

MENTELLE NOTES

THE NEWSLETTER OF CLOUDY BAY AND CAPE MENTELLE

Marlborough Sparkles

English wine writer Malcolm Gluck is an unabashed fan of Marlborough's sparkling wines. He explains why.

Many things make Marlborough *vaur le detour* (to borrow *Le Guide Michelin's* snotty turn of phrase for those eating places of merit worthy of a special detour) but few people, in my experience, mention sparkling wine.

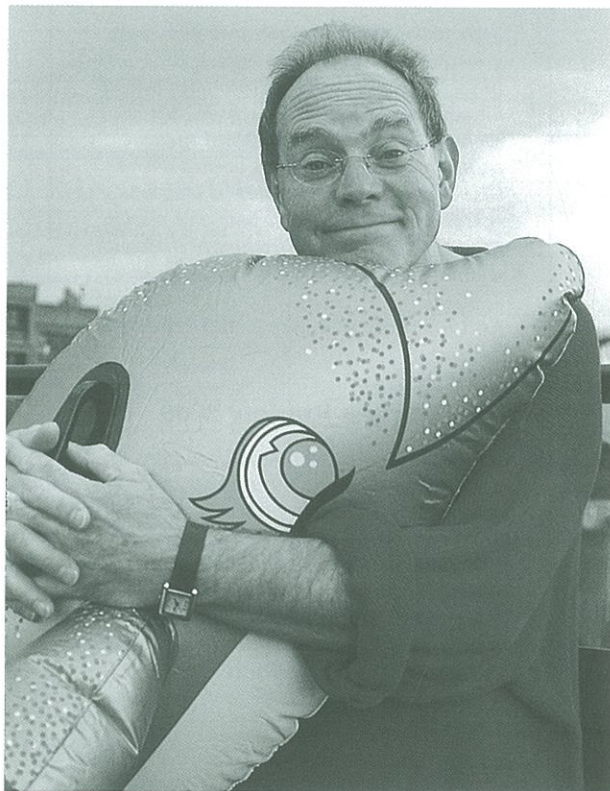
People visit Marlborough to experience that sexy sauvignon blanc on its home soil. It is what comes to mind when most drinkers think of Marlborough; secondarily chardonnay, then perhaps pinot gris. Some freaks would throw in a red wine as well, from that elusive phenomenon pinot noir.

But I have no doubt that the pinot noir bactobel clone, grown in Marlborough for making sparkling wine, and the clone 6 chardonnay typically blended with it (both perhaps not able always to reach the higher level of sugar at harvest to make conventional table wine), produces a formidable brut style, an expression of considerable finesse and limpidity.

For me, the clearest expression of Marlborough lies in its finest bubbli- es. When I first visited the region and smelled and tasted its climate before I similarly experienced the wines, I knew this was a fine spot for sparkling wine vineyards.

Just consider the cold nights, the maritime climate, the soil structures, the sunshine hours, the viticultural techniques, and taste how racy those lean sauvignons are (and how much haughtiness they can exhibit, as if born to rule).

One glance at the brooding presence of the hills, and a closer examination of the gravelly soils, so admirably free-draining (and containing small boulders to reflect and retain the warmth), was sure



Malcolm Gluck gets dolphin friendly.

indication that Marlborough was that sceptred isle for grape growers: the so-called Viticultural Paradise.

‘It was simply one of the greatest bubbli- es in the world under £20; and I won’t compare it with certain champagnes because it is unfair on the latter.’

I can readily see why Daniel Le Brun (the eponym of the Marlborough sparkling wine estate) told me, some years ago now, that when he first visited the place a tingle went up his spine. He felt more excited than he had ever been anywhere else in the world (including his native Champagne).

The proof, however, is in the pudding and there is plenty of evidence, organoleptically, that the promises made above become reality when the liquid is in the glass.

I was astounded myself when I first tasted the 1990 vintage, and it has rarely failed to disappoint since. I rated it, on my personal system, 17 points out of 20 (few wines reach such heady heights let me add – I am not free with my favours or my points).

The *Pelorus Vintage 1996*, available in the United Kingdom for between £12 and £15, was an even tastier specimen. I rated it either 17.5 points or 18 points on the four occasions I tasted it. It showed a finesse yet richness with a concentrated elegance far in excess of its price-tag.

It was simply one of the greatest bubbli- es in the world under £20; and I won’t compare it with certain champagnes because it is unfair on the latter.

However, don’t rely on an old soak’s palate like mine for confirmation of the superiority of Marlborough in these respects.

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Pull up a deck chair and settle down for some great summer reading:

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**NEW
RELEASES**

STAR PERFORMERS

Well, ok, so the Warriors were not quite the stars we all wanted them to be (just ask the Cellar Rat because he was over there to cheer them on) but that's probably because they hadn't been eating enough Weet-Bix for breakfast.

However, staunch nationalists and sporting fans have another challenge on which to focus – the America's Cup, the big boats, big bucks yachting event that is destined to preoccupy old salties all summer.

Of course, sailing is a far more suitable spectator sport for wine drinkers – just think of how many chilled bottles of sauvignon blanc you'll need in the next months to inspire the Kiwi team to victory.

And when they win, how many bubbly corks will pop across the country?

Well, all you optimistic fans (and pessimists with a penchant for drowning sorrows in style), it's time to stock up on your favourite summer tipples in what might best be termed the 'national interest'.

Kevin Judd and the team have been working overtime to gussy up their latest progeny, led by *Pelorus Vintage 1998* – the ideal contender for all forthcoming festive celebrations.

It was born in the warmest Marlborough year on record, a hot dry season that produced very ripe, excellent quality fruit. The 1998 vintage continues the consistent style of this enticing and immensely popular prestige sparkling wine, the legacy of Marlborough's magic climate and careful nurturing from vine to bottle.

MARLBOROUGH SPARKLES continued

Consider this: one innocent evening recently I had seven friends for dinner and I served them, blind, glasses of several champagnes and sparkling wines I needed to taste in the course of my work.

Numbered amongst them were Canard-Duchêne, Nicolas Feuillatte, Pommery, Moët Chandon, Pol Roger, Louis Roederer, Lanson, Krug, Bollinger, *Pelorus NV* and two cavas from Spain (it's a tough life being the friend of a wine writer).

You can, I suspect, guess the name of the wine which was the decided favourite of six out of seven of my friends (the seventh, eccentrically, went for the Krug).

When I revealed the identity of their preferences they were astounded. One friend even muttered that she didn't even know New Zealand made sparkling wine. She does now.

