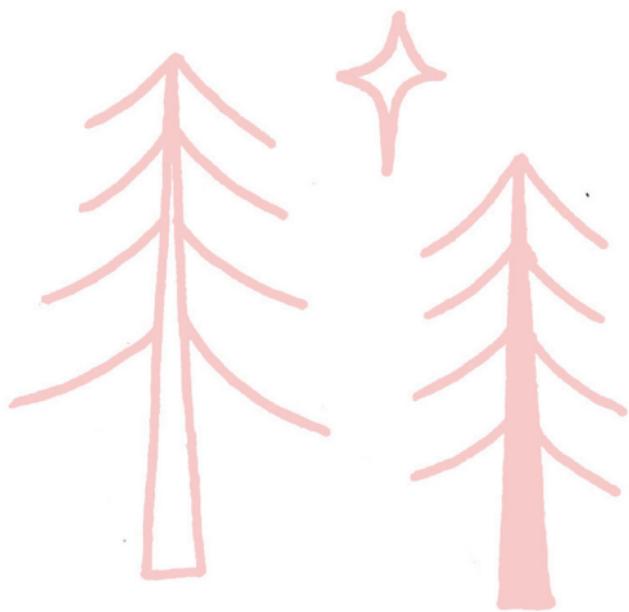


FIELD NOTES

28 page cocktail book
Durable materials / Made in Yorkshire
Winter 2021/22



Winter 2021/22

Editors Preface

We join Cleophna following her journey across America in flight from the influence of:

‘The Professor’ – a venerated expert in the authors field, who for reasons unknown undermines Cleophna findings, and we learnt at the end of the Summer to also be her father.

&

‘J’ – once the authors confident, colleague, friend, lover and expedition partner, who we learnt in the Autumn Field Notes the author believes to be in cahoots with ‘The Professor’.

The authors journey through the winter will see her arrive in Quanzhou (referred to by the author as Chinchew) and travel across the vast expanses of Asia.

Still she seeks the fabled, previously undocumented flower that is the motivation for her current expedition.

Subsequent Editor’s notes can be seen in blue Times New Roman.

Where the author has used Latin Terminology, we have translated in *Italics*.

This is the true and accurate record
of Miss Cleophna Teece, as written in
the years 1979-1980.¹

1. The Editors cannot confirm the
following entries to be true and accurate

December 3rd, 1979:

At the **NIGHT MARKET.**

This morning I arrived in Hong Kong; a wonderful, diverse city full of surprises. Not least the market stalls tucked into the side streets, meters away from the tailors and high-fashion stores.

The aroma of local fruits and spices hang in the air, but it is the leaf of Chinese Blackberry that is most interesting. It is rich, decadent, and sweet in all the right ways. It is remarkable how something as humble as a leaf can sit alongside such opulence and excite more than all the other attractions of this unique city.

When I enquired from the market vendor where the leaves were grown, she gestured towards the mainland - the next destination of my expedition.

Flavour/Aroma:

Raspberry, Bramble Leaf, Cardamom, Honey, Fig Leaf.



Chinese Blackberry

December 6th, 1979:

En Route to CHINCHEW

Travelling by bus, train, hitching and now on foot I have crossed paths several times with a group of elegantly dressed Tamil traders since arriving in China. Previously we have shared nought but a furtive glance and a smile - a small acknowledgment of the hardships of a journey of necessity and discovery.

Tonight around a small, stove fire, seeing me alone I was invited to join them. I learnt they too were heading to Chinchew - they to visit the Tamil Temple, trading supplies as they go to resource their travel. However, we did not trade tonight, instead we shared - they had a blend of their own dried fruits, spices and botanicals - and I had the pleasure of sharing with them the last of my Grandfathers scotch I have been carrying in a hip-flask since leaving England.

We sat and shared the drink, some light food, and stories of our travels. Tomorrow we set-out together on the last leg to Chinchew.

Flavour/Aroma:

Earthy Spice, Bright Peach,
Light Cream, Hint of Whisky.

Tumeric



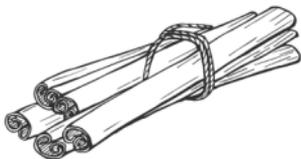
Clove



Cardamom



Cinnamon



Ginger



December 12th, 1979:

News yesterday from the Tamil Traders that they believe a well-dressed European man has been watching and following them. I reassured them that this sinister presence was more than likely due to my own presence, and as such must leave their company.²

It feels a desperate measure, but I have made the decision to send J telegram correspondence from Peru, with the help of friends currently that side of the world. I have no idea if it will work, but who knows, even if it is identified as the 'Red Herring' it is, it could do something to throw them off my trail.

2. The Editors could find no evidence of anyone in pursuit of The Author.
3. The Editors have included this telegram in the Field Notes to better illustrate The Authors state of mind.

Telegram recieved regarding the
Indigo Rose sent to 'J'.³

"Dear J,

Whilst our journeys have taken differing trajectories, I write to reassure you that I am well, and my expedition is also progressing well.

