

The Roscioli Wine Club Times

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT WINE

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roscioliwineclub.com

What is the Roscioli Wine Club

Born as an extension of the Rimessa Roscioli Tasting Dinner that you could enjoy from home, it has evolved into something much greater and more meaningful. Our wine club was born from years of travel, conversations, and time spent with artisanal winemakers to preserve and share the cultural biodiversity of Italian vineyards. It's a chance to be part of something unique and meaningful. It's a chance to get lost in the beauty of Italian culture. It's about tasting wines that carry a story and a perspective, to have an experience that goes beyond the bottle.

When in Rome or NYC

As a member, you'll get access to a range of exclusive benefits. You'll always have priority when booking our restaurants and events. In Rome, that includes a complimentary Tasting Dinner at Rimessa Roscioli, while in New York, you can join our Wine Classes - Just send us an email to book!

people we meet along the way. Otherwise, how do you discover something new? How do you learn to read a place, to understand its rhythms, and return home with stories worth telling?

Dario - our friend and collaborator, who knows Sardinian wine and its territory better than almost anyone - had insisted we should meet Andrea Desogu, a young winemaker recovering beautiful century-old vineyards in his hometown of Seui. Sardinia is far more complex than the images sold by travel brochures.

There is the Sardinia everyone knows: spectacular beaches, turquoise water, luxury resorts and holiday villages built in the 1970s, often inspired more by Californian and Mexican architecture than by anything traditionally Sardinian. Then there's the interior. A completely different world.

Hidden among its mountains lies the highest concentration of archaeological sites anywhere in the world: more than 9,000 of them. I say *hidden* because you could spend twenty summers vacationing on the Sardinian coast without ever realizing that you're standing on one of Europe's oldest and richest civilizations. Magnificent archaeological sites, some more than four thousand years old. Every village has its own traditions, festivals, celebrations, fairs and rituals. There are countless local dishes and one of Europe's greatest treasures of native grape varieties—more than four hundred of them. Until just a few years ago, I probably knew ten.

For twenty years, I was one of those people who only experienced Sardinia from the coastline. Then someone asks: *«Have you ever visited that winemaker?»*

Go Where the Wine Takes You has become our motto because that's where you truly discover a place. That's where you leave behind the postcard views and step into the real journey—the one that stays with you long after you've gone home. To explore inland Sardinia, Google Maps isn't enough. You need people willing to point you in the right direction. People who open doors.



By Alessandro Pepe

It usually happens something like this. You're visiting a winery when someone says, *«Have you ever met that grower up in Seui who's bringing old vineyards back to life? He only makes a handful of bottles, but it's worth the trip.»*

Whenever we travel through Italy's wine regions, we never pack our schedule too tightly. We know we have to leave room for improvisation, for chance encounters, for the recommendations that come from

People who welcome you. Wine has an extraordinary ability to connect you with places in a way few other things can.

It was October 31st. That day, Seui was celebrating one of its many traditional village festivals. Andrea was waiting for us in the vineyard, but we had to be quick. Like almost everyone else in town, he was helping organize the festival. The vineyard sits more than 800 meters (2,600 feet) above sea level, surrounded by oak forests with only a few tiny cultivated plots scattered through the landscape.

I asked Andrea how many acres he farmed. *«Acres?»* he laughed. *«What acres?»* The vineyard he showed us measured less than two thousand square meters -a tiny patch of century-old vines. The terraces were held together with old sections of highway guardrail. Beyond them, nothing but forest and an almost unreal silence.

The obvious question came naturally. *«What are you doing that for?»* It's a question that comes up again and again whenever you meet people devoted to small-scale, artisanal agriculture. *«What are you doing that for?»*

Climbing this mountain road to tend a vineyard that's barely half an acre, just to make... what? A thousand bottles of wine? *«A thousand?»* Andrea laughed. *«I wish. If we make four hundred, we're lucky.»* Over the years I've come across thousands of stories like this in Italy. Every village, every small community, every forgotten corner of the countryside seems to have someone quietly devoting their life to preserving something: a century-old vineyard, an early Christian fresco hidden inside a cave on Monte Vulture, an ancient musical tradition on the verge of disappearing. They aren't driven by profit. They're driven by something much harder to define: a sense of belonging. The feeling of being part of a community, of a history, of a place that, through its relationships, its rhythms and its way of life, helps us understand who we really are.

That's also why Andrea volunteers to organize village festivals, plays with Seui's traditional music group and, although he lives in Cagliari—more than two hours away—returns home whenever he can to care for the few remaining vineyards, help organize the jazz festival, local folk concerts and countless other community events.

Seui has just over a thousand residents. It also has around one hundred and twenty musicians.

The October 31st celebration is called **Su Purgatorio**. The mayor explains that it's one of the best-attended traditional festivals in Sardinia. Similar celebrations take place throughout the island on the same day, each with its own local name: *Su Mortu Mortu*, *Mortu Gedda*, *Sa Rimmedda* and many others.



Lindsay Gabbard

A message from the editor

My love for wine was sparked at a young age - 19 to be exact - when I studied abroad in London and was introduced to some French wines which I didn't know anything about. Viognier, Sancerre, Chablis...they were new words that made me curious to understand more. 26 years later, I'm still curious about wine. It's still my compass when I travel. If there are vineyards at my destination, I want to explore them. If there is a wine bar with artisanal wines in the city I'm visiting, it's the first place I go to try local wines and food and get the right suggestions. It's my lens through which I can learn about history. I still love to help people discover new wines, learn to trust their own palate and to 'teach' about wine in a more human way, not as often as technical wine certification courses are taught.

For me, wine is so much more than just an alcoholic beverage - it's a vehicle to nature, humanity, culture, history, travel, and deeper connections. They say how you do something is how you do everything so why not learn to appreciate and be curious about wine and I promise you'll begin to appreciate all your experiences the same way. This newspaper was born to illuminate our unique travel experiences, help you learn more about Italian wine and to be reminded that there is so much in that glass of wine you are drinking from the Wine Club. We invite you to watch the videos of the winemaker and where it's from by scanning the QR on the back label to enrich your journey and to appreciate what goes into making that wine something special.

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Children go from house to house collecting offerings for the souls in Purgatory. Usually they're given traditional sweets prepared specifically for the occasion. Does it remind you of anything? It might seem like a Sardinian version of Halloween - except these celebrations are documented in written records dating back more than four hundred years.

The streets are filled with people singing, playing music and selling handmade products. Families gather in garages, wine cellars and improvised kitchens to share local pecorino, wild boar stew, *culurgiones*—the island's iconic stuffed pasta—and homemade wine while discussing how the festival is going, whether more people came than last year and what could be improved for the next edition.

There was something different about the atmosphere. A kind of energy I had never experienced at any other village festival. In one cellar, a group of people were deep in conversation over glasses of wine. One of them was the mayor of Seui. The others were mayors from neighboring towns.

They were discussing how to keep local traditions alive, how to secure the limited public funding available for the volunteer organizations that make these festivals possible, how to deal with transportation, hospitals and, above all, schools, which are disappearing one by one as rural communities continue to lose population. Some

rare elsewhere. People don't gather in shopping malls or around overpriced industrial cocktails. They gather around raw milk pecorino, handmade local pasta, homemade wine and the voices of the *Tenores*, Sardinia's extraordinary traditional polyphonic singing. Most importantly, everyone takes part in making the festival happen.

I told them that nothing this authentic exists in Rome. Nor in New York. And perhaps, instead of thinking only about how to stop depopulation, the first step should be recognizing the extraordinary cultural wealth that

already exists here—and finding better ways to protect and celebrate it.

After hours of conversation - and more than a few bottles of wine - while people blamed multinational corporations, politicians, corruption or the decline of shared values, I suggested something much simpler. «Why don't we organize another festival in June? Invite artisans from other parts of Sardinia. Bring together cheesemakers, winemakers, musicians. Maybe the answer is simply building more connections.»

I promised I'd help make it happen. A couple of days later, the mayor called me. He liked the idea. He suggested combining it with Seui's traditional cheese festival and calling it *Pastoris e Bingiaderis—Shepherds and Winegrowers*.

