

Weekend

with Wm.



Yesterday's Memories,
Tomorrow's Repressions

Welcome, Laffstock Comedy Barn Players !

Your Souvenir Chapbook 2018

*'O brave new world,
That has such people in it!'
– Wm.*

An Ongoing Performance of Middle-Brow Acts, High Drama, and Low Comedy
(To say nothing of the plays)

**Wending our Way
through
Weekend**

I. Framboise, Stilchester and an Open Hotel Window: It Begins

Coriolanus, Love's Labor Lost

II. The Pixelated Weekender

Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet

III. Waterpark!

As You Like It, King Lear

IV. Grady's Triple Cripple Family Fun Park

Hamlet, Two Gentlemen of Verona

V. Ewww Lake 'Evergreen'

GoH Contest: Most Pretentious Wine Label

Winner: Deb Dicke

Twelfth Night, MacBeth

VI. The Weekend Drink Contest | Tewkesberry Slushies

GoH Contest: Shakespeare-related photos

Winner: Ed Ludwig

Pericles, Julius Caesar

VII. Match Game 1675 | Pontoon Fiasco

GoH Contest:

Winner: Kurt Dicke

Much Ado About Nothing

VIII. Spring Green Cabins | Allen Ludden | River tubes

GoH Contest: White Elephant Exchange

Winner: Steve Kulm

A Midsummer Night's Dream

IX. Discovering the Lodge | The Weekend Olympiad

GoH Contest: Children's games

Winner: YOS

The Comedy of Errors

X. 'Weekend's Got No Talent' | Clam Bake

GoH Contest: Scavenger Hunt

Winner:

As You Like It

XI. It's Family Game Night

GoH Contest:

Winner: Bryan Schneider

The Taming of the Shrew

XII. The Twisted Olive Supper Club | Movie Night | Bataan Death Cruise

GoH Contest: Shakespeare Trivia Contest

Winner: Deb Dicke (remotely)

XIII. Our Old Timey Picnic

GoH Contest: Animal pictures

Winner: Tommye Hoffman

Too Many Husbands

XIV. Burr House | Victorian Games | Mackinaw Winery

GoH Contest: Charades

Winner: Chris Hage

Much Ado About Nothing

VX. Ah the Vrooman | A Vaudeville Murder Mystery

GoH Contest: The Liar Game

Winner: Wayne Hoffman

Richard II

VXI. Mystery Night with the Beverly Hillbillies | Civil War in Bloomington

GoH Contest: Talent contest

Winner: Mary Jo Mikottis

Ms. Hamlet

XVII. Paint n Sip | Allerton Estate

GoH Contest: 'Least Realistic Mushroom'

Winner: Wayne Hoffman

A Midsummer Night's Dream

XVIII. The Laffstock Comedy Barn Players |

Frank Lloyd Warehouse

GoH Contest: ??????

Winner: ??????

Measure for Measure

Weekend I

The Weekenders: Deb, Kurt, Tom, Bryan, Sharon, Bret, Mike, Mary Jo, Amy, Your Obedient Servant.

... Discovering framboise ▪ First exposure – on Coriolanus – to the Gown of Humility ▪ Climbing out of the Best Western ▪ Woodchips ▪ Metabolizing during Love's Labor Lost ▪ A fine firehouse dinner

Weekend II

The Second Annual Weekend With Wm.

(In Other Ways Styled The Stilchester and Framboise Festival)

Friends, Romans, Countrymen –



The play's the thing! That, plus the fancy cheeses and pretentious after-dinner wines.

Liketh thou watching players under the stars? Evening picnics upon yon beautiful estate? Bloomington, Illinois? If thou answer yesth, then come partake of the Second Annual Weekend With Wm. (as in William, as in Shakespeare.) As we did last year, a troupe of folk is heading to Bloomington for the Illinois Shakespeare Festival. It's a fun group, great plays and a zany get-away overall.

Weekend III

10) Let's set up by the fallen tree.

(John's suggestion, rejected silently, daily)

9) Oh, damn straight, Gary's going to hear about this.

(Gary, President of Steak and Shake USA, wanted to hear our printed clearly comments.)

8) Everyone's afraid of the aspic.

(Webster's: "A clear jelly typically made of stock and gelatin and used as a glaze or garnish or to make a mold of meat, fish, or vegetables." Us: The goo on the stilchester. Spoken around 2:30 a.m. in Room 214.)

7) **Sans moo.**

(All the world's a Steak and Shake. As Elizabeth liked it, her coffee was without cream.)

6) **Faux Pho.**

(What they would make at the Vietnamese diner downtown if they ran out of the real thing.)

5) **Stew reminds me of soup.**

(At the Vietnamese diner downtown. Context unclear.)

4) **My what a pretentious bag of cheese. And look what she's carrying.**

(Bryan with the set up, Deb with the punchline.)

3) **You don't have to go around, Ed. You have a Yukon.**

(Advice from Elizabeth to Ed, in response to the recognition that a lawn separated the current from a desired location.)

2) **They're where the beach towels used to be.**

(Question from Deb Dicke: "Excuse me" -- asked at the Target whilst attempting to accouter ourselves with swimming finery -- "but can you tell me where the swimsuits are?")

1) **Excuse me, but I didn't order the falafel.**

(Or mayhap these be so-called "hash browns" referenced in the menu of victuals. {Spoken while breaking fast at the Steak and Shake.})

Captain Spaulding/African explorer says (from Uncle Tom's Pancake House):

10) Why is my tomato juice bubbly?

9) My orange juice is too.

8) It's fermented!

7) My pancakes taste like baking soda.

6) Waitress!

5) Would you like another, sir.

4) This coffee tastes like it is from used grounds.

3) I'm still hungry, what else can we order?

2) Next year: Where do you want to go for breakfast?

1) Uncle Tom's is close.



Weekend IV

Bumper boats, go-carts and mini-golf at Grady's Triple Cripple Fun Park | Hamlet | Party at the 'Best' Western

Weekend V

Oh Shakespeare Where Art Thou?

An Ode to the Fest in Four Parts

There's a Western we know, not the best
Which we visited each year at the fest
They took us for granted
We became disenchanted
Now Country Inn is the place that we rest.

We ate breakfast at Denny's this time
The food was simply sublime!
They serve a Grand Slam
Cakes, hashbrowns and ham
Uncle Tom's is more famous for slime

Grady's was the site of our play day
The Eighties were clearly its heyday
We declared war
On poor Steve on the shore
Mateys, it was more than just an OK day

Kurt's favorite is Cornholioanus
Since then all he does is complainus
He said of King Lear
It's the same every year
I left him at home. What a painus.

– Kurt and Deb Dicke

Lake Evergreen

By the shores of the opaque lake
Thinking swimming in it a mistake.
Don't open your eyes
Or so you might die.
Hey John stop throwing grapes.

– Bill Douglas

The Accidental Bryku

(On Reaching To a Napkin)

Looks like Bryan is
Going for another Haik –
U – having a snack

– The collective

Untitled

Oh Jack Kerouac
You spin in your grave to think
This is now the Beat.

– Rob Douglas

Which Folio Malvolio?

Weekend With was
Once wicked
When winsome wenches
Walked with
Wacky William wonks
Willing, waiting
Wondering when
Wouldst windward
Washboards wend
Wicker
Whatchamacallits.

William.
Shakes spear.
Throws spear.

Ophelia pain.

– Mike Mikottis

Heat

It was very hot
Nary a breeze to be found
I thought I'd pass out.

– Bryan Schneider

E=mc²

Ophelia
Pain
Hamlet
Those eggs be
Montague
Let's Make a deal
Capulet
Fly off in the wind

– Mike Mikottis

What Rhymes with Framboise?

