

NUM. 1

PARK WEST PAPER



## Creative Director, Editor

### **Camila Ramos**

is a Miami local. She is a mother, restaurateur, lover of nature, and operating partner of All Day.

## Design

### **Laura Suarez**

has over 15 years of experience in art directing and designing for high-end brands in the real estate, hospitality, architecture, interior design, art, and entertainment industries. She is the founder and creative director for Random Order, a Miami-based design company.

## Photography

### **Julian Cousins**

developed an interest in photography when someone traded him a camera for one of his T-shirts. Since then, heavily inspired by technicolor films, he captures images that evoke the feeling of Florida's golden hour.

## Prop Stylist

### **Elizabeth Jaime**

is a producer and visual editor who recently relocated from New York to Miami. She is a former Visuals Editor at *Bon Appetit* where she produced, conceptualized, and art directed award-winning content for the magazine.

## Writing

### **Cara Despain**

is an artist and writer from Salt Lake City, Utah and is currently based in Miami. Her work is informed by both locales, and she contributes to conversations concerning aesthetics in art, film, and culture as they relate to perceptions of land use and the climate crisis.

### **Amanda Finuccio**

is a Miami native living in Brooklyn. She is a visual designer, researcher, and local produce advocate. She does all the above in the name of collaboration, joy, and justice.

### **Christopher Garland**

is an assistant professor in the Department of Writing and Linguistics at Georgia Southern University. His writing has appeared in the *Journal of Social and Economic Studies*, *Contemporary French and Francophone Studies* and other journals, as well as in the edited collections, *Hollywood's Africa after 1994* and *Haiti and the Americas*.

### **Andrew Giambarba**

spends his work days helping businesses manage risk and make sense of insurance. At all other times (and sometimes during), he's cooking for family and friends, making or drinking specialty coffee, and posting photos on Instagram about people and places he wishes everyone knew about.

### **Jordan Michelman**

is a co-founder at *Sprudge*, the world's most popular coffee publication. His writing has appeared in *The New York Times*, *T Magazine*, *Taste*, and *Eater*. He lives in Portland, Oregon.

### **Andrew Miele**

is passionate about the connection between healthy soil, healthy food, and healthy people. Growing up to a farming family, at a very early age he learned the concepts of resiliency, self-sufficiency, and community.

### **Kristen Soller**

helps others to verbally, visually, and aurally share their stories. She has over six years of experience in graphic design, copywriting, and project management and is the host and producer of *Kidnapped For Dinner*, a podcast featuring conversations about disorienting moments in the creative process.

### **Maya Velesko**

credits her role as the mother of three for her passion for social justice, and food equity. Former director of Working Food Gainesville and owner-operator of the sustainable restaurant group, The Jones, she now consults small businesses on growing sustainably.

### **Valentina Weis**

is a scuba divemaster, a freediver, and a spearfisherwoman. She spends her weekends enjoying the underwater beauty of our oceans and catching fresh fish for dinner. While on land, she enjoys buying produce from local farmers and cooking at home.

## Copy Editor

### **Laura Gill**

is a writer, editor, and photographer. She is a contributing editor at *Hobart*, and her work as been published in *Barrelhouse*, *Agni*, *Electric Literature*, *Entropy*, and *The Swamp Ape Review*, amongst others.

## Poetry

### **Nick Vagnoni**

teaches writing classes at Florida International University. He is originally from Key West.

## Art

### **Galen Bradley**

is a visual artist based in Miami, Florida. While his practice concentrates around painting, he also works with and draws inspiration from printmaking, film, and music. He received a BA in Art from Davidson College in 2010 and an MFA in Painting from Boston University in 2017.



# A Sense of Community

On the occasional summer in Miami, a hurricane comes through and disrupts normal life. Once the winds subside and the all-clear is given, neighbors come out of their shuttered homes and survey the damage.

They greet each other. They commiserate about the lack of power and speculate about when it will be restored. They volunteer assistance. And then when the ordeal is over they invariably say something like: “Let’s not wait for another hurricane to get together.”

They go back into their homes and forget their sincere pledge. Intuitively, they know that the idea of community is a magnificent one. But life gets in the way sometimes.

For a city like Miami, the spirit of community seems elusive; what if we didn’t wait for a natural disaster to come along before realizing that we have more in common with each other than meets the eye?

Community can happen in any industry and in any city—when people embrace some fundamental tenets:

Tapestries are beautiful because one doesn’t notice single threads.

Everyone is unique, but one can never accomplish alone what an entire community can accomplish together. Whether it’s raising money, expressing concern, fighting for legislation or coming together to solve problems, community gives us all a chance to listen, learn, and harness the exponential power of a group of people who care. Communities are larger, richer, and more beautifully complex than any individual and their ideas.

One way to honor this?  
Show you’re grateful for your community and express it. Shout-out your peers, your city, and people who do not share your ethnicity, gender or orientation, and do it sincerely. In a city as vibrant and diverse as Miami, it’s the multiple threads that make the tapestry as beautiful as it is.

Communities work when you give, not take.

