

MAN AT HIS BEST

> THE ESQUIRE 100

THE IDEAS
TRENDS
PRODUCTS
PEOPLE, AND
OBSCENE
GESTURES
YOU SHOULD
KNOW
BEFORE
EVERYONE
ELSE

#003

MAGIC
PIG
DUST

#001

THE NEW
END
OF THE
EARTH

> AND

FICTION IN THE
MARGINS OF THE
MAGAZINE
JUST LIKE THIS



(ESQUIRE
100)

No

098

WALLA WALLA
WINE GHETTO



IN THE DUSTY southeast corner of Washington State, next to sun-bleached wheat fields and a baking runway, lies the most unexpected patch of wine country in America. Behind the Walla Walla airport, in the beige-painted shoe-box buildings of a World War II Army air base, a dozen vintners are crushing some of the finest grapes in the country and bottling lush Columbia Valley wines in refreshingly humble surroundings. You fill your trunk with cabernet, syrah, or Sangiovese and walk off your wine buzz in a junkyard of broken-down combines—all while feeling more akin to the Cooler King than another Sunday driver crunching up the pea gravel at a Napa Valley theme park. The grapes come from just over the horizon—the eleven million wondrously varied acres of the upper Columbia River Valley, where vineyards planted by speculating apple farmers in the seventies and eighties are now reaching peak maturity, making it the most promising viticultural area in the U.S. —TOM COLLIGAN

WE RECOMMEND:



The syrah produced by Caleb Foster at **BUTY** (pronounced *beauty*), made with what might just be the best syrah grapes in the country—grown in arid soil over a patch of baking cobblestones.



TAMARACK CELLARS, in the aluminum rectangle that used to be the air-base fire station, whose cabernet franc includes grapes from the volcanic-ash slopes of the Yakima Valley and is supremely rich and floral.



RUSSELL CREEK, run by Larry Krivoshein, a retired funeral-home director. His Sangiovese is the closest thing in America to a Tuscan wine—the fleshy, tannic fruit roasted black in the desert heat.

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