

THE PROVOCATEUR AND LITTLE MISS GLASS

He was a dirt man. Or, he was a man of the dirt. This is not to say that he was a dirty man, though his boots were often caked with mud and the lines in his hands were often filled with soil, but only that he made his way

by knowing something about how things were grown. He worked a few acres on a hillside that, on a clear day, looked out over the valley and had a nice view of the mountains. On a grey day like this one, fog pooled in the valley, turning it into a broad, white sea, and the man, as he stood in the bed of his Ford, gazed down from the crow's nest of a ship that was sailing absolutely *nowhere*—which was perfectly fine with him.

He stepped down from the truck bed and strode towards the rows of vines that sloped down the hill towards the lower tree line. The vines were bare and pruned and awaiting spring. The man too was waiting for spring; he was waiting for the long days on the hillside and the sore muscles and falling asleep the moment his head hit the pillow. Winter was waiting and the man was fond of work.

At the end of the row he stopped and looked back up the hill at the vines. They were healthy. They would produce good fruit. The fruit would make good wine and then somebody would tell him that he had a green thumb. He disliked it when folks told him he had a *green thumb*. This reminded him of garden clubs and potted plants. He would grunt, adjust his worn baseball cap and comment that it takes more than a *green thumb* to tend a piece of land.

All morning it had been drizzling, but as he stood there at the base of the hillside it started raining in earnest. He pulled his coat up against his neck and hiked up to his truck. The workday was done though it had never really started. Not in this weather. Not in this month. He was hungry and it would take him half an hour to drive down the mountain and into town.

It was still raining when he parked along the curb near the cafe. He could see in through the window that the cafe was empty of customers. In the busy months it would be full of people visiting the valley's wine country. Now the little cafe with its French menu and long wine list seemed out of place in the rural town. But he liked the place and he liked the owner's lively little daughter who would flutter around the tables trying to fill water glasses with a pitcher that seemed far too big for her.

As he approached he could see the little girl sitting inside the window with her nose pushed up against the glass. When he opened the door and walked inside she spoke without turning her face.

"Still raining," she said and then sighed.

Her name was Rose and today she was wearing a summer flower dress and rubber rain boots.

As soon as he placed his order with Rose's mother the little girl left the window and walked to his table against the wall, her boots clunking on the floor as she came.

She rested her arms on his table and watched him.

"How old are you," she asked.

He told her, and suddenly her eyes brightened.

"It's almost your checkers birthday," she said excitedly.

Before he could say anything she continued.

"There are sixty-four little squares and the board is one big square. Sixty-five squares total."

As he thought about this she climbed up on the chair opposite him and sat with her boots dangling.

Rose's mother brought out his onion soup and poured him a glass of wine. Rose continued talking to him as he dipped bread into his soup and started eating. As he ate she explained how good she was at swimming and that she didn't like to wear shoes. Rose's mother came back and placed a sandwich and glass of iced tea in front of the little girl. The woman was smiling as she left their table.

"See that," said Rose and pointed to a painting that hung on the wall over their table. There was a caption under the painting that read, *La Promenade, Woman with a Parasol: Claude Monet*. Rose stood up on her chair and, with a mouthful of sandwich, pointed to the woman in the painting.

"That is my mom," she said and then pointed at the small figure of a child, "and that is me." She stopped chewing and seemed concerned. She looked closer at the painting.

"Well," she said, "that would be me if I was a boy."

The man laughed at this and Rose sat back down.

"I wish it was sunny," she said.

He told her that it would be soon. As he said it the rain outside stopped and the sun broke through the clouds. He took a drink from his glass. This was pinot and he could taste the soil in it; he could taste the dirt in it; he could taste his dirt.

— ZAK DAVIS / *Assistant Winemaker* / *Assistant to the Winemaker*

Hey y'all,

Jim here, just giving you my two cents ... which don't go far towards European barrels these days ... about what's happening in the world of J.K. Carriere.

At the barn, all of our '06s are bottled, are smoking and by this newsletter are starting to be released. Get 'em. The '07s, while not an easy vintage, are quietly sitting in barrel, pretty and balanced. I'm happy with them and happy that I've been doing this awhile. I'll keep you apprised.

In the vineyards, '08 buds are swelling, but we have yet to see the green. Given the cool temps, it's been for the best. Soils, as you can imagine, are fully charged with water and ready to take on the summer. Bring it!

As you may know by now, we purchased 40 acres on Parrett Mountain (three miles east by the way the crow flies) in November. We are pushing full tilt on winery and vineyard plans, and things are starting to move. I'm practicing my Poison Oak skills, a D8 bulldozer by the name of "Big Bertha" is taking out old stumps, and three acres of plants are on order with a local nursery. Winery plans, budgets and building are an exercise of faith in overcoming inertia. It's terrifying and awesome.

Business for us continues along well and we are thankful. Demand is up and costs are up, but we once again held the line on price. We're hopeful in limiting our "downside risk" by shrink-wrapping the TV so as to not see any pronouncements by Ben Bernanke. If you know of any armored cars that we can knock off, please reply in confidence to: holycowthistakesalotofcash@wouldhavepreferredthesilverspoonbutdidntgetit.com.

Other than that, I'm at the barn with my boots on. Hope you'll stop by over Memorial Weekend or let us send you something in advance. Thanks again.

