

TRIP1

Viatges1

This is just a little slice
of the trip. Do you want to
join Ralph for the whole journey?
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issue is available from
October 2018.**
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Cadaqués

Three kings cake,
sea urchins and calçots:
a culinary winter journey
to the coast of Catalonia

October 2018
(published annually)

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CDO

Wrong time, right place

Dear readers,

–

When I was a child, I spent several holidays with my parents on the Costa Brava. As a result, I believed for a long time that pizza was a Spanish specialty – and suspected that the two Ls in paella had something to do with how the word is pronounced. That's about as close as I got to the Spanish language and culture. In fact, my ambitions leaned more towards France, for which my professional training, the Kunststube restaurant and Horst Petermann, were to blame. Had I not been so terribly afraid of the big, bad world and all the horror stories I'd heard about pots and pans being thrown around in French kitchens, I'd have jumped on the next train and headed straight for the French maîtres. A training course run by the Spanish Institute for Foreign Trade eventually forced me out of my comfort zone and into high-end Iberian cuisine, as practiced by, among others, Pedro Subijana at Akelarre, in San Sebastian, and Ferran Adrià at El Bulli, near Roses. I soon learned how those Ls worked in Spanish and discovered the culinary gems of the Iberian peninsula. In fact, I enjoyed the journey of discovery so much that being on the road has become my main and favorite pastime. Now, I cook wherever I find myself, alongside people who are passionate about food, all of us together on a culinary quest to produce dishes that taste amazing and represent home, and which are a million miles away from cucumber foam and beetroot jelly cubes.

And now I'm putting it all down on paper – my favorite places, my favorite dishes and my favorite chefs. Once a year, and with you by my side! The first issue of

Trip will appear in September. The issue you are currently holding in your hands is the prototype, an abridged version of the first issue to encourage you to join me on the entire journey. First, we're headed to – where else? – the Costa Brava, to Cadaqués, close to my former workplace, El Bulli.

With us on the journey are designer Stefan Haas, and photographer and documentarian Sylvan Müller. We'll take along different traveling companions depending on our destination: in this issue, we're accompanied by food scouts Dominik Flammer and Richi Kägi, writer Niko Stoifberg, drinks experts Dominik Vombach and Benjamin Herzog, bartender and cocktail maestro Manel Vehí, and designer Luki Huber, whose “manual thinking” mindmap on restaurant communication in Spanish you'll find in the center spread.

As for where you should go out to eat in Cadaqués, I'm not going to tell you – the experts on this subject are the locals, regulars, gourmets and gourmands who remain in Cadaqués in winter long after the tourists have gone home. This is when Catalonia offers up its most valuable culinary treasures, when the calçot scallions and sea urchins are, quite simply, at their very best.

So, for the next issues of the magazine, that's also going to be our motto: wrong time, right place.



Let's go!

–

Ralph Schelling



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New Year in Cadaqués

A photograph of the Maritim Bar in Cadaqués at dusk. The bar has a long, low profile with a corrugated metal roof and a sign that reads "MARITIM BAR" in red letters. The interior is lit up, showing tables and chairs. Outside, there are more tables and chairs, and a few people are standing near the bar. The sea is visible in the background, and a small boat is docked on the right. The sky is a deep blue.

The days around New Year are the only time in winter when a few tourists manage to find their way to Cadaqués. Reason enough for most of its restaurants and a few of its hotels to come out of hibernation for a little while. We get right into the thick of the New Year buzz!

December 31, 2017,
5 pm: Maritim Bar

Since 1935, Maritim Bar has remained virtually untouched by time in its idyllic location right on the beach. Past regulars have included Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Salvador Dali and Marcel Duchamp.

× *Passeig Marítim*, www.maritimbar.com

Casa Nun Restaurant



December 31, 2017,
9 pm: Casa Nun

Casa Nun is renowned for its stunning fish dishes and 'arroz negro', a type of paella seasoned with cuttlefish ink instead of saffron, giving it its color and name. For dessert: Cadaqués tarta de queso y chocolate.
× c/Portitxó 6, www.restaurantcasanun.es





December 31, 2017,
11:59 pm: Brown Sugar

In his wonderful bar, Belgian Rudi Biesmans spends every day surrounded by all the fruit he uses to make into juices and drinks. No home for Coca-Cola! × *c/Vigilant*

*You can find the full photo gallery
in the first issue...*



‘VALERIA’ THREE KINGS CAKE
TORTELL DE REIS ‘VALERIA’