Not a bad performance for a sparkling wine named after a dolphin which once sported itself in the Marlborough Sounds.

Malcolm Gluck recently tasted his way around Australia, but he swears he took no bribes. He writes for The Guardian in London where his book Superplonk sells like chardonnay. His website is www.superplonk.co.uk

Pelorus Vintage 1998

'Like a bowl of red summer fruits...enticing aromas of cherries and strawberries with lashings of fresh cream. Pelorus Vintage 1998 has a soft and textural palate lifted by delicate floral nuances...a finely balanced wine, rich and flavoursome with a crisp, lingering finish.'

With it comes Cloudy Bay's other stalwart ambassador...

Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 2002

'Pale straw green in colour and piercingly aromatic, the Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 2002 shows all the characteristics of an excellent Marlborough season. An evocative fusion of fully ripened tropical fruits and freshly cut herbs layered over a base of fresh lime. The palate is long and succulent with bright pawpaw and mango flavours... finishing refreshingly crisp with a hint of jalapeno.' [Screwcap closure available.]

And for those who like a sticky finish...

Cloudy Bay Late Harvest Riesling 2000

'Pale gold and brimming with aromas of candied limes and dried apricots, this wine is redolent of old-fashioned homemade marmalade. Lively mandarin and citrus intermingle with a hint of lanolin on the luscious, honeyed palate. Cleansing acidity counterbalances the rich sweetness of this wine, which finishes with the crispness of a grapefruit.'

GREEN TICK

New Zealand's Sustainable Winegrowing program, a vineyard management scheme with a holistic focus designed to foster sustainable viticulture, was established back in 1995, and commercially introduced three years later.

The first audit was recently undertaken by an independent consultant rating the progress of the participant wineries. Cloudy Bay's score was well above the national average, highlighting the impact of a raft of initiatives introduced to meet the program's key aims. Typical practices at Cloudy Bay include infection threshold spraying, canopy and inter-row management, and water monitoring.



SPICE SPREADS

Regular *Mentelle Notes* readers may recall the article *Joy of Scents* (July 2001) contributed by master palate Bob Campbell MW concerning New Zealand's rapidly growing reputation for aromatic, Alsatian-style wines.

Well, since then there have been significant developments and one of them starts with 'G'. In 2001 New Zealand produced 460 tonnes of gewürztraminer, in 2002 this more than doubled to 990 tonnes (+115%). Notably, the other significant white variety growth contender was another aromatic – pinot gris which posted a 62% increase for the same period.

Both varieties appear to thrive in Marlborough displaying attractive, overt and popular aromatic personalities. Certainly, cellar sales of *Cloudy Bay Gewürztraminer* suggest that spice is right...so the marketing department had a word to the winemakers.

Together they are pleased to announce that the 2000 vintage is available nationally from selected fine wine stockists and leading restaurants. This national debut is a mark of confidence in Marlborough's capacity to produce distinctive gewürztraminer.

The *Cloudy Bay Gewürztraminer 2000* is a striking, low acid Alsatian style likely to turn some heads. Regrettably, stocks are very limited.

Cloudy Bay Gewürztraminer 2000

'Imagine a perfume with hints of a spice emporium and Turkish delight, steeped with rose petal and mandarin. The strikingly varietal aromatics and textural palate of this wine are enhanced by spicy linseed and ginger flavours, derived from natural fermentation in barrel. Made in an Alsatian style to promote palate generosity, it is a deliciously concentrated infusion of vibrant Marlborough fruit, with impeccable natural balance.'



A Fremantle spice emporium...

VINTAGE REPORT

Mother Nature plays a big part in what you drink. If you would like to know what she's been up to check the Cloudy Bay website www.cloudybay.co.nz which carries information on the current and previous vintages. Travelling further west you will need to go to www.capementelle.com.au to check on Margaret River conditions and David Hohnen's latest *Cellaring Notes*.

School Daze

Morris Gleitzman goes back to school.

The primary school librarian stood in the doorway, hands on her hips, giving me a glare that would have sent a shiver down the spine of an SAS bomb disposal expert. I was just a visiting children's author, so my prostate was vibrating like a lawnmower.

'Mr Gleitzman,' thundered the librarian. 'What do you think you're doing?'

The school library fell silent, possibly for the first time ever. The group of eight- and nine-year-olds sitting at my feet froze, even the ones picking their noses. They could see I was in big trouble.

'Um,' I said, struggling to get the cork back into the bottle. 'I was introducing these young readers to the literary traditions of Dylan Thomas, Ernest Hemingway and Jean Genet.'

The librarian strode into the room and snatched the bottle from my hand. She stared at it, then swung her laser glare back onto me. 'As I think you know perfectly well, Mr Gleitzman,' she said, 'Dylan Thomas, Ernest Hemingway and Jean Genet did not drink Margaret River cabernet merlot.'

'They might have done,' I stammered. 'If Tim Winton had dropped in for a barbie.'

The librarian gave me a scathing look and made me wish I knew a bit more about adult authors.

'May Gibbs?' I ventured.

The librarian turned to the class. 'Dylan Thomas and Ernest Hemingway drank what?' she asked them. 'Come on, anyone, anyone?'

A girl with braces on her teeth stuck her hand up. 'Irish whisky and bourbon, Miss.'

The librarian nodded. 'And Genet?' A boy picking a scab on his knee suddenly gasped and shot up his hand. 'Vin ordinaire dregs, Miss, and stale beer and meths and the soapy water that brandy glasses had been washed up in.'

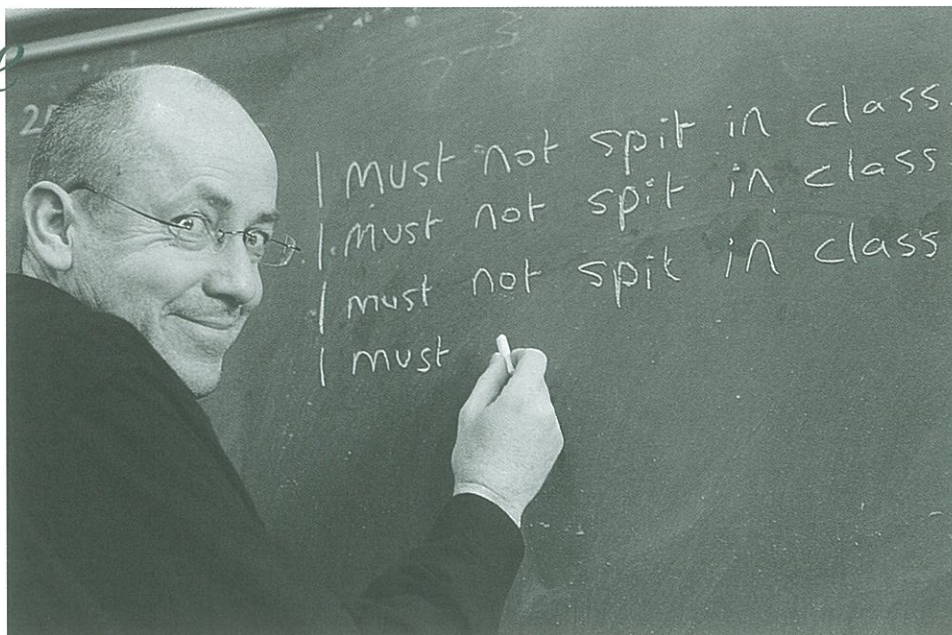
The librarian nodded again and turned back to me. 'All of which, Mr Gleitzman, leaves me wondering why you have opened a bottle of premium West Australian red wine at 10.15 in the morning in a primary school library?'

