

issue. If the project raises sufficient dosh, the advance to the author should happily exceed a publisher's sober advance. Subscribers, or funders, get to see their names in the last pages of the work. Meades has not enjoyed the best of health in recent months, culminating in heart surgery. Yet when, by way of promotion, he cooked a lunch at his home in Le Corbusier's *Unité d'habitation* in Marseilles, it consisted of brandade of salt cod, a parmentier of duck confit and Agen prunes and a *rebarbe* – a mixture of Roquefort, cream, butter and brandy. Perhaps, like his old friends and connections, he has a death wish. Or a mordant sense of humour. The book certainly has the latter. And great, and simple (but still requiring a level of preparational devotion), recipes: strong flavours, their character not much adrift from that projected by Meades himself. Not one to mince words, there's an instruction or command on every page, and a wide-ranging sensibility that takes in more than just food. On the principle that there's nothing new in cooking, Meades enjoys taking from all and sundry (including his father) for his favoured way of doing things. The borrower's scaffolding is clipped together with plenty of quotations in support of, or musing on the rights and wrongs of plagiarism. The spice of prejudice and strong opinion, as with all of Meades's writings, is liberally scattered over everything. Whether the experience is deepened by the author's own photography is another matter. Deeply enjoyable.

Sarah Moss: *Spilling the Beans. Eating, Cooking, Reading and Writing in British Women's Fiction, 1770–1830*: Manchester University Press, 2011; 202 pp., paperback; £15.99.

This review has been some years in the delivery. So long, indeed, that the easiest way to buy the book is on the resale market. The hardback, first published in 2009, comes in at £50. Those of you who have enjoyed Moss's fiction and other works will know she writes with grace and intelligence. This, her first book, is product of her parallel life as an academic. I only came to it because I had been reading with riotous pleasure Susan Ferrier's novel *Marriage* (1818). One chapter of Sarah Moss's study is devoted to the food described in *Marriage*, with its knockabout satire on Scottish cooking and gross ridicule of fat gourmandizing male English parasites and their love of *haute cuisine* (among many other interesting features). Moss makes sensible commentary on this and other Ferrier novels (which, regrettably, are much more difficult to obtain in a modern edition) and devotes other chapters, equally clear and enlightening, to Mary Wollstonecraft and Fanny Burney. When critics approach food in a literary context, their jargon and conclusions are often impenetrable. This is not.

Jakob A. Klein and James L. Watson, eds.: *The Handbook of Food and Anthropology*: Bloomsbury, 2016: 480 pp., hardback, £115.00.

The anthropology of food involves research into food security, nutrition,