

WINE&MOAN

WITH BEN CANAIDER



In the pink: rosé is the perfect summer wine

Do not think

Open your mouth, lift glass to mouth, imbibe, swallow

It can be such a terrible shame when people think about wine. Rather than drinking it and then letting their minds wander and wonder, they straightjacket their imagination into a tightly bound prison of wine lore. Wine words, vintages, flavour profiles, pH, extract ... all these things clog up that beautiful machine known as the human mind. Better to let wine unstifle it.

Hemingway, it's said, used to drink a bottle of rosé at luncheon when he lived in Spain. He'd then do a bit of writing before going to the bullfights. Yes, you are absolutely correct, he wrote self-indulgent, repetitive rubbish, but at least it wasn't about the wine.

Which leads us to the ultimate non-thinking wine. No, not Verdelho. That is not wine. Verdelho is an alcoholic beverage made from unrecyclable plant matter.

No, the perfect mental freewheeling elixir is rosé. Pink wine. Hemingway knew this only too well. Yet rosé is the only wine we don't really have a habit for in this country. And that's ridiculous.

What with the summer weather and humidity over the next few months, not to mention the foods we now so slavishly

enjoy, rosé really is it. Or at least should be.

There's some good news, however. We now have more rosé hitting the bottle shop shelves than at any other time in the history of what is nowadays called the Australian wine industry. (It used to be called 'the trade'...)

The trend is not so local as international. The 2004 summer in the UK saw pink wine sales increase 50 per cent in some supermarket chains. Perhaps it is catching on.

I see more regular and consistent pink wine drinking as a sign of cultural maturity. Or should I say cultural I-don't-give-a-stuff-anymore-ness.

Peoples so advanced as to not care about government or taxation or parking tickets - like the French - drink rosé willy-nilly.

It is an in-between wine; wine you drink when you are not drinking wine. And thank goodness for that.



SCORPO MORNINGTON PENINSULA ROSE 2004, \$22 This is rosé for the sophisticated, grown-up elite. It is dry, it is very savoury in flavour - like tart strawberries and edible twigs - and it is muted. There's none of that tutti-fruity lollie-rosé sweetness; nor is there any hard, hurtful evident alcohol. Made from pinot, this one comes from Merricks North, pretty much bang-smack in the middle of the Mornington Peninsula. Fermented in old French oak, it has a silky texture - and it's as versatile as it is more-ish. Tel: 0409 836 939 for distribution; 0313 4408 for cellar door times*

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