

This Week's "Pour Decisions" Package

BORDEAUX

The wine world's capital, cracked wide open.



In this issue, we crash candlelit harvest parades in Saint-Émilion (yes, grown men in robes with torches), sip pét-nat under the half-pipes at Darwin's Wednesday street market, and spiral into June's Brunch Electronik with Peggy Gou—because sometimes Bordeaux tastes best with beats



SAINT-ÉMILION'S JURADE FESTIVAL

There are wine festivals... and then there's this. Once a year, the perfectly preserved village of Saint-Émilion — with its ivy-covered walls and cobblestone drama — turns into something out of a medieval fever dream. Picture this: men in crimson robes (yes, actual robes) marching through the streets by torchlight, blessing the grape harvest like they're casting a spell. The Jurade Harvest Festival isn't just a celebration — it's a ritual

The Jurade de Saint-Émilion dates back to 1199 — that's not a typo. Founded by the king of England (because, yes, the English used to own this bit of France), it was a brotherhood created to regulate and honor the region's wines. Today? It's less regulatory, more theatrical. Think: Hogwarts meets Bordeaux.

What Actually Happens?

At sunset, the town lights up — literally. Lanterns glow. Church bells ring. The Jurade, decked out in wine-red velvet and gold chains, parades through the narrow streets, blessing the vintage to come. You follow the sound of chanting and candlelight until you're in the heart of Saint-Émilion, sipping Merlot with hundreds of other wide-eyed visitors wondering what century they just stepped into.

Start your night at a tucked-away wine bar just steps from the Monolithic Church of Saint-Émilion — a cathedral literally carved out of limestone in the 12th century. No big deal. It's one of the largest underground churches in Europe, and the courtyard above it becomes the glowing heart of the Jurade procession.

Grab a glass from L'Envers du Décor, the town's go-to for natural pours and local legends, or wander into Bar à Vin Saint-Émilion for a curated list of Grand Crus by the glass. Order something bold — Merlot, obviously — and sip slowly as golden hour spills across the stones.

Because once the bells start ringing, the whole town shifts. Velvet-robed marchers appear, music echoes through the alleyways, and suddenly Saint-Émilion feels like an open-air stage. A light show bathes the village walls, casting shadows that dance with the movement of the crowd. And just when you think it's winding down — boom — fireworks light up the sky behind the bell tower.

It's dramatic. It's cinematic. And with a good pour in hand, it's the kind of night you'll never forget.



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"POUR DECISIONS" PACKAGE

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L'ESPRIT DE CHEVALIER 2019

PESSAC-LÉOGNAN

"REFINED, BUT KNOWS HOW TO PARTY." THIS ISN'T YOUR AVERAGE SECOND LABEL — IT'S MORE LIKE THE EFFORTLESSLY COOL SIBLING WHO SKIPPED THE BUSINESS DEGREE AND STILL ENDED UP KILLING IT. EXPECT LAYERS OF DARK BERRIES, CEDAR SMOKE, AND THAT EARTHY BORDEAUX UNDERTONE THAT MAKES YOU PAUSE MID-SIP. THE OAK'S SUBTLE, THE ACIDS TIGHT, AND THE FINISH

SERVE IT AT: A DINNER PARTY WHERE SOMEONE BROUGHT HOMEMADE SOURDOUGH

TASTES LIKE: BLACKCURRANT, COCOA, FOREST FLOOR

PAIRS WITH: MUSHROOM RISOTTO, ROAST DUCK, UNPLANNED DEEP CONVO



"CANNELE"



CHATEAU VALRION 2018

POMEROL

"VELVET, BUT IN LIQUID FORM" THIS SAINT-ÉMILION GRAND CRU IS SERVING LOW-TANNIN LUXURY WITH JUST ENOUGH GRIP TO KEEP THINGS INTERESTING. THINK WARM PLUM CRUMBLE, ESPRESSO DUST, AND THAT PERFECT BALANCE BETWEEN INDULGENT AND GROUNDED. IT'S PLUSH WITHOUT BEING FLASHY — THE KIND OF WINE THAT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE YOU REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT THE PAIRING (EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T).

SERVE IT AT: A ROOFTOP SUNSET, OR ON THE FLOOR WITH SNACKS AND A BLANKET

TASTES LIKE: RIPE CHERRIES, SPICE BOX, YOUR WEEKEND PLANS EVOLVING

PAIRS WITH: AGED GOUDA, CONFIT ANYTHING, YOUR MOST DRAMATIC PLAYLIST