Jim Prosser
Owner/Winemaker

NEW RELEASES

2006 Provocateur WV Pinot Noir

Provocateur is French for troublemaker, though the leaning here is decidedly more Pied Piper than antagonist. The 2006 Provocateur Pinot noir is dense red and blue velvet. The wine smells of black currant, raspberry and smoked game. Big, but balanced, it's an explosion of dark cherry and licorice pushing outward as it fills your mouth to capacity. Good acidity and a grill-coating quality to the tannin allow it to linger. 100% barrel aged for 16 months in French oak, 14% one year/9% two year/77% three year or older. Racked and bottled, unfiltered and unfiltered in February of 2008.

575 CASES, \$24/BOTTLE, \$252/CASE

2007 Glass WV White Pinot Noir

These grapes should never have been here. It's been suggested we exploited them. Nice twentysomethings from great vineyards in the right neighborhoods, normally destined for higher education in one of our more upscale Pinot institutions. Instead they were whole cluster pressed and 100% barrel fermented utilizing a long, slow, low-temperature, wild-yeast regiment to promote vineyard characters. The result — crystalline peach color fronting a nose of crisp citrus, floral and musk melon — hides the truth of this wine: mouth-watering acidity. An overwhelming taste of lemon-lime, sea salt, grapefruit and tangerine goes on and on. Light front-of-mouth tannins help it to finish like icing on a lemon pound cake.

464 CASES, \$20/BOTTLE, \$216/CASE

SUMMER WINE TASTING

We'll be around this summer for tours and tasting. To schedule your appointment please email taste@jkcarriere.com or call 503.554.0721 or check our online event calendar for openings.

J.K. CARRIERE WINES ORDER FORM

Fax to 503.460.0579, or endorse a check and mail to:
 P.O. Box 662, Sherwood, OR 97140.
 Questions? Call 503.460.0579 or e-mail linda@jkcarriere.com.

WINE

PRICING:	QTY	EACH (CLUB)	3 BOTTLES	6 BOTTLES	CASE	TOTAL
2005 Willamette Valley Pinot Noir, 750 ml		\$42 (\$36)	\$123	\$234	\$432	
2005 Willamette Valley Pinot Noir, 1.5 L magnum		\$95 (\$85)				
2006 Provocateur WV Pinot Noir, 750 ml		\$24 (\$21)	\$69	\$132	\$252	
2007 Glass WV White Pinot Noir, 750 ml		\$20 (\$18)	\$57	\$111	\$216	

12 WINE CLUB



SIGN ME UP! I want to join **12**, J.K. Carriere's wine club. I understand I will receive three bottles of four J.K. Carriere new releases each year (3 Glass & 3 Provocateur, 3 Willamette Valley, 3 Limited Bottlings), for a total of 12 bottles (\$398 plus shipping). My credit card will be billed at the time of each shipment, and wine will be shipped to my home or office three times a year (May, Sept, Nov). Start my membership with the current release (three each of 2007 Glass WV White Pinot and 2006 Provocateur Pinot).

Please ship via DHL Ground (weather permitting) or DHL Air (overnight) or pickup at winery

I want to give a one-year gift subscription to **12** (\$398 plus shipping). Please send the current release to the individual listed below in "for shipping only." My gift card message is at the bottom of this form.

\$117.00
This Shipment

SHIPPING ESTIMATE

	1-3 BTLS	4-6 BTLS	7-12 BTLS	TOTAL
DHL Ground Shipping (actual amounts may be lower)				
Portland metro	\$15	\$17	\$20	
West Coast	\$18	\$20	\$30	
Midwest	\$20	\$25	\$35	
East	\$25	\$30	\$45	
DHL Air Shipping (usually overnight)	\$50	\$60	\$75	
SUBTOTAL				
Sales Tax (shipped orders only: CA, ID, MI, NC, NV, NY, OH, VA, WA) County: _____ %				

ESTIMATED TOTAL INVOICE

\$

Name: _____ **For Shipping Only** C/O: _____
 E-mail: _____ Company: _____
 Phone: _____ Street address: _____
 Billing Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
 City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ Phone at shipping location: _____
 Visa/MC/AmEx: _____ Expiration Date: _____
 Gift card message: _____

SIGNATURE (required) **X** _____

By signing this order form, you represent to us that you are at least 21 years old and that the person to whom you are directing shipment is at least 21 years old. The buyer is solely responsible for shipment of alcoholic beverage products. We make no representation relative to your right to import wine into your state. By placing an order, you authorize us to act on your behalf to engage a common carrier to ship your order, including an adult signature requirement at your door.

CALL OR FAX TO 503.460.0579

PRESENT THIS CARD FOR A COMPLIMENTARY TASTE OF OUR NEW RELEASES.

Memorial Day Weekend Open House

MAY 24 & 25

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY ONLY

9AM-5PM

We're only open twice a year, so don't miss your chance to pick up our popular Glass White Pinot Noir and Provocateur Pinot Noir. Order ahead. Then come hear about our building plans on our new Parrett Mountain property! Artisan cheeses by Italia Fine Living.

\$5 tasting fee for guests not on our mailing list.
Saturday & Sunday 9-5, closed Monday.

DIRECTIONS

From Portland travel west on Highway 99W through Sherwood. Start down the long grade, passing Rex Hill Vineyards on the right; at the bottom of the hill turn right onto Benjamin Road. Travel 200 yards and you'll see the old white barn that is the winery.

From McMinnville take Highway 99W north through Newberg. Proceed 1/2 mile north past the hospital and turn left onto Benjamin Road. Travel 200 yards and you'll see the old white barn that is the winery.

J.K. Carriere Wines • 30295 Benjamin Road • Newberg Oregon 97132 • 503.554.0721 • jkcarriere.com

J.K. Carriere
P.O. Box 662
Sherwood, Oregon 97140