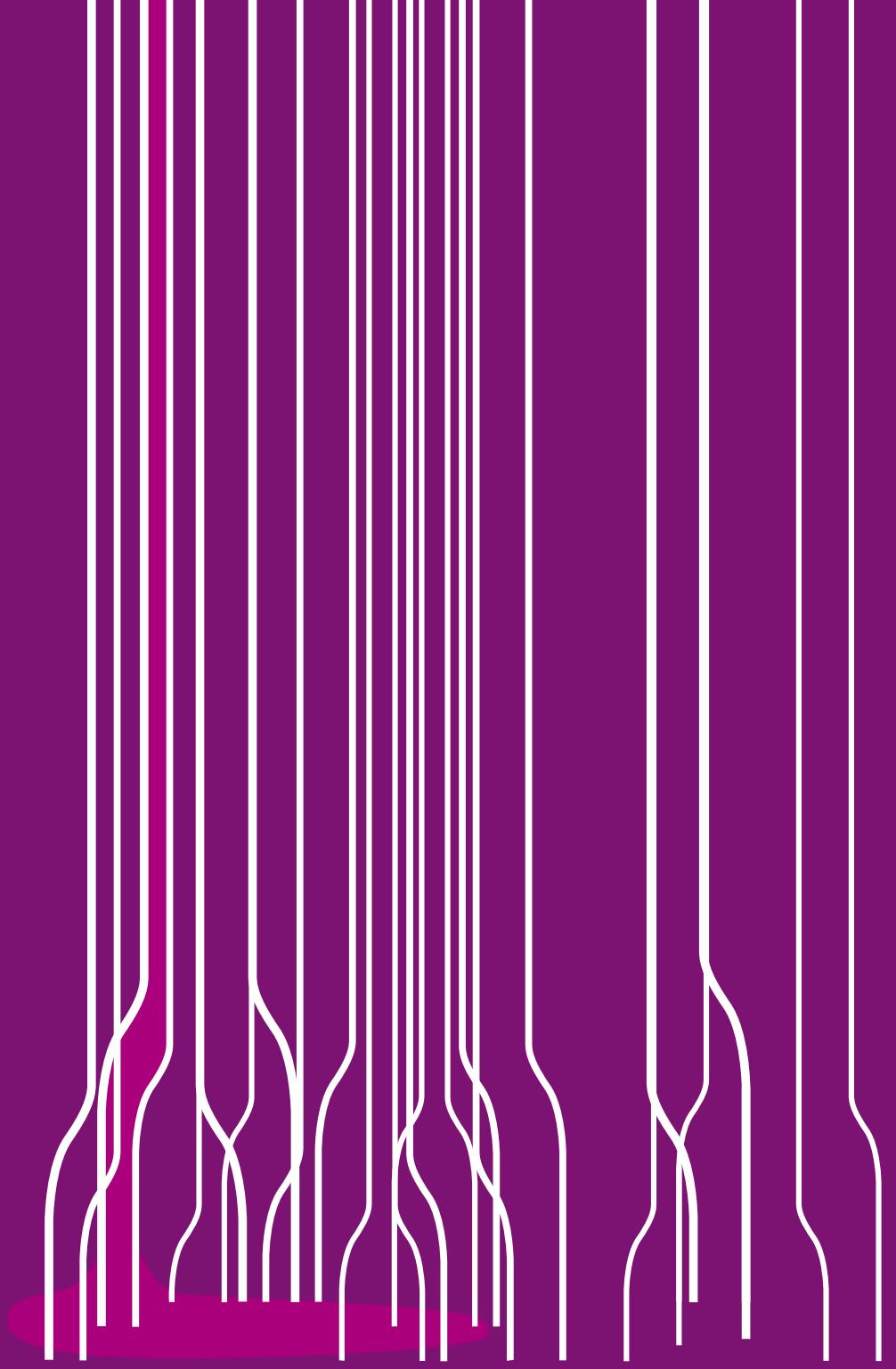
