

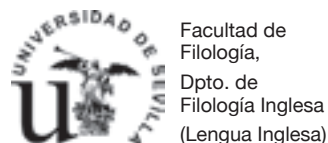


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*glazed
doughnuts*

*united states
of america*

- 2 packages active dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1/2 cup scalded milk
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 1/2 to 4 cups flour
- 2 eggs

Glaze:

2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

3 tablespoons water

1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

Step 1: Soften yeast in 110 degree F warm water.

Step 2: Combine milk, shortening, sugar and salt, then cool to lukewarm. Add one cup of flour and beat well. Beat in softened yeast and eggs. Add enough of remaining flour to make a moderately soft dough. Mix well.

Step 3: Place in a greased bowl and turn to grease the surface. Cover and chill for 3 hours or overnight.

Step 4: Turn onto slightly floured surface and roll to 1/3-inch thick.

Step 5: Cut with floured doughnut cutter. Let rise for 30-40 minutes until very light. While dough is rising, combine all ingredients of the glaze in a bowl and set aside.

Step 6: Fry in 375 degrees F deep hot fat for 2 minutes or until brown, turning once. Drain on paper towels and dip them into the glazing bowl while warm. Add sprinkles before the glaze hardens.

From Pig to Pork!

Kirsten Reinecke



Most Iberian pigs are butchered in factories, but in the small town of Aracena in the south of Spain, some farmers still perform the traditional matanza, or pig slaughter, in which all family members play a role in the process of converting a living animal into food.

The blood was such a vibrant red that it didn't seem like it could belong inside the ochres, tans, and browns of human and animal bodies. With her bare hands, Chari Navarro stirred the bright pig's blood, pulling out handfuls of veins and tossing the red strings onto the ground. Against the greens of the countryside, the splashes and drips stood out shockingly.

Chari, her husband Manolo Villa, and the rest of their extended family were slaughtering two pigs, the only ones that this small farm operation would butcher this year. "None of this food is sold. All of it stays in the family. We're lucky; we get to eat a plate of *jamón* every day," Chari said with a grin. The *matanza* is both a party and a chore, in which the entire family gathers to work together in making the *jamones* (cured ham legs), *salchichones* (sausages), and the other meat cuts that the family will eat throughout the following year.

Inside a factory, where the majority of pigs are slaughtered, one would imagine that the red blood would be equally shocking against the silver and gray of machinery. According to *El Cerdo Ibérico*, a book published by the Group for Rural Development of Aracena and Picos de Aroche, the death of a pig within a factory is either by electric shock or poisoning in a gas chamber. Critics of these methods point out that the electricity reduces the quality of the meat, and that the poison gas may cause an uncomfortable death by suffocation. Within fifteen seconds of death,

The second pig, having seen the first's fate, was a bit more leery but still easily caught.

the blood is drained, and then the pig is scalded and skinned with either hot water or propane gas.

The process was much more traditional and drawn-out on Chari and Manolo's farm. Family and friends began arriving at nine in the morning. Each was greeted with a small glass of Miura, a sour cherry cream liquor, "to start off." After that, Cruzcampo beers were abundantly enjoyed throughout the day by all, including the grandmas.

People of all ages were present, from *la abuelita* (grammy) in her eighties to the twin infant boys Alejandro José and Menecio, the sons of Chari's brother Fani and his wife Rocío. A pack of children, cousins between the ages of seven and nine, ran around playing with the farm dogs. Included in the group were Manolo and Chari's two daughters, nine-year-old twins named Silvia and Esther (she introduced herself as "Ehté" in her strong Andalu-

sian accent). On the day of the *matanza*, the girls wore matching necklaces – one pink and one blue – and matching outfits – one pink and one blue.

"We're very excited for the *matanza*! Or at least to eat the *jamón*. The *jamón* is our favorite!"

The family's tiny farmhouse was filled with friendly clutter; on the mantelpiece Christmas ornaments and a plastic doll bottle mingled with dried flowers and a gourd. Outside dusty tricycles and old wooden chairs were scattered across the dirt patio. "This house is so old, we don't even know how old it is. It belonged to Manolo's grandparents, and their parents before, and who knows beyond that."

When the time came to retrieve the pigs from their pasture down the road, the men rode in the pick-up truck while the women, children, and dogs followed on foot. Pigs are curious creatures, and they came right up to the fence to investigate. Manolo dangled a string loop attached to a short pole in front of the pig's snout, who obligingly nosed it. By simply slipping the loop into its mouth, the pig was captured.

The pig screamed and struggled, but the men of the family, Ángel, Daniel, Fani, and Manolo, quickly bundled it up onto a short wooden table brought from the house. The pig was positioned on its right side with its right front leg tied down. Ángel managed to help hold down the shrieking animal while still deftly chomping on his cigar. Then Fani, the *matarife* (butcher), made one clean swipe with his knife, and Chari stepped in to collect the gushing blood in a pale green,

plastic bucket.

The second pig, having seen the first's fate, was a bit more leery but still easily caught. The swift, efficient process was repeated. The men didn't wear aprons, but didn't get a drop of blood on them. Remaining in the pasture were a few adolescent pigs and the piglets. Rosario, Chari's mother, said, rather morbidly, "They have been left orphans," and let the other women handle the buckets of blood.

Although the pigs had lost their mothers, they could look forward to an excellent 1.5 years in the *dehesa*, the Spanish countryside where the pampered Iberian pigs roam free, eating acorns that men knock off the trees for them. *El Cerdo Ibérico* states that 300,000 hectares of land are devoted to the Iberian pig, primarily in Andalucía and Castilla y León. The freedom to wander and

the diet of acorns is necessary to the distinct taste of the *jamón ibérico*, so loved by Spaniards. Unfortunately, these needs also make the delicacy extremely expensive, upwards of 130 euros for a quality *jamón*. It may only become more expensive as Iberian pork products begin to be exported. Those in the pig industry hope to turn the Iberian pig into "the French foie-gras and the Russian caviar" of Spain.

At Chari and Manolo's small farmhouse, however, they were only concerned with preparing the *chorizos*, *morcillas*, *salchichas* (all types of sausages), and *jamones* for the next year. With efficient, focused faces, the men hefted the two





pig carcasses onto the bed of the pick-up and drove back to the house. There the men dragged the heavy masses out onto the dirt patio, leaving streaks of blood on the vehicle. Then gas torches were used to burn off the hair, and the skin was scraped off with sharp blades.

Everything went quickly and systematically. In turn each pig was placed on the same table on which it had been slaughtered earlier, and the stomach, intestines, and other organs were removed. The women began cleaning the intestines while the men continued butchering the animal, cutting off the legs, the sides, the cheeks. The spine and tail were tossed aside, but nearly everything else was used. Everyone was quiet, performing his or her individual chores. Piles of meat were everywhere. Soft splats and splashes came from the bucket by the sink, where the women, María,

Rosario, Irene, and Chari, took turns squeezing the partially digested mess out of the intestines. They sorted the intestines into different sizes, for use later in making different types of sausages.

The men, finished with their work, trooped inside to watch TV, primarily *fútbol* (soccer) and *toros* (bullfights). Meanwhile, the women, Irene, María, Rosario, and Chari, settled down to the task of turning raw meat into sausage. The ages of the women ranged from late thirties to early eighties. Working outdoors on the same table where the pigs had been slaughtered - now covered with a plastic blue tablecloth decorated with yellow and orange flowers and butterflies -

In 1526, during the reign of the Catholic Monarchs Isabel and Fernando, the first legislation concerning the Iberian pig appeared in the Seville Ordenances.

they cleaned the fat off each and every scrap of meat. Esther and Silvia didn't yet participate in the work. "Next year, when you're ten, then you're going to be learning how to make sausages," Chari warned them.

To make the *morcillas*, *chorizos*, and *salchichas*, the women set up an assembly line. Sausage mixture was piled into a grinder that spewed it into an intestine held carefully over the nozzle. Rosario, in charge of piling the meat into the grinder, sneaked bits of the ground sausage mixture like a kid snatching

cookie dough. Grinning she said, "It's just so good! I always taste it!"

Rosario piled the meat and turned the handle of the grinder, Chari held the intestine over the nozzle, María tied the sausages with plain white string, and Irene used a small knob bristling with tiny spikes to poke holes into the sausages. The women chattered and gossiped as they worked. It would have been easy to forget that these women were in the 21st century except for the ringing cell phones and Katy Perry's "I kissed a girl" playing on the twins' hot pink Disney princess radio.

The tasks the women were performing are centuries old. As explained in *El Cerdo Ibérico*, the origins of the Iberian pig dates back to the time of the Romans. In 1526, during the reign of the Catholic Monarchs Isabel and Fernando, the first legislation concerning the Iberian pig appeared in the Seville Ordenances. Not until the 18th century, however, did the industry reach structured production with such organizations as the Guild of Butchers and Skinners, founded in 1772. Today the number of pigs slaughtered, the butchering process, and the process of curing the meat are all carefully regulated by Spanish law.

Finally, for lunch on the second day, the family got to sample the first results of their hard work. The *morcilla tonta*, best translated as "silly blood sausage," is the only sausage that can be eaten immediately after being made, since it is fried rather than cured. "*La morcilla tonta*," claimed María's husband, grandpa Manolo, in his gravelly voice, "is the best. My favorite." The sausage was fried up in the pan and everyone eagerly tasted a bit. It was spicy and good, with a dark, murky taste in the background. Quite a bit of work remained, hanging the hams and sausages to cure for several months, changing temperatures and location every couple of months, but for now the family rested a while, enjoying the *morcilla*. ■



María, Rosario, Chari, and Irene prepare the sausages during their second day of work.



Economical or Ecological?

Ashleigh Coran



One quarter of all European agriculture is organic. Find out how this multi-billion dollar industry is represented in small gardens and big markets all across Seville.

The big, brown paper bag resting in the arms of Ana Sánchez is full to the brim with orange carrots and lettuce heads sticking out. The cost of her produce is just a number. The inconvenient walk to the stand is a minor set-back. Walking away with ecologically friendly food to make a colorful salad for dinner is the ultimate goal of her travels to the organic shop on *calle Feria*, in the old, traditional neighborhood of the Macarena.

Ana paid close to 15 euros for her pure vegetables which would cost a normal eater about half. "The main reason I come here is for the flavor," she says, "I love an organic salad full of fresh tomatoes and lettuce."

Ana has been a regular customer to the stand *La Alegría de la Huerta* since it opened four years ago. The small, hidden store lies between a crowded bar, and a fresh-fruit market. While the selection is small, they display an array of onions, lettuce, apples, soy milks, and even fried organic potato chip without an ounce of pesticides or fertilizers in the ingredients. Their eggs are their most purchased item.

When Ana doesn't find her product of choice on *calle Feria*, she makes the hike to other ecological stores scattered around Seville. *La Alacena*, by the Gran Plaza, and *Gaia*, close to Plaza de Armas, are two of her other favorite shops yet are more than 30 minutes walking distance from each other. "People say there aren't a lot of organic shops in Seville,"

she laughs, *One kilo of non-organic tomatoes are 3.10 euros while the same type of tomatoes without chemicals are almost an euro and a half more.* "but if you really want one, you'll find it."