Five months later, we were back. This time I wasn't alone. Friends had arrived from Rome, Milan, Turin and even New York.

Cheesemakers were making fresh pecorino in the streets. Twelve winemakers - almost all of them members of the Roscioli Wine Club community - poured their wines. Four music groups performed throughout the village, from jazz to local traditional music. Inside the town hall we hosted a discussion with agronomists, winemakers, urban planners and journalists.

Outside, for two unforgettable days, the streets filled with ancient Sardinian music, jazz, improvised songs, food, wine and conversations that continued late into the night.



argued that people leave because basic services disappear first. Others blamed the false promises of city life. Others spoke about the loss of identity, of values, of community.

We quietly joined the conversation with our cameras. At first they looked at us with understandable suspicion. But little by little, asking the right questions and genuinely listening, we earned their trust. I told them that, after years of traveling, I had never experienced a place quite like this. That there was a particular energy here because Seui—and much of inland Sardinia—still possesses a sense of community and a quality of human relationships that has become increasingly

Two friends from New York turned to me and said, «*These two days changed our lives.*» They changed mine too. Because this simple festival somehow gave new meaning to space, to place, to relationships and to the work we do. It's a feeling I often experience while traveling through Italy's wine regions. But never before had I felt so deeply woven into the life of a place.

I wasn't simply a tourist. I wasn't just passing through. For a brief moment, I became part of a network of relationships, stories and shared purpose. And perhaps the most rewarding realization of all was knowing that everything had started with something as simple as a bottle of wine.

OUR GRAND GOURMET WINE TOUR

By Lindsay Gabbard

I never thought I would say it but I will be totally fine if I never see another piece of Parmigiano Reggiano in my life, or a *gnocco fritto*. I'm kidding, obviously, but it's no overstatement when they say the food of Emilia-Romagna is heavy and no wonder why some call it the food capital of Italy.

This is the birthplace of Parmigiano Reggiano, aged for years until it turns into nutty, crystalline gold, and of Prosciutto di Parma, sliced so thin it's almost translucent yet still manages to taste impossibly rich. Bologna, the regional capital, gave the world mortadella - a silky, fat-flecked cured pork that has nothing to do with the American boloney - and the real *ragù alla bolognese*, a slow-simmered meat sauce that's far heavier and more savory than anything called «spaghetti bolognese» abroad, traditionally tangled into wide ribbons of fresh tagliatelle rather than spaghetti. Add aceto balsamico from Modena, syrupy and centuries-old in tradition, plus fried dough pillows called «gnocco fritto» meant to be wrapped around more prosciutto and cheese, and you get a regional cuisine that treats butter, pork fat, and aged cheese not as indulgences but as foundational food groups.



When I tell people I'm hosting a tour there for 5 days, they envy me, but I see it as 'hard work' ;) At least one beautiful savior is the wine - Lambrusco - a light, easy, chilled sparkling red, usually only around 11.5% in alcohol - which perfectly complements the food and doesn't add to the TKO or food coma you'll surely end up in each evening. On this trip we made pasta at InPasta alongside a wine tasting of Podere Sottoilnoce wines, visited the Ferrari Museum, learned how the famous Traditional Balsamic Vinegar is made, tasted wines from all over the region including with Podere Cipolla, Paltrinieri, and Croci. We stood amongst the omnipresent floor to ceiling wheels of Parmigiano Reggiano, and visited a cow farm to see where the origin of the milk is. To balance all the satiation with our taste buds, we equally nourish our minds with walking tours we did in Parma and Piacenza to see cathedrals, works of art, the stunning Teatro Reggiano, and more, and of course resting luxuriously in hotels like the Opera 02 nested in the silence and tranquil hills of Emilia.

Each sense-sational trip is always accompanied by the most lovely guests. This time we had a few newcomers and a few repeat wine club members who have now become more like friends than clients but we are always blessed by the nicest people, each of whom brings a special something to the group dynamic. The bus rides between wineries and other destinations might not have been as comedically narrated as they have been when Bingo had joined us, and we didn't have any Joans or Glorias or Micheles (our 85+ in age attendees who remind me that age can be just a number, meanwhile they are leading the group day after day, smiling, curious, enriching conversations with their stories from all walks of life). I still remember ALL the others too who have been on our many trips to Puglia, Piemonte, Cilento, and now Emilia Romagna. I was also so lucky to come home and have Jane and Joanne, two wine club members I met with Alessandro some 6 years ago or so, who now have moved to Italy and thanked us at Rimessa for our warmth and for being a catalyst to this decision. You all continue to move me. We are so lucky to have many members, who are far too many to list here (but you know who you are), who visit regularly or have literally made Italy your surrogate home. Creating a true community is one of most satisfying missions, whether in person in Rome or NY, or on a tour, or virtually. Lilipans will be shifting gears next year but I'm still happy to pass you along to them for their slightly modified tours next year. Write us an email and we can help connect you to them for future tours, or we can happily curate one for you.

You Ask So I'll Tell

The Most Common Questions I hear about Italian Wine

By Lindsay Gabbard



What is the difference between 'frizzante' and 'spumante'?

This has to do with the nature of the bubbles in a sparkling Italian wine and is the declassified way to denote the style of bubbles in the bottle. Frizzante means lightly sparkling as in a gentle, subtle fizz with lower pressure (1–2.5 bar of pressure). Lambrusco, a wine which often is made in the ancestral method or a natural refermentation in the bottle, would fall in this category. Spumante is fully sparkling with persistent, vigorous effervescence at higher pressure (3–6 bars). Champagne, Franciacorta, and most Prosecco Spumante fall in this category. Wine not made for a DOC or DOCG like Franciacorta or Prosecco, but anywhere else in Italy, can simply be called a 'vino frizzante or spumante' based on the atmospheres of pressure in the bottle.

Does Prosecco just mean any sparkling Italian wine?

No. Prosecco is just one specific type of Italian sparkling wine, not a general term for all of them. Prosecco has a protected designation (DOC/DOCG) and must be made primarily from the Glera grape, mainly in the Veneto and Friuli-Venezia Giulia regions. It's typically made using the Charmat method, where the second fermentation happens in large steel tanks rather than individual bottles, giving it a lighter, fruitier character.

Italy has several other distinct sparkling wine categories, each with its own grape, method, and region:

Franciacorta – from Lombardy, made with the traditional method (like Champagne), using Chardonnay, Pinot Nero, and Pinot Bianco. Often considered Italy's answer to Champagne in terms of complexity.

Trento DOC – also traditional method, from Trentino, mainly Chardonnay and Pinot Nero.

Asti Spumante / Moscato d'Asti – from Piedmont, made with Moscato grapes, sweeter and more aromatic.

Lambrusco – mostly red and slightly fizzy, from Emilia-Romagna, ranging from dry to sweet.

Alta Langa DOCG – another traditional-method sparkler from Piedmont.

What does DOC and DOCG mean and do they matter?

DOC and DOCG are tiers in Italy's wine clas-

sification system, which regulates where and how a wine can be made if it wants to use a particular name of a place like 'Chianti' or 'Barolo'.

DOC = Denominazione di Origine Controllata (Controlled Designation of Origin). It means the wine comes from a specific defined region and follows rules about which grape varieties can be used, maximum yields, alcohol levels, and sometimes aging requirements.

DOCG = Denominazione di Origine Controllata e Garantita (Controlled and Guaranteed Designation of Origin). This is one step up but the same idea as DOC, but with stricter requirements and an extra layer of government oversight. DOCG wines have to pass a tasting/analysis panel before release, and bottles get a numbered government seal to prevent fraud. The full hierarchy, low to high, is:

Vino (Vino da Tavola) – basic table wine, almost no rules

IGT (Indicazione Geografica Tipica) – geographic origin matters, but more flexible on grapes/methods

DOC – stricter regional and production rules

DOCG – strictest rules plus mandatory tasting approval

But... don't forget that Sassicaia, one of Italy's most prestigious wines, was once a vino da tavola because it was using Cabernet and Cabernet Franc (not the required Sangiovese for the DOC/DOCG Tuscan wines) which became a 500 euro bottle. Just because you don't follow the rules doesn't mean you can't make an amazing wine. And vice versa - just because you follow the rules doesn't mean you'll make a great wine. Our artisans care less about following the rules or tradition in some cases and more about making a unique wine. Also know that we are in Italy and often getting accepted into these zones can be done with paying local politicians. The French AOC system, while also not perfect, is definitely more stringent than our Italian one. So take it all with a grain of salt.