On the morning of January 6, when the gifts have all been discovered and unwrapped (but still no Playstation!), it’s time for a meal with the family. The traditional dish of the day is cannelloni, followed by three kings cake. This is usually brought by someone’s godfather. The cake is generously decorated with sticky, brightly colored candied fruit and filled with a thick marzipan paste. Catalans also bake a little porcelain figure of a king into the cake. They also hide a green bean in the dough, too. Whoever finds the king is crowned king, but whoever finds the bean in their slice has to pay for the cake. We jumped at the chance to watch Valeria Santos Leonel show us how to make the cake. The Brazil-born chef has lived in Cadaqués for many years. She has cooked classic Catalan cuisine in a number of restaurants, including Es Racó, right on the beach promenade. She now works as a private chef.



Ralph and Valeria baking three kings cake.

Cake serving 6-8
Preparation time approx. 1 hour 50 mins

-
- 30 g yeast
- 70 g sugar
- 130 ml lukewarm milk
- 320 g flour
- Pinch of salt
- 2 eggs
- 60 g soft butter
- Grated rind of 1 organic lemon
- Grated rind of 1 organic orange
- 2 tsp. orange blossom water
- Candied fruit
- 4 tbsp. pine nuts
- Plus:*
- crown, king and bean
-
- Filling:*
- 1 egg
- 180 g ground almonds
- (I prefer Spanish almonds)
- 180 g icing sugar
-

In a bowl, sprinkle the yeast with a little sugar. Mix with the milk, the remaining sugar, flour, salt and eggs, and stir in the butter. Add the grated lemon and orange rind and the orange blossom water, and work into a smooth dough.

Cover and leave to prove in a warm place for approx. 1 hour until doubled in size.

In the meantime, separate the egg. Mix the egg white, ground almonds and icing sugar together.

Roll out the dough lengthwise with a little flour and spread a thick strip of the almond paste, with the bean and the king, on top.

Fold over the dough and shape into a ring. Place on a tray lined with baking parchment. Mix the egg yolk with a little milk and brush on to the ‘cake’. Decorate with the candied fruit and sprinkle with pine nuts to taste.

Leave to prove for another hour.

Preheat oven to 160° C. Place a cup of water in the middle of the ‘cake’ and bake for about 35 minutes. Leave to cool and sprinkle with icing sugar to taste.



You can find a full report with the recipe in the first issue...

Wind

Cadaqués is in the heart of the Cap de Creus Natural Park. The last foothills of the Pyrenees meet here at the ocean and over the centuries, the stormy winds have created bizarre rock formations. Many of them have names, most of them after animals: the Cala Culip Hare, the Tudela Eagle, the Seal, and the Great Masturbator, as christened by Salvador Dalí. Each point on the compass has its own wind. The north wind, Tramuntana, is the most awe-inspiring.

The storms are an astonishing natural spectacle, particularly in winter. Wind speeds regularly reach 100 km/h, and on hurricane days sometimes more than 200 km/h. It's impossible to walk normally. Often, the wind is the loudest sound of all, day and night. It's said that the Tramuntana is strong as a bull, tempting as the Devil, howls like a wolf, begs like a dying man and whispers like a woman, and that the people of Cadaqués have their heads turned by it.



Bobbing for sea urchins

It is not really winter in Catalonia without sea urchins. Kitted out with neoprene and a sharp knife, Ralph tackles the hunt for these little creatures in the waters off Cadaqués.



Ralph takes the plunge.

On the rocks off the Cap de Creus coast, they gather in their thousands: *eriçós de mar* – the sea urchins. They are collected only in the winter months.

This makes the search for this delicacy a painful experience. Not just because of these little creatures' spines, but because their hunting ground is extremely inhospitable: the water is ice-cold in winter.



It was said to be his absolute favorite dish: Cadaqués' most famous son, Salvador Dalí, recommended eating three dozen sea urchins for lunch as inspiration (but they had to be collected in the days before a full moon, when they were at their best, with their "sedative and narcotic virtues"). Then, he said, you should take a quick nap, so that when dusk falls, you can sit in front of a blank canvas until it disappears in the dwindling light. He didn't just eat the little sea creatures raw. He's said to have often had them with a dark chocolate sauce, which ap-

parently gave him "interesting dreams". In any case, the soft insides of the sea urchin, protected by its sharp, spiky shell, reminded him of the "original, paradisaical state" of being in the womb. It's not just Salvador Dalí who fell in love with sea urchins – the whole of Cadaqués is crazy about them, too.