*Or, an Ode to Bloomington/Normal
(a/k/a the Reminder Sonnet)*

Shall I compare Weekend to a stilchester
In Illinois' sun? It shan't, methinks, stink
That much. Anon, then, friends, might I pester
Y'all – though ha-ha be our goal – upon the brink
Of our jaunt, remember these for thee:
Foods to bring and wine to taste, poetry we'll
Slam. If caravan you'll join, mail of e
To me please send. All else forget, till
Full on City Twin banquet we groan
(And from our hotel prob'ly out get thrown).

Trick Forks

*Bryku Two, being a post-Weekend lament
on the ephemeral nature
of Pleasure, regretfully submitted
by YOS (Your Obedient Servant)*

You salaam to cheese
O'erhead green breezed leaves snap now
You're sporting salad

Untitled

Oh Malvolio
You are a crazy bastard
Nice yellow socks man

– author unknown



Top Ten

- 11) **I'm not a huge coconut guy.** | Hoffman.
- 10) **I didn't throw the wine at the wall.** | It was all a misunderstanding.
- 9) **Not only the poem ... but the whole world makes sense.** | Upon listening to Which Folio Malvolio?
- 8) **I think they serve breakfast.** | Reference unclear, but one suspects the result was not happy.
- 7) **Hoffman: I think Springfield has been pooh-poohed. Schneider: I already poohed it.**
- 6) **Hence the name Lake Evergreen ... This looks and smells like what's at the bottom of a port-a-potty. We now know why they call it Lake Evergreen.**

5) **Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a competitive idiot of him.** | Twelfth Night, 2.5.16

4) **Will the Laura Bush cookies make me dull and inflexible?** | Probably, Linda, but your fav/unfav poll numbers will be great!

3) **Uncle Herschel's colitis was acting up.** | Cracker Barrel offered ol' Unc's favorites for breakfast. The choice of Metamucil or Pepto-Bismol was at least appreciated.

2) **The knorks never really took off.** | Sporks, on the other hand ...

1) **My son is dead?** | And the winner of the Sofia Coppola Unexpected Inflection award goes to ...

And this late but classic entry: **It doesn't have to be funny to be good comedy** | John Kieken

More quote whore testimonials

- I truly enjoyed hovering over the cheese buffet table.
- What goes on here stays here (for the most part)
- Let's open another bottle of wine.
- You could easily spend thousands more and not have a better glow-in-the-dark experience.
- Fun fun fun, now where's my pants?

Person I've come most to despise over the weekend and why

- Uncle Herschel
- Sharon – Obvious reasons (Ed. note: Most literary critics believe this entry to be meant satirically, pointing out that there is more than one Sharon and that these Sharons are delightful people.)
- Actor who played MacBeth.
- Mike – his knowledge of wines.
- Am I limited to only one?
- Bryan – bad case of self-loathing.
- That lady with the raffle ticket hat, because it's a job I could have had.
- John Hoffman, the Tyrant
- Kurt Dicke, for not showing up.

Favorite boiled meat

- | | |
|---|--|
| ▪ Barbacoa (cheek meat is the most tender) in a taco with onions and cilantro Elizabeth | • Corned beef Bryan |
| ▪ Tongue Deb | • The entirety of the Famous Dave's menu Steve |
| ▪ Smoked butt Rob | • Ball Park Franks – they plump when you cook 'em Mike |
| ▪ Haddock | • Kielbasa |
| ▪ Water buffalo | |

Weekend VI



Bragging Wrights

Expectation laden I with weary writing tool fashion-conscious thoughts
Not too enlightened minds stimulation or pause
But soul leeward seeking only recognition
Again too Basque in past and future imagined glories
Beret cocked and goat tea drinking wino that I be
We bragging wrights of words and rites and rights
Pro and con test entering fools
Ripe now pick-me-up, up to heaven, pick me.
– Mike M.

Unnamed Fibonacci

1) rhyme
1) mood
2) not me
3) but structure
5) I can work with that
8) who really thinks the play's the thing?
13) there's one or two here. But they won't admit it, will they?
21) of course it's the good food, good drink, good friends and making a complete ass of yourself.
– K. Dicke

Who am I?

I was thinking just the other day
I've really come a long long way
Old Milwaukee and Cheetos were a treat
Jerry Springer's show could not be beat
Then along came a guy named John
Who said come to Bloomington
Now it's framboise and sheep's milk cheese
And pooh poohing the choice of Pericles
– D. Dicke

Who are we?

John
Ed
Sharon
Mikottis
Bryan, Kurt, Debra
Oh, and another John and Sharon
And this guy that I don't know that comes down tomorrow.
– D. Dicke



The Three Stages of Man

Beats Me

(A Somewhat Sonnet, on the occasion of Weekend With William, the Sixth of that name - YOS)

Begin the spin: Friends, blowhards, funny men, blend
Me a Rum Runner (extra rum). I come not
To praise us, but to mock. How is it we wend
From “wherefore”, “thine” and strange cross-gartered plot –
To glowing lake and Yukon shortcut? No beret
And snifter crowd, we. But, stink – what bag,
Pretentious, through yonder tub emits? To frappe
This mix of high and low sans reflex gag:
For best results, clump it all and hit puree.
We pulse and crumb, and liquefy Prosperos
Against the timbers of a Grady; or fold a
Faux Pho with Elizabethan heroes.

Can one great word totally explain us?
Methinks ‘tis this: Cornholioanus.



Unnamed Fibonacci

Me
You
Us Two
Yes We go
Plan, Do, and We
Everyone together having fun
Hoping and wishing for some [unreadable] do,
– Sharon II

The Brylenderku

[Sound of blender turned on and off, five times,
then seven times, then five again.]
– Bryan
(Recipient, Grand Prize Rubber Chicken Award)

Untitled

I,
Yi,
Yi Yi,
I am the
Frito bandito
– presented by Kurt

Bryku

Who would have thunk it
A nice breeze at the Ewing
Wow that was quite nice
– Bryan

Weekend Top Ten, or Three, or Whatever

The Full Cleveland
Who *isn't* an idiot?
Tewkesberry Slushies

Top Ten Reasons Why Weekend With William is Better Than A Trip To Europe

(Submitted by Weekender Mike)

10. Getting bombed means something different here
9. Don't have to compete with ducks in Enlarged Liver contest
8. It's \$3972.00 cheaper
7. Two-and-a-half hours after you leave the house: Tarmac at O'Hare vs. Lawn Chair at Ewing Manor
6. Still Chester After All These Years
5. Deodorant
4. Hotel room keys fit in your wallet
3. If you forget something you can just drive back and get it.
2. Pretentious cheese comes with handy labels, in English
- And the #1 reason...
1. Bring all the gel you want!

Weekend VII

Quote Whoring:

1. Shuck stoppin' fun! (Steve)
2. I'd gladly give my right index finger for a boat drink! (Beth)
3. Please silence your plastic wine glasses during the performance (Beth)
4. Taking the "oo" out of Bloomington (YOS)
5. WwW: A world tour in pretentious cheeses (Beth)
6. 2 dog hairs away from paradise (Deb)
7. From iambic pentameter to haiku in one glorious evening. (Beth)
8. We're mayoral approved! (YOS)
9. I'm still discombobulated (John K)

Top Ten

Our Weekender studio audience was asked: Submit your Top Ten entries (quotes, events, memories, non-indictable offenses, etc.)

1. Millie stalking the rabbits.

– Please note: No rabbits were hurt or even caught mildly off guard during the filming of WwWm VII.
Submitted by Steve.

2. “Is that Charles Nelson Reilly or Elton John?”

–Chris Hage upon seeing costumed Weekender Bryan. Submitted by Beth

3. “I’m such an ass** ... Oh, I’m so drunk.”**

– Quoth Mike. First stated around 6:07 p.m. at the marina and then again 38 more times for the next hour and a half. Submitted by John K.

4. “I know all about your kind of people.”

– Mrs. Dale Gribble. Submitted by YOS

5. Surviving the Cheney Presidency.

–Submitted by YOS

6. “I kind of went in a different direction.”

– Deb Dicke, as Brett Somers. Submitted by Beth

7. “Pace yourself; it’s going to be a long night.”

