

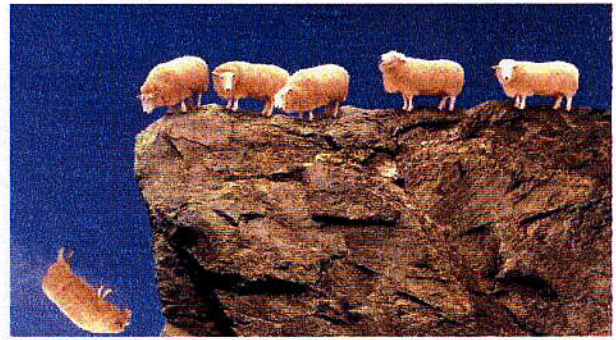
TO CHAIRMAN PAUL

Naina

FROM: THE RIESLING PRINCESS



RE: MUSINGS OF SUBSTANCE AND  
CONSEQUENCE



If you were hanging off a cliff with nary a chance of survival, which grape would offer the best chance of rescue and why: Riesling or Chardonnay?

First of all, I'm not one to follow the pack. I'm no sheep blindly drinking whatever is poured which means as a committed Riesling drinker, there is little chance that I would be hanging off a cliff with limited survival opportunities. This said, should I find myself in such a predicament, my childhood growing up in the steep vineyards of the Mosel valley (or was that Connecticut, hmm...) would have equipped me with the skills required to avert disaster. My grape would be Riesling, or more specifically, aged Riesling - - at least 20 years old. Simple answer: it's likely to take some time for my cliff rescue to be completed. In the meantime, the bracing acidity and free aromatic terpenes (1,1,6-trimethyl-1,2-dihydronaphthalene, to be precise) circulating in my Riesling-filled Nalgene™ bottle would sustain me and provide me with the clarity of thought required to realize that this was all a preposterous dream brought on by completing Chairman Paul's Riesling Crawl in 21 hours.

Please differentiate the Riesling expressions between these three giants of the wine world.

After three Summers of Riesling, it's safe to say Riesling has become part of the fam and each "expresses" itself to me in a different way, much like the women in my family. German Riesling has arguably the greatest range of flavors, and provides the best window into the terroir of the minerally slopes on which the beautiful grape is reared. German Rieslings speak of experience, wisdom, and depth, much like my mother. As for Austria, with her Riesling I feel as though I've buried my nose in a bouquet of flowers, and followed that with a gulp of clean, pure and youthful juice, with just a touch of spice to keep things interesting [I think we both know I'm describing the little one]. Now, to Alsace...the beauty of Riesling in France. Structure and sugar meet searing acidity, and if you're in luck, a foie gras torchon will magically appear to walk the nectar down your throat. Now, if an Alsatian Riesling doesn't describe me to a tee, I don't know what does!



*P.S. The girls loved the Richter Sonnenhur at last night's slumber party. Thanks for the rec!*



**P.P.S. GOOD NEWS TO REPORT. CHARLIE RANGEL HAS DECIDED TO PAY BACK THE CITY THE MARKET RATE OF HIS 4 APARTMENTS IN KEGS OF RIESLING. I'M THINKING WE MAY WANT TO CONSIDER CONVERTING OIL TANKERS INSTEAD.**

