

PAGE SPRINGS CELLARS WINE CLUB

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heard it on the **GLOMSKI** **GRAPEVINE**

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It's All About Growing Things - Our Vineyards

by *Eric Glomski*
Founder & Director of Winegrowing

A little over 11,000 years ago, give or take, Neolithic humans began cultivating plants to provide food for their communities. What began as the simple gathering of grains and other seeds led to the initial understanding of germination, cultivation, and the harvest of many nutrient-rich plants. In the time that has passed, farming, as it became known (from the Latin *firma* or 'fixed payment'), has advanced into a worldwide science and, in many aspects, true art.

of the wine. Well... what we really need is one that says, "It's all about the grapes."

I asked all of our main vineyard people to write articles about the farms under their care, and I was excited to see almost all of them jump at the opportunity. Down at Colibri, we have Pam Gaona and Cucho Alarcon from Veracruz and Mexico City, Mexico. At Dos Padres, we have David Seidner, a retired engineer, wine lover,

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While it may be a bit cliché, I would be remiss not to mention that almost all life relies on plants. Everything we eat is either a plant itself, something that ate plants, or something that ate something that ate plants—the great food chain. In my world, a similar economy—or should I say ecology—exists. EVERYTHING we do here at PSC, everything in the Arizona wine industry, everything in the world wine industry, is ultimately based on farming. It is the foundation, the core, the heart of the matter. We wouldn't have wine without vines. The tasting room and bistro wouldn't exist, nor would the countless jobs—whether in winemaking, administration, sales, tours, groundskeeping, or maintenance. The tour companies, music festivals, and loads of other wonderful things wouldn't exist either. We once made a T-shirt that said, "It's What's in the Bottle that Counts," which was a way of saying that it didn't matter how fancy the label or packaging was; it was about the quality



A harvest view at Dos Padres Vineyard

At the HOME Vineyard

by Gayle Glomski, Northern Vineyard Coordinator

I was lucky enough to get to know the land at 1500 North Page Springs Road before the winery, cellar, and vineyard became 'Page Springs Cellars.' Any Club Members who have been with us for a while know that Eric and I were blending our lives and our kids into a family just before the birth of the winery. Some of you might remember the article about our first date when Eric showed me the land before dinner. I was wearing a dress with leggings, and we bushwhacked through the tall grass field to the creek.

I was impressed by the creek, but he said the best view was from the other side. So, I took off my shoes, rolled up my leggings, waded across the creek, and hiked up the hillside, overlooking where the vineyard would be. He warned me that his dream was to be a farmer and have a 'ma and pa' tasting room. He wanted to educate people about how the ancient art of winemaking started with the earth and the grape. To make good wine, he said, you had to have the best grapes. After wine is made, it's about sharing it, celebrating, reflecting, and living—wine brings people together. I listened to it all, and he warned me again: this would be hard work, and here's my chance to walk away. But the passion in his voice gave me a dream bubble with a vision—me with my hands covered in soft, rock-less dark soil, abundant grapes hanging around me, rainbows in the sky, kids running around giggling, intoxicating smells, and the cool breeze blowing my hair into my eyes. I was in.

Eric and his family purchased the land, and I jumped in headfirst, volunteering to help install the T-posts that support the canopies. I wore a tank top, shorts, no hat, no gloves, and learned to use a post pounder. The soil was not like my dream bubble—it felt like concrete. The breeze wasn't blowing, sweat burned my eyes, and the sun scorched my skin. The funny thing is, looking back, I loved it. I was working with a Mexican gentleman who barely spoke English. On the rare occasion our post would slide into the earth, he would smile and say 'butter.' We'd both laugh, but we'd laugh harder when I'd say 'not butter' after the tougher attempts.

As the vineyard grew, the majority of my time was spent being a mom to four, so my jobs in the vineyard and cellar were sporadic over the years. I would selfishly use time in the vineyard or cellar to be with Eric or help him finish his work so he could get home faster. Although my intentions were selfish, as our kids matured, I found myself becoming more involved. I enjoyed working in the cellar and had helped Eric enough over the years that I started working harvests as a cellar rat. I learned quite a bit and wanted to be more involved, but I often rearranged my cellar schedule last minute because Eric needed help at Colibri. I didn't feel good about breaking my commitments to the cellar, so I helped Eric at Colibri and occasionally in the vineyards at Page Springs. At this point, it wasn't just about helping Eric anymore—I enjoyed learning about



An exclusive view from our Members Lounge...
Page Springs Home Vineyard

growing grapevines, felt a real connection to being a caretaker of the vines, and took pride in the work I was doing.

