



Sitting outside, having a relaxing long lunch and chewing the fat, both literally and figuratively, as well as sipping on some very good wine, is the best way I can think of to spend an afternoon. Unfortunately, as much as I would have liked to have stayed there for the rest of the afternoon, we did need to get to more wineries.

I have heard that the Schubert's are known for their legendary hospitality, now I fully understand why.

Paddy was adopted when Dan Standish moved house and was unable to have him at his new place. He was used to visiting as Dan was the winemaker at Torbreck and a frequent visitor to the Schubert's property. According to Cecilia, when he first arrived, Steve thought his name was Wally. So the first few days they kept calling Paddy "Wally" but he did not respond. Thinking the dog was stone deaf the Schuberts took him to the vet for a check-up. That's when they found out his real name was Paddington - Paddy for short and although he may just act like a "real Wally" - who wouldn't after being taken away from "Dad"? However Paddy is really happy where he is and loves a good BBQ. I reckon that Steve is the Wally for getting the dog's name wrong!



marketed as "Home Kitchen Shiraz."  What a great idea when there is a grand total of 8 x

387ml bottles.  I wonder who will be marketing his wines?

When Brian enjoyed the second wine he said, "I would rather drink this in the morning than my usual cup of coffee. It certainly had a lot of coffee flavour in it."

And so it went, each wine was completely different and showed the characteristic of the individual vine, which in itself was fascinating. Some of the wines were better than others and two of them were certainly eminently drinkable. All of them had good mouth-feel.

When you think about the difficulties involved in making wines at this level, the intricacies are amazing. If you want to add oak character, how much oak do you use, about a pencils worth? When adding sulphur, how much of that? A pinch; but is it a small pinch, or a tiny pinch?

According to Cecilia, she learnt an awful lot in the process and will probably do it again next year. Who knows, there may eventually be a book for home winemakers in it.

Whilst all this important discussion was taking place, we had lunch, and what a lunch it turned out to be; a veritable feast and far better than any bakery. That's two days in a row I have had a big win at lunchtime. There were focaccia and wraps with salmon, some had a type of locally produced smoked bacon that was delicious and there were all sorts of other goodies in the sandwiches too. For desert, there was a bee sting and for those so inclined, a South Australian specialty known as "frog cakes." If that wasn't enough, there was a huge cheese plate and coffee.

Frog Cakes

The hospitality didn't end there; Steve opened a bottle of the **Schubert Estate 2004 Goose Block Shiraz**. The bouquet showed wonderful multiple berry fruit aromas with hints of coffee and plum. The tannins are smooth, fine and tight, and combine with the brilliant, pure fruit to form an excellently structured wine with the wonderful mouth-feel. The flavour profile has fantastic complexity which is dominated by blackcurrant and plum, and whilst it is approachable now, and finishes with good persistence of flavour, it needs a little time to gain length. Ample-weight with a supple consistency, its great value for the quality and is rated as Excellent, but the rating should improve as the wine matures around 2010+. When I tried this wine, I had the impression that it was just starting to head into a sleep phase. When I tried the wine again a couple of months later, this suspicion was confirmed in the wine is now shut down and fast asleep.

and that was only because Cecilia was unable to get the gizmo that she bought from the home winemaking shop to work.)

Once the grapes had been picked and the experiment commenced, the first and major problem that would continue through the whole process immediately became apparent. The size of the batch was miniscule. Normally when people are talking about small batches, they are talking about hundreds, possibly even thousands of litres of wine, but in this case, we are talking single digit numbers. All the normal winemaking dimensions and measurements simply do not apply. This was turning out to be more “a home kitchen experiment,” rather than a fully fledged winemaking experiment.

The underpinning philosophy behind Cecilia’s process was, if you had one vine at home and wanted to make wine, and didn’t have any commercial winemaking equipment, how would you go about it? She wanted to come up with equivalent of a sponge cake recipe for making a bucket of wine. The secondary objective was to see if it was possible to make wine from a single vine and determine how one-dimensional the end product would be.

Paddy Schubert



Cecilia decided to make five different batches and tried different things with every one. She tried everything from plucking all the grapes off the bunch for one batch, to whole bunch crushing for another. The objective was to see what worked, what didn’t and the effects that the different processes would have on the end result. Speaking of end results, each vine produced a whopping 8 - 9 375ml bottles: that’s just over three litres, literally a small bucket of wine!

Looking back on it, Cecilia felt that the biggest shortcoming in the winemaking process was the lack of cold stabilisation during the ferment. Each batch was left to ferment for about two weeks and was then basket pressed.

The first wine was sound and certainly drinkable, better than I expected. It showed a raspberry and chocolate flavours and while the fruit was bright, it didn’t have much length. After tasting this wine, the Pie King, who is obviously going through withdrawal symptoms, said it should be

It was about noon when we left Clare and started our journey to the Barossa. When I was planning a trip, I received an e-mail from [Cecilia Schubert](#) of [Schubert Estate](#) suggesting that if I had any spare time that we call in and visit. I had tasted the current release, the excellent 2004 Goose Yard Block Shiraz, so there was no new commercial wine to taste but Cecilia had said there was something she would like to show me, if we could find time. She also suggested that even if we just wanted to have a break from the mad house of tasting wines, she would be happy to see us. When I rang and asked if she would be available at around two o'clock, she asked where we were and what we were doing for lunch. I told Cecilia we were just leaving Clare and would grab a bite to eat on the way. Cecilia would not have it! She insisted we come for lunch; she said it would be no trouble and would just throw some sandwiches together.

What the hell, even if Cecilia sandwiches were revolting, they would be bound to be better than the sort of food I have experienced in the past when stopping between Clare and the Barossa. Breakfast the previous day immediately came to mind, so I gladly accepted her kind invitation. And there was an added plus; there were no pies involved.

When we arrived, we received an extremely warm greeting from [Paddy; Cecilia and Steve](#) seemed like they were pleased to see us too. Paddy is a real character, but more about that later.

Most people avoid the dentist like the plague, but when Cecilia goes to the Fang Doctor, she gets strange ideas. There she was, sitting in the waiting room, minding her own business, and avoiding the ten year old Reader's Digest's by reading other uplifting publications like Women's Weekly, New Idea, and Dolly magazine, where she came across an article that spawned an idea. The idea was churned around in her brain, (no doubt the dentist's drill helped,) it was fertilised, it took root, (given the dental association the bad pun is intended), it grew until it flourished, and then the Frankenstein experiment began.

The article that Cecilia had been reading was all about making single vineyard wines and the areas in Australia that did it best. It finished up with a flippant comment, "**the ultimate would be to make a wine from a single vine.**" Whilst most sane people discuss the weather with their dentist, Cecilia discussed the conclusion of the article with the dentist. He said, "You have got the golden opportunity to do it. Go for it." Like all good patients, Cecilia took the dentist's advice.

When the story started to unfold, Cecilia went to great pains to explain that her project had absolutely nothing to do with Schubert Estate, other than the fact that they provided the single vines for the experiment. (Steve's entire involvement in the entire process was to rack the wine,