
Soho baby

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/01/30 13:41

To wee boy Jimmy...

Have to say I love your work... I have to say that, Nic has a trained jeet kune do assassin ready and primed if I don't.

But darling, must point out that I don't consider Soho the centre of the filmmaking world. But since Dotty lives there it is the centre of Dotty's world.

Just one angle of faceted diamond that is Netribution

Mwah!

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by pix - 2006/01/31 19:13

there's a rather convincing argument that the only reason people consider soho the centre of the film universe is because you are there.

regional screen agencies should bid to have you live there briefly

or we could have a dotty bus that brings light to cinematically disadvantaged regions.

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/02/04 12:16

Well, thank you. Glad my humble efforts are appreciated. Thirsty work though. Pix, why don't you show you are a gentleman, call up the table captain get the lady a drink?

You're not likely to be a white wine psritzer girl, nor a tequila sunrise, right? My guess would be something smooth with a kick - a real stiff martini, right.

Pix, don't gawp like that, can't you see the lady needs a drink as well as some late night company? Get that captain over here.

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by Nic - 2006/02/04 17:14

drinks on the house m'lud

a gin martini with saphire lime twist for Ms Parker, a fine aged cambletown spring bank for you sir, and pix, the usual old jamaican.

please enjoy your evening at the kings arms. the only pub with no last orders and a free bar.

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/02/04 19:45

Free bar eh? How do they pay the rates then?

Makes you wonder what might be on offer in the cellar apart from a selection of unimaginable wines. Anyway, thanks Pix. Take this and see if you can get me some panatellas - Cuban, if they dare stock them.

He may be gone some time. You don't mind if I smoke a cigar do you Dotty? So, what on earth are you doing in a place like this? It's like casting a pearl before swine. No appreciation of your innate beauty, or how you have styled yourself and they'll all be looking for inside information that they can capitalise on but excusing it as networking. You and I both know, that's not the way to prosper, is it? I love that gown. Very chic. The colour suits you so well. Designers must be queuing up to have you wear their stuff. Who do you favour?

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/02/15 11:21

The King's arms a possible den for ladies of the twilight? Frankly I am shocked and appalled... that I didn't think of it first.

A man who choses to smoke a cigar rather than use it for nefarious purposes is rare... I find the smell of a fine cuban quite exquisite, the lingering smell of a virgin's thigh, the odour of potential and quite apt for the Netribution darlings.

But I blush at your description of me as a pearl and must of course give credit to my fabulous dress maker and ex-Chechnyan gymnast, Evgeny Lushkov. The stout man, under five and a half feet, with the handle bar moustache, the assurance that a pin strip suit is to be everyday wear, and the young Geordie boyfriend, hunted me down after seeing me stop three rickshaws in their tracks and simply demanded that he dress me. Of course, being a lover of all people entrepreneurial and maverick, the thought of having a dedicated designer delighted me. Though I might occasionally go to Coco de Mer for lacy unmentionables, all else is by my dearest Genny.

A honey button would be lovely... honey rum from los canaries, an american coke (mentioning no brand names but Dotty doesn't do diet) and a dash of lime...

Sweetsxxx

Post edited by: Dotty S Parker, at: 2006/02/15 11:22

Post edited by: Dotty S Parker, at: 2006/02/15 11:23

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/02/15 13:13

Honey button it is then.

Garcon! You have Canary Honey Rum? Then get the lady a Honey Button and don't kill the honey with too much lime.

So it's Luskov who dresses your cool. Vairee nice.

Word reaches me that you've been dallying with my old pal Bill Goldman on your spare evenings Honey Button. What other adventures are you having these days? Bill's a charmer, but I've heard he's a bit hopeless in some situations - doesn't always hit the right button on the elevator for instance, so there you are still stuck on the ground floor when you thought he was taking you up to the roof garden...

Here's your honey, button...

Hey, give the lady a cocktail mat, purleese. We can't have her Lushkov sullied by sticky latino rum, now can we? That's better.

What's your name? OK Anton, take this. Now I want you to make sure this lady is treated right, OK? On my tab...

