

selected (1996) by the prestigious *Wine Spectator* as world's best pinot noir.

Oddly, this year the *Spectator* (6/15) rated 292 wines from Oregon, from Abacela to Youngberg Hill, almost half earning 90 points or better on their 100-point scale. Notably missing is Broadley, though they produce almost 3000 cases, pinot noir only. Craig comments: "We've always produced what I call 'interesting' wines [but] our wine is not for everybody. It's a niche," one that does not fit the profile preferred by current raters at *WS*. So Broadley sends no wine into the game, gets no press, still sells out each vintage: "We're trying to find people who like a style of wine that we personally like, and if that happens, and if reviewers find us and want to review our wine, good." If not, matters not; those who know pinot know Broadley.

Price plays a part: Broadley offers buyers chances at "futures;" buy now at what might be less than wholesale prices for the next vintage (e.g., \$23/bottle for 2002 Claudia's Choice), pick the wine up on release (next spring). "We make a living. [Buyers] feel like that's a good value. And we're happy. And we're making good wine." Claudia: "And within our style." Retailers in urban markets like New York City have complained that Broadley's wines don't sell because they're underpriced (madness, thinks the Steppenwolf) but the Broadleys insist on pricing their wines at "fair" (meaning honest) value for distinctive quality.

"What we're trying to do here, or to define better ... is, if we go back to the vineyard, we got that property for certain reasons, to make a certain style of wine, and in the winery here where we're trying to make the wine, we're trying to accentuate that style If we want people to come this far,

there's got to be a reason." And the reason lies in signature character: First, "pinot noir that's not over-ripe." Then, "I like red fruit flavors," especially cherry/raspberry notes. "I like good acidity," that will support drinking the wine with foods. "I don't mind, in a young wine, tannins," that support maturation in the bottle, life over time. "And I want some length to that wine," meaning flavors linger on the palate.

Amble to the cellar, oak barrels holding last year's vintage. Craig dips the glass "wine thief," extracts deep garnet liquid. And there it is: in the nose and on the tongue, painfully pretty, candied chocolate cherries, raspberries, flawless balance, medium tannins, length in the finish, lovely, lovely Broadley pinot noir.

Craig smiles. Claudia smiles. If their son, Morgan, had attended, he would smile. Morgan is the next generation; he and his wife have joined the enterprise of better defining their family's wine for "thoughtful people." Still, Craig worries: "Nothing is forever." He worries that the families who work in his vineyards, the "guys out in the field, are making a living." He worries about this year's crop, remembering May 23 when "pea-sized hail went through the leaves like bullets." Prices, loads of competing, badly-made wines, more rough, rude corporate giants, staggering population growth burying farmland under little boxes. "Nothing is forever."

The Steppenwolf would understand. Outside, he'd see again little green lines on the sidewalk, where ODOT will slice through the maples to widen 99W. See signs: "Pride in Our ... Future" and "Not for Everybody," a swinging gate, "For Madmen Only." And the "dead weary pilgrim" would roll back down the tired asphalt, homeward, trying to laugh. **EW**

