



KERMIT LYNCH
WINE MERCHANT

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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

- **AUGUST SAMPLER**
- ***VIN BLANC***
by **JIM HARRISON**

OPEN • TUESDAY–SATURDAY 11 A.M. TO 6 P.M. CLOSED • SUNDAY & MONDAY

AUGUST 2006

BEAUJOLAIS

2005 FLEURIE “LES MORIERS”

MICHEL CHIGNARD

Our unfiltered, *foudre*-aged cuvée already shows some sediment in the bottle. If you could taste the filtered version, I believe you would understand why we accept some deposit rather than having a lot of the wine’s quality filtered away. You would not want to lose one little bit of this wild, plump, fruity mouthful of deliciousness.

Is it raspberry? Strawberry? Red currants? All three of them at once? Is there a hint of smoky bacon fat? And how about the palate, that combination of freshness, acidity, stoniness, sweet fruit, and a pleasant tingle of CO₂.

It dazzles. If all Beaujolais were like this, they’d go for \$50–\$100 per bottle.

\$22.00 PER BOTTLE

\$237.60 PER CASE

2005 BROUILLY • CHÂTEAU THIVIN

Tasting this after the luscious Fleurie is a mistake. One’s judgement of a wine is very much a consequence of what went into one’s mouth beforehand, if I do say so myself. After the Fleurie, the Brouilly seems lean and linear, strict, Protestant. Serve the Fleurie at your Dionysian orgies and read Descartes’ *Règles Pour La Direction de l’Esprit* to the Brouilly.

If you serve the Brouilly by itself or before the Fleurie, you will have a completely different experience.

\$17.50 PER BOTTLE

\$189.00 PER CASE

2005 CÔTE-DE-BROUILLY • NICOLE CHANRION

Notice that labels say CÔTES-du-Rhône but CÔTE-de-Brouilly. That’s because there is only one *côte*, or hill, there, and the “hill of Brouilly” is the southernmost *grand cru* in the Beaujolais.

Tastewise, Nicole’s Côte-de-Brouilly represents to me a sort of gateway to the Rhône Valley. Indeed, Côte Rôtie is only about forty minutes south. And her wine shows hints of Rhône-like cinnamon and spices.

Mr. Dixon Brooke is back working with us again after a leave of absence, and he recently visited Nicole. I like his notes on this 2005:

The wine showed a beautiful bouquet of red fruits and spices and jumped out of the glass, the most generous nose so far of the young 2005 cru Beaujolais. I found the aroma to be quite seductive with a lot of subtlety, and Nicole, later on, on her

own, remarked that she thought it did, too. She mentioned the subtlety of cherry blossoms. On a second taste of it after some older vintages, richer dark blackberries emerged with a dollop of sweet cinnamon spice. The palate was very rich and fruity, the fruit just exploded with a cornucopia of pit fruits and red berries. This fruitiness was perfectly balanced by minerality and spices on the finish. Showing the characteristic of the vintage, the wine was very round and fresh, showing no heaviness. The acidity was bright and refreshing and there was no aggressiveness to the long finish, which seemed to cleanse the palate with minerality. An absolute triumph in 2005 chez Chanrion!

\$16.95 PER BOTTLE

\$183.06 PER CASE

2004 MORGON • JEAN FOILLARD

It is such a beauty. But I will be showing my age when I describe the image that tasting this Morgon inspires in my still-pubescent mind: a vision of a pretty country girl on a haystack with a piece of straw in her mouth, wearing blue jeans, with her shirttails tied up under her breasts. Sexy, rural, classy. Who was she? Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be Marilyn Monroe. You see, I rarely go to movies anymore, so I don't know if we have a contemporary version of Marilyn, somebody who would fit into that plaid blouse unforgettably.

Here is Foillard's Morgon with its typically outrageously delicious Gamay-in-the-granite fruit, and it has a nice form: round, fleshy, the structure buried in the flesh, nothing aggressive, nothing angular, nothing negative at all.

