Acknowledgments

Books, like good wine, come from a particular place. This one began at the University of Iowa, where I wrote my senior thesis on the late nineteenth-century phylloxera crisis in France that devastated the vines and the people who cultivated them. Sarah Farmer was the first to fire my interest in history and suggest a thesis topic on wine. Other professors at the University of Iowa also inspired me. Many thanks to Jeff Cox, Sarah Hanley, Elizabeth Heineman, and Mark Peterson for giving my life some direction. Good teachers really do have a positive and long-lasting impact.

After college, I left one heartland for another, this time in southern France, the old hub of industrialized viticulture. I spent a year in Uzès and another in Montpellier improving my language skills and getting to know the people and wines of this area. Although so much of this book is focused on political matters in Paris, I haven’t forgotten what makes the people of this region unique. Like many American travelers, I received my first taste of terroir in Provence, especially while feasting with Fred Xabada and his family over lamb and lots of gigondas. Memories abound of the
celebrated *dimanche*—those long Sundays of cooking, eating, drinking, and socializing—that give people reason to pause. Such days seem hard to sustain in this century, but I hope that they prevail.

When I moved to Berkeley, the activism of Raj Patel and Michael Pollan made me increasingly aware of how consumers become ensnared in larger systems, free to make choices but not necessarily choices of their own making. I had the privilege of studying with a long line of talented teachers and scholars, among them Susanna Barrows, Tom Laqueur, Stanley Brandes, Jonah Levy, Daniel Sargent, Tyler Stovall, and Peggy Anderson. The late Susanna Barrows was my mentor early on. She invited me into her homes in Berkeley and Paris and always knew how to orchestrate an evening of delicious food and deep conversation. Whenever I have writer’s block or a class doesn’t go well, I often think about what Susanna would have done, but this, I know, is futile because her genius was intuitive, unfettered, and elusive. Tom Laqueur, one of the great cultural historians of his generation, pushed me away from cultural history to learn political economy; although I resisted the idea at first, I now credit him for transforming the way I see culture. A special thanks to Alan Karras for employing me as a lecturer in UC-Berkeley’s International and Area Studies program for two years. This was a period of rapid intellectual growth for me, as I had the opportunity to teach many of the classic texts of political economy and fine-tune my knowledge of the history of capitalism. I’m grateful to all of the students who listened to me, exchanged ideas with me, and refined my thinking.

At Berkeley, I had the privilege of being part of a large cohort of graduate students who pushed me to be a better scholar. Those were exciting times. The future seemed wide open as we helped one another develop our respective fields. Eliah Bures, Chad Denton, Grahame Foreman, Stephen Gross, Siti Keo, Jacob Mikanowski, Mark Sawchuk, and Alex Toledano waded through early versions of this book, when the ideas were inchoate and the prose was unpolished. Thank you for making me see things more clearly. Many others made graduate school life more enjoyable, among them Rob Nelson, Megan Pugh, Annie Ruderman, Chris Shaw, and Sarah Zimerman. Some in my cohort stayed in academia and others left, whether willingly or after putting up a fight with a tough job market. It has been disheartening to see university doors close to so many brilliant scholars,
Acknowledgments

but it does make me happy to see my Berkeley friends doing so well no matter the path that they're on.

I can’t thank my Portland State University (PSU) colleagues enough for making the history department such a pleasant and stimulating working environment. Tim Garrison has been an incredibly humane department chair. Any time a problem has arisen, he has been quick to come up with a solution. The junior faculty in my department welcomed me into their writing group when I arrived at PSU, which has been an immense help in making me think about how scholars outside of my field read my work. Thanks to Desmond Cheung, Patricia Goldsworthy-Bishop, Catherine McNeur, Laura Robson, and Jenn Tappan for their constructive criticisms, and for making work life at PSU so enjoyable. I’m also thankful for the intellectual exchange and moral support from Richard Beyler, Jim Grehan, ChiaYin Hsu, David Johnson, John Ott, and Ken Ruoff. The history department is fortunate to have a group called The Friends of History, which, among other things, invites historians to campus to present their work, provides financial support for faculty research trips, and helps create a vibrant intellectual community in the halls and classrooms at PSU. I am grateful to the Friends of History and especially Lou Livingston for their continued generosity and support. Working at PSU would not be the same without them. Jeff Brown and Andrea Janda have kept the department administration smooth and steady. On top of that, Andrea has been a great help with questions of style, and our frequent discussions about gardening always bring me a little peace of mind, even though my theories of gardening still far exceed my practice of it.

Many scholars have supported my work even when they were under no obligation to do so. After Susanna Barrows’s untimely death, Phil Nord mentored me as if I was one of his own students. Over the years, he has brought greater clarity to my work, and urged me to play for bigger stakes. Out of sheer generosity and a genuine commitment to his field, he continues to counsel me to this day. Alain Chatriot has been with this project since day one. During my fieldwork, Alain shepherded me through the archives, kept me informed on scholarly trends in France, and introduced me to like-minded scholars. Today, he remains one of my harshest critics and warmest colleagues. I wouldn’t know Alain if Patrick Fridenson hadn’t welcomed me into his scholarly network. Like Alain, Patrick has been with this project since early on and I thank him for all the opportunities that he has created for me in France. Herrick Chapman has become a
reliable advisor who has helped me etch out a place in the French history community. Off and on for several years now, Owen White has graciously exchanged material and ideas, sometimes at critical moments in this project’s development. Owen’s willingness to share the territory exemplifies what is best about the community of French historians in the United States.

