



Sine Qua Non Tasting Dinner - Night I
one sixtyblue Restaurant - Chicago, Illinois 10.22.10



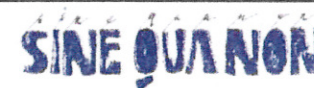
Wine	Vintage	Description
Autrement Dit	2006	Legs crossed and shut.
Stripes and Stars	2007	Smooth...like a woman who consistently has the right answer, yet with whom you are consistently unsure yet desire more.
The Pontiff	2008	A holy woman? I think not. Yet desirable. Most definitely. Will celebrate every time but not worth being prostituted.
Strapless	2005	Nice acidity and zing. An extraordinary lover. How could such a young woman be so well versed in the arts of pleasure? She takes delight in the task at hand. Strapless is only the start of a great experience.
The Bride	1995	Ahh the fruit of a woman unvisited, desired and lusted for. She gets oh so better with age. Marry her. Soon. She ages well.
Omadhaun and Poltroon	1996	Corked. An aged grandmother. Time and gravity took their toll.
Twisted and Bent	1997	Toasted. Delicious. Twisted. Bent. Worth twisting and bending for. Beguiles with her body, not her smile or brain.
Backward and Forward	1998	Yes it is and yes I did.
Tarantella	1999	Reminds me of first kissing a young girl. Fresh, honey lips, young, delightful.
The Hussy	2000	Who, I said "WHO" is your daddy? A sophisticated worldly lover. Well versed in the techniques of love from the Asian courtesan to German S&M. Yes MA'AM. May I have another, please?

The Boot	2000	Now THIS is where you get your boot. Vivacious, smiling, and approachable. Your chances with her are sure and high. How many superlatives could there be for a woman of this stature?
Sweet Lips (Paul's name for Manfred's private gift bottle to Dan.)	1999	The dew on her lips is slightly sweet yet oh so deliciously decadent. Those lips turn up into a smile as you kiss her, making you want more...more...more...
Black and Blue	1992	Her garters are frayed. Her mascara is smeared. She has been rode hard and put away wet.
Queen of Spades	1994	In card parlance, "The Bitch". But oh ! only in the sense that she satisfies everyone. But you. For this wine, like the woman, has a naughty rough outer edge. Yet she satisfies on many fronts from cerebral to sexual.
The Other Hand	1995	Sitting on the porch of the plantation, this wine beckons from her legs to her full, luscious and slightly parted lips. Her kiss reveals deep coffee with it's caffeine rush making your blood hot. Seduce her before she seduces you.
Red Handed	1995	Is it possible to desire only the face of a woman? If so, she is desired. Sucking you into her vortex again and again her scent calls you. Unsure of whether you are being called higher and higher or lower and lower, you willingly grasp her extended hand.
Against the Wall	1996	This wine laughs, cries, smiles and kisses with a "joie de vivre" few have. Long legged and capable of a mini skirt and micro bikini, do her more and often while the suit fits.
Imposter McCoy	1997	Your mistress awaits, and not in a good sense. Her whip snaps and cracks, but you do not know where to jump to avoid it. Thinking this will be the experience of your life, it disappoints only because you fantasize about what it could have been like.
E-Raised	1998	When you finally drink your fill, "E" is not the only thing that will be raised. Can a body fully match her spirit? Can a smile fully match her brain? Which part do you desire most to satiate your inner being. Raise me up. Raise me higher.
Hospice du Rhone	1998	Yes MA'AM may I have another please? You beg. You lose. She is, among women, what men aspire to have. Yet unpossessable she is. You yearn. She smiles. You fantasize. She smiles. You try desperately. She smiles. She grants you favors. You smile.
The Antagonist	1998	Antagonizing? No. Tantalizing? Yes. Giving a perky rise with every breath she takes, your heart races, your pulse quickens. Is it possible to achieve nirvana without even touching her? Kissing her? Think.
Icarus	1999	Flying to the sun naked, she tans. She bronzes. She melts. She falls. Like Farah Fawcett at 50 in playboy, her star shines golden then fades quickly.

