



Dawn to dusk it's dulce de leche

By Patricia Harris
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

My seatmate on the flight from Miami was hungry — and the airline meal was not going to cut it. Damián Edelberg was returning home to Buenos Aires from a business trip to Boston, and he was craving thick-crust pizza, slabs of almost impossibly tender beef, and gooey desserts made with dulce de leche.

Argentine beef is famous, of course, and I knew that Italian immigrants had introduced pizza to Buenos Aires. But I was only vaguely familiar with dulce de leche, a confection of caramelized sweetened milk. As my flying companion recited a litany of cakes, crepes, ice creams, and candies, I saw that a new world of saccharinity was waiting to be explored.

And I had only a week to do it.

“You can try different ice cream flavors at lunch,” Edelberg advised. “And then have crepes or cakes for dessert after dinner. Don’t blame me if you add some pounds.” Fortunately, I was meeting my husband, David, who could share the calories. When the plane touched down at dawn I was ready to start — but I figured it was way too early for sweets.

How naive.

When David and I stopped for breakfast at Il Forno cafe on our way to the Sunday flea market in the San Telmo neighborhood, the young woman behind the counter asked whether I wanted dulce de leche with my medialuna. Are the Kennedys Democrats?

As I smeared the caramel-like goo on my flaky croissant, I studied the pastry cases for a quick overview of the versatility of dulce de leche. There were the ubiquitous alfajores (shortbread cookies sandwiched around a dulce de leche filling), along with cakes, tortes, mousses, and milhojas (the flaky pastry we call a Napoleon). I decided to return later for a slice of apeninos, a chocolate biscuit layered with dulce de leche and cream and topped with meringue. David planned to try the bariloché, a cake with chocolate mousse, dried fruit, and dulce de leche, fol-

DULCE DE LECHE, Page M7



PHOTOS BY DAVID LYON/FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

Medialunas (top) and all sorts of Argentine pastry and drink include dulce de leche.



PHOTOS BY JOE RAY/FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

UNO, DOS, TANGO

A writer's obsession born by the Seine drives his desire to learn the dance full of Argentine heart

By Joe Ray
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

It's every male wallflower's dream: walk into a hall of beautiful people, choose the woman you would like as a partner, nod confidently in her direction, and watch as she meets you on the dance floor. One caveat: In this country, when you take her hand you had better know how to tango.

With the goal of understanding my fascination with the dance and maybe learning a few steps, I introduce myself to Edith Paez, a tango instructor in Buenos Aires.

“It's OK to be a beginner in an all-level class?” I ask.

“No problem,” she says.

“Good, because this is my first tango lesson.”

Her face drops.

“Suerte!” Paez quips, exhibiting some Argentine pluck. Good luck.

TANGO, Page M6



Instruction is followed by open dancing a few days a week at the Glorieta de Barrancas de Belgrano.