The rocky outposts of the Pyrenees, standing sheer above the ocean off Cadaqués, offers the beasts a perfect place to thrive. For as long as anyone can remember, people have met in the winter months for a picnic by the ocean and gone hunting for sea urchins, to

Merce's tip

Merce Donat, 42, is a tour guide who was born in Cadaqués.

Favorite restaurant: Es Racó.

She orders: Cod with garlic mousseline.

× www.esracoCadaqués.com



× Where to find Es Racó

Ferran's top tip

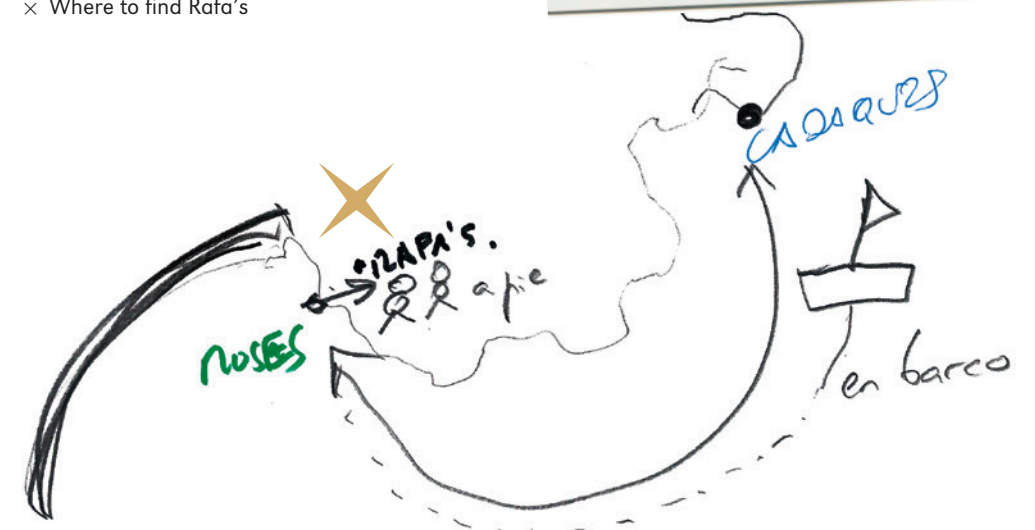
Ferran Adria, 54, chef; he visits Cadaqués to see friends such as Richard Hamilton or Pere Vehí.

Favorite restaurant: Rafa's in Roses.

He orders: Just get them to bring you the freshly caught fish.



× Where to find Rafa's



You can find more top tips from locals in the first issue...

Match of the day, catch of the day

Why you simply must suck out the head of a Roses prawn: a visit to Ferran Adria's favorite restaurant, Rafa's in Roses.

● **Estadio Bernabéu, Madrid, quarter final of the Copa del Rey, first leg: Real Madrid – Celta de Vigo**

"I really only ever watch football when Barcelona are playing. They're the only team I care about. Or if Real Madrid are losing. I like that too. Almost better, in fact."

● **First minute, kick-off**

"I was born in Roses. My entire family lives here. My father was a fisherman and so was my uncle. In fact, everyone in my family works on the sea. But I trained as a chef. I cooked in Barcelona for a long time. Then I came back to Roses and opened this place here."



● **45th minute, half-time, 0:0**

"A little bit of oil – my favorite is the oil of the Argudell olive from Cadaqués – with some garlic to flavor it, and you're ready. A hot plancha and off we go. Anything else is too much. I really want to taste the fish. For the prawns, I put a little bit of salt on the hot plate first. The salt absorbs the moisture that comes out of them right away. This stops the prawns from cooking in their own juices and locks in the flavor. But you don't need anything else. Fish and heat. A little oil. A little time. The prawns from Roses and Palamós are the best. In the whole world. And you simply must suck out the head! These little creatures are so fresh, so it tastes better than a seafood stock that's been boiling down all day."

● **64th minute, 0:1 Iago Aspas**

"I've been doing this for 30 years now. My wife Rosa has been working with me for over 20 years, too. No, I don't get bored. The fish are always different. And the guests are, too. Ferran Adria said somewhere that this was his favorite restaurant. Did it change anything? No, maybe a few more guests. Of course, it's a wonderful compliment; naturally, I'm delighted. Ferran is one of the greats. And a great friend. But apart from that, he's just like everyone else. To me, all my guests are equal."



