



spring '24 issue



Le Cuvier
EST. 1863
CHARDONNAY

Le Cuvier
EST. 1863
PINOT NOIR
KRUSE

Le Cuvier
EST. 1863
L'ENFANT DU PÂPE
RED WINE CUVEE

Le Cuvier
EST. 1863
SYRAH
ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA

Le Cuvier
EST. 1863
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Le Cuvier
EST. 1863
MALBEC
1863-LANDRY

SPRING RELEASE / *winemaker selection club packs*



mixed club

2019 CHARDONNAY
2020 L'ENFANT DU PAPE X2
2020 SYRAH
2020 CABERNET SAUVIGNON
2020 MALBEC



reds only club

2020 PINOT NOIR
2020 L'ENFANT DU PAPE X2
2020 SYRAH
2020 CABERNET SAUVIGNON
2020 MALBEC



*Carefully crafted and exquisite libations,
cultivated in the most magnificent of
dry-farmed vineyards on Paso Robles's westside*

2020 CHARDONNAY

Grandiose and poised for the spring fete, an opulent manor adorned by elaborate motifs with large windows, turrets, and towers, stands as classical example of the bucolic English setting. Soft, burnished gold rays permeate the foyer and reflect against the ceiling mural, whilst its cacophony of colors is only tempered by the stark white granite floors. Intermingling aromas of jasmine, orange blossom and lemon balm drift into the grand ballroom, as platters of petite oysters with Seville orange zest and dried flowers, succulent chantarelles cooked in butter, deviled eggs, and sourdough toast with fresh chevre are ushered in.

The music starts to play, a pellucid melody of swirls like a waltz danced many eras before. She is the only known heir and the place is now hers. Carmeline or Millie, as her loved ones call her, is acquainted with all the guests, their archaic titles suffocating and crowding her mind. She dons a stunning, champagne-hued, floor-length silk gown, oohs and aahs echoing as she saunters, and the crowd lauds her delicate refinement. Nonchalantly scanning the room, her deep amber eyes glaze over the frowsty scene, heeding a new silhouette across the room. Someone debonair had just arrived, an enigmatic stranger full of charisma and life. The newly acquainted engage in tantalizing conversation and nibble on triple cream brie, Antonovka apple and caraway thyme tartlets, when the grandfather clock rings the midnight beat, and they realize hours have passed since their initial greet. Gin martinis in hand, flaxen locks shining in the moonlight, dried pine needles beneath bare feet, the sound of the soiree fading in the distance, they perambulate through the forest recounting old tales and lost memories. Two carefree strangers arrive at the edge of a behemoth cliff, waterfall raging beneath to the tune of her swift heartbeat. She smiles and whispers: "I could never dream a night like this". Hand in hand, gazing into each other's eyes without promises or regrets, they take the leap.

notes by mika toke, resident vampire

VINEYARD | Kruse & Cain



2020 PINOT NOIR

Her Mariposa plum skin blushes with cranberry and cumin as soft white sage lapels caress her delicate neck, curving seductively down clavicle to her sparkling dewdrop nectarine bodysuit. Bing cherries adorn her ears, and chicha morada stains her full thirsting lips, ever yearning for just a hint of rose petal and sweet citrus sinensis, as she tipples back her Metaxa, neat. In due turn, hyacinth flowers fall softly to the ground, displaced from their precarious perch in her paprika pink peppercorn hair, when dainty glass hits bottom. Left to their own devices, pleurotus ostreatus, along with bryophytes and their brethren, mischievously coax salted radish, tomato leaf and cuprum patina from their earthen homes, to cavort and bound across a table laden with lamb moussaka, honey glazed ham, stewed white figs and ceremoniously reduced pomegranate clove sweetmeats, all this to be washed down in turn with plenty a chilled cucumber mountain spring water and steaming cups of Andean Muña mint tea, of course. Now, comfortably nestled on her bed of thuidium amongst lively trillium, admiring hillsides covered in ceanothus, she stretches out her legs to tickle the small acorns of a scrub oak with her dexterous toes, content to doze off, unless frozen watermelon sorbet or warm olallieberry pie deign to make an appearance.