I started helping out at the Home Vineyard between yoga/massage work and Colibri trips. I asked Eric if he would be willing to let me work at the Home Vineyard on a regular basis, maybe 20 hours per week. He agreed, but it turned out that my yoga/massage work conflicted, and I wasn't able to do both jobs. Then, during a visit with a friend, I realized through our conversation that my story was changing.

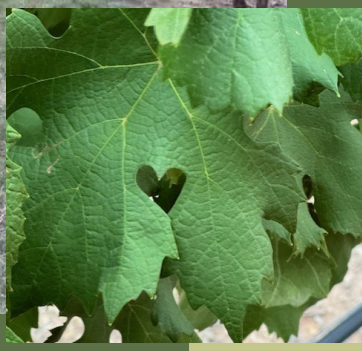
I was at a crossroads and needed to make a choice: manage and practice yoga/massage, or work full-time in the vineyard. The decision sounds easier than it was. We both took time thinking about what it would mean for Eric to be my direct boss. In the past, we had decided that someone else would be my supervisor to avoid work conflicts that could become personal. We had to consider whether we could balance home and work life since we're both workaholics. We also knew that if things didn't work out with me being in the vineyard full-time, I would have no position at Page Springs Cellars, which was and still is a sobering truth.

It's been a year since I retired from yoga/massage and started working full-time in the vineyard. I thank David and Tony for allowing me to step into this new position and for their continued guidance. I thank Eric for giving me the opportunity, taking the time to teach me, and helping create work/home boundaries.

As I reflect, I see that I've found myself in a place where I'm proud of the work I've started and grateful for the trust and responsibility of caring for so many plants that depend on our crew. I hope that when you, as Club Members, look at the vineyards or take a sip of our wines, you can appreciate the care and dedication of the vineyard crew.



Gayle harvesting grapes at the Painted Lady Vineyard



When the leaves
love you back (a heart leaf)

Glomski Grapevine

Continued from page 1

and vigneron in his own right. At House Mountain, we have Anthony Averbeck from Nogales, USA, who has been with us for well over a decade. And tending our Home Vineyard and nursery is none other than Gayle Glomski, originally from Maryland, who made it to Arizona by way of Alabama and Puerto Rico. While it takes a village, these are the key people growing our grapes. We also have two guest papers: one from Fiona Reid of Painted Lady Vineyard in Skull Valley, a dear friend of mine who was born in Kenya, grew up in Zambia, and moved to Arizona to attend Prescott College, where we met; and the other from the infamous James Bruzzi of Bruzzi Vineyards in Young, Arizona, where we source Vidal Blanc.

As for me, you might consider me the conductor of the orchestra. While I get out in the field plenty, I make many

decisions—prioritization and risk management-based—regarding water management, fertility, pest and fungal control, canopy management, and I also interact with our winemaking team to help ensure we have the best and right kind of grapes for the wines we like to create.

I find that the type of person who works in the vineyard is different from most other folks I know or work with. First and foremost, they all love the outdoors and nature. They can take the heat and cold, they know how to dress and stay hydrated, they don't mind working with their hands, and they all see a connection with something bigger. The accumulation of money (notice I did not say wealth, because all of these people are wealthy!) is rarely their highest ideal (which is good because we're not getting rich farming...). Instead, they are striving for something bigger and more important. While I know I'm sticking my neck out speaking for all of them, I can only say that I think the unifying drive or force

here is a spiritual and artistic one. Every now and then, we do things almost perfectly, and we strive to spread this ideal of perfection throughout our farms. When you look at a vineyard row or block and the floor is mowed, and the weeds are under control; when you look at the canopy and it is perfectly tucked and leaf-pulled; when the color of the vines is rich green and healthy; and when you see perfectly ripened fruit hanging in the air below all of those leaves in a perfect line—it's just absolutely breathtaking. ALL of that hard work, months and years, in my mind, is just about that one moment of taking in the nexus of the year's activity as it is expressed in these beautiful plants. It's spiritual, really, and something humans have been doing for thousands of years. Thank you, Gayle, Tony, David, Pam, Cucho, Fiona, and James. You are all amazing. I am honored to be sharing this creative struggle with you.

