

BARBARA CARTLAND'S *THE ROMANCE OF FOOD*

An annotated and edited version – all the style and none of the substance interwoven with one of her classic novels:

BEYOND THE HORIZON

SAVOURIES

Anchovy Soufflé with Black Caviar Sauce

Barbara Cartland: This is a delightful exotic dish with which to surprise your friends. There are certain things which conjure up in our minds luxury and elegance. One of them is caviar, another one champagne, a Rolls Royce, Cartier, the Rue de la Paix! We can all add to the list!

'Sir D felt all the passion and jealousy he had been controlling so well begin to rise in his heart. ...his face ...shadows by the flaring candles ...in the strengthening wind. ...caught her in his arms... R felt the world spin away from her.'

Kidneys in Cream

Pan fried kidneys in a rich sauce of pâté de foie gras, brandy and port.

Barbara Cartland: An aid to virility. Some of the youngest-looking men on the screen and stage declare they owe their youthful appearance to a large consumption of liver and kidneys. Pope Pius V, famous for his aphrodisiacal dishes, originated a pie in which layers of sliced bull's testicles alternated with a mince of lamb's kidneys.

'A big black horsefine summer afternoon... young ladies at school... lay basking in... Beds of roses glowed... their scent filling the air.'

STARTERS

Salmon Starter with Green Mayonnaise

Poached salmon with parsley and tarragon mayonnaise

Barbara Cartland: When you dine with the man you love, the words of Yeats:

'Bend lower, O King, that I may crown you with it.

O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,

O silver fish that my two hands have taken

Out of the running stream,...

Tarragon arouses sexual desire.

//

Sir D... piercing grey eyes... searched/one particular young lady... smell the flowers/lake/flash of brilliant blue/water glittered/gate

Pushing the bolt across with his crop. ...urged his mount on'

Pâté Eggs

Stuffed baked eggs in a curry béchamel sauce with parmesan crust

Barbara Cartland: ... Curry has always been used as a love stimulant and makes me think of blossoms in sleek dark hair and fragrances of spices coming from an Indian bazaar.

"...Forever is a very big word, child," Said Lady S, "...when your dear parents,,,, but ££££ has now gone."

Guardian.

Responsibility.

Worry.

Future.

"You do have a tendency to daydream."

birds and flowers... ..hours wondering... ..new vistas to paint'

//

Avocado Pear with Crab

Warmed avocado and crab in a béchamel sauce served in its shell

Barbara Cartland: Could any dish be more suitable for a tired lover?

'R: Where are you going?

> "...the far end of the lake to pick wild flowers," Princess M replied.

Princess M of M: Slim, beautiful and graceful/shining dark curls/flashing green eyes: Humph, "Dull."

//

Crab Mousse

Barbara Cartland: Scheuer in his *Alphabet of Sex* says: 'A large number of foods and sauces are held to result in a stimulation of flagging sexual appetites and to be suitable for eliminating one's age diminishing desire and ability.

'Humph. R bit her lip. Despair. >Into the wood... the princess was wearing her best blue silk dress... *anticipation*

...PROTECTION'

Violet Artichokes à la Barigoule

Baby violet artichokes baked with flageolet beans, garlic, onion, tomatoes and thyme

Barbara Cartland: Artichokes are under the domain of Venus - - -

The Romans believed garlic had magical powers, the Greeks detested it. Horace, the Roman poet considered the odour of garlic to be the essence of vulgarity. I always associate it with the blue-bloused porters at the Stations in Paris, shouting: '*Porteur? Porteur?*' and filling the air from their lungs with the smell of garlic.

'... "wait! Please!"

wondering... plucking flowers... muddy bank... BUSHES> young man threw his arms around Princess M of M> stumbled, screamed, swayed. Splash
R Kicked off her shoes – without thinking – and jumped in after her. Suddenly a gruff voice: "Gently! I have you safe."

Seafood in a Melon Basket

Barbara Cartland: Serve surrounded by ice and garnished with soft fruit. A romantic starter for two.

'*But angry* – DANGER. Princess M of M in *his* arms, seemingly lifeless, striding back towards the school. Wet skirts and hair. Princess M of M's complexion and dark blue eyes told Sir D that her hair would be golden when dry.'

Crabmeat à la King

White crabmeat and pimento warmed in cream and served with a Sabayon sauce

Barbara Cartland: ... Serve in a round porcelain dish garnished with strips of pimento in the shape of a 'K'.

A book called *Le Tableau de la vie Conjugale* published in France in 1696 was written by a doctor. He promised that, if they ate what he advised, 'old men will learn how to behave with a young wife, so as to be able to procreate children and become stimulated without any damage to their health.'

'Warm baths/hot drinks... And back to the Headmistresses' study.
R – "Oh it's you sir." "I am Sir D." so very tall he took away the light, grey eyes twinkling... R let her fingers touch... She raised her chin defiantly and stared up into his grey eyes. Sir D caught his breath for a second.'

Love in a Shell

Scallops poached in a white wine, carrot and cream sauce, served in their shells

Barbara Cartland: The Ancient Greeks believed the carrot excited passion and helped conception. A writer said of it; 'the root winneth love'.