'He actually opened it at 9.56am, Miss,' lisped a curly-haired moppet I'd known was going to be trouble the minute I walked in and saw her reading a Joan Collins novel inside her copy of *Possum Magic*.

'Um,' I said to the librarian. 'It's a bit of a long story.'

'Try me,' said the librarian.

I glanced at the doorway, weighing up my chances of making a run for it. They weren't good. The reference shelf was right next to the librarian's shoulder and she looked like a woman who could throw the *Shorter Oxford* (both volumes) with deadly accuracy.



Morris Gleitzman learns his lines.

'Well,' I blurted, 'it was like this. I was reading to the kids from my latest book, but they reckoned it didn't have enough vomiting or soccer in it so I started question time early and they asked me what my favourite colour is and I said red and they asked what my favourite food is and I said red. Smarties. Then they asked what my favourite drink is and I just happened to have a bottle in my briefcase for the train trip home.'

The librarian's expression grew even sterner. 'You could have just showed them, Mr Gleitzman,' she said icily. 'You didn't have to open it.'

'He wanted us to savour the aroma,' said the curly-haired moppet. She screwed up her button nose. 'Yuk. It smelt like when our dog threw up. The time he'd been eating blackberries and plums and dried herbs and coffee beans and toast and cigar boxes.'

'It was educational,' I protested. 'They asked why I like cabernet merlot better than raspberry lemonade and I was demonstrating the difference scientifically.'

—

*'They asked why
I like cabernet merlot
better than raspberry
lemonade...'*

—

The librarian gave me a disgusted look. 'You're not a scientist, Mr Gleitzman,' she said. 'You're an author. Please restrict your remarks for the rest of this session to literary themes, sub-text and stationery.'

'Sorry,' I mumbled, and reached out to take the bottle.

Her grip tightened. 'I'm confiscating this,' she said.

Somehow I got through the rest of the session. The *Shorter Oxford* came in handy when the class asked me whether merlot is available as a bubble gum flavour. But I found it hard to concentrate.

If word got out that I'd taken wine into a school, my reputation as an author who could be entrusted with the fragile psyches of young people would be ruined. And if they discovered where the wine was from, my book sales in Coonawarra and the Hunter Valley would plummet.

I had to retrieve the evidence. At lunchtime I headed for the staffroom. Outside the staffroom door was a queue of mournful-looking kids.

'What's up?' I asked.

'Mr Watson confiscated my Gameboy,' said a sad-faced boy.

'And Miss Peroni took my remote-controlled car,' said an indignant girl.

'We've all had things confiscated,' said one of the other kids.

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. I knocked on the staffroom door. The librarian opened it. I drew myself up to my full height and avoided looking her in the eye.

'I want to apologise,' I said, 'on behalf of all of us here who brought things to school we shouldn't have. Please forgive us. Well, not me, I know you won't ever invite me back, but these kids.'

I paused, out of breath. From inside the staffroom came the sound of tiny wheels doing wheelies, and the Gameboy theme music, and the clink of glasses. The librarian gave me a wide and reddish smile.

'Actually,' she said, putting her arm round my shoulder, 'we're going to invite you back tomorrow. We'd like you to explain scientifically to the year fours why Jean Genet preferred Margaret River chardonnay to cognac.'

Morris Gleitzman has recently spent a lot of time in schools promoting his latest book Boy Overboard (Penguin). He is now also welcome in most staffrooms.

Get Lynched

...at Montrachet



Colin Climo ponders wine styles according to the gospel of Parker and Lynch.

Precisely because Australia is blessed with such an enviable climate I always look forward to winter, because it's only during those four months when the mercury drops (at least in the southern States) that you can really savour a profound red wine.

Not surprisingly then, during a dinner party on a bracing June night earlier this year, I found myself approaching the main course with a heightened sense of anticipation.

At last I would have the chance to revisit an Australian red that had really turned my head in its youth – a dense, multi-layered, McLaren Vale shiraz that had taken a Jimmy Watson trophy several years earlier.

Sadly, it was a disaster – almost as if a stripper had suddenly jumped up on the table. It got everyone's attention, sure enough, but it completely overwhelmed the food and very quickly put a brake on what had been a lively conversation, as various digestive systems battled to cope with meat plus 14.5% alcohol.

Not for the first time, I began to despair of the increasing trend in Australia and elsewhere to produce these pumped-up, Parkerised fruit bombs – wines that are big, dumb and have a minimal ability to interact with the other elements necessary for a satisfying dining experience.

One American columnist has dubbed them 'J-Lo. Wines' and while that might reflect a little unfairly on the acting ability of the Latino bombshell, it's the most appropriate metaphor I've yet encountered.

They are typically voluptuous (a favourite Robert Parker word, by the way), exotically perfumed and fleshy. And like much in modern cinematic entertainment, there is little left to the imagination – just like a Jennifer Lopez movie, in fact.

These wines all feature high alcohol, elevated residual sugar and low tannins. They have body but they don't sing, they lip-synch. Worst of all – in a total reversal of the accepted red wine value system – the older they get, the worse they look.

They're popular because apart from being obvious, they also dovetail nicely with an American tendency to consume wine as you would a cocktail, rather than with a meal. And we all know what happens at wine shows, so these blockbusters are frequently reinforced by industry imprimatur.

As long as I have enjoyed wine – and that's longer than I'd care to admit – it has always been within the context of food and wine.

There was once a time, it's fair to say, when I would drink just about anything that wasn't clearly marked with a skull and crossbones – but that changed many years ago.