The Marauder	1999	Your senses are shocked. What is it? Her smile? The curve of her lips? The curve and indent of her thighs? With no fight, she wins. She takes you, gets you, wins you and then sates you!
Incognito	2000	Sitting across from you at the bar, her eyes call. You look down at her toes. Bright red paint on her nails. The sparkle beckons but fades and then disappoints. She pulls on her stockings, her skirt and with a poignant smile leaves you in the hotel room. Alone.
Heels Over Head	2000	Made up. Thick mascara. Short skirt. Bright hooker red nails. The smile across the bar catches your attention only once. "Damn I am glad I'm not 60" is your first thought. You leave the bar.
In Flagrante	2000	Smoking her heart breaker cigarette, her wrinkles pronounced, only the aged long haul trucker goes here. You do not want to catch her at this age, much less in flagrante.
Midnight Oil	2001	The girl next door. Of course you want to do her. Back again. Often. Is she Heidi Klum? Sofia Loren? Elle Macpherson? No. But you want to wet your palate over and over. And over.
On Your Toes	2001	No matter that there are laws regarding even THINKING what you want to do with her, your brain discarded the danger. Your sigh of relief is audible. She is of age. Seamless stockings draw your eye. You suck in the wine, relieved it satisfies. Suck. Suck in again. Moan if you will, but she has much to learn.
Ventriloquist	2001	Like riding a moped, this thick chick is best not seen by your friends when you are riding her. The satisfaction, however is worth the chiding and cahoots. Long term this woman satisfies on multiple counts.
More Than a Number	2002	Spanking her is only mildly rewarding. Say it isn't so. Please. You yearn for more. More. From the depths of you. Inside. Please titillate me. No? Damn. Home to the shower.
Heart Chorea	2002	Lauren Bacall. Christie Brinkley. Ageless. This wine is classic. Timeless. The smile, the face, the legs. You know the sex will be great but also only a piece, a part, of this entirely worthwhile and classic package.
Just For the Love of It	2002	A lady in public, a whore in the bedroom. How much more can a woman satisfy your every desire?



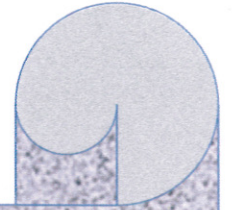
Sine Qua Non Tasting Dinner - Night 2
Custom House Restaurant - Chicago, Illinois 10.23.10



Wine	Vintage	Description
Albino	2001	One dimensional. Reminiscent of a teenage girl on her real drunk fest. All alcohol and no performance.
Rien Ne Va Plas	2001	Really no place to take her. "Newman.", you think. Do you really want to take her home? A 2 at 10, she will be a 10 at 2, reverting in the morning to her more apropos 2 at 10.
Whisperin' E	2002	Flat with no hope of store bought enhancement.
Sublime Isolation	2003	Sublime. Well put together. Her make up in place, this wine seduces with her eyes. They beckon and call you. Resist not. It gets better. Much better. Resist not the opportunity take her home should she grant it to you.
The Rejuvenators	2004	As is the eternal way of the world, making love to a younger woman is rejuvenating. Bringing you back to life, back again. And again.
The Petition	2005	Corked. Like Magda sunning herself in "Something About Mary" her wrinkles create valleys in her skin making her undesirable. Though she may you, you wisely reject her.
The Hoodoo Man	2006	Who do Hoodoo? Hoodoo who do? Who do you WANT to do? In the great words of Meg Ryan in Top Gun, "...take me to bed NOW or lose me forever." So do her. Now. Or lose her forever.
Body and Soul	2007	Would you sell your soul for her body? Many a man would. This body is complex, her curves draw you ever in, her soul clasps to yours as you want your body to clasp to hers.
The Inaugural Syrah	2003	On Pennsylvania Avenue in January, her fur coat barely conceals her. You want her, but when layer of layer are peeled away. In spite of her plebian body, you nevertheless want her. With only her fur coat.
The Inaugural Grenache	2003	In common vernacular, "Built like a brick shithouse" When this woman walks into the room, every man's head is on a swivel and they want her. "Bitch" crosses at first every woman's mind but only until they taste her. This woman defines the term "fulfillment"

Li'l E Grenache	2003	Lil? Lil ?!? Not diminutive in any sense of the word. Her breasts may be as perky as a young 'un but she's satisfies as a woman of years and experience. E ? E ?!? No. An "A".
Papa Syrah	2003	Who? I said WHO is your Papa? Come to Papa. You become a papa in only one way, yet you want her and want to take her in multiple ways. Take her. NOW.
Ode to E Syrah	2004	A woman who verily demands an ode be written. We all have an "E". We want her easy. We want her everywhere. We want her eternally. Wake up. You wilt when Winnick tells you that you cannot afford her.
Atlantis Syrah	2005	Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn Chambers. Film star. Porn star. Since the age of 11 you crave Monroe. Since you discovered the internet you crave Chambers. Combine the fantasies. Better even than the shower. That good.
The Naked Truth Grenache	2005	Who among us does not love the naked woman who does not fear the naked truth. Get her naked. She rewards. This is the naked truth.
Raven Grenache	2006	Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore". Fuck Poe. Do her evermore. Dark and brooding, her sexuality oozes from her every pore. You inhale. You inhale again. Breathe in. Breathe out. Drink her in. Evermore.
Raven Syrah	2006	Fly away... high away... someone saved my life tonight.... This Raven soars on the winds that blow out candles Your fantasy settles in that she blows you out before the rains set in....
Pictures Grenache	2007	You want a picture of her on your iPhone. You want her to send you pictures. Of herself. Endlessly. Picture her smiling. Picture her naked. But most of all, picture her with you.
Ode to E Grenache	2004	Younger is better. This ode to youth, is Keats, Yates and Shelley all at once. Gaze upon her bust, her lips, and realize why poets wax poetic.
Into the Dark Grenache	2004	Into the dark you go, you dirty dog. You want her in the dark, but you desire everything about her in the light. Unrobed, pure before your eyes, you drink her in, whetting your desire. Pull her to you, in the dark.
Poker Face Syrah	2004	Poker face... poker face, pa-pa-pa-pa poker face. Yeah you want Lady Gaga. If only for one night. You and the rest of all straight males. Poke-her, poke-her, poke-her and when you want and call the paparazzi when you do.
17th Nail in my Cranium	2005	NAIL HER. NAIL HER. NAIL HER. HEAD. HEAD. HEAD. GIVE IT. TAKE IT. NAIL. HEAD. NAIL. HEAD. Repeat as required. Often.