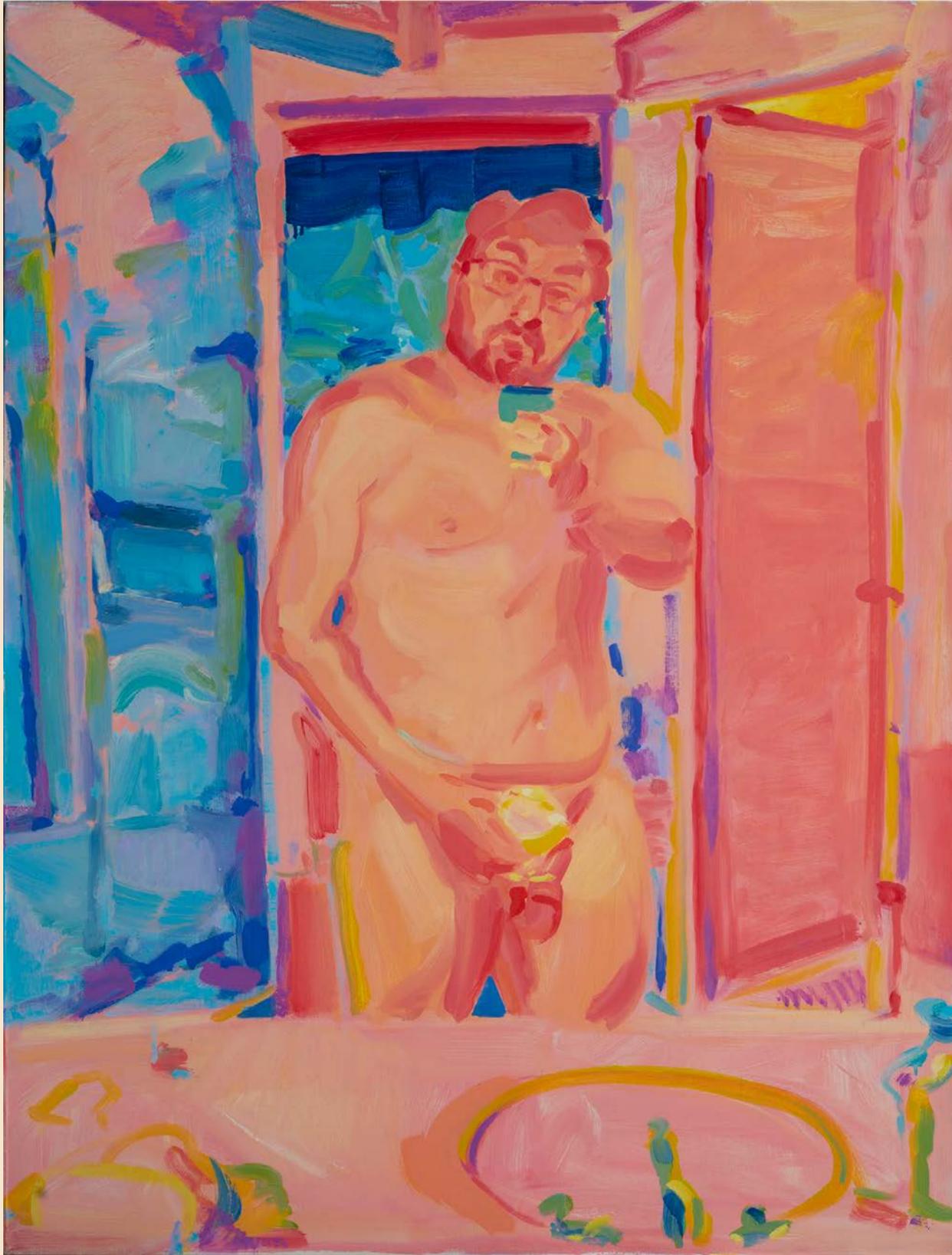
Community works when it’s centered around others. In communities, we learn adages about what a blessing it is to give instead of receive. Communities are enriched when people are willing to mentor and teach, and others are willing to listen and learn. The community has a collective wisdom and experience that far outweighs the brilliance or depth of any one individual.

How do you show you appreciate this? You quote and credit others for ideas that you learned in community. You regularly practice active listening, and don’t assume your opinions or biases are gospel.

Everybody is somebody’s mentor.

Communities outlast the individuals that started them, and whatever you build will outlive you. One’s long-term commitment to a community will live forever in the memories of those one has inspired. The contributions will live on in an exponential number of ways; the advice or practice you passed on will be adopted by others and then by those who look up to them. For millennia, communities were where traditions were passed down from the elders to the young, and it is still going on today.

*Words by Andrew Giambarba*



*Pisco Sour*, 2018 / Oil on canvas, 48 x 36 in

Miami-based printmaker and painter, Galen Bradley, chases the unattainable echo of lived experience through the medium of painting, hoping that the chasm between the two can be bridged.

His recent return to Miami, where he has lived on and off since the early 1990s, has him in a narrative frame of mind.

A photograph or film has an easier time transferring the feeling of a person, the light of a room, or the experience of loneliness, but Bradley is interested in pushing his painting and printmaking toward the complexities of human emotion and experience.

Bradley is presently interested in the allure of narrative and its potential within the limitations of the medium. Trying to capture the present—and the problem of its inherent disconnect from a finished painting on a wall—is something that inspires his work.

Interested in the ability of cinema and music to exist inside a different set of standards, he seeks to communicate beyond the often sterile environments of art spaces.

He cites Japanese printmaking, painters like Francis Bacon and Lucien Freud, and filmmaker, Akira Kurosawa, as inspirations in this endeavor. When peers began comparing his work to Toulouse-Lautrec, that resonated as well.

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Indeed, he is intrigued by trying to capture the in-between moments that occur in dark bars, night clubs, and social spaces. The paintings reveal as much; they are cinematic and pared down, allowing the attitude of the subject—whether a person or an empty space—to be what lingers.

They leave us wanting or wondering after something that has just happened, or has yet to be. And yet: his intention isn't purely romantic. He also wants to convey the more hidden emotional elements in these spaces such as despondence, isolation, and despair. Bradley summarizes this difficulty in this way:

“The act of painting maintains my contact with the world, helping me achieve a certain degree of intimacy with both surface and subject. It serves as a reminder of my own ability to enact upon this world, each painting a recording of my attempts.

Yet, paradoxically, painting is also a step removed, itself a barrier between me and a life lived. A painting will never be an equivalent experience.

In the end, I am primarily an observer, a voyeur in my own life.”

*Words by Cara Despain*



*The Gateless Gate, 2016 / Oil on canvas 72 x 48 in*

I think I have loved Miami Beach my whole life. The verb “think” is important here. I don’t know why or how I would’ve seen it as a kid, especially considering that I grew up on the other side of the world. There weren’t any postcards that I might’ve seen, there wasn’t any Internet or any Google searches, and I can’t remember having seen *Miami Vice* or *Scarface* or any other visual culture featuring it. But as studies have shown, memories are constructible; so, in my mind’s eye, I’m convinced that I’d seen that skyline and that turquoise water much earlier than I possibly could have. It’s embedded in my memory, seemingly as far back as I can remember.

Compared to New Zealand, which is my country of birth, Miami is about as different a place from it as I can imagine in the U.S., but what they share in common is the great number of outsiders who come to look at them. These people look and look and look, wandering around with their eyes wide open, gawking at beaches, buildings, trees, and other bodies of water. They arrive on planes and just don’t stop looking until they get back on the plane. Even then, they continue to try to look, staring down from above—the object of all their looking receding below them, making them squint down and into the distance. But, I’ve certainly been that gawker, trying to catch South Beach for as long as possible.

In rhetorical theory, there’s a term of which I’m particularly fond: ekphrasis. There are various interpretations of ekphrasis, but the one I like the best is “to bring before the eyes” through a particularly vivid written description.

## A Brief Visual Rhetoric: The Miami Beach Skyline

The object being described is often a piece of art, but it could apply to, say, a skyline or a strip of impossibly blue water. I mention this term because that skyline and sea demand an ekphrastic description, one that represents the stunning transition from tropical waters up to all that steel and glass, the latter of which glistens in tandem with the ocean below. But, at least for me, it’s beyond representation.

The common definitions of representation in literary studies: to appear like something or someone; to stand in for something or someone; to present a second time, thus “re-presenting.” If we stick to the third function of the term, we might then conclude representations are failures in the sense that they cannot do what they claim to do: re-present. The photo of the skyline is neither the skyline itself; nor is it a “do-over” of the experience of looking at the skyline. But it’s not just that skyline in those photos that fails me.

One night, years ago, I went to a Vodou ceremony in Little Haiti, a neighborhood that feels far from that skyline and that water but is really not. For hours, I took video of the drumming and the singing and all the intricacy of that complex syncretic faith. I got my old laptop out the other day and watched the footage; it doesn’t re-present much for me. In another folder, there are photos from another trip to Miami, where I stood in the water and turned the camera back to those hotels, restaurants and clubs, squinting in the sun, trying to pull focus on that skyline.