PAINTED LADY Vineyard

by Fiona Reid, Owner of Painted Lady Vineyard

Eric, Jodi and I have known you for over 25 years, and we still love you! Remember the day, 18 years ago, when we wandered around the property here in Skull Valley and mused about installing a small vineyard? I'm OK with botany, but viticulture – not so sure! Upon your advice, we decided to grow Gewurztraminer. We've since learned it's not a hugely user-friendly variety – not very hardy, disease-prone, and with a tendency for vigor (here, think 'canopy management work'). In February, a crew arrived, flattened out and cleared the land, installed a trellis and irrigation system, and drilled holes in preparation for young vines. On July 13th, 2006, the plants found their new home in the ground; the guys left a few bottles of chemicals with some vague instructions on how and when to use them, and then they left! Jodi and I looked at each other and realized we had become the guardians of 750 high-maintenance babies! As it happened, Painted Lady butterflies were migrating through the property, and Jodi suggested we name the vineyard after them. The previous year, the area was infested with grasshoppers – a very different name and label! It was all hugely exciting at the time. Now – as it has always been – it is a challenge, year after year, to battle the odds and coax the grapes to a healthy harvest.



View of the Painted Lady Vineyard

The primary challenge for us is simply the constant learning curve. I actually love that part. After 17 years, we are still learning! For example, when and how to prune to avoid our late spring frosts. A severe frost on June 7th once took out our whole harvest. Next, enter Bambi! The deer know that around the end of May, there is abundant food in the vineyard. Can't put up an 8' deer fence, so I need to 'fence' off the vines themselves. So in May – yes, MAY – we install bird netting, making it impossible for the deer to have grapevines on the menu. For the rest of the growing season, I work through the nets, over and under, over and under. Shoot thinning, leaf pruning, and cluster pruning, and all manner of

other canopy management tasks too numerous to mention and too often done. In late July, the birds let it be known that the next feast awaits below, and we tighten up those nets! The learning never ends – organic products for controlling pests and fungal issues; how to operate and repair a mist sprayer; how to tighten trellis wires, replace poles, and troubleshoot irrigation. Other essential life skills have evolved, such as becoming a champion weed whacker, gopher hunting, grazing knuckles (and using uncharacteristic obscenities) while servicing all manner of ranch equipment.

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FROM THE VINEYARD

The Vineyard Graveyard Shift

by Anthony Averbeck, Northern Vineyard Manager



Art by Anthony Averbeck. A 'Fear and Loathing' style self-portrait of Anthony driving through the grape field during his graveyard shift.

Some nights, you can start earlier than others. Tonight it was 11:30 p.m., and I drove past a bar hosting karaoke with a full parking lot. While people enjoyed drinks and sang "American Pie" off-key, as it should be, I was heading out to the vineyards for an all-nighter. I have the arsenal I need: a small cooler with a can of Yerba Mate and a cold coffee. I primed myself with green tea. You don't want to start strong because you risk crashing. You need to plan it all out like some sort of reverse anesthesiologist—start with the green tea, then, four hours later, hit the coffee, and finally, have the Yerba Mate during the last hour to get home and make food before sleeping. I do bring a Clif Bar along just in case, but I've never had the need. Once, I brought a "lunch" with me—dinner leftovers—but I found it made me want a siesta. You can trick yourself into thinking a nap would help, but it makes things worse, at least for me. After years of trial and error, or research and development if you'd like, I've figured out a sequence of caffeine intake that works for me. So there I go, fully stocked, singing off-key at the top of my lungs, "Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry!"

Tonight is a spray night. I always hesitate to talk about sprays. How does it look?

You drive by a vineyard, and in the middle is a tractor moving at a steady 2 mph with a big spray tank on the back, farting out heavy mist. You think chemicals, poisons, gross. But is it any different from when you go to the garden section and grab some bug spray for the aphids on your tomato vines? We're not putting anything crazy out there. Mineral oil and baking powder to combat fungal growth and prevent rot is what's on tonight's menu. It's part of farming. It's our job to cultivate an ideal environment for healthy vines and quality fruit.