– Mary Jo. Was she talking to the room or to the guests down the hall? Or maybe to the nebbish desk clerk who eventually stuck half his head into the room at 2:30 a.m. and made gratuitous suggestions concerning volume levels. Submitted by Beth.



8. **Erudite Juvenilism**

– Steve’s characterization, for his mother Nora and Uncle Richard, of the spirit of Weekend. Hmmmm. It seems we may be oxymoronic. Perhaps without the oxy.

9. **“I’ve got bubbles.”**

– Bryan Schneider, as Charles Nelson Reilly. Submitted by Beth.

10. **Mary Jo’s partial finger amputation**

– Winner of both the first Weekend Purple Heart and the Funniest Bloopers Award. Submitted by Beth.

11. **The GOP Breakfast Special.**

– At the Garden of Paradise quote/unquote restaurant. No one ordered it, but presumably the eggs were past expiration, the sausage nearly rancid, and the nutritional content non-existent. In Illinois, one would expect waffles to be included, too, except the far right side of the plate, which would be rigid and filled with hate. Submitted by Beth.

12. **“But you still haven’t told me where the dog was.”**

– Mr. Dale Gribble. Submitted by Deb

13. **“You gotta get what ya got comin’ out”**

– John K. Deconstructing continues about context and meaning. However, consensus has magnetized around the theory that this was related to Steve’s comment above. See number 8. As this was spoken at Garden of Paradise, it also could have related to a dispenser of some kind. Recorded by Elizabeth.

Poems 2007

Untitled

Henry Five, a July night –
Although cool, a real delight!
Friendly folk, relaxed and loose
Thanks to Steve, I’m here “toose” –

Oh, oh, oh, before I go
Pontoon well, or next year no mo!

- Richard, I, Steve Kulm’s Uncle

Our Servant

Glory Be Our Servant John,
Who Shakes and Shakes and Shakes again
Till we all a“peare” in Bloomington

- Steve Kulm

Achin’ for an Agincourt

In a Springfield Mausoleum lies a man torn
For he does not know how to mourn,
For a Party whose next leader is not born
- Steve Kulm

Untitled

I’ve never been to Bloomington
But here I am, new friends and son
And brother, too, and dear old Will
My heart
My heart
My heart be still

- Nora Kulm

Bryku

Lost in Bloomington
Hungry as Bryan Schneider
Where’s the Taco Bell?

- Beth Hage

To New Lows

A Toasting Sonnet On the Occasion of the Half Off Weekend

You meant well, Wm., we know. Yet: Oh, O!
The fault, dear artist, is not in your fine verse,
But sweat and wine do mix not well with BOH
Boh BOH boh BOH Boh BOH – and worse,

When adverbs, gerunds, subjects as shook soda
Do seem, and odd placed verbs are, juices sap,
Or tempest brains, which even follow Yoda
Not could, sink into a mid-summer's nap.

Once more unto those seats, dear bard? My ass!
The thought of Love's Labor Lost brings high panic.
Still: Mirth we'll make; we'll answers Match; we'll sass
Ludqueeg on his personal Titanic.

So pistachio mustachioed, do
Vessels hoist now we: We few. We happy few.

- YOS



Untitled

Friday
(awaited anticipated)
(Amusing, Imbibing, Word
Rhyming)
(Balmy, dew-kissed, humid, sun scorched)
(nitpicking, nay saying, pancaking,)
(rumpled, bedraggled)
(Sunday)

- Deb

Song Entry from Beth

La dee dotti.
I like biscotti.
La dee dotti.
Dotti.

Untitled

Bryan
Charles Nelson Reilly
Paul Lynde
Bryan
Thurston Howell II

- John K

BRYKU (untitled although I had considered
Man & His Blender)

Molto Bryan! The
mixologist supremo;
Le frappé savant.

- Elizabeth

Weekend VIII

Untitled RSVP

Dismal solitude.
Journey halted. Absent from
Weekender revel.

- Elizabeth

Wing-ed Angel

O, wing-ed Angel! Violin laden spirit
Play on- your lofty tunes!
Interpret for us your cryptic runes
Resist not my clamoring cries!
Speak to Ed, and those other guys.

- Mike

Here is my Haiku
Unfortunately it is
not all Bryku style

- Chris

Friku (unperformed)

Tomorrow looms large
A day of no play they say
Just hilarity

- Mike

I liked the play
I was hoping for witches
Maybe in 09

- Chris

Burn some Catholics
What is an armload of wood
That should keep us warm
[ALT last line: Who has some matches]

- Chris

Mineral Point! (Lyrics)

Mineral Point, Mineral Point...
What's the point of you?

Mineral Point, Mineral Point... (It's a)
Non-glaciated...
Slightly emaciated...
Unique point of view.

When the Password is "bucolic"
Mineral Point's the clue!

When the birds in sky do frolic
Mineral Point's the blue!

When it's time to wax symbolic
There's only one thing to do:

Raise Old Glory o'er Mineral Point
And give a hearty "moo"!

- Mike



Oh, celestial orb
See how you shine above us
We adore your warmth

- Steve

Barack Obama
Meet the New Boss, oh really?
Same as the old boss

- Steve

Frank Lloyd Wright is cool
Seventy bucks is too much
House on Rock is cheap

- Chris

Perhaps the Lady Doth't Drooped Too Much
A Sonnet on Mid-Illinois Nights' Dreams

Shall we compare Spring Green to
past loved site?
Warm corn-fed lips had she, a figure eight,
We thought. But o'er time a robust once-delight
Can almost seem somewhat – er – glaciare.

O! Summer joys we flung: Ewing dining,
B-Beer Nuts, cold Tewkesberry Slushies,
glow of lake,
The triple cripple who soaked us, whining
Of crummy breakfasts (except, 'course,
Steak and Shake).
True, to have a Rubenesque figure here
May speak less of paintings than
the sandwiches:
But our hostess now, undulate land of beer,
Offers such voluptuous images.

Sure to Twin Town we hie again just might!
Till then: We'll here, with that weirdo Frank
Lloyd Wright.

- Y.O.S.

Eee gads! Here I am with my subscription to
Elcastellano.org's "La palabra
del día" expired! What can a woman do?

Oh yes Fibonacci can unite destra,
Sinistra; exalt senses like flights of wine.
Process mapping, budgets, yield no such extra

Delights of pretentious cheeses; words sublime!
Does she submit? Tolerate the daily hell?
When oh how she has yearned for this special
time

Away from co-workers she can never tell.
Desesperación crushing soul. The pains!
Shakespeare! Merengue! Sheer joy they would
compel!

Her wish for safe travels is all that remains
And next years' hope for perhaps tidy quatrains.

- Elizabeth

Feet of Angels Bryku

Limburger is made
From BO bacteria
Ew, smell my fingers!

- Deb

do I entice you?
My quiet seething visage
One fit per trip. Done!

- Melissa

Life comes at you fast
Smell the roses, see the world
The slow lane is good

- Steve

Oh slug bug slug bug
Thin excuse to throw a punch
So satisfying

- Melissa

A last ...
P eople getting together
O r
E veryone going it alone
M akes no difference, always a good time!!!