The skyline here symbolizes arrival and departure. For example, the very first time I went to Miami, I went through it to visit the other Haiti. The experiences with Miami and Haiti are intertwined in my mind. Not because Miami is anything like Port-Au-Prince, but because I felt acutely marked by both experiences, by both moments in time, and I have never undergone such a profound sense of not belonging in a moment. The Greeks had a term for the idea of timeliness: Kairos. I felt neither timely nor present.

At that time, my disconnection was so strong that it heightened my sense of being there physically but being apart mentally; so, in that way, I was affixed to the place. I was bonded to this disconnection and it was so far from how I’d felt before. These places were much more than strange to me, but I was filled to the brim with my own strangeness.

Writing about her native Appalachia, a place that seems about as far from Miami as any in this this gigantic nation, Elizabeth Cattle addresses the way that the region has been the constant subject of the outsider’s gaze. “Ever present throughout our history,” Cattle writes, “the stranger appears in the region not to capture reality but contradictions.” In turn, the outsider has become part of the mythology of the region, folded into the story of who and what makes up that world. “If we constructed a mythology for Appalachia,” Cattle asserts, “one of the most powerful and fickle world-makers in our pantheon would be the stranger with a camera.” I’ve been the stranger with the camera in Miami Beach, taking pictures of a very different America: one with that skyline and that water, the very ones that inspire awe in us strangers as we point our cameras toward them, trying to capture one of the most beautiful and beguiling cities in the world.

Skyline and that water: so that’s why us strangers stand on the beach, or get on boats, or block the sidewalk, pointing our phones and cameras at them.

*Words by Christopher Garland*

Like many Floridians, relaxing on the beach was a common family activity in my childhood. Never venturing far from shore, I often wondered what the ocean was like underneath the surface.

The summer before college, while working as a lifeguard, I met a scuba instructor. I decided to take the plunge and get certified myself. Preparing for the first dive was filled with anticipation and fear of the unknown. As I slipped into the ocean, I surrendered my fear of the deep ocean beyond me, shifting my consciousness into the present moment.

Going underwater connected me with my breath, making me mindful of my inhales and exhales to preserve air. As I did this, I started to feel more relaxed. I went into a meditative state. The world below the surface forces you to pay attention; there are no roads, no buildings, no internet. There are no rules of where to go, so you literally go with the flow as the current takes you on a ride.

As you go, different species of coral carpet the ocean floor, forming reefs, a sort of underwater forest that provides food and shelter for many species of fish.

If you pay close attention, you will find creatures hiding in its structure, such as sea horses, eels, fish, and lobster. Sometimes turtles will swim out of their hiding spot to greet you and swim alongside you. Reefs make a very distinctive crackling sound created by grunting fish and hundreds of snapping shrimp.

As deeper water gets pushed to the surface by the currents, it creates a wall of cold water that you can swim in and out of in mere feet.

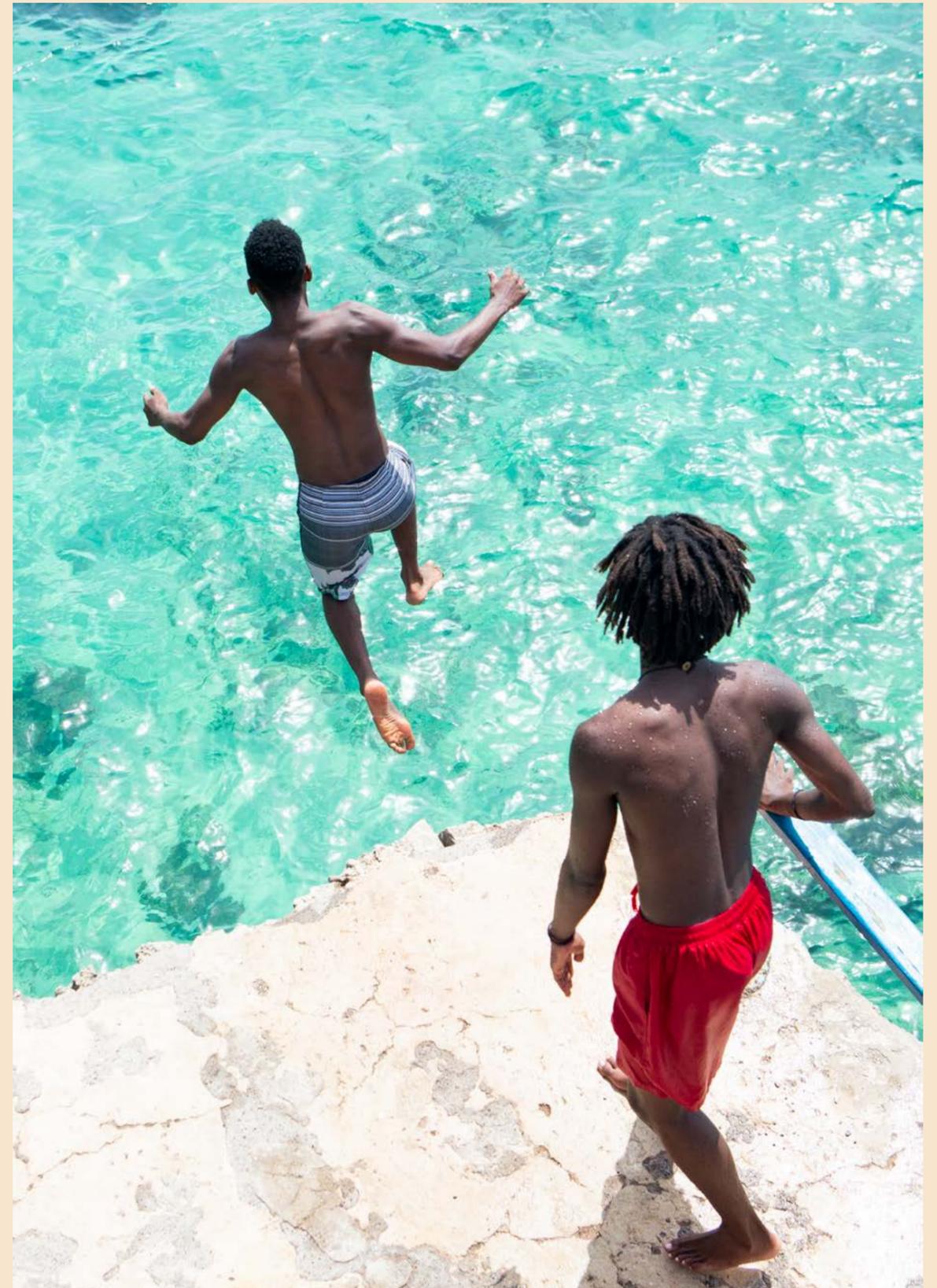
Water carries much of your weight, imitating the weightlessness an astronaut feels in space, making you aware of your position relative to the surface and the great depth below. The vastness of the ocean is as awe-inspiring as the vastness of a night sky full of stars.

