

Side
BARNEIL
PENDOCK

FOR a brief, shining moment at the end of April, London was the centre of the global social network as “waity Katie” caught her “Big Willie”.

But the Financial Times’s Lex column was on the money when attributing a financial script to the nuptials. “The marriage of William Wales and Catherine Middleton may be remembered not so much as a magical fairytale but as a hard-edged business case study” planned and flawlessly executed by Middleton Inc.

No surprises for Lex, then, that the bride’s younger brother, James, “an upscale cakemaker”, registered a new company, Nice Wine, shortly before he read the lesson in Westminster Abbey.

With impeccable timing, Charl Theron, from the University of Stellenbosch, blogged on www.winenews.co.za, “wine is not nice!” He ended off waving a red rag at a bull: “Does anyone disagree that being able to describe a wine as a clear, greenish, non-muscat with a floral flavour and a dry taste is far more interesting than describing a wine as nice?”

From a wine point of view, the



ADDING FIZZ TO THE FRIENDSHIP: Winston Churchill was a big fan of Odette Pol-Roger and her family’s Champagne

wedding was a bust. Pol Roger Champagne, that favourite of Winston Churchill, was chosen as the bridal bubbly, a slap in the face of English winemakers who have been

trying to convince the world that their fizz is as good as French.

Of course the reason Churchill liked Pol was

What a cracker!

But the bubbly at Kate and William’s left English winemakers feeling blue



2000 (on Christmas Day), so quite why her charm lingers in British high society, is a mystery. But local Pol importer Wayne Visser, from Great Domaines, won’t be complaining as sales will soar to colonial types and retired colonels. A small consolation from fate for the banning of Delamotte Champagne in SA after a trademark lawsuit from La Motte estate in Franschhoek.

Yet there is perhaps an opportunity for SA sparkling wine, Méthode Cap Classique, as a replacement base for the favourite cocktail of the Duchess of Cambridge — the infamous Crack Baby from Boujis nightclub in South Kensington. Served in a test tube at £8 a pop, this shooter is a blend of vodka, Champagne, passion fruit and raspberry liqueur. They seem to be quite lethal, if the photos of best man Prince Harry falling into the gutter on a previous occasion after eight Crack Babies are any indication.

Meanwhile, writing for the FT, media consultant Peter Bazalgette reports that the Lounge Bohemia bar in “fashionable Shoreditch offers ‘communist’ cocktails to men-with-beards on utility furniture listening to ‘nice’ jazz.” Just the place to send Professor Theron for re-education on the “nice” aspects of swinging London.

on account of Madame Odette Pol-Roger, the Chelsy Davy of her day, “whose charm and beauty captivated Sir Winston in the years after the war” as the house’s website discreetly puts it. He “was introduced to Odette Pol-Roger by Alfred Duff-Cooper at the British embassy’s Armistice Day party in Paris. The Prime Minister, who had a romantic admiration for France, was captivated by Mme Pol-Roger’s elegance and beauty, as he was by the Champagne served at lunch that day, Pol Roger 1928, a full-bodied vintage. So began a harmless flirtation (indulged by his darling Clementine) that lasted until Sir Winston’s death in 1965”.

Alas, Pol-Roger died aged 89 in

