

**THE
70'S**

I am 10 or 12 years old. Every day, I come back from school...

My mother waits for me with the shopping list.

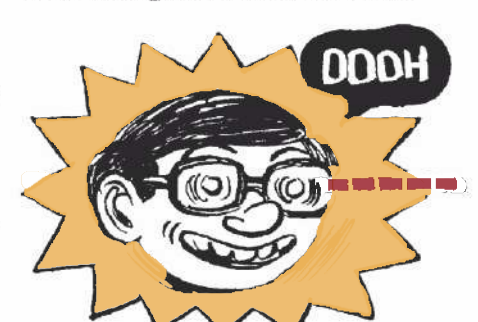
It's not that bad. I'll keep the change if it's not too evident.



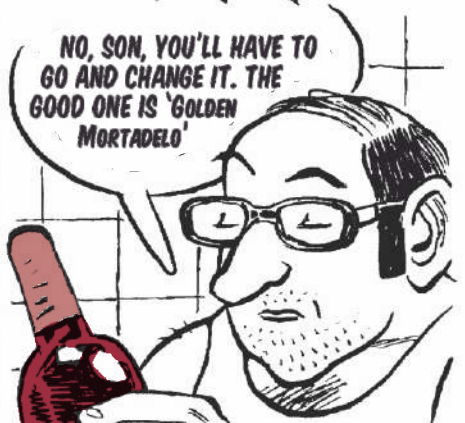
Today I have to buy wine. One bottle of 'GOLDEN MORTADELO' (Fictitious name)

There's 'GREAT MORTADELO', 'HARVEST MORTADELO' and 'GOLDEN MORTADELO'

And, although I'm not a big observer, I discovered something EXTRAORDINARY.



I come back home amazed by my cunningness.



**D.O. CATALUNYA
PRESENTS VINOMICS**

AN INEXPERIENCED LIFE

MANUEL FONTDEVILA

I was a bit annoyed by that change. Until then, the only people I've known who are picky about wine are the bad guys from the series Columbo.



'MORTADELO' is a traditional catalan local wine. Strong.



I know it's a strong wine because... I'VE TASTED IT! At home we make the most of dry bread by soaking it with wine until it gets softer. Then you add sugar on top to get a DELICIOUS snack.



The bread acts like a sponge. The plate is filled with wine. I don't know if it was a common thing but a lot of kids from my generation were fed with BREAD WITH WINE.



Nowadays, if someone offers my children this delicious plate I WOULD REPORT THEM IMMEDIATELY.



There were other signs that proved the wine was strong...



THE 80'S

Supreme teenagehood! I was barely acquainted with wine at that time...

PROM NIGHT

THERE'S SANGRIA

IN LOVE WITH THE TEENAGE STYLE...



**THE
90's**

I share my apartment with two students from Navarra. Since they come close from a very famous wine region, I guess they are better wine connoisseurs than I am.



In my way of thinking, a wine expert is like the guy in movies who smells and guesses which brand and harvest it comes from. Something that normal people cannot do.



Those kinds of gestures and manners make me sick. Let's go back to the 70's.



During the liberal priests' great period, my father was the leader of the choir in Rajadell's Church.



My dad doesn't have any kind of music studies but he has a good ear and voice. He likes to sing.



He is enjoying it. Me... not so much.



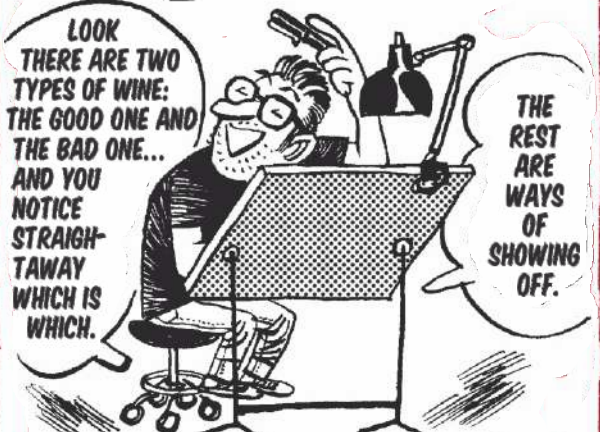
There's a lesson to be learnt from all this...