I make my way down Page Springs Road, keeping a sharp eye out for any critters crossing. I turn onto the dirt road and immediately see a small fox. It freezes for a moment, then runs off. Pretty rare to see a fox—I'll take it as a good omen.

I get to the pole barn, with a headlamp as my only source of light. I shine it toward our compost pile, interrupting a skunk's midnight snack. The first thing you see is the reflection of eyes—sometimes several pairs floating in the darkness, like in a cartoon. There are also what I call "sugar spiders" on the ground, their reflections looking like small, shimmering diamonds. Occasionally, you'll see a scorpion enjoying a stroll. I love these encounters. It's

the buzzing insects that gather around my headlamp that I'm not too fond of. Once I start the tractor and turn on the bright lights, the whole pole barn lights up, and the insects disperse. Though with brighter lights come bigger bugs, it seems.

I start mixing my concoction. Through my mask, I get a whiff of nail polish—that's the oil. Some products have a heavy liquid aminos smell, which can sometimes induce a craving for a heavy stout beer... a weirdness akin to enjoying the smell of gasoline. All better than when I have to spray sulfur—that scent seems to haunt you all day. It's part of farming. The tank is mixed, and off I go. Inside, the tractor sounds similar to being in an airplane—the steady brown noise of fans and the humming of the engine. It can be soothing, so you may have to cut it with a little music. Just enough to hear a beat, but not too loud where you couldn't hear the "pulse" of the sprayer. Any variation in sound can indicate a malfunction, and you want to catch it right away.

I go up the road on Dancing Apache Road, at the base of House Mountain, for which the vineyard is named. A shield volcano—more of a mound rather than the classic pointy volcano—it last erupted between 13–15 million years ago during the Miocene period. Far away, apes were starting to evolve and diversify. A series of ice ages were peppered with giant mammals. I "daydream" at night about what this area must have looked like back then.

I get to the highest block at House Mountain Vineyard, Grenache, planted on a ledge of limestone. On a full moon night (or close to it), the white limestone glows, and the vines look like hair follicles growing up from this glowing scalp. Some nights, closer to a new moon, the stars shine bright. Suddenly, my tractor is a boat, and I'm its sailor. I marvel at how we would navigate by stars. It's bittersweet to think of looking at the skies as an ancient language my ancestors could read while I can only make out a letter or two. What I do know is that the convex light coming from the south is Phoenix. It impresses me how bright the light is. On some nights, that light is covered by clouds over the mountains. Sometimes those clouds host a delightful lightning show. I appreciate the entertainment, but I also hope the storm isn't coming my way. This, to me, is a beautiful benefit of working this shift—then, of course, there's the morning light and sunrise. For now, it's the tractor's headlights and rear spotlights that are illuminating the way.

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BRUZZI Vineyard

by James Bruzzi, Owner of Bruzzi Vineyard

Bruzzi Vineyard and Page Springs Cellars have had a long and fruitful relationship. It began in 2015 when Eric Glomski agreed to work with and mentor Bruzzi Vineyard owner James Bruzzi during his first grape harvest. Since then, the two companies have worked closely to create some of the most beautiful wines produced in Arizona. This collaboration has resulted in Bruzzi Vineyard establishing a loyal following and putting Gila County on the map of Arizona's maverick wine regions.

Bruzzi Vineyard is located in the beautiful and historic town of Young, Arizona. It is the first commercial vineyard in rural Gila County, where they exclusively grow Vidal Blanc grapes at an elevation of over 5,300 feet. Vidal Blanc is a cold-weather French hybrid that is perfectly suited for this unique Arizona terroir. Through careful management and close cooperation with nature, Bruzzi Vineyard produces Vidal Blanc fruit that is world-class. These grapes are crafted into wonderful dry and off-dry white, rosé, and ice-style dessert wines. They also source select high-end red grapes from throughout Arizona and the Southwest to offer a full collection of consistently high-quality wines.

Bruzzi Vineyard is situated in the village of Young, under the Mogollon Rim in a gorgeous mountain valley known as Pleasant Valley. The area is rich in pioneer and indigenous history, surrounded by the Tonto National Forest, and accessible only by unpaved and breathtakingly scenic roads.