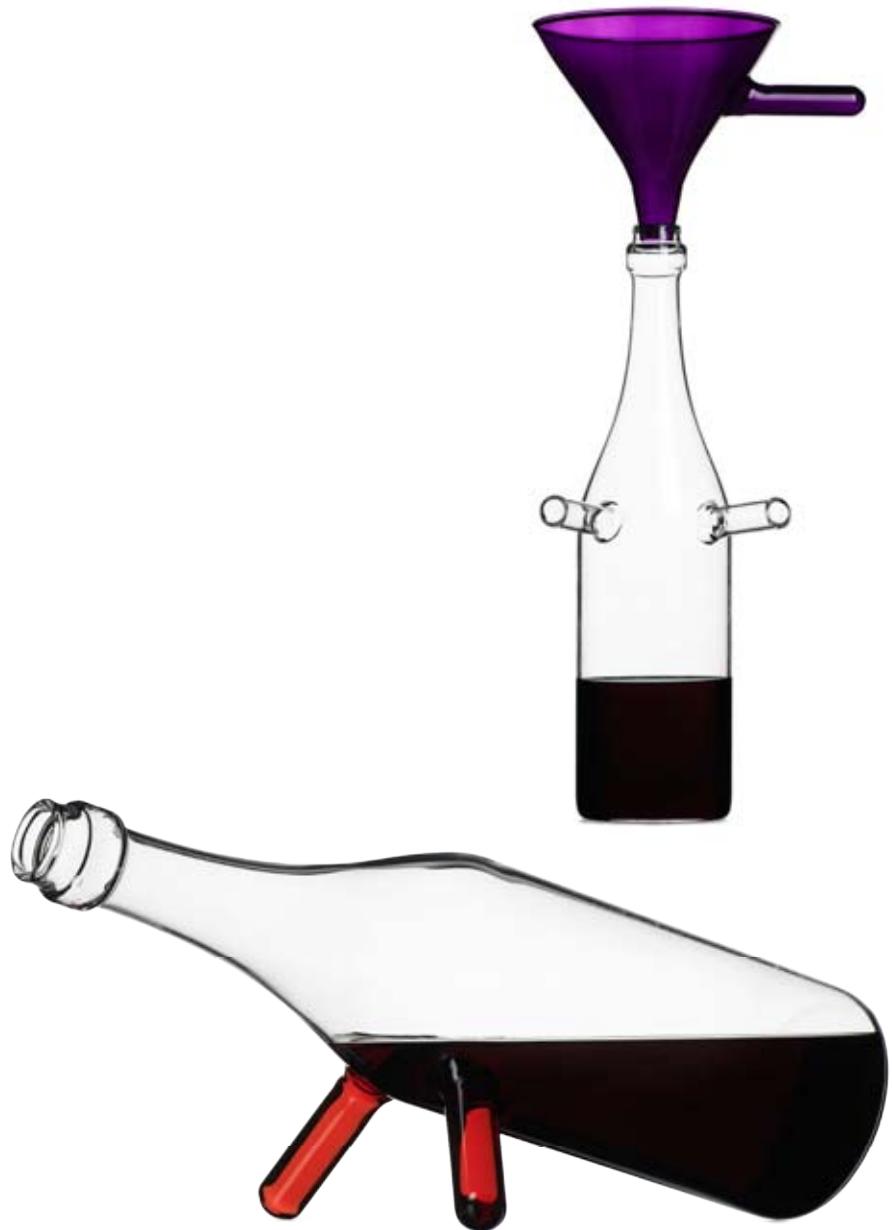




