

The Dish and the Spoon



“The little dog laughed to see such sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon.” So ends one of the most infamous nursery rhymes about jumping cows and jolly canines. But questions relating to the tale remain unanswered. For example, where did the spoon and dish go? After asking around, we found them at the Golden Algae Supper Club in Branson, Mo. Billed simply as “Dish and Spoon,” they performed four different routines thrice daily that blended funambulism, tai chi and innovative table manners into a high-energy, crowd-pleasing cabaret. Just before a recent matinee performance, we sat down with the pair to talk about life after a lifetime of heying and diddling. Said Spoon, “Well, we certainly don’t miss it. Half the time that bloody cow didn’t make it all the way to the moon. She’d drop straight back to earth and use one of us to break her fall.” Dish: “And don’t forget the cat and his lousy fiddle. He only knew that one song, ‘Riddler on the Foof,’” she spoonerised. “Used to drive me *crazy!*” Just then, a stage manager stuck her head in the dressing room: “Five minutes, ladies!” The two professionals speedily wriggled into their exoskeletons, moussed each other’s faces, activated their hairpieces, and placed the errant head in a drawer for safekeeping. Moments later, in the tradition of the Fabulous McGillicuddy Sisters, they were on stage and fully engaging their audience.