Or you'll make one. This is the case of Eva Corcoles, the owner of *La Alegría de la Huerta* shop, which means something like The Happiness of the Garden. She saw the emptiness in the old food market of *calle Feria* as an opportunity to vend organic food in Seville. "I started this organic stand with four people, though the initial project was mine. I had also always wanted to work in this neighborhood," Eva says.

Now, the goal of the business-savvy, entrepreneur is to conquer all of Seville to become eco-friendly eaters. Right now, she almost reaches 40 customers a day. "We want what is grown in Andalusia, to stay here," she adds.

Eva Corcoles makes sure her stand receives all their products from areas around Seville. Their other suppliers range from close towns in Cádiz to northern regions like Navarra. "Organic food helps

the environment in a circle," Eva explains. "If we can buy from local growers, then we can sell it locally, and people can buy better food easier."

The Natural Marketing Institute (NMI) shows in a research from 2008 that Spaniards can buy organic food much easier than they could years ago. The first products without pesticides appeared in Barcelona in 1975 and since then, the demand for eco-friendly products has increased to a multi-million euro industry.

According to the NMI in 2008, worldwide, core ecological eaters have increased to 18%, and organic products continue to grow. 24% of all of Europe's agriculture is organic.

Even since the growth in European farming without pesticides, organic eaters like Belinda Espinosa, a woman in her thirties who helps Ana at her store in *calle Feria*, sees other reasons to eat local, ecological crops. Belinda shows her love in nature by wearing a vintage t-shirt and her red, curly hair pulled back freely. "I eat naturally for health reasons of course," Belinda says, "But I also eat organically for political and agricultural reasons."

Belinda, like owner Eva, sees the continuous exports made from Spain to Germany and England as one big contradiction: "Germany and England will always be ahead of us and be able to import more to their countries."

Since her early youth, she has eaten organically, and just recently began as a worker at the store on *Feria*. It's her way of helping the growth of healthier food without chemicals.

Since the global increase in eco-friendly food, mainstream companies have begun to have little supplies of overpriced organic food in their stores. About 3 stands of 6 shelves are stocked high with ecological food at the *El Corte Inglés* supermarket in San Pablo street. The question is whether one is willing to spend the extra euros to eat healthier.

Just one Soyagur yogurt cost 1 euro each for 145 grams while a pack of four Danone yogurts costs only 14 cents of euro more. Café Saula ecological coffee is 6.35 euros while the normal Marcilla brand is only 2 euros.

One kilo of non-organic tomatoes are 3.10 euros while the same type of tomatoes without chemicals are almost an euro and a half more. Organic apples are close to a euro more a kilogram also.

Regardless of the price, *El Corte Inglés* worker Patricia Míguez finds people asking more about organic food, since she works in the Ecological and Special Foods section. "Each day there are new eco-friendly products in our stores," Patricia says. Her department offers a larger variety of ecological products than the stand *La Alegría de la Huerta*. The shelves are full of *eco-picos* (breadsticks), wines, cereals, and nuts.

According to the Organic Trade Association, mass market grocery stores like *El Corte Inglés* represent the largest distribution channel. They accounted for 38% of organic food sales 3 years prior. Markets like *La Alegría de la Huerta* account for just 2%.

On the contrary of large grocery stores like *El Corte Inglés*, are those that produce their own ecological food for solely their own consumption. Just 10 minutes outside of the center of Seville, passed *Polígono Norte* and even the neighborhood of the Macarena lies a large colorful garden of flowers and vegetables with no chemicals whatsoever.

It's the *Huerta de las Moreras* in the *Parque de Miraflores*. The garden has been functioning for 20 years and has over 160 parcels with people growing their own food. Sebastián Carmona, a 74 year old gardener, will have owned parcel 31 for 15 years in September. "You can see my apartment block from my garden, it's about two minutes," Sebastián says, "I come here every morning and afternoon, each day."

Sebastián takes pride in his 150 meter squared parcel. He even has a hut to block the sun full of books, gardening tools, and a chair to rest on. In his parcel, he grows everything: tomatoes, onions, spices, lettuce, and potatoes. "When the potatoes start growing, they get to be so tall," Sebastián laughs, "I love bringing them home and make some baked chips."

When Sebastián isn't busy growing his ecological crops, he likes to stroll around the colorful garden and admire everyone's work. He enjoys going to the ecological garden section and looking at the beautiful purple flowers covering the gate, and the dark roses about to bloom. Every grown item in the garden has zero chemicals. "I do this everyday because it's a routine," Sebastián says, "I like to talk with my friends here and relax."

Around lunchtime, Sebastián picks up his clear bag of 4 small lettuce heads he pulled just this morning, grabs his straw hat, and says goodbye to parcel 31. Goodbye until the afternoon. ■

picture: Sebastián Carmona in his garden at Parque de Miraflores.

Exchange on the Food Frontier

Elissa Dauria



Japanese gastronomy is becoming more popular every day in Seville and mixing with the local one, as shown in a visit to the new restaurant Japo, where 'sushi' meets 'tapas'.

It's 12:30 on Thursday and the team of Japo is preparing for the lunch rush. A chef places a sheet of seaweed on a bamboo mat behind the sushi bar and then covers the seaweed in a layer of plump, sticky rice. He slices thin strips of carrots, cucumbers, and blood-red raw tuna, and lays them on the rice. It is then rolled into a tight tube and sliced with a sharp Japanese knife; the whole process takes less than 30 seconds. The chef is Arturo Martín, 34, and Japo is not in Japan, or even Barcelona, but in Seville, the capital of Andalusia in southern Spain.

Japo is located inside Hotel Eme, a "fusion hotel" which was opened one and a half years ago by Seville-based Grupo Maires, a real estate agency. It is the company's first foray into hotel business and is part of their effort to "contribute a grain of sand to the internationalization of the city." The hotel has a sleek, modern interior and an *avant-garde* sensibility. It stands in the shadow of Seville's centuries-old gothic cathedral and La Giralda, an Almohad minaret built in the 12th century when the city, governed by Muslim rulers, was known as *Ishbiliya*.

"There have always been good Japanese restaurants in Spain, but in the bigger cities," says Mauricio Acuña, 37, head chef of Japo. Acuña was born in Ecuador and has been living in Spain for 14 years. He came to Spain to study to become a chef and landed at the Escuela Superior de Hostelería de Sevilla, the local culinary institute.

Acuña says that Japo is the only restaurant of its kind in Seville, that is, the only "one hundred percent Japanese" restaurant. "We have a few fusion dishes," he says, "but we respect very much the Japanese tradition." Acuña maintains that Japanese and Spanish traditional cooking are completely different, despite the popularity of two fusion dishes that, according to Philip Dion, 22, second-in-command to Acuña in the kitchen, are the most ordered. The fusion plates are "typical Spanish dishes made in the Japanese style - *sashimi* [raw] tuna on a bed of *salmorejo*" and "*teppan yaki*, meat grilled *a la plancha*," says Guión.

Apart from these easily recognizable dishes, there are some menu items that require explanation. The menu is split up into sections, including starters, soups, *makis* (rolls), *sushi tapas* (*nigiri sushi* served by the piece) and dishes to share. "What *maki* is, what *sashimi* is, that is understood. But *gyoza* and *donburi*, the more complex dishes aren't well known, even though Japanese food is in fashion right now," says Acuña. Dion agrees, saying that "there are people with a lot of questions, and people who know a lot about Japanese food already. With everything modernizing here in Seville, people come in just to see and experience."

Mauricio Acuña, Ecuadorian, head chef of Restaurant Japo.



While Japo is still a curiosity for some people in Seville, Japanese food is more common in Madrid and Barcelona. Roger Ortuño, 36, is from Barcelona and a publicist by day. His interest in Japanese food led him to create *Comerjapones.com* or "eat Japanese." He blogs, in Spanish, about "where and how to eat Japanese food," profiles chefs, and shares news on Japanese cultural events in Spain with more than 20,000 visitors per month. Ortuño also publishes a guide to Japanese restaurants in Spain, but, like the craze of Japanese food itself, Ortuño has yet to come to Seville. "I still haven't tried the restaurant at Hotel Eme, but I've heard good things about it," he says. It seems that time is soon approaching; "In April or May, I may be going to Seville for a conference... and I hope to be able to get away and try it."

Most of the clientele at Japo are Spanish, says Philip Dion, and run the full spectrum of ages.

"Tourists don't usually eat here because they come to Seville for Spanish food." The staff, however, is a fusion of cultures much in the spirit of the hotel. Apart from Acuña and Dion, Arturo Martín from the Basque region of northern Spain and Mamadou Sonko from Senegal can be found slicing *sashimi* and rolling *maki* behind the bar each night. "Multi-cultural," says Dion, "as the hotel itself."

Dion, born in Germany, had his first experiences cooking Japanese food at Japo. When the hotel opened, he explains, there was a master chef who taught them the basics, Alberto Chung, and they still create new dishes in consultation with a

teacher. "But the menu doesn't change much," says Acuña, "because Japanese food is very simple."

Japo imports Japanese sake, and serves two kinds: sweet and regular. They also have the Japanese beers Sapporo and Kirin Ichiban. They used to serve Japanese desserts as well, but those flavors are very hard to understand in the West, the head chef says. "The people of Seville didn't much like the sweet balls of rice, for example, or red bean. They couldn't comprehend the flavors. So we

created a dessert menu with more Spanish influences, for the people here."

Nanako Arakami had a similarly difficult experience with Spanish food while studying flamenco at the Fundación Cristina Heeren for a year in 2008. A Japanese-Canadian from Vancouver, Arakami, 23, found Spanish food greasy and high in carbohydrates. "I heard most of the Japanese restaurants in Seville have cockroaches and the only decent one is Japo," she says. Arakami spent most of the year cooking at home with ingredients bought at Asian food store Ciudad Dong Hai, in Duque's Square.

Still, it seems the cultural exchange of Spanish and Japanese food is possible. As the black and red dining room of Japo fills up for lunch, Dion, Martín and Sonko, wearing traditional Japanese tunics, gear up behind the bar as *sevillanos* young and old prepare their chopsticks for *sushi tapas*. ■



Fishermen of Barbate

Ashley Bressler

Andalucía's fishing industry fuels economy and tradition, as can be seen in this historic town on the Atlantic coast of Cádiz.

It is 10:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning in the southern fishing town of Barbate, Spain. The fishing port is busy with the muffled chattering of men as they sit hunched over, legs spread out in front as they tediously repair holes in the massive heaps of rust-colored nets from the morning's catch.

A small crowd of townspeople begins to form as approximately 300 small, privately-owned fishing boats slowly putter into the port, each boat taking its turn to unload. Seagulls fly overhead, diving into the turquoise-blue water to retrieve the discarded, uneatable, and decapitated fish remains.

A tight group closes in around Fran Fernández López, 37, who has secured the unspoken title of best catch of the day. Fran, dressed in full-body, yellow rubber waders sifts through his buckets of *choco* (cuttlefish), small fish, and *cañaillas* (sea snails typical to the Cádiz province). His hands are stained black with fresh cuttlefish ink, matching several smudge marks adorning his face, likely the result of wiping the sweat from his brow.