"in vino veritas" _matali crasset_ gandy gallery



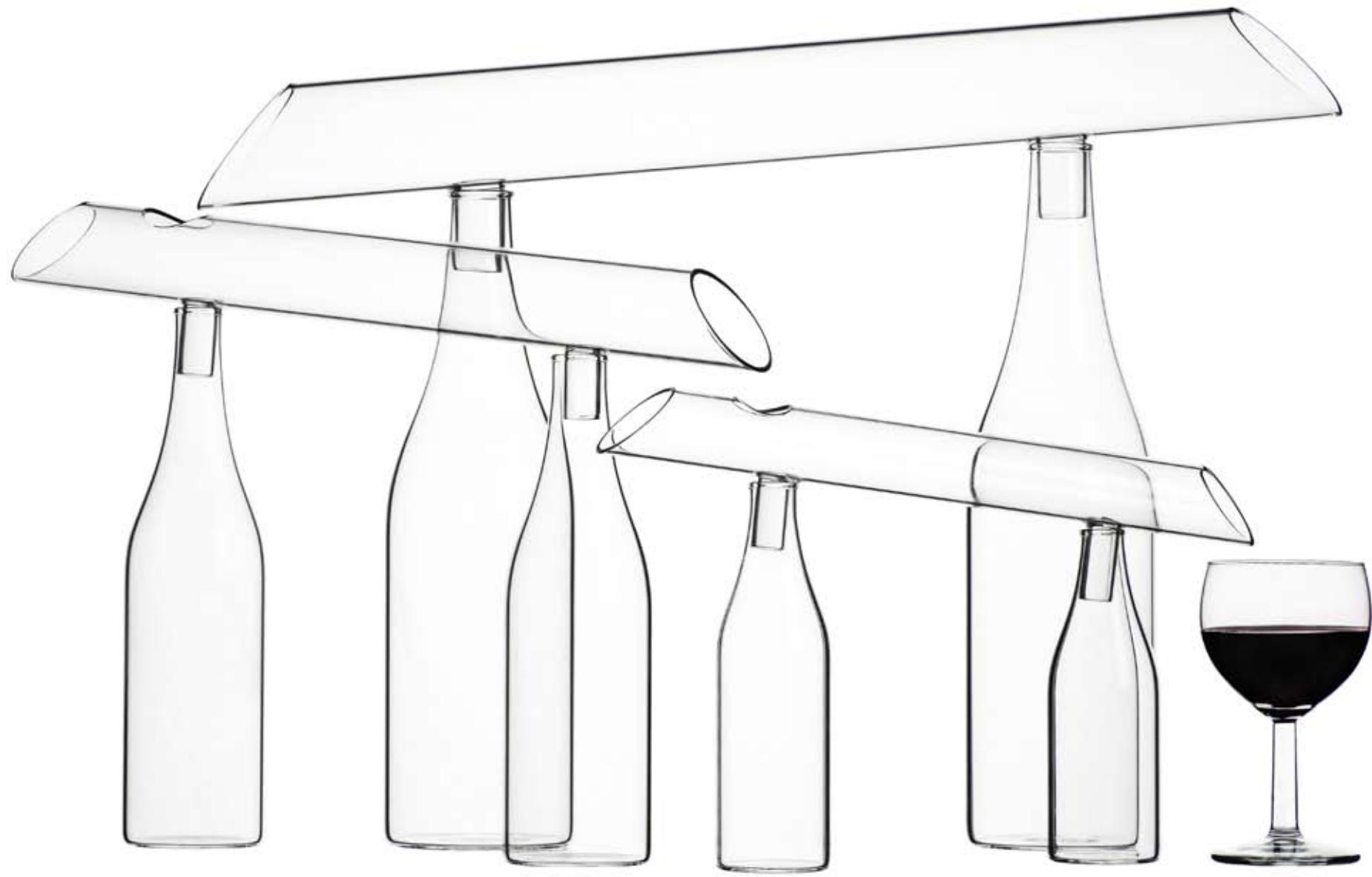


cover "The bottle and the cross"
blown glass
bottle 30,5 x 8 cm
cross 33,5 x 15 x 1 cm
edition of 50.

preceding "bottle with cork"
page blown glass
30,5 x 8 cm
edition of 50 ex.

▲ "Decanter bottle with
funnel"
blown glass
30,5 x 12 x 13 cm
edition of 50.





"wine fountain"
blown glass
edition of 10.



"Neither ended bottle"
blown glass
38 x 8,5 cm
edition of 50.

A real noise of glasses and bottles
Conversation en vain

What is this thing called, this red glass that matali designed ...
... the Kiddouch glass

It's a glass used on Friday evening after prayers, and which serves to share the wine ...

This wine, for me, is Christmas.

Its sweet... fruity side... Let's say more like ...

During a tasting there are so many wines to be drunk. You necessarily spit some out.

Even an extraordinary wine... you spit it out.

What are these glasses?
These are INAO glasses.

They are designed specifically for tasting, to make it simpler to appreciate the color, the taste, the nose and the mouth ...

An the let?

How did you choose these wines?

I like the Binner, Audrey and Christian Binner wines a lot. This one is a muscat: Ammerschwihr 2004. You are in the relation even before drinking.

I find your **Christmas mineral**.
It has a little **smoky flavor**, like wood.
I'd say it is oily, but a good oily.

It has no sulfites.
Oh yes, sulfites... If the problem of natural wine was only the presence of sulfur, the war would be won ...

Now there, I propose eating a smoked marshmallow, peaty, coffee-flavored ...
For the nose, the coffee bean is a way of eliminating the odors, wiping the slate clean.

Everything we're doing is absolutely not in the tasting norms.

Yes, you don't spit.

Above all, we mustn't eat or associate precise flavors.

We have a memory of odors and associate them with something intimate...

What is a natural wine?

It is a wine **that has something living** about it. It is not worth drinking wines **at the time of the harvest**. It's as if the wines relived a trauma. In the Autumn, **they close up again**. It's as if there was a memory of matter and of the **harvesting motion**.

We should rather drink... stuffed wines that don't move any more

Already the shape of the bottle... When I see a slender bottle like that... I think... and I associate... the wine itself may have an original form.

Maybe you like the shape of the true... "Bordeaux" bottle.

Muscat is a wine, perhaps the only wine, that is made with table grapes.

There's your Christmas again... Dried fruit and grapes on the table...

In the Touraine region, there is Chasselas too... OK, you can eat everything. The Pinot Noir, Pinot Blanc grapes... except if they are of no interest ...

If you drink this Muscat with foie gras... It's your Christmas angle again...

I think there is also a petroleum side to it ...

And the alcohol – how much does this wine have... 13°, 13.5°

What is this surprise bottle?

I brought a bottle of an extinct wine: **Chinon de Vieilles Vignes by Charles Joguet (Sazilly) 1992**. Charles **Joguet** made **extraordinary wines**. He retired to become a painter and is extremely disappointed by the quality of the wine that comes from his former vineyards today, and which unfortunately bears his name. He no longer recognizes himself since another owner is making his wine.

Is anyone taking notes?