It won't happen again, honey button. Imagine serving it drooling down the glass like that. They need a little shaking up around here, but in the meantime, Anton will look after you, never fear. You'll get the best of service from now on.

Now, you were about to tell me all about your latest adventures.

Can't wait. Baby, I'm all ears...

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/02/15 13:42

Darling that is perfect, nothing wrong with sticky fingers... part of the fun of a good honey button... honey.

Simply exhausted, entertained a very bright young thing last night down from your Northern parts. Introduced him to the big smoke, and a little smoke from my good friend Chang... I do so enjoy corrupting the youth, but just getting into my Egyptian cotton sheets as the birds were at their mating game, flirting with the morning sun, has drained me of all vitality today.

I may lay quietly in the King's Arms (no tattoos I hope) and listen in on you more energetic little comets.

Post edited by: Dotty S Parker, at: 2006/02/15 13:44

Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/02/15 21:51

Tattoos? Certainly not.

Imagine getting up close and personal with someone resembling a willow pattern plate. Not for me sweetie. A healthy toned skin is far more acceptable in a close companion, even a touch of bottled sunshine, though that's a cosmetic of the deperate or destitute, really. Much more agreeable to top up in the tropics, on a tranquil beach by the great waters, such as my little Seychelles hideaway. I'm flying south for the winter in a couple of weeks. Would you care to top up your tan, honey button? - Though I had better warn you, there's no electricity. Well, there's a generator, but it creates a hell of a lot of noise just to plug in a hair drier.

Does a month of continual glorious sunny days and steamy tropical nights hold any appeal for you? Or do you prefer the excitement of life surrounded by sex shops, clip joints and post production suites here in the infamous square mile that is Soho. A change might do you good. IOt always works wonders for me.

Surprise me later, don't tell me now. Would you like to eat? The choice is limited here, but I'm beginning to enjoy the buzz. It's like bees around a honey pot. You are causing a stir sweetie, they are all gazing at you in awe. Have they never seen a southern belle before?

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/02/16 13:00

To continue the finger play some yasai yakitori would be lovely... blow it, make it negima... after the last few months in the Maldives detoxing under the watchful glare of Frau Eidlewein I need to get my canines in some god blessed MEAT!

Suddenly all those curious young beaus are looking a little nervous. Was it something I said? I would blush but I don't seem to have that little trick in my clutch. I'll stick to a contemplative gaze instead.

But my dearest Scot, after my recent absence by the Laccadive sea, sleeping under the light of actual and not human stars, I am simply gasping for the detritous of Soho... hair dryers that are not reliant on the wiles of a generator (always female in gender in my experience, prone to conking out when someone less shaped like a prow of boat wishes to beautify themselves, jealous in their limited femininity) are the simplest of my requirements that Soho can fulfill... the rest are too depraved to mention... but sweet talk me and I probably will...

Dotty xx

Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/02/20 11:32

Honey Button what you hunger for is something with a bit of body about it, tender and succulent, full of promise on the plate, but in the mouth simply bursting with pent-up flavour and full of those hidden essentials, reared on rolling green northern hills. A diet of Yukitory can never satisfy your inner needs and the long term results would be scrawny to say the least. It can never give you staying power sweetheart and you do so need that in this business.

It's simply not enough to look as if you are it, at this moment. You need to be the daintiest of thoroughbred fillies, outclassing all the rest but you also need enormous reserves of hidden stamina, drive and determination, second only to an Arab stallion, one that is fully capable of transecting desert, mountain and steppe at high speed for just as long as it takes. And, of course, you have to arrive at journey's end looking as if you simply strolled across a meadow to take a curious look at something that might possibly be of interest to you, or possibly not. It's other people's perception that you have to manipulate darling, you know that. But you have to be in training at all times and keep yourself in peak condition.

I recommend an intake of filet de bouef papillon supreme twice weekly, served at my table in the Savoy Grill. Bernard, the chef de cuisine there, is one of the few people in the world who know precisely how it should be prepared and cooked. A truly discerning chef, he sources his meat from my own farms. Filet papillon supreme is the most sublime and tender cut there is, sliced rather thick, then split and opened up to that butterfly shape. Flash fried in a VERY hot pan, lightly oiled, for just 30 seconds each side, then at reduced heat for one minute a side it becomes mouth-wateringly tender. The result is heavenly protein, moist and succulent, with all the delicate flavour of the beef retained. It melts in your mouth Honey Button and then seconds later the after-taste arises, rich and full, like the finest chocolat noir. Mmm, heavenly delights.

