

# THEMES

PAUL  
READ

## INSIDE THE TORTILLA



A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF AUTHENTICITY

## Welcome to the land of the Tortilla.

This is a brief photo introduction to the book: Inside The Tortilla, in which you will meet some of the cast and characters that contribute to the different stories.

Especially the Hound. That's him, over there on the other page.

The Hound also features in his very own special publication - a very special 100 page Photobook you can grab for FREE at the end of this one.

Have a stroll through. Refer back to it when you are reading Inside The Tortilla, and when you are ready, let the Hound lead on to even better things....

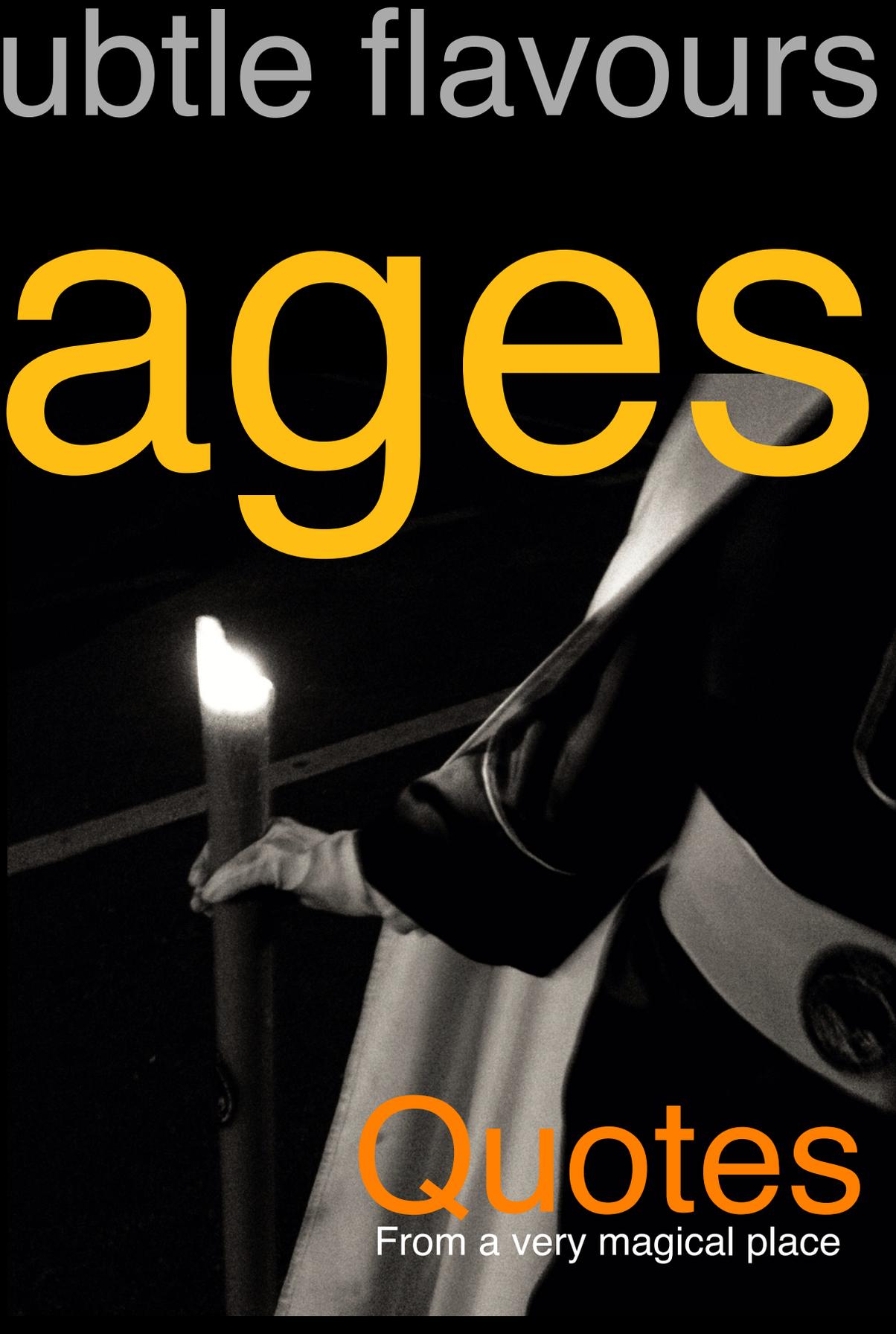


Subtle flavours

# Images



And



Quotes  
From a very magical place

# Insidi

by paul read

Nowadays, Spanish tortillas are readily available in all supermarkets pre-cooked and pre-wrapped. The tortilla has adapted to the 21st century and prolonged its presence on the dining table of life. But it has, in the process, lost something of its identity. The taste has become diluted, the varieties have become reduced to a simple "with or without onions" and the classic chunky shape regulated to a Frisbee-sized mould. In short, the tortilla has been reduced to an instant, microwaved tapa.