'R was beautiful, although the stubborn set of her chin told him that she would not be an easy young lady to control...

"I wish to offer you a position. We leave this evening for Princess M's Principality in M."

Terrine of Fish

Salmon, sole, scallops and spinach in a lemon, nutmeg and cream terrine, poached in the oven and served hot with a hollandaise sauce

Barbara Cartland: Nutmeg gives this pretty, simple terrine a certain piquancy, which is in accord with its botanical name of *Myristica fragrans*.

To dream of a nutmeg is said to be the sign of impending changes. Perhaps after a candlelit dinner containing this dish, he will propose you change your name and your address.

'Europe> glorious> thrilling

"I will be a maid?"

"No, a chaperone and companion to Princess M of M."

//

Evening/seagulls/port... Blur
France> express to Paris, and later even deeper into Europe towards Vienna.
Sir D's stern dark face
> and abroad!

SOUP

Gypsy Magic

Watercress soup enriched with cream and egg yolks

'Princess M of M to wear no obviously valuable jewellery. No flamboyance. "*Make haste. No time to lose.*" Princess M pouted prettily and fluttered her eyelashes at Sir D. "Perhaps I may now lean on your strong arm?" R bit her lip...'

Vichyssoise

Leek, potato and cream soup

Barbara Cartland: ... a poet warns us:
The juice of leeks who fondly sips,
To kiss the fair must close his lips.

'Dock/channel ferry/sea, strong breeze/
Princess M's red case – hairbrushes – cloak of the very best midnight velvet! – "Sir D is a very good-looking man, isn't he?" Faint blush rise in R's cheeks.
?kidnap?... cloud of dark curls... "He was just some gypsy boy we startled..." R did not see the calculation in Princess M of M's eyes. ... "Sir D does not even wear a sword!"
//

Imperial Splendour

Beetroot soup

Barbara Cartland: I drank Borsch when I visited Leningrad and Moscow in 1978. I was slightly disappointed but their Chicken Kiev was excellent and so was their Caviar! This is subsidised so you get a large portion for £2! It is an experience to see Russia, especially the fantastic way they have restored the Palaces after there were bombed by the Germans. At the same time I wrote a novel, *Imperial Splendour*, about Russia in the days of the Tsars.

'Sir D...He stopped suddenly. A young lady... gazing out to sea ...as the lights of Dover vanished into the dark. Pale blond curls that blew in the wind like an unfurling banner, the glare of the moonlight turning them silver...
She ... *ethereal*' //

Game Soup

Soup of game trimmings and/or carcasses, giblets, vegetables, finished with cream and sherry

Barbara Cartland: In Ancient Greece, Horace, who wanted to be young again and win the favour of women, writing enquire about a seaside resort, asked 'Can I count on a supply of the meat of hares, wild boars, fish and sea urchins?'

'> travelling....>>spirit, complexion....//set sail/steam/smoke/ropes/cheers/
laughter/colourful scene/bustle/noise: R's eyes wide with excitement...
... *unknown destinations*... fresh air
Sir D> ????
...*enemies?* enemies everywhere'
*

SALADS

Eternal Youth

Apple and walnut salad in a lemon and double cream dressing served with cheese sablés

Barbara Cartland: The Scandinavian gods kept young forever by eating the golden apples of Idun, goddess of youth and spring. In the Welsh legends, Kings and Heroes go after death to a paradise of apple tress called Avalon, the name coming from the Welsh word for an apple which is *Afal*.

“Sir D! You startled me.” Flying curls. ... cheeks turning pink. ...he recovered his senses...

Food for the Brain

Mixed nut and celery salad with a soured cream and cider vinegar dressing

‘His grey eyes were scanning the distant horizon as if he was seeking the answer to an impossible question. “Their Principality, M, is really tiny, but very importantly situated... (Sir D works for the Foreign Office)

“Princess M of M is very pretty,” R said stiffly... “Pretty, elegant, wilful and so young...” Sir D replied

The boat dipped its bows...

R grasped the rail, swaying gently as the deck rose and fell under her feet.

... wetter in the spray...’

Lover’s Delight

Chilled button mushrooms in a lemon and herb olive oil dressing

Barbara Cartland: In the Malay Straits a would-be lover marks his girls’ name on a lemon in Arabic letters and hangs it for three nights over his heart, from the top of his mosquito net. He drifts off to sleep confident he will not sleep alone much longer.

“I long to see the world, to travel and experience new places and meet different people before...” Sir D... was intrigued by the passion in her voice. ...

//

R finds Princess M of M in their cabin, her cheeks flushed pink and her dark hair in array.

Princess M of M flung herself down on the couch and closed her eyes.

R... the porthole the moon ...a silver pathway across the waves.

> ... Paris... romantic paris...

She had longed //

... a thrill of excitement ran through her veins. ... then, a ...wonderful dream...’

The Fire of Love

A hearty salad of mixed game, flageolets, green beans, potatoes, radishes, cucumbers and black and green olives in a fennel mayonnaise

‘>Beautiful but sulky Princess M of M ... the *Paris Express*... freshly baked bread and goat’s cheese...

impromptu picnic... Late afternoon – *Gare du Nord*. Parisian sights... R ...stared up into his handsome face.

