

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

Insid

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.

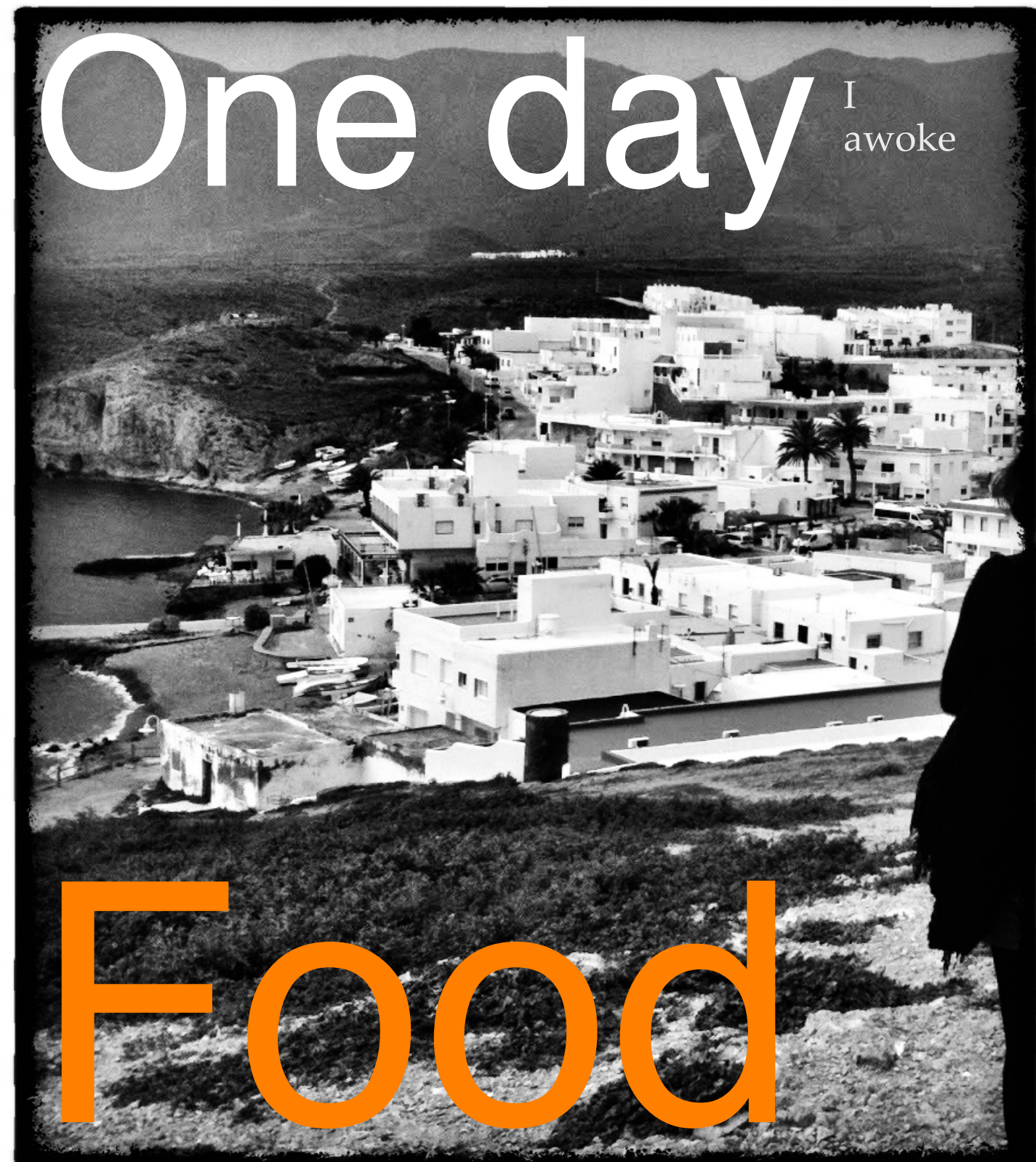
de the

Tortilla

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

