



TWO ROWS PER TERRACE, LLICORELLA SLATE-RICH SOILS, STOCK FORMED BY A SINGLE ARM AND A GRAFT SUPPORT WITH LITTLE PRODUCTIVE VALUE MAKE UP MY LANDSCAPE AND MY LIFE

Mas d'en Perí is a farm that dates back to the mid-19th century. The former owner cultivated vineyards on the land and you can still see the remains of the old winery in the house. My family bought the property in the late 1950s and I am the third generation to work the land, although the first to venture into wine making.



The whole estate covers 17 hectares, although only 4 hectares are currently planted. Fifteen years ago, my father decided to plant the Garnatxa and Carinyena grape varieties. Now, as the project grows, I have decided to plant another three hectares of white varieties and a little more Garnatxa.

FOLLOW A SUSTAINABLE LINE AND MY INTENTION IS TO MAKE WINES WITH AS LITTLE MANIPULATION AS POSSIBLE



WHO AM I & WHAT DO I DO?

I work in the fields, I make my wine and I try, with the greatest possible transparency, to extract the best the land decides to give me.

I am surrounded by centuries of history and so I have little choice but to continue working on that which I truly love. I hope to contribute my grain of sand with to viticulture and the art of wine making, while deriving a huge amount of pleasure from of seeing my wine on the tables of the people in the village.

I interpret the territory from within. I tread the ground and I feel myself so deeply rooted in it that the vineyard terraces are one of the pillars of my life. As I climb to the highest point of the Mas d'en Perí estate, I look around me and what I see reassures me that nothing can go wrong.

The little things that make up my day-to-day life are important to me; enjoying every moment of what I do tells me I am on the right path. However, I still have a long road to travel. Would you like to join me on it?

The best stories are often those you least expect.

I have always had close links to the world of wine. After studying oenology at the Jaume Ciurana School, I collaborated with and worked on different projects. I also cooperated with the zoning of the Montsant Designation of Origin. As you can see, I have walked many paths related to wine. My most recent project was in a Priorat winery and, although I was very happy there, a spark I had in me eventually turned into a flame. There opened up before me the possibility of becoming part of my family's history, by taking charge of Mas d'en Perí. After so many years working in the sector, my family offered me the gift of beginning a new project.

It was a unique and unrepeatable opportunity that appeared before my eyes and I just could not say no.

My moment had arrived.

I AM A WOMAN, A VITICULTURALIST AND A NATIVE OF THE PRIORAT. I INTERPRET THE VINEYARDS AND THE LANDSCAPES IN MY WINES

M'ho ha dit un ocellet (translation: A little bird told me) was born from the 2017 harvest. It is 60% Carinyena and 40% Garnatxa. I vinify the two varieties separately, treading the grapes with my feet, just like they used to in the Priorat. My maceration is very brief, with all the grapes whole and a very gentle pressing. The wine ages for six months in stainless steel and then it is bottled!

IF I HAD NOT EXPERIENCED ALL THAT I HAVE, MY WINE WOULD PROBABLY BE DIFFERENT. NOW IT IS WHAT I WANT IT TO BE

Visually, cherry-coloured, although with the vivacious violet touches of a very shiny black plum. Tears trickle slowly down the side of the glass as you move it. It is the wisdom of my wines. The bouquet, red fruit, wild berries, especially ripe blackberry. Eucalyptus and black liquorice, a wave of freshness comes over you. On the palate an extreme silkiness. You discover the corpulent Garnatxa, but linked to the honest Carinyena. The union between a sweet point that draws itself out to make a perfect pair of players.

M'HO HA DIT UN OGFILFT



UIARY OF A GRAPF HARVEST

It's hard to sleep the night before. In my mind I go over everything: the scissors have been ready -sharpened and greased - for days now, the pails are prepared, breakfast is packed in the basket, the grapes are ripe... It's time to work until Morpheus takes pity on me.

IT'S TIME TO COLLECT THE FRUIT OF OUR WORK



THE PRIORAT IS SO SMALL...

At the break of dawn we walk up the path from the house to the vineyard, the early-morning freshness, the dew, the fragrance of the dog rose, the wild jasmine, the Arabian pea, the drying fennel... and ripe grapes.

The sun that rises gradually from behind the vines tells us the day will be long; pilchards and grapes and the porrón of wine give us energy to keep going.

The *llicorella* soil begins to warm up as the morning advances. Among the vines, the joy of the harvest takes over the valley.

RELEASING THE JUICES OF A WHOLE YEAR'S WORK AND TURNING IT INTO A GOOD WINE



Cheeks red from the sun, unkempt hair, fingers sticky from the sugar of the grapes... But the day's not over yet, it's in the cellar that Pandora's box awaits us. From inside the vat I wait as the grapes are dropped in, ready to tread them in the traditional way, with my feet.

In the evening, finally on the way home, the weariness invades your body, but you have a big smile on your lips and your soul is full of happiness. It's cool, almost cold. You can hear how the wind caresses the leaves to make them fall.

will leave you with the memory of the first ripe cherries that turn your tongue red and that the smallest strawberries are the sweetest. It also tells you that winter is approaching with a leisurely gait. The time is coming when you want to spend time at home, cosying around the fire with family and friends, sharing a bottle of wine.

Autumn announces that the summer

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PRIORAT

D.O.Q

FROM MY VINEYARD, I CAN SEE

MY NEIGHBOUR'S VINEYARD...

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