“So *you* trust me then?”

“With all my heart,” she said..

He took her gloved fingers briefly in his ’

>>

Joy of the Gods

Lettuce, tomatoes, hard boiled eggs, anchovy filets, tuna and olives in a French dressing

Barbara Cartland: James Thomas wrote:

'... let Gallic vineyards burst
with floods of joy: with wild balsamic juice
The Tuscan olives.'

Pliny said lettuce had the power to quiet sexual desire. Yet German brothels served lettuce to stimulate their clients.

The Olive Tree has a very old and romantic history...

'...pulled the hood of her cloak over her head> set out to explore, she smelt fresh coffee and garlic and, her spirits lifted. Cheese/meat/succulent pastries

She was in Paris. She stopped to look at dresses>

someone rushed out of the alleyway/sharp pain/fell heavily>

MEAT

Veal Provençale

Barbara Cartland: Cooked with wine and cream, it can indeed be a dish for gods and people in love

CONFUSION

"By mistake I must have have picked up Princess M of M's cloak when...

R gazed up into Sir D's eyes.

"And you are not injured?"

"Hmm, but what> did he steal? unprovoked attack ...R stammered...'

//

Dreams Do Come True

Kidneys and veal cooked in Châteauneuf du Pape, with a whiskey, port, mustard and butter sauce

Barbara Cartland: This dish contains protein for strength and virility, aphrodisiac herbs, the stimulation of curry and one of the most famous wines of love. What more could one ask?

'..."You must be hungry. Will you join me for dinner?" He smiled and R realised how good-looking he was. He offered her his arm. R laid her hand gently on...

L'Orchidée Bleue... at this hour it was not busy. But Sir D pointed to a small table in the far corner of the room... huge mirrors, ornate gilt frames, brilliant chandeliers, gold painted ceiling, vast Chinese vases...

on each table, a small blue and white vase held orchids that had been stained blue in some clever fashion. ...enchanted and different... waiter/Gallic flourish, Sir D waved him away... omelette and soup...'

Aylesbury Duck with Orange and Grand Marnier Sauce

Barbara Cartland: This is the most delicious Duck and honey dish I know, and I ate it first in the Andalucia, a delightful Spanish Restaurant in Rugby.

"And a glass of wine to help us sleep."

"I do not drink..." but... Sir D: "First night in Paris and must surely be celebrated."

R: admiring the sparkling bubbles... Sir D: her huge blue eyes... cascading mass of blonde curls... the tilt of her chin told him she was probably a very stubborn one as well! (...dark-eyed Princess would appeal to any man)... served coffee in little blue cups with tiny marzipan sweets, Sir D leant back in his chair... he twisted one of the orchids between his fingers...'

Heavenly Honey Ham

Ham baked in honey, mustard and orange

Barbara Cartland: I shall quote from my book *The Magic of Honey* in which I say:

'Honey is essential for a man and woman who wish to make love.' It is something we have of course, known for centuries – Why else the 'Honeymoon?'

"The Principality of M is high up in the mountains of Europe...mountains, lakes, perilous roads, goat tracks... VITAL IMPORTANCE to peace of Europe!" Prince F of M is Princess M of M's older brother (he was as tall and fair and handsome as a Greek God)

"Prince F of M is the last of his family. He is unmarried and if anything should happen to either of them, then the Principality would be plunged into revolution."

POULTRY AND GAME

Pink Chicken

Boiled chicken served with a sauce of cream with mustard, tomato pureé, stock and Worcester sauce.

Barbara Cartland: Because I like pink and it has become a special colour for me, I have this very often at luncheon and make all the other dishes pink as well. A glass of pink champagne, of course, completes the picture!

SECRET ENEMIES

"The Princess was betrothed at birth to the Duc de G. It is vital this marriage take place..."

R pushed her coffee cup away, her gasp one of anger. "Poor M! To be married off as some sort of pawn..." Sir D smiled at the indignation in her voice "The revolutionaries are absolutely determined..." R gasped, her eyes round. "...you think the robber who attacked me mistook me for the Princess!"

...tender delicate flower..."We can move faster without an army... difficult terrain high into the mountains, secret, swift, no guards..."

Chicken Célestine

Roast Chicken in a brandy and cream sauce.

Barbara Cartland: The French call brandy *eau de vie*. It stimulates the memory, gladdens the heart and arouses desire.

Sir D suddenly... took her hand/the colour sweeping into her cheeks/He wanted to see R's face when she saw the Seine at night.

Princess M of M would be safe for this evening at least...

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Chicken Jacqueline

A casserole of chicken pieces in port and cream served with roasted apples and lemon juice

Barbara Cartland: This recipe was given to me by Louis Outhier who I think is one of the best Chefs in France. Tall, good-looking, one eats his superb food either in the flower-filled courtyard of L'Oasis at La Napoule or inside such a beautiful restaurant that, like the food, it delights the eyes.