This is a beautiful bottle, this image of an orifice with the cross.

I would make wilder tastings. I think all these specialists' speeches around the wine are painful...

I enter a wine shop. You can't even say "shop," it has to be a cellar. Let's say a play where you have intimacy. They ask me: "What is your budget? It's the usual question.

Buying wine is a little like when you enter an art gallery and you don't know. It's almost a relation of intimidation... you mean...

You don't have that when you enter a book shop.

It's funny when they ask what kind of wine you like. I answer, "Bah, good wine!"

Oh no. I like the smooth wine, red, a little supple and a little sweet. I don't like it too much when it is smoked...

So you like Bordeaux.

No, I'm sorry, there are wines of the sort that are like that...

Did you see the color of this Chinon, I like the opaque color.

1992... Great... It's still a young wine. I can't look at the color. The color influences my nose and mouth... Unfortunately, it's the color of a tired wine... Orange, marsala... But the wine is great...

What's this bottle with the nipples?

It's a decanter. A carafe and if you can see it, there is a small utensil in red glass. To fill it, you have to see it horizontally. Is it hard to clean? No, you can clean it with small balls.

I would have liked to see this wine in the bottle made with this assembly of glasses to destructure this red tone.

You have one wine cellar in Paris and one in the country? And a cellar in Burgundy...

This Chinon is incredible: It's an old man who resembles a youth ...

It is very deep. It has energy. Very well balanced.

Too bad the only thing that didn't keep was the color.

No, no pitcher, that could kill it.

Sixteen years for a Chinon is almost extraordinary... but beyond the lost side, I didn't buy it in trading. I bought it on eBay... No one would have bought such an old Chinon.

It's a permanent wine. We will never find it again. We will have to mourn over it. Mourning is an important aspect in the consumption of wine.

All of a sudden our magnificent Binner looks poor...

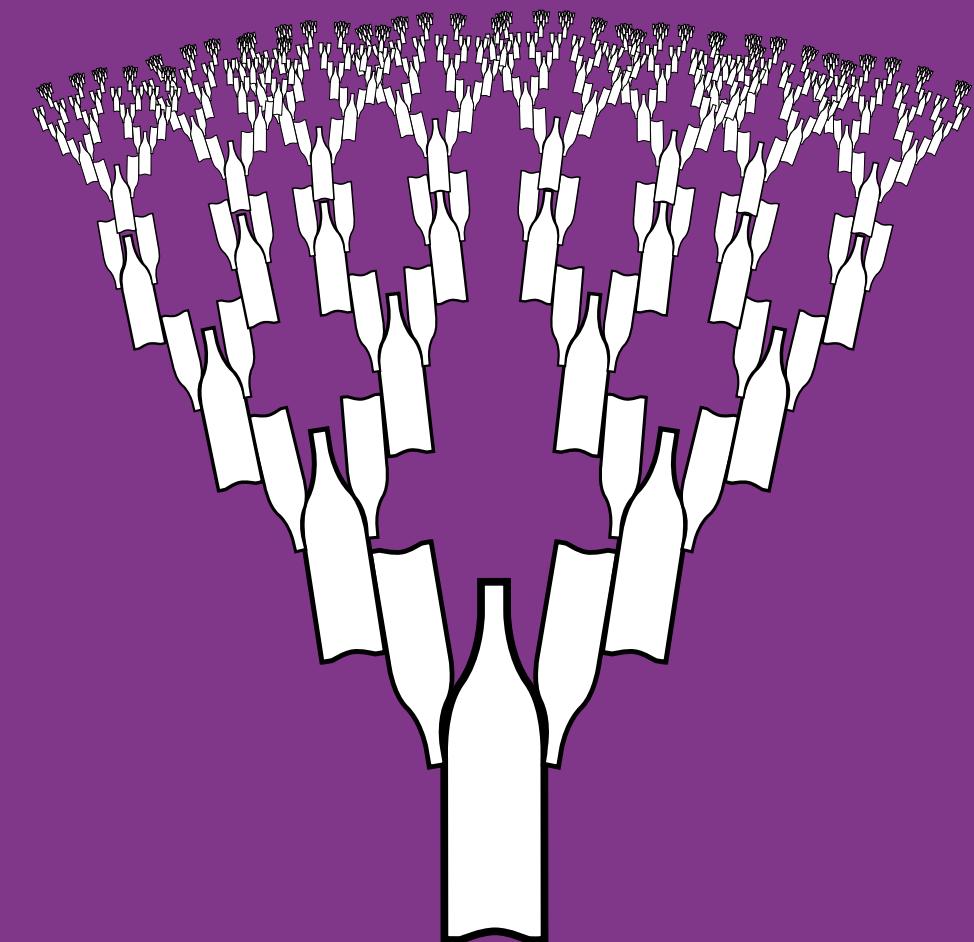
It's really difficult to talk about wines...

