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George's Rants & Raves: Camarena Tequila [George Brozowski](#)

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Tequila causes global warming, no seriously. I was downing a few tequilas with my old friend Al Gore last night at Harry's Bar (the one in Venice, no, not California) and listening to him rant on about how he should have been President instead of George Bush, and how he unfairly lost the election because of a few hanging chads, and green really wasn't his favorite color, and how he got that whole stupid global warming thing wrong, when the truth hit me squarely in the face. If nothing else, he was actually right about that whole stupid global warming thing.

All along everyone kept blaming molted penguin feathers and accumulated polar bear and penguin poop for causing the hole in the ozone above the Arctic. Even Al bought into it and made a movie about it and even though people ignored his call to club all penguins to death to close the hole, he became the loudest advocate and the International mouthpiece of the Arctic ozone stratospheric hole theory. People bought his book and went to his movie, and he won the Nobel Peace Prize for his climate change work. And then, much to his chagrin, he learned the truth of it all.

Turns out that the Agave cactus is the culprit and the hole actually hovers over Mexico and not the North Pole. "Holy hole theory Al," I cried out when he made that statement. "How did this epiphany occur?" I inquired. He took another sip of his Camarena Tequila on the rocks, smiled his approval of the drink and responded, "It's all very elementary my dear boy," in his best attempt at a horrible imitation of Sherlock Holmes.

We ordered another round and his story slowly unfolded. Al was visiting his friends at NASA in California when they took him aside and said they had something truly amazing to share with him. They felt he should be the first one to see this and more than likely the one to break the news to the entire world. He smiled and asked them if they had captured a Martian, and they said it was even bigger than that and could negatively impact his Nobel Prize. That got his undivided attention and immediately wiped the smile clean off his face.

They ushered him into a small room, sat him down, bolted the door, and turned off the light and fired up a projector. The first slide was a view of the Arctic as taken by a highly classified satellite with a new top secret high definition system and super lens. Everything looked normal, in fact quite serene and beautiful "nothing seemed amiss. The scientist told Al to brace himself for the next slide. It was a shot taken from the same satellite at the same altitude but over Jalisco State in Mexico. "My hole," Al shouted as he bolted straight up shooting his chair back across the room with his butt. "What in the hell is my hole doing over Mexico?"

The scientist explained that further investigation into the ozone hole refuted all evidence of it ever having been over the Arctic. The equipment used to arrive at that prior determination simply wasn't as sophisticated as the apparatus used just recently and the data previously procured was flawed and so the conclusions were, to put it mildly, erroneous. The ozone hole had actually been hovering over Mexico the whole time.

Al was beside himself. He envisioned his whole life and reputation crumbling in front of his tightly clenched eyes. He was in a panic. He needed a drink to calm himself down. "I need a drink," he uttered through grinding teeth as he retrieved his chair and slumped down into it in a heap. They knew what he needed. They brought him a bottle of Camarena Tequila, a glass and some ice. He poured himself a stiff one and downed it all in one gulp. A sad little smile came to him. "How did that ozone hole get there? There aren't any God Damn penguins in Mexico, are there?"

The scientist poured himself a drink and sat down next to Al. "Hey, this stuff's not bad," he stated silently nodded in agreement. The scientist continued his tale. When the ozone hole was first discovered over Jalisco, centered on the town of Tequila, scientists and botanists were dispatched to investigate. They very quickly discovered that the red volcanic soil and the high seasonal temperatures and the 1.2 million acres of land in and around Jalisco planted in blue agave cactus that produces an annual harvest of over 300 million plants, was the culprit. It turns out the cactus, as it grows under those conditions, gives off a previously undetectable gas, much like that Arctic penguin poop, but much stronger and that caused the ozone hole.

Al felt like he was going to throw up. He was totally okay with slaughtering the penguins but the thought of eradicating all the blue agave to close the ozone hole would mean the end of Tequila, his favorite drink. "Who knows about this?" he inquired. "Just a handful of scientists and you and I," was the immediate response. They hadn't wanted to go public about this until they had spoken to Al. After all, Al was the father of the hole and the inventor of the Internet!

They both downed another glass and just stared at each other silently. Al broke the silence asking, "How long do we have before this hole destroys the earth?" "Could be hundreds maybe thousands of years," the scientist stated, "We just can't be sure."

Al jumped up again repeating his butt pushing chair maneuver and screamed, "Screw It! A thousand years without Tequila is life not worth living and a planet not worth saving." He insisted that the data be destroyed and everyone sworn to secrecy under penalty of death. He especially insisted that the Nobel committee not be told as he had no intention of returning his peace prize. And that's how Al Gore not only saved Tequila but became the Godfather of Tequila.

I'm certain that Camarena Silver Tequila has inspired many a song and many a wild tale as well as a few memorable weekends. It has a rich, yet mellow, agave inspired nose that is smooth without the fiery ethanol front end. There are slight citrus and faint floral notes and even a hint of vanilla. Straight up, it wraps around the tongue like a soft fur coat and has a pleasant mouth feel. It's mostly agave in the mouth with a peppery finish. It's almost a sipping Tequila but it really shines and opens up and releases its essence on a little ice, just the way Al and I prefer it. Then it becomes a delightful sipper. It's wonderful as a mixer and retains its flavor profile among other ingredients.

Camarena Silver Tequila, at around \$15.00 to \$20.00 per 750ml bottle, is a good price for a good Tequila. Obviously, it is not a super premium Tequila, and it is also not a cheap Tequila. Its mid level price point is perfect for an upper mid-level Tequila, and it is certainly much better than hundreds of other Tequilas at or below this price. As a matter of fact, there are a number of Tequilas out there at twice this price that are not as good. Get a bottle, pour a drink and toast Al Gore for keeping us all in Tequila.

By George Brozowski

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