

Defecating in the Face of Mediocrity
Or
My “Steely Dan” Wine Picks for Steely Dan Fans

I’m in an elevator with an endless stream of Steely Dan syncopating me into numbness yet I still feel my brain atrophy. Steve Winwood, Don Henley, Michael McDonald and Phil Collins are chortling together beside me and snapping away to the music. We are headed to the 9,246th floor and the number just above our heads says 1. The elevator never seems to move. Bad Dream? Nope, I died and am in eternal damnation! And to think that I actually pimped my handbasket for this!

I recently looked up Milquetoast in the dictionary and sitting right there were Steve Winwood and the rest of the Gang of Four waving like a Harry Potter portrait! Boring, blah music: Pandora is obsessed with it! You could create a station named The Ramones and Steve Winwood or Phil Collins would pop up on it! Their music is like white noise with chiggers, at first you don’t notice but soon you find yourself a bit irritable at the superb attempt at mediocrity. Somewhere in the middle of the endless barrage of eye watering drivel you are hoping, even praying for it to stop before some innocent will be maimed in your unleashed blind rage!

Okay, so maybe it’s just me who feels like that. When I mention my rather extreme emotions toward these “artists” so many of my (former) friends seem genuinely shocked that I could hold so much contempt for poor Stevie or little ol’ Phil. Steely Dan fans are amongst us like Pod People; just say you hate Steely Dan and they reveal themselves in mass until you feel as if you will suffocate and die—that’s how I got on the damn elevator!

Well, even mediocrity has to drink wine, so thank the lord that I keep copious notes on all wines that I taste. I scoured my scrawl and happened upon a few wines worthy of Steely Dan and the Gang of Four. Wines that are so boring the snooze alarm never ceases; so boring they’re like Shel Silverstein’s Lazy Jane who was so lazy that when she was thirsty she waited for it to rain. I can forgive flawed wines, wines with too much oak, too much alcohol, gads of goopy fruit with little acid for balance. These wines have intent; they aspire to greatness, but just fall short. My Steely Dan award winning wines do not aspire, they just are and that’s unforgiveable!

Markham Napa Valley Sauvignon Blanc 2008

My notes read like a gray canvas, a slack jawed drool pooling moron with eyes half open: “nose is subtly herbal, grapey, green berry and sweet pea; taste is watery and finishes like an old

hooker." It just laid there and no amount of money was going to make it shimmer and shake on your palate like a proper Sauvignon Blanc. There were no rich grapefruit, kiwi and passionfruit flavors indicative of so many Napa Valley SBs. No acidic vibrancy that screams oysters and summertime salads. It just laid there and waited for it to rain.

Retail Price: \$18

Duck Pond Wahluke Slope Columbia Valley Syrah 2009

"Sausage and bell peppers" is all I wrote. There was no mention of fruit, blackberry and black raspberry, or black olives, violets, and earth. Washington State is producing some of the greatest Syrah and Merlot in all of the US and some would argue the world. The Wahluke Slope is one of the newer AVAs in the Columbia Valley and has made a strong case for years of its worthiness with Syrah and Merlot as well as Sauvignon Blanc and Semillon. Sausage and Bell Peppers is only good for one thing, Steely Dan!

Retail Price: \$10