\$24.00 PER BOTTLE

\$259.20 PER CASE



— VALUE OF THE MONTH —

2004 CÔTE DE NUITS-VILLAGES
DOMAINE GACHOT-MONOT

I THANK AUBERT DE VILLAINÉ for leading me to young Gachot's door. If you already know something about Aubert's consummate taste, you'll have an idea of what's in store for you.

After a thirty-five-year career I have a headful of tasting memories: down in Tempier's cellar of magnificent oak *foudres* with Lucien Peyraud, for example, or tasting aged Chablis with François Raveneau, so many incredible occasions with Gérard Chave, and there was the time André Noblet likened the perfume of an ancient La Tâche to a certain odor escaping (to put it politely) from an unmentionable body part of an aristocratic beauty of the female variety, and his choice of words drove a California winemaker's young wife red-faced and tearful out of Romanée Conti's cellar. My, how times have changed in our South Park world.

But my favorite memories are of the few occasions when Aubert and I met up at Richard Olney's house in Provence. The wine talk during those occasions was *sans* bullshit.

Aubert would bring a bottle or two. Richard was the cook. Since Richard did not drive, I did the grocery shopping.

Richard would bring up some special bottles from his cellar, and invariably Aubert would look sort of shocked and tell him, "No no Richard, that's too much." It was never too much. Well, maybe it was, because I cannot remember one single brilliant line any of us spoke about any particular wine, but I'm left with the impression that our conversation was consistently profound.

Now, back to our Value of the Month. First, it is impeccable. Second, it does not exceed its appellation; it is not a substitute Romanée Conti; it is a perfect Côte de Nuits-Villages. The pretty nose smells fabulously of Pinot Noir. The palate has good, juicy flesh to it, and the tannin/acid balance... well, even in Burgundy you rarely find such an elegant balance.

As red Burgundy or Pinot Noir, I think you will agree that this is an incredible value.

\$22.00 PER BOTTLE

\$237.60 PER CASE



2004 RED BURGUNDY

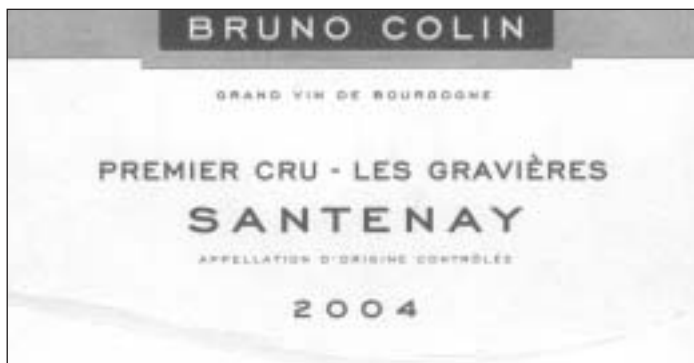
DOMAINE BRUNO COLIN

MICHEL COLIN is fair-haired and his wife, Bernadette, is brunette. Now we have the two sons, Philippe and Bruno. They decided to work separately, yet they are very comfortable with each other. Bruno is the brunette of the two, and there may be a sort of Côte Brune/Côte Blonde aspect to their wines, too. We'll see. It is too early to tell, but I am reminded of the late Harry Waugh, who was once asked if he preferred Burgundy or Bordeaux. He replied that he intended to devote a great deal of his life researching the answer to that question.

I am bowled over by Bruno's 2004 reds. There are six of them, and they would make a great tasting if you decided to get some folks together, see who likes what and how much to buy. Why not give it a go? To help, we'll offer the six bottles at a full case discount for the occasion—10 percent, or \$143.95, in other words.

Bruno's 2004s are balanced with good, firm tannins and lots of Burgundian Pinot Noir on the nose and palate. They are fun to drink already, and will age nicely.