As requested, Fran proudly holds up a 3-foot-long *rape* (monkfish) for all to see. Its sharp teeth glare at the crowd as its mouth flops open. It has been a good day for Fran, who sells most of his catch at the dock. Other fishermen have not been so lucky, only picking through their nets to find *cañaillas* and trash.

Like most fishermen in Barbate, Fran has been leaving his house around 5:00 a.m. for the past

The town of approximately 20,000 people is known as the site of the battle of Trafalgar against Nelson's British fleet in 1805 and was the favorite summer fishing destination of General Francisco Franco.

12 years to drive his boat approximately 16 miles into the dark Atlantic Ocean and begin his day as a fisherman, a job he says he does not enjoy but must do to support his wife and young son.

Fran is only the starting point in Spain's fishing industry, which has been vital to the country's economy and culture for thousands of years.

Barbate, located between Cádiz and Tarifa (the southern tip of Spain), has historically relied on the tuna fishing industry. The town of approximately 20,000 people is known as the site of the battle of Trafalgar against Nelson's British fleet in 1805 and was the favorite summer fishing destination of General Francisco Franco during the years of his dictatorship.

Puerto de la Albufera, Barbate's port, is one of the leading suppliers of seafood in Andalusia. In May of 2008, Barbate produced 427,655 kilos of fish, crustaceans, and mollusk combined, more than any other port in the province of Cádiz according to the monthly *Pesca Fresca Desembarcada en Andalucía* report by the Junta de Andalucía, the regional government.

"I'm a mechanic. My father is the fisherman," Fran says.

Fran was born into the fishing tradition. His grandfather and father still work as fishermen in Barbate today. After school, Fran explains, he wanted something more than a life at sea, so he moved to Málaga where he worked as a mechanic for several years. However, an economic downturn and a lack of jobs in Andalusia forced Fran to return to Barbate, where he says the only source of income for him is fishing. "Before it was okay, but here, now there aren't any jobs, or you have to move far away to find other kinds of work."

The fishing industry is an elaborate web of jobs that allows the fresh fish to go safely from sea to seaport, ice market and

packing center to transportation company, and then on to cities across Spain where

the fish is sold to local vendors who in turn sell the seafood to the customers.

In Seville, 170 kilometers from Barbate and 125 kilometers from Cádiz, there are several major fish markets; amongst them the *supermercado* of El Corte Inglés and the Mercado de Triana, in Plaza del Altozano.

On a typical morning, the 150-year-old Triana Market (built over the ruins of the Inquisition castle) is packed with locals rushing from stall to stall, choosing the day's ingredients that

adorn their grocery lists. The market is a colorful display of specialty meats, fruit, and vegetables and is the largest selection of fresh fish in Seville.

Turning down the seafood section, the powerful aroma of the seaport hits you with the force of high-tide wave and washes over you, almost transporting you to the boat from which the fish came. Comprised of more than a dozen seafood booths, the vendors compete to sell the best-quality and lowest-priced fish.

Ana Elena Sarriá who owns Pescadería Joselito (stall 65), has been working as a fish vendor at the market for the past 25 years. Standing behind her diverse selection of tuna, prawns, razor clams, sardines, salmon, and more, she wipes her slimy





hands on her white apron and smiles genuinely, waiting as customers inspect her selection before placing their orders.

“Twelve hours, every day,” Ana says. “It can be difficult, but it’s a good job. I like to know the clients, that’s the best part, just getting to see the same people.”

Ana’s day begins around 4:00 a.m. when she leaves her home for Mercasevilla, the commercial consumption exchange market located in the industrial park in the eastern outskirts of Seville. “Everything’s from Andalusia, all the fish here at the market. We all go to the same place - Mercasevilla,” she explains.

Mercasevilla is designed for corporate food transportation - local vendor exchanges only.

Currently there are 32 different fish companies who attend every business day to sell close to 150 different varieties of seafood, ranging from dogfish to Norwegian lobster to frozen *carabinero* (large red shrimp).

While fishermen personally feel the financial fluctuations in climate, water temperatures, and season, Ana says she never has to worry about not having fish to sell because of Andalusia’s

third seafood source, fisheries or man-made fish harvesting farms. She tells that the fish are always better when they come from the Atlantic Ocean or

the Mediterranean Sea, but it’s comforting to know there is an alternative.

Many local restaurants that proudly boast fresh prawns, sardines, fried fish, and calamari from their sidewalk chalkboards along Triana’s calle Betis and throughout the city buy their ingredients from the Mercado de Triana.

By 1:00 p.m. the crowd at Barbate’s seaport

disperses leaving the docks quiet enough to hear

the waves slap against the side of the boats. The midday sun is strong and begins to dry the fish remains left on the dock’s pebble, stone, and sand floor. Several fishermen sit on the sides of their

“Some days it is great and you make lots of money, but others you go to work and you don’t make anything,”

Fran Fernández López shows the catch of the day.

boats, sipping coffee from paper cups, and are slow to clean their nets before delivering their fish to the ice market and packing center at the port.

Fran says on a good week he fishes every morning, but if the weather is bad or if his luck is off, he may only actually make money a few days a week. For him, being a fisherman is not a stable profession, “everything is luck or chance.” “Some days it is great and you make lots of money, but others you go to work and you don’t make anything,” he describes.

In an average month he earns 2,000 to 3,000 euros, just enough for his family to survive. He says he is often stressed because his wife is at home taking care of their young son, and he must bring home money each day. For him the worst feeling is when he knows he has to go home with very little.

While he doesn’t enjoy his task and would prefer working as a mechanic on a corporate fishing boat like several of his friends, Fran says he is just happy to have a job. “It can be a difficult job when you first begin,” he affirms, “but once you get used to the sea, it’s very easy.” ■





A Black Decade: Spain's Hunger Years

Elizabeth Kuebler

People who suffered the miserable period after the Civil War remember how they desperately searched for food while there was little... or none.

“Destitute lines of people waiting for food from social aid, people dirty and with lice, children eating carob beans, fig bread, sweet potatoes.... People spoke in low tones so that the neighbor did not hear — something that I did not understand by my age —, but everyone was content to have left the hell of the war. At the age of eight I suffered the most possible for a child to suffer, and it has left its marks. Those times give me so much pain that I do not want to remember them. The postwar I can only think of as a distant thing because of how horrible it was.”

These are the words Francisca Díaz Ruano used to describe Spain in the hunger years of the 1940s. Díaz Ruano, a survivor of the postwar era, is the author of *La Loma del Sueño*, a book that reflects on the life of an eight-year-old girl during the epoch.

When the Civil War came to an end on April 1, 1939 with the triumph of general Francisco Franco's Nationalist Army, much of Spain lay in shambles. Franco and his government announced a twelve-year, \$516,000,000 reconstruction program. Despite this, Spain fell into even worse conditions.

The years of hunger that followed continued the horrors and brutalities Spain had seen during its fratricidal conflict.

The Spanish infrastructure, including its transportation system of both railways and roads, was disorganized due to war damage. Farmers were unable to obtain much-needed fertilizer for the ancient Spanish earth, and as a result insects plagued the crops.

World War II proved a barrier to Spain's rebuilding as funding and critical resources and materials were difficult to obtain. While the government declared neutrality in the war, the little support Spain did provide landed on the side of the Axis powers, thus provoking reactions from the Allies. According to a *New York Times* article entitled “Allies' Blockade of Spain is Seen” from January 29, 1944, both the United States and Britain imposed blockades and embargos on Spain in efforts to force

the country to “stop collaborating with Germany, prevent acts of sabotage against Allied vessels, and withdraw Spanish soldiers from the Russian front.” The Allies knew that halting shipments of oil, cotton, and food, and constructing blockades of shipments from South America would nearly incapacitate Spain's economy.

According to the analysis of Grandizo Munis on Spain a year after Franco's victory, unemployment in industry sectors was nearly one hundred percent in the cities. Those in rural areas fared better than most in the city due to the ability to plant little gardens and work their own land. The average income of a workman in Spain at the time was less than 75 cents a day, reported a *New York Times* article in 1941. The cost of living was triple that of pre-war times.

Spain's news media attempted to console the starving population. In March of 1941, one news source wrote of an even greater more widespread famine in the seventeenth century, when “a lark could not fly across Castille without carrying its own provisions.”

The poor flooded cities. While the more

fortunate lived in apartments, or a floor of a house, many lived in *corrales*. *Corrales*, which were once used to house animals,

consisted of a building with an open patio center, with a common kitchen and bathroom and many little square rooms where families made their homes. In such close quarters people were forced to co-exist, and share everything, the good and the bad. Some neighbors fought with each other, while others saved their scraps for the elderly woman next store.

Spaniards who complained were severely punished. The Law of Political Responsibility enacted by Franco subjected all those who directly or indirectly collaborated with the “reds” to high penalties. A private denunciation was sufficient, and punishments could range from confiscation of property to 30 years in prison to death. According to French government sources, in February 1940 the monthly number of executions was 800.

Rosario Ceballos, who was a young girl during the 1940s, talks of how it was an everyday occurrence to find civil guards and soldiers, along with silence, on the streets. People dared not speak anything negative about the government for fear of being marked as a communist.

Angel de Quinta, whose parents were young children during the hunger years, recounts how once, when his father was a young boy, Nationalist soldiers entered the house in search of arms. The family did not have any weapons in the house, but in the midst of the search Angel's grandfather remembered the plastic pistol Angel's father owned and began to pray fervently for the soldiers not to find the toy.

Houses had no running water. People had to go and fetch water from faucets in the streets. During the hot months, when water was in greater demand, people would have to get up sometimes before dawn in order to beat the rush, or travel further than normal later in the day. They took baths in bins in the house, using natural soap and often reusing the water.

The ration of meat was set at one hundred grams per person, but distribution was not weekly. Simple foods, such as bread, chickpeas, sugar, and olive oil were also rationed. Nothing was wasted. People saved even potato peels to fry for another meal.

Rosario Ceballos describes the process to obtain food. “To buy food we would use food stamps. Sometimes, however, when times were very hard, we would barter with things such as a can of condensed milk in order to buy food. Bread was rationed, and often people would collect their ration and then try reselling it to turn a profit...Selling contraband, while illegal, was a very widespread practice.”

“Daily meals for my family consisted of some bread and coffee for breakfast, a little portion of garbanzo beans or lentils for lunch, and then coffee and bread, if there was some left, for dinner. Milk was rare,” she adds.

At the age of eight I suffered the most possible for a child to suffer, and it has left its marks. Those times give me so much pain that I do not want to remember them.



The poor flooded cities. While the more fortunate lived in apartments, or a floor of a house, many lived in corrales.

José Martínez, who was born in 1940, remembers how the hunger years demanded he become a delinquent at an early age. Because of the limited amount of available food, people were forced to steal, or else starve.

“I used to put on my father’s jacket, which was large on me and had room to hide things, and go to the stores to steal food such as apples, or whatever I could grab.”

Angel de Quinta’s maternal grandfather worked as a ticket vendor at a Seville theatre. Angel remembers him telling stories of how plays would be disrupted by the sounds of the actors’ stomachs grumbling.

