

# Individual experience flavors the wine in a glass

By Dave McIntyre, Washington Post

The white in my glass is the color of straw: raw material ready to be transformed. As I swirl the glass, light flashes through the wine, and I sense a fleeting image of a happy young girl as her blond hair catches the sun. She smells of flowers and grass, and of potential.

The red in my other glass is translucent, a vibrant cherry color that seems to filter light and reality. Yes, it's pinot noir.

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Part of wine's charm is that it conjures fancy. Wine is difficult to describe, once you've gone beyond the concept of mere fermented grape juice. That's why you'll read over-the-top descriptions of "gobs of fruit" and "lashings of oak." (Wine should be aged in barrels, not flogged by them, though I once met a winemaker in Tuscany who said he used small barrels to "spank" wines that weren't behaving.)

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