You see darling, you are hungry already!
We shall dine there tomorrow....
I shall send my car around for you at eight.

I would love to introduce you to one of the greatest of life's pleasures immediately, but alas, at this hour it is night porter service alone, so you must wait. Anticipation will increase your appreciation. The interval will merely arouse your appetite and make it stronger. Once you have tasted the Aberdeen Angus from my estate in the Mearns, you will never again so much as glance in the direction of negima. There will be no slipping back into your old habits. You will be soon be fit enough to take on the world and beat it to submission at your feet, you only require some changes of direction and a discerning pallet to shape and mould your slender taste buds more firmly, so you will reach the heights of extacy with every meal you take. Bon appetit, cherie!

How did you enjoy the BAFTAs last night, sweetie? I so appreciated that heavenly ensemble with which you graced the occasion. It was, in the nicest way, deeply disturbing. Even David was totally charmed by you, so pre-occupied in fact, that I was forced to give him a nudge when Dickie announced his fellowship. I do hope the cameras didn't catch him staring at you. He'll die if they caught him with his mouth agape. Of course I don't blame him, you did look simply

ravishing, but he did rather look as if that was what he wanted to do himself! It's never a good idea to be too public about these things, that is far too plebian. I tried to make my way over to you at the soiree afterwards, but found myself hemmed in by a posse of American starlets who all wanted to know what I wear under my kilt. I really wanted better company, but when I broke free from that mob, you were nowhere to be seen.

You definitely deserved the BAFTA for Best Frock, Honey Button. Darling you were positively tactile!! I could feel the fineness of that shimmering smooth silk slipping under my finger tips just looking at you. You were ceratinly dressed to undress in that creation. Was that one of Genny Lushkov's as well? He dresses you so well. There's little in that department I would want to change. Maybe the lightest of touches here or there, saving -if you would permit me - the masterstrokes for those special occasions where you simply have to burst out into a grateful, receptive world to give them release. They'll never be able to get enough of you. I guarantee that, hand on my skean dhu

But who should have got the Best Supporting Frock would you say?

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/03/03 08:57

Oh, I am most terrible sorry... caught up there for a moment in thoughts of Arabian stallions and rare Scottish beef. So like me to be distracted by such carnal concerns. But one day I shall tell you of my times amongst the Arabian Knights, when I stood underneath the dawning sky of a thousand miles in burnoose and jilbab, and saw the two thousand horses of the Abdulaziz storm towards me like the clouds themselves taken from heaven. Or I might tell you of my time with the clan MacInnes (distant relatives on my mother's side) on the West coast of Scotland where I learnt to appreciate a man in a kilt for the first time... So many, many stories my sweet.

But Dotty has been busy preparing a few new missives for the Netribution table. I of course only returned from the Maldives but late, and almost my first port of call was the flourishing Evgenny for THAT dress. Soon my decisions regarding cut and colour etc will appear for you to relax with... But thankyou for your compliments... Of course the dress for the Oscars will be entirely different again. Shall I see you there? So sorry to have been too busy for the Savoy... I rarely go there these days since a liaison with a descendent of its much grander saviours went a little pear shaped, as they say in the vernacular (though how pears can be as considered disastrous, painful and entirely regettable I do not know... but I am sure he will recover one day).

But perhaps we can meet at the Governer's Ball after? I doubt that my table will be near yours at the awards... that would require too much genuine organisational skill for the Awards team. I will stay with LA Governer but brief, I always mnake a point of collecting my little chocolat Uncle Oscar and then dash away to a more select party afterwards. Bring a mnsk and I may be able to get you in...

Till then my sweet Scot

Dottyx

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/03/03 13:52

Honey Button, Enchante! I would be delighted to have you accomodate me for the Governor's Ball. I will call my people and have them pack my mask immediately. Alas I have business in LA that will keep me there for a day or two longer than even I like - being something of a straight talker, I hate the sycophancy that goes on, as you will understand my sweet...

