

**El Periódico**

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By Joan Barril

**Hi Nonino!**

Alimentaria keeps on growing. It is the contemporary revisiting of the character of that Comedy of Art, named Harlequin, who recited the motto “belly, gentlemen, knows reasons that reason ignores”. The reason, or better the irrationality of the economic crisis, doesn't prevent agribusiness from developing and combining from continent to continent. A walk around the fair can be a trip in the reign of Pantagruel by **François Rabelais**. In few places in the world there is such devotion for ham and good salami. The technology applied to food is also part of that combination that tries to satisfy the purse. However the true visit is the tasting of wines or distillates because, as Kierkegaard said in one of his conferences “*In vino veritas*”. Maybe due to this need of finding the truth Juvé & Camps has organized a 12 hour pilgrimage, transport included, to invite its customers and friends in its wonderful estate of Espiells, near Sant Sadurni. With the title of *Magnificat*, like **Johan Sebastian Bach's** oratorio, **Joan Juvé Santacana** opened the doors of his castle of must and wine to offer the people invited at that intimate show that is created when glasses, dialogue and landscape are joined together.

I have known **Joan Juvé** for many years and have always admired his commercial vision and the good sense that ennobles the best farmers. Speaking with **Joan Juvé** is always way to learn, because he is one of those barons of the cava that are also able to listen and who enjoy other people's happiness. Obviously Juvé is not the winery with the highest sales volumes, but it certainly is the one that maintains itself in a favorable position, well aware of the fact that quantity will never be a category superior to quality.

We spoke of this sitting around a table with the trader of mushrooms, insects and products of nature Llorenç Patràs and the earls of Sert, surely the most republican among the nobles.

The moment came to pass near the huge stainless steel tanks and taste the *Primeras Marcas* distributed by Juvé & Camps as well. The wedding banquet atmosphere that is born among unknown visitors is curious. It's few hours before the Champions League match and nobody speaks of football. Behind the tables the exhibitors exalt the excellence of their drinks, as if each of them was actually a magic elixir. I stay in front of Nonino's

## Cent'anni della Famiglia Nonino

table, the legendary Grappa of Friuli. I remember that the word Grappa always reminded me the melancholic desperation of Cesare Pavese, a poet easy to fall in love who died suicide in 1950. On the contrary the girls of the Nonino give grappa an optimistic character. There I find Elisabetta Nonino, the latest generation of the founders of the company, created in 1897. She suggests me a small cocktail with mint, sugar and ground ice. I comment with the bartender that it is a Friulian *mojito* and we smile. We speak of another Nonino, to whom the bandoneonist **Astor Piazzolla** dedicated his renowned piece *Adiós, Nonino*. This feast of hospitality and small afternoon pleasures is what most looks like a basket of cherries, where each cherry takes out another one. Therefore adiós **Nonino, Elisabetta**, see you soon.

Finally on the bus taking the visitors back to the Fair the guests exchange their visiting cards and addresses like high school students. In the wine there is the truth of the land. Tomorrow we will have forgotten it, but with experiences like this we feel alive, cordial and members of the Roman Empire, as we should never stop doing.