Berried Treasure

I came across a beautiful word in the dictionary the other day: framboesia. I assumed this would be something particularly lovely. A cross between a crepe and a soft place perhaps, or a raspberry-flavoured slice of heaven. Maybe a particularly beautiful souffle, or in the place perhaps, or a raspberry- something particularly lovely. A

experience aside, I opened a book with

the unambiguous name of Strawberries by Pamela Allardice (Hill of Content, about $22.50). The cover of this text boasts naked cherubs playing with ribbons and strawberries against a background of clouds, and the author's description reveals that "Pamela is a true romantic. She is married to Greg and they live in a small, wild variety and freshly picked.

To Cure Excessive Ruddiness of the Face
It is good overnight to anoint the face with hare's blood and in the morning to wash it with strawberry and cowslip water, the juice of distil'd lemon, juice of cowcumbers or to use the seeds of melon or kernels of peaches beaten small.

I can't actually say that I have tried this 17th century facial, and being blessed with a non-ruddy complexion, I don't feel called upon to rush out with the shotty. I suppose after looking at your face caked in hare's blood overnight, it would seem less ruddy when one finally washed the stuff off. But strawberries are slightly astringent, and their fruit and leaves have been used for everything from teeth whiten to skin toner.

Many of the recipes for skin preparations are less harrowing than the one given above, and would certainly be more fun to try. Mashed strawberries, raw honey and natural yoghurt mixed together are supposed to remove wrinkles, if left on damp skin for 10-15 minutes—although the "delicate eye area" (where wrinkles tend to hang out) is to be avoided. The health preparations include mouth ulcer and cystitis tonics, but I haven't actually been organised or afflicted enough to attempt this yet.

The rest of Strawberries is devoted to matters culinary. My major problem with recipes involving berries is that, at their very best, they don't need anything at all done to them. Their texture and flavour are quite perfect. And some of the uses given here, such as "Strawberry Bortsch" seem almost desperate. I'd need to have several tonnes of excess berries before I tried that. However, here's one of the recipes which is well worth attempting.

Yagody

This is a traditional Russian dish. To be truly authentic, the strawberries should be the small, wild variety and freshly picked.

1 punnet strawberries, washed and hulled
250ml sour cream
30g sugar
1/4 tspn almond essence
1/2 tspn vanilla essence
cinnamon
Beat cream, sugar and essences with electric mixer for 15 minutes or until mixture has doubled in size. Fold berries through mixture and sprinkle with cinnamon. Chill well.

Strawberries is a must for an addict and a fun book for those who like the heavenly fruit. Still, I can't help feeling that the book was designed as a present for a maiden aunt (if such a creature still exists) rather than as something one would buy to read or use. Perhaps that's because strawberries seem a lot sexier to me than outside wrinkles and ruddiness—is Anne Boleyn's strawberry-shaped birthmark. There's a lot to be said for the safety of scones and jam.

Penelope Cottier.