Aurora Borealis over Bruzzi Vineyard

Bruzzi Vineyard welcomes visitors to their tasting room at the vineyard on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, where they offer excellent wines. They are also well-known for their fine dining, including weekly dinners, Sunday brunches, quarterly Equinox and Solstice wine dinners, murder mystery dinners, and holiday events.

When visiting Bruzzi Vineyard, be sure to schedule a meet-and-greet with one of their llamas at their onsite farm animal sanctuary. They also have a farm stand providing self-service produce and agricultural products year-round. Additionally, Bruzzi Vineyard operates a tasting room and wine boutique in downtown Superior, Arizona.

Bruzzi Vineyard is located at 47209 N. Highway 288 in Young, and their Superior location is at 14 N. Magma Avenue in Superior. To learn more about Bruzzi Vineyard or to make a reservation at either location, visit BruzziVineyard.com.



Bruzzi Vineyard in Young, AZ

From The Vineyard

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After Grenache, I make my way down toward Syrah 525 and 471. When you're driving at a steady 2 mph down every row, you can see the differences in the vines. I find that 525 and 471 are like the odd couple—525 being a bit more organized than 471. Imagine 525 standing up straight with arms straight up, doing a little sun salutation, while 471 is doing that old Egyptian-style pose. That's just how I see it in the midnight hour. Teroldego follows in the same field as the Syrahs. After that is Counoise at the entrance to DA Ranch. This is the half-way point, and it's time for that coffee. The air is cool but very still. Everything is quiet, except, of course, the tractor engine. While mixing another tank, I catch a shooting star—another good omen. The sky is clear, and the clouds are gone. My work will not have been in vain.

Three acres of Petite Sirah. This block is on flat ground and is easy to maneuver around. You have to stay focused because if you drift off in your head, you may ask yourself, "Did I already spray this row?" You look closely at the leaves—they shimmer—yes, I sprayed this row. At this point, the morning light is creeping in. I'm back to singing, "Drove my Chevy to the levy, but the levy was dry," while "Sweet Home Alabama" plays softly on the radio. Pinot Noir is left, and it's sunrise. The final hour. Just allowing enough delusion to stay awake.

Then, it's done. You see, when what you spray needs to be done at 85 degrees or below and you have daytime highs of 100 degrees or more, your biggest window is the graveyard shift. It's part of farming. It's not a complaint or a display of martyrdom. Sure, I look forward to my comfortable bed. Sure, I'm a delightfully delirious zombie by the end, but I feel accomplished and satisfied. It's all part of creating the ideal environment for quality fruit. When it comes to harvest, which is now happening, and you pick beautiful, clean grape clusters, you know it was all worth it. When you taste the wine, you know it was all worth it. This small chapter of a sort of "Fear and Loathing..." story is just a part of the wonderfully grimy, dirty, and maddening work that goes into farming grapes. Sipping on some Yerba Mate, looking at the fields, I think of the many sips people will take of this wine—their eyes closing in a moment of joy. Friends and family cheering over a meal. A celebration. Community. That's worth getting your hands dirty for.

Painted Lady Vineyard

Continued from page 3

Thank heavens for Jodi, who herself is busy enough without my appearing at her office door reeking of the organic fish emulsion I've just applied; and her skill at smashing through my tunnel vision and opening new ways to think about things. We've also learned to ask for help when



*Joe & Josh Glomski
harvesting grapes at Painted Lady Vineyard*

we need it; we've learned that people can be absolutely amazing and give of their time freely to help with particular tasks. We've also learned the incredible value of you, Eric and Gayle, and your crew and equipment on harvest day. Thank you for volunteering to do this for us.

The truth is I've lived three-quarters of a century. People need movement, challenge, curiosity, and beauty. Eric, this past quarter of a century has been the best, as all those elements, and more, have been my life. The sticky juice from the grapes, the soil under my feet – it's all under my fingernails. I like that. Both Painted Ladies are incredibly active and engaged with life and would have it no other way. Because Jodi is at my side, has my back, and gives everything vineyard-related absolute support, it makes it all meaningful to us both. And you and your crew make beautiful wine with our grapes.