	PER BOTTLE	PER CASE
2004 BOURGOGNE PINOT NOIR	\$19.95	\$215.46
2004 CHASSAGNE-MONTRACHET "VIEILLES VIGNES" ROUGE	26.00	280.80
2004 CHASSAGNE-MONTRACHET "LA MALTROIE" ROUGE IER CRU	35.00	378.00
2004 MARANGES "LA FUSSIÈRE" IER CRU	25.00	270.00
2004 SANTENAY "LES PRARONS-DESSUS"	24.00	259.20
2004 SANTENAY "LES GRAVIÈRES" IER CRU	30.00	324.00



LOIRE

2005 CHINON ROSÉ DOMAINE CHARLES JOGUET

Here is a rosé for people who know and appreciate the nuances of fine wine. The quality of the grapes at harvest was so exceptional, they allowed them a longer maceration than usual, and permitted a long, leisurely fermentation.

One result is textural. There is a grain to the texture. You feel it on the palate. It is surprising and good. And you will find that the bouquet has more vinosity than most rosés. Here is a rosé that has a lot of “stuff” in it, if you know what I mean.

\$14.95 PER BOTTLE **\$161.46** PER CASE

2005 VOUVRAY • DOMAINE CHAMPALOU

Catherine Champalou said, “From the very first day the 2005 gave off so much fruit, we couldn’t believe it. We asked ourselves, what in the world is it going to become?”

The answer is now in bottle and in Berkeley, and it is as pretty a Vouvray as ever could be. Delicious, as well as generous, lustrous, supple, and tender as a baby’s bottom. The soft, luscious fruit seems to caress the palate. When you taste it, you “fall” for it, like falling in love.

Bravo to the Champalous.

\$14.95 PER BOTTLE **\$161.46** PER CASE

2003 SANCERRE “ORTUS” DOMAINE HIPPOLYTE REVERDY

Reverdy takes the juice from one of his best vineyard parcels and vinifies it in oak *demi-muids*. The marriage of new oak and Sauvignon Blanc has never appealed to me until this 2003, so I have never imported this cuvée. But I find that 2003’s lack of acidity gives the wine a more Burgundian-like balance that goes very well with the oak.

The nose is deep and elegant and has some nice vanilla in it. On the palate, rich and refined, flavorful, Burgundian. It is impressive.

\$33.00 PER BOTTLE **\$356.40** PER CASE

THE PERFECT AUGUST SAMPLER

KLWM RETAIL SALESMAN Michael Butler seems to like samplers. He came up with this one “to go with the lazy hazy crazy days of August.” However, I suspect him of enjoying offering you a good price on some fine wines. Over the years, I have observed that trait to be characteristic of Michael.

His selections for the sampler are certainly seasonally correct. I have been enjoying the E Prove *blanc* all summer, for example. E Prove is that dry, *terroir*-driven thirst quencher from Corsica. And there is the red Beaumes-de-Venise, fresh and fruity and thoroughly Provençal. Or how about a glass of Prosecco? There are a couple of cool reds from the Beaujolais to cool down before serving; and you will find one rosé from the south of France. I don't know what weather you are having, but I am writing this in 96-degree weather in Provence, and when it's warm you have to adjust your wine-drinking habits. The following twelve-bottle sampler works:

	NORMALLY
2004 ALSACE <i>BLANC</i> • KUENTZ-BAS	\$11.25
2005 E PROVE <i>BLANC</i> • DOMAINE MAESTRACCI	14.95
NV PROSECCO “BOSCO DI GICA” BRUT • ADRIANO ADAMI	14.95
2005 SAINT-CHINIAN ROSÉ • MAS CHAMPART	13.95
2004 CÔTES-DU-RHÔNE <i>ROUGE</i> • CHÂTEAU DU TRIGNON	13.95
2004 BEAUMES-DE-VENISE <i>ROUGE</i> • DOMAINE DE DURBAN	16.00
2004 CÔTES-DU-RHÔNE <i>ROUGE</i> CUVÉE SÉLECTIONÉE PAR KERMIT LYNCH	11.25
2004 BEAUJOLAIS • DOMAINE DUPEUBLE	12.00
2004 BARBERA D'ALBA “SANTA CATERINA” • GUIDO PORRO	14.95
2005 BARDOLINO <i>ROUGE</i> “LE FONTANE” • CORTE GARDONI	9.95
2004 COTEAUX DU LANGUEDOC <i>ROUGE</i> • CHÂTEAU DE LASCAUX	13.95
2004 MORGON • MARCEL LAPIERRE	19.95