I am deep in Pacaya Simiria National Park, and have stumbled upon their wonderful indigenous tomato - the Indigo Rose.

It is delightfully **savoury** but with a unique **floral** and **stewed fruit** flavour. **Hints of acidity** support the rich, red flavours.

I'm sure you're already aware of this incredible fruit, but I can assure you that tasting it fresh from the vine is a rare experience.

Sincerely,

C.T."

December 20th, 1979:

I purchased a rickety, old car with which to travel all the way from Chinchew to Ulaanbaatar in Inner Mongolia. The border crossing was treacherous, and provisions have been scarce.

There is a welcome, familiar sight though occasionally dotted along the otherwise barren road - rhubarb. This wonderful botanical which I always associate with home comforts finds it's origin in this harsh expanse. It is tough and hardy, much like the people of both Mongolia and Yorkshire

Tonight, I pitched camp surrounded by nought but open desert and a sky of countless stars. I dug a small pit, lined it with dry wood and heavy stones and cooked the rhubarb in my makeshift oven until it was the sweet edible tart Rheum that I knew from home, with the new addition of smoke and a clove like spice.



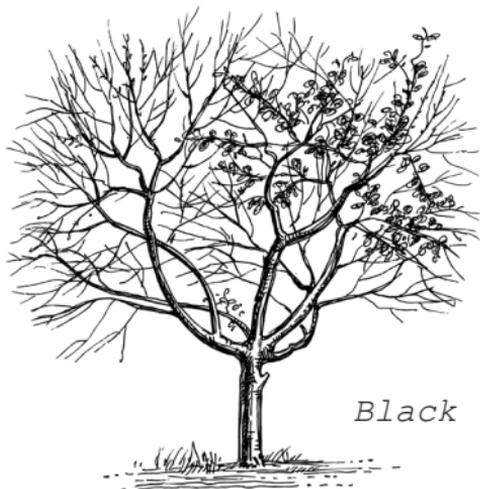
Mongolian *Rhubarb*

Flavour/Aroma of my
Stone Smoked Rhubarb:

Rhubarb, Smoke, Clove Spice,
Sweet Acidity.

December 22nd, 1979:

Finally, I have arrived in the area I truly believe to be hiding the plant I have been searching for on this long and arduous expedition. I will venture on foot in to the Gorkhi Terelj National Park outside of Ulaan Baatar. Whilst this area has been well mapped, my own research indicates that the perfect conditions for the appearance of the XXXX⁴, and my timing to find it in its emergence that occurs only briefly every 48 years is, according to my calculations, ideal.



Black Cherry Tree

January 14th, 1980:

I have been hiking for some weeks now, tomorrow I expect to arrive in the hidden valley that holds my prize. By hook or by crook, by bark or bite I will find this botanical.

I was lucky enough to find a rare *Black Cherry Tree* today. Of course, the tree was not in fruit, but I have made a fortifying tea of the bark. The bark has remarkable properties, strengthening the immune system and soothing aches and pains. Whilst my expedition for one botanical is the cause of my travails, it's comforting that other fruits of nature's bounty taken carefully from my environment are strengthening me in equal measure.

Flavour/Aroma of *Black Cherry Tea*:
Cherry, Wood, Citrus Fruit,
Deep Rich Spices.

4. Obscured by dark red substance

January 25th, 1980:

Exploring the **Ulaan Bazaar**.

Passing yurts, then small shacks, and then great structures of glass and steel, Ulaanbaatar is a complex and beautiful city.

Just outside the centre of the city I found myself in a market boasting a cornucopia of this countrys fare.

There are dried, astringent but **aromatic fruits** from the foothills of the Altai mountains, **spices** from both east and west and ferments all Mongolias own. Wrapped up against the cold, there was something of the market that reminded me of sipping a **mulled wine**, or Grandmothers **Sloe Gin** in a traditional, European Christmas Market.

5. Entry has been burnt/damaged beyond legibility. The Editors have included those phrases that remained legible.

February 1st, 1980:

Hiking the **Baikal Trail**.

The Baikal lake situated outside of Irkutsk where I will join the Trans-Siberian Rail, is quite a sight to behold. The deepest lake in the world, and at this time of year frozen deep in shades of dark green and bright blue. Unique to this lake, great icebergs protrude from the surface and the shores are lined with the last tough shoots of **dandelions**, long **grasses** and hardy **herbs** normally found in the highest mountains. The air is laden with the aroma of seasalt and **seaweed** despite being so far inland.

Regardless of the beauty of this place, I cannot tarry long - it's time to join the train.



