

# MENTELLE NOTES

THE NEWSLETTER OF CLOUDY BAY AND CAPE MENTELLE



Courtesy of News Limited

## Horses For Courses

*David Hohnen surveys the form of Australia's new wave red varieties - and the stayers.*

Earlier this year I spent a day out at Melbourne's Flemington racecourse. It was the first time I'd set foot in a venue for the so called 'sport of kings' since the Whim Creek races in 1968. Our party was an interesting bunch but most of the attention was focused on an unassuming bloke called Frank. Much muttering and nodding as the nags lined up, and lots of cabbage was stuffed into Frank's pockets for his trips to the TAB. When Frank collected on the first I decided it was time to join the syndicate and coughed up a pony (\$25).

By the day's end we'd all done quite well and Frank was a star. It turns out that Frank, a beancounter by day, is a consistent winner at the track and a Trifecta man. He even generously tried to explain his complex system to me, but it was a bit much for this nonplussed punter.

It's a long time between races, and a form guide is about as much fun as the instruction manual for a Singer

sewing machine. So some of our winnings were invested in various libations. One of these was Yalumba's *Antipodean* which, according to the label, contains a dash of that new wave white varietal, viognier. It, and the fact I failed to come to grips with the basics of Trifecta betting, gave me time to contemplate the equivalent red varietals of the future.

Who are the front runners and who'll pick the winners?

Borrowing a bit of racetrack jargon and a lot from Jancis Robinson's epic *Vines Grapes and Wines*, I thought I'd preview a few of the starters in the Red Wine Trendsetters Handicap.

The runners come from three stables. First, the Bordeaux Blenders - merlot, cabernet franc, malbec and petit verdot. Of these, you can safely wager a gorilla (\$1000) on merlot to win by a country mile. Its pedigree assures it a place as Australia's next 'in' red. In fact it's already bolted and is halfway round the track.

Merlot, most often used in Bordeaux blends with cabernet, is quite capable of producing

outstanding single varietal reds, (heard of Petrus?) It buds and ripens earlier than cabernet and can adapt to a wide range of soils and micro-climates. In Australia's cooler regions it produces full firm wines without astringency, showing plum and loganberry with a touch of earthiness. Earl Happ's Merlot from Yallingup in Margaret River is a good example.

—  
*“Shiraz by a clear head from cabernet sauvignon..”*  
 —

The other Bordeaux Blenders have a race to run Down Under, but I wouldn't put them higher than second or third on the multiple Trifecta. Cabernet franc lacks the distinctiveness of either cabernet or merlot. Petit verdot is too hard and acidic on its own, and malbec is a fickle variety.

*continued page 2*

# Pouring Lore

Melbourne Arts Festival Director, Leo Schofield offers some bons mots on wine service

Tablets of stone are hard to come by these days. Besides, I have no Mosaic delusions and it would take an awfully long time to chip inscriptions on to them, so instead I've jotted down a highly personal list of commandments for wine waiters.

**THOU SHALT EQUIP THYSELF WITH A DECENT CORKSCREW**  
Nothing as pleasing as a good screw. And nothing more depressing than a crook one. Corks should come away cleanly from the neck, not be converted into something resembling the top of rhubarb crumble.

**THOU SHALT NOT SHAKE THE BOTTLE**  
In a couple of decades of dining I've seen many a wine waiter handling the bottle as if it were one half of a set of maracas, clutching it by the neck and giving it a good shake. Even the oenologically ignorant know that it is not sound practice.

**THOU SHALT CUT THE CAPSULE OK**, so many of our young waiters are fresh-faced Thespians breathlessly awaiting a telephone call from the producers of *'Home and Away'*. But lack of expertise is really no good reason for assuming that a cork needs to be removed *through* the lead or foil capsule. And yet many attempt this impossible 'camel through the eye of a needle' trick. A quick flick with a knife neatly decapitates a capsule which, after all, is designed to protect a cork, not for later transformation into a miniature volcanic cone.

**THOU SHALT NOT PUT A BOTTLE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS**  
If a cork is recalcitrant, do not clamp the bottle between your thighs to obtain extra purchase. Go behind the scenes to remove it.