SPECIAL SAMPLER PRICE

(A 20 percent discount)

\$133.00

(Normally \$167.10)

VIN BLANC

by Jim Harrison

A FEW DECADES AGO it occurred to me that so much of life for a novelist and poet is flying solo and usually in a remote area above the Matto Grosso. There are no lights in the world below, and should you be lucky enough to crash gently on a canopy of trees you will be met by hordes of anacondas and fer-de-lances after you shinny down a tree trunk. We are isolated stockbrokers of life's essences, and it is always 1929.

The grand thing about wine is that it's something you get to do with other people, along with the noble sports of fishing and hunting. When your "eye is in fine frenzy rolling," as Shakespeare would have it, you forget that you are a tribal creature and need the company of others. There is a grand pleasure in opening a good wine and cooking with friends. In fact, opening fine wine is as near to the sacramental as I get, having abandoned organized religion in my teens after a Baptist minister told me that Mozart's music was "satanic." Everywhere we are witness to the extreme confidence some people have in their stupidities.

As the years have passed you might say that I sought my spirituality through food and wine, a pleasant place to look for spirituality along with the natural world. Just the other day I was floating the Big Hole River trout fishing with a friend. About a half-hour from our destination and the end of a good fishing day we anchored in an eddy and opened a bottle of chilled Bouzeron. The wine seemed as mysteriously delicious as the flowing river. We drank in silence, watching clouds of swallows and bullbats swoop after the late afternoon insects. There isn't a three-star restaurant in France that offers a better location to drink wine. Just before finishing the bottle we suddenly had to move on because a mother moose and her baby plunged through the wild roses on the nearby bank. This is like being roused by the world's largest bar bouncer, about a thousand pounds to be exact.

This has been a time of reconsiderations for me. Only last year it would have been unthinkable for me to have a bottle of white wine in the drift boat. I connect hunting and fishing with the color of blood. With type II diabetes, however, two bottles of red wine a day became inappropriate, a euphemism of course. One bottle a day is possible with a proper morning walk with the dogs, or rowing a drift boat for four hours in a fairly heavy current.

My true, personal revolution came in Parma, Italy, last autumn. I discovered that I could have a glass of Prosecco di Valdobbiadene and then continue on with the hard work of tourism. Naturally I prefer markets to cathedrals. When I have a glass of red I mostly want another glass of red. I spent hours in the splendid market in Modena on a single glass of Prosecco. I even discovered that when

you drink Prosecco while cooking you don't blow the recipe. When I explained my discovery to my friend Mario Batali, he said, "Everybody knows that." He's a big fellow to say the least and regularly drinks Prosecco while he cooks. When we got home I ordered a number of cases and my cooking has improved. The red arrives when the game birds are properly roasted, not before.

I find that I often discover things that many people know. It reminds me that when we discovered the Grand Canyon there were already a thousand Havasupai Indians living within it. When I talked to a number of sophisticated friends about how appalled I was after seeing *Mondovino*, they lectured me on my innocence as an immature hermit, which is the essential trajectory of the novelist and poet.

Mondovino somewhat bruised my sacramental feelings about wine, but not for all that long. I quickly realized that the wine world shares a specific silliness with the worlds of art, literature, and food, not to speak of religion. At times all of these are a microcosm of the boxing world with a dozen Don Kings at the top. It is the silliness of myopia, the frog at the bottom of the well pit that thinks the well pit is the world. When I'm told that Napa Valley is the new Vatican of the wine world I say that it reminds me more of a fiefdom of Pat Robertson. To be fair and since I know them so well I have to say that for pure shabbiness the worlds of art and literature, the worlds of galleries and publishing, that Wal-Mart of words, wine takes third place.