There is no hiding from the fact that the masses in Spain suffered incredibly during the 1940s. The hunger they faced is something to which few

in the developed world, as in the Spain of today, can relate.

“People are eating and you cannot eat,” José Martínez says in an attempt to describe the hunger he experienced. “There would be people eating in a pastry store, and all I could do is watch and feel my mouth salivate because my father did not have money to pay.” ■



José Martínez Ruiz (right) at 13 years of age in his first job, at the stationery store Pérez Arroyo in Lucena, Córdoba. With him: his cousin Gonzalo “the long”, Cristóbal (owner) and Ocaña, a friend. 1953.



The Sweetest Ingredient

Katelyn McBride

Pastries are an important part of many festivals in Seville, and the tradition continues thanks to those who bake them every morning, like the veteran Del Río couple or the young Benoit Conot and Almudena Romero.

Typical Sunday morning in Seville: the sun is shining through the orange trees, a light breeze blows off the river Guadalquivir, and you could throw a rock down the city's busiest shopping street and it wouldn't touch anyone.

While some people won't even see ten o'clock today, one couple has been up working for several hours already. They've been baking crispy tarts sprinkled with sugar, flower-shaped cookies filled

Enrique and Mari Carmen del Río, on a Sunday morning at Obrador Osuna.



with colored jelly, flaky pastries drizzled in chocolate and dozens of other tempting treats.

"We start at 5:30 in the morning, 365 days a year," says Enrique del Río while brushing powdered sugar off his hands. His wife, Maricarmen, chuckles in agreement and continues arranging a tray of muffins to go on display. The two work before the sun rises each day at their bakery, Obrador Osuna, located in the Alameda de Hércules. [Obrador is an old Spanish word for bakery].

Del Río's parents first owned Obrador Osuna, which opened in 1980. He took over the family business and says that his own son will do the same. Del Río says he knows the names of most of the customers who visit the shop, as they're the same ones who have been coming for years.

It's hard to walk too far in Seville and not run into a [pastry shop] like Obrador Osuna, as there is one on almost every block of the city. The pastries that these bakeries sell are traditional of Andalusian history, with a few unique items in each shop as well.

Benoit Conot, 18, a student of the Escuela Superior de Hostelería Los Alabarderos in Seville [High School of Hotel and Catering Services], got

his start baking from his parents, who both were chefs. They too owned a bakery, but Conot decided to go to school instead of taking over the family business. After he graduates in three years, he plans on taking his culinary skills and Andalusian traditions outside of Spain.

"I want to work in San Francisco first, then open my own restaurant with many different types of

food in France," Conot says. Along with Spanish, he speaks French and some English.

Former Alabarderos student Almudena Romero graduated from Conot's same program, and has maintained an at-home bakery business outside of Seville for three years. Romero, 24, says she loves her career, but mentions there are challenges that go along with it.

"You have to like it a lot because you always end up working on holidays," advises Romero. It's because pastries are an

important part of several festivals in Andalusia, and Romero finds herself especially busy when those holidays arrive.

When Holy Week comes around you can expect to find *torrijas* and *pestiños* in all the pastry shops in Seville. To make *torrijas*, bread is dipped

in a combination of egg and milk or wine then fried and served with honey, cinnamon or sugar. They are similar to French toast. A *pestiño* is fried dough covered in honey or sugar.

The men that march in the streets of Seville during Holy Week, called *nazarenos*, show up in edible-form in pastry shops as well. You can find *nazarenos* made from hard candy or chocolate in stores and bakeries.

During Christmas time in Seville, many traditional pastries appear, including *mantecados* and *alfajores*. A *mantecado* is a dense and crumbly olive oil based pastry with cinnamon and sesame seeds. There are many ingredients in an *alfajor*, including honey, almonds, hazelnuts, cinnamon, that combine with dough and form a long cylinder pastry.

For weddings or a first communion celebration, the tradition is to have cake, simply called *tarta de boda* (wedding cake) or *tarta de comunión* (holy communion cake).

Even All Saints Day has its own pastry. To prepare *huesos de santo*, an almond-flavored dough is first made, rolled into cylinders and then filled with a paste of egg yolks and sugar.

Romero says that these pastries keep reappearing in Seville because of the history behind them. "Every place has their own traditions that they pride. It's just something familiar that people want to see again every year."

So why do these bakers rise before the rest of the city every morning to make these traditional sweets? "We just like it," Conot says with a smile as he gestures to his fellow classmates during a smoke break outside their school.

Each one of these young men and women has chosen to make their future as a chef, either to stay close to where their traditions began, learn and explore the gastronomy of another culture, or bring their own experiences to a new venue, like Conot.

Del Río does it for the customers who visit him regularly, who he knows by name. He says not even the poor economy keeps his clients from coming to buy treats regularly. "Here there isn't a crisis," del Río tells. Business has been strong for years, and there seems to be no decrease in the demand for pastries in Seville.

And Romero's reason for choosing her profession is simply the reward she gets back from baking things for other people. "I love it," vows Romero. "I love the satisfaction that comes after making something great for a client. That's why I do it." ■

The 'Toro de Lidia', an Exclusive Breed

Marco Adame



Bulls roam free in the countryside until they are chosen to face the toreros who will kill them. After the main show is over in the Plaza de la Maestranza, another story begins when their dead bodies are cut in pieces and its meat served in restaurants, as in the delicate tapa, cola de toro.

Everyone in the Real Maestranza, Seville's *plaza de toros* or bullfighting ring, knows who will be the contenders in the ring this evening. Except for *Albardonerito* and his brothers, main characters of the afternoon alongside the bullfighters. This time every year in Seville, there is much hype surrounding the bullfighting season and Rafaelillo is ready to prove to the people of the city that he can defeat *Albardonerito* with great style. Before the show even starts, people stand outside the *plaza* waiting for the bullfighter. When he walks by, they cheer for him. But no one waits for his much heavier, maybe faster opponent. This will probably be the first and last time the public will see *Albardonerito*.

The *cartel de hoy* (today's spectacle) only shows the names of three of the participants, Joselillo, Rafaelillo and Luis Vilches, ignoring entirely the other main contenders: the bulls. The *corrida de toros* or bullfight is a tradition that has been around since the 17th century and has kept alive the *toro de lidia* (brave bull) like *Albardonerito*. Alfonso, a fan watching Rafaelillo take on this 540-kilo-grams black bull, claims that there's no need to feel sorrow for the bulls. "The *toro de lidia* lives a great life. It's not raised like other animals that are used for consumption, it is a unique type". Alfonso is right. This kind of bull, raised exclusively for bullfighting, lives an exceptional life in

its natural environment. They are the guardians of their *dehesas*, the southern countryside in Spain made up of forests of *encina* trees. Normal cows are raised on closed industrial farms with very little room, but these bulls graze and wander freely... until one is chosen to go to the *plaza* and face the matador who will kill him.

Albardonerito came out to the ring ready to attack whatever crossed his path. He looked fast and strong, but very confused at the *toreros* trying to distract him. When the *picador* came out on his horse to weaken *Albardonerito*, the bull immedi-

ately attacked using all the power of his muscles. The bull flipped the horse to the floor, injuring him, and making the *picador* fall off. The members of the *cuadrilla* (torero's assistants) panicked and tried to get the brave bull's attention using the movements of their pink *capotes*. Then it was time for *Albardonerito* to face Rafaelillo, who had earlier defeated another bull with ease. This time it didn't seem as though *Albardonerito* was going to give in as easily. A couple of *pases* (almost choreographic approaches body to body of man and animal) got the fans to cheering for the matador. *Albardonerito* seemed to get weaker and weaker until Rafaelillo decided to finish him with the *estoque* (especial sword).

Decor at the restaurant Sol y Sombra, in the neighborhood of Triana.



The crowd applauded him. He had triumphed one more time. That was the end of the life of a bull that seemed to be very *boyante* as they would say in the bullfighting circles when referring to a brave, noble, and energetic bull like *Albardonerito*.

The *corridas* have an epilogue that most spectators don't seem to care much about that begins with the *arrastre* of the dead bull, when it is pulled out of the ring by mules. Then, out of the public vision but still inside the *plaza*, the animal is taken to the *desolladero*, where they clean the body and

prepare it to be sold at a market or in a restaurant as a delicious and unique type of meat.

Due to the mad cow epidemic of the 90's and the resulting sanitary regulations, dead brave bulls are no longer quartered in the *desolladero* of the *plaza*, but instead are taken to industrial slaughterhouses, explains Tito de San Bernardo, a teacher for the Escuela Taurina of Seville, a school for future *toreros*. From there, the meat is sent to wholesale markets like Mercasevilla where it is distributed to restaurants and markets. If you want to eat good *cola de toro* (bull's tail) after enjoying a great evening at the Maestranza, you can find it in restaurants like El Cairo or in the Barrio de Santa

Cruz. Accompanied by a cold beer and a plate of olives, and you will find that it is truly a delicatessen.

Tito de San Bernardo encourages people to try it. "The brave bull lives a great life, it is the best meat you can eat since the animals are very well taken care of; it is a delicacy." He explains that he has been a part of over 2,000 *corridas* around the world with renowned figures such as Diego Puerta. Now, he passes on his knowledge to students like the Mexican *novillero* (the previous step to becoming a maestro

and killing big bulls), Lorenzo Gaona, who will soon be facing bulls like *Albardonerito*.

Just three bullfighters have died in the 240-year history of Seville's *plaza de toros*, while there hasn't been a bull in over twenty years who has left this ring alive. That only happens when a bull is so extraordinary that he is granted an *indulto* (pardon) by the president of the *plaza*, so that he can spend the rest of his life back in the *dehesa*, and assuring that his lineage survives through the creation of new members of this noble race. ■

The Cloister Nun: a Vocation of Prayer and Pastries

Justine Vanella



Cloister nuns across Andalusia use the income from making pastries to sustain their lives of prayer. Most cloister convents, like Madre de Dios in Seville, are locations filled with religious, artistic, and culinary history.

“Yes, I feel free here. I enjoy living here. We aren’t allowed to leave, but people can come to visit us. We have recreation time; we read, watch TV. I decided to live here, to give my life to God—you may think I couldn’t be happy, mainly praying and baking pastries. But I am very happy,” explains Adela, the mother superior of the convent Madre de Dios from the Dominican Order, as she sits behind a barred wall, smiling.

The barred windows and walls aren’t a rarity here. This convent of Seville, like the other 218 across Andalusia, houses cloister nuns. A cloister nun devotes her life to prayer and the word of God, confined to the convent for life. No one is allowed in the convent, and no one is allowed out (unless she decides to leave this religious life). In spite of this self-reclusion, she can receive letters, newspapers, and even visitors—provided they remain behind the grating.

The convent may seem like a prison, but the 12 nuns that live at Madre de Dios do not feel like prisoners. Mother

superior Adela, in fact, started off as an active nun and changed to cloister. “After seeing the way the contemplative nuns lived, with such serenity and closeness to God, after interacting with them, I realized the life of a contemplative nun was my calling,” explains Adela, emphasizing the usage of contemplative over cloister. “Contemplative nuns are the beating heart of the church. Our prayer and devotion gives life to the faith.”