Atlantis Grenache	2005	A water baby, bikini clad, just as Bo Derek in "10" evokes in your loins a primal urge as she flips her dreads at you, you look to have every drop of her salty sweetness land on your tongue. That drop springs forth in you a desire to make sex on the beach more than a cocktail.
Labels Syrah	2007	Label her as you wish. This woman defies labels. As comfortable as Jesse in her own skin, this wine suits itself, rendering your label as inadequate as you are to her.
Noble Man	2000	Many a man has been called. "Noble" few a man has been called by a woman. A hard moniker to achieve, as you desire to be noble and to be hers. She desires you. Hard. "Noble" is a mere afterthought once she is open and uncorked.
Straw Man	2000	Hoist him high. A effigy he may be, but women want him, desire him, lust for him. How can this fair skinned, flaxen haired wine be so seductive and beguiling? You, in effigy as your own straw man, look out upon her beneath you, hanging high. Drink her in. Drink her deeply. Drink her until she begs to come to the altar of love. Her nectar is as ripe and succulent as ever a fruit's was. The golden hue glistening on her lips matches that of your own straw man's eyes.

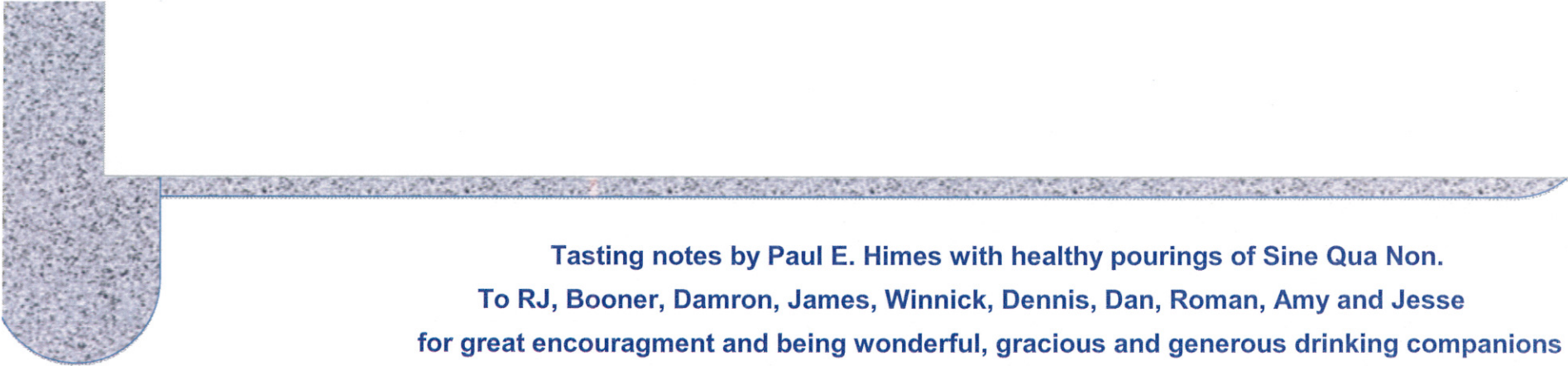


One taste of her reddened your lips... Your senses and your cheeks... Who could such a woman be? As a pendulum swings, so she does. From the sharp crack of her hand across your seat as she playfully swats you away in her youth to the gently teasing brush of her lips across yours in her subtle classiness. Ever does her innate being suck you in. Her color draws you in with its fuliginous depth and intensity. One waft of her smell sends your senses reeling. Smitten and addicted as if to poppy, you will always come back, back, back for more, regardless of her mood. Just as the desire to possess her is never enough, you must have her and taste her. To drink her in is to know her, and you want to know her as no other man does. Always leaving you thirsty for more, and more of her. You crave to taste all of her, subjecting your will to her moods, her delights, her intricacies, her foibles and her complexities. OH YES ! Her complexities. For it is those very complexities you seek to describe in your mind and understand in your soul.

Such a mistress and lover exists in more than your mind. The very thought of her or mention of her name can cause you to momentarily lose your reason. The Greeks had it right in defining orgasm. Your reason has sprung wings, flown away to you care not where. Little wonder men seek her and crave her, even to prostrate themselves before the list-keeper. For who would not do that and more to taste of her?

Her name you ask?

Her name is Sine Qua Non.



**Tasting notes by Paul E. Himes with healthy pourings of Sine Qua Non.
To RJ, Booner, Damron, James, Winnick, Dennis, Dan, Roman, Amy and Jesse
for great encouragment and being wonderful, gracious and generous drinking companions**