**THOU SHALT NOT POUR CLEAN WINE INTO DIRTY GLASSES**

A grubby glass or chipped one can elude the attention of a slack staff member. Final quality control rests with the waiter.

**THOU SHALT REMAIN ALERT AT ALL TIME**

If a wayward crumb of cork finds its way into a glass, it's usually the customer who spots it and has to fish it out with his or her pinkie finger. This is the waiter's role. Not the fishing out, but the spotting. Whip away the glass and replace.

That's enough THOU SHALT's for now. Wine is for enjoyment. Just don't let anything get in the way of that.

**NEW RELEASES**

## WHITE HOT

Vintage 1995 more than ever, dramatically highlighted the need for some Marlborough magic! The year started well, and by last Christmas even the beancounters were smiling. But the grins didn't stick. By April, Marlborough had almost had its average annual rainfall. We needed the "sun to find a hole in the clouds over the Wairau" and it did. Ripening was assisted by rigorous leaf plucking and bunch thinning, and towards the end of harvest was concertina'd into three hectic weeks. Just one of those years!

In keeping with Cloudy Bay's commitment to quality Ivan Sutherland and his crew assessed the fruit vineyard by vineyard, only the very best selected for the final blends to ensure the quality we have come to expect from the Wairau. Since then Kevin Judd and his cellar rats have carefully nurtured this precious crop to another jolly good drop. Prodded to take his finger off the shutter and turn the light on in his dark room, Juddy, in typical laconic fashion, had this to say:

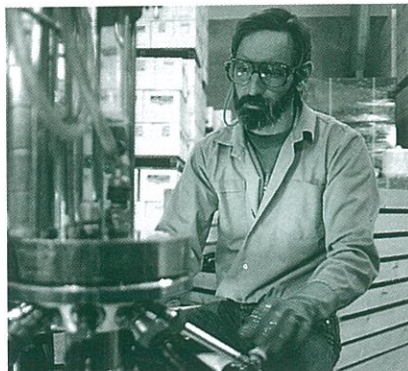
### Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1995

*"Shows lifted fresh herbal aromas reminiscent of basil backed by ripe guava and passionfruit. Medium bodied, the palate is succulent and crisp with peach notes and a long flavoursome finish."*

### Pelorus 1991

*"Pale gold with a persistent bead, Pelorus 1991 vintage has aromas of freshly baked bread, whipped cream and tropical fruit. The palate is fine and rich with a long savoury finish."*

Chosen 'Sparkling Wine of the Year' by Andrew Jefford of London's *Evening Standard*.



*Pelorus' creator Harold Osborne gives his progeny their dosage*

## Horses for Courses *cont...*

The next stable - the Rhône Rangers. The most notable here is shiraz which has already bolted home, and in some minds is a better steed than the flashy blueblood cabernet sauvignon. The other starters are grenache, mourvèdre (mataro) and cinsault. All of these nags have been around in Australia for yonks and until very recently were regarded as cart horses.

Grenache, a camel (slow horse) if ever there was one, has been taken out of retirement and paraded around by a few of the sharp guys from the Barossa. (The same mob who recently found all the old shiraz vines and basket presses.)

Jancis Robinson claims grenache is "Australia's best kept secret." Certainly, in the right hands and when crop levels are kept low, it can produce a big rich concentrated plum pudding of a wine. If you seek a benchmark (albeit French), try a bottle of Rayas from Chateaufort du Pape. I believe grenache is best as a blending component, where its high alcohol and sweetness can fill out lean and spicy shiraz.

Mourvèdre and cinsault are good plodders but show form when blended with the other Rhône Rangers. A fact not lost on Jancis Robinson who writes, "In France mourvèdre is considered an improving structural ingredient ... a sort of vinous RSJ with the perfume of blackberry thrown in for good measure." These two stablemates, along with the other Rangers, are capable of producing good wine in a hot climate.

And so to the third stable - the Italian Stallions - barbera, nebbiolo and sangiovese. Of the three, I would put a monkey (half a gorilla) on sangiovese. It's got good breeding and likes Australian conditions.

Sangiovese is grown all over Italy and produces a vast range of wines of varying quality. Jancis sums it up perfectly. "The wines range from near undrinkable thin, inky mouthwash to essences of fermented grape juice that can keep their concentration and beauty for a century." It is best known to Antipodeans as the basis of the raffia encased Chianti, but if you're curious why it is likely to bolt ahead, invest in a pedigreed Chianti Classico.