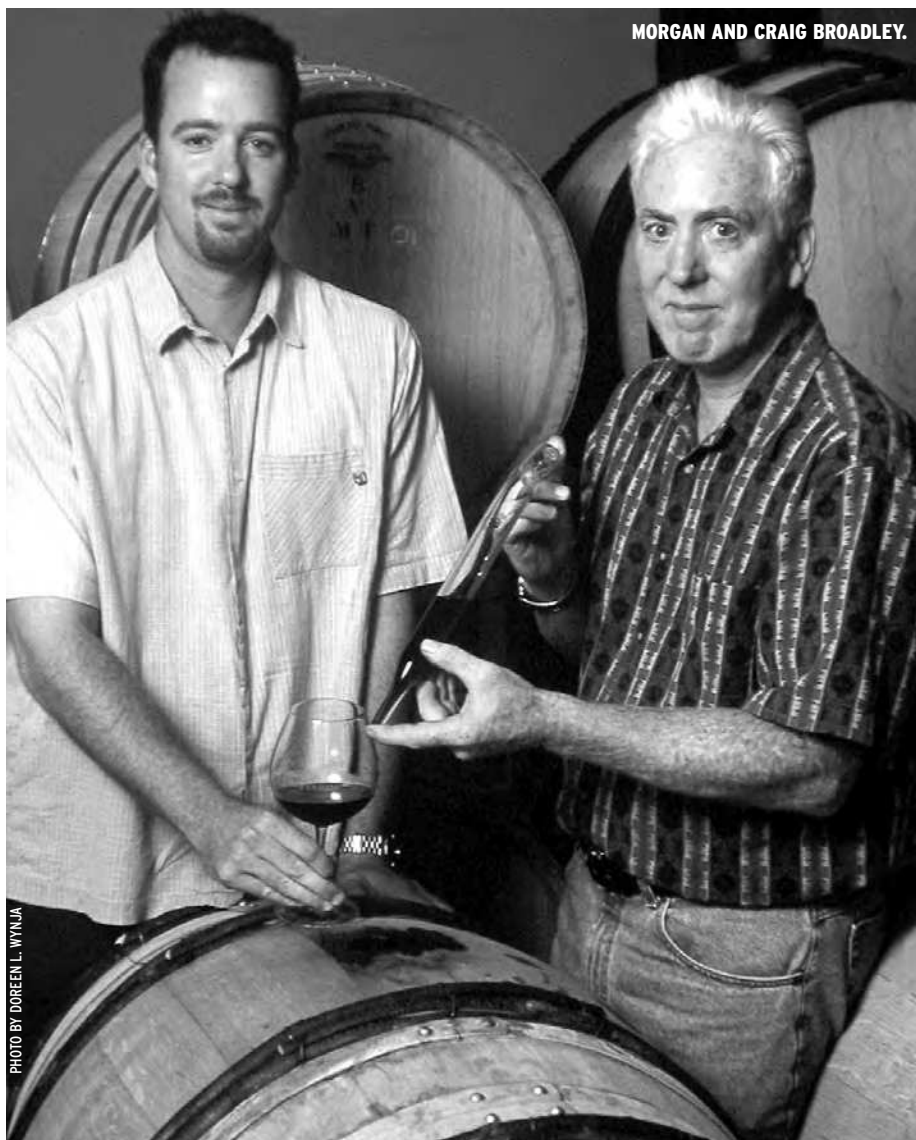
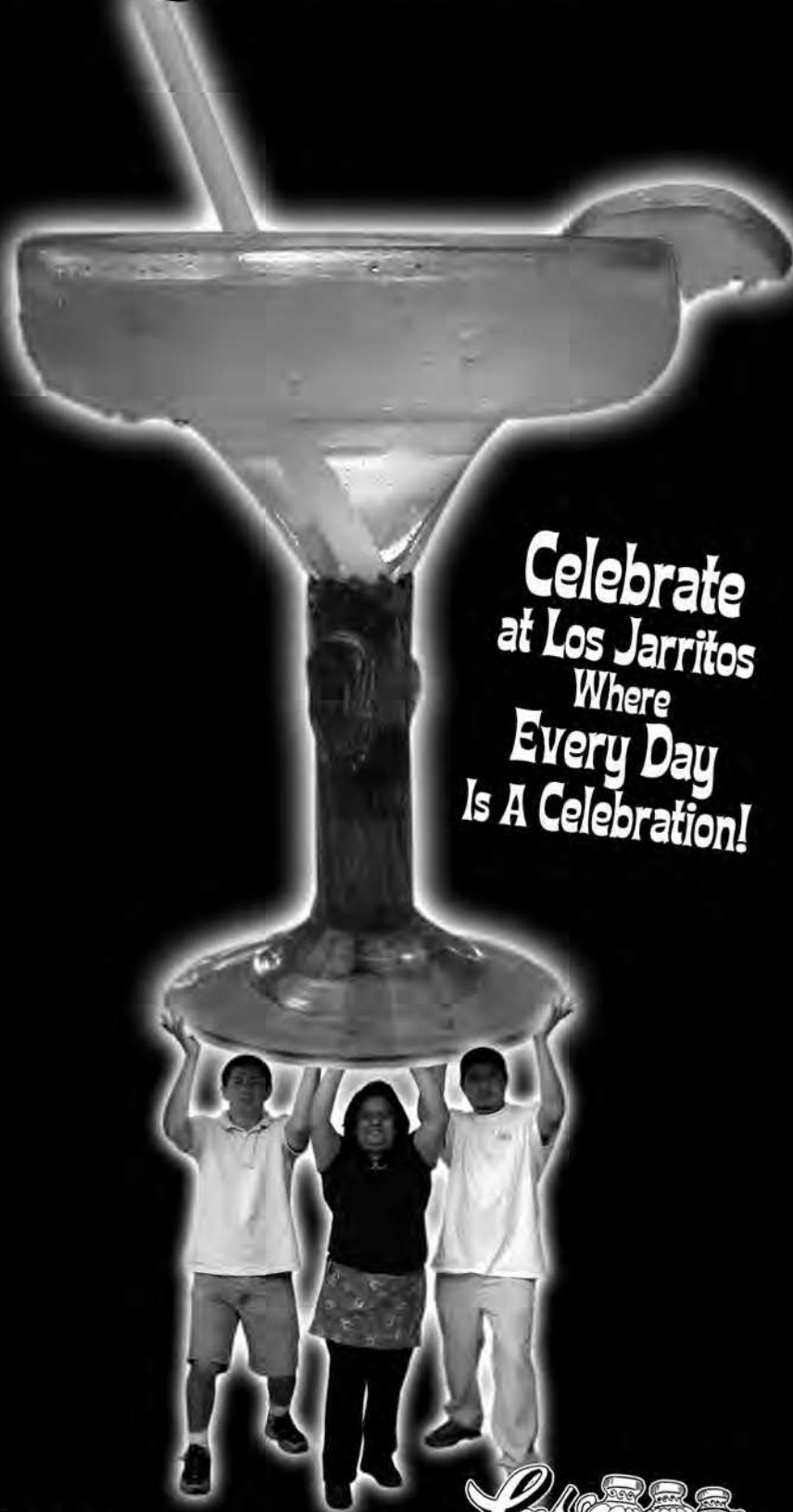


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