

GrapeOrDeath

Like a normal wine blog, only deadly

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Bellarmino Pinot Noir 2008, or, Terroir be damned



It is a truth universally acknowledged that a good Pinot cannot possibly come from Western Australia. Now, I'm not talking about the strange brews these sandgropers are coming up with, tasting like Cabernet Sauvignon and masquerading as decent Pinot like a bad version of Priscilla Queen of the Desert. Oh no, I'm talking about real, subtle, delicate Pinot. It is irrefutable that the true Pinot cannot possibly come from these arid western lands... Or is it?

Contrary to my last Pinot post, I would have to say that I like this one for exactly the opposite reasons to why I liked the last one. I like it because Bellarmino, the little legends, have come up with a Pinot that doesn't taste like it's come from Western Australia at all.

Now, I know some winemakers and critics out there would be in uproar about this. Those who are seeking to embody the terroir in their wine, to have the grapes imbue and absorb and *be* the taste of the land it is from.

But let me tell you something. I've been drinking a lot of Western Australian wines recently and I have had it up to here (I have my hand high above my head, right now trust me; I'm only tpyning tihs wth one hnad and it's hrader tahn you'd tihnk) I've had it up to *here* with all my reds tasting of eucalyptus and forest floors. Everything has started to taste like Cabernet. Shiraz tastes like Cabernet, Pinot tastes like Cabernet. I had a cheeky bottle of Zinfandel from Margaret River once and guess what it tasted like... That's right... Cabernet. I even had a Chardonnay the other day and that tasted a bit like Cabernet too. (Actually, that last sentence was a lie. I'm all good with exaggerating for effect, but plain old lying is inexcusable. I apologise. I didn't have a WA Chardonnay the other day but, you know, if I did, I'm sure it would have tasted like Cabernet!)

Anyway... It's all good and well keeping the character of the land but, please, please, please, don't let that come at the expense of retaining the character of the grape.

So there you have it. I enjoyed this Pinot because if I had been told it was from Tasmania or New Zealand, or any other cooler climate, I probably would have believed you. And I wouldn't care because good Pinot is good Pinot, wherever it is from. And this one was light to medium bodied, with only a very slight sourness. It had great fruity, cherry flavours and a finish that I can only describe as mildly refreshing.

So now, when someone comes up to you with all of that tosh I wrote in the first paragraph, you know where to tell them the go. No no... don't swear at them. Pemberton, that's right, point them to Pemberton.