These sensual experiences below the sea surface are calming and pleasurable. Even more interesting are the underwater rules of existence, which are completely different than those on land. Underwater beings aren't bogged down by their past, or anxious about where they will be in the future—the only reality that exists is the present moment. When we go underwater, our senses pick up on this different wavelength of energy, and our minds quiet, yielding to the surrounding energetic environment.

This state of awareness, or total presence, opens a portal to being without the chatter of thinking—our true essence. Going underwater activates this peaceful state that is inherently within us all, which can later be accessed on solid ground.

So dive in and explore the depths of the ocean, and you may very well discover the space within yourself.

*Words by Valentina Weis*



In one compartment  
three pink shrimp, small as curled pinkies,  
a shard of lemon, and a tuft of shredded lettuce,  
as unlikely as we are here, above the icy white mountains  
on this yawning polar route from Miami to Bangkok,  
behind tiny windows of plastic, our gestures small and meek,  
our stubby utensils like half-formed limbs, rounded  
and unarticulated.

How far we are from last week,  
when we took your family from the mountains sailing,  
and from the year before,  
when they took me to a Colombian mountain town  
where one of the only attractions  
was the skeleton of an aquatic dinosaur  
unearthed on a nearby ridge.

How unlikely we are  
here or anywhere,  
how foreign,  
how strange,  
how far from home:

The dinosaur on a mountaintop that was once the ocean floor,  
our bodies on the sea  
or curled in our little compartments of plastic  
miles above the earth  
with these jet-lagged lemons,  
these shrimp, raked from the ocean floor  
into the terrible air and further still  
to a table in the sky.

*Poem by Nick Vagnoni*

# The Underground Economy

The economy is a relatively simple machine—it is the sum of many transactions. A transaction is simply an exchange within a market, and a market consists of all the buyers and sellers. While seemingly complex, an economy is really just a zillion simple things working together.

There is another economy, an economy that we do not see but participate in on a daily basis; it is the economy beneath our feet, providing the nutrients that plants need in order to grow. It's the underground economy. It is also like a machine.

Like any machine, both economies need attention. When mistreated or misused, sometimes they even need repair. When healthy, the underground economy is a soil food web involving zillions upon zillions of critters, first consuming organic matter then consuming each other, and then releasing nutrients in the process. It is this interdependent and interconnected network of organisms that interact to make life possible. Similar to above ground where a network of transactions occurs to promote price discovery, the soil food web encompasses the microbes and arthropods that ultimately provide balanced mineral nutrition for plants and thus promote healthy plant metabolism.

The concentration of wealth in the underground economy is analogous as well, but in the underground economy, it works in a positive way—the more diversity of organisms, the better quality and more nutritive the soil.

A teaspoon of soil may hold ten thousand to as many as fifty thousand different types of bacteria, along with thousands more species of fungi and protozoa, nematodes, and mites.

The calamity of economic events that we see around us, the booms and busts, are due in large part to the manipulation of certain aspects of the economy creating the appearance of wealth.



Unfortunately, there is a similar calamity happening in the underground economy. While it seems things are “healthy” on the surface, according to Economist Intelligence Unit Food Sustainability Index, a third of the planet's land is severely degraded, and 24 billion tons of fertile soil is lost each year.

When soil is mistreated, the health of the soil decreases; the population of organisms in the soil becomes depleted, organic matter is lost, and the biochemistry is compromised. As the Rodale Institute notes, “conventional farming's narrow focus on yields has led to a decline in the nutritional quality of many crops...yields have never been higher and we have access to ample calories, yet we're getting sicker.”

Henry Hazlit wrote that, “the art of economics consists in looking not merely at the immediate but at the longer effects of any act or policy.”

Applying Hazlit's theory to the underground economy, we should begin to think in terms of regenerative farming practices. These practices seek to increase organic matter in soils over time to replenish and not just take. This creates highly nutrient dense food, improves the atmosphere, and improves our water systems.

However, real economic transformation cannot occur without a source of demand. For the underground economy, that will be when society recognizes that our relationship with nature and the ways that we use the land determines the future of the earth and the health of humanity. There's an easy way to begin to support this transformation—by choosing to support the community's stewards of the soil: our local farmers.

*Words by Andrew Miele*

“You are what you eat.” We hear this phrase all the time, but what does it really mean?

What does it mean when our food industry is designed so that not everyone has the same food options—the ones that determine your chances of being healthy?

When eating is not simply about ourselves, but about a whole system of factors—from farmers to corporations to bodegas to grocery stores to restaurants to vending machines—what does it really mean to be what we eat, and how much control do we have over it anyway?

“You are what you have access to eating” might be closer to reality.

Food sustains us. Not just in a critical, physiological way, but also on a level of cultural identity. Preparing food and sharing it with friends and family has long been an important aspect of eating and our heritage is often passed down and intimately bound up in the food we eat.

**Food Marginalization**

We know that food connects us, but it also has the ability to divide us.

Driven by major social-cultural changes, the second half of the 20th century gave way to a surge in demand for convenient and quick-to-prepare foods. This disruption in our food landscape, paved by corporate food manufacturers, favored cheap and easy over nutritive and sustainable.

**The Plate is Political**

In 2017, the farming sector received 14.6 percent of the consumer food dollar, down from 17 percent in 2012, and a far cry from 40 percent in 1950.

The largest profits along the economic food chain are found in the manufacturing sector. Of the ten most profitable production categories, six are convenience or snack foods.

Beyond other cultural and economic variables, income is the strongest determining factor on eating behavior. Food spending and quality of food increases as household income increases, and households with lower incomes buy more generic brands and discounted foods.

Nutrition is a necessity, it should not be a luxury. Yet most corporations’ priorities are not aligned with the people’s wellbeing. By their very nature, corporations have a vested interest in keeping the food system profitable. This translates into their profits and commitments to their shareholders coming before individuals. In the last five years, agribusiness spent more than \$650 million in campaign contributions and lobbying expenditures.

It seems simple enough: every person, regardless of race or class, has the right to food that is fresh, clean, nutritive, sustainable and yes, delicious. And yet: it is not the vision that everyone is working within.

**Farm To Table**

Over the last decade, communities and leaders have been working diligently to support local food systems. From farmer to restaurateur, there are pioneers of a “slow food” movement who are striving to make fresh, nutrition-rich food more accessible. We can aid in this progress by choosing carefully how and where we spend our money and our time.

It’s only possible if we actually support our local food system: how many of us choose convenience over community by shopping at supermarkets over farmers markets? Forgetting that in doing so, we are giving more away to corporations and their executives, rather than keeping our dollars in our community and feeding, clothing, and investing our neighbors and their families.

Research from an independent London-based think tank, The New Economics Foundation, found that shopping at a local farmer’s market or community supported agriculture (CSA) program kept twice the amount of money within the community, compared to dollars spent at supermarkets. This means that purchases made locally are twice as powerful in keeping the local community alive.

