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*...A bit of a
revelation... JP*



Jeni Port - Sydney Morning Herald Good Food - Jan 2016

This is grenache but maybe not as you know it. There's the weight of the wine in the mouth, it fairly bounces, then there's the prettiness, the floral aromas, chocolate, the savouriness. Longhop is made by Old Plains from 50-year-old vines and they've certainly gone for some involved winemaking for a \$18 wine. A complex wine under \$20 is a bit of a revelation.

Mike Bennie - Gourmet traveller Wine Nov-Dec 2015

The ongoing way in which these Longhop wines show value for money leads me to believe that there must be some fairy dust in the vineyards and winery, which are under the care of Dom Torzi and Tim Freeland. This 2013 is another cracker, showing a wildly vibrant perfume of red fruits, musk, clove spice and a judicious whiff of dried herbs. The palate which is relaxed in texture, but etched with sandy tannins, shows impressive length and offers gentle sweetness. Brilliant drinking for the bucks.

Gary Walsh Winefront August 2015, 91 points

From 50 year old vines planted along the Gawler River.

Sweet and sour cherries, chocolate, mint, spice and a whiff of toasted coconut marshmallows. And kind of meaty and savoury too. Medium bodied, juicy flavour and spice, some warmth from alcohol, but it's fresh and lively too, with particularly appealing sandy tannin lending grip and shape. Plenty of length. A bit of a bargain.

Philip White - Indaily August 20th 2015

Longhop Old Vine Mount Lofty Ranges Grenache 2013

14.5% alcohol; screw cap; 92+ points

Still dribbling about that price, my response to this wine turned into a total gusher once I got some in my glass and loosed my hooter on it. It's another of the exciting new-wave, more elegant Grenache models, which is not to say it shows the slightest hint of anorexia. It smells a bit like smoked cherries. Which is one thing I've never smoked. And then it's chubby and ruddy-cheeked and maybe a little sullen in one way – give it time – but on the other hand it's flush with life and a kind of self-satisfaction, as if it knows you'll be pleased.

It also smells slightly like dark chocolate, as if a great chef like Cheong had reinvented the Cherry Ripe, using proper maraschino cherries and Valrhôna cooking chocolate, which is the best I've eaten. In fact I've eaten it with Grenache near that remarkable Tain-l'Hermitage chocolatier with my dear Rhône mentor, the late Gerard Jaboulet. With a Gauloise or six, of course, joking about how much Rhône Hermitage and Grenache historically found its way north into Burgundy, where it's not permitted, but was used to beef up the Pinot. Of course they wouldn't do that now, would they.

It's the same yarn in the drinking bit: it has just the right drip of syrup to balance its bright, provocative acidity. It's long and tantalising: with all that sass, more provocative than satisfying.

It's wines like this that have me lately firming my theory that properly made, with the right levels of natural acidity, Grenache can be South Australia's alternative to Pinot noir, as very few parts of our sunbaked state are cool enough to make really good Pinot. Ashton Hills is the noted exception.

I also suspect that the South Australian consumer's cellar palate is prejudiced by the big ripe jammy Shiraz things we've become accustomed to, and often doesn't take readily to the slender austerity and often pale nature of good Pinot.

I can see my fingers through this wine, which is encouraging. Compared to the Grenache of 15 years back, it could come from a different variety, especially if taken from 50-year-old vines like this was. It's not Pinot, of course, but in the sensory sector, and the spaceframe, it could share some genes with that felicitous Burgundian delight. If only there were Burgundies at \$18. Tea-smoked duck, please.