During a working stint in Britain in the early '80s, I was a fortunate and frequent dinner guest of some friends who used to have a holiday home in the Jura. On their regular trips back and forth between London and the foothills of the French Alps, they would pass through Beaune and always arrive back with a couple or more cases from some small Burgundian producer.

‘I began to despair of the increasing trend in Australia and elsewhere to produce these pumped-up, Parkerised fruit bombs.’

Serendipitously, they were also good cooks, so the wines were sensitively matched to the food and the merits or otherwise of the pairing enthusiastically discussed.

That's how, during a time when they were still relatively affordable, I became acquainted with the wines of the Côte d'Or. Not only did the experience trip some sort of cerebral switch deep in the hypothalamus, but I found that I could never think of

France thereafter in any other terms than as some sort of epicurean jigsaw into which I would have to gradually fit fragments of knowledge and insight.

American wine merchant Kermit Lynch, who wrote *Adventures on the Wine Route* in 1988 about his travels through France, works within a similar mental framework – which probably goes a long way towards explaining why it is still my favourite wine book almost 15 years later.

Lynch, who owns a wine shop in the Napa Valley without a single bottle of Californian wine in it, as you'd expect, quirky, opinionated, passionate and occasionally, maddening.

One of an influential group of Francophiles in the American food and wine business to which Alice Waters and the late Richard Olney can also be traced, Lynch loves nothing more than unearthing artisanal wines from obscure corners of France.

If they've been bottled unfiltered and unfined, then it's double bonus points. But he's also a superb writer who brings the people behind these wines into engaging focus.

One of his favourite targets was the move within France to artificially 'bulk up' wines that nature did not intend to be that way – J-Lo. forerunners, if you like.

Here's what he said way back then: 'Great wine is about nuance, surprise, subtlety, expression – qualities that keep you coming back for another taste. Rejecting a wine because it is not 'big' enough is like rejecting a book because it is not long enough, or a piece of music because it is not loud enough.'

If only more shared that view...

Adventures on the Wine Route by Kermit Lynch was published in 1990 by Noonday Press.

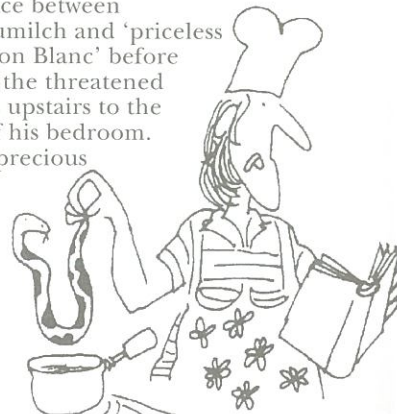
Colin Climo writes a regular column for Australia's WINE magazine and between bottles serves as Associate Editor of The Bulletin.

SERPENT SAVVY

English writer, Minette Walters, noted for her page-turners, also had troubles with wine appreciation, or at least the husband of her heroine did in *The Shape of Snakes*. Story goes like this...

Sam was home sunbathing in his birthday suit when sons Luke and Tom troop in with a gaggle of mates ready to party. Stunned by the paternal display, one young lass retreats to the kitchen and discovers Dad's stash of *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc*, thinking it's an ideal party lubricant.

Still naked, the horrified father delivers a lecture on the difference between Liebfraumilch and 'priceless Sauvignon Blanc' before hauling the threatened supplies upstairs to the safety of his bedroom. What a precious party-pooper!



Good Stuff

Douglas Kennedy celebrates a lifetime of learning to drink.

By the time he was in his mid-thirties, my Dad was a hassled father of three – a man for whom home life was something tantamount to an ongoing war zone, and who (as he admitted to me in his later years) seriously considered running off to join the French Foreign Legion.

Being a responsible sort, however, he knew that he'd never get up the courage to vanish off to Mauritania or some similar sand station – and instead found his escape through frequent forays to South America for work.

However, when he couldn't fly off south-of-the-border, he took refuge in the vodka martini. Indeed, I date my ongoing relationship with this most sophisticated of New York cocktails to my father, who (during my childhood) was always making pitchers of the drink for himself and assorted chums who'd drop by our Manhattan apartment after work. And he himself made me my first martini when I turned 18 – a real turning point in my then-nascent education in things alcoholic.

Some decades later, while downing a vodka mart with my Dad in the American Bar of The Savoy in London (where they make, without question, the best martini in Europe – even if you do pay the equivalent of NZ\$28 for the pleasure), I posed him the following question, 'What's the worst martini you've ever imbibed?'

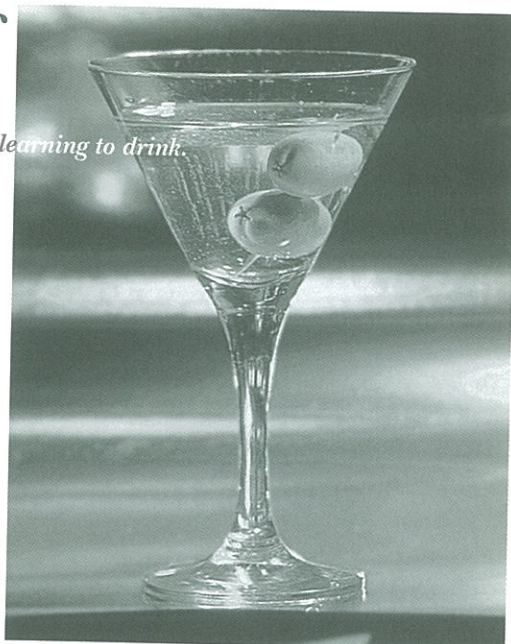
Without pausing for reflection, he told me the story of dropping into a local Chinese restaurant near our apartment on his way home from work, and asking the very delightful Hong Kong woman behind the bar if she could make him a vodka martini. Nodding with great enthusiasm, she went to work: filling a cocktail shaker with ice, pouring in a goodly amount of relatively premium vodka, adding less than half a capful of decent vermouth, shaking it for a good 30 seconds, and straining it into a chilled cocktail glass.

'She was doing just fine, making it exactly according to the rules,' my father remembered, 'until she suddenly dumped two maraschino cherries right into it.'

'But did you drink it?' I asked him. 'Of course', he said. 'Booze is booze.'

Now one can't dispute the statement. At the same time, however, there is a huge seismic gulf between the realm of good booze and bad booze. And, inevitably, one's tutelage in the art of drinking is a process that begins at the lower end of the quality scale, and generally embraces that oft-quoted comment by Oscar Wilde: 'Experience is the name men give to their mistakes.'

