



Yin Yang
2007
Eusebio
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**DIVINE
GLASSES OF WINE**

**By
VINCENZO REDA**

UTOPIA

Wine: Tear of Morro D'Alba Rùbico e Xiris 2008 Cantine Marotti Campi

ABU NUWAS (Iran, 757 - 815)

WINE OF PARADISE

Wine of jar bright, sun of black night, tear of the eyes, wine of Paradise! Sun globe of yore, yellow hellebore, eye of a Persian cast into prison! I saw a savage come from my village: the jar he struck with one blow he cracked. Forth burst the wine incarnadine, mellower far aged in the jar. Aromas wafted of wormwood in flower, for freedrinkers crafted, under skies a-glower. An evil brew This wineboy pours you: water from rain with wine entrained. He flashes a wink, a lethal drink! and as he saunters your mind wanders...

**"This book is dedicated to my father Giuseppe, to my grandfather Vincenzo and to
my
friend Giovanni"**

Vincenzo Reda

Biographical notes

He was born in Sila, mountain in the south of Italy , and now lives and works, from 1960, in Turin.

He works in publishing and writes about wine and food on very important magazines and web-sites in Europe.

He has been intensely active in theatre and photography (important shows like “Rayographs and pictures lumieres”, Turin 1976 and “Il diavolo ti vuole”- The devil wants you - with painter Bruno Chiarenza, Turin 1980) and in the avant-garde cinema (“Ogni corpo occupa un suo spazio” - Every body occupies its space - Venice, Biennial of art cinema, 1976).

Since 1993 he has been painting on paper, cloth and glass using wine, red and white, exclusively.

He showed his art works all in Italy and in Usa.

Some of his works are on display in Usa, South Africa, Germany, Brasil and Russia.

He is a Grand Master of the” Order of the Vine Leaf.”

He is married from 1990 and has an adopted a indian daughter from Mumbay(1998, she is now 17 years old).

VINCENZO REDA

About my art

“ Wine is made to be drunk.

And naturally I drink wine and I like it very much.

Sometimes, particularly at night, after having drunk some, I spread it on certain types of paper , and wait for the miracle to happen, because it is certainly a miracle. But sometimes I need to wait days, weeks and sometimes months. I work with lots of patient to allow that miracle to happen as I expect, and to form shapes and shades as I desire.

Wine is not only a colour or a simple drink. Every wine is a story that starts from the flaking of rocks in geological times, continues with the evolution of the climate and growth of a tenacious but delicate plant, and concludes the start of another story, this time populate by people.

I am not only a painter who paints with wine.

Also, I am not only a painter.

Who am I?

Maybe italian poet Aldo Palazzeschi or Marcel Duchamp could me give that answer.”

“I think there is a great difference between a craftsman and a real artist.

An artist lives his obsessions and his art works, have magic stream embedded in people feeling.

My obsessions are the glasses (I imagine a glass like a tree: with roots, trunk and leaves; from the earth to the sky...)

and the stains on white, when I am painting I imagine to steel some white.”

“An artist must, in my thought, live of obsessions and I can say that I have many. To maintain my merit of research in this field; it all comes from obsession. My obsession with the stains of wine on immaculate tablecloths, the aesthetics of crystal glass. In the shape of the goblet I see the perfect form of a tree with its roots sunk in the land, the stem that is a sort of lift and the canopy that breathes to the sky.

In the bottle of wine, before each color, aroma and flavour, I can always see a history. A tale of the rocks that flake into the land, of land turned and rolled, roots that seek obstinate water and minerals, leaves and fruit that like to be kissed by the sun. And then a tale of men; tenacious, dreamers who work the land.

I drink, I drink, I know. I love the wines with which I paint and I know the land, the climates and the men, and this is the meaning of my research, irrespective of fame, success and business. I have set out in Italy and worked with Sicilian wines and with Trentino red and whites, dry and sweet, firm and semi-sparkling wines. I love above all the Dolcetto and amongst the whites, the Verdicchio, be it of Jesi, be it of Matelica.”

My works are pure form.

The contents are in the wine that I use,

in the mists of my mind,

in the fantasies of

those

who look at my paintings.

FLAME

Wine: Dolcetto d'Alba Saria 2007

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE (Paris, 1821-1867)

1. The Soul of Wine

One night, the soul of wine was singing in the flask: "O man, dear disinherited! to you I sing This song full of light and of brotherhood From my prison of glass with its scarlet wax seals.

I know the cost in pain, in sweat, And in burning sunlight on the blazing hillside, Of creating my life, of giving me a soul: I shall not be ungrateful or malevolent,

For I feel a boundless joy when I flow Down the throat of a man worn out by his labor; His warm breast is a pleasant tomb Where I'm much happier than in my cold cellar.

Do you hear the choruses resounding on Sunday And the hopes that warble in my fluttering breast? With sleeves rolled up, elbows on the table, You will glorify me and be content;

I shall light up the eyes of your enraptured wife, And give back to your son his strength and his color; I shall be for that frail athlete of life The oil that hardens a wrestler's muscles.

Vegetal ambrosia, precious grain scattered By the eternal Sower, I shall descend in you So that from our love there will be born poetry, Which will spring up toward God like a rare flower!"



FORM AND CONTENT

Wine: Dolcetto d'Alba Saria 2007 e Gemme di Billia 2008

DANTE ALIGHIERI (Italy, 1265 – 1321)

The Divine Comedy

Purgatorio, Canto XXV, 77-79

E perché meno ammiri la parola,

guarda il calor del sol che si fa vino,

giunto a l'omor che de la vite cola.

And that thou less may wonder at my word,

Behold the sun's heat, which becometh wine,

Joined to the juice that from the vine distils