Nebbiolo is a magnificent steed of aristocratic lineage in its native Piedmont in north west Italy, but it has yet to show form in the New World. High in tannin, acid and extract it is typically drunk as a mature wine. Seek out a Barolo or a Barbaresco...

Barbera is a good work horse variety and one of the world's most widely planted red grapes. It does well in hot climates and would be ideally suited to many Australian regions if given a start.

So, if I had to call the finish of the Red Wine Trendsetters Handicap for 2000, it would be thus: Shiraz by a clear head from cabernet sauvignon with a full two lengths to pinot noir holding merlot by a nose. A long way back to grenache fading on the rail with sangiovese coming up fast. Half a mile further back to mourvèdre, cinsault and cabernet franc, all blowing hard but going nowhere. Barely out of the gate and limping badly are nebbiolo, barbera and petit verdot. But hold it. What about zinfandel? Well, Zinfandel was last seen in the members bar drinking with Frank...

# Wine Speak Spoked

by Wendy Harmer

*Who invites you to attend a special party, where wine glasses are filled as never before, and then shattered....*

It's quite apparent that in reaching for superlatives to describe wine, some buffs have had the ladder kicked from under them. It's difficult to climb down with any sense of decorum when you've described a wine as a "big bopper of a Chardonnay," which is how Cloudy Bay's 1992 offering was described in the *American Wine Spectator*. Can a "rock around the clock Shiraz" be far behind? Or how about a "see you later alligator Sauvignon Blanc?"

It's with a mixture of awe and incredulity that a somewhat prosaic writer like me views the poetic licence taken by wine lovers. They steal from the vocabulary of the socialite, gourmet, gardener, architect, couturier, musician and the painter to describe their favourite drop. They venture into territory other critics wouldn't dare. Blithely romping through the senses and emotions gathering tastes, sights, sounds and feelings as they strive to paint a picture of a taste in words.

And the result? Sometimes this word picture of a taste sounds like a symphony... sometimes it sounds like Bill Haley with a hangover.

To begin, the wine writer gives a character to the wine in question. And of course, characters at this opening night are intensely fascinating, utterly memorable. The faces one might find beaming from the social pages of *Vanity Fair*. They are: "bold, stylish, well balanced, strong, elegant, classy, sprightly, delicate, robust, discreet, serious, mellow, intense, vibrant, wild and exotic." And, to be perfectly frank, the "irritable, torpid, frigid, impassive, soppy, mawkish, stolid and cynical" are simply not welcome.

*"A dour wine with a half-hearted nose, an apathetic grip on the back palate and a callous finish. The Alexander Downer of the drinks cabinet. Deserves to be relegated to the back bench."*

To describe the look of the wine, our critic becomes couturier. The wines are dressed in "vibrant garnet hues" and "silky golden tones." Does this mean that Sparkling Porphyry Pearl is clad in vintage cheesecloth?

*"A great, shambling Fergie of a wine. With sequined hues from shocking pink through to aqua."*

And the age of the wine? It can be "mature, young, aged, buxom or frisky. A "menopausal" wine is quite clearly going nowhere.

*"A lovely childish drop. Put down for an early nap; should be well behaved by dinner. Will complement Spaghetti-O's, Vegemite crusts and Freddo frogs."*

The taste? Well, here our critic wanders from pantry to orchard to woolshed and rock garden with gay abandon. In the orchard we find lemons, plums, cherries and apples ... with, oddly, not much mention of grapefruit, oranges or persimmons. In the berry bushes there is great

inspiration. "Blackcurrants, loganberries, wild berries and gooseberry" are all highly prized overtones, but pity the vigneron who finds their wine "tasting like Ribena."

However it's the true wine lover who wanders, glass in hand, into the pantry who truly inspires. Here the senses run wild with descriptions of tastes of "crushed hazelnuts, cashews, fresh ground pepper, vanillin, biscuits, butterscotch, honey, allspice, herbs, toast, cream, yeast and oatmeal."

