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uppose you walk into a grocery store looking for chicken soup. But instead of a few well-known brands, you find an entire wall of chicken soup—hundreds and hundreds of brands. Plus, the chicken soup ranges all over the place in price, from 50 cents

to 50 bucks a can. And in case that isn't enough, every year, every single chicken soup is slightly different. Some years are better (sun is shining; chickens are happy; great taste); some years are worse (chickens get hailed on and feel like hell; taste like it, too). So if you buy the wrong brand of chicken soup from the wrong year, you're going to have a way less pleasurable soup experience than if you'd bought a different can. Anyone sane, walking up to a wall like that, would have think to themselves, "Man, what is with all this ding-damn soup?"

Now, instead of chicken soup, think Chardonnay.

Recently I spent a few weeks working in wine stores around the country. I wanted to get an on-the-ground read on wine in America today. Way back when, in the antediluvian 1990s, I worked for a wine importer and spent a lot of time hanging out in stores. These days, the number of wines on the market is vastly larger, but at the same time, there's far more information about wine available to anyone with an internet connection. I wondered: Were people more baffled by all those choices? Less? Did consumers stick to the tried and true, or had we become a nation of wine adventurers, lighting out for the territories with nary a look backward? I figured the best way to find out was to don an apron and start selling wine.

If you drive down Cotner between Pico and Olympic in Los Angeles and take a left just before the 405 on-ramp, you'll find The Wine House. Big and warehouse-y, crammed full of wine (over 7,000 selections), it's a destination for bargain hunters and Burgundy collectors alike. Jim and Glen Knight, whose family owns the place, thought it totally reasonable to let an itinerant wine writer parachute into their store and pretend to be a salesperson. (Possibly this was lunacy on their part, but who was I to argue?)

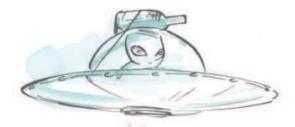
But back to Chardonnay. The Wine House sells about 600 different Chardonnays. At Western Market in Birmingham, Alabama, where I also worked a stint, there are more than 300. Super Buy-Rite, outside the Holland Tunnel that separates New York City from New Jersey, sells 400, from nine different countries. And as Dwight Shaw, the manager of Total Wine & More in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, told me, "People come in and say, 'Where's your Chardonnay?' and I tell them, 'It's this entire aisle.' And they just freeze." That's because the Chardonnay aisle at that particular Total Wine is about 50 feet long.

When I asked customers to describe what they found the experience of buying wine to be like (once I ditched my disguise and revealed what I was actually up to), they used words like "daunting," "overwhelming," "confusing," and "total crapshoot." Even with all the easy-to-access wine knowledge out there on the internet and in magazines at their fingertips, people still feel like they're drowning in an ocean of wine. (In case it's any comfort to everyday wine shoppers, people in the wine business often feel that way, too.)

But here's the other thing I learned from my time selling wine at these stores: There are some simple ways to get your bearings and become a more empowered wine buyer–starting right now. Wine shoppers of America, take heart! Here's what to do.

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"I worry I'm going to come in here and ask for something and they'll think I'm dumb. That they'll look at me like, what? And I love, love, love wine."

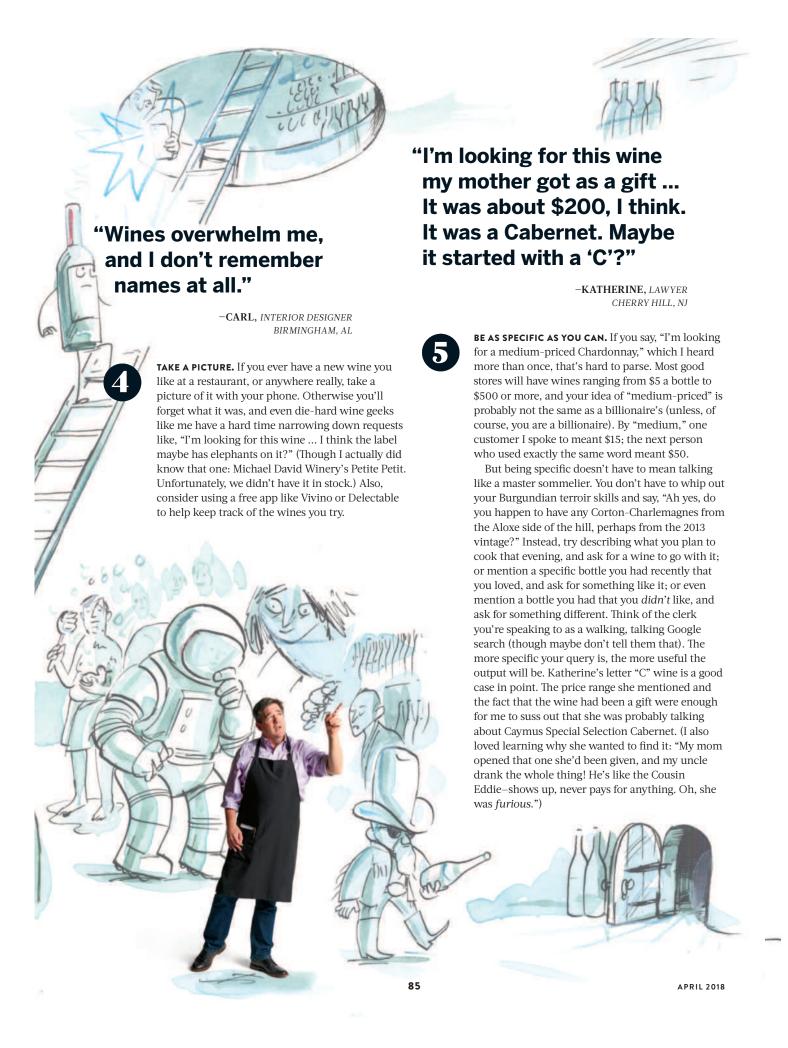
> -NORMA, UBER DRIVER JERSEY CITY. NJ

"At Trader Joe's they have those little signs that say 'nutty' or 'plummy,' but if it says 'bone-dry'? That's my thing."

> -ANNA, EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, LOS ANGELES

BE SIGN-SAVVY. Those little signs that hang on wine shelves ("shelf talkers") typically are placed there by the wholesale rep who sells that wine. Their basic purpose is to convince you to buy *this* wine rather than *that* wine. (And handwritten ones work better—i.e. move more wine—than preprinted ones, something wholesale reps know.) But that doesn't mean they can't be helpful. Shelf talkers that say something like "staff selection" with a particular person's name are most often there because some actual human being on the store's staff really likes that wine.







"You know what I want? I want a wine that's like, wow."

