

MENTELLE NOTES

THE NEWSLETTER OF CLOUDY BAY AND CAPE MENTELLE

Cloudy Bay - A Decade Later



The Cloudy Bay team today

This October marks the 10th vintage of Cloudy Bay - synonymous internationally with the misty mountain wine label. Have you ever wondered how it all started? Well, here's the unexpurgated version....

In November 1983 an Avis Ford Falcon pulled in to the Cape Mentelle Margaret River driveway, just as David Hohnen was pulling out. Its cargo - five ebullient Kiwi winemakers deadset on a winery tour: Ross Spence (Matua), Joe Babich (Babich Wines), John Baruzzi (Penfolds NZ), John Hancock (Morton Estate) and Kerry Hitchcock (Corbans). They had been in Perth at a wine conference.

Hohnen, an unenthusiastic winery guide, was persuaded to do the tour and even pulled out some barrel samples. One wine he particularly wished to show was a 1983 barrel fermented semillon, by Aussie standards a surprisingly herbaceous, pungent and grassy wine.

"Not bad," reckoned the Kiwis, "but get a load of this!" Out of the boot of the Falcon they pulled three bottles of wine, one a sauvignon blanc. Wines that were too sweet for Hohnen's palate, but the aromas raised the hairs on the back of his neck. Fresh mown grass, capsicum, passionfruit and lychees filled his antrums till his eyes watered. But before the Kiwis could get too smug, he blew them away with barrel samples of the '82 Cabernet, then bundled them back in the car with directions for the Margaret River pub.

Early the following year, the late Tristram Willcox, Cape Mentelle's cellar door man (long before 'persons'), visited relatives in Auckland. At Hohnen's request, he brought back a selection of New Zealand sauvignon blancs. These confirmed first impressions, and the seed was sown.

In November 1984 David Hohnen set off for Auckland in quest of the holy grail - the source of New Zealand's best

sauvignon blanc. In Auckland, two good contacts, Willy Brown and Michael Garvey, then importers of the 1981 Cape Mentelle Cabernet Sauvignon, set him up with a travel plan and contacts in most of New Zealand's wine regions.

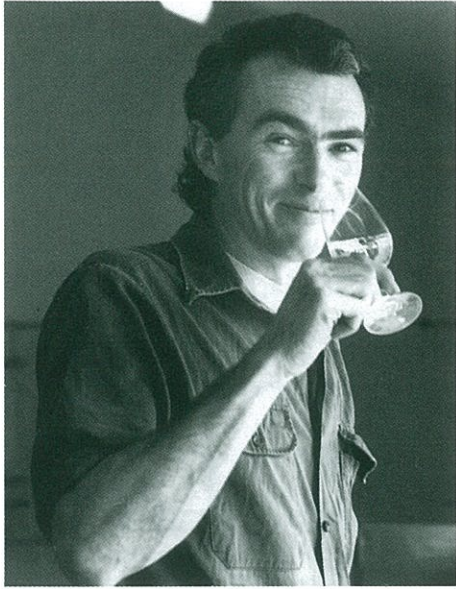
Before leaving, Hohnen called on a firm of accountants for a brief on the financial state of the New Zealand wine industry. In short, they suggested that while he had a coat on his back and a dollar in his pocket, it would be best to go back to the land of Oz. The picture was dire. Repressive taxes meant domestic wine consumption was low and there was a huge inventory yet to find export markets, a problem that later, in 1986, triggered the government sponsored vine-pull scheme (a reality that prompted Cloudy Bay to be established as an export oriented operation.) Worse, money was tight and interest rates high.

continued page 2....

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

A Decade Later cont...

The promising younger winemaker, Kevin Judd



Despondent but undeterred, Hohnen set off on a Cook's tour: first stop - Cooks at Te Kauwhata, then to Morton Estate at Katikati and on to Gisborne (in those days the country's largest wine region) where, he met near disaster. Denis Irwin, the proprietor winemaker of Matawhero is a hard man and fond of a party.

It was a sad and sorry Hohnen, complete with a tongue that felt and tasted as foul as a month old mouldy polony sausage, that set off for Hawkes Bay. A day later he lobbied in Wellington, where he met lawyer and wine judge John Comerford, giver of good counsel and boundless information. Then he took the inter-island Fokker flight across Cook Strait to Blenheim.

Back in 1984, Marlborough was a one company wine region. Montana, who first planted grapes in 1973, owned the largest vineyard acreages in the valley, therein the largest plantings of sauvignon blanc in the country. Corbans and Penfolds NZ were there sourcing fruit for their North Island wineries, and there were just three new small privately owned operations - Te Whare Ra, Cellier Le Brun and Hunter's.

Of all the regions Hohnen visited, Marlborough made the most favourable impression. The draw, the misty mountain ranges bordering the valley on both sides, but more importantly, it was Marlborough's reputation for sunshine and fertile, stony free-draining soils overlaid on a massive aquifer of pure alpine water, that attracted Hohnen. Things looked promising.

The journey came full circle back to Auckland, fortuitously coinciding with the National Wine Show. Hohnen had taken on board some advice from John Comerford - one, to taste the sauvignon blanc classes at the Show, and two, to seek out a promising young winemaker named Kevin Judd.

The first was easy. Hohnen diligently tasted his way through current and older vintage sauvignons. And it came as no surprise: he favoured the wines of Marlborough.

Down the other end of the rows of bottles was a solitary, lean young man in jeans and plaid cotton shirt, taking time and copious notes. Obviously a conscientious guy; his name, Kevin Judd.

That evening Willy Brown organised an introduction, over a few beers at a nearby pub. A meeting followed the next day by a visit to Selaks, where Kevin Judd was winemaker.

By now David Hohnen was convinced that Marlborough sauvignon blanc was a unique wine. The next step was to sell the idea to his fellow directors, particularly his brother Mark who controlled the majority interest in the company. Quite a challenge, till David waxed lyrical about the ski fields, trout fishing and other irresistible Kiwi attractions, not the least its wine.

Having obtained the board's backing, the next hurdle was to convince Cape Mentelle's existing Australian distributors of the wisdom of the venture. Guy Grant, then CMV marketing director (and founding editor of *Mentelle Notes*) took Robert Hirst and Ian Hunt (Tucker & Co) and John Valmorbidia (Dorado) to Blenheim, and the region worked its charm.

It was Christmas 1984, vintage was imminent - time for a winemaker and manager. But Kevin Judd and his wife Kimberley were pondering a return to Australia. Their mutually agreed three year stint in New Zealand was almost up and they were ready to go back to South Australia, where Kevin had studied oenology.

Kevin recalls he suggested they delay the decision. "I have a feeling Dave Hohnen might ring from Margaret River, and ask me to make white wine," he told Kimberley. Premonition or not, Hohnen did make the call, and despite the fact there was no name, no vineyard and no winery, Judd accepted the job. As he said at the time, "Things can only get better."

"David Hohnen was convinced - Marlborough sauvignon blanc was a unique wine"

In January 1985, Hohnen and Judd travelled to Blenheim to begin the search for all that was missing - land - and fruit for the 1985 crush. After a week scouring the valley, a 140 acre site was selected on Jackson Road, the heart of the Wairau Valley.

