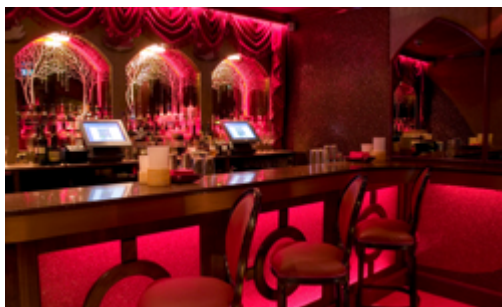




Lady Blonde's

ESSENTIAL PARTY GUIDE
LONDON

MOLTON HOUSE



43 South Molton St
London W1K 5RS

View [map...](#)

t: 020 7493 1688
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The recent release of exam results has once again put the education system under scrutiny. A friend of mine – who back in the day achieved results that weren't dissimilar to the chorus of 'Old MacDonald had a farm' – moaned that it had all been a waste of time; "A degree in dating would have stood me in far better stead," she said. Whilst in her case I don't wholly disagree, dating as a subject? It would never work; firstly, it would never fit the curriculum requirement that it would need to get easier; it would be inappropriate to show all your workings (and possibly even a chargeable offence); a teacher who claimed to know all the answers, would probably also have a criminal record; the course would be infinitely long and the resulting thesis would make The Encyclopaedia Britannica look like a pamphlet. Nevertheless, I tried to show my friend that a rounded education should suffice for dating-survival; a first language is obviously vital to establish conversation, however stilted; a European alternative allows for worthwhile practical experimentation; geography helps gauge weather and terrain and therefore what to wear; history helps us to learn from others' mistakes; biology and chemistry are of course compulsory; psychology helps translate the dialects of the opposite sex and philosophy is needed when everything goes wrong. And recently, I discovered that even maths plays a vital role...

Question: BD has just returned from holiday with John, Paul and Sanjit. BD takes LB on a date. He buys her champagne, three courses, and cocktails. He spins her around the dance floor and they leave at 3am in a taxi. BD leaves with no change as he pays by card. But what does LB leave with?

I walked into the bar of Molton House where BD was waiting. He had a deep, silky-smooth tan, his eyes shone with health, his hair had flecked in the sun. I joined him on the comfy banquette and sipped chilled champagne whilst he told me about his fortnight away.

Molton House - comprising of a bar, restaurant, private dining rooms and a nightclub - is (unsurprisingly) on South Molton Street but easily missed amongst the shops, tourists and over-priced cafes. In stark contrast to this commercial area, Molton House has many homely elements; occupying a Georgian town house, the entire building is opulently decorated with warm colours, fabrics and atmospheric lighting. Thick carpets line the stairs and



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hallways, polished, wooden banisters snake top to bottom and the staff are more welcoming than some of my own family members.

After champagne in the seductively lit bar, we went up to the restaurant. Installed in this cosy, fabric-lined room by our wonderful waitress, Jodie, we enjoyed mozzarella carpaccio with herb glaze and San Merzano tomatoes, and perfectly seared king scallops with sweet potato, pea and chorizo chowder. To follow we had beautifully cooked king fish in a saffron and tomato sauce with wonderful parmesan noodles, and a char-grilled long horn beef rib with parmesan mash and parsley, spinach and oyster sauce. And we couldn't resist a side of chips, which had a deliciously distinct truffle aftertaste. For pudding we had a perfectly creamy and crunchy vanilla crème brûlée.

Once we had scraped our bowl clean, we wound our way down to the nightclub in the basement, where members and guests dance and drink till the early hours.

We took a seat in one of the booths that line the dancefloor. I watched BD and though I would have more willingly admitted a penchant for pork scratchings, I realised I had missed him whilst he was away. But sitting there, I could tell he was not wholly relaxed. I asked him if he was ok. "I know we like each other," he said. My pulse quickened. "So I was thinking," he looked me in the eye, I looked him in the crotch, "that you should...meet my family." According to my lightening-fast mental arithmetic, he had just jumped from base three to six at a velocity of $(298,398.02)^2$ and demonstrated a textbook example of Pi (in the sky).

Given that my pallor now equalled the inner of a frozen fishfinger, I asked if we could leave. I was afraid to open my mouth in case I said anything I might regret so was unable to stop him joining me in the back of the taxi. How could we both have gone through the same motions but arrived at completely different solutions? I wasn't even calling him my boyfriend yet. Well at least I would be able to answer the maths problem...

Answer: (workings: $2 + 2 = 5$) LB left with a little more than she had bargained for.

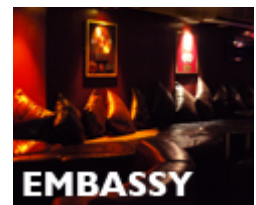
*Lady
Blonde_x*

BEST BITS

The staff are all extremely efficient and knowledgeable with a sommelier who can pair wine and food perfectly.

The décor gives a warm but exclusive feel with elaborate bespoke furniture (upholstered in faux snake, stingray and ostrich skin), embossed copper tables, rose tinted glass peepholes, cut ice bars, an infinity keyhole and ceilings covered in crystalised metal.

The third floor of Molton House holds a versatile events space suitable for private dining, creative presentations and screenings. Two private rooms offer business meeting and presentation facilities for Molton House members and private clients, with a recessed covered 42" plasma screen in the main room and audio plumbing in both. As a dining area, the rooms can accommodate 8 and 10 guests respectively, and can be hired together or independently.



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