lifestyle
or the
taste

of microwaved

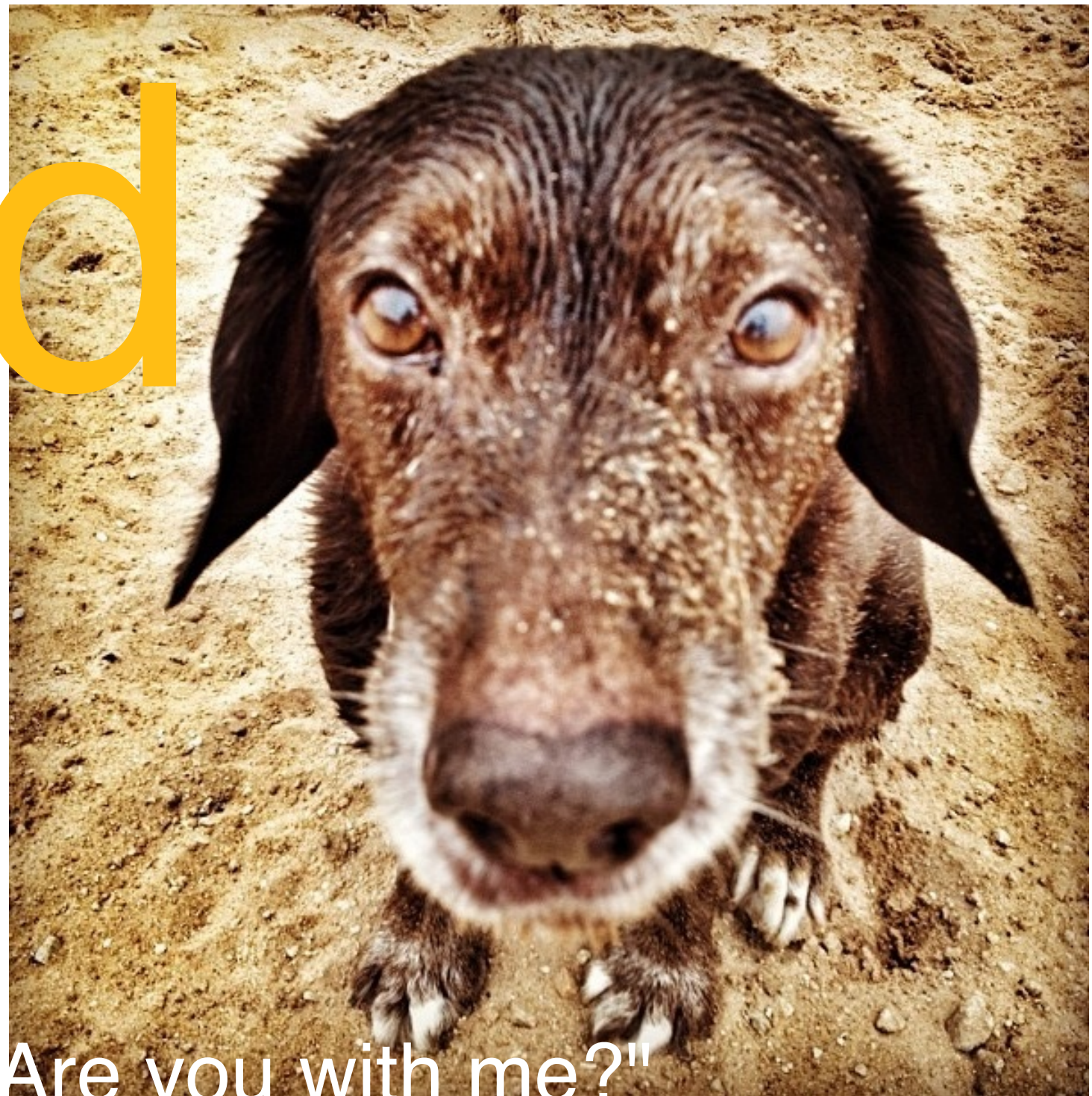


So I turned to

The Hound

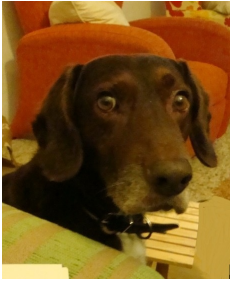
and said:

"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.