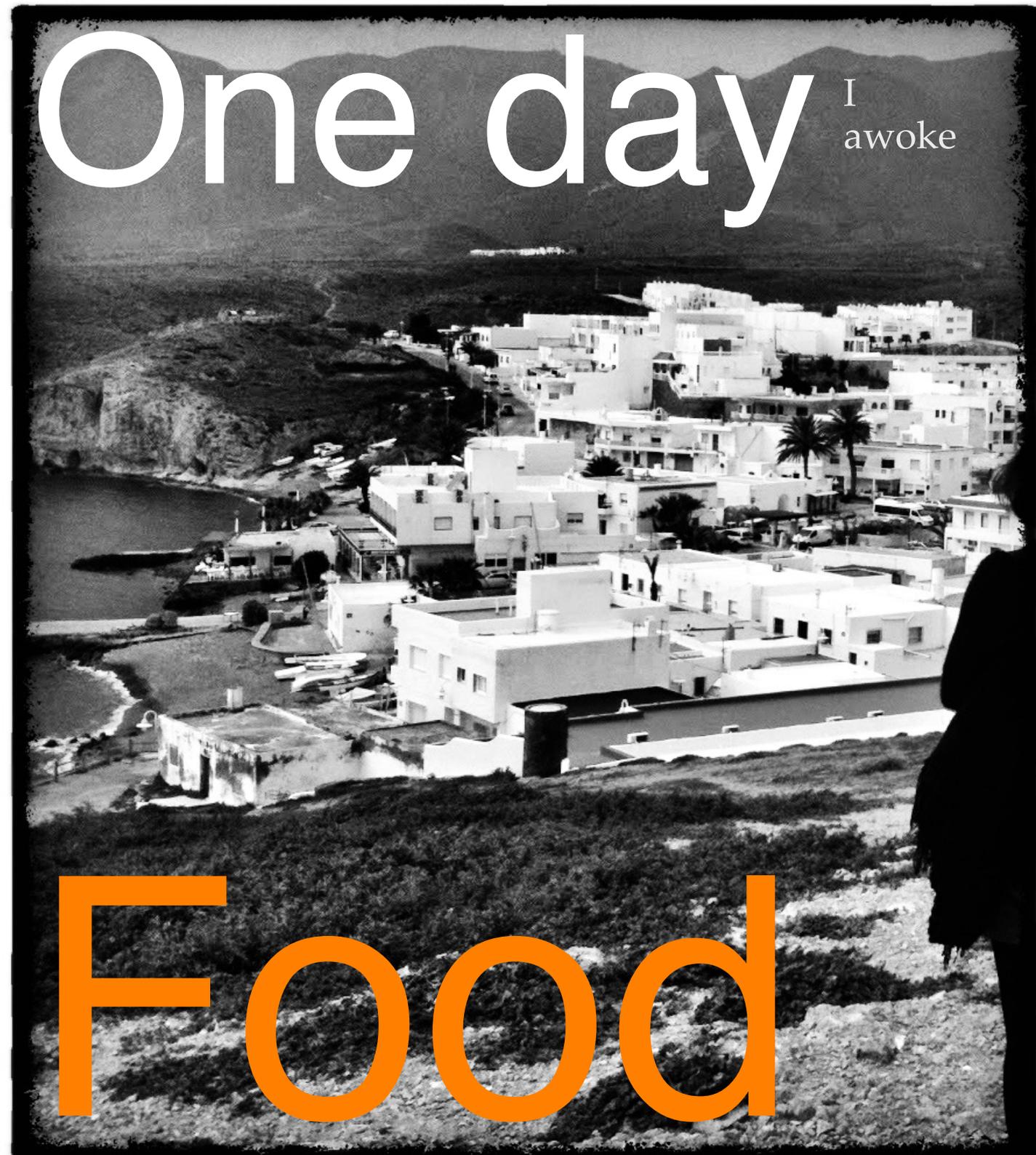
# the

# Tortilla

...  
with the  
certainty  
that I  
could no  
longer  
tolerate  
either  