Committing to shop locally is not the most convenient or cheapest option. And yet: we must support it. Not just for our own health, but for the nutritive and financial health of the entire community.

So, what do we do? We don’t simply pat ourselves on the back at the local farmer’s market (though we do that too!), we also demand fresh food everywhere.

Whether advocating for more local produce in school lunch programs, asking leaders to rethink local food supply chains and distribution, or making the choice to support independent restaurants that prioritize sourcing from local producers and purveyors, we all have a vested interest in making this happen.

Buying behavior influences markets: if we put our money into local food, it will help make that food accessible to more people, leveling the playing field.

In that way, we vote with our dollars, and we partake in activities where food is moved in ways that are more sustainable for the local economy as well as the environment.

It’s time to shift the global food systems paradigm to one that dismantles corporate control of our land, water, seeds, food, labor, and lives, and fosters community governance and prosperity.

We are what we eat, so let’s make that eating sustainable, nutritious, and, of course, delicious.

*Words by Maya Velesko and Laura Gill*

## Nature is a Language



Oh, mother earth,  
your comfort is great, your arms  
never withhold.  
It has saved my life to know this.  
Your rivers flowing, your roses  
opening in the morning.  
Oh, motions of tenderness!

— Mary Oliver, “*Loneliness*”

Gabi Serra waits for me outside of a quaint house in a residential part of Little Haiti, standing tall like a gatekeeper to another time with her woven, wide-brimmed hat. She leads me through a modest, fenced entrance and into a generous landscape of grass, trees, goats, emus, and turtles until we push past some brush into a secluded area. Katia Bechara is seated at a wooden bar, her white, cotton dress silhouetting her plump, pregnant belly.

We settle into a table and into the rhythm around us: rooster calls, bees a-buzz, the breeze of impending rain. Katia and Gabi have an ease about them as they share their experiences with me. They founded Mother Earth Miami last year, a small urban herbalism nursery and garden adjacent to Earth N’ Us Farm. They grow herbs, vegetables, and edible flowers, and offer herbalism workshops and sell herbal products to the Miami community.

Sitting with Katia and Gabi, I can’t help but feel like I’m in another world, familiar yet forgotten. Their journey has a particular resonance amid the current social and economic climate. We seem to live in a time where “efficiency is our existential purpose,” according to a *Buzzfeed* piece on “millennial burnout,” and where we are experiencing a “pervasive draining out of meaning, of intimate contact,” as Oliver Sacks describes it in the context of the digital age.

Katie and Gabi remind us of how nature can provide a way to reconnect with ourselves and others, as well as being a universal language and means of healing.

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### Reconnecting With Ourselves

“I grew up eating dirt,” Katia erupts with laughter. Her family instilled in her a deep respect for nature and a sense of self-reliance. In Colombia, her mother ran a travel agency, facilitating tours with indigenous tribes. This gave a young Katia the opportunity to travel around the country, camping with and learning from families in places such as La Guajira. She would regularly help her grandmother on her farm. Her uncle also owned a farm, foregoing electricity and even couches to encourage the family to learn to live off the land.

This way of life shifted when Katia moved to Miami for college. No longer having access to fresh produce, she worked in farm-to-table restaurants to better understand where food came from and how to eat well. After 13 years in the wine industry, she found herself “really wanting to go back to eating dirt, again.”

Gabi grew up in Caracas, Venezuela, which she describes as a “green city.” She recalls the topography of her childhood—the fruit trees, the mountains, the beach—and a general sense of environmental consciousness. She describes tonics such as pineapple skin water that her grandmother, an herbalist and doctor, shared with her. When she moved to Miami at 16, she admits to rejecting this way of life.

“I wanted to work in movies, in fashion. I wanted to go to the big city,” Gabi says. “When you come here, you think you’re from a third-world country.”

But she felt disconnected from herself and others while working in TV and film production.

“I realized that what I wanted was too accelerated. It started deteriorating my mental health and relationships,” Gabi says.

After several trips back to South America, she realized how much she missed the consciousness of her childhood and of being in nature. She started volunteering on farms in Miami and would eventually meet Katia while helping at the Little River Cooperative. They connected over a shared dream of running their own farm.

### A Language That Unites

In developing their nursery and garden, the business partners and friends are cultivating an inclusive, communal space. People from all walks of life visit and volunteer at Mother Earth. As they settle into the Little Haiti neighborhood, Katia and Gabi, fluent Spanish speakers, are also gradually learning Creole from their neighbors.

“Nature is a language, too...it unites us,” Gabi points out. “Growing plants is the nicest icebreaker.”

Working directly with the land provides us with the opportunity to slow down and to learn from one another. In a culture of consumerism, being in nature also reminds us of what is essential.

“[People] feel [they] need a lot. We just need more time to talk to people so we’re not scared of each other, gain that trust,” Gabi says.

### A Way to Heal

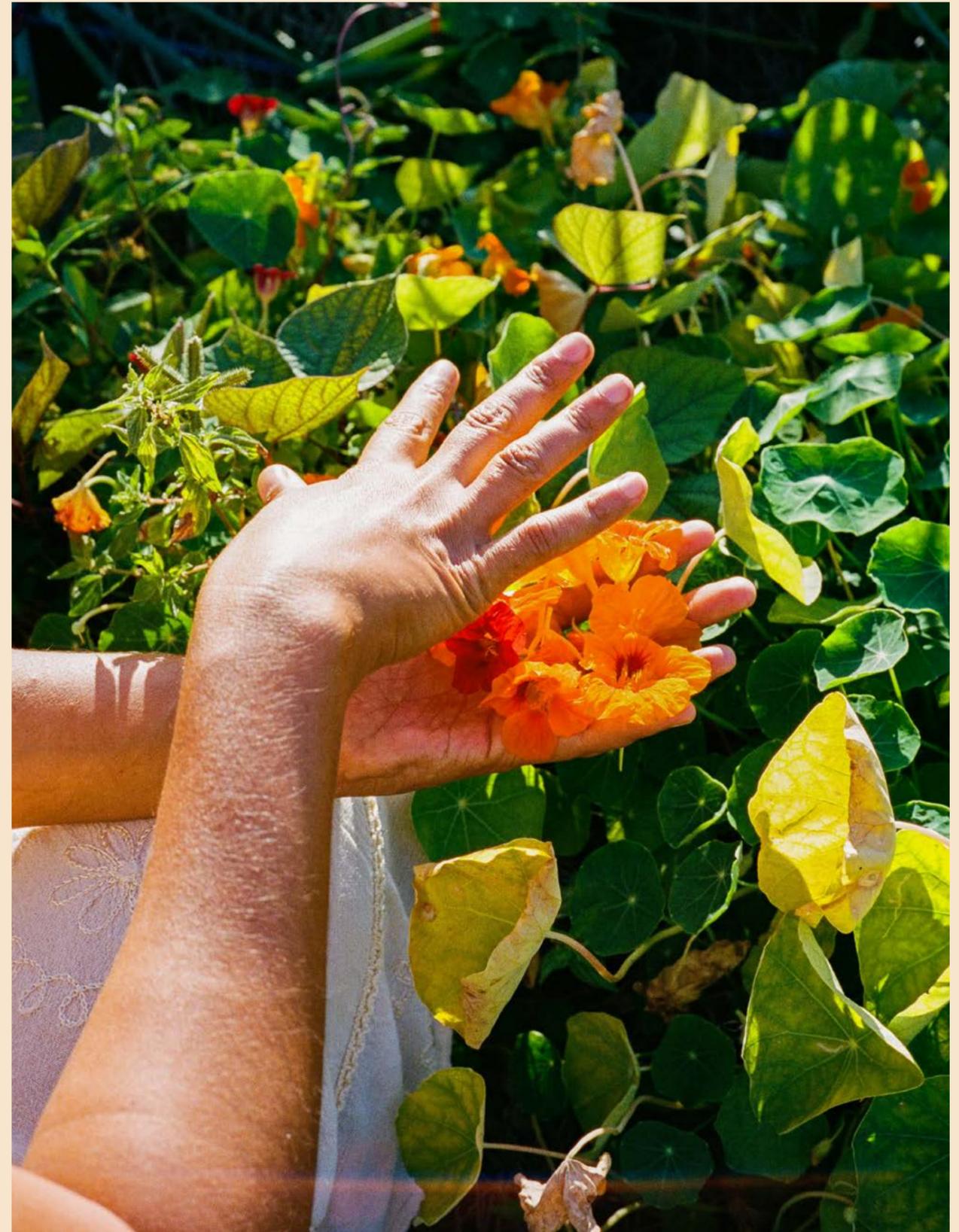
When I ask Katia and Gabi about their favorite herbs, they laugh at the idea of choosing. Considering different growing seasons, uses and medicinal properties, the world of plants is vast, after all.