notes by clay selkirk, winemaker & all-around cowboy

VINEYARD | 100% Kruse



2020 L'ENFANT DU PAPE

Paradise beckons with a wild, untamed spirit, as the dance of the seasons commences. You peer through a violaceous veil, rewarded by your first glimpse of this rare vision. Her amber locks, cascading in ringlets across her shoulders, are adorned with a crown of rosewood, pomegranates, figs, blackberries, and raspberries, tucked amongst bluebell and lavender blooms. As with Hades' first glimpse of Persephone, this first taste is both intoxicating and invigorating. You are speechless, and yet you know you must capture her essence to claim her fully and slake your thirst. Vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas, the Fates chant, reciting from ancient leather-bound tomes. Though this exquisite madness beguiles your senses, elsewhere wild beasts are dancing untamed tattoos around dew-glistened fairy rings of maitake mushrooms, satsuma orange peels floating on a pond encircled by vibrant hues of roses and orchids. Dusk arrives. Platters of venison roast over glowing embers--the downed stag courtesy of Demeter, Goddess of the Harvest--to complete the evening repast. The flavors of vine ripened tomatoes, basil, burrata, and walnuts dance upon your tongue as flinty drops of rainfall sprinkle upon the earth. Rainbows paint the sky, followed by the dark cloak of night as Artemis shoots stardust to the heavens. Yonder, Baccus toasts farewell as the brambly thicket closes and the golden chariot fades from view.

notes by miranda thompson, vp of quality control

BLEND | 34% Syrah + 34% Mourvedre
+ 20% Grenache + 12% Petite Sirah

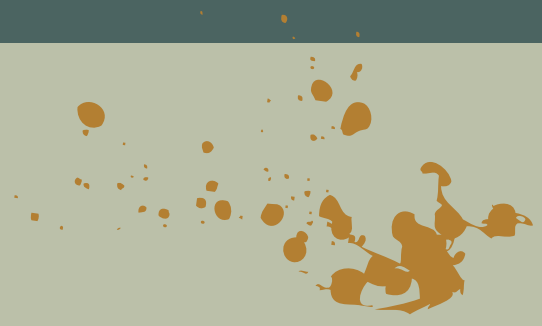
2020 SYRAH

Oneiric visions of cerulean skies and white sand beaches, strewn with conch and nautilus shells, sun-bleached coral, coconut palms providing shade from overhead, and the occasional mermaid's purse displaced from its mooring, having washed ashore alone... Fresh caught rockfish ceviche is served on large scallop shells with finger lime caviar resting on ice. Agua de Jamaica slakes the thirst, followed by carne asada tacos, onions and cilantro, grilled pineapple, charred pepper salsa, and a sip of Mezcal with cacao covered espresso beans and bacon wrapped dates. The endless swoosh of the waves slowly grinds everything to finer, and finer, particles; time is unceasing. "All hands on deck" yells the Captain. "Fire starboard cannons!" Bursting blackberries collide with tentacled arms, like underwater octopus ink bombs, or powdered paprika balloons bursting in the air, cut through with vanilla bean swords, defended by prickly pear nopales shields and countered with gunpowder green tea leather wrapped pistols. As the cobalt haze lifts, and the impending threat recedes, citrus soaked alpaca carpaccio awaits, along with brioche toast, purple potatoes, and winter purslane, huitlachoche soup, elk medallions and luxardo cherry garnished Manhattans to top off the quickening night. Not a thing seems to be missing, but it could very well be the psilocybin talking if I had to wager a guess.

notes by clay selkirk, winemaker & all-around cowboy

DRY-FARMED VINEYARD |

100% St. Peter of Alcantara



2020 CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Brooding, like a big black bear slowly moving through the undergrowth, sniffing, snorting, and snuffling furtively here and there, in search of ripe blueberries, mulberries, and juicy blackberries in the warm and drowsy early summer months. Dusky, as a particularly hirsute rural homesteader, wiping his brow after carefully splitting and sawing slate to size for the roof of his humble country abode. Layered, like the heavy black metamorphic shingles he sets just so, preventing any unintended leaks, or damage from the wild westerly winds. Contented, the feelings of accomplishment and rising pleasure, as he takes a moment to admire his handiwork. Reaching deftly into his coat pocket, with thick and calloused fingers, he teases out his short-stemmed pipe, along with the last of his dried, shredded tobacco. Coaxing a small spark with flint and knife, his bowl finds a small ember, which blossoms in turn to that of a modest flame, as he steadily pulls air through the stem and into his anticipatory lungs. Further adding to his natural musk, the tobacco smoke curls around his body, settling softly into beard and clothes. With a hide tough as shallot skins and prickly as a pinecone, he is tan as ginger cookies, cacao nibs and shiitake mushrooms all rolled into one. No moss under his feet may grow, for innumerable tasks await his attention; rope and clothes there are to mend, saddle leather to be sewn, tilling implements to sharpen, red oakwood to split, and tarweed infiltrating the barley patch to hoe. Finally, as savory sausage in marinara sauce with fresh basil bubbles away on the stove, he safely secrets away the prized cashmere chili and Sichuan peppercorns in his cool cellar below. No longer one to travel far and wide, nor venture any great distance from home, he allows the outside world to come to him; in jars of kimchi, candied hibiscus flowers, orange bitters and juniper berries, carried by kindly wandering merchant, or the rare, good friend traveling from afar.