So as of this writing, I'm headed to Alsace to see Gewurztraminer grapes growing



Gewurztraminer Grapes

'at home.' Not 103 degrees F; no deer ambling between the rows. Jodi will be watching the ranch and vineyard, and I know you have her back.

See you all at harvest!
Au revoir, or à bientôt.

COLIBRI Vineyard

*by Pam Gaona,
Colibri Vineyard Caretaker*

Located in the heart of the Chiricahua Mountains at an altitude of 5,318 feet in southeastern Arizona, Colibri Vineyard is surrounded by breathtaking landscapes and majestic flora and fauna. The vineyard is characterized by its volcanic, well-drained soil, which has been crucial for cultivating a variety of grapes that allow us to produce exceptional wines from this region. On its 9 acres, Colibri grows 12 different types of grapes: Counoise, Mourvèdre, Syrah 99, Syrah 174, Syrah 474, Grenache, Petit Verdot, Mission, and Gamay—all reds; and Roussanne, Marsanne, and Picpoul Blanc for white wine.

In the three years I've worked at this vineyard, I've witnessed a small part of the vines' evolution. It's incredible to appreciate each stage of their growth throughout the season: seeing the small leaves sprout, the flowers turning into small berries, those berries forming clusters, the clusters changing color, and finally, reaching their full size. Each year, it's extremely satisfying to see the trunks and cordons growing thicker and stronger.

Of course, it's impossible to remember each of the more than 10,000 vines specifically. However, working with them day after day, week after week—walking



*Cucho and Pam,
Caretakers of Colibri Vineyard*

among them, tending to them, and repeating the processes—makes you develop a fondness for them and a desire to monitor their development more closely.

Yet, this work is not as easy as it might seem. We must consider several factors to perform the necessary tasks for their care, such as time, location, and the weather conditions at Colibri. Specifically, here we have a microclimate with quite extreme conditions. We can experience frost, intense winds, temperatures exceeding 100 degrees, rains, floods, and even droughts. Some of these conditions benefit cultivation, while others generally delay operations. The location itself poses challenges. Being 45 minutes from the nearest gas station and 1 hour and 30 minutes from the nearest town means we must plan adequately for resources like tools, fuel, machinery, spare parts,

supplies, transportation, communications, and even personnel. Often, even if we're ready to work, if any of these resources are missing, we'll have to wait. Nature doesn't wait, and among the key tasks we must carry out throughout the year are: pruning in winter to shape each vineyard's growth, shoot thinning in spring to clear and maintain space between branches and clusters, leaf pulling to allow ventilation and adequate sunlight for the grapes, netting in summer to protect the grapes from birds and other animals, and, of course, harvesting the fruit of our labor.

In addition to general maintenance—irrigation, fertilization, mowing, spraying, tucking, hedging, clearing, and maintaining roads, tools, fences, and equipment—we also need to control pests, prevent diseases, care for the nursery, and handle any other issues that arise. Despite these challenges, the satisfaction of living and working in such a beautiful place and contributing to the world of viticulture, coming from Mexico, is greater than any adversity. So, at Colibri Vineyard, my partner Cucho Alarcon and I make our best effort every day to stay on schedule and achieve our primary goal: taking the utmost care of the vines to ensure the best harvest possible, so that Page Springs Cellars can produce the finest wine for you to enjoy.

Cheers!

DOS PADRES Vineyard

by David Seidner,
Northern Vineyard Foreman

People I have known for more than a few years are always asking me how life is in the wine and viticulture industry. My reply starts with a smile, and I utter words like “crazy” and “extreme.” Then my voice raises a bit, my eyes open a little wider, and I usually include words like “exciting,” “nerve-racking,” and even “treacherous” and “precarious.” And then, of course, I have to explain what could be so “treacherous” about growing grapes.