Katia, who is six months pregnant, mentions stinging nettle (*Urtica dioica*) as a go-to plant whose minerals support “growing new life.” Its “sting” has anti-inflammatory properties that treat conditions such as arthritis. She also makes a hydrating rose hydrosol for her face.

“I wanted to plant roses in the garden because it reminds me of my family,” Katia explains. “I’m half Lebanese and Colombian. Most roses come from Colombia.”

Gabi points to hibiscus and chamomile for their soothing properties. She also loves exploring the personal and social benefits of invasive plants.

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“For me, it’s important to work with [weeds]. They are good because it creates more community. We start passing more information about what grows around you,” Gabi says.

Katia and Gabi have created in Mother Earth Miami a microcosm of interconnect-edness, where the weeds, the dirt beneath our feet, and the strangers and neighbors around us all have a place. Where there is attention and purpose, we can find motions of tenderness.

*Words by Kristen Soller*

“The coffee you’re drinking is not fair trade,” read an *Intelligentsia* Coffee marketing campaign in 2008 comparing their coffee sourcing practices. One might pause when reading that, but the ad was making an important point about a much improved coffee trade practice, direct trade, the movement they pioneered. Direct trade guarantees coffee farmers a sustainable price for their best coffee lots, and is now the specialty coffee industry standard as opposed to fair trade, which is the effective equivalent of minimum wage.

Then there’s the C market, which commodity coffee—likely the pre-ground coffee in most grocery stores—is traded on. I will have spent more money on gas driving over to the office to water my plants than a commodity coffee picker gets paid in a hour. You will have spent more money on that delicious beverage you’re drinking right now than many coffee pickers get paid in a week. That’s because, depending on where you are in the world, the average commodity coffee picker’s daily wage is only a few dollars a day.

It has been said “there is no ethical consumption under capitalism.” (Which, by the way, is not actually a quote attributed to any single individual; it does not come from *Das Kapital* or *Animal Farm* or some great piece of socialist allegory—it is in fact a meme, generated by a plurality of voices on the Internet, all of whom were communicating to each other using devices purchased for money under the capitalist system, powered by rare earth minerals extracted from rural Australia and China).

## The Coffee You Are Drinking is Not Fair Trade

But I do not agree with that quoted statement. Specialty coffee, like what you’re drinking right now, represents a path toward ethical consumption by taking an historically undervalued colonial product and tethering it to an earnest expression of the crop’s potential.

At world-class, high-end cafes, chances are, you are not drinking commodity coffee—you are drinking specialty coffee. This is no mere semantic linguistic quibble; there is an enormous historic and practical significance within the distinction of these two terms.

When more money is paid for coffee, more money is kept with the people who grow it. More resources are put into the community: roads, infrastructure, hospitals, schools. This makes for better lives; it also makes for better coffee.

If you want to see the numbers, this is how it works: the current FOB—“freight on board,” the cost to get green, or unroasted, coffee from the producing farm to the nearest port—price of green coffee on the C market as of June 19, 2019 is \$0.96 per pound; the price of coffee on the “fair trade” market is \$1.40 per pound (plus or minus a few cents), and the price per pound for specialty coffee averages at 3 dollars per pound.

This is the cost of coffee before it is even roasted, and well before it is brewed—two skill sets that require a high level of technical education and expertise. Quality-focused green coffee importing companies develop these projects at origin because they know that quality of life and quality of coffee are fundamentally intertwined. It’s not an act of charity per se (although specialty coffee interacts regularly with charitable organizations and non-profit organizations). It is a system whereby ethical trading and consumption begets an increasingly better return for all.

Is the system perfect? No. Does it happen like this every time, in every country, with every coffee trading company? No. But this notion of ethical consumption is dug into the specialty coffee industry in a way that has really very few analogs with anything else we consume.

Certainly not the clothes we wear, the devices we type on, the oil we put into the cars we drive—very few, if any, shits are given collectively about the ethics around those actions.

But the coffee you’re drinking, part of why it’s so good is thanks to this greater notion of ethical consumption. (A recent auction in Panama saw one coffee go for \$601 per pound unroasted, a new world record.)

What you’re drinking today costs far, far more as a raw material than the onerous “C” market price—the heavily regulated international trading rate for commodity coffee. More was spent at origin, and more was kept by the producers. Ethical green trading companies partnered with coffee roasters and retailers to source this coffee, which was roasted with intentionality, prepared skillfully, and served to you with the utmost care.

When you take this all into consideration, it’s undeniable: what you just paid for that cup was a bargain. And yet, by patronizing establishments like this one, you are spending money in a way that votes for some semblance of a greater ethical human good. Specialty coffee, the practice of prizing small lots of carefully grown artisanal coffees purchased at a premium and crafted with culinary intentionality, may someday represent one of the greatest triumphs of ethical consumption under capitalism in human history.

That is, if you keep making choices like this. Keep drinking better coffee, and keep voting with your wallet. Spend your money with companies that care so they continue to have the resources to do so.

Coffee that tastes better is also better for the world—and that is a radical truth.