the

**lifestyle**  
or the  
**taste**

of microwaved

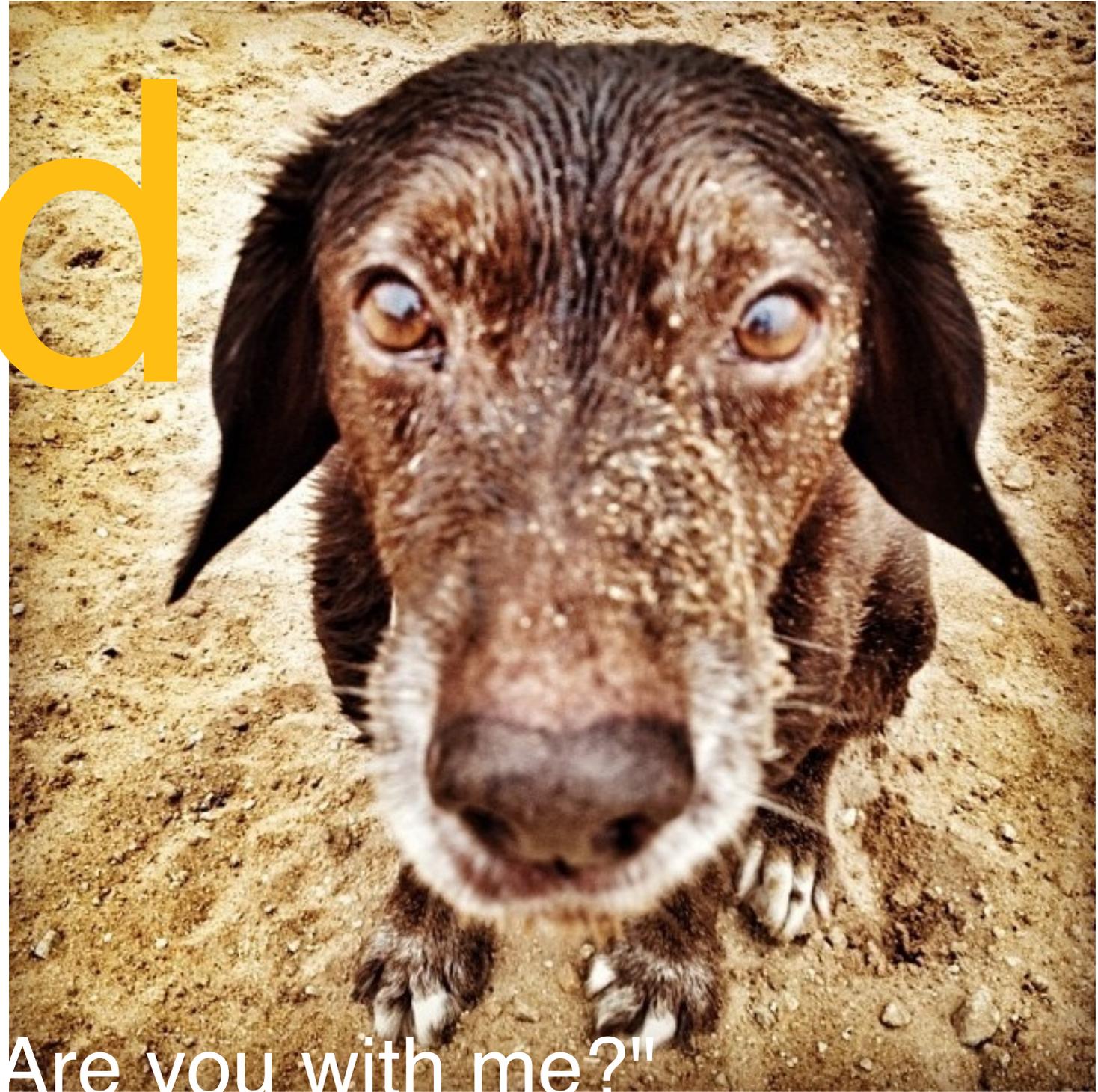


So I turned to

# The Hound

and said:

"I'm  
out of  
here..



Are you with me?"

# The Cast



## The Hound

The Hound is a sage. He doesn't growl back or strain at his leash. He turns the other jowl. Until that is, like Kwai Chang Caine, he is pushed to his limit. Then he snaps back, and in the blink of an eye, he is on-top of whatever small mammal has dared to challenge his chosen route.



## The Chef

"My friend, your analysis will only hold you back. One day, you must confront these fears...fear of blood, fear of microwaves, fear of heights...and then you will see what change can really mean."



## The King

As unpopular as he was, Alfonso XIII left Spain a very different country than the one into which he had been born. A country that now had found an obsession for sport (football), a new industry (tourism) and a new accompaniment to the humble beer (tapa).



## The Mr. Whippy Hats

At times the Incensarios keep still, but not often. When they are still, it is because they have blocked the route of a procession and must therefore sing an eardrum-piercing song before the float can move on. Then, after the final dance steps have been performed, they depart, with teeth-gritting determination in single military file, marching and wobbling off to the nearest corner and out of sight where they re-assemble to plan the next point of ambush.

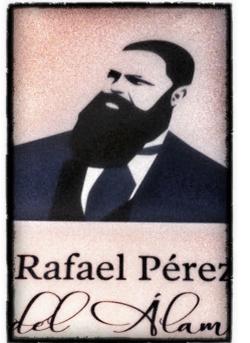
## The Fish-Beard

Suddenly, I was shaken from my reverie by old Fish-Beard himself rising to his feet. He staggers over to the microphone and I listen to his story in detail, before realising I'm understanding almost every word. Instinctively I reach out a hand in search of an extra ear, but find only my old and faithful set



## The Revolutionary

"Viva la Republica y muera la reina" they shouted as they approached the town and poured into the streets. La Clave was taken immediately and proclaimed an independent republic. The uprising continued and extended to the nearby towns of Archidona, Íllora, Huétor-Tájar and Alhama de Granada. Andalusia had a last revolted.



## The Marx Bros.

"By the way, does either the Department of Culture or the local businesses that carry the name, realise that Sylvania was a petty dictator state prepared to go to war over Mrs Teasdale's riches?" Groucho remained uncharacteristically silent. I imagined his moustache twitching in the morning breeze.



## The Vice-President

I looked up from my hasty scribbles in the old moleskin I had always carried with me. Alfonso had stopped speaking, and slowly in the silence that hung suspended in the air, he placed his notes to one side and sat down. There was barely a dry eye in the room.



## The Super-Judge

You may remember him for his attempt to grab Pinochet from Margaret Thatchers Garden, or from attempting to bring Bush to trial for war crimes. Garzón is controversial, not afraid of what others think of him and, unlike Superman, cannot be deterred by the presence of kryptonite.



What followed was a journey into the heart of the Deep South where -  
according to urban legend -