Minutes after R had left Princess M of M/young man with chestnut hair/bright brown eyes/gloomy alleyway> their lips met in a kiss of longing and passion. "My darling/my beloved/whispered... the school lake... embraced again/loving grasp/ J, "Quiet my darling..." Princess M of M pouted, "Sir D is a tyrant!" J kissed her fingertips/sighed deeply/clung together/for all their words of love, the Fates were... "I must go in... one more lingering kiss... she turned and ran back to the hotel.

>

Oriental Chicken

Roast chicken in honey, soy sauce and pineapple juice

Barbara Cartland: My chickens run wild in several acres of ground in consequence many not always be very fat but they have a delicious taste.

'>On her return, R saw Princess M of M asleep on her bed, a cloak covering her/// she could see through the window a dark shape leaning against a wall. ...It was a man//

>travelled deeper into Europe

Sir D's mind full of... sparkling blue eyes/brilliant smile. He had escorted R back then gone out for a nightcap... he had caught sight of a black cloak vanishing...

//

He pushed aside the memory of pressing inside his diary the blue orchid...'

*

Chicken Supremes, Cold and Decorated with White Flowers

Barbara Cartland: This looks so pretty and I am continually surprised at how few people bother to decorate their dishes with flowers. It is so easy in the Spring and Summer and small rose buds, fruit blossoms, and of course carnations can make every dish a dream of delight.

"THE PRINCIPALITY OF M

> Two days later... weary travellers. Lower slopes of a great mountain range... Too tired to speak ...chill mountain air filled... R stared round her in delight. Dawn was... lavender and purple... slowly mauve and pink as the sun rose gloriously in the East over mountains – green meadows, studded with wild flowers/rocky slopes/snow-capped peaks

"Oh how incredibly beautiful!" R exclaimed. A smile crossed Sir D's face. "The mountains look wonderful, but they can be deadly too."

Wonderful place/Magnificent'

Coq au Vin

A casserole of chicken cooked in red wine

Barbara Cartland: I am sure Coq au Vin is one of the first dishes a French girl learns to cook, so that she will attract a handsome husband. French men are very particular and, however pretty a woman may be, she has to appeal to his stomach as well as his eyes.

'...mules/ Princess M of M> white animal with scarlet side-saddle... Sir D's fingers, and felt his strength/R let go of his hand and murmured thanks /started to enjoy the ride> ...small stream splashing its way down the steep rock face to form a little pool before disappearing again over the edge of a cliff/gaze out at the magnificent view... ..strong hands closed round R's waist and she felt herself lifted clear out of the saddle. Sir D swung her down... held her for a long moment as she balanced... //offered her a tin cup of water and she drank deeply, delighting in the sting in her throat of the ice-cold liquid.

Princess M of M... gazing... her black curls blowing in the wind. ...unusual adventures...'

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Poularde à l'Estragon et à la Crème

Chicken cooked in white wine, cream and tarragon

Barbara Cartland: This delicious dish I often have at luncheon or dinner parties, was given to me at the beautiful L'Oustau de Baumanière, in Provence. The food is superlative and when the Queen visited France she stayed there. The exquisite light on the rocks of Les Baux has inspired and fascinated the impressionist painters. I wrote a novel called *Moments of Love* which I felt capture some of the spirit and beauty of a place dedicated to Troubadours and the Courts of Love.

'R: "My life has been so quiet and uneventful. I have always longed to travel, to experience weird and wonderful places." ..."I thought that most young ladies longed to have a rich husband, a nice house and a family!" Sir D said... R, "...teasing me! Yes of course/but first... travel/see the world/visit distant far-off lands. This... dream come true..."

A silence

He threw... stones... in the air, watching them turn and sparkle in the sunlight.

"I have a house/coast/Cornwall..." he said, "... yacht/wild country/sea nearby/ and one day..." He stopped... (his wildest dreams) R... picked up the two little stones and hid them deep in the pocket of her skirt.'

*

Pojasky de Volaille

Cylinders of minced chicken and cream deep fried in brioche crumbs served with asparagus

Barbara Cartland: I was originally introduced to this delicious dish at Claridges Hotel in London. For me, because I like sauces, they add a creamed mushroom sauce, which I think enhances it considerably.

'THE PALACE

Halfway down the stairs to the Great Hall a small arched window... R stared out in wonder at the incredible view.

...The Palace of M lay between two great mountain ranges in a beautiful emerald green valley that stretched... rocky/snow covered slopes/pastures/cowbells/steep rocky paths/lush grass/zigzagging paths

The tiny town of M itself lay in a jumble below... pretty timbered buildings, every window... hanging flowers in every possible colour. She caught her breath as the sun finally sank behind a mountain peak... shivered, ... and away from the magical view.'

//

Hero's Reward

Roast chicken in thyme, garlic and lemon rind butter and garnished with parsley

Barbara Cartland: In mythology it was believed that parsley sprang from the blood of the Greek hero Archemorus and garlands of parsley crowned the champions at their Games.

'Nearing the palace, Sir D had been continually gazing around him... attack... kidnap...>>...with a last surge, the little cavalcade had trotted through. Sir D... his hands across his dusty hair and pushed an unruly lock from his eyes.

...the spark... R's beautiful blue eyes'

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Chicken with Orange Surprise

Roast Chicken with an Orange and Ginger Sauce

Barbara Cartland: The first mention of oranges appears in the writing of the Arabs.

