

A State of Affairs

by stephen hastings-king

I ended up at a Greek Festival in the small town next to this small town. It was indicated to passing motorists by a Trojan Horse.

I thought it might be interesting to go with the Eurodrama suspended in mid-air after a dinner the main course of which was finance ministers realizing how very sick of each other they are.

We could act the anthropologist, overhear what people here were saying about events there.

The tents, the strings of lights, the feel of a vague wedding reception, the Greek flags, the heat and mosquitoes. The sullen band that played Greek versions of Eurovision songs.

I had a Mythos beer. I briefly hoped it would not be a beer at all but rather one of an open series of stories published as messages in bottles, each about a character better than you in a place better than this performing variations on the possibilities contained in the category "beer."

Instead it was a lager that I drank while watching people dancing Zorba lines that disintegrated and reformed with each tempo change.

No-one talked about Greece.