But I am sure we will be able to get it togher for the shortest time, at least. Let me get you another Honey, Button, to warm you before you have to brave this freezing weather. Let me offer up a toast. To the Oscars my sweet, and may you stun the beautiful people into submission....

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/03/20 11:33

My Dearest James

I write to apologise for my behaviour at the Governors ball... simply inexcusable. Had I known that the tensile strength of tri-weaved electric cable was so little I would never have attempted my best Johnny Weissmuller impression. Oh the blushes on my cheeks... becoming bruises by the next day... And as for drinking to pain to my sham friends through the Governor's wife's Mahnolo... oh the inglorious!

I am hoping though that you can clear up where I might have acquired those delightful yet head-aching gaudy Christmas candy canes that hung, strung on dental floss, from my hotel room's ceiling. Did we visit the docks again... oh my head!!!

But peace. Back now in grey old London, let me buy you some Scotch mist to ease any divisions my athletic drinking may have caused.

I will stick to something less alcoholic, Dr Antonovian's orders.

Qu'elle Horreur...

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/03/28 23:29

Honey Button you have nothing to reproach yourself for and your hospitality was exceptional. Your pretend modesty I can understand - we had both had a great deal to drink earlier in the evening, but I have to say, I have rarely experienced so much enjoyment in just one night. You have such boundless energy and clearly like to play!

I'm still in recovery from some of the experiences of that night. Some I may never recover from - in fact I know I won't.

I thought I had been to most places and done most things in my life, but that game of candysticks you invented while gazing at the bedroom ceiling of your suite was simply amazing. I have never seen confectionary and dental floss used so creatively - and not just creatively!

I guess I must have imbibed more freely than I should, because I thought it was just bad luck on your part that you couldn't manage to get as many candy sticks hooked over the dental floss strings as me.

Being rewarded like that every time I landed "a hooker" I think you called it was very pleasant Honey Button, delightful in fact. It seemed like you were determined that I should win every time in every way. But then came the forfeits for the losing tosses! Quite exhausting. Sheer excitement kept me going. I hardly noticed that the forfeits and rewards were exactly the same! Very cleverly engineered sweetie, a bit like the game we finished up with - Honeysticks. I was amazed at what you could manage to do with a candy walking stick. I felt like I had led a sheltered life until the Governor's Ball.

We must do it again - and this time I will decide the rules. You got far too much of your own way last time. You'll be getting too spoiled if I let you get away with that much again.

You are quite right about the Egyptian cotton sheets by the way - even before you insisted on calling me Marcus Antonius and dressing me with them like a toga, pretending that you were Cleopatra. She was reputedly insatiable you know, but not nearly as attractive as you wearing a veil. I can see you have spent a few Arabian nights very effectively.

God, that bell hop's face when he wheeled in the champagne breakfast! As soon as you turned to him and said "Et Tu Brute" - he was off like a rabbit out of a hole. I think he must have been on the bus going the opposite way because you certainly scared him!!

You don't scare me though. I'll play Honeysticks with you Honey Bun any old time and place you like. Where would you like?

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Re:Soho baby

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/04/20 21:39

Honey Bun, what on earth has happened to you? You don't take my calls and your answering service now says you are

uncontactable. The flowers I sent around came back marked "not known" and no one seems to have seen you since the Governor's Ball (except me of course!)

Surely you cannot have had a spell of bad conscience?? I mean, we are both old enough to know better perhaps, but then if we all took notice of that there would be so little fun left in the world, don't you think? Dammit, between consenting adults these things shouldn't become a problem anyway.

I am becoming more and more anxious about you sweetie. It is not like you to go off leaving even your answering service tongue tied for an excuse. Is something going on I should know about? I hope you have not taken up with Bill Goldman once again! He finds it hard even to raise an eyebrow these days, so I can never see the point.

Come on Honey Button. Call me back and at least let me know what has happened to you. Please put old Jamie out of his misery.

My God, what will I tell them at Cannes when they ask me what has happened to you after the night of the Governor's Ball.