Oranges are full of Vitamin C, which is essential to good health, but it is easier and actually more effective to take tablets.

'Marble-floored landing... equerry motioned her towards a door and flung it open for her. A buzz of noise... swirled ...her cheeks pink as her dress/tendrils of blond curls/framing her face in golden tresses. Sir D/glass of champagne/redheaded women/tall and elegant in emerald silk... Princess M of M/velvet dress the colour of sunshine ...tall blond-haired man/unfamiliar uniform> Prince F of M... Princess M of M/dazzling smile/tapping arm with fan ...R deep curtsy/he touched her fingers to his lips/his blue eyes twinkled. Glittering dresses and uniforms/a field of peacocks and hummingbirds.'

Turkey Stuffed with Rice and Mushrooms

Serve with gooseberry jelly

Barbara Cartland: Gooseberries are under the dominion of Venus.

>> '...the grand ornate dining room. Two vast sparkling chandeliers... high ceiling painted with Saints and angels. ...paintings adorned walls lined in pale blue silk – golden frames gleaming. The long table/groaning/sparkling goblets edged in gold/crystal vases of deep white and gold roses.

The Grand Duchess L von C... "My name is L... who cares about such fripperies these days?"...she lay a hand heavy with diamond rings on Sir D's wrist. "The world is a vast place full of wonders..." ...Prince F of M/Soup/mountain vegetables with a touch of paprika/many courses/delicious/Princess M of M/down-hearted/sparkling champagne/state ball to announce her official engagement to the D de G. The Princess put down her glass so sharply that the champagne spilt over the edge.

Turkey Divan

Roast turkey in a cream and parmesan sauce

Barbara Cartland: I like turkey carved in the Dining room and not in the Kitchen.

Prince F of M/declaring his desire to dance with R at the ball... ..“I am afraid that you will be denied that pleasure sir. Miss RH will be on her way home by then.” Sir D’s voice harsh/R flinched... fighting to keep the tears from filling her eyes. ...good-hearted and kind in a careless fashion, but Prince F de M had been spoiled from birth and had only to click his fingers... Sir D would not let R fall into a trap... she was laughing’

Duckling Hymethus

Roast duck with butter and honey, stuffed with herbs, walnuts and cinnamon

Barbara Cartland: There is so much health and sex in this dish I do not know where to begin. The Chinese have always believed the sex stimulus of duck. It was also said in the *Golden Age* that where man loved the acorns, the Gods feasted on Walnuts.

‘Princess M of M led ladies out of the room/brandy/cigars.

Princess M of M had summoned her/waved an imperious hand towards a heap of clothes/silk covered bed... ..take what you want. R’s eyes widened in amazement. Mounds of travelling skirts and jackets, day dresses, shawls/stockings/petticoats/ beautiful pale violet evening dress, the silken folds of which slid through her fingers like water “Oh, R, you cannot possibly know what lies in store for you in the future!” Princess M of M had hugged her back... ..If she was having doubts - ?”

//

R lay awake all that long night, holding in her hand the two little stones she had sentimentally kept because Sir D had touched them ...she must say goodbye to a man she had come to love. And R knew in heart that she would never see him again.’

Pheasant with Foie Gras Sauce

Barbara Cartland: The most unusual pheasants in England are the Amherst which are bred on the Woburn Estate, historical sea of the Dukes of Bedford. The present, 13th Duke gave Woburn over to his son, the Marquess of Tavistock a few years ago and he and his third wife, who is French, are building a house in Mexico.

‘At least R felt that she was looking her best/dark blue travelling skirt and jacket, trimmed with pale blue braid and worn over a blue silk blouse/long blonde curls pinned up under a silly nonsense of a blue hat with its huge feather that curled round to almost touch her eyes... ..touched the two little stones again.

Footsteps on the marble floor/Sir D... ..looking grave, his grey eyes serious. “You are on time I see,” he said, “A rare ability in young ladies, I believe.”

Blue feather dancing by her dark blue eyes.

///>>/

‘NATURAL DISASTER

R/her battered leather travelling bag at her feet/glimpsed E de G

“...a rock fall...” main pass blocked

Prince F of M walking towards her smiling/pale fawn breeches/dark brown jacket/ivory crop

Prince F of M,...”resulted in a delight for us all don’t you agree Sir D?” Sir D bowed his head briefly. Riding party: Grand-Duchess L Von C/Prince F of M/Sir D/R...red riding habit/a pair of soft brown leather boots that had never been worn all was colour and excitement. Large white stallion – controlling it effortlessly ... two matching dapple-grey horses’

> *

Hungarian Pheasants

Stuffed roasted pheasant with hazelnuts, lemon rind and sherry, served with a cream and brandy sauce

Barbara Cartland: Game has always come into the category of aphrodisiacs. This dish as a reputation among Hungarian women of helping to attract men when one is no longer young.

‘INTRIGUE

emerald-green pool, fed by a trickling waterfall “This way the view is wonderful, “she called out... ..//saddle slipped/She gulped and gazed up into Sir G’s grim face, her arms reaching up to hold him tightly. ... a large piece of twig covered in vicious looking thorns.