It was  
to  
be  
a  
journey

One town

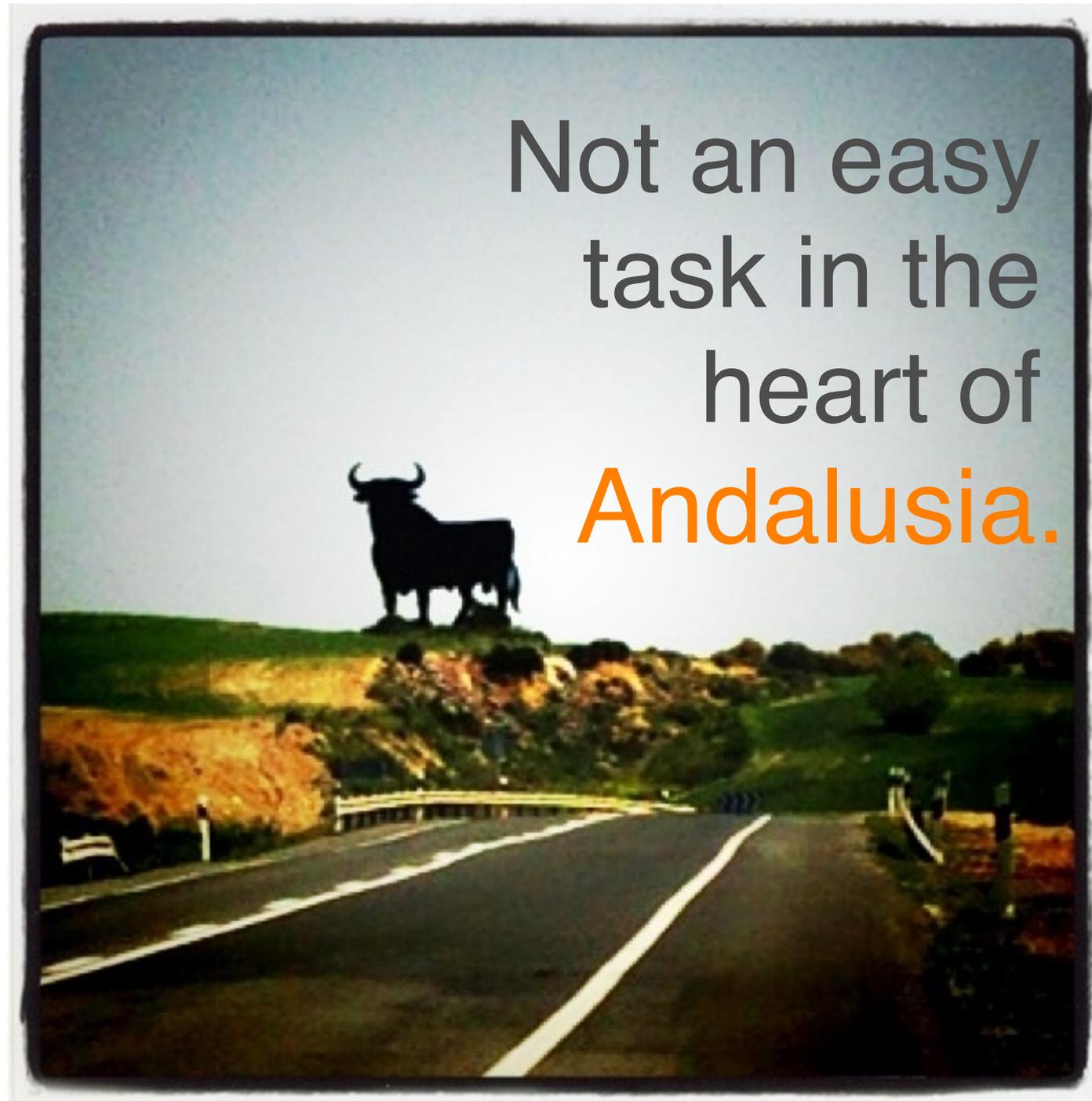
still cooked it's food rather than shopped for it.

deep  
inside the  
Tortilla  
Spanish

# The Destination

A town that had yet to be tainted by the corrupting hand of tourism.

After almost 20 years of wandering the Iberian Peninsula, I had yet to find a place where the ping of the microwave could not be heard.



Not an easy task in the heart of Andalusia.

# The Journey



With the Mediterranean waves at our back we travelled across the lunar landscape that bridges the 'sierras' of the coast with Granada's wider, fertile plains and settled in a place with a marked absence of burnt faces. A place where no-one wore sandals with socks. A place you couldn't find a post-card on sale anywhere, and were you in desperate need for a blow-up dinghy, you would have been sorely disappointed

# The Goal:

To hunt down the last remnants of authenticity...the traditional recipes of other times, before they disappeared under the wave of fast-food.

