



Sit down...in front. **Flying out**

Grape Expectations with Max Crus



I'VE given up on air travel.

Not because of Qantas, or protest over Alan Joyce's arrogance and pay packet, there's just no suitable seats available.

You can't sit over the wing because the best part of flying is looking out the window, so you can't see anything except wing and engines, one of which, eventually, will blow up and you'll see it first.

On longer flights you can't sit at a window anyway, wing or not, because you will have to get up sometime and that will annoy others.

This is no less relevant if they are family members who are more inclined to be annoyed, so you will sit there cross-legged instead, which economy passengers all know is impossible.

But you can't sit in the middle either, or indeed the middle rows, that's just no man's land. You can't see out and you can't get up.

You can't sit in an aisle seat, unless you don't mind people clambering over you because they have a bladder condition or DVT or cannot leave their overhead luggage alone.

You can't sit near a loo, for obvious reasons, but you can't sit too far away either, just in case.

You certainly don't want to sit near a service area either, that racket goes all night, and the overheated nuclear food smells worse than the toilets.

You can't sit at the back of the plane that is the truly weirdest part of the cabin. It is noisy, 'whippy' like the last car of a roller-coaster, and good fun for kids, ample reason not to sit there, that's where they go.

Along with insomniacs, intellectuals and exercise freaks who hang out intellectualising, stretching and pulling up their funny socks.

The only place you really want to sit is right up the front, but you need a licence, they lock the doors and there's no alcohol allowed.

Struth, give me another 187ml Jacob's Creek then.

Aramis Vineyards McLaren Vale Shiraz Cabernet 2009, \$20.

Not to be confused with the aftershave this is nevertheless suitable for behind the ears at a barbecue or long flight. Great with meat. 8.5/10.

Clover Hill Tasmania 2007 Methode Traditionelle, \$47.

Catching up with old mates deserves a decent bubbly. Catching up with young mates too, and this is as decent as they get. 9/10.

Ross Hill Tom and Harry cabernet Sauvignon 2009, \$22.

Best in show at Orange, we showed it due reverence but at lunchtime it didn't show its true colours. Have it Christmas night rather than lunchtime turkey. 8.5/10.

Domaine de Lancement (Thézac-Perricard) (Malbec) 2008, \$32.

After a long flight this is pretty sensible plonk, Pierre, and exactly what you'd expect in a street side bistro in gay Paris. 8.2/10.

Elderton Barossa Botrytis Semillon 2011, \$18.

Dessert is coming back, or my friends are coming back to dessert...or more correctly they don't muck round saying "should they or shouldn't they" anymore. Of course they should. 8.7/10.

Tempus Two Copper Series Grenache Shiraz Mourvedre 2010, \$20.

It's not often screw caps go bad, but when they do they are dangerous. If this hadn't been such delicious wine, I'd be suing for stress and cut fingers. 8.7/10.



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