Sketch of Baikal Lake and Iceberg⁶

6. The Editors were unable to confirm the location depicted in this illustration.



Mr Boulangers
"Strawberries from Dijon"

7. No record could be found of a Mr Charles Boulanger travelling on the Trans-Siberian Rail during the year 1980.

February 3rd, 1980:

Monsieur Boulanger's

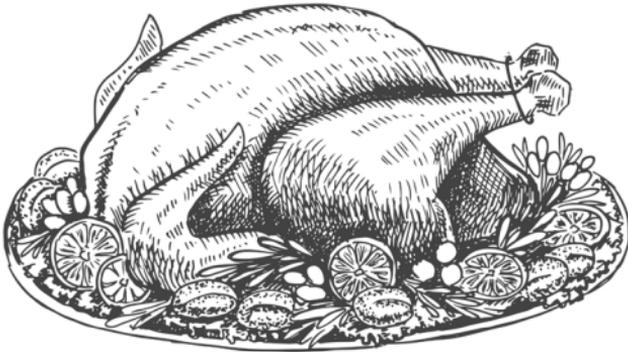
Strawberries from Dijon.

The Trans-Siberian is a wonder. Each carriage a microcosm of communities and cultures. On my first day aboard this unique transport I have met a French gentleman, Monsieur Charles H. Boulanger⁷, whom kindly shared with me his own mustard preserved strawberries. The sweet, redolent flavours of the strawberries remain, but with a floral spice to them. Dry, yet sour, spiced yet sweet, they truly are a marvel.

For all of my love of that which is grown - whether wild or cultivated, occasionally a considerate hand can turn the most recognisable flavours into something new and exciting. He calls it Fraise De Dijon, and it is exquisite.

Flavour/Aroma of Mr Boulanger's
Strawberries.

Ripe Strawberry, Floral Spice,
Dried Herbs, Lemon.



Sketch of Charles magnificent dinner
in Pen

February 4th, 1980:

Enjoying a Late Christmas Dinner.

Day 2 on the Trans-Siberian and Charles has pointed out to me that I missed any sort of Christmas celebration. After such testing travel some small excuse to enjoy a meal together is too tempting to pass up, and so tonight we had a late Christmas Dinner.

Charles charmed his way into the trains limited kitchen and prepared for us a magnificent feast. How he managed to find **Goose** and **Carrots** and **Sage** aboard this train I have no idea. The decadent warmth of sweet goose and the hearty, fortifying and earthy flavours of carrot alongside bright herbs and the **oak**-like richness of roasted roots has proven greatly heartening.



Sketch of an *Apple* in Pen

8. Remainder of entry appears to have been removed by the author.

February 5th, 1980:

The "Apple Mac".

Our last day on the Trans-Siberian and it was my turn to return Charles kindness. When I proffered this idea, he wrangled me into the kitchen, however my supplies were much less than his. I combined some **apples** I have been carrying since Ulaan Baatar, with a combination of **ginger**, **cinnamon** and **hazlenuts** I purchased in the Bazaar. The trains chef was kind enough to gift me some flour and butter and before long an apple **gingerbread** emerged from the oven for us to share and enjoy.

Charles was of the opinion it reminded him of a Whisky Mac, a cocktail he says he has enjoyed since his time in the British Raj...for a man that looks to be in his 50's it was a strange statement, but not one I queried.

We will be arriving in Moscow soon but I will leave the city as quick as possible for I fear The Professor and J will XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX⁸.



Losiny Ostrov *Pine* Needles Study

February 11th, 1979:

Hiking Between The Pines.

On arrival in Moscow, I felt watched, like I was being followed⁹. I travelled out to the Losiny Ostrov National Park, and was dropped off in a spot when I could no longer see anyone in the Taxis rear-view mirror.

I wandered in to the woods, building camp between the snow laden pines. I prepared myself a light dinner of pine needle tea and enjoyed the last, perfectly ripe pear I had in my backpack. I can see lights in the distance of what looks like a majestic, old hotel, which will be my destination tomorrow. I feel like some well earned rest and relaxation is long overdue.

9. Again, The Editors could find no evidence for this to be true.

THE
GRAND
RASPBERRY
HOTEL

10. The Author kept a card bearing this logo in her Field Notes and so has been included here. When The Editors approached the hotel in question, they had no record of a Ms Cleophdna Teece staying there.

11. Obscured by The Author.

November 27th, 1979:

A few nights at

The Grand Raspberry Hotel.

So much travel, so much time spent 'on-the-run' a few nights ago I arrived at The Grand Raspberry Hotel. It is one of those establishments with an aged grandeur not often found anymore.

Finally I feel truly safe, in comfort and at peace. Small luxuries feel so significant now as I reflect on the last 9 months - for instance the little, beautiful chocolate left in a pink box on my beds velvet pillow almost brought me to tears. Tonight, I ventured into the hotels bar and had their signature cocktail. A combination of Rums, Bittersweet Spices, Molasses and local foraged Raspberry Leaf. I have been carrying the XXXXX¹¹ with me everywhere I go, but sitting here with the lingering flavour of the chocolate and a cocktail on my lips, I feel safer than I have for some time and that the XXXXX¹¹ is safe from J and The Professor.

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