



THE *Wine* ZINE

A MOVABLE TERROIR

WHAT DOES BORDERLESS WINE MEAN?

WORKING WITH HORSES (AND DIDIER BARRAL)

CONSIDER THE CHAMPAGNE MUSELAT

TRAVEL JOURNAL: SAM YOUKIUS IN JAPAN

LAMB + GRAPES

LAND PRESERVATION WITH FLORAL TERRANES

PAINTINGS BY DIKE BLAIR

Marie Tribouilloy

of Forêt Wines and Ops (Brooklyn, New York)

Marie-anna Tribouilloy was born in Saint Martin D'heres, near Grenoble, in Southeastern France. Saint Martin D'heres falls at the crook of a long, bendy valley, and, following the usual rules of geography, there are big piles of mountains nearby. Swaths of protected forest puff like wings to the north and west: Parc Naturel Régional de Chartreuse, full of limestone cliffs, is the birthplace of drinkable Chartreuse, made by Carthusian monks; Parc Naturel Régional du Vercors is riddled with limestone caves where French resistance fighters planned how best to fight off Nazis. Tall and wild in the other direction, the French Alps sparkle.

All this landscaping is to say two things. First, that a lot of this landscape is like Marie—the ferocity, mystery, sweetness, and rigor, especially. And also that these names, from Tribouilloy to Vercors, are like little rocks to someone with a non-French mouth like mine, and it can almost feel like the scary part of wine, the part where you don't know anything and no one cares to tell you. But inside the beautiful-complicated names there are people, and rivers, and trees, and big mountains—things I can recognize. Things anyone can recognize.

Marie is very good at making wine feel recognizable, both at Ops, her brilliant restaurant in Bushwick, Brooklyn, and at the wine shop she recently opened in Ridgewood, Queens, named Forêt. When I asked her why she's so good at making delicious wine feel accessible and easy, she said, "I don't know. Maybe because I find it accessible and easy. At the end of the day, it's just wine. The only thing to take seriously is the effort put in by the people who make it."

We emailed while Marie was at home in France, drinking wine, seeing friends, and spending time with her parents, Brigitte and Jean-Jacques.



"At the end of the day, it's just wine. The only thing to take seriously is the effort put in by the people who make it."

Why did you want to open a wine shop?

I had a strange calling. A series of events put it in front of me, it became obvious. I love my neighborhood, I wouldn't have done it anywhere else and I was so lucky to find a space at my scale. Ops showed me how much people cared about honest wine, and the stories behind them. Meeting winemakers showed me how much I wanted to support their efforts. And a store gives me the time to focus on learning, and I have so much learning to do.

Forêt is a beautiful name.

Aside from that, why is this the name of your shop?

It was important to me to link the name to the neighborhood. Ridgewood has always reminded me of home, it nests small details that make me feel closer to Europe, which is why I love it so much. The store is on Forest Avenue, it came naturally.

How do you decide which wines to sell?

Well, they have to taste good to me, first of all. I am lucky to work with importers I trust. They do all the work for me. I am also lucky to travel and meet the winemakers, lucky to taste a lot of wines, lucky to ask a lot of questions and get honest answers.

When did your wine life start?

When I was maybe 6 or 7, someone at the family table gave me Champagne and I didn't understand what the big deal was.

When I was sixteen, I was lucky to try some very old and very expensive Bordeaux. That one I understood. That's when it started. My other wine life started when I worked at Roman's and a woman named Lee Campbell was doing the list and training us. She opened my eyes.

What do you love about wine, and what do you hate?

I love drinking it. I profoundly dislike the lack of transparency that comes with industrial practices, and that high manipulation became the norm. I am enraged at the idea that we need to give the specific name of 'natural' to what is just wine, and that most people will never be given the chance to know what really is in what they are drinking. I have no interest in the snobbery that often comes with wine.

What are ten of your favorite wine words?

A lot of technical terms are very evocative to me, like pruning, racking, pigeage. I also like poetic words like hue, lunar. Some soils like gneiss or limestone. And some tasting notes are particularly magical to me. If someone says honeysuckle or tangerine, I'm in. Pigeage means "punching down", and it happens during the initial ferment: grape skins, stems, and seeds float to the top of the vat and get punched down (usually



more than once). This helps get the right balance of color, texture, and flavor. It also helps to keep the wine aerated. What a fantastic word.

What are five of your least favorite wine words? Natty, cab, sauv, natty, natty.

If someone offered to give you a vineyard in France, would you leave New York to make wine? No. I have no idea how to do that. Considering the amount of courage and effort it takes to make natural wine, I'd want to know what the hell I was doing. But if whoever gives me a vineyard wants to spend 10 years

training me first, then I'd consider it.

Two kinds of cheese or one piece of chocolate cake? Assuming they are all good, I'd take even one piece of cheese over two pieces of chocolate cake. Ask me to choose between cheese and an actual piece of choco-

late though, and I start panicking.

What is your favorite kind of flower?

I like all wild flowers, except for poppies because I got a horrible allergic reaction to a poppy when I was in 8th grade and had to leave class with my eyes like tennis balls and everyone laughing at me. I also love ranunculus. They have so many petals.

We're on a catamaran near Corsica eating cherries and bread and fish from a tin. What wine should we drink?

We should drink beer. Okay, okay, I'll think of a wine. We'll open a chilled bottle of Ombretta Agricola, Mosso. It's from a tiny project in Emilia-Romagna, very special. A bright and lush pet-nat.

Now we're in a speedboat on one of the Finger Lakes and we're eating Utz Rippled barbeque chips with leftover grilled hot dogs. What wine should we drink?

We should drink Liten Buffel, Parking Lot. Pinot Noir made in New York state. High-speed wine, so good.

Now we've ordered sushi and we're re-watching Fleabag and crying, maybe a lot. What should we drink?

We should

drink a beautiful pet-nat, like the one from Le Petit Domaine de Gimios. It's elegant, subtle and celebratory, that should elevate our tears a bit.

You're a reader. What's on the list?

Over the summer, I read Advice Not Given by Mark Epstein, L'ombilic des Limbes by Antonin Artaud and Prince's last interview. Now I've switched to Edward Tufte's Envisioning Information and Silent Spring by Rachel Carson.

Writing this, I realise: how strange of a combination. But it's working out great, I recommend all of them.

Although you have to be in a pretty good mood for Artaud.

You can grab three different bottles from your shop and that's all you drink this fall. Which ones do you snatch?

Oh boy.

Cider from a winemaker, Vincent Marie: No Control - Heaven Cider

Maison En Belle's Lies L'Etrange. Burgundy!

Alessandro Viola - 50 Gradi all'Ombra