Deliberate attempt on the Princess’ life!

//

...in the distance, over the snow-capped mountaintops, black thunderclouds swirled and gathered.

Princess M of M... lay gazing/ornately painted ceiling of her sumptuous bedroom. A maid knocked... pulled back the blue silk curtains/tea and fruit’

Wild Duck with Cherries

Wild duck roasted in Madeira and the juice of canned cherries, served in gravy of port and juices garnished with fresh cherries

Barbara Cartland: Wild ducks when they fly in from the sea at dawn provide sportsmen with some of the most difficult game shots.

Wild as a Winter’s Stream

Wild as a duck from the Sea

Wild as my heart is true

With longing my love for thee

‘Princess M of M wriggled upright against her silk pillows, “Perhaps the ball will be cancelled,” she murmured hopefully/so desperately in love with J... more than she could bear.

///she pulled out a plain dark red skirt and embroidered blouse, such as the local peasant women... *her disguise*... was tied around her head to hide her ringlets> a beautiful tapestry covered the stone wall... Swiftly she pushed the canvas aside to reveal a door cut into the thick wall.’

>

Partridge in Red Wine

Partridges cooked in a casserole of wine, mushrooms and shallots

Barbara Cartland: Partridges, which are gradually being eliminated in this country through the use of sprays and pesticides, are the most courageous little birds, and wonderful mothers. A partridge only has one wife in his lifetime.

'//R ...dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief/through a blur of tears/staring out of the window/a flash of red below her...

"Oh my goodness, it's the Princess! she gasped.

"The Princess and J were locked in each other's arms. "I would rather die than marry him!" ...*elope*>> ...Men such as the shadowy E de G. "Perhaps we are wrong to want to be together," J began. Princess M of M's eyes blazed. "We are destined to belong to each other."

Jugged Hare

Hare cooked in a casserole till the meat is tender in red currant, bramble and blackberry jellies and red wine

Barbara Cartland: Hare is a very rich meat and gives a man strength and vigour. This dish is excellent for a tired husband on a Friday night after an exhausting week. With it open a bottle of red wine and afterwards tell him you love him and think he is wonderful.

'R wandering The Palace of M/beautiful rooms/pictures/statues/books/curled up in a big leather chair/books in English/beautifully illustrated volume depicting all the flowers of the world/a shadow: Sir D!

She/cramp/swayed/Sir D's hands. His touch seemed to burn through the thin material of her white lawn blouse. ...she realised that she was touching Sir D's finger with her own. He realised he was losing his heart to this lovely golden girl

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Faisan aux Raisins

Pheasant cooked in brandy with grapes served with a demi-glace sauce

BC: One of the most beautiful birds in the world.

; R found Princess M of M apparently rearranging the tapestry that was hanging from the ceiling covering the cold wall.

She jumped/ a lovely white silk dress, trimmed/lace/pretty emerald green ribbons/dark ringlets cascaded over her shoulders and a diamond tiara sparkled in her hair. She wore an opal necklet, the stones shining with fire as the light caught them. ...every inch a princess.

"Here – take this."

R gasps/I cannot... the flashing gems in her hand... Princess M of M wears a simple string of pearls instead, "The pearls were a gift – from – from my fiancée."

//

Salmis of Game

Pieces of game cooked in claret, sherry and brandy

Barbara Cartland: This is an excellent way of using up the old pieces of games – with so much wine it would definitely be described as aphrodisiac.

ENGAGEMENT BALL

'Sir D surveying the glittering crowd/large orchestra/chandeliers/champagne in crystal flutes/scarlet & blue uniforms/diamonds/jewels/brilliant flashing of medals and decorations/elegance of ladies dresses against the black and white of the men's evening attire...

Whispers! R... into the ballroom and he thought that he had never seen anyone so beautiful in all his life. ...pale violet/shimmered as she walked/embroidered with flowers and leaves/black velvet sash/puff sleeves/ribbons/beautiful golden curls cascaded down across her bare shoulder/at her neck... opals... shooting purple and green fire

Sir D strode towards her'

FISH AND SHELLFISH

Sole Martini

Fillet of sole with tomatoes, vermouth and cream en papillote

Barbara Cartland: Tomatoes are known as 'love apples', or pomme d'amour in French. The Greeks and Romans adopted fish as a symbol of fertility and physical love.

'She let her fingers touch the tiny pocket hidden in the skirt of her dress where she had placed the two little pebbles that were now her lucky charms. ...felt fire run through her body at the look in his eyes

Their steps matched each other's perfectly/waltzed their whole lives.

Ballroom/colour/noise/floating weightless'

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Barbue au Champagne

Brill stuffed with puréed salmon and double cream, poached in champagne

Barbara Cartland: Since the most remote periods of the existence of man, the eating of fish has been accredited with the property of increasing sexual activity. It was for this reason that the Ancient Egyptians forbade the eating of fish by priests.

Prince F of M... "May I have this dance RH?" She was aware of the Prince's hot hand holding hers and could feel his fingers against her back through the thin material of her gown. ...whispering in her ear.. his breath close on... ..her neck.'