Other scholars have helped out in one way or another, either by commenting on this work, by putting me in touch with other scholars, by opening a door, or simply by providing good cheer. Thanks to Michael Bess, Venus Bivar, Bertrand Dargelos, Marie-France Garcia-Parpet, Patricia Goldsworthy-Bishop, Kolleen Guy, Scott Haine, Jessica Hammerman, Steve Harp, Jeff Horn, Rick Jobs, Gilles Laferté, Pau Medrano Bigas, Giulia Meloni, Mary Ashburn Miller, Phillip Naylor, Didier Nourrisson, Éric Panthou, Sue Peabody, Rod Phillips, Sara Pritchard, and Barbara Traver.

During the fieldwork for this book, I logged countless hours in French archives. Many archivists facilitated my research, too many to list here, but I would like to thank them collectively for their help and hospitality. I also called on about twenty “sober revolutionaries” to ask them questions about their experiences. A high point for me was being invited to Edgard Pisani’s home to talk about agricultural politics and the creation of the Common Agricultural Policy in the early 1960s. Although Pisani has recently passed away, some of the people I interviewed are still living, and I thank them for their time and for opening their homes to me.

Research is as costly as it is enriching. Among the institutions that made this book possible is the Alcohol Research Group in Emeryville, California, which provided me with three years in which my sole responsibility was to write and to attend a weekly seminar. That kind of comfort doesn’t come along very often, and so I’m grateful to the wonderful group of researchers there for welcoming me into their company. The Institute of International Studies at UC-Berkeley, through a Reinhard Bendix Memorial Fellowship, also helped fund a fifteen-month research stay in France. More recently, PSU’s Friends of History has defrayed the costs of research trips to Paris, which has been invaluable in allowing me to finish this project and start a new one.

At Cornell University Press, many thanks to Mahinder Kingra, my editor, for taking on this project with such enthusiasm. Carmen Torrado Gonzalez, Karen Laun, and Bethany Wasik have made the production process smooth. Martin Schneider read closely and carefully in his copyediting.
The anonymous reviewers provided expert criticisms and helped focus some of my arguments. Thanks to Ella Indarta for making the map, a project that was far more challenging and political than I imagined. Some ideas or passages from this book originally appeared in two articles published in *French Historical Studies* and *French Politics, Culture, and Society*. I’m grateful to these journals for granting me permission to reprint those ideas and passages here.

Many friends kept me sane during this project and gave me a good reason to take a break from my work. Thanks to those who have drunk wine and talked wine with me, often late into the night. Talking seriously about wine, about different vintages and different philosophies and approaches to working the land and making wine, is a true pleasure. Such experiences are far too ephemeral and occur too infrequently in one lifetime, but I’m most grateful to have the memory of them. The following people showed me that wine drinking really does achieve something of consequence: Alain Chatriot, Luc Erdogan, Josh Eubank, Byron Fuller, Guillaume Gérard, and Alex Toledano. Andy Friedman, I hope that this book has a *soupçon of asparagus* and a *flutter of a nutty Edam cheese*, although it probably doesn’t. Others, too, have been a joy to share a table with: Poppy Alexander, Annie Janusch, Kate Marshall, Ben Schrom, Simon and Judith Trutt, Greg Volk, and Sasha Wizansky. All of these people have helped me see the value of a multidimensional life. How lucky I’ve been!

To my family, I owe the most. My immediate and extended families have lived with my scholarly obsessions for a long time now, and they have tolerated too many absences and put up far too patiently with the slog of writing a book. Growing up in Iowa, I had a close relationship with all of my grandparents, who planted deep roots in the Midwest. They are no longer here for me to thank, and I could never repay them enough for imparting on me a sense of time, history, and identity. My whole life, my parents have encouraged me to follow my passions, and they’ve always done their best to make everything possible for me. I hope that I’ve made them proud. My brother has a way of making me take life less seriously, even though I know how serious he can be, and he unfailingly comes to the rescue with my occasional computer crises. Special thanks to my in-laws and the extended Burke and Gould families for taking me in and for giving me a taste of what it’s like to be a Vermonter and a New Yorker.
They, too, take pride in place. Thanks to each and every one of you for loving me no matter what.

Finally, there’s Maria, my compagnon de route. Did you know what you were in for when you took on me and this book? Maria has tolerated more about wine than anyone, not all of it, alas, as fun as drinking it. Through her steady presence and commitment to our partnership, my sacrifices have become hers. She has read more, criticized more, and nourished me more than anyone. Her example has improved me and this book. I understand the meaning of place much better now. Without Maria, there would have been no sober revolution.