

# Jancis Robinson.com

16

Ripe white-currants aroma, honeysuckle, daisies. This has the subtle tannic texture of persimmon peel if you bite into it before it's perfectly ripe. Tiny bubbles. Acidity runs through the wine, a linear bladed ruler marking start, mid, end. Filled with white citrus bitters and sharps, but there is also an earth-connected undertow – crushed, green, woodland herbs and grasses. This is very direct, a rhombic prism of a wine, handing you structure way forward of any nuances of flavour. You could drink this with a fiery Thai Tom Yung Kung soup. (TC)



17

I love the amount of information and the clear way it is presented on the back labels of the Copinet champagnes. Bravo. Smells of pears and a little bit of ripe, washed-rind cheese on warm, soft, white sourdough. As precise, chalk-white and starched-linen crisp as you would expect a zero-dosage blanc-de-blanc champagne to be. But it's not just stylised austerity. Lemon, masses of green apple (Granny Smith ahead of the pack), grapefruit. Very cool and aloof, long-necked swan-like grace. Long, interesting and for those who like intellectual champagnes. This would be stunning with a bit of salt-crystal-crunchy aged cheddar. (TC)



17

Smells of violets and, unexpectedly, grape soda! Of the four terroir-based Copinet wines I have tasted so far, this is the fruitiest. Although still brut-nature bony, it has more flesh on those bones – raw quince, comice pear, green apple, not-quite-ripe greengage, lime. Granite dust. Lovely texture and a piercing minerals-and-acid core that drives right through the wine, pinning it to tomorrow. (TC)



17

A pretty deep pink for champagne, almost crushed-tomato-juice colour. Buckets of fresh strawberries on the palate – almost chuckling with the reckless, generous summery delight of all those strawberries. Some mint and basil fresh leafiness, and a little dark drop of minerality, as if you were tasting strawberries while sucking on a black pearl straight from an oyster shell. Orange-peel bitters; sumac and caraway spice. A real delight. (TC)



17

It could be argued that 'la pierre' directed me towards stoniness, but this wine does have a mineral nose – something, though, that reminds me of both river pebbles and wet cement. But there is also an aérenne, cloud-wisp-in-the-sky floral note – white rose petal, jasmine, choisya. Chiselled fruit, intent, laser focus; glittering in the mouth, glittering on the finish. Geosmin. A crossbow wine, pulled so tight it feels as if metal will crack, and my neck tingles with the sense of almost militant control, of almost lethal speed and flight just a second's breath away. A wine for truffles, porcini, cacio e pepe, saffron. (TC)



17.5

Richer fruited than their other four terroir champagnes. Even a touch of tropical passion fruit. Some sweetness creeping in, despite the zero dosage. Verbena, lemongrass, the whippet sharp green-leaf blade of sorrel. Lots of lime, salt, taut sinews, length. Formidable. (TC)