*"Light delicate cornflakey nose. Good Ryvita flavours with hints of lentil."*

Of course, it's the pedestrian wine critic who stops at flavours the wine buyer may be familiar with. Wines can also be "flinty, grassy, dusty, leathery, chalky, powdery" or taste of "shavings of cedar" and "fresh hewn oak". And we're on pretty safe ground here. It's certainly going to be a brave consumer who will return a wine with the complaint: "It's got a bit more leather in it than I usually like."

*"A mouthful of real weed underneath a hedge. Finishes like a chunk of granite with gravel top notes."*

*"Characters at this opening night are intensely fascinating, utterly memorable.."*

Then we come to the construction of the wine, and here our critic becomes architect. It's "built for the long haul," "well constructed," "finely crafted," "supple and seamless."

*"A truly Gothic wine, complete with flying buttresses. An overlay of oak and stained glass. Goes well with gargoyles."*

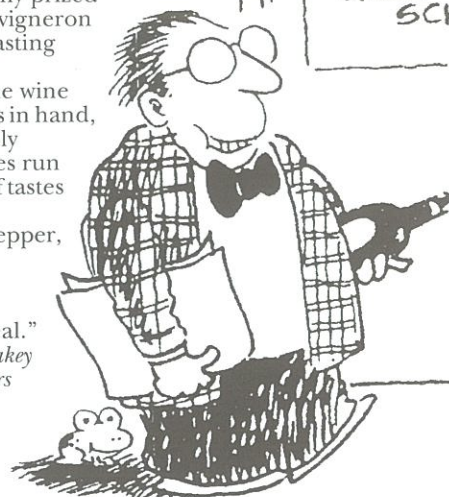
Finally comes the point where the wine lover steps off into the wild blue yonder, into the realm of the conceptual artist. There's simply no way to describe this wine...it, it...glides, teases, challenges, grips, soars, builds, lingers "... it's "mighty, playful, coquettish, modest" ...it's "off dry," for God's sake.

*"A particularly smelly sauvignon which offers more, so much more than the floral flavours of other top wines. A very subtle gumnut influence, terracotta, lawn sprinkler and singlet with Tim Tam and pea." A tremendous off-handedness and bovine disposition complete the picture. Arguably the best made yet!"*

Alas, a wine writer I will never be. I just don't speak the language.

*"Nice ...red and very grapey. Tastes great with chops."*

*When not studying for her winewriter's licence, Wendy Harmer broadcasts on Sydney's Radio 2Day FM, pens for the Sydney Morning Herald, and makes Australia laugh.*



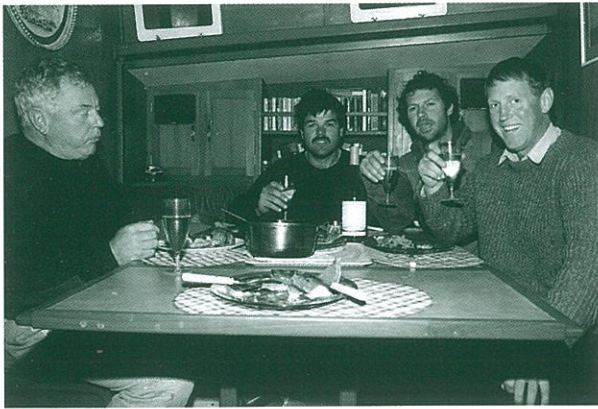
## GLITTERING PRIZES

Over time MN has heard of some fascinating trades for the odd bottle of Cloudy Bay, but none quite so valuable as that suggested by a writer in London's *Daily Telegraph*. It all started when New Zealand's World Cup coach Laurie Mains reckoned the Poms would have to hock the Crown Jewels to keep All Blacks hero Jonah Lomu in rugby union. He like many other supporters believes that to really flourish Union has to have a living god, a legend like Pele who, taro fuelled, will carry that oval ball across national frontiers. We're not sure how HRH would feel about wearing diamante earrings, but could just about accommodate one of the *Telegraph's* other asks. Apart from the Queen's baubles they called for "France to throw in the Mona Lisa... South Africa a shipload of Krugerrands... Australia a signed copy of Rolf Harris' greatest hits ...and New Zealanders a case or two of Cloudy Bay, a wine as rare as any diamond-encrusted tiara in the Tower of London." But Jonah doesn't drink...