What is the difference between Montepulciano d'Abruzzo and Vino Nobile di Montepulciano?

The confusion is easy to understand, but the two wines are almost entirely unrelated despite sharing a name. **Montepulciano d'Abruzzo** takes its name from a **grape variety**. It's grown in **Abruzzo**, on the Adriatic coast of central Italy. In style, it tends to be

medium/full-bodied and fruity, with soft tannins and notes of dark cherry and plum. It's affordable and easy-drinking, often praised as excellent everyday wine.

Vino Nobile di Montepulciano, on the other hand, takes its name from a **town** in Tuscany, near Siena. The wine itself is made mainly from **Sangiovese**, locally called Prugnolo Gentile, and has essentially nothing to do with the Montepulciano grape. Stylistically, it's more structured, closer to a Chianti Classico or a lighter Brunello, and is often grouped with those two as one of Tuscany's *noble* (hence Nobile) wines. If you visit Contucci, a wine-making family of Vino Nobile for around 1000 years, they will tell you that there was a lawsuit back in the day which clearly had an unsuccessful outcome, because someone clearly tried to steal the fame of the 'region' of Montepulciano and associate it to their 'grape' of Montepulciano, as grapes are never the name of villages.

Do Italian wines have sulfites?

ALL wines have sulfites, as they naturally occur during the fermentation process in winemaking, but usually only around 25mg/L, and by law, anything over 10 requires declaration of 'Contains Sulfites' as a tiny portion of the population has a true sulfite allergy. The issue is how many get added during the winemaking process. Even organic Italian wines are legally allowed to have sulfites added but 50mg/L less than what is permitted in conventional wines which is as much as 150/200+ depending on the style of wine. Biodynamic and 'natural' wines seek to add minimal, if any at all.

That said, wines made in the smallest quantity tend to have some of the lowest amount added, aka the wines we use in our wine club, as small producers aren't concerned with their wines moving around and sitting in warehouses for extensive time tables, nor

does every bottle need to taste the EXACT same as it is expected from big brands (think Yellowtail or Mondavi etc).

Can I assume all house wines are good in Italy?

Yes and no. Generally they will likely be better than house wines in the USA, as they are meant to be the easy drinking local wines of the area, often from indigenous grapes, which typically will complement the food of the region. But often house wines will be made from non-local, or International, grapes like Cabernet or Merlot, simply because the average tourist feels more comfortable and familiar with those grapes. Often those are not native to the area and so they may not be the best expression or the ideal choice for the food. It's a toss-up, but you'll often find yourself happy at a local trattoria with the carafe style wines, especially for their prices, in comparison to that which you find back home.

On a more philosophical side....

There are questions which present themselves like 'do all wines taste the same to each taster, as in are we all experiencing the same thing in a wine, or does it vary person to person'. Or things like 'does knowing something about a wine, like its price or label or reputation, change how we perceive a wine?'. And can wine be considered aesthetically like a piece of 'art' but for the sense of taste?

For those who want to go down the fun rabbit hole of more neuroscience, philosophical and aesthetic questions about wine and taste, I highly suggest two books that propose many questions that may not quench your thirst for answers, but keep you pondering while you sip away with your next glass of wine. The books are *Questions of Taste: The Philosophy of Wine*, edited by Barry C. Smith and Fritz Allhoff's *Wine and Philosophy*. Happy sipping, pondering, questioning and reading!

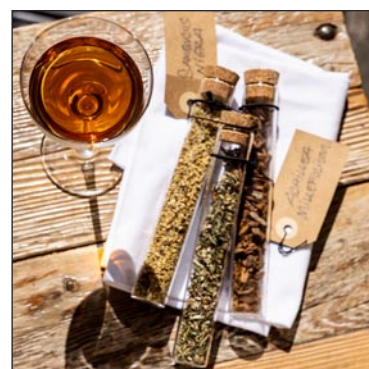
ITALY'S FORGOTTEN TRADITION OF SPECIAL WINES

By Giovanni Antoniazzi

We most often talk about wine in its purest shape: fermented grape juice characterized by terroir, seasons, and ideas. Something we tend to put to the side is a tradition that has stood for centuries across Europe, where wine becomes an ingredient in something that is still able to express terroir and tradition, but in a very different way.

At the heart of these wines is the idea that the vineyard is not an isolated dome, but exists within a landscape of fruit trees, herbs, shrubs, and farms. This is nothing new: Greeks and Romans had recipes mixing herbs, resins, spices, and even seawater into wine. Long before the cocktail was a concept, these were the medicinals, digestifs, and pairings of their time. Perhaps the most well-known special wine is vermouth, born in Turin around the 18th century by mixing wine with fortified neutral spirit and macerating it with botanicals, with wormwood being the defining ingredient at the beginning. Modern vermouth is born from a complex mix of roots, flowers, peels, spices, and seeds, with the

aim of exalting the base wine and telling a new story. The original role of vermouth was as a medicine; today it is a staple of aperitivo culture around the world. Agrimato is Collettivo Botanico's twist on the herb-centered aromatized wine, focusing instead on citrus—more specifically from Sicily, Italy's foremost orange-producing region. It is produced with two simple ingredients: red wine and whole oranges. The use of the peels enhances the aroma and flavor, while the juice and pulp add a bit of tartness to the final product. In the land where special wines first had their rise in Italy—namely Marsala—this is a fresh, modern way of thinking about how to express Sicily in a bottle. Other historical interpretations of the special wines genre are Barolo Chinato and Cremovo, which many today consider an aberration. The former begins with the king of reds, Barolo, to which cinchona bark, sugar, spices, and alcohol are added, creating a unique blend and perhaps the only case where a world-famous wine is intentionally "altered." It is a beautiful mix of Nebbiolo's tar, floral, and tannic notes with spice and bitterness. Cremovo, or Marsala all'uovo, on the other hand, has a much less fortunate story.



It was first created at the end of the 19th century on the back of what was known at the time as Vov (from the Venetian dialect for egg) and later became Vav (*Vino Alimento Vigoroso* — Vigorous Wine Food), for its use during the World Wars as a nourishing drink for soldiers. It is created from at least 80% Marsala Fine wine and egg yolks, often with vanilla and other sweet extracts added to it. Historically it was used as an ingredient for mascarpone and sweets in general, or as a way to reinvigorate young and old alike by dipping biscuits into it.

As strange as Cremovo sounds today, it is one of the many experiments carried out with wine and was one of the stepping stones toward the great products we have today.

For decades, many special wines were relegated to old cabinets and grandmothers' kitchens. Today, they are returning. Partly because the modern wine world has rediscovered bitterness, oxidation, and herbal complexity. Partly because bartenders have brought them back into circulation. And partly because younger producers are reclaiming them with better raw materials and a stronger focus on terroir.

Michael Pollan and Us

 By Alessandro Pepe

Have you ever had that feeling when you're reading a book and suddenly find yourself saying out loud "Damn. This is exactly what I've been trying to put into words for years?"

It's a feeling I've been experiencing more and more lately. Perhaps because, on one hand, the ecosystem we've been building over the years is becoming increasingly clear, and on the other, the connections between all our different projects continue to grow.

The book in question is "The Omnivore's Dilemma" by Michael Pollan. Across its four hundred-plus pages, I found so many of the ideas we've been talking about for years—ideas shared not only by us, but by the thousands of artisans, farmers and winemakers we've met and interviewed along the way. Every one of them has a different story, a different landscape, a different craft. Yet they are all connected by the same underlying principle: protecting cultural biodiversity through careful observation of, and interaction with, the landscape. They work empirically, learning to read the signals each place offers, understanding the complex web of living and non-living elements that allows them to produce wine, olive oil, knowledge and meaningful relationships. In their own way, each of them is trying to step outside the standardized logic of industrial production—not only of products, but also of ideas and behaviors.

