5

(Coupette, citrusy, gently fruity & briny)

Wasabi, spirulina gin, violet liquor, lemon, lychee, egg white, jasmine syrup, nori seaweed

In post-war Japan, jazz kissaten offered quiet refuges — soft chairs, shelves of vinyl, and cups of fragrant tea and coffee. Bossa Nova drifted in like a sea breeze — and in its gentle sway, Japanese listeners found something familiar: elegant restraint, fleeting beauty, and the poetry of silence.

In porcelain light, green fades to violet — A samba suspended, neither here nor gone...

JAZZ COCKTAILS

Unique Surprising Combinations with Long and Intricate Notes

RED WAGON 13.5

(Coupette, smoky & fresh, peppery)

Mezcal, pimento dram, fresh watermelon, hibiscus, lemon

In 1962, a watermelon vendor pushing his cart through Chicago's South Side inspired a young Herbie Hancock. That rhythm — the squeaky wheels, the street calls — became "Watermelon Man," his first hit.

A groove of smoke and fruit, pulsing through the crowd like a street beat.

ROYAL STREET 12.5

(Rocks, spirit-forward, rich, timeless)

Brandy, bourbon whiskey, vermouth blend, Benedictine,
bitters, absinthe perfume

From the old Sazerac Coffee House to the Carousel Bar's slow spin, Royal Street has always hummed with feeling. Its bricks have carried both the solemn ritual of the Sazerac and the first smoky, bittersweet notes of the Vieux Carré.

Smoky clubs, late-night trumpet calls, and spirits poured with intention.

BAIJOU NEGRONI 12.5

(Bittersweet, aperitif style, fragrant & funky)

Baijou, Campari, vermouth, Cynar

In the 1930s, Shanghai was known as “the Paris of the East” — a city of shadows and spotlight, where the French Concession danced until dawn. Musicians from Harlem to Nanjing shared stages in smoke-filled ballrooms, and the “Yellow Jazz Age” pulsed through cabarets and courtyards alike.

Where tuxedos met qipaos, and saxophones echoed through opium smoke.

East met West with syncopated elegance.

CHICORY ESPRESSO 12.5

(Coupette, intense coffee, dark, earthy)

Truffle rum, espresso, chicory syrup

In New Orleans, coffeehouses kept their doors open late, thick with smoke, brass, and talk. Chicory stretched the beans through lean times, adding an earthy bite that became part of the city’s taste. Musicians carried that same grit into their playing — rough edges and depth woven through every phrase.

Dark as midnight, smooth as memory — A cup poured into a glass, voiced in low register.

BLUES SELECTION

Bold, dark, intense howling in the late hours

CROSSROAD 12.5

(Coupette, creamy, dark chocolate, desserty)

El Dorado 5 yrs rum, nutella, cocoa, caramel, soy sauce

Somewhere in the Delta dusk, at a lonely crossing of red clay roads, a man struck a chord and changed the course of music. Whether Robert Johnson truly met the devil there, matters less than the legacy — songs that bled sweetness and smoke, desire and damnation.

*Silky smooth as a promise, bitter and intense as a debt — Some crossroads never
let you turn back, would you dare to accept?*

SMOKESTACK 13.5

(Rocks, smoky, raw, strong, savoury & spicy)

Caol ila 12 years scotch, sundried tomato bourbon, bitters, chipotle liquor, lapsang souchon

In 1956, Howlin' Wolf summoned *Smokestack Lightning* — a song without beginning or end, just the haunting loop of a bluesman's chant and the distant cry of a midnight steam train, a symbol of leaving, longing, and the things that follow.

Smoky, primal, raw, full of shadow and want — A spell of smoke and rhythm.

CHAMPAGNE & REEFER 12.5

(Coupette, herbal, citrus, fragrant)

Cannabis tea infused pisco, lemon, sparkling wine

In 1981, Muddy Waters and the Rolling Stones shared the stage at the Checkerboard Lounge — a meeting of growl and glamour, blues roots and rock rebellion. The air was thick with reverence and smoke, the music loose and electric, like something conjured rather than played.

Champagne for the crown, reefer for the soul — Blues dressed in velvet and ash.

“Give me champagne when I’m thirsty, give me a reefer when I want to get high”

LUCILLE 13.5

(Martini, spirit-forward, timeless & silky elegant)

Tequila 1800 añejo, dry vermouth, Cointreau

In 1949, a dance hall in Arkansas caught fire after two men fought over a woman. B.B. King rushed back into the flames to save his guitar — and named it after the beautiful, disputed lady: Lucille, as a reminder never to be so reckless again. From that night on, it became his constant companion and voice, bending and sighing with him through every note, carrying the timeless power of the three-chord blues.

Three ingredients, three chords — The thrill with Lucille has never gone.

“Lucille took me from the plantation, oh, and you might say, brought me fame”