*Words by Jordan Michelmann*

## Mamey y Miami

“The purpose of this bulletin is to call attention to the cultivation of this delicious fruit. Considering the appreciation that the Cubans have for this species and its high nutritive value, the mamey sapote should be planted not only in the home garden but also on a commercial scale.”

—Narciso Almeyda and Franklin Martin,  
*“Cultivation of Neglected Tropical Fruits with Promise”*

I only recently became a fan of mamey. Growing up, it was my mother’s favorite milkshake flavor at the Wayside Fruit and Vegetable stand on 57th Avenue and 100th street in Miami, FL., and I remember thinking how strange it was that mamey—not vanilla, not peanut butter—was my mother’s favorite flavor. I would continue to doubt her fascination with the fruit until about four years ago when my friend bought us one to share.

Seeing it sliced open on my cutting board I realize I never knew the actual fruit behind my mother’s favorite milkshake flavor. I was mesmerized to find that beneath its “woody, russet brown skin” one was a vibrant red custard.

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With one scoop, I finally understood my mother's love for this fruit. To describe mamey would be a questionable impulse. In fact, the best description I found—“a combination of sweet potato and pumpkin with undertones of almond, chocolate, honey, and vanilla”—shows how the only way to describe it is to claim it is a combination of all the best flavors.

Mamey's unique flavor is native to the American tropics—Mexico and Central America. Today, it can be found thriving in the soils of South America, the West Indies, and southeast Asia. Throughout the globe, the mamey tree is so revered that it has been known to be the only thing left standing when deforesting new lands for development.



Mamey was introduced to south Florida in the mid-1880s when Cubans who fled political persecution during Cuba's struggle for independence from Spain settled in Key West. During this time, the Key West mamey sapote was discovered growing beside a fire station.

Seventy years after this discovery, a Cuban woman named Josefina Jimenez smuggled three mamey seeds into the US in her brassiere and gave them to Eugenio Pantin. Eugenio grew those seeds as seedling rootstocks, a plant grown with the intention to graft another variety onto it, in this case the Key West mamey sapote.

He did it successfully. Pantin grafted the budwood with Key West mamey tree and created the hybrid we enjoy today: The Pantin mamey. This variety is responsible for about 95 percent of the mamey produced in south Florida. Because mamey was a favorite of Cuban immigrants, their appetite for home increased the local demand for it.

When I asked a friend's grandmother to recall her memories of mamey in Cuba, she relayed the following story about her time on a friend's farm: “[Ellos] Tenían todo allí—café, verduras, vacas, pollos, cerdos y, por supuesto, frutas. Nunca he comido mejor mamey, y nunca he visto árboles de mamey tan hermosos.”

Despite a Cuban community with a deep love for this fruit, local demand for mamey seems to remain just that, local. Unlike so many of its tropical counterparts—bananas, breadfruit, dragon fruit, guava, jack fruit, lychee, mango, papaya, passionfruit, pineapple—mamey is hard to find at a market, grocery store, or fruit stand in the continental US outside of south Florida.

I read a few hypotheses, old and new, for why that might be: mamey trees take a long time to mature and fruit and there is a desire to make space for new crops exceeds the desire to preserve or cultivate new mamey trees. Some say mamey doesn't thrive in the lime-rich soils of Florida, but I have reason to believe otherwise. According to Almeyda and Martin, “it prospers in the heavy clays of Puerto Rico, in the sandy clays of Guatemala, and in the limestones and sands of Florida.”

I suppose I could also entertain the idea that mamey's distinct flavor isn't as delightful as I, and many south Floridians, believe it to be. That said, I sometimes reimagine my corner store to include a pile of mamey, seated amiably next to the breadfruit, mangoes, and papayas. But perhaps it is best for mamey to remain like everything else that is unique to a place—greatly anticipated and all the more special because of the lengths we must go to enjoy it.

These days, before every flight back to Brooklyn, you will find me scrambling between the Pinecrest Farmers Market, El Palacio de los Jugos, and the occasional forage (read: vehement plea) from a neighbor's yard to ensure my carry-on luggage is filled with at least 10 lbs. of mamey. I bring it back with me so I can revel in the expressions of pleasure and wonder on my friend's faces, the same expressions I hope my friend enjoyed when he brought me that mamey four years ago.

It's same expression my mother had while she watched me drink my vanilla milkshake. By the time you read this, I will have boarded a plane from Brooklyn to Miami and upon landing, requested that my mom and I enjoy a mamey batido. I will also anticipate, with great longing, the next time I will be back to do so again.

*Words by Amanda Finuccio*



## Beer

### DRAFT

**SIX POINT CRISP**  
pilsner, new york  
9 or 16 oz / \$5.00 or \$7.00

**BARREL OF MONKS WIZARD WIT**  
witbier, florida  
12 oz / \$7.00

**COLLECTIVE ARTS LIFE IN THE CLOUDS**  
new england IPA, canada  
9 or 16 oz / \$6.00 or \$8.00

### BOTTLES OR CANS

**MIA MEGA MIX**  
american pale ale, florida  
\$6.00

**10 BARREL CRUSH**  
cucumber sour, oregon  
\$6.00

**J DUB'S BELL COW**  
milk chocolate porter, florida  
\$7.00

**ST. FEULLIEN SAISON**  
belgian farmhouse ale, belgium  
\$8.00

**ST. BERNARDUS TRIPEL**  
tripel, belgium  
\$10.00

**DELIRIUM TREMENS**  
strong pale ale, belgium  
\$10.00

**ORIGINAL SIN**  
extra dry cider, new york, usa  
16 oz / \$8.00

## Natural Wine

### SPARKLING

**J'OSE LES FINES BULLES**  
chenin blanc, chardonnay, 2014 — touraine, france  
\$10.00 glass / \$45.00 bottle

**CÉLINE & LAURENT**  
cremant, nature — bourgogne, france  
\$16.00 glass / \$59.00 bottle

### WHITE

**L'INSOLITE, ROCHES NEUVES**  
chenin blanc, 2015 — saumur, loire valley, france  
\$10.00 glass / \$45.00 bottle

**JI JI JI**  
chenin blanc, 2017 — mendoza, argentina  
\$12.00 glass / \$57.00 bottle

### SKIN CONTACT / ORANGE

**LA SERRE**  
grenache blanc and gris, 2018 — languedoc, france  
\$13.00 glass / \$60.00 bottle

**TEARS OF VULCAN**  
viognier and pinot gris, 2017 — dundee, oregon  
\$14.00 glass / \$65.00 bottle

### ROSE & LIGHT REDS

**OSTATU**  
rosé of tempranillo, 2018 — rioja, spain  
\$11.00 glass / \$52.00 bottle

**ROSACE DE VENTS**  
cargnan, 2017 — languedoc, france  
\$11.00 glass / \$52.00 bottle

**ALLIPALLA**  
mourvedre and garnacha, 2017 — itata valley, chile  
\$12.00 glass / \$57.00 bottle

# Every Day Until 5

## PASTRY CASE

### SAVORY

#### EVERYTHING BAGEL

house-made, fresh each morning  
\$4.75 each / \$25.00 per half dozen

#### CROQUETA

smoked ham and gruyere cheese  
\$2.75 each / \$15.50 per half dozen

#### EMPANADA

plantain, black bean and queso fresco  
\$3.25 each / \$18.75 per half dozen

#### CROISSANT

classic butter  
\$3.25 each / \$18.50 per half dozen

### SWEET

#### CHOCOLATE CHUNK COOKIE

askinosie chocolate, maldon sea salt  
\$3.50 each / \$19.00 per half dozen

#### SALTY DONUT

lychee-filled, strawberry-glazed brioche ring  
\$5.50 each / \$32.00 per half dozen