Neither they nor we are pretending to save the world. We are simply trying to imagine alternatives—ways of working that are rooted in places rather than imposed from above, and that don't see the landscape merely as something from which value can be extracted without giving anything back. Michael Pollan's book had been sitting on my bedside table for years. I knew his work well enough, and we're even trying to invite him to our Rimessa Roscioli Book Club, but somehow I had always postponed reading it. Here are a few pages that, more than any others, resonated with what we're trying to build.

"Greetings from the Non-Barcode People"

"Polyface Farm is built on the efficiencies that come from mimicking relationships found in nature and layering one farm enterprise over another on the same base of land. In effect, Joel is farming in time as well as in space—in four dimensions rather than three. He calls this intricate layering "stacking" and points out that "it is exactly the model God used in building nature." The idea is not to slavishly imitate nature, but to model a natural ecosystem in all its diversity and interdependence, one where all the species "fully express their physiological distinctiveness." He takes advantage of each species' natural proclivities in a way that benefits not only that animal but other species as well. [...]

Joel believes the only meaningful guarantee of integrity is when buyers and sellers can look one another in the eye, something few of us ever take the trouble to do. "Don't you find it odd that people will put more work into choosing their mechanic or house contractor than they will into choosing the person who grows their food?"

I'd met several of Polyface's four hundred parishioners. [...] It was a remarkably diverse group of people: a schoolteacher, several retirees, a young mom with her two-headed twins, a mechanic, an opera singer, a furniture maker, a woman who worked in a metal fabrication plant in Staunton. They were paying a premium over supermarket prices for Polyface food, and in many cases driving more than an hour over a daunting (though gorgeous) tangle of county roads to get it. But no one would ever mistake these people for the well-heeled urban foodies generally thought to be the market for organic or artisanal food. [...] Here are some of the comments I jotted down: "This is the chicken I remember from my childhood. It actually tastes like chicken." "I just don't trust the meat in the supermarket anymore." "These eggs just jump up and slap you in the face!" "You're not going to find fresher chickens anywhere." "All this meat comes from happy animals—I know because I've seen them." "I drive 150 miles one way in order to get clean meat for my family." "It's very simple: I trust the Salatin's more than I trust the Wal-Mart."

I was hearing, in other words, the same stew of food fears and food pleasures (and memories) that has driven the growth of the organic food industry over the past twenty years—that and the satisfaction many Polyface customers clearly take in spending a little time on a farm, porch chatting with the Salatin's, and taking a beautiful drive in the country to get here. For some people, reconnecting with the source of their food is a powerful idea. For the farmer, these on-farm sales allow him to recapture the ninety-two cents of a consumer's food dollar that now typically winds up in the pockets of processors, middlemen, and retailers. [...]

Joel and I talk about the growing local-food movement, the challenges it faces, and the whole sticky issue of price. I asked Joel how he answers the charge that because food like his is more expensive it is inherently elitist. "I don't accept the premise. First off, those weren't any elitists you met on the farm this morning. We sell to all kinds of people. Second, whenever I hear people say clean food is expensive, I tell them it's actually the cheapest food you can buy. That always gets their attention. Then I explain that with our food all of the costs are figured into the price. Society is not bearing the cost of water pollution, of antibiotic resistance, of food-borne illnesses, of crop subsidies, of subsidized oil and



water—of all the hidden costs to the environment and the taxpayer that make cheap food seem cheap. No thinking person will tell you they don't care about all that. I tell them the choice is simple: You can buy honestly priced food or you can buy irresponsibly priced food." He reminded me that his meat would be considerably cheaper than it is if not for government regulations and the resulting high cost of processing—at least a dollar cheaper per pound. "If we could just level the playing field—take away the regulations, the subsidies, and factor in the health care and environmental cleanup costs of cheap food—we could compete on price with anyone."

It's true that cheap industrial food is heavily subsidized in many ways such that its price in the supermarket does not reflect its real cost. But until the rules that govern our food system change, organic or sustainable food is going to cost more at the register, more than some people can afford. Yet for the great majority of us the story is not quite so simple. As a society we Americans spend only a fraction of our disposable income feeding ourselves—about a tenth, down from a fifth in the 1950s. Americans today spend less on food, as a percentage of disposable income, than any other industrialized nation, and probably less than any people in the history of the world. This suggests that there are many of us who could afford to spend more on food if we chose to. After all, it isn't only the elite who in recent years have found an extra fifty or one hundred dollars each month to spend on cell phones (now owned by more than half the U. S. population, children included) or television, which close to 90 percent of all U.S. So is the unwillingness to pay more for food really a matter of affordability or priority? [...]

Industrial agriculture, because it depends on standardization, has bombarded us with the message that all pork is pork, all chicken is chicken, eggs eggs, even though we all know that can't really be true. But it's downright un-American to suggest that one egg might be nutritionally superior to another." Joel recited the slogan of his local supermarket chain: "We pile it high and sell it cheap." What other business would ever sell its products that way?" When you think about it, it is odd that something as important to our health and general well-being as food is so often sold strictly on the basis of price. The value of relationship marketing is that it allows many kinds of information besides price to travel up and down the food chain: stories as well as numbers, qualities as well as quantities, values rather than "value." And as soon as that happens people begin to make different kinds of buying decisions, motivated by criteria other than price. But instead of stories about how it was produced accompanying our food, we get barcodes—as inscrutable as the industrial food chain itself, and a fair symbol of its almost total opacity. Not that a bar code needs to be so obscure or reductive. Supermarkets in Denmark (and the Roscioli Wine Club too!) have experimented with adding a second bar code to packages of meat that when scanned at a kiosk in the store brings up on a monitor images of the farm where the meat was raised, as well as detailed information on the particular animal's genetics, feed, medications, slaughter date, etc. Most of the meat in our supermarkets simply couldn't withstand that degree of transparency; if the barcode on the typical package of pork chops summoned images of the CAFO it came from, and information on the pig's diet and drug regimen, who could bring themselves to buy it? Our food system depends on consumers not knowing much about it beyond the price disclosed by the checkout scanner. Cheapness and ignorance are mutually reinforcing. And it's a short way from not knowing who's at the other end of your food chain to not caring—to the carelessness of both producers and consumers. Of course, the global economy couldn't very well function without this wall of ignorance and the indifference it breeds. This is why the rules of world trade explicitly prohibit products from telling even the simplest stories—"dolphin safe," "humanely slaughtered," etc.—about how they were produced."

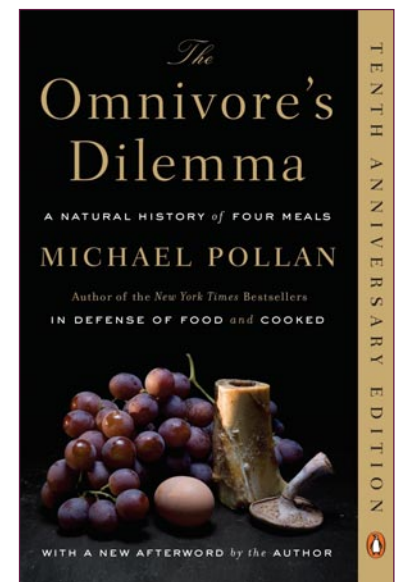
I wouldn't even know where to begin listing all the parallels between these pages and the work we've been doing for years through the Roscioli Wine Club and everything that has grown around it.

There is, however, one important difference. In Italy, places like Polyface Farm are not the exception—they exist by the hundreds of thousands. They are farms, wineries, olive groves and workshops run by people who never really abandoned the countryside in the first place. Their commitment isn't driven solely by ethics, but also by aesthetics, culture and belonging. Their connection to the land has never been broken.

Yes, we have supermarket chains and fast-food restaurants too. We also find ourselves buying packaged food because it often seems cheaper and more convenient. Yet, at the same time, we still feel the need to reconnect with the places most of us come from. We remember our grandparents, long family lunches, handmade pasta, and a culture where food and wine are not simply things we consume, but the foundation of our relationships.

For us, protecting the cultural biodiversity of our landscapes also means protecting a way of life—one in which profit comes only after the quality of our relationships, our experiences and our communities.

Perhaps this is why we keep talking about wine and olive oil without ever really talking only about wine and olive oil. They are simply the means through which a landscape, a culture and a shared way of living continue to express themselves.



