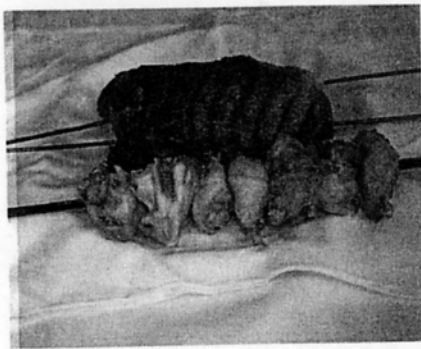


## Brazil-a-thon

Greed sated—what could be better? It happens, but only on Sunday. Via Brasil is full of Brazilians then, all come to partake in their version of American barbecue—rodizio. Carnivorous bliss. Ten hours. All you can eat. \$13.95.

Via Brasil's a comfortable, crowded, family kind of place. Entering, you may collide with Carlos, making his way from table to table carrying skewered steak as a master might his Stradivarius. Avoid the impulse to follow. Sit. He'll be with you in a jiff. During the many hours (and everybody spends hours here, over black beans and rice, over salads and assorted vegetables, over continuous skewered offerings such as chicken, sausage, loin of pork, fresh ham—all wine-marinated and charcoal-broiled succulent wonders) you'll discover that Carlos doesn't believe people should ever stop eating. He's likely to pout when you're through.

This food's so good that despite all indulging, dessert actually remains enticing. Pickings include coconut custard, flan and the



bounty of a Carmen Miranda-like pile of fruit. But perhaps it turns out you've been *drinking* dessert all along. To understand Brazil, the Brazilians say, you have to know your caipirinha. It's a flirt of a drink, all lime, rum, sugar and cachaca, everlastingly sweet. Let the juices flow.

THE BASICS: Via Brasil, 34 West 46th Street; 997-1158. Sunday brunch served from noon until 10 P.M.

ELIZABETH HANLY