Pulpo a La Gallego

Tortilla

**Gazpacho**

Pippirana

Almejas

Sangría

Tomate Aliñado

Cogollos a la

Cordobesa

Tostada con Pan y

Tomate



# The Company



Only The Hound and the **The Trusty Van** were capable of tracking down the time-forgotten paths

Only The Hound's sense of smell and urban etiquette could guarantee the right ingredients.

Only The **Hound** could decipher the whispers in the wind.



# The Reasons

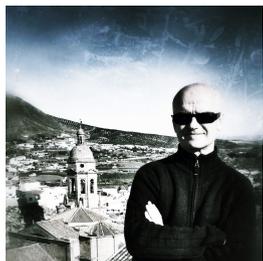
History

Language

Culture

Health

Food Identity



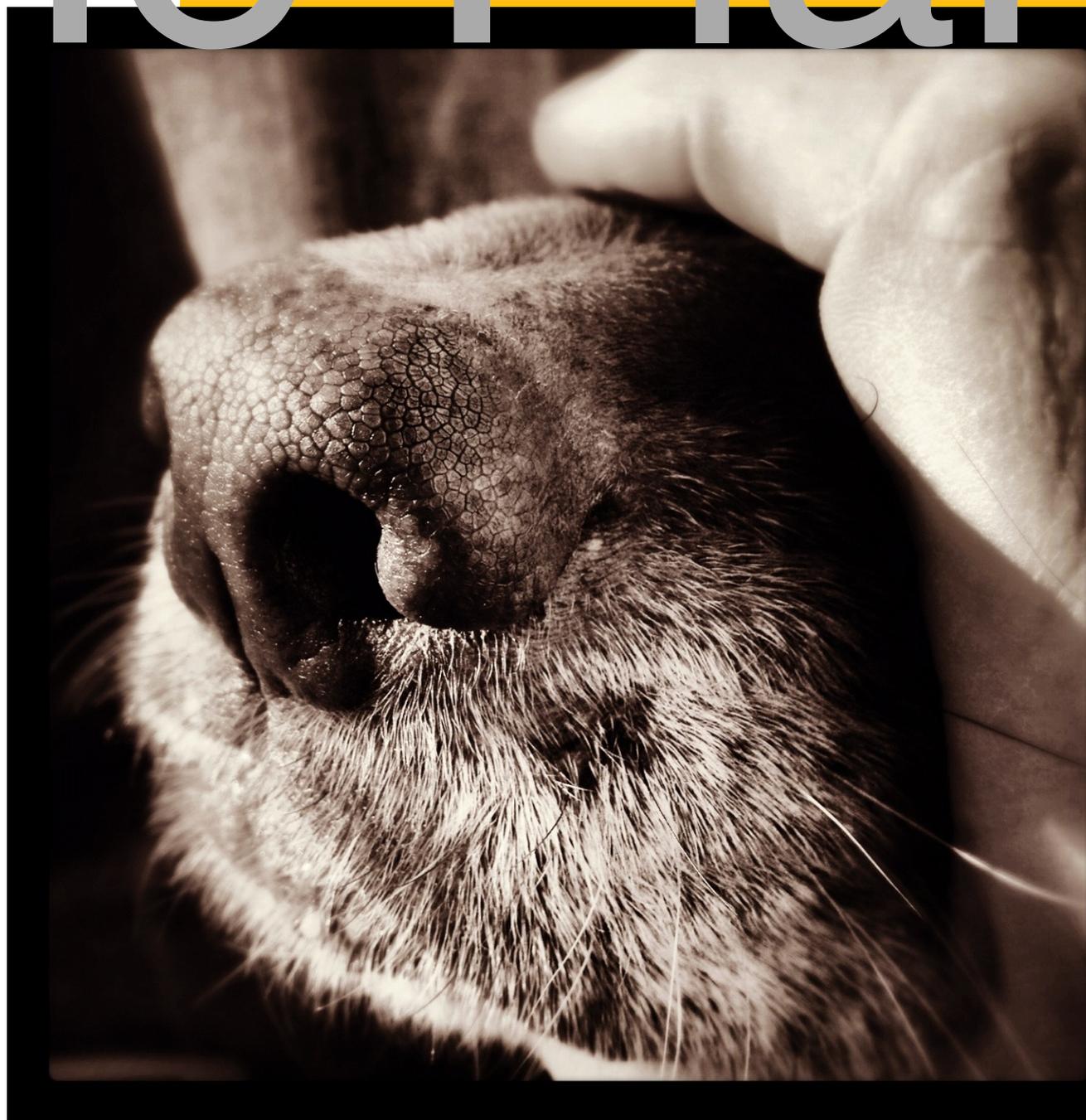
Everything is contextual...everything is an entangled web