An Article That Still Moves Me 10 Years Later



In a recent attempt to close out my social accounts, which has so far been half successful, I decided to do a walk through time on my Facebook wall to see what treasures I might have forgotten about along the way before I deleted it permanently. I found a great one on my first Napa Valley trip, already deeply in love with wine at 25 years old. There were plenty of bbqs and wine tastings we did every weekend in Santa Barbara. I pulled the ones from important events like Ironman and Burning Man (really from 2 lifetimes ago) and one other one caught my attention - a beautifully written article that Alessandro had forwarded to me that I could never forget because of how much it resonated with my wine journey, meeting him and his romantic and passionate ways, and how much it deeply aligned with the philosophy of Rimessa Roscioli.

Instead of trying to summarize it, I asked Adam Japko if I could include it, as I think it ties in so many beautiful themes around wine, aesthetics, beauty, and knowledge, and I don't want any of the eloquence lost in summarizing it.

By Lindsay Gabbard

Wine Crush, Knowledge and Beauty

October 23, 2011 - by Adam Japko

Two favorite wine writers recently teased at the distinction between sensual wine discovery and accumulated wine knowledge. Their words fanned a flame first kindled by my earliest wine crush back in the mid eighties. Not the press and juice kind of crush. I mean the ten-year-old-kid-kind-of-crush; when just the thought of that special "someone" lightens heads, warms chests, shortens breaths, stirs loins, and releases imaginations in delightful ways that never seemed plausible before. This style of sensual and intellectual pleasure requires absolutely no training yet is recognizable by anyone. So guess what? Connecting with wine at the intensity levels of a 4th grade schoolyard crush requires as little training and knowledge.

Wine Knowledge

How is it that knowledge is not a prerequisite to understanding wine? Organizing and participating in decades of regular, blind, peer group tastings makes it obvious to me that delicious wine can be picked out of blind lineups by beginner and expert

wine tasters alike. Inexperienced palates are perfectly capable of discriminating between wines of the same grape, region, and vintage if they are poured side by side. New wine tasters are at ease identifying favorite and least favorite wines using unformed personal language to describe sensory detection to themselves, but are intimidated to verbalize their descriptions to others with more wine *knowledge*. Actually, their preferences are as interesting as any other taster's choice; pure and unaffected by the presumptions of technical wine knowledge. Their interpretations are unadorned with catch phrases and buzzwords used, *as required*, by tasters with deeper wine education and knowledge.

Committing time and energy to advanced wine education almost always relies on a sequence of *loving* wine before *knowing* wine. All the knowledge filling studios' ammunition bunkers only comes after being smitten by a *crush* on wine. And, the raw sensory and intellectual stimulus telling someone to prefer one wine over another is not something you learn in continuing wine education programs.

An excerpt from "The Taste of Wine: The Art and Science of Wine Appreciation" by Peynaud and Blouin further illustrates this point:

The transmission of a stimulus to the senses via our nervous system, and the response that our brain relays to our consciousness or motor centers, together create a continuous network of information and interpretation which is the very token of our existence: I sense therefore I am; our consciousness functions precisely because of the host of impressions which surround it. It is also the means by which we understand our environment. We live because of what we see, hear, smell, taste, and touch. Chauchard reminds us of the Latin adage: "What intelligence we have has its source in our senses"

In one of his recent *Forbes.com* columns, Jeff LeFevre calls it *wisdom* and differentiates that from wine *knowledge* by neatly saying, "...placing wine within a bigger context of the human experience making the enjoyment of wine not something that is reliant upon deep knowledge to appreciate, but rather as a beverage that can complement a life well lived."

Wine Crush

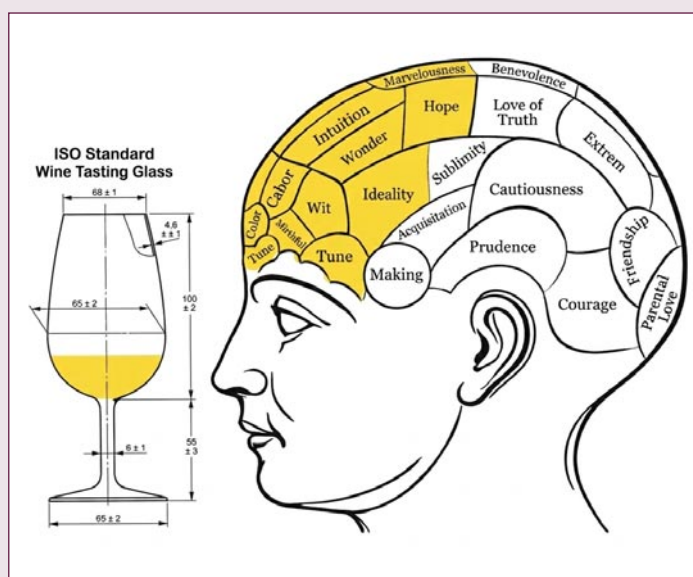
In a category of its own, "love" has its certain place alongside the many more structured elements defining a life well lived. Similarly, falling in love with wine is as central and separate a proposition to sensory identification and accumulated knowledge in a well lived life of wine. Addressing a group of wine writers this summer, Eric Asimov asserted "you need to own wine and drink bottles" with meals to discover your love for wine. Simply tasting and educating yourself about it won't do it.

The bottle of 1985 Lynch Bages that I first tasted in a blind tasting was a completely different wine experience than drinking the same wine with my wife over a relaxed anniversary dinner at Mirabelle, a once (have not been there since 1990, but it still operates) romantic temple of serious french cuisine in St. James, Long Island. The Lynch Bages was more layered, delicate, nuanced,

and complex with excellent food and company. The experience also cemented my developing fascination for the ways wine feeds human connection. The links between my love for my dinner partner and crush on the wine naturally weaved themselves into a blanket of sensory delight.

Stephanie Ortigue, assistant professor of psychology and adjunct assistant professor of neurology at Syracuse University, published an important study called "The Neuroimaging of Love," which touches on the sensory intake that leads to love creation in intellectual areas of the brain and also the heart: ...the complex concept of love is formed by both bottom-up and top-down processes from the brain to the heart and vice versa. For instance, activation in some parts of the brain can generate stimulations to the heart, butterflies in the stomach. Some symptoms we sometimes feel as a manifestation of the heart may sometimes be coming from the brain.

The study establishes that it only takes 1/5th of a second to fall in love when two potential mates establish sensory exchange. Various regions of the brain begin processing past experiences alongside immediate sen-



sory intake to either create butterflies in the stomach or an empty feeling in less than a second. Ortigue asserts her study "...reinforces the fact that love is more than a basic emotion. Love also involves cognition."

Is this combination of sensory and intellectual processing the same with wine? If it sounds like it is, then isn't it entirely possible to fall in love with the right wine and have that *crush* launch a lifetime of wine pursuit in the very same way two loving mates organize a life of personal commitment to one another?

Beauty and Crush

Commitment is serious business and crushes evaporate as fast as they start. As we mature in life it's easier to see that nuance, character, presence, challenge, and intellectual stimulation are as, if not more, important to a lifetime of love than surface level physical beauty. For this reason, my wine cellar has a certain style of wine that I bought in the 80's and early 90's that I won't buy anymore. Fifteen years into my life of wine enjoyment I found wines that teased my intellect, challenged my palate, and invigorated my food. That style combination stole my mind and heart.

And it wasn't the big, fat, fruit forward, sex bomb style of wine I was previously consumed with. I guess it's never too late to grow up.

In a recent open letter of advice to "wine newbies", the Wine Spectator's Matt Kramer drew a distinction between wines that can provide "life satisfaction" and those that

simply offer "pleasure". In it, he leaned on E. E. Cummings who raised the bar by writing, "*Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question*," suggesting the real trick to discovering a lifetime of wine enjoyment is to find your own "beautiful questions." Kramer went on to explain that a life of wine satisfaction:

"...depends upon recognizing what you're really seeking... I was in Napa Valley and was tasting a Cabernet that is, by most estimations, a lovely wine. And it *was* a lovely wine: dense, fragrant, irresistibly supple and oh-so pleasing. A lot of people like it... Yet I've never cared overly for the wine... Here we come to the "beautiful question" part. Whenever you taste a wine that goes beyond the ordinary (dull wines allow only the duller demands), you've got to go beyond the usual techno-talk about tannins or acidity or oakiness. If those are your "more beautiful questions" I promise you that you'll never really "get into" wine.

