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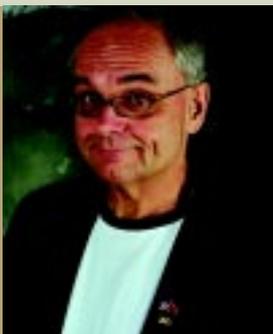
澳门风情录：穿越时光的烟云



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Beyond Red-A Chinese Love Story Continues (Part II)



FRED TIBITTS JR. IS A GLOBAL WINE CONSULTANT BASED IN NEW YORK. HE ASSISTS SOME OF THE TOP HOTEL AND RESTAURANT CHAINS IN THE U.S. AND ASIA PACIFIC DEVELOPING THEIR WINE BY THE GLASS PROGRAMS, LEADING EDUCATIONAL TRIPS TO WINE PRODUCING COUNTRIES AND HOSTING VIP INDUSTRY DINNERS AT NEW YORK AND ACROSS ASIA.

Red is the color of my true love's wine, for she is Chinese and this is China. Red as hearts can be and red as our love the red wine it is always red as our love, our very true love.

When I gaze upon the magnificent lady fingers of scarlet glycerin and tannins steaming from the rim of my wine glass, softly whispering "Oh, I am so much more than you can imagine", I knowingly avert my stare to my beloved, for she is as mysterious and deep as all of the treasures from every century and every dynasty ever known to be Chinese. She is China and red as the roses I bestow upon her and the wine that we share over kisses and warm embraces, tableside or bedside, it matters not.

When my China doll is in my arms and we are sharing a red wine that sings a love song in every Chinese dialect so dear our hearts are overcome with emotion and we melt seamlessly into One, passing effortlessly through the eye of Heaven's needle, we cannot help but achieve Nirvana as many times as we can bear without going mad. In fact, Sting, the rock superstar, once said that a man's most sacred obligation to woman is to drive her to orgasm as frequently and violently as she can possibly tolerate. If this be so, surely fine red wine is the catalyst of love's irresistible addiction; and the better the red wine, the more sure is one's

world is that the "dream" world is the "real" world and the real world is the dream world. They say we have it reversed. We experience a consciousness that lacks depth and clarity and we all too often disregard the important warnings our dreams are meant to deliver to better insure our continued survival. For many red wine is the sacred elixir that merges these two worlds as one, but never on the first or even second glass, though the kingdom that approaches is sometimes almost possible to recognize as the second glass is reduced to the last of it's crimson passion.

Her hair is everything that China knows to be beautiful. It is black as the night, soft and long as the Silk Road, wild as the passion that stirs between us upon a moment's glance or upon our slightest touch, yet red as our wine when we have consumed a bottle or two or more of the best red wine we choose to afford. I breathe it as we roll from side to side and I know her personal scent only too well. For she is Cabernet, Merlot, Pinot Noir and much, much more and it is only right that we feed each other our cups of wine with arms interlocked as from the pagan rituals of a thousand years before.

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escape from all that reduces one's existence to waking, working and turning to the dream state, if it can be achieved.

A common held belief of the Shamans of the

This is not the first time we are together in China for we have reincarnated many times and always found one another as the gods have decreed. And red wine has always been that which we sip when we relax with one another, whether over a good book, a favorite movie or the art of making love.

As she swirls her wine in an elegant, over-sized red wine glass, she peers at me over her glasses with a smile we have shared for centuries and she invites me to pleasure her in every way. I cannot refuse her, nor would I ever, for lovers are always at love and it is always their finest hour. She takes a first sip of the Pinot Noir and it pleases her as she hoped it would: I do the same and it is wonderful, warm and complex. We lean forward, our lips becoming One ever so gently as they touch. We press ourselves to the cause: For our dance has once again begun without thought and without hesitation.

A good red wine will breathe in the glass and allow the air to bring the components of the wine into harmony, just as a skilled maestro would conduct a symphony to insure the melody, the tempo and the total experience. Premium and super premium soft Merlots, easy Cabernets, fruity Sangiovese, light Beaujolais, everyday Syrahs and Shiraz; these are wines to sip by the glass and once they breathe for ten minutes or more are ready to drink with or without food. Less premium or average wines of these types will resemble their better quality cousins, but they will bear only a very basic resemblance to the grape variety from which they derive their name and they will taste rough, disjointed, possibly even chalky and there will be little or no after taste. In fact, they may be overly sweet.

(To be continued)