

LIMBIC



Wine MAX ALLEN

● Dusk approaches. I'm walking through the vineyard at Limbic Wines, hidden in the bush at Pakenham Upper on Melbourne's green south-eastern fringe. Fading rays of watery sunlight seep through the trees as a nearly full moon rises in the east. Under my feet the soil is cool, fine and powdery-grey. Over the past 10 years, the vines have easily worked their roots deep into this country, searching for water, for sustenance, and they now produce grapes that other winemakers talk about in hushed, reverential tones.

Later, I open a bottle of Limbic's 2007 sauvignon blanc (\$25). And I discover that the wine tastes just like the vineyard: reserved, delicate smells of herbs and flowers, subtle, with the most delicious, mouthwateringly fine, powdery dryness. I open a bottle of Limbic's 2006 pinot noir (\$35) and it, too, is imbued with a clear and thrilling sense of place: pale in colour, almost rosé-like, the aromas of red plums and autumn forests don't prepare you for a mouthful of structure – more of that powdery dryness again, and some fine-grained juiciness and grip.

These wines won't appeal to everyone. If you like pungent, fruity sav blanc or dark, concentrated pinot, you probably won't like these. But if restraint, clarity and elegance are your thing, I urge you to check out the web site and discover more about this brilliant vineyard. It deserves to be much better known.

www.limbicwines.com.au ●