So what was my problem with this perfectly fine Napa Cabernet? It had no "edge." Really good and, especially, great wines, for me anyway, have an "edge." It's a certain something that not only fascinates, but challenges. This Napa Cabernet offered no challenge. It only offered—dare I say it?—pleasure. It's okay, just like in life, to fall in love with the most beautiful and alluring surface characteristics that produce pleasurable gulps of wine. It proves we don't require knowledge for wine to produce its visceral swoons of delight and human connection. At some point, though, finding lasting beauty requires, as Matt Kramer suggests, asking the "more beautiful questions" that eventually define lifetimes of intellectual and emotional reward through wine. And from there, the knowledge will easily flow. Nearly 10 years later, reading this still moves me, maybe more in the greater sense of love than for just the love of wine. Even recently while having an aperitivo with some friends we got speaking about what it takes to find true love and what each of us looks for, and the common response was 'someone who challenges me' (and doesn't just offer pleasure). And surely it goes without saying that love isn't always going to be an easy and pleasurable road, but one that provokes us, challenges us, and forces us to dig deeper as to create a lifetime of magic rather than a fleeting moment of indulgence or pleasure.

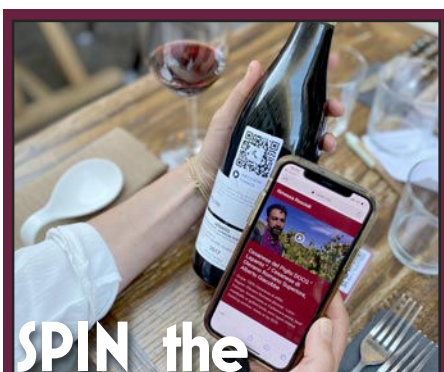
To Adam, thank you for the beautifully inspiring words about your wine journey which resonated so deeply and for allowing us to publish this. Should you find yourself in Rome, we'd love to cheers with you!

A MESSAGE FROM OUR MEMBERS

As usual the Roscioli Wine Club continues to do a fantastic job. This order I purchased the olive oil and couldn't be happier. The quality of everything from Roscioli is always first rate.
Dennis

We love the Roscioli Wine Club. It is very thoughtfully curated and we have renewed memories of Rome every time it arrives!
Denise

We have been a member for several years and always look forward to our shipment. The QR codes tell the stories and even led us to visit one of the wineries on a recent trip to Sicily. The wine pairing dinners in Rome are some of our favorite food related memories!
C.



SPIN the BOTTLE

When you uncork your bottle, scan the QR code on the back label to learn about what's inside!

YOUR BENEFITS

Be sure to make the most out of your membership with:

- Priority booking for all our restaurants and special events
- One complimentary tasting dinner at Rimessa Roscioli in Rome
- Access to private wine allocations
- One free wine class in New York



OUR COLLETTIVO BOTANICO RECIPES

Collettivo Botanico was born from a simple idea: making vermouths, bitters and liqueurs with the same attention usually reserved for wine. Few ingredients, all natural, no unnecessary additives or artificial flavorings. Here are some simple cocktail recipes that don't require any complicated technique or strange ingredients, just easy drinks to recreate at home.

Vermouth Sour

2 oz Vermouth 74 from Collettivo Botanico
0.75 oz fresh lemon juice
0.5 oz honey syrup
(50% honey - 50% water)
Add all the ingredients into a shaker with ice, shake well and strain into a coupe glass.



Milano-Torino

Build directly in a rocks glass filled with ice, adding 1 oz of Vermouth and 1 oz of Bitter. Stir gently and garnish with an orange slice.

Negroni Sbagliato

Add 1 oz of Vermouth and 1 oz of red bitter to a wine glass, filled with ice, top with 2 oz of sparkling wine and stir gently. Garnish with a slice of orange.



Agrumato Spritz

Follow the 3-2-1 rule:
3 parts of sparkling wine
2 parts of Agrumato from Collettivo Botanico
1 part soda or sparkling water
Add the ingredients directly in a wine glass filled with ice, and garnish as you like.



Agrumato Smash

2 oz Agrumato from Collettivo Botanico
2 orange wedges
1 lemon wedge
6-8 mint leaves
2 tsp cane sugar
Splash of soda water
Crushed ice



This is a fresh and easy muddled cocktail inspired by the Caipiroska, but with a more Mediterranean profile. Muddle the citrus, mint and sugar directly in the glass. Fill with crushed ice, add the Agrumato and stir gently. Top with a splash of soda water.

The Roscioli Wine Grand Tour of Italy

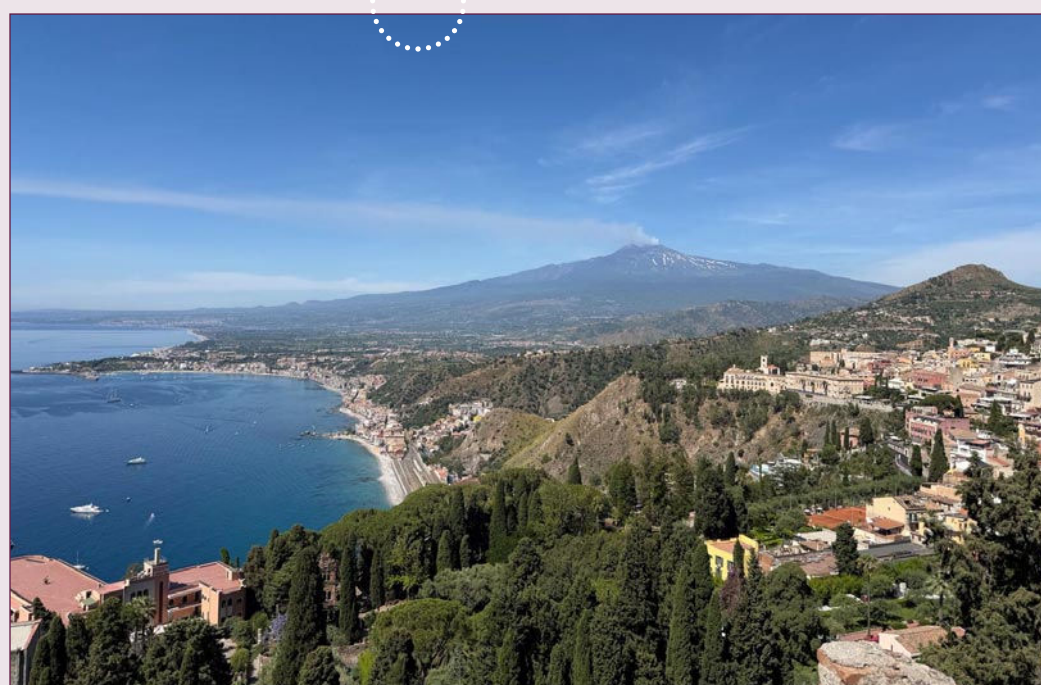
When our seven-day grand tour began, I asked Alessandro what the plan was. His response was both alarming («We'll see.») and reassuring («Don't worry.») I don't usually travel this way, but I knew I had to surrender to the experience. We all got in a car one morning in Rome and started driving south. The goal of this trip was to meet winemakers. I only met winemakers before in tasting rooms and other curated settings. A trip with Roscioli Wine Club is a very different experience. Every visit revolved around four things: people, place, food, and wine.

The People:



Winemakers come in many shapes and forms. Some looked like software engineers. Others looked like polished executives. And some seemed so unassuming that you'd never guess they'd devoted their lives to vineyards and cellars. After getting to know seven different winemakers on my mini grand tour of Italy, I realized how different their motivations were. One seemed to have started making wine as a hobby, and their success drove them into taking winemaking more seriously. Another's unwavering dedication to preserving their family's centuries-old estate, their unique grape variety, and special winemaking technique was so inspiring that I became their biggest fan. One winemaker's determination to show the world what Irpinia is capable of left me completely awestruck. Despite their different paths, they all shared one thing: a deep love for their region and the fruit it bears.