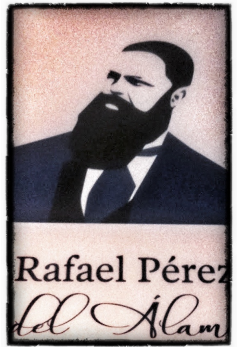
The Fish-Beard

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

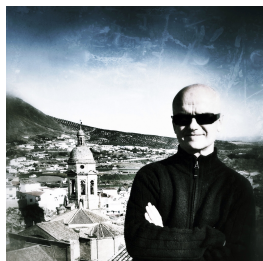
History

Language

Culture

Health

Food Identity



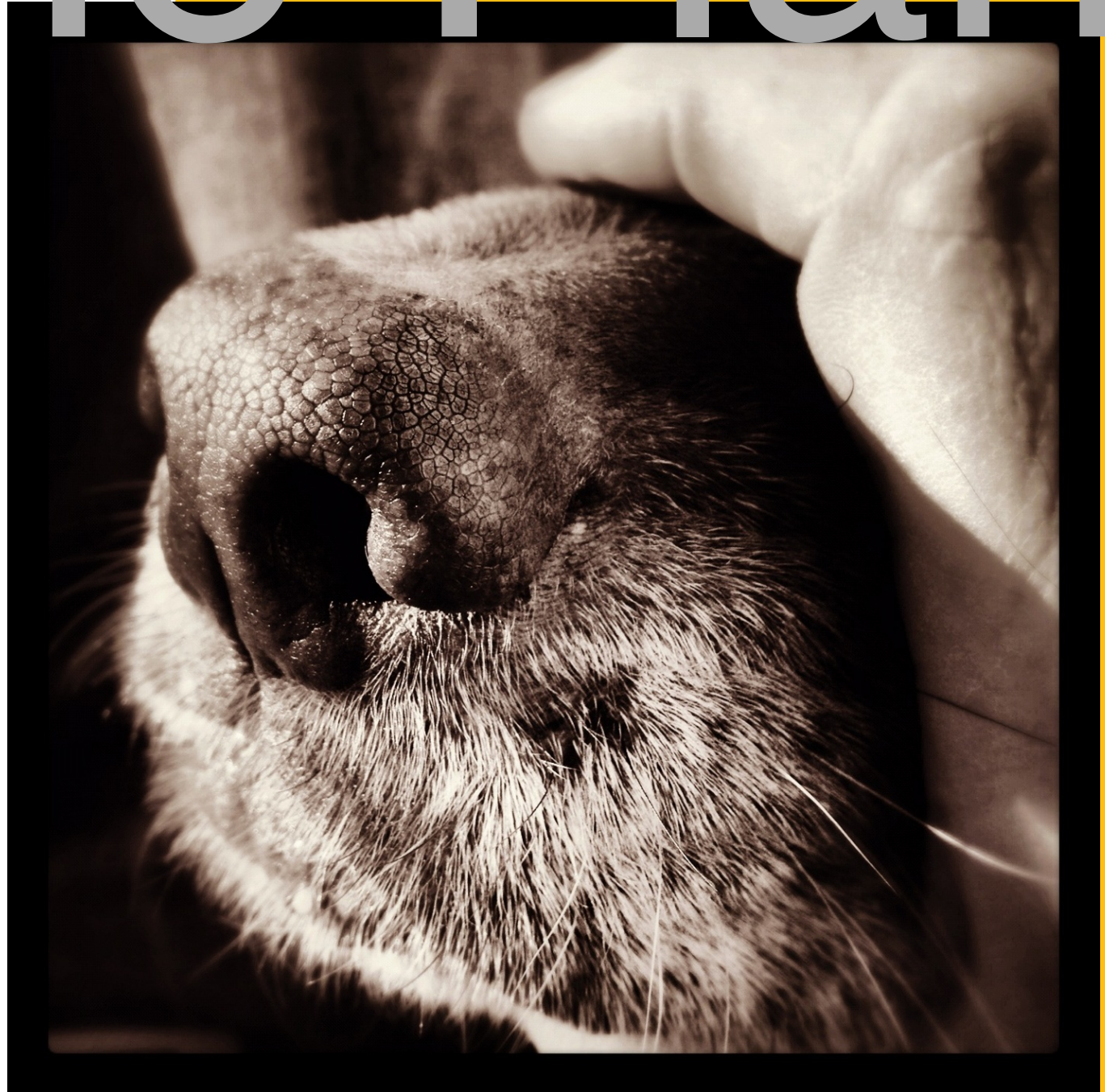
Everything is contextual...everything is an entangled web



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 inter-changeable 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?"

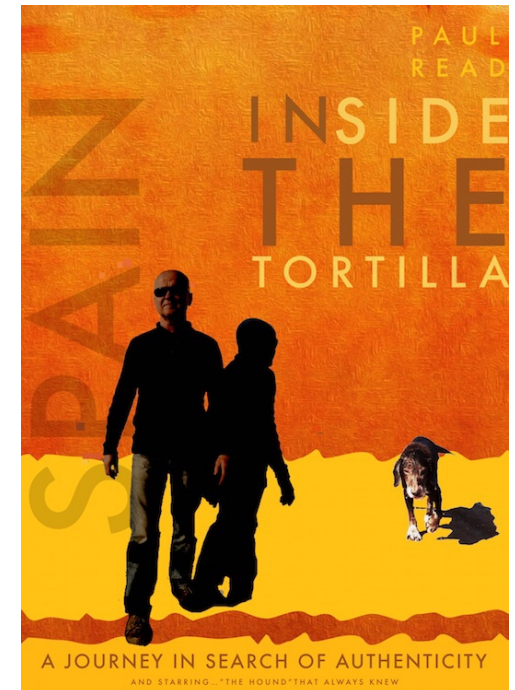


Continue the Journey?



Got the Tortilla Book?

Amazon paperback
kindle eBook
iBooks
Kobo
Nook etc



Now take the next step >

The Way of the HOUND

See Life with a
new Perspective:
Get Your

FREE

copy of this life-
changing ebook

[Click here >](#)



Yes, Give me This ebook!