If Barcelona win a game, it's a great night for Rafa...

You can find the full report in the first issue...

No smoke without fire

And there's no patatas bravas without pimentón de la Vera. *Dominik Flammer* discovers the smoked paprika from Extremadura, which has become a key ingredient in Catalan cooking.

It's said that there are cooks in the villages of the Spanish region of la Vera who really use at least one small pinch of paprika powder in every single dish. Even for the beloved 'arroz con leche', the popular rice pudding that is one of Extremadura's most popular desserts. This is because this little red powder has become the pride of an entire region, here in the south-east of Spain, at the foot of the Sierra de Gredos mountains. Three million kilos of this spice are produced from the 'Bola' variety of chili peppers, which grows on an area of about 1,100 hectares, covering the entire landscape in summer like a red and green carpet. 'Pimentón de la Vera' is the name of this spice, which might well be the best-known spice from the Iberian peninsula, alongside Spanish saffron. As an ingredient in the famous Spanish chorizo, the traditional paprika sausage, it dominates the flavor in milder and hotter varieties alike. And long ago, the innovative producers in this region also began to add the local chili powder to their traditional sheep's milk cheese, and use it to flavor their olive oils or spice up the lard from the

Iberico pigs also native to the region. In the fall, once they are harvested and before they are ground, the chili peppers are smoked with the wood from holm and cork oak trees. The same process is used everywhere. Only the technique used to grind the peppers may change. Some producers grind dried, smoked chili peppers up to five times to create the very finest powder imaginable. Pimentón de la Vera is mostly packed in little tin cans, which are often decorated with religious images. This harks back to the roots of the spice itself. Chili plants arrived from South America as far back as Columbus, but were used as ornamental and medicinal plants up until the 18th century, before being grown most notably for use as a preservative and a spice in the gardens of the region's monasteries. The first recipes to use chili powder appeared in Spain towards the end of the 17th century. This suggests that the new spice started spicing up traditional cuisine much earlier than in other parts of Europe. Classic pepper, which comes from the Asian spice region and was for a long time exclusively used in European cuisine,

was simply too expensive for the rural population, bringing about the chili plant's meteoric rise, particularly in the favorable climate of Spain's south-eastern regions. In other regions of Europe – with the exception of Hungary, which was also an early adopter of the chili – pepper was usually replaced either by the cheaper alternative of ginger or, most commonly, local mustard seeds. Chili began to be cultivated on a larger scale all over Europe at the beginning of the 19th century, when the continental blockade declared in the war between Napoleon and Great Britain led to a shortage of pepper imports. This was when the real chili-growing revolution began in Spain. Previously, most plants had been grown in private gardens. With the agricultural revolution of the 19th century, pimentón de la Vera itself became a popular spice, particularly in Spain. It began to find an

audience outside the country following the death of the Spanish dictator Francisco Franco in the mid-1970s. Until then, paprika from Hungary dominated across Europe, while in gourmet kitchens, heavily influenced by the French, piment d'espelette, named after the southern French village, was the flavor of the day. As Spain has opened up in recent years, a certain competitive spirit has led some, mostly culinary patriots, to claim that chili peppers were being grown in Spain way back in the Middle Ages, and that the Spanish pimentón tradition is much older than its Hungarian or French counterparts. Although that can be dismissed as a national myth, pimentón de la Vera has become a national spice today, with a lasting influence on the cuisine of all Spanish regions, despite their continued culinary independence.



The Feast of St Sebastian

Praying, dancing, drinking, punching and charring onions: high above Cadaqués, the church's patron saint is celebrated in style on January 20.

The weather report brings bad news, even though the locals have been boasting of 30 days of sunshine for January. For days, the temperatures have been through the floor and the Tramuntana has been whistling at top speeds of 90 km/h from the hillsides and through the streets. And now, early in the morning of January 20, St Sebastian's day, as we make our way

to the little church dedicated to the saint, clinging to the hillside over Cadaqués, 500 m above sea level, it's starting to rain. Well, it seems our old Swiss farmers' adage was right: *'Winter starts in earnest on St Sebastian's day'*.

Oh, well, the feast is today, there's no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothes. We talk ourselves into it and

motivate ourselves for the journey, outdoor equipment-style: at home in the outdoors! All the same, we pack Ralph's lavish mise en place for the lunchtime feast on the truck bed of the old Toyota pick-up. It's bad enough that we're walking in the rain without having to carry stuff, too. Luckily, our fear that in this weather we would be the only ones to walk all the way up the mountain to celebrate St Sebastian is completely unfounded. A little after 8 am, there are already dozens of people gathered at the village meeting point, the Casino l'Amistat, getting their strength up with coffee and their first beer for the walk to the feast square.