NO: An excess of prejudice and the sense of being ridiculed might deprive you from the best things in life, as you will witness next.

For the moment, I am turning into a **CARTOONIST**

LOOK THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF WINE: THE GOOD ONE AND THE BAD ONE... AND YOU NOTICE STRAIGHTAWAY WHICH IS WHICH.



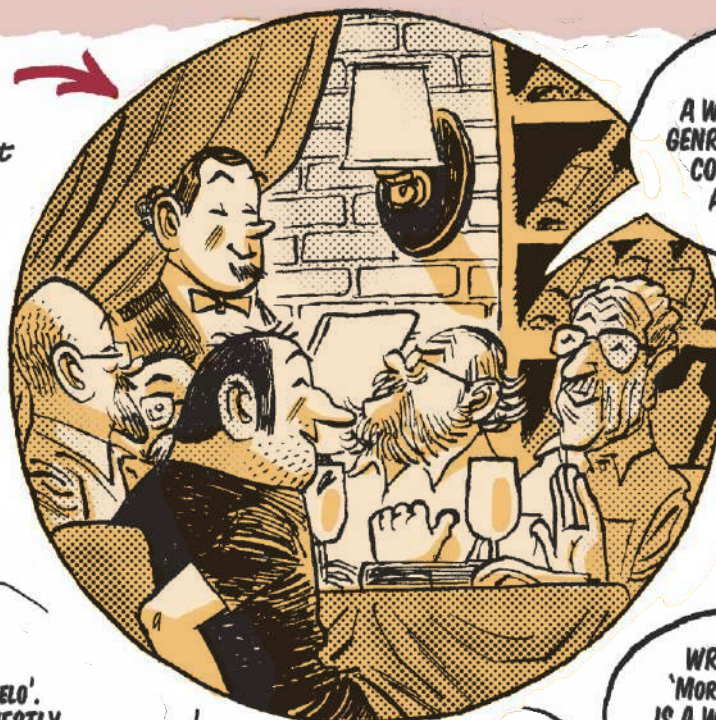
And I have the power to laugh at everything that made me feel ridiculous. HA!

THE 00's

In the end, this thing became very popular. Wine, like rock'n'roll, is here to stay...



Then, one day... I work in the editorial department of a magazine. When one illustrator comes to see us, the chief editor, who is a man of good taste, takes all of us for lunch.



CAN WE HAVE A WINE FROM A FANTASTIC GENRE? YOU KNOW, THIS MAN COMES FROM ARGENTINA AND IS VERY THIRSTY.

AH, OSCAR... QUÉ BÁRBARO!

IF YOU NEED SOME ADVICE, WE'VE JUST GOT A 'MORTADELO'. HONESTLY, A MAGNIFICENT WINE.

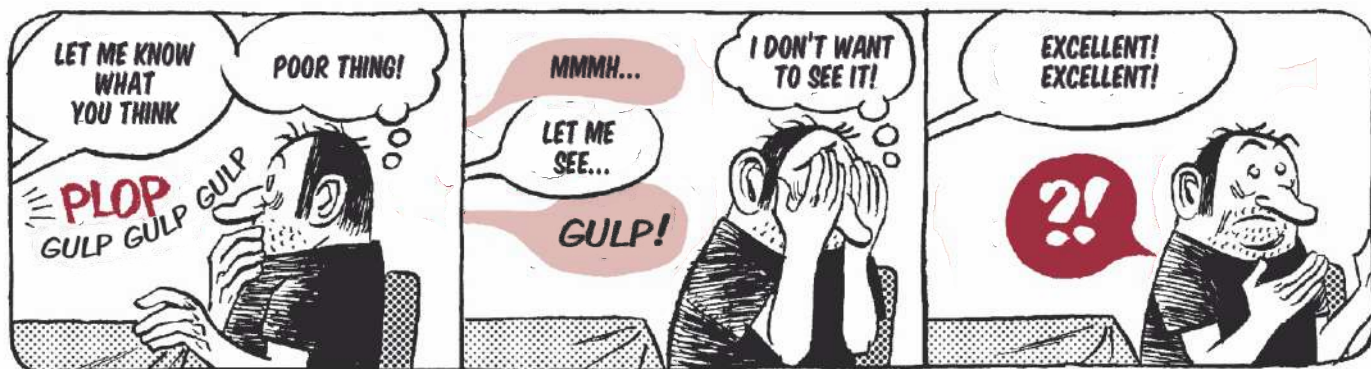
HMM...YES, I HEAR IT'S THE LATEST TREND... LET'S HAVE ONE BOTTLE!