- Sharon

I can not compete
Deb, John, Bryan, Mike, Amy.
My poem is complete



--

Know dogs allowed
Know dogs quiet
Who's a good boy?
You are.
(don't count - there's
no numbers associated)

- Mary Jo

Bavarian Inn
Lasses in dirndls and chucks
Plastic shoes of beer

- *Melissa*

Mineral Point

Bastard hills of drift less beauty
hoodwink pilgrims sleepy stupor
simple syrup drains trickling
coils of hidden streams

Herbaceous comforter of mud and flies
without urbane clockworks to spoil
dinner and slow justice within
a sip of water and savory bite

The ayes glaze over night frozen
and shattered tortoise shells
forgotten belie a lost love
hidden among dust and books

White haired ladies we all
we searchers mock carelessly
at our own expense really
glad for companionship

another year a better year
an earlier year for sure
Cornish fields and laborers well spent
have left their marks for us to find

Clay and old smells lift
in breathing humid waves
unseen mites of knowing caught
between glances and waiting

too late now to change places
embracing rhythm instead
moving in predictable order away
from home to home

- *Mike*

Intimations of Inanity from Recollections of Bloomington-Normal

What though the gleam of Lake Clinton
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the mini-golf artificial turf, of
glory in the Ewing Manor bower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the oppressive humidity of outdoor theater,
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing smears of pungent cheese that
spring
From Wrightian cows of single color,
In the faith that looks through intermission,
In the years that bring the alcoholic mind.
Thanks to the poets heart by which we live,
Thanks to its meters, iambic or otherwise,
To me the mixedest metaphor can give
Thoughts that lie too thick for tears.

- *Bryan*

Top Ten (and Runners Up)

11) "Come on, everybody, we appear to be in a big hurry." (Amy gets some backsass after trying to move our tubes downstream instead of sideways.)

12) "Looks like seventeen years of vegetarianism out the window." (Yes, Beth, Sharon's "tuna" salad will do that to you.)

13) Robert the Doll. (It is critical with this one to enunciate in a Hagean baritone.)

14) "*Peaseblossom!*" (Mike liked saying that, a lot, with corresponding flourish.)

15) "Can I get a bit of the Kurosawa?" (Requesting a favorite soundtrack from Beth's 50-cent plastic flute.)

16) "Yeah, I used to care." (Deb's assertion.)

17) “Well, I must have had someone in the bar this morning who worked at a cheese factory.” (Waitress at Puempel’s, after Bryan’s discourse on the bacterial relation between limburger and body odor.)

18) “Shine on, shine on Sturgeony Moon ... !”

19) “Make historical markers part of your lifestyle.”

20) “Oh, just get an armload of food.” (Instructions to Bryan on his way to buy fixin’s for breakfast.)

10) “**Oh, is there paperwork to fill out?**” (Melissa, on seeing Top Ten entry forms being completed.)

9) **Do dogs pee in the water while they’re swimming – or poop, for that matter? ... Good boy, Lenny! Good boy! ... No, downstream, downstream! ... Oh, that’s just nasty.** (The final comment from Hage.)

8) “**Oft won, never washed.**” (Ed’s troubling observation on the GoH.)

7) “**Is that Homeric or classical Greek?**” (Bryan, binoculars in hand, being queried about the words on the prop Port-O-John on stage.)

6) **What exactly is the definition of ‘armload’?** (An Ed-xistential question, from the unit of measure that firewood is sold by at the resort. Many advanced degrees never found a satisfactory conclusion.)

5) “**Going to hell in a Rachel Ray Waste Bowl.**” (Bryan, updating a classic.)

4) “**Screw you guys; I’m getting on that canoe.**” (Sayeth Deb during our strung-together tube tour, referring to the offer she received from a passing and presumably more handsome group.)

3) **Pay showers – cleanliness costs.** (But it’s the best eight-bit hosing you’ll ever find.)

2) “**Aris-toph-anes?!**” (Bryan’s dramatic reading while docenting the Allen Ludden Papers tour.)

1) “**Don’t f*%# a whore without a condom, and don’t put your purse in a urinal.**” (Hage’s proposed solution to 80 percent of the nation’s public health issues.)

A Weekender’s Thanksgiving *(A post-Weekend ode)*

As we rinse the algae from our swimsuit crotches

As we dig the rich Wisconsin earth out from under our toenails

As we scrub the smell of Limburger from our fingertips

Let us give thanks.

For armloads and blenders, Fibonaccis and FIBs*

For spacious bathrooms that are not steamy
For vodka gimlets and stagnant tubes, liverwurst and young coconuts

For sitcom Shakespeare amidst monochromatic cows

Oh, let us rejoice in Aristophanes and also the sublime

And the look of childlike wonder as a new GoH owner is born

But most of all, dear weekenders, let us be truly grateful

That we are John Hoffman Family and Friends.

Amen.

*F%#@!king Illinois B@#\$#ards

- *Deb (Malvolian of the Year)*

Weekend IX

William Weekend in Wisconsin

For not faint hearted
Lacerated toe in Moccasin
Gangrene hath started

- Scott

I Hate Haikus

I hate haikus lots
Stupid little pointless things
Wait I just did one

- Alex

A Bovine Fantasia

How now, cow
You are brown
Or black
Or even moo of blue
There is no variegation
In your pigmentation
Your single hue
Is pleasing to the eye
Standing stark against the sky
You, rumen true,
Do but chew
Converting grass of green
To nectar white
Which passes then to local cheeseries
Where Kelly, of hair color light,
Does regale with tales of muenster, swiss and cheddars all
Until we, few merry band,
Do pretentiously munch from mouth to hand.

- Bryan (*Malvolian of the Year*)

Gownku (courtesy FTD)

For the gown winner
Prancing and dancing with glee
Welcome to the fold

- Melissa

William Weekend Nine

William Weekend Nine
Exposed to William first time
Cover my ta-ta's

- Andrea



Lodge Sonnet: A Tete-a-tete Between Pheasants, One Worried, the Other Not

They're blind! – *squawked Fred'rick* – gullet flushed of hope.
That walls that in iced days release their scent
Of slaught'rous beast should in summer not scope
Our urge to preen and splash. O joy is rent!

Hang on, *says Murray*. I seen this gaggle.
I heard 'em come; you won't believe their story.
We know rifle butts, but malmsey? A bag'll
Cheer 'em – if it's got brie instead of quarry.

You see they brought no dogs? I heard one say
They couldn't kennel theirs, not knowing whether
He'd feel lonely. When they say "game", they mean play,
Not us! Brykus? Gowns? Don't ruffle a feather.

Thus Fred'rick warbled odes: 'Tis this I wished!
Till he, by a misthrown water balloon, was squished.
- YOS

And the Top Ten are –

- 1) **Why can't anyone make a decision?** | *Alex – so wise so young. From Deb.*
- 2) **You're lucky I didn't have my bare ass on that one.** | *Andrea, shortly after the sublime sound of a whoopee cushion echoed through the ballroom.*
- 3) **Is there an event for sucking?** | *Bryan. From Deb.*
- 4) **That's not bug spray. It's Easy Off Oven Cleaner.** | *Mike at APT. From Bryan*
- 5) **I believe in pleasure units!** | *Andrea*
- 6) **Guys, what about the swale!?** | *Safety Officer Andrea wants no twisted ankles. From John.*
- 7) **Chris you're next.** | *Robert the Doll. From Beth*
- 8) **Seriously, you are going to have to stop that.** | *Chris, presumably supine and in near whisper, apparently not appreciating his 11:55a wake-up call courtesy of Alex, a microphone and an amplifier. From John.*
- 9) **Sure, I never mind a little Cockburn.** | *And variations of same. It is believed Scott introduced us to this game.*
- 10) **OK, let's move the cheese out!** | *Mike*

Weekend X

- 1) **Q. You mean there are drinks that don't have alcohol in them? A. Yes, those are called "mixers".** (Mike with the Q. Hage with the A.)
- 2) **Bivalves don't wear hats.** (Chris deconstructing "Clam, I Am." From Steve.)
- 3) **I've been in your underwear for 15 minutes.** (Mary Jo to brother John; a reference to the scavenger hunt, mind you. From Steve.)
- 4) **Smell Cap Bone.** (John Hoffman's charades clue. Think: Infamous gangster. From Beth)
- 5) **I picked up a clam with my sausage.** (Said Kurt. From Beth.)
- 6) **How many soldiers is that worth?** (From Melissa, in regard to the GoH scavenger hunt)
- 7) **I thought she had a good hand when she asked for one card, but then I remembered she doesn't know how to play poker.** (From Melissa.)
- 8) **The Friday hat plethora.** (From YOS)
- 9) **Steve, please let some air into the vault.** (From Melissa, said during our bank-turned-restaurant visit)
- 10) **Kapanke for Kapongress.** (Speculation by John, Mike and Bryan as to what might be the slogan of the Kapanke for Congress campaign- question arising after seeing the yard signs scattered throughout the Lone Rock-Spring Green-Mineral Point corridor.) ... Speculation that reason only last name is used on signs is due to an inconvenient full name, such as: Hank E. Kapanke. (From Mike.)