## MUSTS

**Marlborough Wine & Food Festival**  
Saturday 10th February, 1996  
Brancott Vineyard, Blenheim  
Details: Tel: (03) 577 8977  
Fax: (03) 577 8966

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



From left: Ron Palmer, Vince Belgrave, Gavin Stichbury & Alan Knowles propose a toast aboard Koloa

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 a bottle of Cloudy Bay or Cape Mentelle - on a wine list in Caracas, in a bistro in Botswana or a boat in the Bahamas - buy it and take a photo then send it to The Editor, Mentelle Notes. (Taking the bottle with you is highly commended but ideally

MN ambassadors should purchase an off-shore bottle.) MN will publish the best and most alluring photo and the winning Mentelle Ambassador will receive a FREE mixed case of Cloudy Bay wine. All entrants receive a CB T-shirt.

## The Big Chill

Mentelle Ambassadors are popping up all over the world - with CB & CM corks reported pulled in Portuguese palaces, near South African waterfalls - even on top of suspension bridges. Is there no limit to the lengths some will go to secure a case of Cloudy Bay and Cape Mentelle? But it takes a bit to beat scientist Alan Knowles and his intrepid crew, found moored in the sub-Antarctic's Auckland Islands, there to measure continental drift, a task made much easier when imbibing Cloudy Bay...

## SEND 'EM MENTELLE IN THE UK THIS XMAS

Know someone in the U.K who should be on Northern Hemisphere Santa's rounds? How about giving them an extra special year end surprise - a case of great Kiwi Christmas cheer! Cloudy Bay's Santa has just sleighed in a special delivery of the eleventh vintage to Edward Berry, our man in London - as many cases as he and his helpers could load on their trusty sleds.

Stocks of the *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1995* are limited, so place your order (as indicated on the form overleaf) soon, and definitely before FRIDAY 1 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) 572 8914 or fax (03) 572 8065 for details.



## TURN ON

OK, so you've bought the Beluga, the 'lust and seduction' candles and new batteries for the toothbrush.

You've been for the all-day total body wrap, sprayed the bedroom with Joy and dry-cleaned the doona. The fire is set, the CD stacked and you've double-checked your new silk Armani nightie for wrinkles. He's due to arrive in five, but what oh what are you going to pour to keep him alive? Dom Perignon? Chilled antler consommé? Lemongrass tea? No, of course not. Call for the *Cape Mentelle Semillon Sauvignon*... the discerning wine drinkers tried and tested aphrodisiac. We're not kidding. Just get hold of a copy of England's *XL* (whatever that means) magazine, September issue, where volunteers Chris and Lison Royle tested the erotic effects of various New World wines, among them a bottle of *Cape Mentelle Semillon Sauvignon 1994*. Their arousing tasting notes declare optimum effect after just two glasses of this "Australian beauty with exotic tropical and citrus fruit flavours and - a zingy finish." We dare you to try it... the 1995 vintage sex aid...



The Cloudy Bay boys and their vineyard toys taking time out from the 1995 harvest - a year that made men of them. [See New Releases page 2]

# Rudolph Red Knows Wine Dear

## SPECIAL FESTIVE SELECTION

Those in the know, red nose or not will be pleased to learn that the reliable Cloudy Bay Santa has teleported in early to deliver a bulging sack of goodies for all *Mentelle Notes* readers. He and Christmas courier Rudolph commend this special gift selection. Surprise family and friends with this classic case of Yuletide cheer.

## RUDOLPH'S MIXED BLESSING

Comprises three terrific wines - the just released *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1995* (6 bottles) and three bottles each of the *Cloudy Bay Pinot Noir 1992* (still only available at cellar door) and *Cape Mentelle Cabernet Merlot 1993 'Trinders Vineyard'*. According to Ralph Kyte-Powell of Melbourne's *Age* this is a "very fine wine" with "subtle aromas reminiscent of Bordeaux that waft from the glass with hints of currants, earth and cedar." (See Latest Drops). What better match for the turkey on a cool Christmas Day!

This year's Mixed Blessing is sure to please the most discerning wine drinker, especially at the cheery Christmas case price of \$261.75. Be sure to place your order early so buzz-about Rudolph has plenty of time to stack your stocking!