The nuns’ primary vocation is prayer, but praying doesn’t make money. Nuns receive donations, but in order to make enough to sustain the convent, the nuns bake and sell sweets. The convent confectionary trade began in the 19th century, a time of great political crisis. Before this time, the nuns maintained their lives of prayer through the gracious tributes of others, especially from large donations of land, money, and goods

from the prestigious. However, the French troops of Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808, and political and economical crisis persisted throughout the century.

The French quickly instilled large taxes on the convents, little by little confiscating the convents’ land and goods. Eventually, the French overthrew the convents, leaving the nuns with absolutely nothing. In order to survive, the nuns started to perform money-making tasks that would allow them to uphold their life of prayer: embroidering, fabricating paper and silk flowers, and, of course, baking sweets. Making treats was the most successful, and overtime the occupation stuck.

Now across Andalusia, most cloister convents (including 7 in Seville) make pastries. Madre de Dios is known for its muffins, mouth-watering and yet only \$3.50 a dozen. Most convents produce multiple sweets, and many have their own special-

ties: Santa Inés is famous for its *bolli-tos* (a sweet mainly composed of flour and sugar that can have many fillings like chocolate or cream), Santa Paula for its jellies, and San Leandro

for its *yemas* (a confection made of egg yolks and sugar). Some recipes are from extremely old traditions, like the *torta de aceite*, a simple treat composed of sugar, flour, and olive oil, which echoes the Arabic past of Seville. Other recipes, like the one for the *yemas de San Leandro*, originated in the 17th century.

Nearly all of these convents are places of great historical and artistic importance. The church at Madre de Dios is a wonder. Mainly built in the *mudéjar* style that blends Islamic and Gothic architectural features, it was founded in 1496 by Isabel the Catholic Monarch, shortly after Columbus’s return from the New World. Therefore, the convent was one of the first projects funded with American gold. The daughter and wife of Hernán Cortes, the famous conquistador of Mexico, are buried within the church.

Because of this abundance of history and art, the nuns at Madre de Dios would like to have a small museum constructed. However, the convent and the church “are in ruin.” Although still breathtaking, they are a mere shadow of its former glory. The pastry business doesn’t yield a large enough



Since they do not technically work, the nuns do not pay taxes and therefore do not receive social security. After general living expenses, healthcare, and the convent's general upkeep, there isn't enough money for other projects.



profit to fund such a project. Since they do not technically work, the nuns do not pay taxes and therefore do not receive social security. After general living expenses, healthcare, and the convent's general upkeep, there isn't enough money for special projects.

However, the pastries, although extremely delicious, are not incredibly unique. Most of the pastries can be bought in many bakeries across the city. The convents are normally discrete and blend into their surroundings, normally having no signs above the door indicating a pastry workshop

Below: kitchen at the Convent of Santa Paula. Above: Convent of La Encarnación.



exists inside. You will not see a poster, commercial, or newspaper ad about the pastries; there are no real methods of advertising for the nuns.

What one must understand is that the convent is not a business. Its pastries are a tradition and a part of a religious vocation. Most people continue to buy from the nuns because of their religious affiliation, the tradition, or simply for the experience.

"I learned that most *Sevillanos* buy the pastries simply because they always have, especially for the holidays. It's a form of charity here. I think it's just a really interesting experience. I get to explore the religious and culinary culture of Seville at the same time when I visit the convents," explains Sara Munzesheimer, an American studying in Seville who frequents Madre de Dios.

At first, the nun's customers were concentrated around their particular *barrios*, not well known outside. However, María Luisa Fraga Iribarne, a doctor of art history, has helped the nuns' treats gain recognition. With the publication of her book, *Guía de Dulces de los Conventos Sevillanos de Clausura*, and her organization of the yearly convent market, the nun pastries of Seville are now better known across the country.

Every year the market is held in the Palacio Gótico of the Real Alcázar, the old official palace of Seville successively occupied by the Muslim caliphs and then the Christian kings, including Isabel and Fernando, the Catholic Monarchs. It is held around the date of the Immaculate Conception, a Catholic holy day which falls in the 8th of December. People flock to the Real Alcázar from over Seville to buy their Christmas sweets. The nuns bake as many as they can as far as a month in advance in order to fulfill the demand. After the three days of the market, every box is sold, mother Adela says. It's the greatest profit generating week of the year for them. Nonetheless, for the nuns making sweets is not a business but a labor of love. ■



Uprooting History

Diane Neuroth

Farmer José Antonio Gutiérrez explains why he changed oranges for potatoes in his Villa Esperanza.

Immediately after driving through the low, white gates adorned with the words Villa Esperanza in silver lettering, immense piles of axed orange trees scatter the landscape. The tiny mountains consist of branches and roots, but the delicate orange fruits have been plucked and sold. In place of groves of orange trees, José Antonio Gutiérrez, 46, now finds himself acting as the proprietor of a potato farm.

During a tour of the property, José Antonio points to his neatly planted rows and says, “A week ago, this land was without any potatoes.”

The rapid transformation of Villa Esperanza was incredible, considering the fact that 2,000 orange trees had stretched

across José Antonio’s farm. For 30 years the citrus fruit brought a profit to this farm in the vicinity of Villanueva del Ariscal, a charming little town located 10 miles west of Seville. The Mediterranean world is known for its commercial orange production and Spain is its leader, growing the sixth highest total internationally, accounting for 36 percent of the total, followed by the United States with a mere 12 percent. But Spain’s eminence as a producer and exporter doesn’t ensure the success of all its farmers.

Like any owner, José Antonio’s main concern has always been making a profit. But the oranges were no longer cutting it, and they had to be replaced with potatoes. Due to the lack of water in this region and the amount of liquid an orange tree requires compared to potatoes, along with the troubled economy, he hopes that his business decision will prove to be a more profitable alternative. José Antonio’s potato business is solely for exporting purposes; he is now working closely with France, Ireland, and England.

Farming requires hard work and long hours each day. He starts his day around 6:30 or 7:00 each morning. “The first thing I am used to doing is eating breakfast, because I do not know what time I will be able to eat once I enter the farm,” José Antonio explains.

Following breakfast, he enters his small office, adjacent to the fields, to organize the work for managers of the farm. As he explains his typical daily routine, it becomes clear that he is not the usual businessman. He wears a collared shirt, with a dark sweater and a pair of khaki corduroys. The outfit was put together but nothing too fancy. However, the real give away is José Antonio’s shoes.

The coat of dirt caking the top of his shoes reveals that he spends as much time in the fields as he does in his office.

After finishing up his paper work he usually takes a walk through the farm making sure everything is running smoothly. He checks on the irrigation system as well as on the potatoes and plum trees. With farming, mushrooms and insects are always a big concern. And if there is ever a broken machine, José Antonio is the man trying to fix it.

Besides him and his father, the owner of Villa Esperanza who passed down all his farming knowledge to his son, there are anywhere from four to 20 workers who help out. The amount of hands needed depends on the season. All employees of the farm are national citizens working on a temporary contract. He trusts his managers to use their best judgment when contracting someone. It makes his job much easier when José Antonio is not worrying about the men out in Villa Esperanza’s fields, and he can focus on the problems that come at him daily. His wife Loli, who is an optician and owns a business in the neighboring town of Benacazón, and his son Joselito, now 7, can also see more of him now.

His ideas for dealing with problems are simple yet quite rational. He asserts that when there is a small problem that is easily fixed, it is no longer a problem. And if he runs into one that is impossible to solve, it stops being a problem as well, since there is no answer. And for all those problems that fall in the middle, he concludes that they are why he attended school and became an agriculturist.

His knowledge of agriculture and commerce led him to this recent decision to focus on potato production and leave the orange business. With the current crisis in Spain, there isn’t the same type of cash flow moving through the markets these days.

“The great problem that we encounter in these moments is that the prices of the seeds, the pesticides, the fuel, etcetera, have increased,” says José Antonio. “They do not pay the sufficient price to be able to cover expenses,” he complains.

This causes a trickle-down effect as consumers end up paying more for produce. It’s a perpetual cycle that ends up hurting the farming business as a whole. The local Agrarian Association of Young Farmers of Seville (ASAJA) blames this on the brutal difference that exists between the original cost for orange farmers and that which is received upon final sale. That’s another reason for José Antonio’s decision to move from oranges, the delicious fruit brought to Europe from China in the Middle Ages, to potatoes, the cheap and nutritive produce that the first Spanish conquerors discovered in South America 500 years ago. ■

José Antonio Gutiérrez, accompanied by two of his clients from France: Monsieur Gerard and Monsieur Dirk.





When in Seville, Starbucks or La Campana?

Sarah Kulow



The invasion of chain American coffee shops challenges the traditions and habits of Seville, where many local cafes still persevere.

“Yeah, why did we choose to come here, dear?” was Russ’ response when prompted with the question, ‘why would you choose Starbucks of all the places in Seville?’ On this dreary and sprinkling morning in the center of the Andalusian capital, sit Pat and Russ, an eclectic couple from Los Angeles who are visiting a niece studying abroad in the city. To the cultured couple, it is no surprise that there are three coffee shops of this American brand located on Avenida Constitución, the main road that runs through the heart of Seville. To them, it is a tourist attraction in and of itself. “We have to collect a Starbucks mug from every city we visit; it’s a new tradition.”

You will find many of these ubiquitous

American companies saturating the city, including McDonalds, Burger King, Ben and Jerry’s, and the omnipresent Starbucks.

Starbucks was founded in 1971 in Seattle’s Pike Place

Market, where the coffee shop had character, being the only one of its kind. Named after the first mate in Herman Melville’s *Moby Dick*, the company has grown and developed an international mission: “To establish Starbucks as the premier purveyor of the finest coffee in the world while maintaining our uncompromising principles as we grow.” Sticking to this goal, Starbucks has excelled not only in providing coffee to all 50 states but also to 43 countries.

In 2001 Starbucks announced its arrival in Spain after signing a joint venture with the Grupo VIPs, an established Spanish company with similar values and business philosophies. In April of 2002 the first Starbucks was opened in Madrid, and shortly after the business expanded to Barcelona and Seville. There are now 75 locations between the three cities. Seville’s first Starbucks was constructed in 2003 opposite Hotel Alfonso XIII that was conceived to be the most luxurious hotel in Europe when it was erected in 1928. A local *papelería* (stationery store) was reduced to half of its size to allow room for the new coffee shop. It was successful enough for three more Starbucks to be developed within a one-mile radius.

These four locations have overpowered the heart of Seville on one avenue, Avenida Constitución, where you will also find the third largest

cathedral in Europe, and further down you will be drawn toward the shopping mecca of calle Tetuán.

Walking into any of the Starbucks shops in Seville you cannot help but feel as though you were at home in America, in the middle of one the oldest Spanish cities. Everything is the same. You can hear the mellow tones of Jewel playing in the background while sitting on the same big comfy chairs, staring at the same floral picture, sipping on the same cup of coffee. Even the drinks have the same names; therefore you are already familiar with the menu and know exactly what you are ordering.