At least we like it when they tell us about the sculptural form of the great Burgundy wines... the same extraordinary language of the American art critics of the fifties.

We try to define it and we thank our wines.

I begin by reading and still... There is still a language problem with wine... A verb problem.

Extracts of a conversation between Ivo Bonarcorsi, matali crasset, Stéphane Corréard, Francis Fichot Emmanuelle Lallement & Emmanuel Vaillant at a dinner in Buisson on 16 June 2008.



Dear matali,

There is almost a form of oxymoron between your grace, your reserve, and the omnipresence of table things, and wine, in your life as in your practice. I think the source of this apparent paradox is in your peasant childhood.

Beyond the recurrence of vegetal patterns, roots, wood, in your production, the organization of your studio in a farm strikes me. The kitchen, where family meals are taken, also hosts those few who work by your side, and splits the space in two, although open. On the one hand the studio, on the other the bedrooms, the children. This studio-home is your "terroir" from which your projects spring and patiently grow.

The "terroir" is not just the soil. This typically French idea of terroir means the interactions among the three fundamental elements of the wine: the soil, the climate, and human intervention generation after generation. So it can be used as a metaphor to the current state of the World – as cultural production directly tied to the work of the soil – wine has a privileged tie to History. This is why, while once admitting that it is possible to make great wines anywhere in the World, Aubert de Villaine, the biodynamic genius of Romanée Conti, said right away "as long as you've been doing it for five centuries."

Delimited with extreme precision thanks to observation and tasting by monks, certain vineyards of great Burgundy vintages have, in effect, been worked continuously since the 12th century. Dispersed and divided up, do you know that these parcels are often extremely small? Clos de Vougeot, for example, includes no fewer than 134 parcels on 50 hectares, distributed among 85 owners.

A "vigneron" traditionally means the peasant who makes wine, in France. A vigneron can work up to a few hectares alone, in Burgundy. So it is the same individual who cares for the life of his soil all year long, surveys the proper development of his vineyard, and then make the juice of his grapes into wine. **The analogy** with the artist is obvious: all year, the vigneron must keep in **mind the exact idea of the wine he wants to produce, while accepting the chance happenings and constant hazards.**

In the New World, on the other hand, in America or in Bordeaux as well, a multitude of players come into play in succession: the wine-grower for the vine, winemaker to make the wine, without mentioning the oenologist consultants whose soil analysis determine the type of vine to be planted, and whose analyses give the date of the harvest! Elsewhere, the use of the palate is enough.

One of these emblematic vignerons, Mark Angeli, installed in the Loire valley in Thouarcé, is quietly claiming his "peasant" qualification on the labels of the wine from his Domain, which also proudly

carries its title: Ferme de la Sansonnière. This is no vanity: the Sansonnière was already a farm long before he came to own it. And

like a good peasant, he raises chickens and a Breton horse, Luigi, who assists him in working the hillside vines, along with several of the most moving Loire wines from Chenin. Instead of priding itself on being the homeland of one of these great vignerons that are the envy of the whole world, France of course refuse the approval of his

wines. Brought out in his book *La colère des raisins*, Mark Angeli placed this phrase from Saint Augustine: "Hope has two beautiful daughters: anger against things as they are and the courage needed to change them."

I can guess that the word anger creates a slight movement of recoil in you. Yet is not design more than a supplement of aesthetic soul developed in the industrial revolution to dress elegantly, isn't it a reaction of anger facing the uniformization of the World? After the death of Ettore Sottsass, Enzo Mari wrote a brief text in *La Repubblica*, where he recognized notably: "Whether the term 'design' belongs or does not belong to industry will have been only a debate internal to a small avant-garde of the first part of the last century.

The global market no longer needs it today."

But he adds: "You have chosen artisan production. From an ideal viewpoint, it is the allegory of the quality of work in which draft and execution correspond."

This artisan production, in design as in wine, doubtless amounts to no more than a drop of water, I daresay, in the global market.

In quantity. But this infinitesimal part is infinitely precious because it paradoxically encompasses nearly all diversity, complexity and emotion.

For these reasons, I was by chance inspired to bring a bottle of wine that no longer exists to accompany this soirée where you showed us the images of imaginary bottles that you designed for this show. This bottle, a 1992 Chinon Clos de la Dioterie from old vines is in fact a disappearing work of a vigneron-artist in the proper sense: Charles Joguet. Kermit Lynch wrote that he was "one of the rare wine-growers whose wines inspire passion from the viewpoints of aesthetics, the spiritual, intellectual, as well as sensorial...."

Ten years ago, Charles Joguet retired from his life as peasant to live his life of painter to the full: "I've done both for all these years. Before, by trying to be the best painter of all the vignerons, I even almost managed to be the best vigneron of all painters.

It's bad for the wine. The vine is something else. You have to care for it a lot and especially do what has to be done when it needs to be done. Neither before nor after."