As it turned out, finding the land was the easy bit. Buying it as a foreign company wasn't. The New Zealand government has in place legislation called, 'The Land Settlement Promotion and Acquisition Act (1952)' which limits foreign purchase of Kiwi soil. So it was time for the heavyweights. Auckland law firm Bell Gully Buddle Weir and John Comerford collaborated to do what Kiwis do best - problem solve.

THE TENTH

NEW RELEASES

Well, things did get better and Kevin Judd, who no longer wears plaid shirts, has just released his 'tin' vintage, his tenth green bottle of Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc. Juddy's only anniversary wish - that he had more of them to share around. Before sealing the final carton off the bottling line, he took time out on his computer to pen this description:

Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994

"Packed with ripe fruit, the Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994 exudes aromatics reminiscent of a tropical fruit salad and displays characters of paw paw and fresh lychees. The palate is generous and mouthfilling, finishing with the tang of a crisp nectarine."

and other

WHITE GOLD

It might be a birthday, but there is another good sort at the party! And this stylish effervescent guest is a real must for your next celebration. It's *Pelorus 1990*, the fourth release of the elegant sparkling wine from the vineyards of Cloudy Bay - the quintessence of Marlborough:



Pelorus 1990

"Honey-gold, Pelorus 1990 displays a very fine bead and persistent creamy mousse. A combination of ripe pineapple, fresh shortbread and delicate soy-like aromas integrate to create an enticing and complex bouquet. The full palate of peaches and cream finishes long, soft and brimming with elegant yeast."

PRIORITIES

English comedian Michael Palin, of Monty Python fame, recently expressed his views on love and romance to London's Guardian newspaper:

Q: What or who is the greatest love of your life?

A: Cloudy Bay Chardonnay. Mrs Palin.

MN is sure Mrs P won't mind at all ...just so long as her ever-lovin' hubby brings home the bottle...

A LANDING

Earlier in the year Australia's PM Paul Keating went to France to commemorate D Day, the elaborate celebrations beamed by satellite into all our lounge rooms. Less known was the fact that while in Paris he also had a CMV Day...choosing to serve the *Cape Mentelle Cabernet Sauvignon 1990* with fillet of lamb at a luncheon for 150 French businessmen. And according to MN's spies, not one shot fired in anger!

Mayle's Order

Serious wine shortage hits Long Island. Author left thirsty...

by Peter Mayle

I can't remember precisely where or when I first tasted Cloudy Bay. I know it wasn't Provence, because the Provencal attitude towards foreign wines (foreign, in some extreme opinions, being anywhere north of Lyon) is to ignore them if possible, and only to sell them under duress. So it must have been on a trip to London, and quite probably with my friend Michael Seresin, who is not only a good wine man, deft with the corkscrew and generous with his pouring, but also a New Zealander.

Anyway, the occasion may have escaped me, but the memory of the wine certainly didn't, and I have kept an eye open for Cloudy Bay ever since. Like many good things in life, it isn't always easy to find, and when I went to spend a winter in Long Island I thought I was going to have to confine myself to brooding over Californian chardonnay.

I'd been staying near the village of Amagansett. During the first week I did what I always do in unfamiliar places, which is to go immediately to any local spots of outstanding natural beauty. And so it was that I found myself in Amagansett Liquors. (Right on Main Street. Deliveries to Manhattan twice a week.)

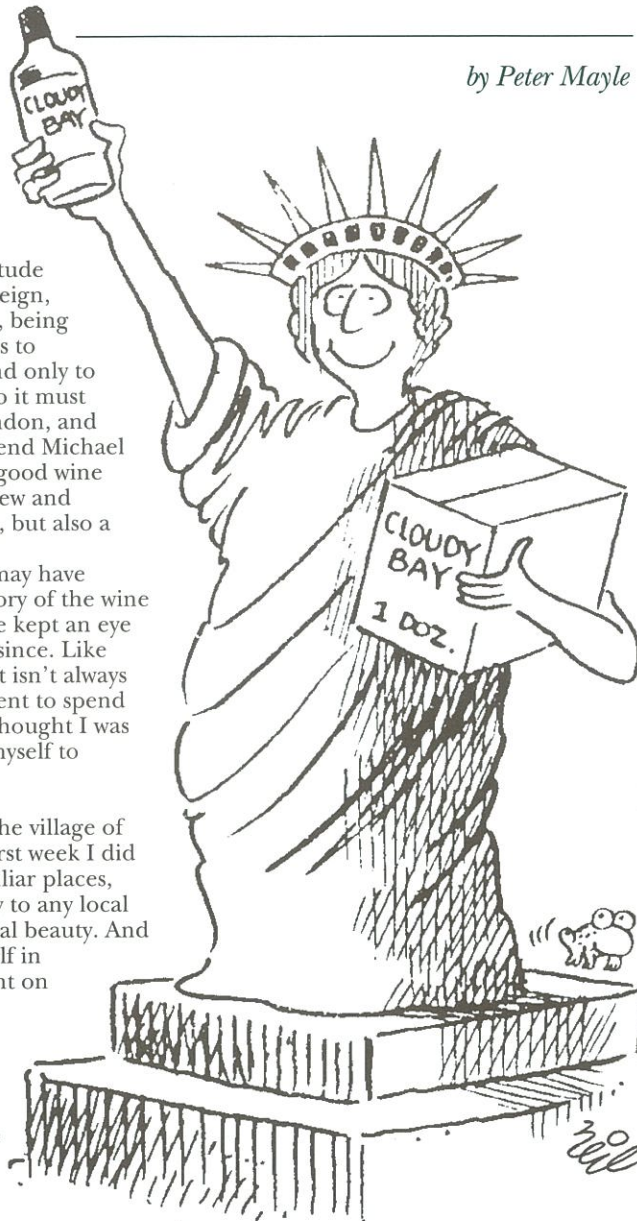
This is a place to restore your faith in the blessings of civilization. The wines of the world are here - French, Italian, Spanish, American, German, Chilean,

Argentinean, Australian, Swiss - if it comes in a bottle and tastes good, they have it. And sure enough, tucked away in the Antipodean corner, I discovered a bottle of Cloudy Bay.

I took it across to Mike, the proprietor and the only wine merchant I've ever met who wears a baseball cap, and asked if he had any more. Sure, he said.

Here I have to admit to an unworthy side to my character. Possibly because of a deprived childhood, I never like to leave too many bottles behind me. Like a Hun on the rampage, I take everything I can carry. I cleaned them out, laying waste to the Antipodean corner, seizing their entire stock of Cloudy Bay. (Actually it wasn't as bad as it sounds; just a case.)

It was, as usual, delicious. And, as usual, it seemed to disappear with astonishing speed. Friends came and marvelled and drank. In a few short days I was down to the last bottle. I went back to Mike. It's on order, he said. There isn't a lot of it around. Are you sure these people are friends?