My bruises from *Mondovino* healed rather quickly when I realized yet again that taste is idiosyncratic. There is no Monoethic Palate to guide us, no numerical Ten Commandments to guide us with a steely embrace. Of course this is a paint by number world. Learning the world for most of us is a permanent elementary school. If you need to know what refrigerator to buy, check out *Consumer Reports*, and any amateur with a chunky wallet can concentrate on the hundred best vintages in the world. It's the next ten thousand vintages that are up for grabs. Around here in Montana there are eco-ninnies who love the natural world with a severely limited and prescriptive guidebook. Everywhere we go we also meet wine-ninnies.

Back to Bouzeron and the spirit of wine and the fact that I didn't discover this affordable wine earlier because I was basically a red wine snot. Of course on occasions I liked Puligny-Montrachet, Meursault, Sancerre, Silex, Domaine Tempier rosé when my wife and daughters would share their well-guarded horde of the latter. My first Bouzeron came with a meal of *poulet estragon* with roasted vegetables. I was a little dumbfounded by how much I liked the wine and immediately consulted my Wine Master in Seattle, Peter Lewis, who explained de Villaine's Aligoté thusly: "It is utterly pleasant and unassuming. You don't need to stretch or strain to appreciate it. It is uncomplicated; but that's not to say that it is simple. Just that the experience of it is not cerebral; it's sensual without being hedonistic." After describing certain technicalities Peter goes on to say, "It's a

quaffer, lovely to drink; in fact, at times it seems a little too easy to drink. It's one of those wines that seems mysteriously to evaporate from your glass—you weren't aware that you were drinking that much."

And there you have it. In any event, Bouzeron reminded me of my discovery of Domaine Tempier Bandol so long ago, a wine still guaranteed to counteract the weariness brought about by the corrosive parsimony of spirit found everywhere in America today. A wine that you love haunts you by ordinary means. I was struck dumb by my last bottle of 1968 Château d'Yquem in my diminished cellar, but when you find a wine you truly love under twenty bucks you should bow down and give thanks to the gods.

I have had reason to be quite embarrassed lately, a rare emotion for me. I have long poked fun at the pathetic attempts professional tasters make to characterize wine in terms of fruit other than grapes. I was caught severely off balance when Kermit Lynch sent me a case of mixed whites to dabble with. I felt immediately trapped by the ineffable mystery of taste. A ripe peach tastes exactly like a ripe peach. A fine porterhouse tastes like nothing else in the world but a fine porterhouse. Brouilly tastes like Brouilly, which I have drunk dozens of times at Café Select on Montparnasse. Good flavors are described in a general atmosphere of pleasure. Bad flavors are easier to describe because of the immense world of shared experience. So this case of varied white wines trapped me both in my own limitations as a writer and in the rather obvious limitations of language itself. I make countless aesthetic decisions when composing a novel but am far less comfortable making critiques of the work of others. With wine it is especially difficult because you must approach the bottle at the level of the vintner's intentions, just as it is pointless to say that Stephen King isn't as good as William Faulkner.

So here I am hoisted by my own petard but still refusing to introduce my case of white to the local fruit market. Here are a few favorites, leaving a number of them in silence.

1. *Domaine de la Tour du Bon 2004*: Pretty good but a little sweet for my taste. Acceptable on a warm twilight watching birds from our patio in Patagonia, Arizona. One of the thousands of wildflowers I can't name even though I like them all. Naturally had to open a red for the rather musky buffalo shank stew I had made for dinner.

2. *Philippe Fauray Saint Joseph 2004*: My father was an agronomist who with eyes closed could name the weeds and grasses he smelled. Naturally I can detect a herring egg sandwich when I bite into it. In this wine I can taste the stones of the Rhône Valley. The place suits me and so does the wine.