Other submissions ...

- C) I can see into your soul. (Robert the Doll quotation. From Beth.)
- K) A chicken in every Ka-pot. (Another kapossibility. From Mike.)
- L) Kapossible headline if campaign fails: Kapanke Kaput. (From Mike.)

Untitled

Funny hats and masks
Pretend or reality?
Truth in the falsehood.

– S&M

Pate Haiku

Canard in a can
melt-in-your mouth force fed duck
Don't eat the cat food

Oft Worn, Never Washed *

*An annotated ten-year walk through
Weekend wearing the GoH*

And if what's-been and laughs, like stilchester
Crumbs, affix themselves to you, this half score years?
A cloying framboise spot first will mess your
Markdown fibers.¹ An iron burn by Ed.² And there's

Some cream from one weird udder.³ A cleaning
Now from Triple Cripple water⁴; then muck –
Eww, yuck! Lake Evergreen, you suck.⁵ Careening,
A sprig hits from out the blender.⁶ What the Luck

Would have it: A hair or two off Milli.⁷
Did those unnerving stains come from Rayburn
And from Ludden?⁸ At least swale smudged grass, willy
Nilly, is covering up your Cockburn.⁹

Gown! Your blotched textile – but polyester –
Is our fine yarn, where, O Future Folly: Fester!¹⁰

— Your Obedient Servant

** Disturbing title coined by Weekender Ed*

¹ You are encouraged to ask Weekender Mike where one might wake up after a night with Deb's cheese tubs and really sweet wine.

² Continuing apologies to the Pixilated Weekender.

³ WwWm Three shout out to the Twin Cities Steak and Shake and the inventor of single serve containers.

⁴ Grady's Family Fun Park is ironically not ADA compliant.

⁵ Btw, has anyone ever seen Brackish Stink as a green paint sample at Restoration Hardware?

⁶ Art historians believe Weekend Six witnessed the creation of the first small appliance-based Japanese verse, the Brylenderku.

⁷ RESOLVED, "our kind of people" had a little more fun riffing on Match Game then with the Gribbles that year.

⁸ Aris-TOPH-anes?

⁹ Yes, yes, we know that's not how it's pronounced.

¹⁰ To be fair, GoH is only 40% synthetic fibers. Anyway, here's to a happy X and many more to follow!



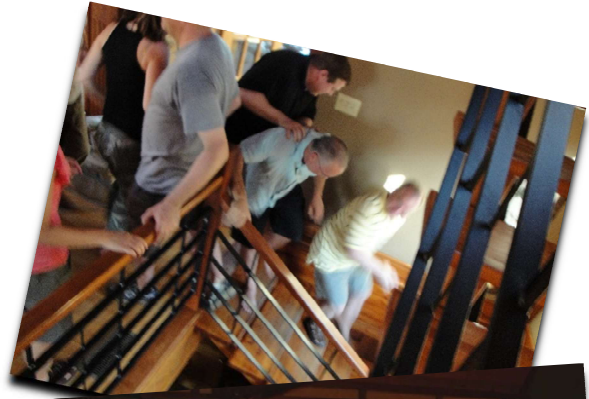
Wily Willy Weekend

-Words and music by: Shakey Willy Wordsmith
(aka Muddy Mississippi Mike Mikottis)

The Wily Willy Weekend
Willy stay, or will he go?
The written words we're speakin'
We stole from him- don't you know?
Come for the cabin fever
Maybe stay to see the show

The Wily Willy Weekend
We just say the things the play
But it's more a stage we're going through
Playing here on this fine day
Hard to say just what is Normal
Until you've been there for two days

The Wily Willy Weekend
In the cauldron boil and bake
Cobby corn and clammy taters
In the embered whole we make
Discontent made glorious summer
We ourselves are at the stake



Meow

Wally the Brat Cat
Oh! Jump in that kitchen sink
Meow of Triumph

– S&M

Try Real Hard Not to Be a Jerk

-Words and music by: Shakey Willy Wordsmith
(aka Muddy Mississippi Mike Mikottis)

instrumental opening

Try real hard not to be a jerk
Try real hard not to be a jerk
It may look easy but it's alot of work
Try real hard not to be a jerk

instrumental finish

Weekend XI

Weekenders were asked to offer “quote-whore ejaculations” as a testimonial for Ww/Wm.

How can you not have a blender? (Elizabeth Herrera)

There are lots of neat animal deads and stuff. Plus lots of doors to open and close (Isaac Hage)

I was nice to Robert. That’s my story, and I’m sticking to it. (Abby)

Sexy, shirtless men on tractors will greet you at the gate. #yum (Jaime)

You’ll like the cut of our jibs.

Question of the Year: *Most unsettling odor and suspected source.*

Chinese vile slop liquor from Deb (Fujushan) ... Mary Jo

The anti-freeze Deb tried to get me to drink #notcool ... Jaime

Something the real baby did ... Jaime

A baby isn’t really bothered by smelz ... maybe something in my dipey? ... Isaac

Sludge tank at the Living Waters Project at the cheese factory in Plain. Source: Recycled cheese, water and byproducts, microbes, plants, roots, etc ... Elizabeth

The Tops

(A) **Shhhhh!** | An especially snobby and bossy crane foundation visitor, with her advice to a Weekender contingent. From Elizabeth

(B) **I will go to bed and cease to be your entertainment.** | Chris in the center of the smoking rotunda, just after being awakened by the laughter that followed a sleep nod. From Elizabeth.

(C) **It’s like looking at the dead popes.** | Bryan and/or Mike, upon viewing the microbrewery in the basement through the floor windows of the Corner Pub/Bakery/Brewery. From Elizabeth

(D) **A baby likes the beach that allowz daddy to have special drinkz** | From Isaac Hage

(E) **“Isaac, you are a handsome baby.”** | Said almost everybody. From Isaac

(F) **Baaaa — goats head over the fireplace** | From Isaac

(G) **If cranes are on your bucket list, check it off now.** | Quoth Bryan

(H) **I don’t think a horse is an ungulate.** | Said Chris

(I) **Listen, sha-rew!**

(J) **Don’t worry, I’m not looking at your wife’s ass ... even though it’s in my face.** | John to Chris. We were playing Twister. From Jaime

(K) **Kris Humphries lookalike in the play.** | From Abby

(L) **The shrimp.** | From Abby

(M) **Silly bands.** | From Abby

(N) **Now, what's the rules to the game?** | The universal question for retro game night. The secret answer was: Huh, rules? From Mary Jo.

(O) **"The one problem is that the oven's been leaking gas from a lot of different places."** | An admonition after the kitchen remodeling.

Kulm Kocktail Kontest

We have yet another new tradition: The annual, traveling Kulm Kocktail Trophy Congratulations to Weekender Chris, the Kulm Kup laureate! And many thanks to the Kulms for the trophy and concept.

Strawberry Basil Lemonade Cocktail

(all measurements are guesstimates...)

- 2 shots Rum
- 3 large strawberries, cut up or pureed
- 3-5 basil leaves
- Lemonade
- Ice

(I would recommend in your standard pint glass)

Muddle rum, strawberries, and basil.

Fill glass with ice.

Fill with lemonade.

DRINK! (From Abby)

Raspberry Mojito

(again, disclaimer on guesstimates)

- 2 shots rum (the WI liquor store didn't have raspberry flavored rum but that makes it even better)
- 5 red raspberries
- 5-7 mint leaves
- Sprite/7-Up/Sierra Mist (whatever your preference)
- Ice

Muddle rum, raspberries, mint leaves.