“I like the amiable atmosphere and our attitude towards our clients, whether regulars, students, or travelers, but most of all I love the people with

whom I work. They are great!” states Faustino, who has been a Starbucks employee for three years. One of the biggest differences this native of Seville has noticed

between local *cafeterías* and Starbucks is the quality and the quantity. His drink of choice is a *grande chai tea latte* due to the caliber of the coffee and its distinct spice blend. He also enjoys sipping on his *latte* over a long period of time, which is facilitated by the size of his beverage.

Overall the majority of the clientele is foreign, or people who are familiar with the atmosphere, but over the past few years there has been a rising number of Sevillians sipping on Starbucks coffee, especially since they added menu choices native to Spain, like the *Jamón con Queso* (cured ham and cheese) croissant. Many local people also take pleasure in the *Espresso Macchiato*, their most common order. Juan, a professional in his thirties, comes to Starbucks three times a week for a tall cup of coffee. He declares, “I am hooked.” He prefers the size and taste of the coffee that Starbucks provides, as compared to some of the other local *cafés*.

Further down Constitución and then calle Sierpes you will wander towards more traditional *cafeterías* and *confiterías* (pastry shops), like La Campana. This family-run coffee shop was established in 1885 by Antonio Hernández Merino and is now in its fourth generation of management. Translated, La Campana means The Bell. This is due to its location in a building with a bell above it, which

would ring when a fire ignited in the city. Fortunately, the company has had no such problems.

Today the Hernández family has opened just one other La Campana in an upper-class neighborhood across the river, Los Remedios. Both establishments maintain traditional flavor by providing a wide variety of pastries prepared daily and preserving the Spanish decor. The new *confitería* provides a nice patio, great for people watching. The family has also opened a restaurant and a disco.

This well-known business has catered to the most distinguished family in Spain, the royal family. They have also catered major political events at the town hall. But the most familiar of their clientele are the Sevillians who come by for a cup of coffee daily. José Antonio Hernández, one of the two fourth generation owners, explains: “Many *señoras* have been customers since they were children, and now they are like family”.

Since La Campana is the oldest and best-established pastry shop in Seville, many tourists are attracted by the opportunity to taste a bit of traditional Spain. Mark, a middle-aged father from the mid-west, says that he enjoys spending his money at local, family-owned establishments where he knows his money is not going to an over-paid CEO. He also enjoys the Spanish ambiance and being around the locals.

Lola, born and raised in Seville, wears her traditional attire, including an apron and bonnet while working behind the counter at La Campana. She is surrounded by local tradition, from the elaborate tiled walls to the classic pastries. Currently she is selling mostly *torrijas*, a Spanish pastry which La Campana is famous for selling. It is a piece of crustless bread, deep-fried, and then saturated with honey. It is only sold during the Holy Week, creating an even higher demand.

Despite all of the globalization throughout Seville, owner José Antonio Hernández firmly believes that his business will continue to persevere. He affirms that, since it is the oldest, most traditional establishment, there is no major competition even with other *cafeterías* and *confiterías*. Contrary to what you may believe, he considers the developments of companies such as Starbucks to be beneficial for the thriving tourist economy of Seville. “Our companies provide different products. We are what tourists want to see, the traditional and real Spain.” ■



Am I 'Rellenita'?

Reeny Harrison

What I learnt about eating disorders after my señora measured my figure.

As we sat down to our first meal with our señora, or house mom, for the four months we would be studying here in Spain, my roommate and I began dissecting every word she said. Our biggest concern was understanding our conversation and communicating back with her in Spanish. The topics we talked about varied from where we lived, our families, friends, and studies to what we wanted to do in our free time and the type of food we liked. As we began talking about the food we would be happy for the time we were here, my roommate, who also happens to be a very good friend from my home university, brought up the subject of wanting to lose weight while here. I was in total agreement because the college life of sleeping, drinking, and eating poorly was certainly catching up with me. However, before another word could come out of either of our mouths, our señora, matter-of-factly, said, —“Well, Reeny, you have probably always been a little *rellenita*. I'm sure it runs in your family.”

When I hunted in my Spanish dictionary for the meaning of what she had said, I found, not to my surprise, the definition of *relleno*: “adj. stuffed; padding,” telling me that *rellenita* meant “a little padding” or, in colloquial terms, “curvy.”

Although this statement did not surprise me, it did catch me off guard as to how easily she stated her observation. Clearly the Spanish have no problem speaking their mind, but the questions that came to my mind were, “what exactly is curvy to them?” and “by curvy, do they really mean fat?”

According to the National Institute of Health (NIH), a person with a body mass index, or BMI, of 30 or above is considered obese. A BMI of 30 is about 30 pounds overweight. BMI is the key index for relating a person's body weight to height. Obesity could be caused by any number of things, normally including genetic and behavioral factors. Obesity causes a plethora of medical problems including high blood pressure, strokes, heart attacks, and diabetes. Many people can prevent or overcome obesity with counseling, exercise, diet, or even medication.

All of these facts are crucial to understanding how obesity is scientifically classified, but

the fact is that obesity is a difficult

topic. Psychologist Frank García Castrillón says it best when he states:

“In order to speak about the subjective criteria of obesity, you have to speak about beauty/ugly and body image. The subjective criterion of obesity is dependent on the image one has of himself, or self-esteem. Body image is something we have built since childhood and is greatly influenced by our parents.”

Many times the subjective feelings of a person are not in sync with the objective facts. When a person experiences this, the phenomenon is referred to as body dysmorphic disorder, or dysmorphophobia, a mental disorder that creates a distorted picture of the body. It is diagnosed to those who are extremely critical of their physique or body image without having a defect or distortion with which to justify it. While obesity is not a form of dysmorphophobia, it too is related to a person's emotional state or self-esteem.

Usually the problems associated with obesity are direct expression of anxious or depressive states. This is compulsive eating: eat two big burgers because it may relieve my anxiety or stress like a Valium would. Or sometimes it is the direct expression of a depressive state, where the person tries to fill an empty feeling with food, avoiding

other sources of pleasure and fulfillment. And because neither of these attempts is effective, the person continues to use false methods that provide only

a temporary fix to more permanent problems.

So what factors mainly influence an eating disorder? Our culture is one of them, as doctor García Castrillón explains. “We live in a culture of speed and an idealization of omnipotence. Anything can and should be achieved not only quickly, but easily.” People are constantly bombarded with slogans like “Learn Spanish in two weeks!” and “Lose 10 pounds in three weeks with no effort,” even though this is not reality. Living in this culture, showing any signs of difficulty in overcoming a challenge is interpreted as weakness. This leads us to anguish. We have fallen into the myth, the irrational belief, that we can achieve anything we want without effort.



However, each person is different, and if one mind can escape this way of thinking, then we cannot say that the cause of eating disorders, including obesity, is derived from culture. “This is largely influenced by the quality of the emotional bond established with the parents,” says Frank García Castrillón. “It is not the relationship with the world of fashion or the desire to look exactly like the models one sees, but rather the emotions one associates with these things, emotions that stem from one's upbringing.”

This brings us to question the most common response to obesity: diet. Why is Spain, a country considered to overall have one of the healthiest diets (Mediterranean food) struggling with obesity? The answer is that diet is the reflection of how we take care of ourselves and others in the physical sense. Doctor García Castrillón gives an example. “The child who has parents that put care and attention into making a rich and varied weekly diet - fruit, meat, fish, cereals - is healthier not just physically but psychologically because this child is able to internalize this attitude of care and respect for her own body. What can we expect from a child whose parents do not put enough care and attention into the food for her? Remember children not only inherited the color of a parent's eyes or skin, they also inherited the attitudes and emotional states with which their parents have raised them.”

I now realize that yes, I am curvy, and while I certainly could work on healthier eating habits, I demonstrate the attitude of respect and good reflection of my parents in not struggling with food. Besides, my 23-year-old friend Jaime, who is from Seville, says it best—“You're not fat, just curvy, and I, like most guys, like a little something to hold onto.” ■

What the experts say:

“An estimated one in five Spanish women ages 13-22 suffers from an eating disorder”

(Gonzalo Morande, head of the eating disorders department at Madrid's Niño Jesús Hospital)

“The psychological problems with eating disorders come more from women; the ratio 8 to 2 to men.” (Frank Castrillón, psychologist)

A Vegetarian in Seville

Hayley Levine



How do Americans adjust to a vegetarian lifestyle in a country where meat is highly admired? We introduce the ways in which both student and host family adapt to new eating habits and food preparation in Spain.

“What is this?” I ask as I sit down to eat lunch.

There is something I do not recognize sitting next to the vegetables. “It’s *tocino*,” says Carmen, my host mother, “but don’t worry, it’s the healthy kind.” *Tocino* is, in fact, pig’s fat. The white, circular shaped figure jiggles like jell-o every time she accidentally bumps the table. The consistency and texture of the fat make me want to be sick. I stare at it, and it stares back at me. “But Carmen,” I say, as a wave of nausea develops in my stomach, “I’m a vegetarian!”

Vegetarianism is an alternative ethic to the consumption of meat or animal products. It is a rising phenomenon throughout the world, especially with young children and teenagers; however, no one is born a vegetarian. It’s a personal decision made by an individual or it is the way your parents decided to raise you. People of all ages are constantly deciding to become vegetarians as this popular diet continues to grow.

There are three specific kinds of vegetarian consumption. Lacto-ovo vegetarian, ovo-vegetarian, and lacto vegetarian are all subcategories of the growing trend. They appear in order from the least strict diet to the most intense, which consists of eating only dairy products, no meat or eggs. These variations have been around for many years.

The International Vegetarian Union (IVU) was founded in 1908. It consists of many vegetarian societies around the world. According to the IVU, almost all European countries have a vegetarian population. This includes Spain, which joined the union to become the 21st country to participate. Spain is rhetorically known for its wide selection of fine ham and meat cuisine, though 4% of its population, nearly 1,800,000 people, follow some form of a vegetarian diet.

However, what does it mean to be a vegetarian in Spain? Although a small percentage of Spain consumes a vegetarian diet, the idea of vegetarianism is much different than that of what is considered a vegetarian diet in the United States. Nancy Merchant, coordinator of student services for CIEE programs in Seville, says: “It is much more difficult to be a vegetarian in Spain. The older population doesn’t understand the concept as well as the younger generation. To them, ham isn’t meat, which makes it okay for a vegetarian diet.”

This comes as a surprise to many vegetarian, American students studying abroad in Seville. They are paired up and placed in Spanish homes for their semester abroad and many students request special dietary needs. One of the more popular

ones used to be vegetarianism. “This year less than 10% of the students marked being vegetarians. In past years, we have had up to 20%; there used to be a lot more requests,” says Nancy. Many of the vegetarian students were not expecting ham to be part of their daily diet. So is it possible to be a vegetarian in Spain?

Emily Loughlin, a CIEE student in Seville, became a strict vegetarian a year ago. “It’s a little more difficult than in the US,” she says, “many Spanish people don’t understand the restrictions of a vegetarian diet. We can’t eat things that were cooked with meat, or even chicken broth.” For students like Emily, it is a large adaptation to make. However, it

may be an even larger adaptation for the cooking styles of the families they move in with.