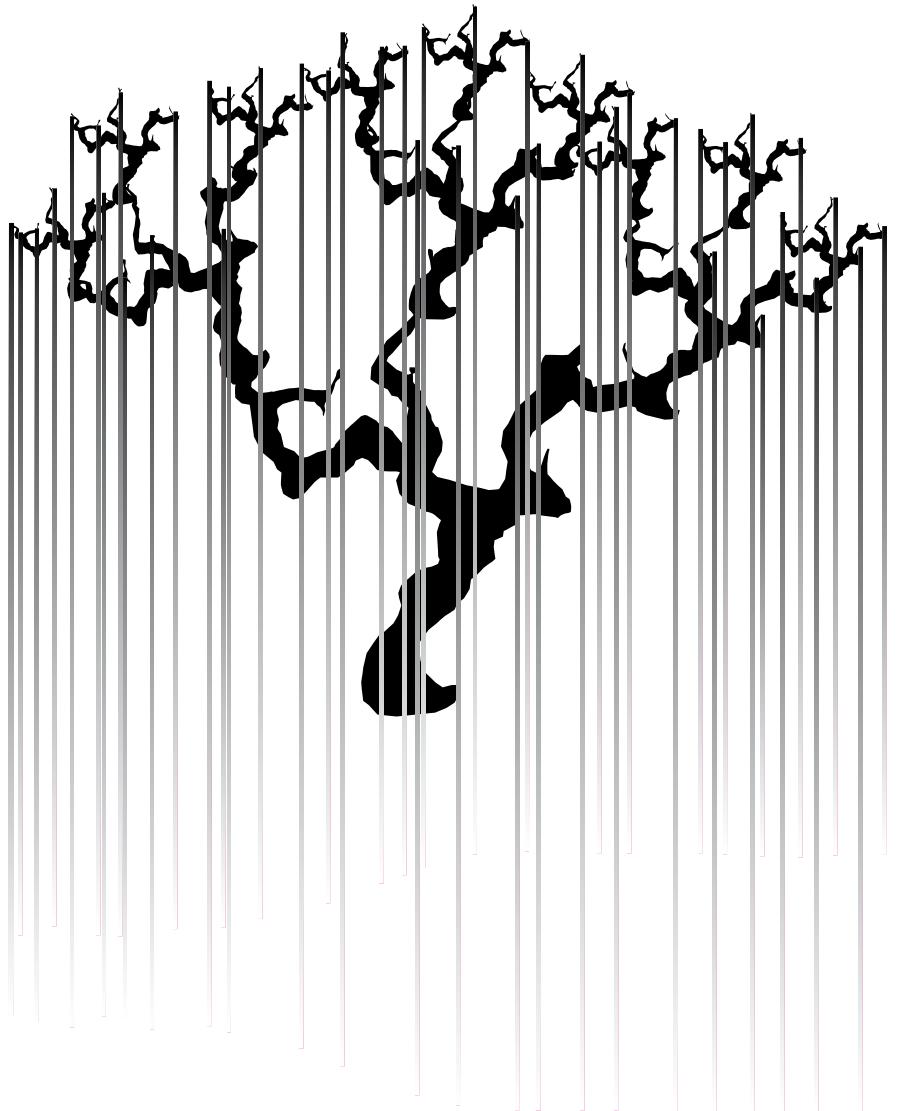
The most extraordinary thing in this bottle is not the infinite softness of the tanin, which is the mark of the great specialists of the Cabernet Franc, it's not the incredible fineness of the aromatic palette, the delicacy, the lace, no, it is simply the life, the intact energy it still harbors.

All the guests that evening, you remember, were thunderstruck: a 16-years-old Chinon! An adolescent, that is: each swallow flows along the esophagus in a warm, radiant stream, and floods the plexus with a beneficial sensation of warm and friendly velour.

How much longer is this life going to be able to stay closed up in this flask? I think I still have three bottles of the Charles Joguet wine preciously aligned in my cellar. One day, though, if we do not drink them in time, if we resign ourselves to seeing Charles Joguet's wines disappear, without anything appearing outwardly, this energy that seems inexhaustible today will suddenly vanish inside. On that day, **it would be good if** another Charles Joguet existed. It's not sad at all. **No, on the contrary, it is certainly because it is so fragile that art can be so lively.**

Kisses,

Stéphane Corréard



Chère matali,

Il y a presque une forme d'oxymore entre ta gracilité, ta retenue, et l'omniprésence des choses de la table, et du vin, dans ta vie comme dans ta pratique. Ce paradoxe apparent, je crois, puise sa source dans ton enfance paysanne.

Au-delà de la récurrence des motifs végétaux, des racines, du bois, dans ta production, l'organisation de ton atelier en ferme me frappe. La cuisine où l'on prend ses repas en famille accueille aussi ceux, peu nombreux, qui travaillent à tes côtés, et partage l'espace en deux, bien qu'ouverte ; d'une part le « studio », de l'autre les chambres, et les enfants. Cet atelier-maison est ton terroir, où naissent et se développent patiemment tes projets.