Dos Padres Vineyard is a series of five main fields, or sections, situated on the west side of Oak Creek, just across from the winery, tasting room, and the Home Vineyard. The five sections are spread out and separated by dry washes and native vegetation. It is almost a mile from the front gate at the far south end of the vineyard to the pump house on the north side, where our irrigation water is sourced. There is an elevation difference of over 200 feet from the lowest block near the creek to the highest point at the top of the Syrah, the most prominent block visible from the tasting room. The terrain is rough, rocky, and steep. There are no flat or level areas anywhere in the vineyard. Even the open bays of the pole barn are stair-stepped on a slope. And this brings me to the beginning of the treacherous part: the tractor parked in the barn. It runs up and down between the vine rows, mowing, raking, and spraying. It is four feet wide and weighs about 4,000 pounds. There is a ballast on the front that weighs another 1,000 pounds, and the sprayer, when attached to the backside of the tractor and full of water, also weighs about 1,000 pounds. We filled the tires with glycol to lower the center of gravity, which also added more weight. It also helps in reducing the bounce when the tires roll over rocks, which is always. The layout of the vineyard is impressive, not only from a visual perspective but also in viticultural terms. The aspect, elevation, slope, vine-row orientation, and maximum use of the land were all considered and worked into the site plan. The only issue appears to have been transferring that plan, drawn out on flat paper, onto an undulating 3D landscape that has no flat spots. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to make lines that are both straight and parallel over a 3D contoured surface.



David in the Dos Padres Vineyard

A tile layer knows this as adjustments must be made in the grout-line width to compensate for floors that are not flat. A vineyard installer must do the same to the vine rows in a vineyard that is not flat. A concave or convex-shaped floor will have wider grout lines in the middle of the floor and narrower lines at the wall. The same thing occurs in the vineyard. The vine row spacing is wider in the middle of the block than it is along the edge—you get the idea.

The topography of one of the vineyard sections resembles a hyperbolic paraboloid, essentially a saddle sandwiched between two washes. The upper block is planted with Grenache Blanc and contains the narrowest of all the aisles in the vineyard. The aisle between rows 11 and 12 is hardly five feet wide. This also happens to be one of the steepest sections of the entire vineyard. I have been down this aisle nine times this year in the tractor, and number ten will probably be later this week. I can slow down through the very tight aisles when I am mowing or raking, but spraying is another story. A constant speed must be maintained for effective and even coverage of the spray over the vine canopy and fruit. This speed is 2.84 miles per hour, which is faster than most people walk. It is very fast when trellis posts are tapping up against the tractor window as I go by. This is the “exciting” part of my work. The “treacherous” and “precarious” moments happen when I have to turn the tractor

around to go down the next aisle. I did mention this block was steep, but in this section, the slope is not aligned with the vine rows. The tractor leans into the rows and bounces around on the rocky slope. I am always concerned about the Big One, a large rock displaced into the aisle that I don't see, and the uphill tire hits it just right... and there's more... this all happens around Oh Dark-thirty, way before the sun comes up. The spray (emulsified mineral oil to prevent fungal growth) needs to occur below certain temperatures so the vine leaves do not burn in the sun. Narrow aisle, heavy tractor, steep slope, big rock, sleep deprivation—what could go wrong?

I helped the cellar crew bottle the 2023 Grenache Blanc earlier this year, which means I was able to taste it and bring a bottle home. I think it is a super terrific wine. It is also very rewarding to know that all the trips up and down that aisle last year (and all the other aisles), and all the exciting and nerve-racking moments I experienced, had something to do with what ended up in the bottle.

Cheers!

in this RELEASE

Quarter 3

Recommended Drinking Windows

Prima:

2023 Painted Lady Gewurztraminer: **2024 - 2028**

2023 Dos Padres Grenache Blanc: **2024 - 2028**

2023 Home Traminette: **2024 - 2028**

Friends:

2023 CDP: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Super Arizona: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Vino de la Familia Rojo: **2024 - 2028**

Family:

2023 New Mexico Gamay: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Dos Padres Graciano: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Colibri Grenache: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Super Arizona: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Vino de la Familia Rojo: **2024 - 2028**

Cellar Door:

2023 Colibri Syrah Clone 474: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Colibri Mourvedre Pick 2: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Colibri Grenache Pick 1: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Super Arizona: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Anonymous: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Mohave County Merlot: **2024 - 2029**

Inner Circle:

2022 Colibri Syrah Clone 474: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Colibri Grenache Hill Block: **2024 - 2029**

2022 Santa Margarita Pinot Noir 667: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Dos Padres Graciano: **2024 - 2029**

2023 Colibri Mourvedre Pick 2: **2024 - 2029**

2023 House Mountain "Brandy Barrel Aged" Petit Sirah: **2024 - 2029**

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