

vom Boden
winter of riesling

↑↑
Riesling
WK

18
Steffensberg





The remains of the summer: Tiny sprigs of dried flowers in Weiser-Künstler's Ellergrub vineyard, frozen against a slate gray sky, mirror the pole-trained Riesling vines in the background.



Vollenweider's Goldgrube vineyard rounds a corner, with the Mosel river and fades to white.



An early breakfast with Ulli Stein. Outside it is pitch black; the only sounds are coffee being poured and the echo of trains clattering on the bridge over the Mosel river below.



In the Ellergrub vineyard, pinky-sized, waxy spring green leaves emerge from the slate walls in defiance of the slumbering, white Mosel landscape.



A grandfather's wood-burning oven, a dark evening kitchen filled with a textural heat, rich winter fare, Riesling.



Lessons on what not to do with a rental car:
Drive high up in the Goldgrube vineyard with Daniel Vollenweider during a winter storm.



Slate,
snow.



The Ellergrub vineyard as a lesson in geometry: the sharp angle of the monorail track is measured by the vertical training poles of the Riesling vines.



Like a ghost, the Ellergrub vineyard comes in and out of view,
separated by both the width of the Mosel river and a flurry of snow.



Alexandra Künstler drawing young Riesling from an old Fuder during fermentation in a frigid cellar in January.



In the Goldgrube vineyard,
looking downstream.



A wall of white
crowned by the forest.

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