The little church, the final destination for this hike, probably dates from the 18th century in its current form. Back then, it was occupied by a few hermits. They had the best view of the sea up there on the mountain, which helped them to earn their modest living with the pittance they received from the community for their beacons and warning fires, which they lit when they saw pirate ships arriving. When the king of Spain was looking for money to fund his empire in the 19th century, many churches in the country were sold to private investors. This happened in Cadaqués, too: the community was left with only Santa Maria, the beautiful building in the center of the village, as a place of worship. The little Sant Sebastia church on the mountain far above Cadaqués became private property and remains so to this day. Since the mid-1950s, it has been owned by the Anglo-Irish Guinness family. Its current owner Sebastian Guinness, true to his name, opens up the gates, the church and the garden on the saint's day, just like his mother before him, for the big feast in the other Sebastian's honor.

We head up there. A couple of cars struggle up the steep road. Our provisions are being driven up there, just like the priest, who will lead a brief mass at the beginning of the feast. The police escort him up the mountain. Anything that stands in their way on the bumpy road is chased away by the sound of sirens. We take the direct route on foot. It leads about five kilometers in a straight line upwards, past terraced surfaces secured with centuries-old dry stone walls. We walk, part of a long procession of people, up towards where we suspect the chapel must be hiding in the fog: *'on a foggy Sebastian, crops grow the best they can'*. Well, if it's good for the harvest, then so be it.

Just as we arrive at the church, the rain gets heavier. There's nothing else for it but to flee to the mass, which is being held in the chapel, with its spartan decor and roomy basket chairs. Others stretch tarps between the trees and light fires by the old stone walls. The individual terraces are occupied by groups. Dozens of tiny picnic areas pop up within a few minutes all over the Guinness estate. Clouds of smoke drift among the cork oak trees, and dishes are spread out on blankets and little portable camping tables. A culinary show is being put on here: Spanish tortillas, all kinds of salad, lots of different varieties of meat and sausages that sizzle on the flames, everything pickled, aioli in big jars for seasoning the grilled meat, and freshly fished sea urchins everywhere, straight from the sea, which lies a few hundred meters below us in a stunning panorama. The sea urchins are at their best at this time of year, we're told, and that's why they're a fixture at St Sebastian's feast.

>





The wine is passed around in a porró, a bottle with a pointed spout that allows you to pour the liquid into your mouth from a distance without touching the container to your lips. If you throw your head back and manage to pour into your wide open mouth. It might work if you're sober. Somehow there seems to be a certain contradiction between 'drinking' and 'sober', but which seems to be rather conducive to the party atmosphere. We have a go at a fire too with the wet wood and char calçots in the flames under the expert tutelage of our Catalan feast companions. Calçots are the sprouts of a variety of onion that, like asparagus, is surrounded by increasing heaps of earth as it grows, staying snow-white right up to the top. They are charred black on blazing flames by the Catalans in the last few months of winter. The charred onions should be wrapped in newspaper for a little while after being grilled to finish cooking. The black parts on the outside are then removed with the hands and the white heart of the vegetable is dipped into lots of fiery red Romesco sauce and eaten then and there, resulting in a wonderful mess of red and black. A little while later, Ralph's fideua is sizzling on the fire. It's a short pasta similar to paella and made with rabbit.

The gringo Schelling is viewed with skepticism as he prepares the Catalan national dish, before quickly receiving wordless absolution from the silent, nodding diners. So Ralph seizes the moment and the hot embers to astound the Catalans even further, braising snails in a stew and cooking suckling lamb with beer.

In the little church courtyard, people dance the 'sardana', accompanied by the flutes and brass instruments of the 'cobla', the Catalan folk dance orchestra. Holding hands, the dancers turn in circles, led by well-known sardana master Dionis Baro, who not only knows the next steps, but also the old instructions, which he sings in a call-and-response with his fellow dancers. In what are known as the 'pantacadas', the year's village gossip is also sung: for example, the story of Antonio from Cap de Creus, who drunk on wine and with a ship full of fish tried to maneuver into Cadaqués port and capsized his entire load, earning him a kick in the behind from his wife and the mockery of the dancing locals. Or the way of the wind, which lifts the skirt of the girl picking olives to reveal she's wearing absolutely nothing underneath. And in the songs, the praises of wine, earth and the sun are sung lustily, again and again.