>

Sole in Champagne

Sole poached in champagne served with a prawn Béarnaise sauce

Barbara Cartland Champagne has always been the wine of love and gaiety. Strangely enough the 'sparkle' was discovered by a monk, Dom Perignon, who in about 1668 was Chief Cellarer of a monastery on the mountain of Rheims called Hautvillers. His experiments lasted twenty years and in 1690 he achieved his ambition of manufacturing a bottle of truly sparkling champagne.

'R cried out in astonishment. ...a heap of white and emerald green ribbons... .."She has run away!"...what would drive a young impetuous woman to run away

from her marriage?/...she knew from her own heart that there was only one answer/a man she loved more than life itself!

//

Summer Splendour

Poached salmon with a herb mousseline

Barbara Cartland: Herbs have a very ancient reputation of restoring youth. In the Lateran Museum in Rome, there is a curious bas-relief, which dates from the first period of Greek Art, in which Medea is seen instructing the daughters of Pelias how to prepare a bath of herbs in which their father may restore his youthful vigour.

As an Ancient Greek cried in his declining year:

'Find me, Oh Gods, a herb to make me half the man I was and that would be enough for me – and her.'

Sir D took her arm and half-marched, ...her out of one of the tall French windows that opened onto the veranda that ran the length of the ballroom.

Chinese lanterns/lightening crackled/grey eyes angry and serious/..."may I warn you of the dangers of flirting with such a man as Prince F of M!"/R temper flaring/his eyes blazing/..."naïve"/he had caught her in his arms and was kissing her.

R felt the world spin away... the warmth of his lips on hers/tight grasp/dramatic thudding heart/his chest... R raised shaking fingers to her lips tha felt bruised from the force of the kiss/could not breath/"Sir D!"/"Sir D!"

Trout in a Pink Coat

Minced cod stuffed trout, pan fried in butter and served wrapped in smoke salmon

Barbara Cartland: For the Chinese fish are the symbols of good fortune and conjugal harmony – probably because they are unable to speak?

//

KIDNAP

The doors to the ballroom were flung open with a crash and Prince F of M/ Grand Duchess L von C/E de G

"We cannot find my sister! Princess M of M has vanished."

//

Homard a la Crème

Lobster flambéed in cognac and finished in a broth of wine and cream

Barbara Cartland: Sensual

R ran/storm/clouds rolling/crashes of thunder/village/...J!: "They took her- " "Who?"...men/rescue/love/despair/mules/path/mountains/rescue/reins/saddle/storm/rain/God... she knew that the one person who she could rely on was the man she loved with all her heart – Sir D

*

ICES

Chocolate Ice Cream with Tia Maria

Barbara Cartland: There are so many ways in which wines can change an ordinary dish into something special. The French know this and use a lot of wine in their cooking.

Sir D pulled lose his bow tie/despair/cold wind the locals called the Groufflé/
man staggered towards him through rainy, soaked gardens “Princess M of M – men
– take her- “ J grunted.

Crème de Cassis Ice Cream

Blackcurrant ice cream with Crème de Cassis, garnished with flowers.

Barbara Cartland: A Fleet of barges delivered the delicacies of the Yangtze province to the Peking Palace during the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644). The fruit of the strawberry tree, fresh bamboo shoots and shad were kept fresh on the 1500 mile journey by ice blocks wrapped in straw. Also in the barges were Cassia flowers for seasoning, swans, cherries preserved in honey, and flaky pastries filled with mallow.

Suddenly all the pieces of the puzzle fell into place for Sir D. “English girl – following them!” J stuttered. WHAT!: Sir D/turmoil/walled from inside his pocket a folded piece of paper. Inside lay the small blue orchid from where it had been pressed against his heart for all these days since their dinner... Paris

*

Grape Ice Cream with Grape Sauce

Barbara Cartland: The *Madames* who ran the elegant *Maisons de Plaisir* in seventeenth century France all realised the importance of the *petit-souper*. Every dish had an aphrodisiac significance including grapes.

Miles away/clinging/horses mane/deep into mountains/so cold/water
cascading down mountainside/loose stones/hoofs/wild night/
“Sir D will follow me to hell and back”
/fitful moonlight/up the mountain slope, a light flickered once, twice and then
steadied > regular beam... ..and sitting next to them, her hands tied behind her
back, was Princess M of M! Behind a rock ...”*You must escape.*” – *“there is no way.”*
“Follow this path and you will find my horse.”

Lemon Water Ice

Served with shortbread fingers

Barbara Cartland: Think of cool water under a sunlit sky, of green trees heavy with golden fruit, of white flowers for a summer bride. This is where food is an art for the eyes, the imagination and the heart.

Back down the mountain Sir D urged his mount up... skills as a horseman to entice the best from his steed. ...he muttered as his horse’s hoofs slid, “Why put yourself into such terrible danger?” ...but... she was not only extremely brave but a patriot.

“R!” he shouted out in joy as a horse with a slim figure/stumbling/sliding/
mountain...

Champagne Sorbet

Barbara Cartland: No-one woos a woman today with letters which she can treasure in her old age. Sometimes she receives flowers if she is lucky. But to be wooed with food is original and exciting.