We could be the talk of the Croisette!

Come on lassie, dinna be sae privy tae yersel. Whit's wi ye? Call me. Jamie x

=====

dear man

Posted by Prufrock - 2006/04/24 13:37

I saw you muttering into your glass there good sir and thought I could be so bold as to sit besides you.

garcon - a toast, marmelade and tea, please, and none of those damned coffee spoons.

Ah I sympathise with you, I really do. I don't believe you are the first man to echo his wassail within these grubby walls for one such as the portly princess of Picadilly Circus.

But perhaps, my dear man, her silence is a verbal fumbling, a lexical stumbling in the glare and glint of a gilded wit such as yours. where upon there is little to salvage from the governors ball, asides some dignity, your sporrán, and the hotel bill (5 figures? How sir, how?).

And now in this long breath, held by the silent watchers waiting to see how this story unfolds, she waits for you to blink, and twice you do.

And now as she calls 'pon the muses to enguild her response, with your twice blink swinging the balance of the furies favour back towards her door perhaps we should go then, you and I, to the small room at the back of this pub where I believe there is the premiere of Leanne Smith's new film, Viral, and let her join us if, and it is a delicate thread of an if, she will muster something sufficient to say.

--

'as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen'

Post edited by: prufrock, at: 2006/04/24 13:41

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Re:dear man

Posted by Dotty S Parker - 2006/04/25 10:20

The muses, like me are real women, curvacious and soft to the touch... but both they and I rail against "portly"!

Unless of course you mean full of port, which after my recent invite to a certain Hughesian college of Cambridge, (where I sat at High Table and stroked the santa claus beard of a certain director of studies) then you may be right.

I apologise for any silences in response... unfortunately my recent work has required a semblance of Torrance up at the

big hotel, and this crazy writer , alone in her ivory tower, has had little time to converse with anyone but her house boy. And so, soon off to Morocco to recover from these strenuous activities through beaded slippers and hashish.

But by all means entertain Miss Smith in her parlour. I am not the green eyed type, more nougat brown by all poetic accounts from paramours. But my plus ones will be spread elsewhere ever after...

Dotty S Parker
x

Re:dear man

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/05/07 15:35

Ah, so you have not entirely disappeared from these parts... My environs have been rather less attractive lately and I was beginning to wonder if it was something I said. I knew it couldn't be anything I did, because I am also tactile, as you know from the Governor's Ball.

;))

It was a little disturbing that you disappeared with so little warning and even worse to discover that I was becoming concerned.

That has not happened since I was a producer's intern. It is slightly worrying that you have had that effect on me, but be warned, I play hard, so it would be a risk play on your part to try and take advantage of my momentary weakness. I think you have a little making up to do lassie. And by the way, loser isn't a word in my vocabulary, so you need to put on a little speed.

Now come on Honey Button, you know what you are doing, but you should never lose sight of that big prize - that's why you are in this game, but you are going to have to learn the rules before you can break them....

Maybe you need a little time to reflect.
I'll see you in Cannes. I'm at the Belle Plage.

what\'s the matter prufrock?

Posted by pix - 2006/06/06 11:29

Tiger got your tongue?

First you attack the good Ms Parker for silence and then suggest she has a portly figure and don't stand up to apologise when all is said and done.

Bloody poets.

Re:what\'s the matter prufrock?

Posted by James MacGregor - 2006/06/07 21:02

You misrepresent me. I was disturbed at the lady's sudden, inexplicable and unaccustomed silence and merely suggested she should not trifle with my concerns for her wellbeing.
It was you who made reference to the development of the female corpus and you quite rightly received a verbal slap for it.

Re:what\'s the matter prufrock?

Posted by Prufrock - 2006/06/07 23:42

Good Mr McGregor, Mr Pix's reprimands, I think, are for me.

I have been gazing forlorn into my pint this past few months muttering as I curse what I would like to describe as poor typing but indeed may have been sudden subconsciousness vindictiveness.

All I wish the record to note, however, is that I meant to say pert.

And I stand ready to take whatever punishment the harpees of Harrods may dish out with their cunningly sharpened coffee spoons and torturous toast and tea.

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