

GEORGE FOGARASI

360 Words (My Dinner with Agamemnon)

If choice trailed translucent, ravished on seven celestial websites, each desire ranked from most noble to vile, would you tattoo yourself with Hank Williams or Isabella Rossellini? Is this indicative of anything? Elton Jagger ponders this. His ultimate dinner party list:

- 1) Nero
- 2) Andy Warhol (and his imaginary sister Sandy)
- 3) Amelia Earhart's last lover
- 4) Marlon Brando's virility
- 5) Oscar Wilde's mum
- 6) Joan of Arc's latex doppelganger
- 7) Louis Armstrong
- 8) Yukio Mishima's Eurocentric anima (true)
- 9) Lady Di, coy in Rasputin drag
- 10) Me braised to be you

It's macrobiotic but for the Upanishads and cognac. Don't like the host? Substitute your own pop icon. Bono. Palatino. Liberace. Elvis is fine. Paganini too. Jonnies Rotten and Cash. Trudeau(s).

A Chateau? Greasy shrine frequented by ATV spilling culturally unappropriated geisha? A coy Manitoba shtetl? How about a burl wood snob-soaked Einstein era faculty lounge, rosewood and rosewater, merchants and Mensheviks, the ultimate Ivy League suckle?

First course: Niblets. Chocolate ship Pandoras. Green tea crème brûlée (don't ask me how they do it). Simulacra of phimosis for the gents, nitrous oxide for the ladies

Who's leering at your disarray now?

Second Course: Kaffeeklatsch cress, lox with slivers of absolution

What's the strangest monument you've never beaten?

Third course: Braised shame of Mitteleuropa, bearclaw and profit

Supermodels! Remember your first terrified glimpse of someone's bits?

Fourth course: compact foam crocodiles with reduction of Leningrad lemongrass.

Sordid for the delay. Your dictator's bistro or mine?

Fifth course: Indigenous marshmallow soufflé served atop Hegel's horny secret

What kind of pathogens did your mother deceive?

Sixth course: Bengali rhetorical modes, the geography of cheeses, the moment of kosher

Whose grok do you best graze?

Seventh course: Smoked Id of Schadenfreude, interactive sitcoms about Sumo cystoscopies

The new Upper East Side left-of-centre president of somewhere else.

Eighth course: love that transcends death (void in Wonderland)

Thrill the thrashed therapist with Star Trek trauma and the pain of missing Expo '67

Ninth course: birth (of course), the comma splice

D-Day and the little chintzy boil burner slapped on cheap barbecues

Tenth course: ennui, garnished with the lost basement paneling of your best friend's ambition.