Le terroir, ce n'est pas seulement la terre, non.

La notion française de terroir désigne les interactions entre les trois éléments fondamentaux du vin : le sol, le climat et l'intervention de l'homme, génération après génération. Ainsi, s'il peut servir de métaphore à l'état actuel du Monde — en tant que production culturelle directement liée au travail du sol — le vin possède un lien privilégié à l'Histoire. C'est pourquoi, en admettant un jour qu'il est possible de faire des grands vins n'importe où dans le Monde, Aubert de Villaine, le bon génie biodynamique de la Romanée Conti, a aussitôt nuancé : « à condition d'en faire depuis cinq siècles ».

Délimitées avec une précision extrême grâce à l'observation et à la dégustation par les moines, certaines vignes de grands crus bourguignons ont en effet été travaillées en continu depuis le XI^e siècle... Dispersées, morcelées, sais-tu que ces parcelles sont souvent extrêmement petites ? Le Clos de Vougeot, par exemple, ne compte pas moins de 134 parcelles pour 50 hectares, réparties entre 85 propriétaires.

En France, le terme de « vigneron » désigne ainsi traditionnellement le paysan qui fait du vin. Jusqu'à quelques hectares, en Bourgogne, un vigneron peut travailler seul. C'est donc le même individu qui, tout au long de l'année, soigne la vie de son sol, veille au bon développement de sa vigne, puis vinifie le jus de son raisin.

L'analogie avec l'artiste est évidente : toute l'année, le vigneron doit garder en tête l'idée précise du vin qu'il souhaite produire, tout en accueillant les hasards, les aléas constants.

Dans le Nouveau Monde, au contraire, en Amérique ou à Bordeaux, une multitude d'intervenants se succède : winegrower pour la vigne, winemaker pour la vinification, sans parler des consultants-œnologues dont les analyses de sol déterminent les cépages à planter, et les analyses de baies donnent la date des vendanges ! Ailleurs, l'usage du palais suffit.

Un de ces artisans-vignerons emblématiques, Mark Angeli, installé dans la Loire à Thouarcé, revendique tranquillement sa qualité de « paysan » sur les étiquettes du vin de son Domaine, lequel porte aussi fièrement son titre : Ferme de la Sansonnière.

Nulle coquetterie : la Sansonnière était déjà une ferme bien avant qu'il n'en devienne propriétaire. Et, en bon paysan, il élève, en plus de quelques-uns des chemins de Loire les plus émouvants, des poules et un cheval breton, Luigi, qui l'assiste dans le travail de ses vignes de coteaux. Au lieu de s'enorgueillir d'être la patrie d'un de ces grands vignerons que le Monde entier nous envie, bien sûr la France lui refuse l'agrément de ses vins. En exergue de son livre "La colère des raisins" Mark Angeli a placé cette phrase de Saint Augustin : « L'espérance a deux filles de toute beauté : la colère face aux choses telles qu'elles sont et la bravoure nécessaire pour les changer ». Le mot colère crée chez toi un léger mouvement de recul, je le devine.

Pourtant, ce qu'on appelle le design, plus qu'un supplément d'âme esthétique développé à la révolution industrielle pour l'habiller élégamment, n'est-il pas une réaction de colère face à l'uniformisation du Monde ? Après la mort d'Ettore Sottsass, Enzo Mari a écrit un court texte dans *La Repubblica*, où il reconnaît notamment : « Que le terme « design » appartienne ou n'appartienne pas à l'industrie n'aura été qu'un débat interne à une petite avant-garde de la première partie du siècle dernier.

Le marché global, aujourd'hui, n'en a plus besoin ».

Mais il ajoute : « Tu as choisi la production artisanale. D'un point de vue idéal, c'est l'allégorie de la qualité du travail, dans lequel projet et exécution correspondent ».

Cette production artisanale, en matière de design comme en matière de vin, ne représente sans doute pas plus qu'une goutte d'eau, si j'ose dire, du marché global. En quantité. Mais cette infime part est infiniment précieuse, puisqu'elle abrite paradoxalement la quasi-totalité de la diversité, de la complexité et de l'émotion.

Pour ces motifs, j'ai été spécialement inspiré d'apporter, par hasard, pour accompagner cette soirée où tu nous a montré les images des bouteilles imaginaires que tu as dessinées pour cette exposition, une bouteille d'un vin qui n'existe plus...

