

THE Northern Star

The wine

THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

Ms L. sorted out my wardrobe recently. It looks fantastic, like a rack in a fancy menswear store, except for the clothes.

Nice trousers to the right, leading to less-nice trousers then shirts in similar order. Naturally less-nice garments outnumber the nice ones by about 10 to one, and incredibly, jeans don't even get a look-in, they're folded in a different section altogether.

Yes, my wardrobe is a different world now, alas one over which I have little control. However don't get me wrong, I like this new world order. It is something to which I have always aspired but ultimately thought my time better spent elsewhere.

Patting the dog for instance.

Neat wardrobes are like Ferraris. Everyone knows what it takes: hard work, long hours, luck, backstabbing and cruelties to others, and most importantly, new ancestry. But how many are willing to



Grape
Expectations
with
Max Crus

take that plunge into the ugly world of personal superiority and genetic modification?

The new wardrobe outlook mirrors the household generally now, since the cleaning lady was hired – “don't mess things up before she gets here” – except for one thing, I actually can mess up my wardrobe with complete impunity for a year, the approximate time that will elapse before Ms L. looks in again when dressing me for our annual social outing.

To be honest, I just don't get it, but I did get a really tidy wardrobe.

Paradoxically, my cellar is a work of art, a model of neatness and order, to a standard not unlike my new wardrobe.

Wines are sectioned by variety, and ranging from heavy to light if there's enough – two is enough – and in the chardonnay department, regions, when numbers bloom. One for each state, plus the ACT.

But the thing I like best about the cellar is that the wines are also ordered by year, so as with my clothes now, I never choose the wrong vintage.

“Where are my leg-warmers, Ms L.?”

Three Ponds Verdelho 2012, \$22.

This is bright and sunny and ideal for flooded weekends made more so by the frog label. Hold this to your ear and hear them croak. 8.6/10.