HEY... PSST!

WRONG! 'MORTADELO' IS A WINE OF LOW STANDARDS! ONE DRINKS IT WITH SODA!

WITH SODA? WHICH CENTURY DO YOU LIVE IN? 'MORTADELO' IS DELICIOUS!

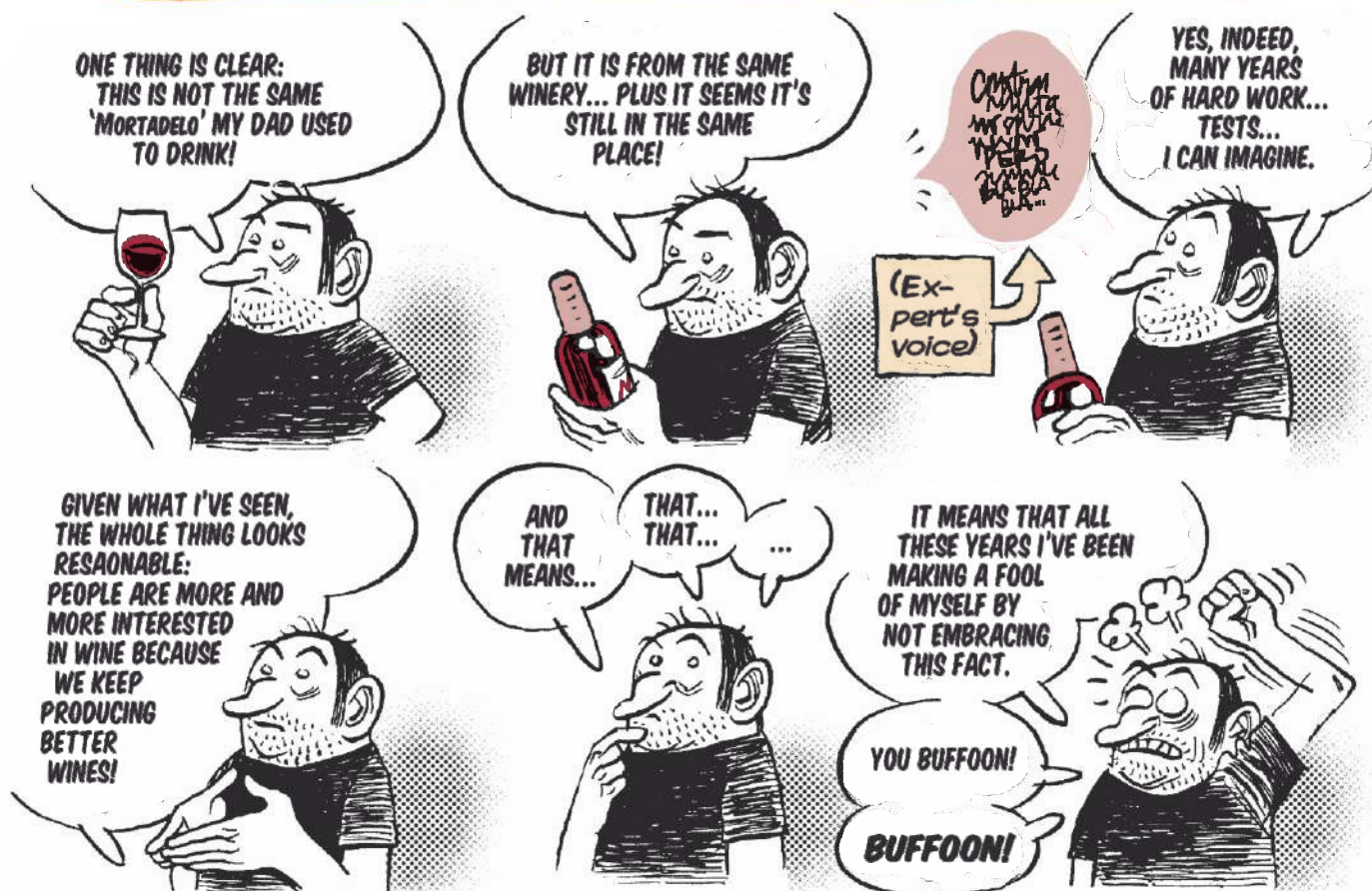




Apparently, thirty years later, good old 'MORTADELO' has become an exquisite wine... **HOW CAN THIS BE?**

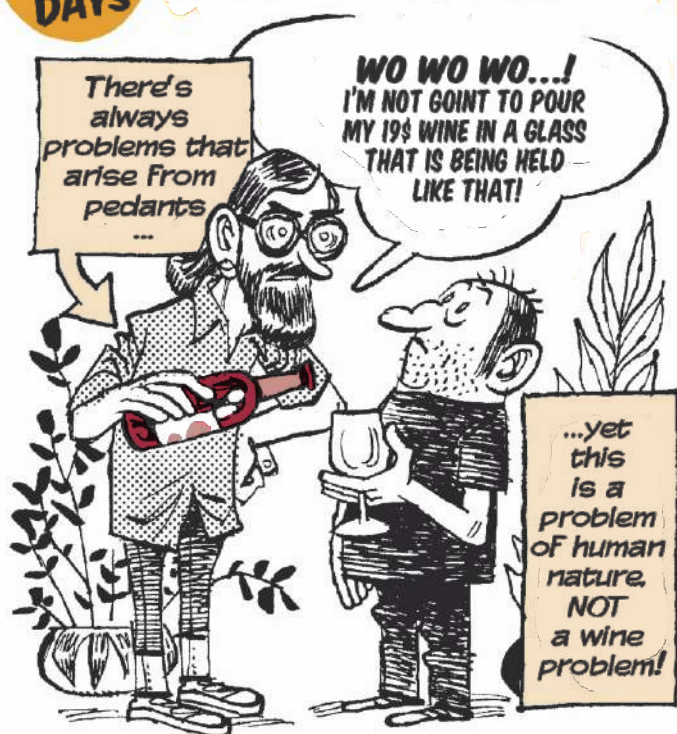


I SURRENDER TO THE WINE!



NOWA-DAYS

Finally we are well acquainted with wine: we drink it, we chat with it and we enjoy it: bravo!



As a **CARTOONIST**, I am lucky to have tasted other drinks (beside wine) to channel all my insecurities and sense of being ridiculed.

I AM A FAMILY MAN AND I DON'T GO OUT MUCH! ON AVERAGE, I GO OUT TWO HOURS PER MONTH!

I DON'T HAVE TEN MINUTES TO WASTE FROM THESE TWO HOURS READING THE GINTONICS LIST! I WANT A **NORMAL GINTONIC!**



IT'S BEEN A FEW YEARS SINCE MY DEAR DAD PASSED AWAY...

TRUTH BE TOLD, I MUST SAY THAT HIS INTEREST FOR WINE IS QUITE SUBJECTIVE... AS YOU'LL SEE NEXT!

A REAL ANECDOTE

Starring: my brother

WE'VE BEEN IN PORTUGAL AND WE BROUGHT YOU THIS: A WINE BOTTLE! I THINK IT'S A GOOD ONE!

FANTASTIC! THANK YOU!



A few days later...

DAD! HOW ARE YOU? DID YOU LIKE THE WINE?



I DON'T KNOW... I HAVEN'T GOT THE CHANCE TO TASTE IT...

HOW COME? ARE YOU OK? IT DIDN'T PLEASE YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?



NO, NO... I DON'T HAVE SODA AT HOME AND I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GO AND BUY SOME...

I DRINK WINE WITH SODA, YOU KNOW?



MY DAD... UNTAMABLE!

MANUEL F.