Trust Your  
Senses,  
your  
Hound  
& your  
Van

It sounded  
so straight  
forward, so  
easy ... but  
things are  
never that  
easy.

# The Plan



# The Conditions

Like a fine olive,  
marinated in a  
chilli oil, the taste  
would only unveil  
itself after time  
and patience.

To acquire something new would require  
relinquishing something old.

Well, that  
was the  
theory



# The search...

would not take too long. Once I had broken away from the serpentine shopping mall that is unaccountably still called the Mediterranean, another country altogether could be found; one where the Iberian character had yet to succumb - or had yet to be tempted with - the fool's gold of tourism. It reminded me, as I zigzagged up the Carretera de Cabra, and over the mountain roads of Granada's tropical valleys, of those prophetic words once uttered by Laurie Lee: Other than war, tourism had done more to damage civilisation than anything else during the 20th century.

We travelled further on - my faithful Hound and I - through the lunar landscape that bridges the Sierras of the coast with Granada's wider, fertile plains; leaving behind those jagged peaks and arid lands that ran down to the blue waters beyond and fixing our gaze on that which lay ahead.

I stopped at the side of the road on a ridge between the Mediterranean Sea and the pine forest before me. The Hound needed to stretch his legs and mark the last outposts of his old territory. Something moved above and I glanced up. Catching the last breath of the coastal winds, the parasitic nests of the processional caterpillar swung eerily amongst the evergreen branches of the pines. The temperate climate of the coast had its downside. We drove on.



Some while ahead, I caught the first glimpses of the city of Granada, the last kingdom of the Moors in Spain. It was on this very spot that Bobadil had reputedly pulled over centuries before, after being evicted by the Catholic Monarchs. I sighed. I too knew what it was to be evicted by conquering armies. I too had lost my battle with the microwave. I too was in search for a place to call home.

We lapped the outskirts of the sprawling smoggy city of Granada, stopping where my attention was caught, or where my trusty van found a pleasant curb side to pass the night.

After half-dozen interchangeable places, we nestled one midsummer night above a small town in the 'Poniente' region, west of the city. At first sight, it appeared no different from the other small-to-medium satellite towns I'd visited, yet I would ask myself often over the years that followed: "Why did I choose this town? Why did I move to the urban heart of an inland province, when the call of the sirens from the silver-blue waters of the Mediterranean was still so temptingly close?"

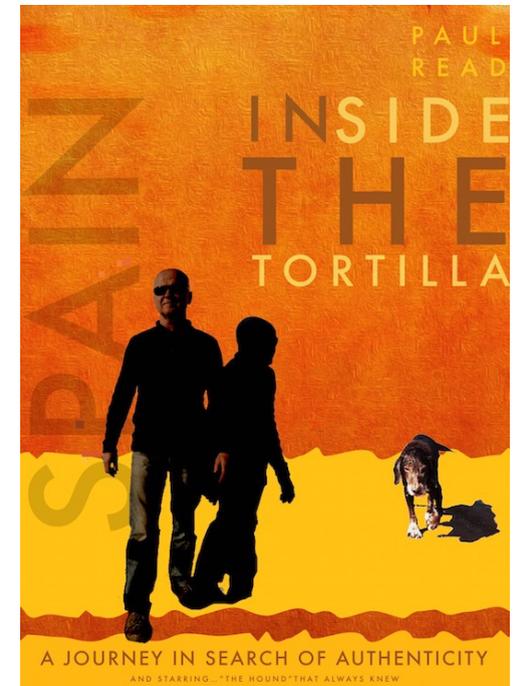


Continue the Journey?



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