



## Grenache Rosé

Music From Big Pink ...sorry only 57 cases produced and we drank a couple of those already.

A lot of oenophiles talk a big game about their love for Provençal or Rhone wines, but unless they embrace the "big pink" they are only pretenders. If you have been "way down in the South of France, where the Ladies love to dance," you have already had your mind opened to rosé wine drinking — next thing you know you'll be asking for German Riesling.

Our 2001 Grenache Rosé (or hhhrosé as Sébastien calls it) is not your garden variety New World pink wine. The aroma is intensely floral and fruity leading one to believe this to be a simple summer wine... then whammo, in the mouth it is dry, full-bodied and even a skosh austere. (I mean that in a good way — like with our favorite so-very-France rosés, Domaine Tempier in Bandol; Domaine Ott and Mas Champart in Provence; and Chateau d'Aqueria in Tavel.) Your first reaction when you drink this wine is to look for a sun-dried tomato and rosemary pizza or tapenade and crusty bread. This serious rosé can handle just about any food you throw at it this summer.

So just who's idea was this anyway? Well, shortly prior to crush of 2001, Dad, Sébastien and I were discussing the strategy for making our first Grenache Noir. My Dad was the one who brought it up. (George never met a Grenache conversation he didn't like.) Sébastien mentioned *saignee*, which is a method of "bleeding" juice from a tank of red must immediately after crushing, and our eyes got as wide as Beavis and Buttthead when they are watching a sexy video. While we knew that *saignee* is used to intensify color and structure in wines such as Pinot Noir and Grenache, it also meant we would have to do something with the copper colored juice left after the process. Sébastien adeptly conducted a cool fermentation of the rosé in two stainless steel drums, no easy task I might add, and *voilà*, we had a bone dry Rosé. He repeated the process with our tiny amount of Mourvedre and that made up 20% of the blend. Hey Beavis, we're gonna score!