>



Calçots are charred black over the flames.



To celebrate St Sebastian, Ralph cooks Catalan specialties over the flames, including calçots with romesco sauce, and fideua, the short pasta cooked in a paella pan.

Find the full report and recipes in the first issue...



In the woods around the spartan mountain church, smoke rises from dozens of little fires.



Later in the afternoon, the last party guests descend to the village in the rain to continue the festivities late into the night.



The calçots are slurped down with lots of romesco sauce.



Prepared like a paella, but with short pasta: that's fideua.

ONE STOP SHOP

Wine and delicatessen

COLUMN Niko Stoifberg

38 | 39

Tears of wine in Catalonia



I don't cry very often – maybe five times in a decade. Interestingly, though, it's happened to me twice in Catalonia. I was in the dark both times, so no one noticed. And, looking at it now, both times it was for the same reason. The first was in 1998. I was sitting in the creaking passenger seat of a 1960s Beetle with my two college buddies sitting in the front and back. We crossed the border around midnight, and suddenly found that every place we passed had two different names. Le Perthus/El Pertús. La Junquera/La Jonquera. Figueruas/Figueres. Girona/Girona. The stubborn insistence on the Catalan spellings felt a little childish to me. Yet at the same time, I also found it moving. Tears sprang to my eyes. The second time was in 2012. I was in the dusty cellar of Dominik Huber's vineyard, Terroir al Límit, in Torroja, in deepest Priorato (or Priorat). Behind an old barrel, I stood holding a cloudy glass containing a taste of freshly pressed wine from the steep slopes of the Les Tosses vineyard. A wine from 60-year-old vines, 100% Cariñena (or Carinyena). Huber, a young winegrower originally from Munich, was one of the first in the entire region to bottle this notoriously rustic, traditional variety in its purest form. What came out of the glass was one of the most sublime wines I had ever tasted. Rustic? I thought it was terrific. Tears sprang to my eyes once again.

Why did this wine – this language – move me so much?

At first glance, both Català and Carinyena appear to be relics from another era, not only outdated, but unnecessary. Every Catalan is capable of understanding Spanish, too. Why cling to a dialect and, in so doing, run the risk of civil war? Every winegrower in Priorat is familiar with Carinyena's acidity and strong tannins. Why not add Garnatxa or Syrah like everyone else? In hindsight, it is exactly this folly that makes the wine and the language so lovable – not that I would have known it then. Carinyena and Català: they may not be necessary – the world would keep turning without them, and Catalonia with it. Yet they enrich this world. They symbolize a principle that triumphs over pragmatism: diversity for diversity's sake.

There are very tangible reasons for diversity. Biodiversity, as in different grape varieties, safeguards against genetic degeneration.

Cultural diversity, as in multilingualism, prevents an enforced kind of political conformity. However, the most useful perspective is neither biological, nor cultural, or political – but philosophical. Tolerating the existence of seemingly pointless things ultimately involves assigning every thing, every creature, its own intrinsic value. This approach is fundamental. It is not limited to Catalonia, wine or wordplay. When applied to humans, it suggests another idea – we are all worth something. Something different.

I think it was this realization that brought me to tears.

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Find more columns like this in the first issue...

Aioli

1 fresh egg
½ crushed garlic clove
250 ml mild olive oil (or other mild oil)
1 tsp. lemon juice (or sherry vinegar)
1 tsp. mustard
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. runny blossom honey

10-SECOND AIOLI

ALIOLI EN 10 SEGUNDOS

Crack the egg into a measuring beaker.
Crush in the garlic, add the rest of the
ingredients and blend everything together
with a stick blender for approx. 10 seconds
for a smooth mayonnaise.

Produces approx.
300 g mayonnaise.

Preparation time
approx. 10 seconds

● Ralph's tips:

When placing the blender in the mayonnaise, make sure that no air gets in.
At the start, blend for a little longer at the base of the beaker to create an emulsion.
Don't pull it up right away!

The aioli can be kept in the fridge for approx. 3-4 days.
The recipe works only with these exact quantities.
Always use a whole egg and 250 ml of oil.
Make sure you use a mild oil. Cold-pressed olive oils are often too strong for this recipe.



Escabeche

RED MULLET ESCABECHE SALMONETTE EN ESCABECHE

Starter serving 4

Preparation approx. 35 minutes

For the escabèche marinade, chop the fennel, shallots, chili and carrot into thin slices. Crush the garlic cloves.