Fill glass with ice (again, I say pint glass)

Fill with the lemon-lime soda of your choice.

DRINK! (From Abby)



Gin Blizz (aka the Gin Shake-Up)*

- 2 ounces gin
- 1 ounce lemonade
- 1 big tablespoon bar sugar with foamer
- Ice (plenty of)

Blend it all together, or if necessary, shake. Great for beach parties and as a substitute for a morning glass of grapefruit juice. (From YOS)

* Propeller beanie tip to Weekender Beth for the State Fair-esque alternate name. And even bigger hat tip to Beth for coming up with the Kontest in the first place.

Some Haikus

Elizabeth: Nice!
From Flor'da. Really likes us?
We're Sally Field!

Elizabethan
Sonnet: What I planned to write.
But then, uhk, nothing.

Couplets, iambs, feet,
Rhyme schemes. Hell, I'd rather climb
Kilimanjaro

— YOS



Remembrance and Reminder: A Post-End Note

As the cow said to his mom, Thanks for the mammaries

This 'postend' I am not up for poetizing,
To meter muddle our happy dregs: Peels
Triumphant, sand dragged home, gobs of Visine,
games put back, new blender packed, cigar butts, wheels

Of pretension Ziplocked – Again, jerkily,
Our Gown on hanger-new awaits. One crew
saw all cranes and sniffed cheese sludge. And our whole troupe, we –
Some small, and from far, those new, one sha-rew –

In warm days quaffed, put tongue to Mikotti
Surfeit, and snacks ... And now, for future smirks,
Please hit the blogs, post your pix, and all try
To soberly record how your drink works.

But more verse? William, see the end of my fist?
I would rather head to a taxidermist.

— YOS

Weekend XII

Lacking

No poems. No Bill.
No Brie.
No Dickes. No Kurt
No Me.

Some boozing.
Some gazing.
Some tubing.
Some grazing.

But,
No pretense. No plays.
And,
No me.



Being Pickled

A sonnet toast to the grand opening of The Twisted Olive Supper Club

The heedless space of a bulbous Chevy
Encases them. Find a spot. They see the host.
Two gimlets to start, drained clean as Evvie
Lowers oil-basked meats. More drinks. They toast,

Lost in cackles and haze and paneled murk
And highballs; an extra plate for bones – “Daddy,
Lookit me!” – A drop-by from Ern (and wife) from work,
And heavy creamed drinks near the silver dressing caddy.

The building’s a kind of warehouse today.
The drop-ceiling’s swallowed. Waste oil out back.
Corrosion, from gin and smokes, has its way.
But mostly time. (In us, years find a snack.)

Yet – in prudent cars – we came: To* their spirits,
This moment, shining fresh as relish-tray carrots!

** All, please lift glasses here. This is the time of the toast you lift your glass.*

Fully stocked sand bar

Our first hai-canoë

Driftless flotilla.

Trestle? Ed we're tipping we're —

Phones in white-rice bag

— YOS

Top Tens

- A) **You can ferment almost anything** | Mike. Noted most every year past, too.
- B) **I think I just prevented cancer for the rest of my life.** | Chris, after burying his head into Mike's giant bag of greens
- C) **Is this our pie?** | Chris
Whose f*ing pie do you think it is? Do you think people just drive around Wisconsin dropping off pies?** | Mike
Yes. | Chris
- D) **I should probably put the scissors down.** | John
- E) **Ohhh ... Frank Lloyd Wright** | Ralph, as Tom's anti-Mies t-shirt becomes the final clue to solve the porkpie hat, cape and walking stick costumery
- F) **It's not emasculatingly pink.** | Bryan, referring to a rose wine
- G) **It looks like this is the big sandbar on the map, which means we're already about 40% done. The trestle's probably right around that bend.** | John, off. Way. But the big sand bar at this point becomes a fully stocked one for the next overconfident hour.
- H) **When I think of our flotilla, I think of 'aerodynamic.'** | Beth
- I) **No one's looking.** | Mike, while John finds his level in the river after several upstream carafe tips. Blazizzle-filled-carafe tips, to be precise
- J) **I am.** | Anonymous nearby canoer. See "I" above.
- K) **I really enjoyed the canoe trip.** | Bryan, the last Weekender one would have expected to and the only one who did deploy this sentence.
- L) **The Bataan Death Canoe.** | Chris
- M) **Technically we did not capsize.** | Ed
- N) **That was very good Blazizzle.** | Beth. See recipes blog
- O) **He's lying.** | Beth, after Chris has gotten four and a half words into our tale of bumping into Bob Riverside at the convenience store
- P) **Oh cabin, my cabin.** | Mike. Whitman's first draft
- Q) **You've never been in a cenote?** | Chris, pulling out the marker for a cross-section and birds-eye rendering

- R) **Good lord, man, give your physiology a little credit.** | John's advice to an impatient Mike as our eyes adjusted to the night. From Bryan
- S) **Great hike. Just look out for the aggressive darting Wisconsin king cobras.** | Bryan
- T) **I thought if I had the DTs, that's what it would look like.** | Beth referring to House on the Rock
- U) **How could you run a golf course, and yet, fill up eight buildings with crap?** | Chris referring to same
- V) **It cooks with protons.** | Mike on the odd lodge microwave
- W) **Rice-a-phoney.** | John
- X) **Come again** | Sign on the Don Q Inn door, which, after going through the creepy tunnel and hall of barber chairs, seemed less a friendly suggestion by the proprietors and more our own puzzled questioning.
- Y) **You are too small for this interior space.** | Bryan as FLLW, walking stick pointed at a befuddled Weekender Ike

What sustained Weekend XII ...

Guavaberry Boat Drink*

Motto: "Don't let the taste fool you; old man Guavaberry will punch you in the face!"

1 shot Metaxa
0.5 shot Guavaberry
4 shots OJ
0.5 shot grenadine
Fill tall glasses with ice, pour drink in glasses, and add a celery leaf garnish

— Beth Hage

* By popular acclamation (i.e. most calls for more batches), winner of the Kulm Kocktail Kontest

Gin Blazizzle

An updated version of last year's entry:

1 part gin
2 parts lemonade
Lots of ice
Muddled basil

Shake or blend. For best results, drink several.

— YOS

Canoe Sunburn

Motto: “After 5 hours marooned in a canoe, you need a whole pitcher!”

Fill blender with watermelon
Pour malibu rum to a count of 5 (about 1/4 bottle)
Pour Midori to a count of 2
Pour grenadine to a count of 2
Add two scoops of ice
Blend
Garnish with cubes or slices of melon

— Chris Hage



Weekend XIII

Weekenders —

For those of us who need structure to our lives, here's the rough outline for how we will enjoy ourselves:

Friday, August 23.

- Arrive at the lodge in the afternoon.
- Dinner at The Bank ... Yes, it's reopened!
- Play (8p)

Saturday, August 24

- Morning. School of Picnic (Prepare and learn to prepare a first-class picnic)
- Noonish. Mess around. (Governor Dodge? Road Trip?)
- 4pm-ish. Cheese and cocktails
- 6pm-ish. Let the picnicking begin ... Games, fun, and possibly more.

Kulm Kocktail Kontest winner XIII: Beth. Not even close

This came in a distant second: Whiskey Blazizzle. Lemon juice, sugar, whiskey, basil.
(See last year's entry for rough portions)



Weekend XIV

The year we learned of the new charms of our old friend Bloomington. Beth once again killed with her Kulm Kocktail Kontest winner. We found the hidden gems of the Mackinaw Winery, Lucca pizza, an Art Deco church and one of the best performances we've ever seen. Congratulations GoH winner Chris Hage.