“My host mum thinks I eat vegetables and nothing else. At first she thought I could still eat ham or chicken (or chicken soup as long as she took the actual chicken out of the soup). Now she just serves me vegetables for dinner because it’s easier for her,” says Emily.

In addition to its inconveniences in the kitchen, many people consider the diet of a vegetarian unhealthy. Nuria Ruiz is an assistant nurse in the emergency department of the High Resolution Hospital (CHARE, in its Spanish initials) of Utrera, near Seville. “I think a vegetarian diet is healthy, as long as the individual does it correctly,” she says. Most vegetarians lack proper amounts of vitamin B12, D, iron, calcium, zinc and protein; however, there

are many ways to obtain the required nutrients in the proper amounts. Foods that contain the same vitamins and nutrients as meat and eggs are easy substitutes. “If dairy and eggs are included in the diet, this is where many of the necessary nutrients can be found. If it is a strict vegetarian diet, the nutrients can be found through legumes, soy, fresh fruit, seaweed and dried fruit,” says Nuria. It is easy to find any of these foods in the supermarket or at specialty markets. When eaten properly, a vegetarian diet is just as healthy, or even more so than the diet of a non-vegetarian.

Being a vegetarian in Spain is different from the vegetarian lifestyle that American students are used to. “There is always

People in Spain can go their whole life without meeting a Spanish vegetarian.

something to eat,” says Emily, “just not as many options. My daily diet consists of toast or cereal for breakfast, cheese and tomato sandwich for lunch, and frozen vegetables for dinner, unless I’m eating out.” Around Seville, there are three known vegetarian restaurants. In order to find them, you need a map and enough time in your schedule to search for them. Spanish vegetarians would be better off moving to Italy where they can be surrounded by pizza, pasta, and salad. However, most Sevillian tapas bars and restaurants have ‘vegetable sections’ on their menus.

“We love to cook and entertain for our family and friends and we take pride in the food that we serve,” says Rosario Morales, one of the housing hosts for CIEE students. “Out of all my friends, I am the healthiest,” she says. “They all have problems with obesity or cholesterol, but I’m as healthy as can be.” Rosario is not a vegetarian but many of her meals would suit the vegetarian appetite. “I cook with vegetables, lots and lots of vegetables. They’re much healthier and there are so many things you can make using all different combinations.” Rosario’s kitchen is a vegetarian’s haven. Not all students can be so lucky to have their expectations met so highly.

People in Spain can go their whole life without meeting a Spanish vegetarian. “In my environment, I have never met anyone that was a vegetarian,” says Nuria. Even if they aren’t seen, they do exist, as well as the difficult struggles of American students that weren’t expecting their vegetarian ways to be so foreign in Spain. Yes, it is possible to be a vegetarian in Spain, but a little bit of patience and effort is necessary. ■





The Last Days of the ‘Botellón’?

Stephanie May

Seville’s government tries to control the ‘botellón,’ a longstanding institution of outdoor parties which became famous in the world.

“Excuse me, I’d like a bottle of rum please,” she requests in Spanish with a thick American accent. The man behind the counter nods and reaches up to grab a medium-sized bottle. Arms full of ingredients, she gratefully dumps them on the counter and fishes for her wallet in her purse. With a satisfied smile, she walks out of the store and heads to the river to meet her friends... And the *botellón* begins.

The riverbank in front of *calle Betis* is peppered with groups of partiers. Americans and Spaniards of a variety of ages stand crowded around their pile of goodies, talking and laughing. A couple leans against the wall, locked in a passionate embrace. A few feet away, a Spanish boy who looks to be about 17 pretends to push one of his friends into the river while he isn’t looking. Cups in hand, the atmosphere buzzes with excitement as the *botellóners* get ready for a night on the town.

Botellón is a key part of the Spanish nightlife for young people between the ages of 16 and 24. *Botellón*, which literally translated means “big bottle,” is the practice of drinking previously purchased alcohol in the street. Groups of friends pitch in to buy a bottle of liquor, a bag of ice, and a bottle of soda to share in order to get tipsy before they go out

for the night.

Kelsey, an American studying in Seville, begins most of

her nights out with a trip to the Dia supermarket by her Triana home. “Drinks get expensive,” she says, “it’s much cheaper to begin the night by *botelloning* and then heading to a bar or a club.”

During the worldwide economic crisis, everyone is searching for ways to save money. However, when it comes to alcoholic beverages, Seville’s government is drawing the line. Trash, noise, and underage drinking are just some of the negative effects that come with this Spanish pastime. Although in other places it is more private, Spain is not the only country dealing with such issues.

Botellón is illegal in many Spanish cities; however, it is a tradition that is still revered throughout the country, usually during the spring and summer months. It is especially popular in southern cities like Seville, which used to be famous for its *botelloning*. In 2004, 70,000 people gathered in the Andalusian capital for what is called a “*macro-botellón*.” Again in 2006, 5,000 people congregated for a *macro-botellón* that attracted media attention from around the world.

In December of 2006, however, the *Ayuntamiento* (local government) of Seville tried to put a stop to it. They started to apply a new regional law in Andalusia banning public and massive drinking in the streets.

For Antonio Iglesias Esquina, a homeowner in the center of Seville, noise is his biggest concern. “They’re out there enjoying their *botellón*, while I have work the next day. It’s impossible to sleep with all that noise.” For Asunción Martínez de la Ossa, who also lives in the center, trash is the problem. “I don’t have to hear the noise because I don’t live near a plaza where kids gather to do *botellón*, but the trash they leave behind is unbearable.” Over 20,000 pounds of it were picked up after the most recent *macro-botellón*.

But the *botellón* still continues. On Friday, March 27th, 12,000 participated in one of these massive meetings in Seville to celebrate the beginning of spring. Word of the party was spread through the Spanish version of Myspace or Facebook, called Tuenti.

Since *botellón* was outlawed, lawbreakers can now be punished with a ticket of around 300 euros if caught drinking in the streets. But how well is the law actually enforced? *Macro-botellones* are clearly

not a thing of the past, and hundreds of young people do the *botellón* in places

like Plaza Salvador and along the banks of the Guadalquivir River each night without receiving a ticket. When asked about the law, one local police officer said, “Yeah, it’s illegal, but go ahead and do it, especially if you’re a foreigner. If you get caught just say you didn’t know about the law, and you won’t get a ticket.”

Kelsey says that as a student studying abroad, she actually feels encouraged to take part. “Before coming to Seville, all you hear and read about is people *botelloning*. Everyone says that it’s illegal, but that nobody actually cares enough to enforce the law.”

Discover Seville is a student travel company that takes American students to places like Portugal and Morocco. They also provide students with information covering everything from gym memberships to nightlife. On their website they describe the practice of *botellón*. “It’s a Sevillian tradition that we hope will never die. Although it was outlawed in December of 2006, when the warm weather returns to Seville, there’s a good chance

that *botellón* will too!” They then proceed to tell students where to buy the alcohol, how to ask for it in Spanish, and even explain how to put the ice in the glass without breaking it. “There’s nobody really telling us not to do it,” says the American student. “Something like this would not fly in the United States. The police would break it up faster than you can imagine.”

Legally, the United States and Spain take drastically different approaches when it comes to the control of alcoholic beverages. The law in the U.S. states that a person must be 21 years old to buy or consume any kind of alcohol, and that he or she must provide valid identification before doing so. In Spain, a person must be 18 years old to buy or consume alcohol, yet identification is rarely asked for.

However, despite the differences in the law, the drinking culture for teens and young adults is more or less the same. American high school and college students have also found a more economical way of drinking. They participate in a practice called “pre-gaming” where groups of friends gather at one person’s house to get drunk before they go out to a party, bar, or club. Everyone chips in to buy a bottle of alcohol to share. They do this to avoid buying expensive drinks throughout the night.

Obtaining alcohol is much easier in Spain for the underage set than in the United States. “I can usually buy my own alcohol,” says 15-year-old Bea. “Usually not in the supermarkets, but in the Chino stores, nobody cares how old you are.” A recent study done by the Organization of Consumers and Users in Spain reported that 81% of minors in Spain are able to buy beer when they order it, and 67% are able to purchase whiskey. Whereas 20-year-old Kelsey says that buying underage in the US is nearly impossible. “I’m not 21 yet, and so I’ve never been able to buy my own alcohol. It got easier as more of my friends turned 21, but they ID you everywhere. They’re very strict.”

Although the city is still trying to get rid of *botellón*, Antonio says that despite the noise, it’s not all bad. “I think that economically it is better. It is much cheaper for everyone to pitch in and buy a bottle together than to pay a lot of money for drinks at a bar.” His solution to the noise problem is simple: “I wish that the city would designate an area for *botellón* on the outskirts of the city. That way the younger people could drink together, not spend a ton of money, and have fun without bothering anybody.” Asunción agrees. “I don’t have a problem with *botellón*, as long as everyone picks up their trash when they’re done.” ■

The Plaza del Salvador at night.

Legally, the United States and Spain take drastically different approaches when it comes to the control of alcoholic beverages.





Cultural Immersion by Mouth and Stomach

Nicole Karlis



A trip into Sevillian society through bars and tapas.

The time is 14:00. The temperature is 22 degrees Celsius, according to the digital thermometer on the street. This means nothing to me. I'm from America; if I was uneducated I could have mistaken the temperature to be quite cold with just a glance at the number.

The time is 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The temperature is 72 degrees Fahrenheit. Now this is a language I can understand.

The man at the tobacco stand locks his gate and flips his sign over to "closed". The schoolgirls wearing their uniforms giggle to one another. A young couple is heavily making out on the corner; it kind of makes me sick. A man dressed for business wears a pink blouse under his suit jacket. He's walking at the pace of a snail, so I decide to pass him. I stop at the end of the street and take a look around. I feel a sensation of anxiety that takes over my body. "Where am I, and how did I get here?" I ask myself. I am no longer 3,643 miles west across the Atlantic Ocean. I am in Seville, Spain. I'm in a different world. I will now begin to immerse myself in the Spanish culture. I am no longer 5,863 kilometers west transatlantic. I am in Seville, and it's 14:00; it's time for lunch, and I'm hungry.

Restaurante Casa Blanca, calle Zaragoza 50

I linger in the hallway with a growling stomach. There are people standing around the restaurant eating, smoking, and drinking, mostly men in suit jackets. I'm unsure of my next action. I begin to think to myself with frustration, "How difficult can a task as simple as eating be?" This is my first challenge, my first *tapa* experience. I enter this foreign place and head straight towards an empty spot at the bar; there are only about four options of table seating, which are occupied. There are two middle-aged men standing next to me. Both are smoking and sipping on a beer. It's obvious I am American with my blonde hair and blue eyes, but even more when the eyes are wandering around like a lost puppy dog. The bartender, Ramón, asks me what I'd like to eat from behind the bar. He's dressed in black slacks and a button-up shirt. He has grey hair and a mustache. "How can I know what I want to eat, when I haven't even looked at a menu yet?" I ask myself. So I ask Ramón if I could see a menu. A few minutes later I am shown to the bathroom. It was difficult for Ramón to decipher the difference in my Spanish between "*menú*," and "*baño*."