The Place:



Saying Italy is beautiful hardly feels like an original observation. But every winemaker spent as much time explaining why their region is unique as they did explaining their wine. Driving from Rome through Campania, Irpinia, Etna, and Calabria really shows a traveler, let alone a wine traveler, how diverse Italy really is. Irpinia feels like Tuscany without the publicity, Calabria feels like one of Italy's best-kept secrets with beautiful towns (like Civita) and dramatic landscape, and Etna seems like a different planet with its amazing biodiversity, all being nourished by the volcano's life-giving beauty. Experiencing these landscapes through their vine-

keep. Trattoria Di Pietro Crescenzo in Irpinia and Ristorante San Giorgio e il Drago in Etna are prime examples. Real local food made by local people, paired with your new winemaker friends' wines. Dining in these restaurants was the most intimate and genuine experience I had with Italian food.



The Wine:

One lesson you learn in a grand tour of Italy is to forget everything you think you know about Italian grape varieties. Italy is home to hundreds of native grape varieties, and every region champions a different cast of characters. Each tells the story of the place where

yards is a completely different way of understanding them.

If you're curious about history and nature, every region offers something worth exploring before or after a tasting. The itineraries write themselves. Visit the Royal Palace of Caserta or Paestum after tasting Campanian wines. Drive as close as you can to the crater of Mount Etna, or spend an afternoon at the Ancient Theatre of Taormina. Suddenly, it all comes together—as it should.

The Food:

Again, obvious, but let me tell you something. When you visit a region and want to know what it tastes like - go to the winemakers' favorite restaurants. I won't gate-



it grows. This lesson is most obvious when you visit Etna. Many of Etna's wines carry unmistakable mineral and volcanic notes that suddenly make sense when you're standing beneath the volcano itself. The best way to learn is to taste with an open mind. Forget the varieties you think you love and discover the ones you've never heard of.

Seven days weren't enough to understand Italian wine, but they changed how I'll experience it from now on. The next bottle won't just remind me of a grape variety. It will remind me of the people who made it, the meals we shared, and the places they call home. Looking back, «We'll see» turned out to be the perfect itinerary. This trip only scratched the surface, and that's exactly why I know I'll be back to discover more Roscioli Wine Club winemakers across Italy. Until next time.

The Higher Search

By Giovanni Antoniazzi

There is an image that returns often when talking about the future of wine: a vineyard climbing a mountain. For centuries, altitude was considered a limit in viticulture. Too cold, too windy, too difficult, the ideal vineyard sat lower down, in warmer places, where ripening was safer and more predictable.

are just a guest on it's slopes. Soils shift, ash falls, temperatures swing violently between day and night with some years filled with rain and others where it's only a far memory. Farming at these heights is manual, often exhausting, and always uncertain, harvest can stretch late into autumn, with weather becoming increasingly



Today, that idea feels almost inverted, as temperatures rise and seasons become less stable, many growers across Italy are looking upward, chasing cooler air and longer ripening seasons. In a world where heat comes easier than before, altitude has become one of the most precious resources a vineyard can have.

Few places tell this story better than Sciara.

On the slopes of Mount Etna, where vineyards have existed for centuries on black volcanic soils, Sciara has made elevation itself the center of its work. Their wines are often named not after historic cru or local contrada, but simply by meters above sea level: 760, 980, 1200, 1520; representing the altitude of the vineyard the grapes come from. It's a beautiful and almost radical gesture. A reminder that on Etna, moving upward even a few hundred meters changes everything. With higher temperature delta between day and night, longer ripening periods and untouched soil the wines you get are hard to compare to anything. The wines gain tension, that elusive quality where freshness and depth coexist. It is easy to romanticize altitude, but on Etna there is nothing easy about it, the mountain is alive and sometimes it can feel like it's sending you a message, that you

unpredictable. Every extra meter climbed is a negotiation with nature.

And yet, that is exactly where many producers now want to be, what Sciara is doing on Etna reflects something much larger happening across Italy. In Alto Adige, vineyards once considered too high are now producing some of the country's most vibrant whites. In Valle d'Aosta, mountain viticulture has become a symbol of resilience. Even in warmer southern regions the Apennines are giving growers new possibilities.

Places that were once difficult are becoming ideal while areas that once guaranteed ripeness now risk excess. Wines can become heavier, broader, less precise; altitude offers an answer not by fighting warmth, but by slowing it down.

And maybe that is what makes Etna so fascinating today, it has become a kind of laboratory for the future, where growers like Sciara are testing the limits of where vines can go and what they can become. For thousands of years, wine has been tied to the earth, rooted in soil, defined by what lies beneath. But increasingly, its future seems to depend just as much on what lies above: thinner air, colder nights and shifting skies.

A Map for Getting Lost in Italy

Italy is often called *Il Bel Paese* - the Beautiful Country. Every year millions of visitors come here in search of beauty, history, food, wine, and the promise of an authentic Italian experience. But Italy is more than postcard villages and famous monuments.

What often surprises first-time visitors is how everyday life unfolds around places that have existed for centuries. Ancient monuments aren't hidden behind fences, people simply live among them. Yet in cities like Rome, tourism has also created other realities. Alongside many wonderful restaurants, more and more places are built around a simplified idea of Italy, offering standardized menus and the same ingredients all year round. The problem isn't choosing the «wrong»



restaurant. It's that many travelers never discover the places locals quietly recommend to one another. Over the years, traveling with the Roscioli Wine Club, we've met winemakers, farmers, cooks, and communities in some of Italy's most remote corners - places that remain deeply local, imperfect, and authentic. This map is our attempt to share some of them with you. Inside you'll find

restaurants, wine bars, trattorias, bakeries, gelato shops, farms, and sometimes even places to stay. These are places we've visited ourselves, places we recommend to friends, and places we hope to return to again. Perhaps, on your next trip, you'll decide to leave the main road for an afternoon. Maybe you'll rent a car, follow a country road, and discover a corner of Italy that rarely appears in magazines or travel blogs. If that happens, then this map has done its job. We'll be here if you need directions!

Scan the QR code
and save it
on Google Maps!



A Message in an Olive Oil Bottle

When we started the Roscioli Wine Club, we weren't simply trying to send people good bottles of wine.

We wanted to tell the stories behind them. To introduce you to small producers, try forgotten grape varieties, travel to remote villages and agricultural landscapes that are becoming increasingly fragile, without even leaving your kitchen. Wine became an excuse to talk about people, history, and places.

After a few years, we realized there was another product that deserved exactly the same attention: olive oil.

It may be the ingredient that best represents Italian cooking, yet it is often the one we know the least about. We discuss wine endlessly - its vintages, producers, grape varieties, and regions - but rarely ask where the olive oil on our table comes from, who made it, or why one bottle tastes completely different from another.

And yet, in central and southern Italy, olive oil isn't simply another ingredient. It's the foundation of all cooking traditions. It's what gives shape to a slice of bread, a tomato salad, pasta with garlic and chili, and grilled vegetables.

Sometimes the difference between a good meal and a memorable one is nothing more than the oil you choose.

Some oils are delicate and buttery. Others are grassy, peppery, or intensely herbal. Like wine, every harvest reflects a place, a season, and the decisions of the person who made it. Real olive oil, however, is becoming increasingly rare.

The producers we work with often make only a few thousand bottles each year.

They farm organically, harvest early, press immediately, and accept that every season will be different. Their scarcity isn't a marketing strategy. It's simply what happens when agriculture comes before production targets. That is why we decided to create the Roscioli Olive Oil Club.

Each year, right after the olive harvest, we'll select six organic extra virgin olive oils from small producers across Italy, from Sardinia to Sicily, from Lazio to Puglia and beyond. Oils chosen because they tell us something about where they come from. Like the Wine Club, this isn't just about receiving bottles.

The selections will be available only when the oils are at their best, and it's just about learning how to use them. Understanding why one oil belongs on grilled fish while another transforms a bowl of beans. Why changing the olive oil can change an entire recipe, why the simplest dishes often depend on the quality of a single ingredient. When you stop cooking with a good, high quality olive oil, something quietly disappears from the table. Perhaps that's why this project feels like such a natural extension of what we've already been doing. We look at olive oil the same way we look at wine: as an expression of place, biodiversity, and human choices. Every bottle supports a producer who has decided that quality matters more than quantity, and helps preserve landscapes that continue to exist only because someone still chooses to care for them.