"I never like to leave too many bottles behind me"

Twice a week I've been going back to poke a hopeful head through the doorway. Reinforcements have still not arrived. If anyone reading this has connections in New Zealand, would they please pass on an urgent message? Mike, at Amagansett Liquors, is still waiting. So am I.

Peter Mayle, advertising executive turned best-selling author loves wine with a passion. His choice tippie is Côtes du Rhône but he has a new favourite, his own just released red and white Côtes du Luberon. He still lives in his beloved Provence, the setting of his books - A Year in Provence, Toujours Provence and Hotel Pastis. Mike at Amagansett is expecting deliveries of the Cloudy Bay Chardonnay 1992 any day....

WINE INTO WATER



Australia's wine industry raised \$32,000 for desperately needed Rawandan and Ethiopian water purification projects at the recent Wine into Water Auction held in Sydney.

Community Aid Abroad was thrilled, so too the recipients of some of the extraordinary lots, including a single bottle of Parliamentary Dry Red, signed by the PM Keating himself.

Congratulations to Chris Lorigan, the boy from Cambridge, Waikato, a keen union man now living in London, who's the proud owner of Lots 16 and 29 - the Cloudy Bay Cape Mentelle Bledisloe Cup Celebration Pack, 30 bottles of 1992 Chardonnay, 15 from each side of the Tasman, in two special wooden presentation cases, every bottle bearing the signature of an All Black or a Wallaby. It's winging its way to London where Chris is European Zone Manager for cosmetics company Nutri-Metics, and \$1400 goes to turn on the taps in Rawanda. Good sport!



Andrew Caillard (Langtons) turns on the tap with the help of Neil Hadley (Rosemount)

ORIGINAL ZIN

Some wine writing is simply worth bottling. Here's a sample:

"What we get is a vinous King Kong in Manolo Blahnik stilettos. The wine is huge but still manages to teeter with some remnants of elegant poise. Its gorilla suit's stretched tight ... and whole haggises bursting with plums and fruit mince and offal stewed in vanilla struggle to escape through that tight belly zipper. Heaven help us, methinks, if the damned thing splits open. And of course it will, some day.

'Try it with lamb korma' ... Korma? It's karma you've got to worry about here, and karma on that King Kong scale. Have it with hot lava vindaloo and you'll be close. It might even handle that incredibly tart new King Hell turbocharged cheddar the King Island people have let loose. This wine's a beauty. Just watch out lest it squash you in its huge hairy paw."

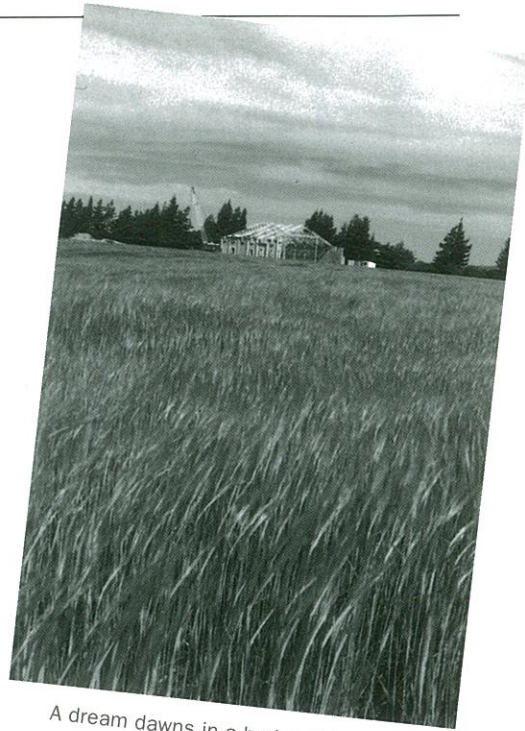
Philip White, The Adelaide Advertiser, powering along on the Cape Mentelle Zinfandel 1992

“Arguably the best and unarguably one of the very rarest Sauvignons in the world.”
 Robert Joseph, WINE, 1988

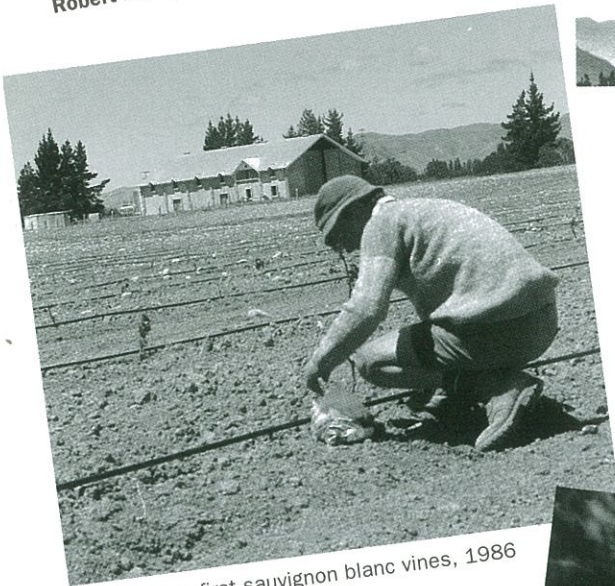


1985-1994

“Without Sauvignon Blanc there would be no Cloudy Bay. And without Cloudy Bay, New Zealand would not have captured the public imagination the way it has.”
 Tim Atkin, ESQUIRE, 1993



A dream dawns in a barley field, 1985



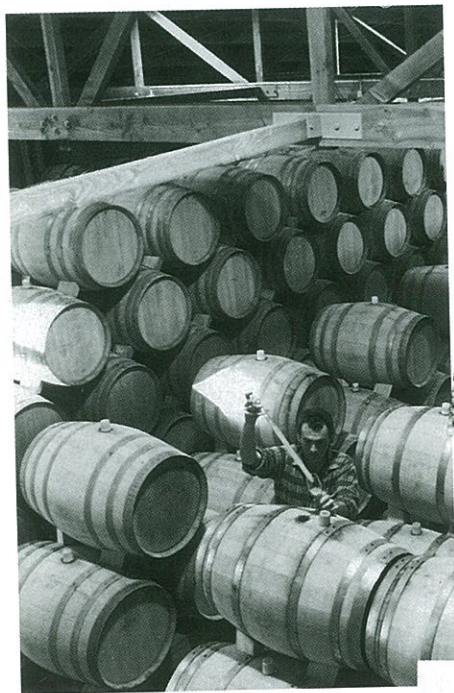
Planting the first sauvignon blanc vines, 1986

“And then you have to admire the way he snuck into New Zealand and conquered the world with a New Zealand wine, but as a non Kiwi.”
 Jancis Robinson, MW



The winery rises...1985

“We have not heard the last from Cloudy Bay.”
 James Halliday, WEEKEND AUSTRALIAN, 1986



Kevin Judd, wine thief in plaid shirt 1988



Tanks overflow, so it had to be the truckers brew - Al Stanbury making merlot, 1990

“Drink enough Cloudy Bay and you'll find both the intellect of chamber music - and the sheer decadence of striptease.”
 Robin Ingram, GOURMET TRAVELLER, 1990



