

Text written by Adrian Norvid:

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A narrative that intertwines the disparate elements of *Wrongo* exhibition (February 25 - March 27, 2010)

A sizeable crowd of the well-heeled and fine-frocked were assembled yesterday evening for the annual *Wrongo Ball and Slap Up Supper* and I can't imagine anyone, much less this still pullulating reviewer would have been disappointed with the proceedings. Merriment and high-toned diversions were dispensed throughout a long and, may I say, ever more wicked-seeming night.

Guests were treated to music from the one and only Georg Frederick Handel improvising at the modular synthesizer. The veritable colossus of the trill rendered the dance floor chock-a-block from start to finish pausing only once (and even then still maintaining a sprightly bass line on the pedals) to exclaim "Zounds! Mein schlupfer ist rippen" when the execution of a particularly energetic passage caused his breeches to split apart audibly at the rear seam. Such is the fortitude of great men.

Mr. Colourful (someone tie that darling little man's shoe laces pleeease and fix that dangly, dingly bell thing) acquitted himself, as always heroically with the decorations, though a little clean-up of excess paint just prior to the event would be in order: I did see a few unwanted splotches of bright orange or green on the rumps or elbows of one or two revellers. Lighting was generously supplied once again by *Not Too Bright & Co.* What magic in a few strands of coloured bulbs, though many of us did feel that it just might be time to replace some of those bulbs, I mean half of them are burned out. Actually, as far as I can see it's the same tired old, tangled-up set of lights we've seen the last half dozen seasons (we take a DIM VIEW of this, really we do). But I digress...

Worth noting over the course of a very long evening, were the unending salacious advances of the Horny Unicorn upon the ladies, most often ending in a sharp rebuke and once, in a blunt offer to "saw that damned thing right off". Much drama and tension was provided when the company was obliged to rally round to prevent a trigger happy cowboy from gunning down his rival on the dance floor (thank you to everyone for preventing the BLOOD BATH that was last year's fiasco – somebody fill that lad's pistol with blanks next time, will you please).

It goes without saying that spirits were consumed IN QUANTITY. No doubt this could have been responsible for the Lady spotted dancing with a filing cabinet (surprisingly light on its feet) and a certain big-eyed, short Miss caught urinating rather indecorously in the midst of everyone. And as for the man with the bucket, well Sir, who will want to use that now that you've had your way with it?

As usual we had to physically restrain the caretaker from closing the so called "Curtain of Doom" on the proceedings and bringing the night to a very premature close (that man is a KILLJOY, someone please instil in him that the *Wrongo Ball* is hardly Armageddon...). Well, we all trooped out in the early hours of the morning, some of us still singing a snatch or two of Mr. Handel's *Airs*, others of us already beginning to feel a little "fragilissimo". What can we look forward to at next year's *Wrongo Ball*?

A few notes are in order:

Firstly, I do have to wonder why the organizers insist on referring to the miserable snack table at the otherwise stellar *Wrongo Ball* as a "Slap Up Supper"? I really can't see how *Shit Kats*, *Slush Puppies* and a large lump of mouse nibbled cheese could earn that moniker (more attention here next time pleeease).

To the girl in the ever so chunky rib knit sweater – please do not do it again – knits at the *Wrongo Ball*? Rather a hot waffle iron at the ice rink. Enough said.

Adrian, I think if you have such a sizeable blemish on your face and you still must come out, you would do well to use a little concealing makeup, why folks will think you have some sort of communicable disease, which would be most UNSOCIABLE.

To whomever left the oversized jar of Vaseline in the men's toilet, I pocketed it. Retrieve at your peril!