Consider, for example, my first proper exposure to wine. Being a New York boy who came of adolescent age



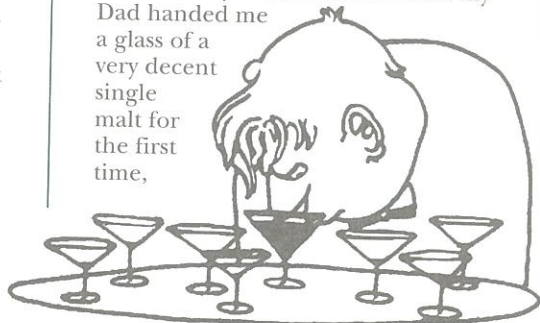
Ross Willis

in the late 1960s, I was brought up in a culture where beer and 'the cocktail' were still the alcoholic norm in most households – which meant that wine at home usually was of the screw-top variety and of low-grade origin.

So, naturally enough, when I found myself getting properly drunk for the first time at the age of 16, my choice of tippable was a gallon jug of truly toxic white Californian wine, which I bought with two friends for three bucks in a bottle shop which never asked for ID. And when I found myself regurgitating the contents of my stomach some hours later, my relationship with wine was put on hold until I reached university, and (courtesy of my tutor) tasted a decent St Emilion for the first time.

'There is a huge seismic gulf between the realm of good booze and bad booze.'

Similarly, when I developed a taste for whisky in my early twenties, my budget could only stretch to shoddily blended Scotch – which meant that I always preferred bourbon, as cheap sour mash whisky is always more acceptable than the sort of Scotch which appears to have been distilled in somebody's bathtub. But when my Dad handed me a glass of a very decent single malt for the first time,



I was immediately turned into a born-again Scotch drinker.

Of course, bad booze is one of the more intriguing hazards of international travel. I recall nearly going blind on a virulent type of poteen (the illegal Irish potato whisky) while first visiting the Aran Islands in 1975. Then, while living in Dublin in the early 1980s, I was offered a glass of the stuff ('from the best still in Connemara'), and discovered that good poteen has the same complexity and headiness as a great single-malt Scotch.

And then there was the time I decided to sample a metholated spirit while visiting Tijuana. It was sold on the streets in plastic litre bottles. It cost around US\$5. And it was called – wait for it – Ever Clear.

After sampling around four shot glasses, I came to the following conclusion: nothing is ever clear after Ever Clear. I also worried about whether the enamel had been stripped from my teeth.

But that's the thing about imbibing bad booze. Though it might be a vile experience at the time, it is the basis for a great story later on. And it also reminds you (as if a reminder is needed) why the good stuff is, verily, the good stuff.

Douglas Kennedy is the author of seven books, including three best-selling novels: The Big Picture, The Job, and The Pursuit of Happiness. His new novel, A Special Relationship, will be published by Hutchinson in 2003.

ESQUIRE'S DRY MARTINI

1 part French Vermouth
2 parts Gin

Stir with ice in a tall glass until chilled, strain and serve with a green olive.

MUSTS

Four Chefs Dinner

Friday 8 November
The Ferrybank, Hamilton
Degustation menu by four Hamilton chefs
with CBV wines
Details: PH (07) 839 0373
Reservations essential.

BMW Marlborough Wine Festival

Saturday 8 February 2003
Noon – 8pm
Brancott Estate
Tickets \$30 (+ booking fee)
PH: (0800) 22 88 00
www.winemarlborough.net.nz

Pinot at Cloudy Bay

Saturday 21 June 2003
Registration details in MN April edition
Sorry no pre-bookings possible.

Twist and Tell

Industry concerns and media commentary about cork quality has inevitably reached your attention. To screw or not to screw – that is the question many thoughtful winemakers are now asking themselves.

Jeffrey Grosset from the Clare Valley, South Australia led the charge that provoked a group of Marlborough winemakers to examine alternatives to cork. Soon after that first meeting a national body, the 'Screwcap Wine Seal Initiative' was established.

Over 30 New Zealand wineries, including Cloudy Bay, are now members, and many have released both 2001 and 2002 vintage wines with twist-tops.

The first Cloudy Bay wine to sport a screwcap is *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 2002* – but at this stage our commitment extends only to bottles allocated for our cellar door and mail order customers. (Retail and restaurant stocks still retain corks.)

That's because we are still in the research phase and also wish to assess your views on the matter.

Are you a 'twister' or a good old-fashioned 'cork-puller'? Do you have a preference? Should we use screwcaps for both whites and reds?

Your views are important to the winemakers and the marketing department. Please email comment to: anna.griffiths@cloudybay.co.nz or Fax (03) 520 9040.

More information is available at www.screwcap.co.nz

CHRISTMAS COMES...



but once a year. It's that time when you get out the annual report card and decide you've been especially good. Certainly, good enough to fill your stocking with your favourite Cloudy Bay wines.

Marlborough's Santa has made the following careful selection for all you goodie-two-shoes: single bottles of *Pelorus NV* and *Sauvignon Blanc 2002*, plus two bottles each of this year's special new release treats – *Cloudy Bay Gewürztraminer 2000* and *Late Harvest Riesling 2000* (375ml.)

Together they add up to a terrific present. You might even want to share it with your friends!

If you think all you deserve is 2 bottles of the Gewürz or sticky, please call the winery. Santa has a little stash for the not-so-good...but be quick.

WESTERN REDS

Santa also enjoys a cheering glass of Margaret River red so he's packed up a special Margaret River Six-Pack – two bottles each of three premium Cape Mentelle reds from the terrific 2000 vintage. Stocks are limited.



TWIST TECHNIQUE

Refine your screwcap technique...

STEP 1 Take the whole length of the seal in the top hand, and the base of the bottle in the other.

STEP 2 Hold the top firm, and twist the bottom of the bottle briskly. There will be a 'click' as the seal breaks.

STEP 3 Pour and enjoy.

WILD THING

Cloudy Bay Te Koko has certainly struck a chord with wine writers in both Australia and the UK, where it was simultaneously released earlier this year.

The first to fall under its spell was Australia's Max Allen who opened his *Weekend Australian* column with 'Occasionally a wine comes along that not only exceeds its publicity but is so different and delicious that it makes you see the world with fresh, excited eyes...'

So wide were Allen's eyes that he turned to another sense and music to explain his conversion. 'Te Koko is to Marlborough sauvignon blanc what Charlie Parker was to jazz and Jimi Hendrix to rock – it takes an already fantastic style onto a different plane and points the way for others to follow.'

