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THE POUR

Eric Asimov

Reds on Ice? It's Not Heresy

BROTHERS and sisters, I am feeling the heat. I am feeling the sweat on the back of my neck and the hot, wet air pressing against my chest like a rock on my heart.

My collar is open, my sleeves are pushed up, and when I look out into the glare of the sun I ask you this:

Do I want something hot to drink? No, I do not.

Do I want something served to me at what the ill-informed call room temperature? No, I do not.



LARS KLOVE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

TOO HOT FOR RULES Forget
“room temperature.”

While it is well understood that these beverages are served chilled, for maximum sustenance in the summer we do have one more river to cross, and that, my friends, is red wine.

It may be hot, but — repeat after me — we want red wine. It may be humid, but — say it again — we want red wine. It may be oppressive, but — louder, now! —

Do I want something cool and refreshing, something that will revive my spirit, stir my soul and go hand-in-hand with outdoor grilling? Yes, indeed.

Now, nobody needs a sermon promoting the joy of a cool drink in the summertime. But I'm talking about red wine.

Sometimes a glass of white wine is not enough. Nor is a beer, an iced tea or a lemonade, though heaven knows few things are better than a tart lemonade in a beaded glass on a hot summer's day.

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