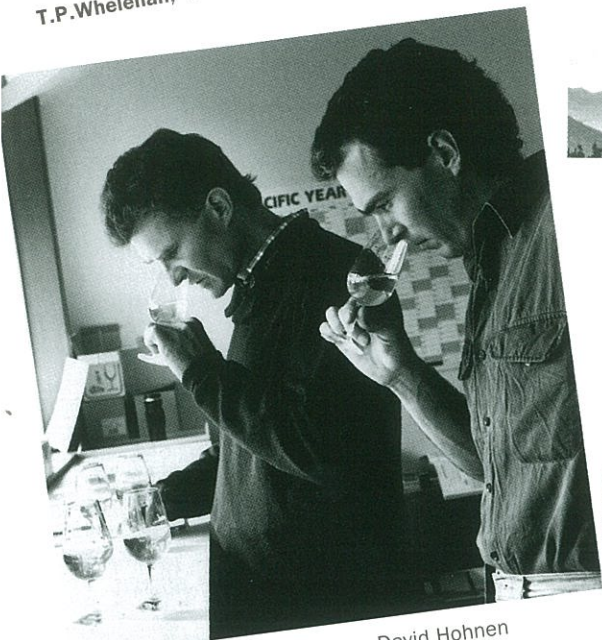
The 1987 Vintage Crew

“Cloudy Bay isn't a bad wine, but it could never be described as a classic.”
 Mark Shield, THE HERALD, Melbourne, 1989



“Cloudy Bay is not exactly a marketing man's dream name for a great wine.”
 T.P.Whelehan, THE SUNDAY PRESS, Dublin

“The Cloudy Bay label is quite simply one of the best in the world. The wine is pretty good too...”
 Robert Joseph, THE ART OF THE WINE LABEL

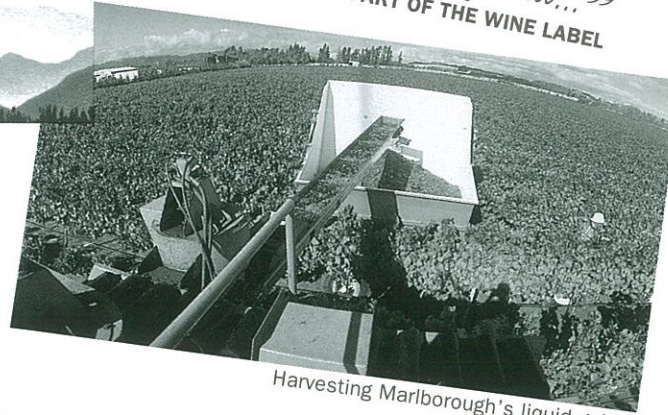


Two noses are better than one: David Hohnen & Kevin Judd blending the '90 Vintage

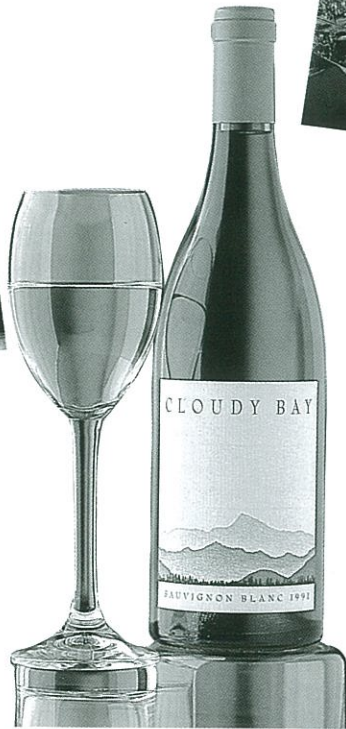
“A jug of it might be quite at home on the breakfast buffet among the orange, grapefruit and mango juices.”
 Hugh Johnson, DECANTER, 1994



1985-1994



Harvesting Marlborough's liquid gold



Unmistakably Cloudy Bay

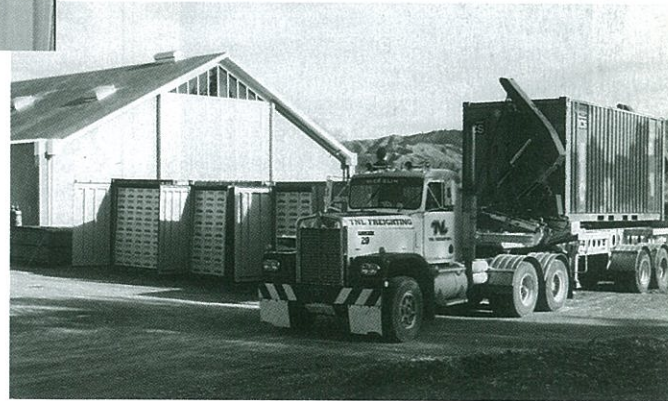
“As historic events go it probably doesn't rank with Neil Armstrong's lunar promenade. But as American wine history goes it's a biggie. ... Rarely have American swirlers so eagerly anticipated a new import.”
 David Rosengarten, NEWSDAY, New York, 1990

“Sancerre eat your heart out....”
 Gerry Taggart, GEELONG ADVERTISER, 1993



Kevin Judd's big moment, 1990

“New Zealand's finest export since Sir Richard Hadlee.”
 David Thomas, PUNCH, 1990



Early exports on their way...1987



The Cellar Rat

Cricketers Come & Cricketers Go, 1991
 (Graham Gooch, Robin Smith, Alan Lamb, Mike Atherton)



“The wine is one of the few genuinely international brands emanating from Australasia.”
 James Halliday, WEEKEND AUSTRALIAN



Look who's wearing the plaid shirt now...
 (L: David Hohnen, Kevin Judd)



Hoare's Tale

THE CELLAR RAT

G'day! Can you believe it... Cloudy Bay is ten years old this Sauvignon Blanc release. It's been ten years since Hohnen exclaimed, "I've had a dream, I've been to the mountain top and I think it would look great on a Sauvignon Blanc bottle."

A lot has happened since those days when Hohnen and Juddy ran up a huge trans Tasman phone bill making the '85. For a start we've all aged ten years, although some of us not as well as the '85 Sauvignon. The Rat seems to have more face to wash in the morning and more hair in the shower drain than on his head. Winston has lost his earring and has a much more conservative haircut; Mick needs glasses and is looking more like Charlton Heston every day. Al and Ivan - well - they haven't changed much. I'm sure they've both got paintings in their attics that are starting to show a few grey tinges. Juddy looks like he's running really fast when he's standing still, and is showing quite a lot of salt 'n pepper. That's understandable if you've ever met the Cloudy Bay staff. At least Jim's incontinence seems to be getting better.

The winery has changed a bit in ten years too. Juddy has his own office now, instead of a desk in one corner of the lab. So has Lyndal... and the place is littered with computers. Everyone has one. Jim and Al used to spend hours staring blankly at the lab PC screen, but since I turned it on for them they haven't shown much interest at all. Juddy's got his own, so now when he has to do the tasting notes we don't have to put up with the Judd frown, followed by, "How do you spell...?", 'cos his PC's got a spell checker...