In Britain the response has been very positive too, and just a tad more restrained. Anthony Rose of London's *Independent* commends the 1999 vintage for its 'New-World Graves style' and included it in his 'Ten Best Summer Wines' selection, while WINE magazine chose Te Koko as their 'Wine of the Month'.

Jimi and Charlie would probably enjoy this wild yeast fermented sauvignon blanc too!



'Babe, would you rather we order a bottle of 'Glade'?'

MR CRUSTY NOSE

Mentelle Notes is co-sponsoring a new wine book, *The Field Guide to Wine Drinkers in Australia*. Excerpts will appear regularly till author Sally Gudgeon finds a brave publisher.

I don't need to introduce you both, as you already know him.

Unfortunately he is becoming a bit of a rare species these days, but you won't need a pair of binoculars to identify him.

Mr Blah-Blah Crusty Nose can be spotted at all wine functions, whether it's the corner bottle shop cleanskin tasting, or a smart trade tasting held at a five-star hotel.

He is a keen patron, regardless of whether he has been invited or not. He is the first to arrive, and always the last to leave. He departs with unsteady gait, and garrulous goodbye, as the last of the spittoons are being swilled down the gutters. He is allegedly the wine buyer for one of the sub-committees of a snooty golf club in the sand belt, but the last time he actually purchased a case of wine for the club was in 1972.

After a palate-cleansing sample of Roederer or anything else French, he moves on to the reds. (Whites are for nancy boys, and we wouldn't want them in the club, would we?)

When most people have left, he is still working his way around the fortifieds. He is highly methodical, and has not been noticed to miss a winery yet, regardless of how many are represented.

He is an expert taster, and never has any wine splashes on his club tie or blazer, as he keeps well away from the spittoon. He has indeed been known to empty the entire contents of his pipe into it, believing it to be an art deco ashtray.

He has a robust constitution, and a remarkable appetite for any food offered. He assiduously vacuums the cheese platter clean, never even deterred by a dodgy oyster. After all, he lived exclusively on rats for six months in PNG during the war.

IN BAD ODOUR

The British WINE magazine recently chose *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc* as their 'Cult Wine' of the month, but the selection came with a few curious plaudits.

Seemingly, writer Jonathan Goodall must have checked the Oxford definition of the 'C' word, because after telling readers that Cloudy Bay 'is the essence of Sauvignon Blanc' and continuing, 'Never before has one wine come so close to embodying a national wine style,' he goes on to state it could change its name to Glade.

That's Glade as in air-freshener. Goodall suggests readers open a bottle after a party or hang a cork from the car's rear-view mirror to remove any unwanted odours...

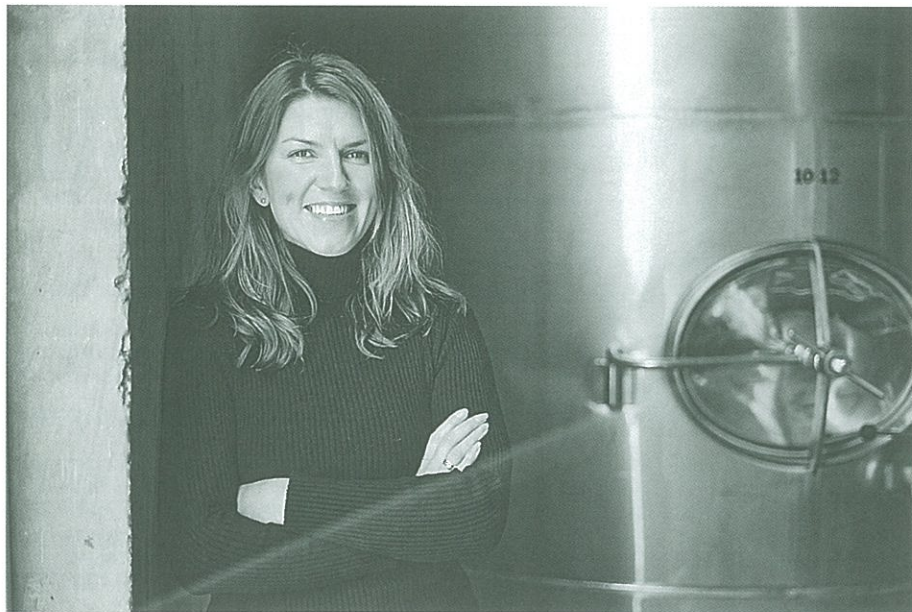
Which of course fits closely to the dictionary definition of cult: 'A relatively small group of people having religious beliefs or practices regarded by others as strange or sinister.' Exactly.

Knowing that, it's easy to understand why the Brits rank NZ's sassy, savvy ambassador – a real stayer – with that dubious 'C' word.



New Faces

Sharon Forsyth looks forward to meeting you at Cloudy Bay.



Cloudy Bay welcomes two new recruits to the team – winemaker Nicholas Blampied-Lane and hospitality and PR manager Sharon Forsyth.

Nick, a Kiwi, studied science at Auckland University then headed to France to undertake his oenology diploma in Toulouse. Subsequently, he worked in Bergerac and with Bouchard in Burgundy. In 2000 Nick returned to the southern hemisphere working at CJ Pask in Hawkes Bay before heading to Australia, where he is currently winemaker and vineyard manager at Wildwood in Sunbury, north of Melbourne. Nick will be on board in time for the 2003 vintage.

Sharon Forsyth also left Melbourne for Blenheim but she doesn't regret it one bit. Sharon's wine career started at the London Wine Challenge in 1998, an experience that spurred her to undertake a wine studies diploma. She has worked vintages in Bordeaux, the Napa and Yarra valleys, and McLaren Vale.

HIGH COUNTRY

The international success of the New Zealand wine industry has put inevitable pressure on grape land resources, especially in the Wairau Valley which is guarded both sides by mountains.

One of the last good viticultural blocks at the top of the Omaka valley was recently acquired by Cloudy Bay. The 55-hectare north-facing site is higher than the original valley floor estate, with clay-based soils that are ideal for pinot noir. In line with the company's gradual expansion policy, progressive plantings of selected pinot noir clones will commence in 2004.



Julia Clarke and Martin Webb were the lucky UK couple who won the WINE (UK) magazine trip to Cloudy Bay. That Marlborough magic must have been at work again because they have now announced their engagement!

PRESS CHECK

Tasman Westside Printers in Auckland have a long-standing relationship with Cloudy Bay, one that goes largely unheralded. For many years Tasman Westside have produced all the company's labels, packaging materials and this august publication.

So, it is with pleasure that MN reports Tasman Westside's national 2002 'Pride in Print' award for the Pelorus Magnum Gift Box, described by the judges as 'excellence personified.' We agree.