What woman could resist the implication in this choice of dish that she is as light and delicate as the white of an egg, sweet as honey, sparkling as champagne, but please – no as cold as ice!

>/BUT... “Princess! I have you!” You are safe.” Sobbing “It’s all my fault! You must rescue R. You must. She has taken my place,” Princess M of M cried/fingers bit into her arms/
he/deep breath/she/down the mountain/fetch help/

*

R/frightened/alone/

BUT...

RESCUE

Something fell into her lap... He had found her. the blue orchid/he had kept it safe/
he was near... right now!

//

Fleur-de-Lis d’Amour

Meringue with three sorbets served in a pool of Melba sauce

Barbara Cartland: Fleur-de-Lis d’Amour will always make me think of Florence, that glorious city with its spires and domes, and the spiritual beautiful faces of Boticelli’s Virgins.

‘White and light as a fairy’s wish; a romantic kiss on a china dish.’

... she found herself in Heaven as Sir D clasped her in his arms, raining kisses on her cold face.

PUDDINGS

Melba Sauce

Raspberries and redcurrants cooked with brandy

Barbara Cartland: The Bourbon vanilla pod is the best and do not use substitutes. Vanilla is known to be an aphrodisiac tonic and stimulant.

Fontenelle, the French writer said, ‘If I can but reach the season of strawberries it will be well with me.’

BUT//

E de G/dangerous looking gun/face twisted with triumph... E de G snarled..

“You are an evil, evil man!” R cried out. She tilted her chin defiantly and declared, “I am prepared to die... wicked plans

E de G “Say your goodbyes, Sir D”

Sir D bent his head and kissed R/did not believe our story would end...murmured softly... to die in your arms...

deep groans

Youth Eternal

Pancakes with an orange and honey sauce

Barbara Cartland: Acacia honey comes from Hungary and always makes me think of the beautiful, unhappy Empress Elizabeth of Austria galloping across the plains beside the Prime Minister with whom she was hopelessly in love.

“I’ll be merciful and kill you both with one blast from this gun,” E de G. , “

*

//Sir D kissed R gently on the lips/no regret/a journey to love/wonderful smile lit up his handsome face. R was back there at Five Oaks Boarding School for Young Ladies... “good shot!”... her hand went instinctively to the little pocket in her evening skirt. ...

Banana Surprise

Pan cooked bananas in a cream, rum and brown sugar sauce

And with all the strength she possessed, she threw the stones hard and fast, straight at E de G’s head. Cursed/roared/Sir D grabbed R/down the narrow path between vast boulders

...tremendous crash/ricocheting from rock to rock... E de G had fired at them. ... low rumbling began... E de G vanished from sight in the dreadful crashing roar and deadly roar of rolling stones and boulders.

The Duc’s Fantasy

A grape tart with an apricot glaze

Barbara Cartland: In the seventeenth century the Duc de Richelieu used to serve grapes to his friends. Everyone present at his party – including the Ladies who were often Society Beauties – were completely naked.

Sir D swept R into his arms and his lips found hers. ...felt she would faint with happiness...deep embrace as the little lights of the rescue party bobbed slowly up the track towards them.

*

Peaches with Figs, Kirsch and Cream

Peaches with Fig Cream flavoured with Kirsch served with glacé cherries and strawberries

Barbara Cartland: Peaches are the best remedies we have for the loss of smell and touch, both of which are, of course, essential to the art of love.

Always pull a peach when it’s within your reach.

HAPPINESS

Three months later Sir D married RH//

Mandarin Cheesecake

Barbara Cartland: ‘Now from the silk pavilions of the seas,
The nymphs sing, gold and cold as orange trees.’

... > Cornwall/a sprawling Manor House/family for centuries//... the Bride! ...
sublime white gown of silk embroidered with hundreds of tiny pearls. ...chiffon
cascaded from a priceless pearl and diamond tiara/gift from the Principality of M/
bouquet of white lilies/creamy roses and at it's heart, a blue orchid...

Crêpes Suzette

Pancakes in orange butter served with a Grand Marnier flambé

Barbara Cartland: This is a love-dish if you are dining a very special man in your life. A
Restoration poet put it more bluntly, when he wrote:

'So much to say. So much unsaid
And yet I knew our dinner led
Along a golden path to bed.'

Princess M de M, elegant and lovely in pale blue and cream lace, feathers on her
hat sweeping down to curl under her chin/front pew with J in his Principality of
M's Officers uniform.

Meringue Hearts

Meringue served on raspberry purée lake garnished with fondant hearts,
rosebuds and angelica

Barbara Cartland: This dish typifies all I write of love. The Love which carries us up towards
the stars and yet burns with the fire of the Sun. Real love which we all seek and is part of the
Divine:

'A mind at peace with all the World
A heart whose love is innocent.'

Later/evening/Sir D and Lady RD hugged each other... ...
...ran hand in hand/cliff top/sun setting/gazing out at the rippling path...
...sunset//><\\

True Love

Three heart shaped ramekins filled with raspberry purée, crème brulée and the third with
passion fruit.

Below them in the little harbour, a brand new yacht bobbed and
pulled at her moorings



Finis