These days the winery's like a real rabbit warren, sometimes even I can't find the fridge. But no matter, the Stein fairy went AWOL two years ago when it was discovered the beer budget exceeded the vineyard budget. What's more you need a road map to get round the winery, which is great if you want to hide from reps and Chilean winemakers, but a pain when you're looking for a two inch spanner. And no one wants to be Santa at the staff Xmas party because the ankle biters outnumber Juddy's grey hairs.

In our ten years' history we've had the odd celebrity or two through the winery, trying to wheedle a case or four, or get a discount, you know the sort! Rock stars who think if they buy a thousand cases they could get it cheaper. The cheek of it! Once I thought I saw Clint Eastwood, but it turned out to be Hohnen going hunting.

We also seem to attract cricketers. Every time the Poms tour, the sound of "Houzat... jolly good show..." and "F— off" rings through the winery. We've even had the highest compliment paid to our hospitality when a helicopter of England's finest treated us to a quaint English custom called "dropping the flannels." Like an oil painting - it looked better from a distance.

In winery terms ten years isn't very long, in fact we're probably looked on as the snotty nosed new kids on the block. I know the staff has done a lot of growing up in those ten years but hell, the next ten should be a breeze compared to the early days.

Love, light and peace,



P.S. Juddy has a new dog, his name is Rover. Thanks to all you Mentelles who mourned the loss of Rhiannon, the dog who didn't quite make the decade.

John Hoare on the job

It's quite a while since John Hoare jammed a rugby ball under his arm and ran for a touchdown, or indeed ran anywhere at all. But he still has the cheeky grin of a schoolboy larrikin, and you know for sure he would have been the kid at the back of the class with a steel washer twisted between rubber bands ripping off imitation farts.

John was brought up on a mixed crop and dairy farm in Tuamarina on the north side of the Wairau Valley. He did the grand tour of Europe in his twenties and returned to Wellington, where he married, started a family, and got into real estate to support it all.

By 1979 Hoare was ready to return to Marlborough. He and his wife Pip bought a property in what was then considered a desolate part of the valley. Almost half the block was a stony former river bed, useful only for snakes to sun themselves, except in New Zealand there aren't any.

Montana had by then proven viticulture was viable in the valley and Penfolds NZ were looking for growers. Their viticulturist convinced Hoare that his stony river bottom would support vines, so John planted chardonnay, cabernet sauvignon and müller thurgau.

During the industry's upheaval in 1985 - 86 Penfolds became part of Montana and Hoare decided he was free of contractual obligations. So in 1986 when Hohnen arrived on the scene he had one of the few unencumbered vineyards. Well, almost...

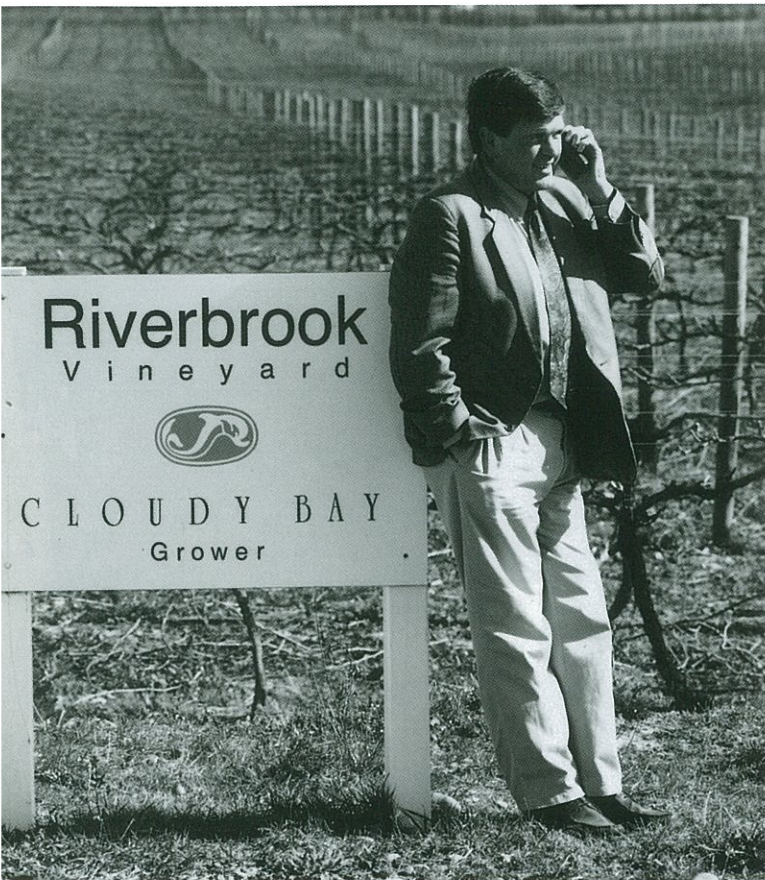
With the 1986 crush fermenting in Cloudy Bay's spanking new tanks, a letter arrived on Hohnen's desk, laying a Montana claim to the contents of several. A bit of to-and-fro ensued, but as everyone knows, possession is nine tenths... and ownership of the grape juice was amicably resolved. And John and Pip Hoare's Riverbrook Vineyard has been a valued supplier to Cloudy Bay ever since.

MN's roving correspondent profiles Cloudy Bay grower, John Hoare.

It's appropriate in this tenth anniversary issue to meet John Hoare, Marlborough's ace rural and horticultural real estate salesman. For somehow, Hoare knew all about David Hohnen's intention to buy land in the Wairau long before Hohnen, who had at least three agents names in his pocket, when he stepped off the plane in January 1985. And it was in John Hoare's car that DH spent three days crisscrossing the valley, seeking the ideal dirt for his Kiwi venture.

Hohnen was looking for twenty acres on an elevated site in the foothills, where he could build a winery overlooking the Wairau Valley, to process the grapes he intended to buy from local growers. Eventually, Hoare signed him up on 140 acres, right in the heart of the valley, looking out at the hills originally destined for the winery site.

It was a piece of land that had once been described to John Hoare as a place, "where a rabbit wouldn't survive without a cut lunch..." And, by sheer coincidence perhaps, it was almost next door to twenty acres of chardonnay and cabernet that Hoare was keen to contract to the mooted new winery. Hohnen is reported to have remarked at the time, "He calls himself Hoare, but he sure ain't the one being screwed."



A Pool Fable

by Marion Halligan

It's your birthday. You're celebrating this moment, and having arrived at it, you're also looking back over the years which brought you to it. Here's a pleasant exercise. Celebrating someone else's birthday.

Imagine, say, Monselet the poetaster - which makes him sound like one who sips at words, rolling them round his mouth and tasting their rare flavours, but actually doesn't mean that at all; he's a rather inferior poet.

Imagine, he says, that it's your 70th birthday. You're an epicurean, a gourmet. You're a man, also, since women somehow didn't seem to have the same opportunities for great food, being traditionally stuck with the cooking and serving. Or if they were elegant and ate in the company of men, were supposed to do so ethereally, like Scarlett O'Hara obliged to down a large meal before going on a picnic, but we won't let that exclude contemporary females from joining in. It's the nineteenth century, and you've led a full life of eating and drinking. Monselet stands you on top of a hill, with a view of the surrounding countryside. Around you, are massed all the foods you've eaten since 'the age of appetite.'