Top Tens

- **That killed in Spring Green.** | Our attempts to entertain at the Ewing Estate ended with mixed results. DD
- **A Dither in Burr House.** | Deb's suggested title for the book version of our jaunt.
- **Mary Ann still needs to talk with you.** | Surly lodge owner not happy with his guests. Deb thankfully averted the lecture.
- **Burrrr House is a very very very old house (old house!) ... Paint peeling off the walls. Dust bunnies in the halls ... With two guys in the yard. Not working very hard ... With mold spores in the rugs, look out for those bed bugs.** | Apologies to CSNY. The Collective.
- **Thus Blows the Grand Seigneur.** | Those Victorians sure knew how to use a parlour. As well as a bag of floor and laps.
- **I just dinglebelled my shorts.** | The dangers of removing a jester hat while holding a glass of wine. JH
- **I won't poop until Thursday.** | Yes, Deb did bring lots of great cheeses. MJ
- **The petulant jester.**
- **They need to be de-muffed.** | MJM2
- **Bioluminescence! ... No paparazzi!** | Quoth the pre-four-year-old. Ike
- **Griffin!!** | The uncanny Hage charades mind meld
- **The Pazzi Conspiracy did not include Ralph Malph.** | Bryan
- **Chris: I'm going to go put on some pants.**
Mike: Please.
- **I'm sorry for terrifying you.** | Woman at park after remotely unlocking her car while we walked by.
- **Looks good ...** | Burr House owner's announcement upon bringing out breakfast: Was never clear if she intended an exclamation point or a question mark.



Weekend XV

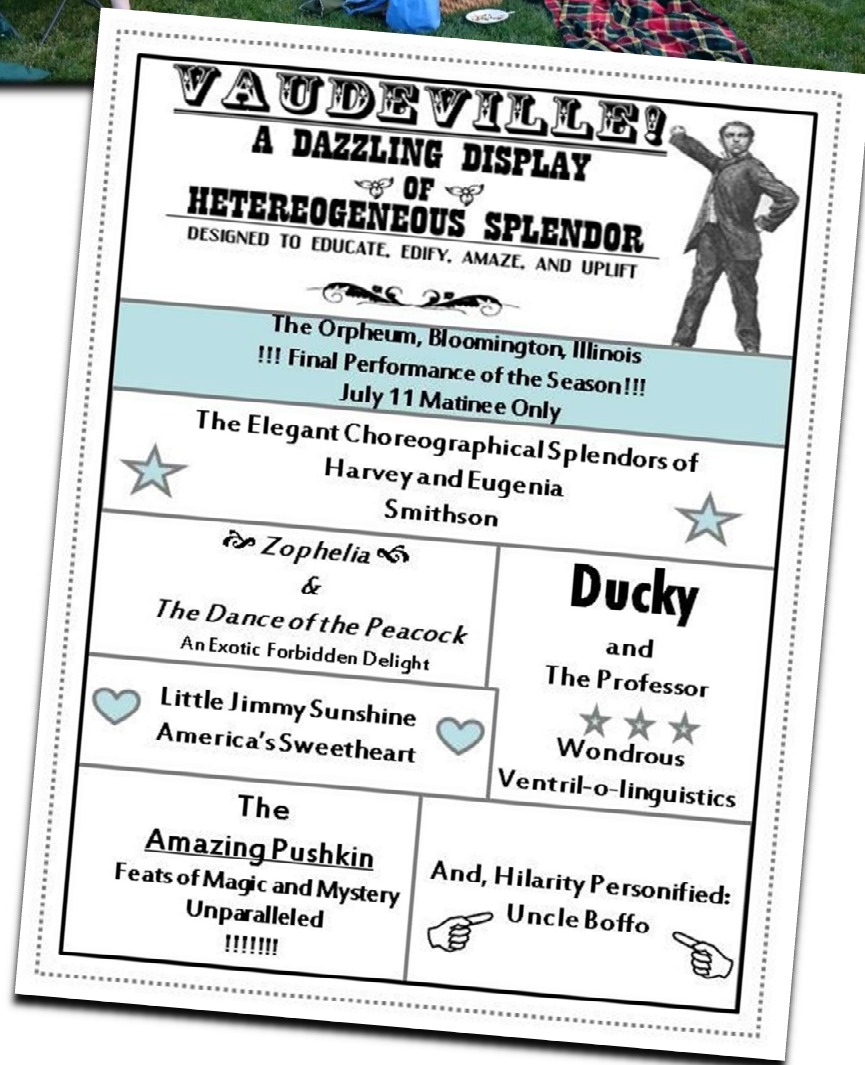
The Weekend Wrap-Up:

The King paid us an audience before tossing on his robes. Next day we costumed ourselves, according to the mind of Bard of Bloomington Deb “Murder She Wrote” Dicke.

We quaffed wine
at an art fair,
rode silly bikes,
lied our way
through to a new
GoH winner
(humility virgin
Wayne),
charaded like
Wizards and had
the best Turkish
food this side of
Constantinople.

And for the record,
Kulm Kocktail
Kontest winner:
Chris Hage, Dark
and Stormies.

All amid the
splendor of a real-
life, top-hat-
displaying mansion
with sublime
breakfasts that
offered no melons
but the grand
lemondrop.



Who and how done it: Weekend XV

The Time-to-Vote Sonnet

It wasn't Mrs. Vrooman's sturdy bread
Or ghosts of imitated Lincoln trees.
We didn't end up under wordy head-
stones because of bitty bikes that kink the knees.

The Butcher of Bloomington: Acquitted.
So too the Ace of Pomeranian.
Towanda round hurt no one. We flitted
To Normal and lived to tell the tale again.

And now we know everyone playing
Did no offing (except the faux Commie).
So who of us is guilty of a slaying?
Vote your Top Tens now. Choose one from Tommye

Or another. For on a mansion knoll,
It was we, killed us – wielding only a droll.



Top Ten

- 1) **“When Pushkin comes to shovekin.”** | Mike (submission: Beth)
- 2) **“Why did you come here? ... Towanda around.”** | Tommye (submission: Deb)
- 3) **“Do you remember what card you were dealt?”** | Mike. Was that a catch-the-liar question or not or both?
- 4) **“All at the same time?”** | Tommye after our waitress went through the extensive list of possible burger condiments at Kick's in Towanda.
- 5) **“Do you like Mike Mikottis?”** | John Hoffman trying to winnow out the one holding the Ace of Pomeranians. (submission: Deb)
- 6) **Head cut off gesture, pop off head motion, put on platter, offer** | Deb's Salome charade (submission: YOS)
- 7) **“In 50 years I've never seen a duplicate, Ed.”** | Said prior to the first of three charade Ozes
- 8) **Williams Bay** — MJ, with the impossible guessing game.
- 9) **“Oh dear, here comes Mrs. Vrooman with her loaf cart.”** | The Queen, despite her better judgment, commands me ...
- 10) **The Lobster Lover's Lament** (Genre: Country/Western). “The window shades are drawn, my wife's face is drawn, the bank man says my account is OVER-drawn. But my butter ain't hardly drawn at all. What's a man to dip his two-tined fork in?”
- 11) **“Nothing with a tail or a foot”** | Bryan's wine buying guide
- 12) **“Everyone knows we're wending.”**
- 13) **“They call me the Butcher of Bloomington.”** | Richard II, aka the artistic director.
- 14) **“This replica plaque honoring that replacement tree ...”**

Weekend XVI

Once again unto the Vroom, dear friends. Some highlights:

- Newbies **Fran** and **The Johnbon** (half newbie, at least) seemed to like us. We felt very much the same. They're in!
- We were shocked/shocked to discover Weekender Tommye, aka Emily Pennyfeather, capable of **murder**.
- GoH winner MJ taught us of Grecian urns, while we came to understand so much more about each other's **talents**.
- Cantaloupe sorbet.
- We hosted our first virtual Weekenders, Beth, Ike, Chris and Cora. (Next year, we shall drag them from California if necessary.)
- **Lincoln** rabbit eared us. (And appropriately, we learned: (1) The Republican Party of Illinois was born in Bloomington and (2) Civil War embalming techniques.)
- Most critically, we realized (via Weekender Tommye): Why in the snot should we drag everything to the Ewing grounds when we can dine on our own **mansion veranda**?