## DEERSTALKER MARKETING

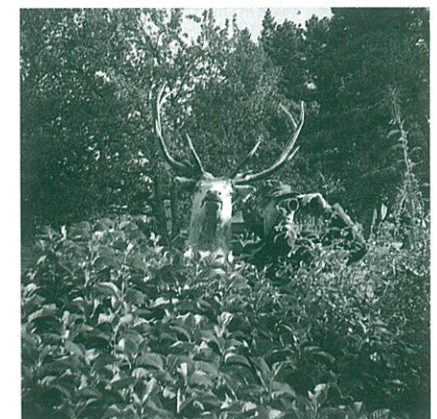
David Hohnen is more at ease stalking game in New Zealand's high country than he is in the jungle of the business world. But he has been known to impart the wisdoms of the wild to curious corporate types, including the bemused audience at *Veuve Clicquot's* recent marketing conference held on a mountain in Switzerland.

Successful managers could, he claims, do well to hone their hunting skills. It's all a matter of sharpening the senses.

*Sight* Develop side vision. It's not always what you see but what you interpret from the signs that matters most.

*Sound* Listen to the silence. It's not what they're saying that's important, it's what they're not saying you need worry about.

*Smell* Sniff the air regularly. Your nose is the most important tool of all...and the best detector you have to avoid stepping in the shit.



Rudolph attends marketing training at Cloudy Bay



# Surfing Samoa

David Hohnen travels to Western Samoa for a MN travel report.

Did you know that Australians are the largest per capita users of mobile phones in the world? We've taken to them more eagerly than American Indians to the Henry rifle. Witness the dork sitting beside a free phone in a frequent flyer lounge, happy instead to pay to be seen with the mobile clapped to one ear, talking nonsensical gibberish to the lucky person who won't be seeing him or her for a while.

Mobiles, fax machines and the old fashioned blower all go to raise stress levels - but where does this get us? More important, is there anything we can do about all these phones? It's nice to dream of whipping out a snub nose 38 cal Colt Detective Special, and blowing away the fax, but sure as hell a clean cut guy in a white nylon short sleeve shirt will show up within minutes and replace it.

There is one solution. Give yourself a break and go to Western Samoa. Just three hours north of Auckland, Western Samoa lies in the heart of the South Pacific and remains the region's most traditional Polynesian society.

Western Samoa comprises two main volcanic islands, Savai'i and 'Upolu. The capital is Apia on the north shore of 'Upolu, where 35,000 of the 162,000 population lives. It's worth a short stay, but if you really want to get away from the phone, head for one of the villages that hug the coast.

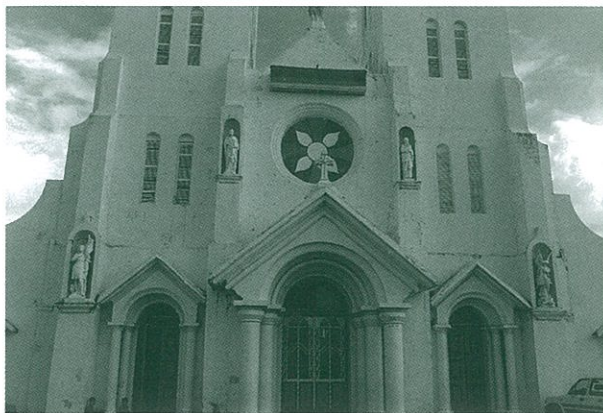
Samoans live in fales (*far-lays*), oval shaped structures with palm thatch roofs shaped like an upside-down lifeboat, supported by wooden poles. These are often constructed with cement floors, some form of walls and flyscreens - a unique and practical dwelling. Replace the traditional sleeping mat with a bed or a bunk and they become quite comfy pads.

Not a helluva lot happens in Samoa. The economy comprises subsistence fishing and agriculture; bananas, copra and cocoa are grown for export. The other major export is people - to New Zealand and Australia, and rugby teams.

It seems the biggest business in Samoa is religion. When the missionaries came ashore fifty odd years ago it must have been as awesome as the Allied landings at Normandy. Those bible bashers blitzed the place, one denomination competing with the other to convert a compliant but bewildered population of laid-back fun-lovers.