There, in a meadow freely grazing, are all the beef, the veals, the sheep that you've consumed. Above the fields that have provided grain for your bread, fly the thousands of larks, pheasants, and partridges that have graced your table. Quail run across the grass. Trees droop under the weight of the fruits that have cried out under your sweet tooth. (Did you hear them cry?) At the base of the hill is a river flowing with all the wine you've drunk, fed by myriad tributaries of liqueurs, tea, coffee.

In this river swim the fish you've feasted on, along its bank strut the ducks, the cocks, the hens, not to mention the rabbits, which you cook so bloodily dispatched. Winding down the hill is an imposing fortification, formed of a triple row of puddings and tarts set on two layers of melons, and at regular intervals barrels of rice, spice and pepper are aimed like cannons defending the castle.

You stand there looking out over all the treasures of your promised land fulfilled. You smile with satisfaction at the prodigious sum of all these repasts. Your mouth waters at the memory of so many good things, and so do your eyes. You stretch out your arms and you say to yourself. This is what a life is worth.

It's a pretty picture. Though notice how the peaceful pastoral idyll of grazing beasts and meandering rivers is brusquely interrupted by scenes of carnage and the screams of fruit in pain. Your carnivorous habits took pleasure in the slaughter of creatures wild and gentle. Should that disturb your equanimity? And that

remark: this is what a life is worth; isn't it somewhat ironic?

Indeed, generally speaking this nineteenth century gourmet was rather a glutton. Though evidently in good health; he stands gleefully on his hill and feels proud of his powers of digestion.

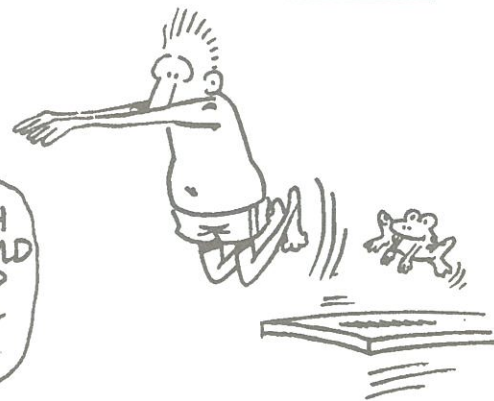
I tried applying some of those qualities to my own life. Those grazing beef, for instance. Suppose I ate two kilos of steak and roast and mince a week - I don't, not in these days of the Mediterranean diet, but I could, probably, if I put my mind to it - that would be 104 kilos a year. And suppose that the age of appetite is twenty, then I'd have had fifty years of it, which makes 5,200 kilos. How many beasts is that? Not exactly pastures full of grazing herds.

And the triply fortified line of puddings and tarts: not a hope. My consumption wouldn't be enough to build even one stunted watch-tower. Though the melons that the fortification rested on would make a better show. I could dot a few cheeses round like rocks in the field, too, or maybe I should just put in the cows and sheep and goats which gave the milk for them. And I could add a few fields of vegetables; our gourmet / glutton could have been an Englishman for all the interest he seems to have taken in vegetables.

"... a river flowing with all the wine you've drunk..."

But what about the wine? That mighty river flowing across the landscape, fed by all the wine consumed in my lifetime? Well. Allowing for that age of appetite beginning at twenty (in fact I had a teetotal upbringing and was rather a late starter) and remembering that I'm now seventy, and allowing me a bottle of wine and extra on feast days (which might be seen as quite generous statistics or rather mean, depending on your habits), say 400 bottles a year, which is 300 litres, it adds up to 15,000 litres over my fifty years.

IT WAS A TOUGH CHOICE. HE COULD ONLY AFFORD HALF A POOL OF WINE OR THE POOL.



Now, a modest-sized backyard swimming pool holds 30,000 litres. Not exactly as big as a river. Not even a small droughty creek. In fact, I'm rather saddened by this figure. A whole lifetime, and I'll be lucky to get through half a swimming pool of wine.

Maybe I should increase my consumption....

Marion Halligan, who does not have a swimming pool in her Canberra backyard, is Chair of the Literature Board of the Australia Council, and a novelist of many books including Eat My Words and Lovers' Knots. Her next book Wishbone (Heinemann) is published this month.

MUSTS

Wellington Wine & Food Festival
12 - 13 November, 1994
Wellington Waterfront & Civic Square

Marlborough Wine & Food Festival
Saturday 11 February, 1995
Brancott Vineyard, Blenheim, New Zealand

...BELIEVE IT OR NOT?

A few startling facts from Cloudy Bay's viticulturist, Ivan Sutherland:

- In 1985 a Wairau Valley acre cost \$3,500
- Now one acre is worth \$10,000
- Last year Marlborough crushed 2763 tonnes of sauvignon blanc
- That equals 2.5 million bottles, roughly one for every adult Kiwi...

Cloudy Bay and Cape Mentelle wines are available from your fine wine retailer

Ocean Found



Sailing Hazards

Congratulations to the Hazard Family of Auckland, our latest Mentelle Ambassadors! They report popping two Cloudy Bay corks over the Hebridean Trench (23°50'S 171°15'E), while sailing the Pacific Ocean blue to Vanuatu. By all accounts both the *Cloudy Bay Chardonnay 1991* and *Cabernet Merlot 1990* enjoyed their voyage!

If you too wish to be part of CMV's export effort, keep your eyes peeled. Next time you're in some far flung corner of the globe and spot (or pop) a bottle of *Cloudy Bay* or *Cape Mentelle* - on a wine list in Phuket, on the ski slopes of Andorra or a bar in Borneo - buy it and take a photo and send it to The Editor, *Mentelle Notes*. MN will publish the best and most alluring photo and the winning ambassador will receive a mixed case of *Cloudy Bay* wine and a T-shirt.

SEND 'EM MENTELLE IN THE UK THIS XMAS

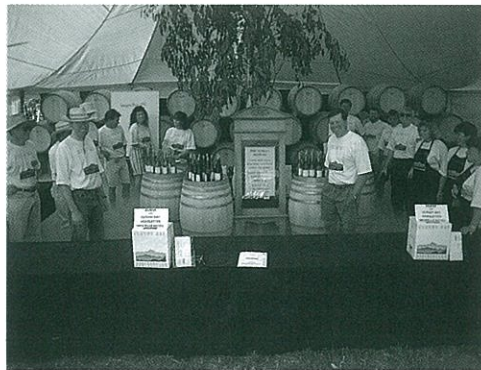
Know somebody in the U.K who should be on Santa's rounds? How about giving them an extra special Christmas surprise - a case of great Kiwi Yuletide cheer! *Cloudy Bay's* Santa has just sleighed in a special delivery of the tenth anniversary vintage to our London agent - as many cases as he could load on his trusty red sled.

Stocks of the *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994*, are limited so place your order (as indicated on the form overleaf) soon, and definitely before FRIDAY 2 DECEMBER so Rudolph can ensure pre-Christmas delivery. The listed case price (full cases only) includes VAT and delivery to mainland U.K.

If you would like to SEND 'EM MENTELLE at other times of the year, please telephone the winery on (03) 5728914 or fax (03) 5728065 for details.

COME CELEBRATE...

Got your party planner handy? Well, mark Saturday 11 February - for the biggest, best Bacchanal bash of the lot. And come to the internationally renowned **Marlborough Wine & Food Festival**, for a fantastic day of fun, sun, fine Marlborough wine and food - and great music! Admission to the Festival site in Blenheim's Brancott Vineyard is by pre-sold tickets only. The \$25 entrance fee includes a tasting glass and a free coach service from the centre of town. What's more children under 15 are FREE. Bookings and enquiries to: Marlborough Wine & Food Festival, Freepost 85, Box 498 Blenheim. Tel: (03) 5778977 Fax: (03) 5778966



Cloudy Bay 1993 Festival Day Crew

Other associated Festival Week events include a Viticultural Field Day (7 Feb), the Culinary Fare (8 Feb), 'Meet the Makers' Trade Day (10 Feb) and the very popular Liquorland Wine Options competition on the evening of Friday 10 February. Be there, or be square!



Rudolph Red Knows Wine Dear

A SPECIAL FESTIVE SELECTION

Those in the know, red nose or not will be delighted to learn that again this year *Cloudy Bay's* Santa has called early to deliver a bumper stocking deal for all good *Mentelle Notes* readers. He and Christmas courier Rudolph can recommend this very special gift selection. Surprise family or friends with this classy case of Yuletide cheer.

RUDOLPH'S MIXED BLESSING

Comprises four bottles each of three exceptional wines - the recently released *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994*, the tenth vintage of New Zealand's special wine ambassador that's every bit as good as its applauded predecessors; the *Cape Mentelle Shiraz 1992* (see *Rhône Ranger*) - just the tippie to accompany that Xmas turkey! And finally for sticky-philes - four bottles of *Cloudy Bay Late Harvest Riesling 1991*.

This mixed blessing is guaranteed to satisfy every keen imbibers' needs, especially at the cheering Christmas case price of **\$256.40** Be sure to order your *Cloudy Bay* blessing early, so busy Rudolph has time to fill your stocking!

A RHONE RANGER

Just so this MN doesn't look like an all white Christmas, Kevin Judd has been on the blower across the Tasman to wrest a supply of top notch red from *Cape Mentelle's* cellars. It took a bit of persuasion, but winemaker John Durham (a compliant chap at the best of times) has agreed to part with some cases of his precious *Cape Mentelle Shiraz 1992*, a wine which appealed to David Bray of Brisbane's *Courier Mail*. He recently selected it as his 'Wine of the Week', and commented: "Here is a *Rhône* red, or as close as we are likely to come in this part of the southern hemisphere."

John Durham agrees and suggests:

Cape Mentelle Shiraz 1992

"Breathe deeply and you'll be greeted by dusty, plummy aromas with hints of spice and pepper. A savoury sweet bouquet will, with modest bottle development, build to enticing plum and cherry notes. The palate is supple with fine tannins that give grip to the back palate. Lingering spicy cherry flavours indicate that its attractive *Rhône*-like complexity will continue to develop."



PRICE LIST & ORDER FORM

OCTOBER • 1994



Wine	Description	Price per Case	Price per Bottle	Amount Ordered	Cost
Pelorus 1990	Rich complex peaches 'n cream and toasty yeast; a fine bead and lasting creamy mousse. A top sparkler!	6-pack \$219.00	2-pack \$73.00		
Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994	A decade maker: bursting with fruit salad, lychees & tangy nectarines. Sip it and savour Marlborough's unique flavour!	\$232.80	\$19.40		
Cloudy Bay Late Harvest Riesling 1991 (375ml)	Lime zest combined with apricots and figs. Luscious with a citrus zing - liquid marmalade.	\$261.00	\$21.75		
Cape Mentelle Shiraz 1992	Dusty plums, pepper 'n spice with lingering cherry notes. A Rhône rangers delight.	\$275.40	\$22.95		
RUDOLPH's MIXED BLESSING	4 x CB '94 Sauvignon Blanc 4 x CB '91 Late Harvest Riesling (375ml) 4 x CM '92 Shiraz	\$256.40	N/A		
T-SHIRT OFFER Black <input type="checkbox"/> White <input type="checkbox"/>	Small <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Large <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL <input type="checkbox"/>	N/A	(inc. postage) \$25.00		
U.K. DELIVERY Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994	Please indicate your requirements below for delivery to the U.K. and include price in your total order. ORDER BEFORE 2 DECEMBER FOR XMAS DELIVERY	\$280.00	N/A		

ONE CASE PER ORDER

SEND THEM MENTELLE IN THE U.K.
If you would like to surprise family and friends why not send them a gift case of Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc.
(Prices include VAT and delivery within mainland U.K.)

Wine	Price per Case Delivered in U.K.	Amount Ordered
Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994*	\$280.00	
* Limited availability		Total

Address wines to be sent in U.K.
(Please print)

Name

Address

..... Post Code.....

Tel: ()

Order 3 Cases and receive a CLOUDY BAY T-SHIRT FREE!

ADD FREIGHT COSTS (SEE BELOW)	
TOTAL (INCLUDING GST)	

Name: (Mr/Mrs/Ms)
First Surname

Postal Address:

.....Postcode

Tel: ()(H)(W)

Fax: ()

Is this your first order of Cloudy Bay wines? YES NO

Signature:

REMITTANCE DETAILS
 Cheque Bankcard Viscard Mastercard American Express Diners
Credit Card Number.

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

DELIVERY

Freight Charges	Cost Per Case
Metropolitan, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Nelson	\$6.50
Other Areas	\$10.00

EXPIRY DATE /

DELIVERY ADDRESS & INSTRUCTIONS

Note any special delivery instructions below:

Delivery Address:

Sign up - we'll send you Mentelle
If you or a friend within New Zealand would appreciate receiving a copy of *Mentelle Notes* please complete this coupon. Send to: PO Box 376, Blenheim or Fax to: (03) 572 8065

Name: (Mr/Mrs/Ms)
First Surname

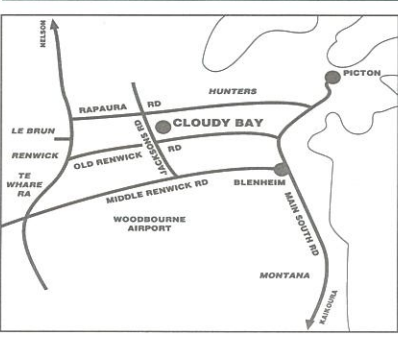
Address:

..... Postcode:

Tel: ()

Fax: ()

"Wine is sunlight, held together by water."
GALILEO



- PLEASE NOTE**
1. Orders must be in case lots.
 2. Feel free to make up your own mixed dozen using the bottle prices listed.
 3. All prices are G.S.T. inclusive
 4. This order form valid until publication of June '95 Mentelle Notes.
 5. Send order with payment to Cloudy Bay Vineyards Ltd, P.O. Box 376 Blenheim, New Zealand or Facsimile (03) 572 8065
 6. Only persons aged 20 years or over may legally order wine.
 7. Deliveries can only be made to a street address-not a PO Box or RD number.