3. *Condrieu 2004—Fauray*: This wine was easy because I drank it with a sauté of pike, perch, and bluegill fillet Fed Exed to me as a gift from Minnesota. There was an edge of tartness I revere in expensive wines and it was very friendly with the fish.

4. *Ermitage du Pic St. Loup*: This was also easy because I love the *terroir*, and had pleasant memories of drinking it in a café in the grand square of Montpellier while watching the prettiest woman in France walk by. This wine tastes as soft and pleasant as the back of a girl's knee after she has taken a dip in the Mediterranean. I drank it with the light-breasted scaled quail I had shot, then downshifted to the mighty Vacqueyras, Sang des Cailloux, for the shoulder of wild pig.

5. *Château la Roque*: I'm served this frequently in France while I'm waiting impatiently for the red. I have learned to like it and turn to it when I find a bistro list flimsy. I love odd menu items like beef snout in vinaigrette (the best is at the wine bar Rubis in Paris) and the la Roque can stand up to it.

I have not betrayed my first love, red wine. I have only tried to balance my unbalanced taste. White wine has offered me a specific equilibrium to my travels and at home where I try to mind my manners. Since I have leavened my wine drinking with white I haven't had a single gout attack which in the past was a regular event. It's hard to be on a book tour in France when you're walking like Joe Cocker. Being an idiosyncratic man with idiosyncratic tastes I still won't drink white wine after dark. The darkness beckons red.

CAFÉ ROUGE OR ROSÉ?

FOR ONE SUMMER EVENING Café Rouge down on Berkeley's Fourth Street is not living up to its name. They are going Café Rosé, and each and every rosé will be a KLWM selection. Is that cool, or not? All will be available by the glass, so you will be able to play the field and taste around.

What good is a rosé without a red to follow it? Don't worry. They have not banned reds.

Last year's event was such a treat, the food pairings beautifully selected and the rosés at the perfect temperature. Phone 510-525-1440 for reservations.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16

1782 FOURTH STREET, BERKELEY, CA

THE GEORGE SAND/ COLETTE DISCOUNT

SOME THINGS GET STARTED and they stick. The first time we opened oysters in our parking lot, I called it Oyster Bliss because the name seemed humorous to me. Now we are up to Oyster Bliss XV, and I cannot imagine changing the name. The event each year is indeed blissful.

But this George Sand/Colette thing? I'm not sure. We may keep the idea but drop the name. Even I can't remember how it got started. Let's get back to the original idea:

WHAT GOOD IS A RED WITHOUT A WHITE TO PRECEDE IT?

2004 MÂCON FARGES • HENRI PERRUSSET

When I began importing French wine, it was made by farmers, grape growers, *vignerons*. France did not have a word for winemaker. Sometimes I miss those days. If you saw *Mondovino*, you saw some outlandish egos.

This Mâcon does not taste like a winemaker's wine. The nose is pure fruit and *terroir*, Chardonnay without oak, without ego. It smells like nature, like working crops outdoors in the sun with all the perfumes in the air.

It is a country wine in the best sense of the term. Un-highfalutin.

\$16.95 PER BOTTLE

\$183.06 PER CASE

WHAT GOOD IS A WHITE WITHOUT A RED TO FOLLOW?

2003 LALANDE-DE-POMEROL
CHÂTEAU BELLES-GRAVES

How about it? Follow your white Burgundy with a red Bordeaux. Who could not like that progression? And our Bordeaux is very Pomerol-like, loaded with flavor. But something about it reminds me of Domaine Tempier's lusty red Bandol, as if it had enjoyed a blast of Provençal sunshine.

\$28.00 PER BOTTLE

\$302.40 PER CASE

SPECIAL OFFER

Buyers of a mixed case—six Burgundy, six Bordeaux—will receive the 17% George Sand/Colette discount: \$223.85. Only at KLWM!