Dave Gick (left) accepts his gong.



CELLAR RAT

Talkin' Bout My Deeeeeeeee-Generation

Dearest Mentelles,

While the Rat was looking in the mirror the other morning he asked, 'Why have all these wrinkles suddenly appeared?' Dire thoughts... 'Arrgggh, euthanasia!' followed by a reality check, and an impassioned cry – 'Where's the botox?'

I mean to say, death is a part of life. OK. You can look pretty on the journey by spending megabucks on the latest beautification techniques, but is that really how you want to look?

Well, all right, some of us might want to do that, but if you go too far down that track you may as well join the circus as the bearded lady after one too many facelifts.

Which brought me round to wine and the constant pursuit of making it look good, and taste better than the previous Robert Parker review.

So, what have the wine technologists come up with to delay wrinkle onset?

Sulphur dioxide, acid, tannin, nylon, structural fish protein, filtration, copper (better than botox – it lasts longer and is much, much cheaper) and hey, if you use all these, how about capping it off with a twist-top?

It works for Coca-Cola, so we're really talking about the demise of the Lassie of wine closures (unfortunately there is no modern equivalent). You guessed it, the good Old Faithful Cork.

For at least 300 years this piece of bark has oxidised, tainted, crumbled, leaked and been the easy-out for lesser winemakers the world over.

The Rat was at a party the other day and pointed out to a group of people that the wine they were drinking was corked and they shouldn't be enjoying it.

The collective 'Piss-Off' made the Rat aware of the constant struggle winemakers have as serious wine educators.

Bugger, how did I know it was a cask wine?

So, does a twist-top, sorry screwcap, prolong ageing? Does it turn a wine into some sort of time capsule? Does it really pamper a wine? Who knows and who cares.

If there's a fault in a wine, saying 'this wine is corked' rather than 'screwed' may have more relevance to me than the text-messaging, botox generation.

Traditionally 'screwed', in a non-personal sense, has a negative connotation. But all language is fluid, so this wine closure could change the meaning totally.

You never know, one day in the not-too-distant surgically and chemically enhanced future a GOLD MEDAL might be replaced by SCREWED a SILVER, SLIGHTLY SCREWED and God knows what a BRONZE or NO AWARD might be called!

So, it seems that if you have a screwed wine you have a corker, but if you have a corked wine YA SCREWED. Nah, the Rat needs something to blame his crap wine selection on – give moi a cork any day. Am I barking up the wrong tree? Only time and wine will tell.

Love, Light and Peace,

Gerald

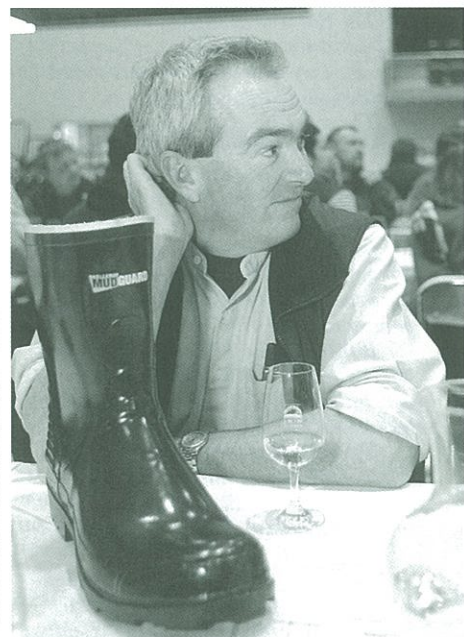
Gone Troppo

Keeping up with gallivanting Mentelle Ambassadors can be a challenge, especially for the editor and staff. Every effort is made to keep track of your adventures but just occasionally our exploration charts lapse.

Such was the case in 1999 when Nelson resident Lars Jensen and his bride Sam eloped to the escapist haven, Turtle Island in Fiji, where they sealed their vows with a marital bottle of *Cloudy Bay Chardonnay*. Evidence of this pact has now only just come to light, so in consideration of authentic record keeping the Ed has decided to award a belated ambassadorship. No doubt the Jensens will save some bottles for their fourth anniversary next May.

If you too wish to be part of CBV's export effort, keep your eyes peeled. Next time you're far from home and spot a bottle of Cloudy Bay or Cape Mentelle – in a tennis club in Tokyo, a Thai bistro in London or a tango bar in Havana, buy it and take a photo. Then send it to The Editor, Mentelle Notes. Taking a bottle with you is also highly commended and encouraged.

GIVEN THE BOOT



I'm no Cinderella, aka Kevin Judd.

MEET MILLIE

Visitors to the winery over the years will have met assistant manager Chris Mullany. She would like to introduce you to her first vintage, daughter Millie Alice, who has already undertaken her first tour of the winery. She managed it eyes wide shut.



Mr & Mrs Jensen on their Fijian honeymoon.

MN will publish the best and most alluring photo and the winning Mentelle Ambassador will receive a FREE mixed case of CBV wine. All entrants receive a CB T-shirt.

You might well wonder what Kevin Judd is doing with this shiny Wellington boot... Well, it's the official issue of the Australasian Wine Options Championships, which were held in Marlborough during the Winter Wine Weekend.

The size 14 boot is presented to the team making the greatest faux pas in any single round. Luckily Kevin and his team, Three Roses and a Prick (the multi-talented Eveline, Victoria and Anna and their fearless leader) only got the boot once – for thinking a local Marlborough Chardonnay came from Gisborne.

Notably, the other Cloudy Bay team – Three Pricks and a Rose – (guess the gender!) didn't score the boot once, and both teams finished up with credible rankings.

For the record, the winners were Sassy Choir from Auckland, and runners-up Vinous Interruptus from Wellington. The best team name went to 'I've Got a Big Woody Chardon, eh!'