Top Tens

- **You don't even have to have a line to be a bad actor.** | Mike M, speaking of the skittish bit players.
- **This Indignation Meeting is hereby called to order.** | We learned that when people felt irked in the 1800s, they got together and whined. We intend to revive the tradition.
- **The Johnbon.** | Our new Weekend celebrity couple.
- **I feel like I've been put in a bowl.** | Chris Hage through FaceTime. He was right. But oh what a fancy Vrooman bowl.
- **It's rude to do email at the table.** | Bonnie to Fran, after we encouraged her to take out her phone to help her figure out various functions.
- **.... since."** | DD noticed an open quote missing on a Lincoln plaque at the Audio Tour 7 site, near the parking garage. It was theorized that the close quote was in fact a size reference, possibly six inches. Hopefully not related to a part of Lincoln.
- **And when I first opened the bed and breakfast, I realized people would be walking right into my area. So I built a wall.** | We got a tour of the Burr House,

our earlier haunt, and learned clearly what the owner thinks of people like us. From Bryan

- **And the embalming surgeon might also sign up the subject for a trial New Yorker subscription and then observe carefully to see whether he ultimately renews or cancels.** | The Civil War undertaking demonstration offered many, many tests to confirm demise. Others we wondered about: Shave and a haircut, start a knock-knock joke, take the subject to a black-tie concert and watch his reaction ...
- **There are no double meanings. Only meanings.** | YOS on the dull directness of the new Match Game. From Mike.
- **That's what we need. More Shakespeare.** | Bonnie's observation, possibly meant ironically. From Mike.
- **You put your hair away, and we'll take the cheese out.** | YOS with the annual cheese conveyance quote. Deb still had her Ellie Mae costume on. From DD.
- **Now is the time to get in on the third floor of that opportunity.** | Bryan, on the vacation home market in La Salle County. From DD.
- **We put the F U in "fun."** | Proposed slogan of Marseilles Fun Days, which was cancelled before we arrived.

From our customer satisfaction survey ("We value your opinion! — though frankly not as much as you do"):

Quote whore testimonials

- "J'accuse WwW of being too much fun" (Deb)
- "I'm not doing any homework" (Bonnie. A response to being asked to fill out the survey.)
- "Words, words, words, etc." (John Kieken.)
- "It keeps going and going" (Bryan)
- "We thank God for John Hoffman who made this possible" (Wayne — well what do you expect from a father?)
- "Will set your hair on fire" (Bonnie, submitted by Fran)
- "Fewer and fewer unexplained odors every year!" (YOS)

Least compelling experience

- Hamlet: He should have died in the first Act (Wayne)
- Bloomington Museum (Fran)
- Burr House (The Johnbon)
- The Mary Ann reunion — people who hate people (Deb)

The Suck Up Sonnet

*Dedicated humbly to the exalted,
dazzling XVI GoH Talent Show Judges*

To what does your splendor match? Deb Dicke,
You're infused joy, like sparkling Bryan Schneider –
The happy zing of a fresh lime rickey;
The way of the martini: Fine gin (slight stir).

No Dacron GoH, Fran Underdown:
I style you and my two Mikottii
As a Dolce & Gabbana wedding gown;
Next to Shanzhai knockoffs, a true Dior tie.

You gems of humanity, Bonnie, John,
And precious parents, Tommye, Wayne,
Electrify my life like silicon
And shimmer as a rain-washed diamond vein.

My love for you's timeless as smashed, stopped clocks.
Hey, this don't work? How 'bout some cash stuffed socks?

- YOS



Weekend XVII

From PT's barbecue to the wonders of Allerton, from half-naked acting to our grand mansion vrooms, it was a Weekend to remember. And thanks to our master teacher, we all came home with priceless fungal souvenirs to keep the memories always with us.

MushVrooms

Our rollicking, frolicsome, Pollocky dream

She layers thinly, he is all Sakrete.
Each bared our own spirit, like woodland Pucks,
Through Weekend. And if we birthed no Magritte,
Yet we shared full joys, loves and laughing yucks

Under swaddling skies – for once not too humid:
A mid-summer play with nonstop undressing,
Wondrous meals, gardens, our Vrooman,
Then, as if to grade school art class, regressing.

A fungus flourishes with fertilizer
And dank (and how do buried talents sprout?).
Though the Muse worried we'd murderize her,
With beret, face hair and Master Mike, out

Came startling art. So cherish your special blue.
Till next year, when our friendships we all renew!

– YOS



Our Thoughts on Seventeen

Testimonial mottos

- “Nope.” (From Deb. Inspiration: Bryan)
- “We put the Weak in Weekend!” (Mike)
- He did it again! (Success of WwW, from Wayne)
- “Yesterday’s memories, tomorrow’s repressions.” (Bryan)

Darkest impulses/thoughts that raced through our minds

- At some point, stop counting. No one says Fourth of July Parade #242. (Deb)
- Give everyone only black paint for the sip’n’paint. (Mike)

- Acoustics in the dining room, walk to the hidden garden, fell on concrete stairs at last moment 😞 but OK. (Tommye)
- And from our eternally upbeat Weekender Wayne, with Darkest crossed out and Lightest substituted:
 - “Are you well? We both are?”
 - Allerton was fine. Now what about the other six Illinois wonders?

Suggestions for next year

- Go with “Weekend XVIII” (Heading in the opposite direction from Deb, Mike suggests Super-Bowleque Roman numeralizing.)
- Let’s go north (Wayne [Papa])

Top Tens

- **“What the hell, Odell?”** | Tommye, with an update of “To wander around.”
- **“That’s not retro. It’s what it is.”** | Mick’s observation of the Café 110 décor – and winner of the Most Insightful Comment about Art and Life Award.
- **“Chicken ain’t up.”** | PT’s Barbecue. In life, sometimes the second choice is the best choice. Oh those heavenly ribs.
- **“I wish I had worn more comfortable shoes.”** | Deb, for the 17th year
- **Wayne’s Dali-esque mustache** | Deb
- **“Nope.”** | Bryan, staying on message throughout. From Deb
- **“Blub.”** | Mike attempted a comical reading of the Allerton’s rose bed signage. A nearby crane-sanctuary-like busybody offered an immediate correction.
- **“I told George Wendt to go pound sand so I could hang out with you guys.”** | Hage. Name dropping is an automatic Top Ten.
- **Hanging cheeses.** | Ask Weekender Lu about this one. Let’s just say it involves anatomy.
- **And the winner of the Smallest Mushroom award ... Tony!**
- **Trains may exceed 80 MPH** | And given the neighborhood, we strongly advise them to.
- **All Xmas cards \$1.00** | “I’d like every one except this one” ... “Okay, that comes to \$2,454. Credit or debit?” At the Brown Bag in Monticello.
- **Ha ha ha ha!** | YOS found what was to become a rather tiresome laugh track app
- **The village of Farmer City**
- **“No passing zones not striped for next mile”** | Piatt County Highway Department. New contest: How many ways can that be understood?



- **Art class / Blue mushrooms / Allerton's mansion / Hidden garden (where's the garden?) / Good pizza / Enjoyed the antics of the Shakespeare group / Squeaky floor / Hearty breakfasts / Minooka "vintage" faire / Berets and hats / Lunch (ice cream) on Saturday with Lu and Spinas at small park with flowers. | Tommye with a flowering of memories**
- **Learning to paint by Mike | Wayne**
- **"Again? How much humility can I stand?" | Wayne**
- **Compliments to John for implementing a splendid WWW | Wayne**

Official Drink of 17:
The Ballistic Mizzle

If memory serves:

- 6 parts lemonade
- 2 parts whiskey
- 1 part cinnamon schnapps
- A muddle of mint

– YOS



More Remembrance of Inanities Past --









*'Thy friendship keeps us fresh' –
Till next Weekend...*