Cellar Door Opening Times
CLOUDY BAY
Monday to Sunday - 10:00am - 4:30pm
It would be appreciated if groups would make a prior appointment

Cloudy Bay Vineyards Limited
P. O. Box 376 • Blenheim • New Zealand
Tel: (03) 572 8914 • Fax: (03) 572 8065

Discovering the Antipodes

by Simon Loftus

Twenty five years ago I landed in Australia for the first time, a penniless hiker working my way round the world. I had managed to scrounge a passage on a Blue Funnel cargo ship from Singapore to Adelaide, but as we neared the port the officers eyed my long and shaggy hair with friendly concern. "They'll never let you ashore like that," they said. "You'll be turned back at immigration." So the Chinese cook got out his barber's scissors and gave me a military crop, sufficient to satisfy the most conservative Australian fashion in political correctness.

I arrived in port, shorn, impoverished and feeling very much alone in this vast land. To my astonishment I was greeted by the Chief Pilot of Adelaide Harbour like a long lost nephew. It turned out that he was a friend of the ship's radio officer who had passed on news of my arrival and suggested that he make me welcome. The pilot drove me home and his apple-faced wife invited me to stay, in a motherly Yorkshire accent that was irresistible. That night at supper the pilot produced a bottle of wine. "I thought you might like to try some of our Australian claret." Thus, in the most unexpected circumstances, I became one of the first non-Australians to discover the splendour of Grange Hermitage.

It was of course a revelation, although I was in no position at the time to do anything about it professionally. That first taste of Grange made as profound an impression, in its all-Australian way, as the very first wine that I remember - a half bottle of 1945 Mouton Rothschild which I shared with my father at the age of seven or eight.

Only one other wine has had quite such a dramatic effect - of awakening me to an entire spectrum of flavours which I never suspected. That was much later, when I was fully engaged in the wine trade.

One spring morning in 1986 I arrived at the London Wine Trade Fair just as Jancis Robinson was



Reprinted courtesy of Negotiants.

leaving. "Anything interesting, Jancis? I haven't got much time today." She didn't hesitate. "I've just tasted the most amazing New Zealand Sauvignon. It's on the stand of someone called Peter Diplock."

I went straight there, asked for a taste and was astounded. No other wine had ever filled the glass with such an array of tropical fruit aromas, so vivid, so seductive - or combined the ripe intensity with such refreshing gooseberry-green acidity. It was utterly delicious.

"I'll take everything you've got." A bemused Mr. Diplock told me that his entire allocation for the UK was five cases - but since I was the first to ask, I could have three of them. Thus it was that I discovered the very first vintage of Cloudy Bay Sauvignon, and have been buying it with unremitting enthusiasm ever since. But it's still on allocation.

Simon Loftus, a well-travelled man noted for his collection of colourful ties, is the director of Adnams Wine Merchants in Southwold, Suffolk, and author of several books including A Pike in the Basement.

► The Decade cont....from page 2

Comerford thought the chances were good, and recommended a direct appeal to the minister. What's more the officer delegated by the minister to prepare a recommendation, knew something about wine. Just before a crucial meeting Comerford recalls that David Hohnen asked if it would be kosher to offer a bottle of Cape Mentelle as evidence of the claimant's bona fides. No way!

The meeting went well and Hohnen threw good advice to the wind. At the conclusion of the interview he produced from his briefcase, a bottle of *Cape Mentelle Cabernet Sauvignon 1982*. The bottle that sealed a deal, and Cloudy Bay was born.

With the land purchase assured, there was still much to be done. Remaining hurdles included finding finance in a world of 25% interest rates, negotiating a grape supply contract with Corbans while the estate vineyards were planted and other growers secured, finding contract facilities for the '85 crush and the construction of the winery before the 1986 vintage.

Awesome challenges, but despite good fortune, happy coincidences and even good planning, one thing stands out as pivotal to the creation of Cloudy Bay - the consecutive award of Australia's renowned Jimmy Watson Trophy in 1983 and 1984.

Without this you can be sure of a few things. The Kiwi authorities may not have found reason to offer support and assistance; Kevin Judd would never have risked his future on such a nebulous offer; Mark Hohnen would never have been able to stitch together the huge borrowings required for the project and David Hohnen, would never have had the confidence to follow through an idea - a dream come true.

Cloudy Bay Chardonnay 1992

"This is a star - a rich, complex, gently oaked white with a dreamlike finish."
RONAN FARREN, SUNDAY INDEPENDENT, DUBLIN

"The lovely mealiness of freshly milled wheat coupled with melon fruit aromas initiates the overall complexity of this gentle, well-balanced wine."

MALCOLM REEVES, EVENING STANDARD

"A stylish, poised and luxurious wine from Marlborough. Complex toasty, pear, pinenut, biscuity nose. Medium-bodied, creamy and eloquent with some coconut aromas."

Lengthy crisp butterscotch finish."

CHRIS BLACK, WINETASTE

Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1993

"...will embarrass most of the Pouilly Fumé and Sancerre on the market."

T.P.WHELEHAN, SUNDAY PRESS, DUBLIN

Cape Mentelle Shiraz 1992

"If you really want to try an Aussie red which shouts "give me a raw pepper steak" at the top of its corker lungs, check the Cape Mentelle '92 Shiraz with its allspice and pepper characters."

MICHAEL HOOPER, INDEPENDENT RADIO

Cape Mentelle Chardonnay 1993

"Stylish and well-balanced, even in extreme youth, the wine is a great example of what Australia does best with the classic French grape variety. Melon, gentle citrus tones, soft, smoky oak, hints of creamy butterscotch... Try to put some down for two to three years, or if you must, put it on with your next formal dinner. It will bring the house down."

JENI PORT, THE AGE, MELBOURNE

Cape Mentelle Semillon Sauvignon

"...is moodier, more haunting; the Sauvignon element suggests gooseberry sherbert, while the Semillon more nearly resembles dark, bitter limes, making a tauter, zingier sum of parts. Are these two varieties better together than either on its own? Quite possibly."

ANDREW JEFFORD, EVENING STANDARD, UK

"Smart wine is very sexy stuff, and New Zealand is now noted for its smart wine, not for cheap shots like Chateau Mutton. The British, who have really taken to New Zealand Sauvignon Blanc, chardonnay and méthode champenoise, have a tendency to snobbish behaviour, so it is quite pleasing to be associated with Cloudy Bay in polite London conversation, rather than be considered a colonial job just free of cowmuck."

KEITH STEWART, THE LISTENER

MENTELLE NOTES

is the publication of
CLOUDY BAY & CAPE MENTELLE VINEYARDS
For further information please contact the winery
P.O. Box 376, Blenheim
Telephone (03) 5728914 Fax (03) 5728065