Pelorus NV

'Cloudy Bay's highly regarded sparkling wine is a big, rich and almost chewy wine with a creamy texture and flavours that were variously described as 'cream cheese, hazelnut, linseed and orange blossom.'
89 points, Top Ten, CUISINE

Cloudy Bay Gewürztraminer 2000

'A classic example of subtle power in a style that is straight out of Alsace. Taut, refined, silken-textured wine with a lingering flavour.'
89 points, CUISINE

Cloudy Bay Chardonnay 2000

'Marlborough chardonnay at its best – rich, creamy, complex, nutty, peachy and leesy with toasty oak, good concentration and balance with nice length.'
Graeme Barrow, NORTHERN ADVOCATE

'Restrained but concentrated, the citrus and stone fruit melding seamlessly with the rich, meaty nuttiness. If you linger over it, its complexities and long aftertaste reveal this to be a fine wine that will develop over several years.'
Charmian Smith, OTAGO DAILY TIMES

'In the winery's authoritative style... a powerful wine with rich grapefruit, peach and nutty oak flavours, meaty and buttery with firm acidity.'
Michael Cooper, SUNDAY STAR TIMES

Cloudy Bay Te Koko 1999

'It's a sauvignon blanc but you'd scarcely know. Wild yeast, oak, bottle-age: this wine is something different... A big mouthful of flavour.'
Huon Hooke, SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

'Offends the neo-duffers, but is really rather good. Pear, lemon, white plum, honey, vanilla, wood-smoke and more can be found on the nose and palate, while the finish is rich and balanced.'
WINE (UK)

Cloudy Bay Pinot Noir 2000

'Divine New Zealand pinot noir that keeps getting better year after year. It's juicy, ripe, silky smooth and just beginning to develop the taste of a very special wine.'
Jöelle Thomson, NZ HERALD

'Has a highly scented bouquet and impressive complexity. Savoury with a firm finish, it's a refined Marlborough wine...'
Michael Cooper, SUNDAY STAR TIMES

Cape Mentelle Semillon Sauvignon

'Hard to go past this as one of the original and best of the West Australian semillon sauvignon blends... A classic and the ultimate wine to take around to a friend's place in summer and drink on the balcony with fresh seafood.'
STUART GREGOR'S WINE GUIDE 2003

Cape Mentelle Shiraz 2000

'I love its classy, cedary oak, its deep concentrated, ripe, plummy spice, briary flavours and firmish inky tannins.'
Peter Forrestal, WINE, AUSTRALIA

MENTELLE NOTES

is the free publication of CLOUDY BAY & CAPE MENTELLE VINEYARDS
For further information please contact the winery
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Tel (03) 520 9140 Fax (03) 520 9040
email: info@cloudybay.co.nz
web: www.cloudybay.co.nz

A View from the Vineyard



Pic: Kevin Judd

Hands Up for the Cellar Hands at Cloudy Bay...

• Wine cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires the young, makes weariness forget his toil.

LORD BYRON



PRICE LIST & ORDER FORM

NOVEMBER • 2002



Wine	Description	Price per Case	Price per Bottle	Amount Ordered	Cost
Pelorus NV	Described as the 'baby brother' who knows how to get attention. Savour cream, nuts and the tingly bead. An ideal aperitif.	[Six-pack] \$194.70	[Two-pack] \$64.90		
Pelorus Vintage 1998	Malcolm Gluck's favourite fizz. Celebrate in style!	[Six-pack] \$233.10	[Two-pack] \$77.70		
Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 2002	Go troppo - packed with fruit salad, fresh herbs and a dash of lime. Yummy!	\$280.20	\$23.35		
Cape Mentelle Cabernet Merlot 2000	Sweet, juicy, soothing and spotless. A red for all reasons (inc the turkey!)	\$314.40	\$26.20		
SANTA'S SIX-PACK <small>Limit one case per order</small>	1 x Pelorus NV 1 x CB Sauvignon Blanc 2002 2 x CB Gewürztraminer 2000 2 x CB Late Harvest Riesling 2000	\$159.80	N/A		
MARGARET RIVER MIX	2 x CM Cabernet Merlot 'Trinders' 2000 2 x CM Shiraz 2000 2 x CM Zinfandel 2000	\$180.70	N/A		
BOOK & CALENDAR OFFER	Marlborough and NZ wine regions through Kevin Judd's talented lens. The perfect gift for wine-loving friends!	N/A	(inc. postage) \$48.00		
Colour of Wine <input type="checkbox"/>		N/A	\$48.00		
Taste of the Earth <input type="checkbox"/>		N/A	\$22.95		
CB T-SHIRT OFFER	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		
UK DELIVERY	Please indicate your requirements below for delivery to the UK and include price in your total order.	\$244.00	N/A		
Order by 30 November for XMAS delivery		\$283.00	N/A		
		\$330.00	N/A		
		ADD NZ FREIGHT COSTS \$6.50 PER CASE			
				TOTAL (INCLUDING GST)	



SEND THEM MENTELLE IN THE UK

If you would like to surprise family and friends this Christmas why not send them a gift case of Cloudy Bay wine?
The following selection is available for delivery from our London warehouse.
(Prices include VAT and delivery within mainland UK.)
Please note cases cannot be split or mixed. Please allow 21 days for delivery.

Wine	Price per Case Delivered in UK	Amount Ordered
Pelorus NV [6 Bottles]	\$244	
Pelorus 1998 [6 Bottles]	\$283	
Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 2002*	\$330	
*Limited to one case per order		
Total \$		
Address wines to be sent in UK (Mainland only) (Please print)		
Name		
Address		
..... Postcode:.....		
Tel: ()		

Name (Mr/Mrs/Ms)
FirstSurname

Address

.....Postcode

Tel: ()(W)(H)

Fax: ()(W)(H)

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

Signature

DELIVERY INSTRUCTIONS

Note any special delivery instructions below:

Delivery Address:

- PLEASE NOTE**
- Orders must be in full or half case lots.
 - Feel free to make up your own mixed case using the bottle prices listed.
 - All prices are G.S.T. inclusive
 - Send order with payment to Cloudy Bay Vineyards Ltd, P.O. Box 376 Blenheim, New Zealand or Facsimile (03) 520 9040
 - Only persons aged 18 years or over may legally order wine.
 - Deliveries can only be made to a street address - not a PO Box or RD number.
 - Please allow 10 days for delivery.

REMITTANCE DETAILS

Cheque Bankcard Visacard Mastercard American Express Diners

Credit Card Number. Valid until.

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Cellar Door Opening Times

Monday to Sunday - 10:00am - 4:30pm (except Good Friday & Christmas Day)
It would be appreciated if groups would make a prior appointment.



Cloudy Bay Vineyards Limited
P. O. Box 376 • Blenheim • Marlborough • New Zealand
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email: info@cloudybay.co.nz • web: www.cloudybay.co.nz

SIGN UP WE'LL SEND YOU MENTELLE

If you or a friend within New Zealand would appreciate receiving a free copy of Mentelle Notes please complete this coupon.

Send to: PO Box 376, Blenheim or Fax: (03) 520 9040 email: info@cloudybay.co.nz

Name: (Mr/Mrs/Ms)
FirstSurname

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..... Postcode:.....

Tel: () Fax: ()

Email: