

ROBERT SINSEY VINEYARDS

MARCIEN, PROPRIETARY RED 2015



Los Carneros, Napa Valley



- A “Right Bank” of Napa wine, a Saint-Émilion with a suntan!
- Marcien represents best of vintage from RSV’s Carneros Estate Vineyards
- CCOF Certified Organic vineyards
- Select lots of the classic “Right Bank” varieties of Merlot, Cabernet Franc and Cabernet Sauvignon
- Cave aged approx. two years in select French oak barrels
- Bottled in 750ml, 1.5L, 3L and 6L
- An elegant, subtle and well balanced wine

Winegrowing Notes

There is wisdom in an aged wine. It tells the story of another time and place; an echo of a vintage and the people who crafted it. Sometimes it takes years, even decades, for a well made wine to express itself; to share its story; to transcend being just another wine; to become a classic. Marcien has always been a bit of a Napa Valley outlier. Grown in RSV’s organically farmed vineyards in the relatively cool Carneros region whose northern reaches are what we think of as the “Right Bank” of Napa Valley; a micro-climate where Merlot and Cabernet Franc naturally thrive to fully realize their potential. The cuvée is complete with the additional backbone of Cabernet Sauvignon. Marcien was never meant to be showy young. That is why it is held back for many years before release. It needs time to mature before it reveals a complexity that harkens back to a simpler, more elegant time.

Tasting Notes

Marcien is sublime... no protruding tail fins or gaudy chrome bumpers on this classic. Function and form interweave into complete deliciousness. Delightfully deep aromas and flavors of red and black berry, currant and fresh plum fruits. Enticing savory herb notes of bayleaf with hints of Kalamata olive, lavender, star anise, mocha and leather. It all comes together with tightly-woven, supple tannins for excellent age-worthy structure and a driving, persistent finish. The 2015 Marcien is sterling proof that Merlot, Cabernet Franc and Cabernet Sauvignon thrive in RSV’s organically farmed Northern Carneros vineyards - The Right Bank of Napa Valley. Crafted with an eye toward structure and freshness, the wine has a mystifying complexity that comes from New World precision balanced by an Old World soul.

FINE WINES. ORGANIC VINES.

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Better With Age!

The raccoon thrust her paws into the algae filled water trough, snatched a frog from the depths and gleefully bit its head off. Within seconds, she devoured every slimy bit. If this raccoon could express ecstasy, she was in that moment.

The year was around 1971. I was in 7th or 8th grade and my mother, recently divorced, wanted to live in the country. She found an old ranch house on Santa Rosa Creek road about five miles east of the town of Cambria on the central coast of California. It was a stunning place... the land, not the house. It was an old cattle ranch with bands carved into the rolling hills; scars left from generations of steer and heifers following the path of least resistance. The namesake creek was a wondrous place for a young boy to spend weekends, attempting to catch the elusive steelhead trout, throwing rocks and getting wet.

Friends my age were in short supply. I found solace in the animals, dogs, cats, cows and the pet raccoon that lived with us for about two years and played like any other domestic animal... with just a hint of danger. Mandy, we called her, was given to my sister by a cowboy who had shot her mother after she had attacked his dog. It was only after he killed the mother that he found out she was just protecting her newborns. We raised Mandy from before her eyes were open until she wandered off to have a litter of her own.

The old man up the road noticed that I was spending a lot of time alone on the ranch so he would ride his Honda 90 down to our place after school and on the weekends. He saw that I had an old Honda 50 and he invited me to join him for rides up the trails and fire roads back into the hills where he would share his knowledge of the history and geology of the place while we explored the long abandoned mercury mines littered with rusty tools, mine cars, Model A trucks and horse-drawn wagons.

Mr. Curti was the old man's name. I don't know if I ever knew his first name but I think it was Henry. He didn't ask for anything from me. He seemed happy just to have someone to listen to his stories and to be able to pass on his common sense wisdom acquired from decades of living on the ranch, observing nature... and I drank it up.