Where agriculture survives, communities survive.

Pre-orders for the 2026 Olive Oil Club are now open. The new harvest will ship toward the end of the year, once our producers have harvested, pressed, and naturally settled the oils, ensuring they are ready to be bottled and enjoyed at their best.

Shop on www.shop.roscioliwineclub

WHAT'S INSIDE YOUR SELECTION

This is the full list of wines selected for this Fall, across the Essential and Premium tiers and assortments. It's meant as a simple reference: a way to keep track of what's in your selection, where each bottle sits, and what you feel like opening on any given day. Keep it on your fridge, not as a checklist, but as a practical map to help you choose without overthinking!

Essential Wine Club

SPARKLING WINES

Levante 90, Podere Cipolla - Trebbiano Modenese isn't a grape you come across very often. Here it's turned into a bottle-fermented sparkling white with 90 days of skin contact, giving it extra texture while keeping the wine lively and refreshing.

Pet Nat Griddële, Arteteke - Made from Aglianico grown on the volcanic slopes of Vulture, this naturally sparkling rosé shows a brighter side of one of southern Italy's most structured grapes. Chill it well and enjoy it as an aperitivo.

WHITE WINES

Poggio 74, Albamocco - A Verdicchio from our vineyard in Marche, in the Castelli di Jesi area, that gets its name from the year 1974, when the vines were planted. The Green apple and pear flavour and high minerality make it perfect for fish or veggie dishes.

Riviere, Flaibani - A blend of Friulano, Ribolla Gialla and Malvasia, three of Friuli's classic white grapes. Bright enough for seafood, but with enough texture to stay on the table from the first course to the last.

RED WINES

Rosso, I Mandorli - Sangiovese meets Cabernet Sauvignon in this vibrant red from the Tuscan coast. Aged only in cement, it stays juicy, bright and easy to reach for, whatever's on the menu.

Giarrocco Diogene, Marco Falcone - The producer uses clay amphora instead of oak to shape this Cesanese del Piglio. It keeps the wine vibrant, savory and surprisingly delicate for a grape that's often made in a richer style.

Primessida, Pasquale Bonamici - Made from Cannonau and Carignano, Primessida is a Sardinian red that favors balance over power. It's the kind of bottle that reminds you how fresh and drinkable the island's wines can be.

Nero miniera, Enrico Esu - Made from Carignano, this is a deep, savory Sardinian red with Mediterranean character and plenty of freshness. A bottle to open when you want something more contemplative than your everyday red.

Dolcetto, Simone Scaletta - Made from Dolcetto, this is the kind of Piedmontese red locals open without waiting for a special occasion. Soft tannins and bright fruit make it an easy bottle to reach for any night of the week.

Cerasuolo, Famiglia Febo - Made from Montepulciano, Cerasuolo

d'Abruzzo sits somewhere between a rosé and a light red. Keep a bottle in the fridge all summer—it works just as well for aperitivo as it does throughout a meal.

Cerretino Rosso, Cerreto Libri - Built around Sangiovese, with Canaiolo and Ciliegiolo rounding out the blend, Cerretino is a fresh take on Chianti Rufina - it feels just as comfortable on a weeknight as it does around a big Sunday table.

Agrumato, Collettivo Botanico - Made from red wine infused with Tarocco oranges from Lentini (Sicily) Agrumato is a vibrant, fragrant and unexpectedly versatile liqueur. Enjoy it cold on its own or as the citrus twist your favorite cocktail.

REDS ONLY OPTIONS

Burda, Vike Vike - Made mostly from Cannonau, Burda comes from the granite soils of Mamoiada, where altitude gives Sardinian reds surprising freshness. A mountain red with plenty of depth, balanced by bright acidity.

Barbera, Luca Marengo - Barbera is one of Piedmont's most food-friendly grapes, known for its bright acidity and vibrant fruit. An easy choice when you want a red that complements food without overpowering it.

Diecidecilitri, Valcerasa - Made from Nerello Mascalese, it comes in a one-liter bottle inspired by Italy's old table wine tradition. Bright, juicy and low in tannins, best served with a slight chill.

Russè, Arteteke - Made from Aglianico, Russè shows a lighter, more immediate side of one of southern Italy's boldest grapes. Serve it with a slight chill and let it surprise anyone who thinks Aglianico can only be powerful.

Premium Wine Club

SPARKLING WINES

Open, Solo Uva - Made from Garganega, Open is produced without adding sugar at any stage of the winemaking process, relying only on the grape's own sugars for fermentation. A crisp, elegant sparkling wine that works just as well for aperitivo as it does throughout a meal.

Metodo Classico, Renzo Rebuli - Made from Glera, this Metodo Classico spends 84 months on the lees before disgorgement. Richer and more complex than most sparkling wines from the region. Open it when bubbles are the main event, not just a welcome drink.

WHITE WINES

Olla, Alberto Giacobbe - 100% Passerina from Frusinate area, in Lazio. Aged in a clay amphora, it gives flower notes and nutty, almond flavor, which pairs beautifully with fish dishes or white meat.

Gattaia Bianco, Terre di Giotto - Made from Chenin Blanc, a grape more commonly associated with the Loire Valley than Tuscany. Bright acidity and remarkable versatility make it equally comfortable with seafood, poultry or aged cheeses.

RED WINES

De Vidda, Pasquale Bonamici - Made from Cannonau grown at 750 meters above sea level, De Vidda shows a fresher, more lifted side of Sardinia's flagship grape. Give it a little air and enjoy it with a long dinner rather than a quick glass.

Montepulciano 45, Francesco Massetti - This wine spends 45 days on the skins, gaining depth without losing its vibrant fruit. A great choice when you want a fuller-bodied red that still feels fresh and balanced.

Barolo Bussia 2020, Simone Scaletta - Made from Nebbiolo grown in the Bussia cru, one of Barolo's most celebrated vineyards. Still young, but already showing remarkable balance, worth opening now with a decanter, or forgetting in the cellar for a few more years.

Pallò, Marco Falcone - Made from Cesanese, Pallò is fermented and aged entirely in clay amphora, bringing out the grape's spicy, floral side without the influence of oak.

Vigna alla Sughera, I Mandorli - Cabernet Franc takes center stage in this single-vineyard wine from coastal Tuscany. Structured without being heavy, it's worth opening a little ahead of dinner to let it fully unfold.

Cabernet Franc, Flaibani - Made from Cabernet Franc and aged entirely in stainless steel, this wine highlights the grape's herbal freshness and vibrant fruit. A great bottle when you want a red with plenty of flavor but very little weight.

Liber, Cerreto Libri - Made from 100% Sangiovese in the hills of Chianti Rufina, it combines bright acidity with the quiet elegance this corner of Tuscany is known for. Open it when you've got time to sit at the table.

Vermouth 74, Collettivo Botanico - A sweet, white vermouth made with the Verdicchio from our vineyard in Marche. Infused with juniper wormwood, gentian and rhubarb root, bitter orange peel, and more. It makes the perfect after dinner drink.

REDS ONLY OPTIONS

Rosso Relativo, Valcerasa - Made primarily from Nerello Mascalese, Rosso Relativo captures Etna's lighter side without losing its volcanic character. Serve it with a slight chill for a fresh, versatile expression of the mountain.

Tzappu, Gianfranco Siotto - Made from Cannonau in the granite soils of Mamoiada, this is a pure, traditional expression of one of Sardinia's most celebrated wine villages. Open it when you're looking for a red with depth and plenty of Mediterranean character.

Barolo, Brezza - Made from Nebbiolo grown in the historic vineyards of Barolo, this is a classic expression of the appellation. Still young, but already remarkably balanced. Decant it if you're opening it now, or leave it in the cellar for a few more years.

Cirò Aris 2022, Sergio Arcuri - Made from Gaglioppo, Calabria's flagship grape. Bright, savory and surprisingly fresh, it's a red that shines with simple, honest cooking.

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