Cette bouteille, un Chinon Clos de la Dioterie 1992 issu de vieilles vignes, est en effet une œuvre en voie de disparition d'un artiste-vigneron au sens propre : Charles Joguet ; Kermit Lynch a pu écrire qu'il a été « l'un des rares viticulteurs dont les vins sont passionnantes au point de vue esthétique, spirituel, intellectuel, autant que sensoriel... »

Il y a dix ans, Charles Joguet a pris sa retraite de vigneron pour vivre pleinement sa vie de peintre : « j'ai fait les deux pendant toutes ces années. Avant, en essayant souvent d'être le meilleur peintre de tous les vignerons, j'ai même failli être le meilleur vigneron de tous les peintres. C'est mauvais pour le vin. La vigne, c'est autre chose ; il faut beaucoup s'en occuper et surtout faire ce qu'il faut au moment où il le faut. Ni avant, ni après ».

Le plus extraordinaire, dans cette bouteille, ce n'est pas l'infini moelleux des tanins, marque des grands spécialistes du cabernet franc, ce n'est pas l'incroyable finesse de la palette aromatique, la délicatesse, la dentelle, non, c'est tout simplement la vie, l'énergie intacte qu'elle recèle encore. Tous les convives, ce soir-là, tu t'en souviens, sont restés interloqués : un Chinon de 16 ans !

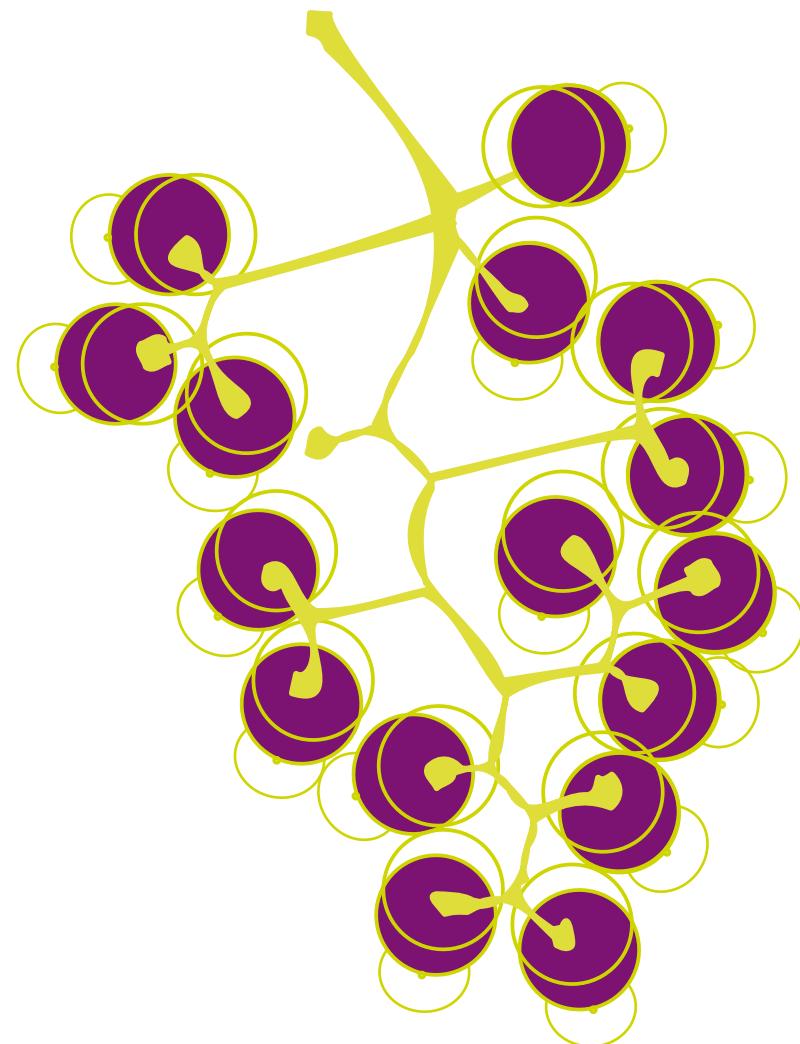
Un adolescent, en effet : chaque gorgée s'écoule le long de l'œsophage en une coulée chaude, irradiante, et inonde le plexus d'une bienfaisante sensation de tiédeur veloutée et amicale. Combien de temps cette vie va-t-elle encore bien vouloir rester enfermée dans ce flacon ? Il me reste encore, je crois, trois bouteilles du vin de Charles Joguet précieusement alignées dans ma cave.

Un jour pourtant, si nous ne les buvons pas à temps, si nous ne nous résignons pas à voir disparaître à jamais les vins de Charles Joguet, sans que rien n'y paraisse à l'extérieur, cette énergie qui semble aujourd'hui inépuisable va brusquement s'évanouir à l'intérieur.

Ce jour-là, il serait bon qu'existe un nouveau Charles Joguet. Ce n'est pas triste du tout, non ; au contraire, c'est bien parce qu'il est si fragile que l'art peut être si vivant.

Je t'embrasse,

Stéphane Corréard



**"in vino veritas"
matali crasset
2008**

Opening :
september 23 at 6 pm
exhibition :
**september 24 –
november 22, 2008**

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