notes by clay selkirk, winemaker & all-around cowboy

DRY-FARMED VINEYARDS |
Kirk-Landry, Loma Seca & 4Hearts

2020 MALBEC

Above a mossy cabin, secluded deep within the sycamores of Big Sur, the morning sun paints the sky in hues of pink and violet. Inside the rustic shanty, a kitchen hums with the promise of a hearty meal. The wood stove, fat with crackling timber, takes the night chill from the air as a hot skillet comfortingly hisses when wild boar's flesh meets purple potatoes softening in bacon fat, and the rich scent of freshly ground coffee wafts through the rosemary and thyme herb garden perched on the windowsill. With the morning feast at hand, freshly ripped sourdough bread emits its wild yeast, only to be seen glistening in the sunlight through the Coast Live Oak tree leaves. Reminiscent of a past life spent sailing on the briny deep, an old adage becomes apparent. "Pink sky at night, a sailor's delight. Pink sky in the morn, sailor be warned."

notes by thomas cherry, master cellar rat





SPRING SEASON EVENTS

SPRING 2024 PICK-UP PARTY
SATURDAY 02.10

HISTORIC ZINFANDEL
FESTIVAL WEEKEND
FRIDAY - SUNDAY 03.15-03.17

EASTER - WINERY CLOSED
SUNDAY 03.31

MOTHER'S DAY BRUNCH
SUNDAY 03.12

ELLIPTICAL SOCIETY MEMBER
GARDEN PARTY
FRIDAY 05.17

MEMBER ESR RELEASE PARTY
SUNDAY 06.23

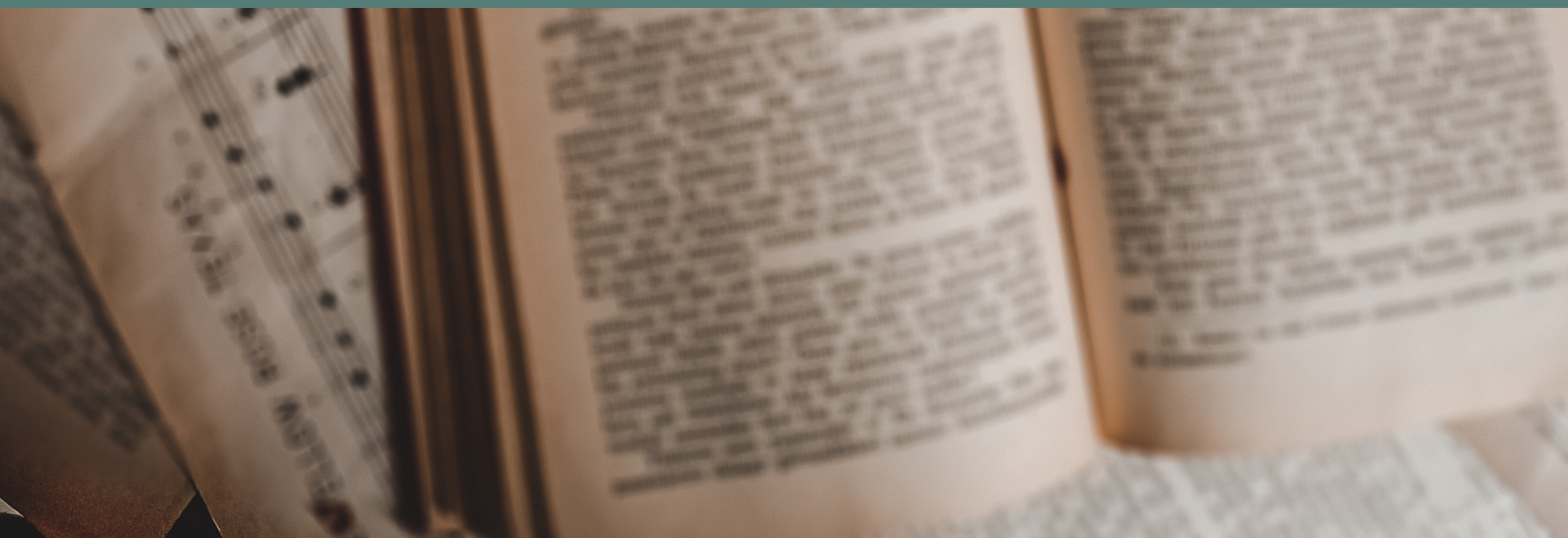
ROSE RELEASE WEEKEND
FRIDAY - SUNDAY 07.12-07.14



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