Every village boasts one if not two substantial religious edifices, which the locals are quick to point out, offer respite when cyclones blow.

Samoans have a reputation for being a sleepy bunch. Indeed, at any



Samoa's shelter from the stormy blast.

time of day a substantial proportion of the population can be seen reposing in their fales, under trees or even in grassy ditches pushing out zeds. This laying around is clearly a ploy to ward off missionaries. One can well imagine that any sign of industriousness would soon be directed to such activities as lawn mowing round the church, or the painting of the presbytery.

## So what's to do in Samoa?

Definitely not faxing or phoning home. Sure, if you're desperate the Samoans would happily furnish you with two empty jam tins and a long piece of string for a bit of talkie talkie. But they'd rather see you snorkelling, walking and lazing on the beach, or eating and drinking.

The best non-alcoholic island refreshment is the juice of an immature coconut. Vailima, the local beer, is brewed by a German brewmaster (it says so on the label) and it's very good. Wine is almost nonexistent outside Apia, and be prepared to pay 100% import duty if you fly supplied.

The Samoans eat well, cooking most food on open fires. Fish is plentiful and a staple and there are a variety of tropical fruits and vegetables. Come Sundays a strolling pig will be gently strangled and barbecued in papaya leaves on hot stones.

And last but by no means least the surf's not bad. Between May and October the same southerly swells that pound Margaret River make it all the way to the southern shores of 'Upolu and Savai'i, jacking up on the outer reefs to form picture perfect concave faces as they wrap around the coral.

Yes siree, the next time you feel like blowing away the fax or phone - pick it up instead, and call your island idyll travel agent.

## MENTELLE NOTES

is the publication of  
CLOUDY BAY & CAPE MENTELLE VINEYARDS  
For further information please contact the winery  
PO Box 376, Blenheim  
Tel (03) 57 28914 Fax (03) 57 28065

## Cloudy Bay Chardonnay 1993

*"Yes it's good, yes it's impeccably balanced and yes, it will develop even more richness and complexity with further time in bottle. Rich, forward, pineappley fruit with a nuance of hazelnuts and a hint of yeastiness on the finish. Grab it while you can."*  
WINE, U.K.

*Hints of citrus, pineapple, peaches and buttery oak...  
As usual it is beautifully balanced, deliciously complex and mouth-filling with a faint undertone of toffee on a long finish. It is elegant rather than a blockbuster."*  
Charmian Smith, OTAGO DAILY TIMES

## Cape Mentelle Cabernet Merlot 1993

*"Subtle aromas reminiscent of Bordeaux waft from the glass with hints of currants, earth and cedar. The palate is tight with subdued fruit flavour and a liquorice-like intensity framed in fresh acidity. Finishes with dry, chalky tannins. A very fine wine."*  
Ralph Kyte-Powell, THE AGE

## Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994

*"It massaged the old throat well with true sauvignon blanc flavour. The Kiwis lead the way again!"*  
WINE U.K., Outstanding, 85 - 89 points

*"A classic wine that really 'works the gastric juices'... the tasters really loved this great example of New Zealand sauvignon blanc describing it as 'outstanding', 'zingy' and in a moment of poetry, 'a shrill, muscular, zippy, grassy wine.' It knocks your socks off with its sheer intensity of flavour."*  
Max Allen, THE AGE

*"What about simple things like mussels straight from the hot-plate. Eat them as they open and drink a glass of frosty Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1994 - absolute bliss."*  
Mark Shield, SUNDAY AGE

## Cape Mentelle Cabernet Sauvignon 1991

*"A drop-dead gorgeous hunk of a cabernet from the surfer's paradise... Yields a richly textured, cassis-scented wine loaded with fruit, class and concentration. The resemblance to a classed growth Bordeaux is uncanny. Try it alongside Chateau Margaux!"*  
PRIMA, USA

*"One of the greatest reds produced in the region. It is young and vibrant with strong blackcurrant and oak characters, great richness and concentration of flavour, power and complexity."*  
Peter Forrestal, WEST AUSTRALIAN

*Cloudy Bay ...responsible for altering Australia's perception of New Zealand wines."*  
Robert Carnack, INTERIORS ENTERTAINING