Second try, I return to my previous spot at the bar.

Again I ask myself "How difficult can a task as simple as eating be?" And right then the devil inside my head reminds me that I may or may not have passed a McDonald's on my way here but I ignore him. Ramón knows it wasn't the bathroom I was looking for but it was a menu. I order meatballs and a beer. Ramón tells the cook himself, then writes something on a tiny piece of paper, and places it somewhere behind the bar. "So where in America are you from?" Ramón asks me. I tell him I am from Chicago and studying here for the semester. He tells me how Casa Blanca has its share of foreigners. "Is it easy to tell who is and who is not a foreigner?" I ask. "It's like day and night," Ramón replies. My food is placed on the bar, but I am not comfortable and ready to eat. I am carrying a pretty large purse. I look to the ground for a place to put my bag, but to my surprise all I see are dirty napkins. Then I notice a hook on the wall. How convenient. My silverware is brought to me in a bread basket. I really don't know what to expect next, everything is just so strange and peculiar.

I venture out of Casablanca, and arrive in La Bodega.

La Bodega, calle de Rodrigo Caro 1

Outside the bar people are taking advantage of the day. I enter and hear "*toma guapo, ay guapo*" being yelled from the waiter behind the bar to his costumer across. The costumer leaves his table to collect his food. The waiter gives him a basket with crackers that he shamelessly threw in barehanded. For me this is bad manners. The costumer then stands at the bar and talks with the waiter while he eats his food. It appears as if they have been friends for some time. When finished, he throws his napkin down to collect with all the other dirty specimens on the floor. This is one gesture that continues to puzzle me. It is time to investigate, because this time there is no garbage can on the floor. "Excuse me," I say to the waiter, "Why does everyone throw their napkins on the floor when there aren't any garbage cans?" He chuckles and replies. "We should probably put some garbage cans on the floor then, shouldn't we?" "I don't really know though," he adds. "It's strange and rude but everyone does it; it's just the way it is." As if this twilight zone couldn't become odder for me, it does. I order a *tortilla de patatas* and a beer. "Is this

all you want for today?" he asks me; "Yes," I reply. He then whips out a piece of chalk and writes how many euros I owe on the bar in front of me. "I'm sorry, did I miss something?" I think to myself, "Is this waiter a school teacher too? Am I back at my school?" I look all around the bar to find numbers written all over it with chalk. I am no longer eating on a bar; I am eating on a brown chalkboard.

Class has ended, I venture to Bodegón del Arco.

Bodegón del Arco, calle Dos de Mayo 8

I decide to follow the road less taken, and I stumble upon this *tapas* bar. There are only about six people inside. Two women are sitting at the bar smoking and talking about girly things. There is another man at the bar in a business suit by himself, the two waiters behind the bar, and then another man who is also alone at a table toward the back of the bar. It is the older man at the table that immediately catches my eye. He is wearing a baseball cap; he is

American. I feel a sense of relief; I am not alone. However, I am not about to strike up a conversation. Remember I *am* in the process of immersion, and that would be cheating. I observe and order myself a beer and croquets. While I am eating and drinking, the American man is about finished. He gets up from his seat and pays his bill. Before leaving he says "*gracias*" and gives the waiter two American dollars. The waiter looks so confused and tries giving the money back saying "no, no." The American man refuses and leaves. Needless to say I feel slightly embarrassed for him. One thing I remember about orientation is that in Spain *tipping isn't common*, and maybe it would have been acceptable if it were the correct currency. The waiters politely wait until he has left to discuss what has just happened. "What is this in euros?" one waiter asks the other. None of the people know in the bar, and eagerly I wait to chime in. "I think it's about one dollar and forty cents to a euro at the moment," I say. The other man that was sitting at the bar asks me where I am from, as the two other women are eavesdropping. I order another beer and chat with everyone in the bar for a while. They are interested in me, and I am interested in them. I suddenly don't feel like I am in another world anymore. ■

The Story Behind the Servers

Amanda Dick



Tourists come to Sevilla for the food, but rarely think about the waiters who have served many people like them for years. Five of these professionals tell us how they work.

Around 7:45 every morning, Luis Valero does not drag his feet as he leaves his car parked on Luis Montoto street and walks through Plaza de la Alfalfa to Bar Europa. The breakfast patrons at 8 a.m. don't know that Luis was working at another bar until 12 a.m. the night before. He prefers to keep the knowledge of his two jobs separate. Luis knows all of the breakfast customers by name, and gives his full attention to each job while he is there.

He prefers to not even name the other restaurant: "Bar Europa is not interested in my other job." Luis earns 1,150 euros each month at this bar after social security payments. This waiter works 8 hours each day at Bar Europa, but needs the extra 4 hours at his almost secret second job, which he hopes to end within a year.

In the Plaza Virgen de los Reyes, a large fountain of water is flowing as dozens of tourists snap photos in front of the Giralda. El Giraldillo is the only restaurant immediately within the square. Its terrace is neatly set with traditional Spanish ceramic plates and tan and white linen tablecloths which are very welcoming to hot and weary travelers. Tourists are reminded on the menu that they will pay an additional 20% supplement to dine and take in the atmosphere around the historic Giralda.

Abdellah enjoys people watching in the plaza every day, in fact he gets paid for it. Calm, col-

lected, and presentable dressed in uniform black and a white and black striped vest, Abdellah is a target for tourist questions.

"I have about 20 to 40 questions a day about where is this hotel, this church, what time are these sites open, and even what is the history of the cathedral. Sometimes I answer and sometimes I don't, it depends how I am feeling," Abdellah says.

According to him, the tourists are an easy group to please in comparison to the local Spaniards: "The English are not complicated. They don't know much about gastronomy and always say 'it's delicious.'"

He tells that the local Spaniards are very critical and often give the servers instructions about how to prepare food, or they say the meal is too expensive and refuse to pay. "For example, they will say, 'I buy tomatoes, green peppers and everything for the soup gazpacho at the grocery store for 2 euros. I'm not going to pay 18 euros for this meal at this restaurant,'" Abdellah recalls.

The waiter has to explain that customers are paying for the atmosphere and service at the restaurant, and they can not make exceptions for guests because they are from the area.

Juan Alegría, a server at Baco Restaurant, also finds himself explaining there is no difference between the food for local Spaniards and tourists.

below: Abdellah in front of Seville's Cathedral; above: Mohammed Siali.



"There is an urban legend that there is one bad piece of ham for tourists and another better piece for the locals. There are places that do this, but here everyone gets and pays the same," Juan says.

He has worked at Baco Restaurant for 7 years. At first being a waiter was just a break from an administrative job that was not paying enough. His intention was to only try it for a year or two, but now he is one of the senior members. The staff is paid 1,200 to 1,500 euros a month depending on level of seniority.

Laura Voicuceseu, a Romanian immigrant, stumbled into waitressing as well, and she quickly adapted. Laura went to Sevilla for a vacation and never went back. She met her current boyfriend during vacation and found the job at Restaurant Campanario through a friend of the owner. Laura can speak to the costumers in Spanish, English, Italian, Portuguese, and Romanian.

Mohammed Siali knows Spanish, English, German, Italian, and French. At 6 pm in the afternoon Mohammed is running Antigua Taberna in the Santa Cruz neighborhood by himself. It is not a popular dinner hour for the local *Sevillanos* but there are plenty of tables of tourists keeping Mohammed occupied. Inside the restaurant there are 20 tables and 11 outside. The terrace is the most popular for tourists seeking to soak up the streets of Sevilla, so Mohammed has to run back and forth to the kitchen.

Mohammed does not mind the extra effort. "I work for the customer, not for my boss," he says. One time a group of American tourists gave Mohammed a 26 euro tip. As tips are not usually expected in Spain, he was very grateful.

Though Mohammed takes pride in his job, his work from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. leave him little time outside of serving tables: "I don't have time for anything. There isn't a lot of time to enjoy life or go to the gym. I go home, sleep, and come back here." ■

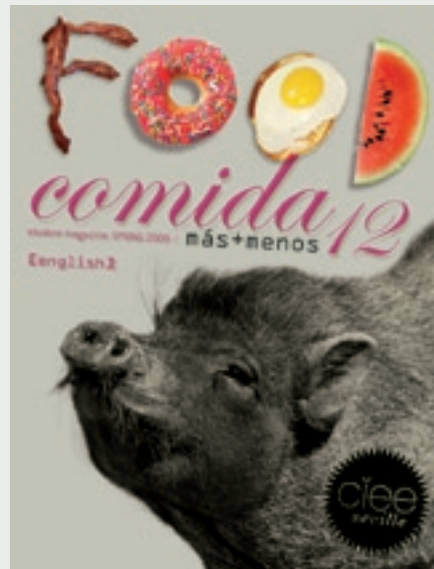




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editor's note

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Cada país tiene sus tópicos culinarios. En España, por ejemplo, decimos que del cerdo nos gustan hasta los andares (¿a quién le importa la gripe porcina?), y es que sólo hace falta probar el jamón ibérico de pata negra para que nos den la razón. Manjares tan esenciales como la tortilla de patatas, la paella o el gazpacho han hecho famosa la cocina española en el mundo entero. Pero no nos conformamos con eso. Hoy día, 4 de los 10 mejores restaurantes del mundo—según la prestigiosa revista londinense *Restaurant*— son españoles. ¿Hay alguien a estas alturas que no haya oído hablar de Ferrán Adrià, mejor chef internacional desde el año 2005, según la misma publicación? Añadamos pues los cocineros a la lista de exportaciones nacionales, junto a los tenistas, los futbolistas, los cantantes de ópera y los actores.

Alimentarnos por tanto no es sólo una actividad fisiológica que nos permite mantener nuestro cuerpo sano y activo, también es el conjunto de usos culturales que identifican a cada sociedad con una serie de productos y con determinados modos de cocinarlos, condimentarlos y presentarlos. De modo que si la cocina es cultura, comer debe ser un acto de conocimiento, especialmente cuando se viaja y se conocen nuevos sabores y

nuevas tradiciones relacionadas con la comida. ¿A qué han venido nuestros estudiantes a España si no? Díganme si probar una tapa como 'la cola de toro' (con su correspondiente Cruzcampo) no vale tanto como una lección de historia sobre España y los Tercios de Flandes.

Desgraciadamente, tampoco debemos olvidarnos de que existen aún muchos lugares del mundo en los que alimentarse adecuadamente es un privilegio o un lujo. Sin ir más lejos, en la Posguerra Civil Española—durante los años 40 del siglo pasado—, una terrible hambruna se ensañó con gran parte de la población y aún hoy muchos españoles recuerdan con profunda tristeza aquella etapa de su vida, cuando eran niños.

El número 12 de más+menos está lleno de textos interesantes. Los estudiantes que han contribuido a él (de los programas de Liberal Arts, Advanced Liberal Arts y Business and Society) han exprimido al máximo su experiencia de estudio en el extranjero y han mostrado gran iniciativa en la búsqueda de informaciones, personajes e historias. Agradecemos como siempre la valiosa colaboración de sus compañeros de la Facultad de Filología de la Universidad sin los cuales tampoco hubiera sido posible esta publicación.