Sauté with the bay leaf, saffron and pink pepper in $\frac{2}{3}$ of the olive oil. Pour in the stock and vinegar, season and leave to simmer for about 8 minutes. Let the marinade cool until lukewarm

Season the fish and dust with flour on the skin side. Fry skin side only on a medium heat in the rest of the olive oil. Place the fish in the escabèche marinade and leave to steep for a little while. Season with fennel leaves.

1 fennel
1 shallot
1 red chili pepper
1 carrot
2 cloves of garlic
1 bay leaf
1 pinch saffron
1 tsp. coarsely ground pink pepper
100 ml olive oil
300 ml vegetable stock
3 tbsp. sherry vinegar
Salt, pepper
16 small red mullet fillets, skin on
Salt, pepper
1 tbsp. flour

● **Ralph's tips:** Carefully dust the flour over the fish using a tea strainer. The mixture of oil and vinegar gives this method a preserving effect, and allows the fish to be kept in the refrigerator for several days. It tastes even better the longer you marinate it. The excess oil-based marinade is also great to use as a salad dressing with the addition of a little more vinegar or lemon juice. Also suitable for scallops, shrimp, rabbit, etc – enjoy cold or heated in the marinade.



Albondigas

SPANISH MEATBALLS ALBONDIGAS

Main course serving 4

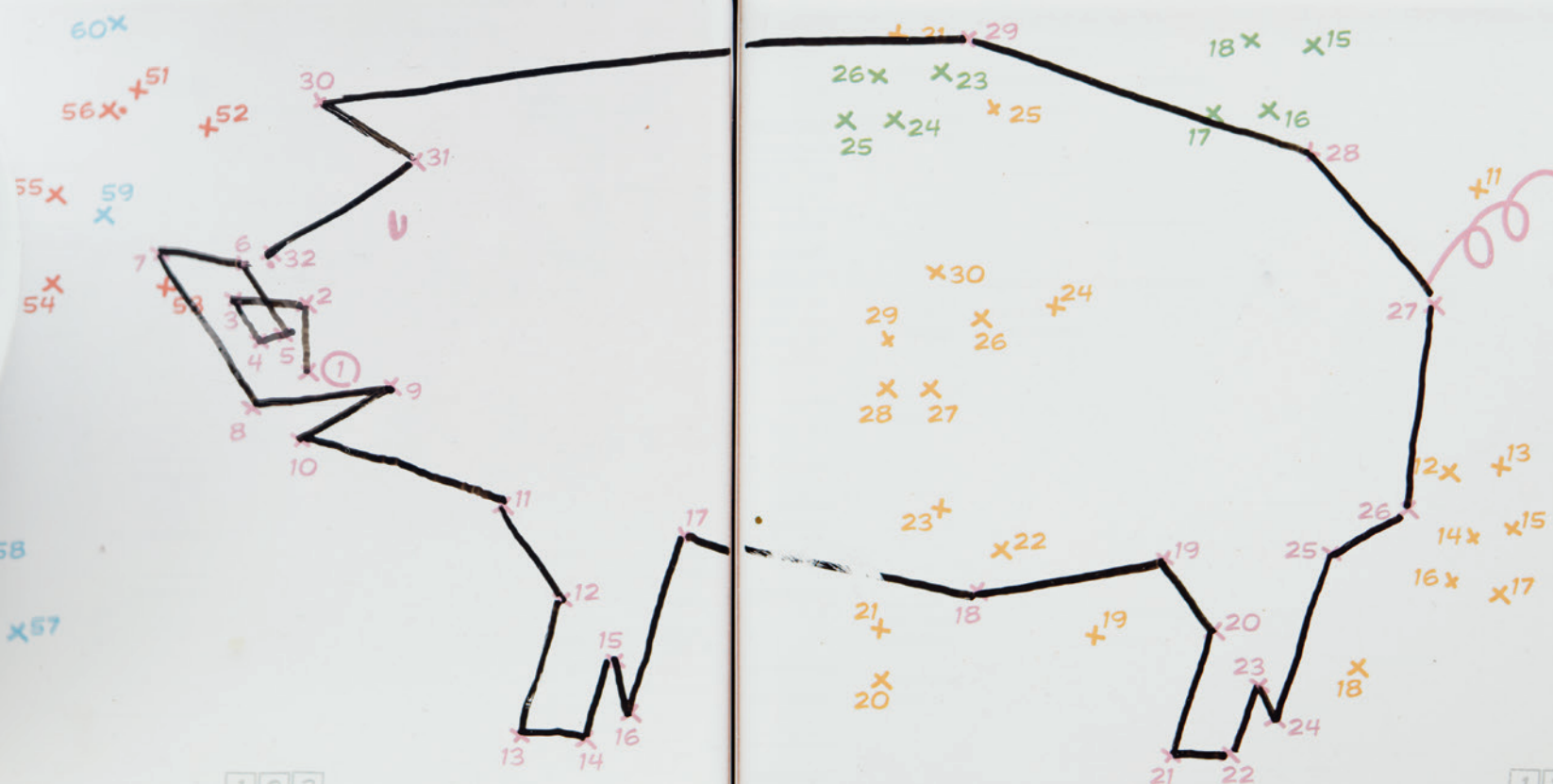
Preparation time approx. 50 minutes

½ bunch parsley
1 onion
2 cloves of garlic
1 carrot
100 g celery
50 g stale bread
50 ml cream
400 g ground pork
400 g ground beef
1 egg yolk
Salt, pepper
Nutmeg
1 tbsp. flour
4 tbsp. olive oil
2 tbsp. pimentón de la Vera
300 ml sour fruit juice (or cider)
400 ml chopped fresh tomatoes
(or 250 ml canned chopped tomatoes)

Finely chop the parsley. Chop the onion and garlic. Grate or finely chop the carrots and celery. Soften the bread in the cream. Mix the pork and beef well with the egg yolk, bread and parsley. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg.

Shape into balls and dust with flour. Brown for approx. 5 minutes in a large pan with oil. Remove from the pan. Fry the onions, garlic and vegetables for approx. 5 minutes in the pan. Add pimentón, stir and douse with juice. Add the tomatoes and meatballs to the sauce, season to taste and leave to simmer for 20 minutes with the lid on (also suitable for cooking in the oven).

Serve in a big bowl or straight from the pan. Great with bread.



Crema Catalana

APPLE CREMA CATALANA FOAM

ESPUMA CREMA CATALANA DE MANZANA

Dessert serving 4
Preparation time approx.