#### BANANA BREAD

with sunflower seeds, vegan  
\$3.25 each / \$18.00 per half dozen

#### BUCKWHEAT CAKE

with oats and buckwheat groats, gluten free  
\$3.75 each / \$21.00 per half dozen

#### CINNAMON ROLL

laminated brioche  
\$3.50 each / \$19.00 per half dozen

## EGGS

### RUNNY & EVERYTHING

sunny up egg, bacon, cheddar, lettuce, heirloom  
tomato and garlic aioli  
on an everything brioche bun  
\$13.00

### THE EVERYDAY

two eggs your way, with bacon or avocado,  
and buttered baguette or homefries  
\$11.00 / sub sautéed greens \$1.00

### ONE-HANDED

yolk-cracked marbled egg, sage sausage,  
cheddar and herb aioli, on an english muffin  
\$12.00

## & MORE

### FRENCH TOAST

tres leches batter-soaked brioche, pecan butter  
and maple syrup  
\$13.00 / add berries \$3.00

### AVOCADO TARTINE

avocados on avocado salad with pickled onions  
and puffed quinoa, on seven grain toast  
\$12.00

### BAGEL & SALMON PLATE

citrus-cured salmon, cucumber, heirloom tomato,  
red onion, sunflower shoots, cream cheese  
and capers with an everything bagel  
\$14.00

### GRANOLA

homemade, with nuts, seeds, dried  
and fresh fruit, honey and mint  
served on greek yogurt or with alt milk  
\$11.00 each

# Weekdays Lunch, 11-5

### KATSU SANDO

sesame panko chicken, miso-katsu sauce,  
house pickles, lettuce, mustard aioli, on brioche  
served with japanese potato salad  
\$11.00

### SUMMER SALAD

romaine lettuce, pickled scallion, cucumber,  
radish, mint, dill, with tahini almond dressing  
and toasted buckwheat groats  
\$12.00

### PAN CON CROQUETA

ham croquetas, gouda, sauce gribiche  
homemade pickles, cuban bread  
\$10.00

### GODDESS SANDWICH

sunflower shoots, roasted green tomatoes  
chickpea mash, pickled scallions, avocado,  
lettuce and green goddess aioli on  
multi-grain bread  
\$13.00

# Coffee

## DOUBLE SHOT

a double shot of espresso  
served straight  
2 oz / \$3.25

## & MILK

a double shot with sweet florida-milk;  
choose your milk texture and ratio  
wet, dry, or iced  
from 3 to 16 oz / \$3.55 to \$5.60

## OR WATER

a double shot with as much or as little  
water as you would like  
hot or iced  
from 3 to 16 oz / \$3.50

## ???

homemade amaretto affogato  
with fermented-mulberry juice  
6 oz / \$8.50

## ROYAL TEA

matcha green tea and oat milk,  
infused with nitrogen; served up or iced  
6 to 16 oz / \$3.50 to \$7.50

## POUR OVER

from our single origin selection;  
made to order, japanese style  
served in a decanter with a sipping cup  
12 oz / \$5.00

## HOT DRIP

drip coffee, on tap  
12 or 16 oz / \$3.55 to \$5.60

## COLD BREW

brewed at room-temperature; iced  
16 oz / \$5.00

## NITRO

extra-strength cold brew, infused with  
nitrogen; served straight  
6, 12 or 16 oz / \$5.50 to \$9.00

## CUPPING

industry method of evaluating coffees  
served with grounds  
\$9.00

# Specialty

## OUR SWEETHEART

our very first seasonal drink;  
a cold brew and rosemary limeade  
9 or 16 oz / \$5.50 or \$7.50

## JOE WENT TO THAILAND

house thai iced coffee with xocolatl bitters  
16 oz / \$6.25

# Tea

## JASMIN SNOWBUDS

green, taiwan  
\$4.75

## SHAN LIN XI

oolong, taiwan  
\$5.50

## YUNNAN GOLD

black, china  
\$4.00

## VIETNAM RESERVE

black, china  
\$5.50

## CHAMOMILE

herbal, egypt  
\$3.25

## ROOIBOS

herbal, south africa  
\$3.25

## AD ICED TEA & ADAP

house herbal infusion  
\$3.75

## HOUSE CHAI

tea or with milk hot or iced  
9 to 16 oz / \$2.75 to \$5.50

# Juice

## ORANGE

fresh squeezed  
9 or 16 oz / \$4.00 or \$7.00

## GUAVA

from dade-county redlands  
9 or 16 oz / \$4.50 or \$7.50

## LEMONADE

fresh squeezed, sweetened  
with florida cane sugar  
16 oz / \$4.00

*alternative milks / housemade vanilla or chocolate  
upgrade available upon request*

# Drink Specials

## WEEKDAYS

### NATURAL WINE

barista's daily choice  
\$7 per glass

## WEEKENDS

### BOTTOMLESS MIMOSAS

méthode champenoise sparkling wine  
and house-squeezed oj  
\$30 per person

# Sourcing

## BEVERAGE

### DAKIN DAIRY

milk from myakka city, florida

### RUBY ROASTERS

espresso from nelsonville, wisconsin

### PARTNERS COFFEE

hot drip and nitro from brooklyn, new york

### JOJO TEA

jasmin snowbuds, shan lin xi, yunnan gold  
from miami, florida

### KILOGRAM TEA

matcha, vietnam reserve from chicago, illinois

### NATURAL WINE

we select wines that are produced  
sustainably, with organic principles and  
biodynamic practices, using only  
native yeasts, with minimal sulfates added

### BEER

small, craft breweries

## PROTEIN

### FLORIDA FRESH FAMILY FARMS

eggs, wholesome conversion farm in wiersdale  
pork, storage ranch in dunnelon  
chicken, wholesome conversion farm

### PROPER SAUSAGE

bacon from miami, florida

## BREAD & PASTRY

### HOMEMADE

english muffins, bagels, cookies, banana bread

### SALTY DONUT

donuts from miami, florida

### ZAK THE BAKER

brioche, multi-grain, baguette, cinnamon rolls  
from miami, florida

## PRODUCE

guava, pg tropicals in redland, florida  
mulberries from mother earth in miami, florida  
edible flowers from little river cooperative in  
miami, florida



ALL DAY

ME

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