

A BRUNCH IN QUEENS  
by M. Not Fitzgerald

A Bennington brunch was hosted by Queen's socialite Nicolette Macdonald at her palatial Astoria manor on a rainy Saturday afternoon in the early shadows of November. Among the honored guests was George F. Michelson, prominent author and Joyce aficionado, the poet Kristen Lee of Westport arrived with her one year-old understudy Sophie Williams, Squire of New York Chuck Bock made his inaugural visit to Queens, Rebecca Boyd, in town from Concord, MA to be courted by several prominent agents, stopped in to electrify the gathering with her elegance and charm, Anne Jarrell, herself a socialite in TriBeCa, was covering the event for the Style section of the New York Times, Her Royal Highness Sloane Miller, feted most recently at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for her work with lepers and outcasts (read: first-semester MFA students), arrived in a stretch Mercedes limo. A mysterious figure waited in the idling limo, refusing to come inside and enjoy Kristin Lee's coffee cake. The vagabond Jaime Clarke showed up with what where obviously former Times Square hookers, as well as a nice cheese plate. Linda Mytich and Chester Freeman each arrived in their own, separate horse drawn carriage, which they'd hired in Central Park for the cost of one copy of MUDFISH, which features WHY

I'M HAPPY TO LIVE IN QUEENS by Ms. Macdonald (writing under her I-wish-I-were-single-again name, Nicolette Nicola).

Being the savvy party-thrower that she is, Ms. Macdonald arranged for the New York Marathon to be run on the same day as her brunch in Queens. Thus the Queensboro bridge was shut down, forcing traffic along the further, less scenic Triboro bridge.

"I really would like to kill Nikki," remarked a soaking wet George Michelson. "I started in my car, turned around, and took the subway. By the way, a bit of advice, don't eat the Ding Dongs I brought. When I was forced to take my car back and start anew, I ditched the strawberry shortcake I was going to bring and chocolate-coated some urinal deodorizers."

A phone call was made to Pete Hausler in Brooklyn. Apparently three marathon runners collapsed from dehydration in front of his brownstone, barricading him in, and he was unable to attend.

The sumptuous spread included several quiches (Is quiche like moose and without a variable plural?) comprised of many wonderful, secret ingredients. The run of the table was a confectioner's delight.

"Where are the burgers?" remarked an exasperated Chuck Bock.

"This is a meatless house by God," proclaimed Nikki. "And it will remain one until the day I die." General alarm spread at Ms. Macdonald's outburst and her husband, the actor David Andrew Macdonald rushed to her side. During the course of his aiding Nikki his agent phoned several times from the set of Paramour, the new series Mr. Macdonald is currently shooting for the AMC (check your local listings).

At the news that there would be no meat, Chuck Bock passed out and remained spread eagle on the floor. Someone reaching for a pastry accidentally sprinkled his forehead with powdered sugar, which, some time later, had been mysteriously licked off.

A rumor quickly spread that Jason Shinder and David Lehman were outside the building, much to everyone's excitement. The two in question, however, turned out to be pizza deliverymen and the incident was forgotten as soon as it began.

Broadway showtunes and Frank Sinatra lilted from the THX quality sound system throughout the gathering. Anne Jarrell held court in the kitchen, roping in whoever was luckless enough to walk by. Jaime Clarke momentarily lost the hookers he'd come with and was glad to stop by and

say hello to Ms. Jarrell, whom he later declared with a mouth full of pastry,

"I have the utmost respect for."

In the kitchen a debate brewed over what to call a drink mixed with orange juice and champagne.

"I think it's called a rosary," offered Linda Mytich.

"It's a menorah," Sloane Miller corrected.

"Let me have another and I'll tell you," Jaime Clarke said.

"We called them Floosies in London," George Michelson declared.

"It's a Bennington Barnburner," Kristen Lee said.

"It's some kind of flower," Chester mused. "Daisy...lilac...petunia. I think it's petunia."

"Let me have another and I'll tell you," Jaime Clarke said.

"Your mama's ass," Chuck Bock blurted out, but maybe more in response to being stepped on than the matter at hand.

A phone call to Pete Hausler went unanswered.

Anne Jarrell and Rebecca Boyd put their heads together and settled the matter, "There called McCorkles."

A hurrah went up and chants of "McCorkle, McCorkle" could be heard all the way in Harlem.

It was when the intensity of the party was at its highest that the rain beat down on the borough of Queens. Suddenly the look of panic swept across every face in the room. The pastry table was bare. The liquor bottles were dry. The hookers refused to dance.

Chester and Linda began swing dancing and everyone threw up their arms and danced when Ms. Macdonald slapped Dexy's Midnight Runners into the CD player and put it on repeat.

As this reporter left the gathering he inquired if the event was to be held monthly.

"You bet your ass," a drunken, dance-crazed Ms. Macdonald (who by now was calling herself Ms. Nicola and selling dances) said. "You bet your ass."