15 minutes

3 egg yolks
30 g cane sugar
20 g corn starch
1 tsp. cinnamon powder
400 ml apple juice
Cane sugar to sprinkle
Plus:
1 dispenser
Bunsen burner

1) Mix the egg yolk, sugar, corn starch and cinnamon powder. Heat the apple juice and add to the mixture. Heat in a pan until it thickens, stirring constantly.

2) Pour into the dispenser while still warm, and add 1 capsule (use only devices with a metal cap). Blast 8-10 times and leave to cool.

3) Put the mixture in a small bowl or a heat-resistant glass. Sprinkle with a little cane sugar and caramelize.

Ralph's tips:
The dispenser will keep in the refrigerator for 3-4 days. Flavor the juice with orange/lemon peel and vanilla, then sieve the mixture to avoid blocking the dispenser. For quince espuma, simply switch the apple juice for quince juice.

You can find the full recipes in the first issue...



Info:
This light and airy version of crema catalana has a refreshing tang of apple. It's great as a light dessert after a long meal, where a traditional crema catalana would be too heavy. Create a wonderfully light mousse in an instant without adding cream or gelatin.
The foam remains stable when heated and is easy to caramelize since there's no cream.

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FEUERRING®

ONE OF A KIND

Winter in Cadaqués

Sea urchins fresh from the icy Mediterranean, three kings cake with sticky sweet candied fruit, calçots straight from the fire, the smoke burning in your nostrils, face smeared with soot and red sauce, patatas bravas, fideua, pan con chocolate, the wind whistling around your ears – and the importance of sucking out the heads of Roses prawns! Always taking the road less traveled, sticking to his motto of being in the right place at the wrong time, Ralph Schelling goes in search of culinary treasures in the Catalan winter.

–
After training with star chef Horst Petermann, Swiss chef Ralph Schelling worked in the kitchens of Heston Blumenthal, Ferran Adria and Andreas Caminada. Now he is the only top Swiss chef without a place to call his own. Instead, always on the move, with a glow to his cheeks, he travels the world in search of culinary secrets. According to the press, Ralph Schelling cooks for the world's rich and beautiful people. That's as may be. But who's interested if he's available to everyone? Here and now: let's go on a private trip with Ralph Schelling.

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