

THE VINDOBONA HASH SCRUTINIZER
"Remaining Strictly Incognito"

Runs # 1297 - 1299

Hares: Several

LANGAGE SYMBOLIQUE

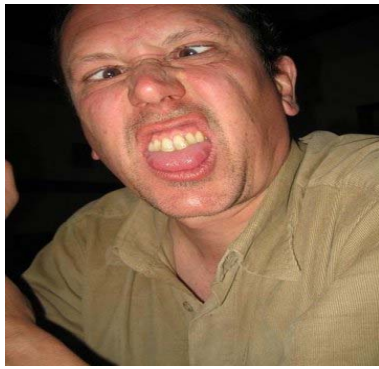
*mid run libation
cold beer and empty stomach
keeps hashers running*

Dear Reader, you may or may not have noticed that the weekend's theme to celebrate 25 of the World's Worst years down in Burgenland read "Hear my Train a comin' ". My intention was to direct your attention to the great Jimi Hendrix, author and performer of that song. Now you go your nearest Record (or CD-Shop), try to find a copy of the Soundtrack to the film "Rainbow Bridge" from 1971, listen to that song in the version it once was performed on May 30 in 1970 at Berkeley (this version only!) and you understand exactly what I had in mind when we were starting to plan this so-called event. To celebrate him and of course you, Free Willie. (Amongst numerous other heroines and heroes). You can also find excerpts of that performance on the remarkable you tube if you type in Jimi Hendrix and the Song Title. I found a shortened May 30 live version and it sounded fine. But maybe you're not interested in Jimi Hendrix at all. Well, bad for you.

There is another aspect to it. When Sex Energy read about the Train Trolley Tour (www.drasinentour.at) in the travel pages of a newspaper last year, we took a trip down with our neighbours and their ten (10) year old son. Along cameth Munk, the Red Aunt and the Final Kunttdown. When I saw how much that 10-year old enjoyed the train ride I was eventually convinced that a bunch of 100 drunken weird people (which are you, by the way) could do exactly the same. But I do not want to foreclose any of those weekend happenings.



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Starting off with a pub crawl on the preceding Thursday in Vienna (maybe memorising the Tram ride to start off the 20th anniversary weekend in 2002 where there were some 70 people or so), well, 4 of Vienna (including most of the "inner sanctum", namely St. Norman and Glo-Balls) were there to save our World's Worst face against the visitors.

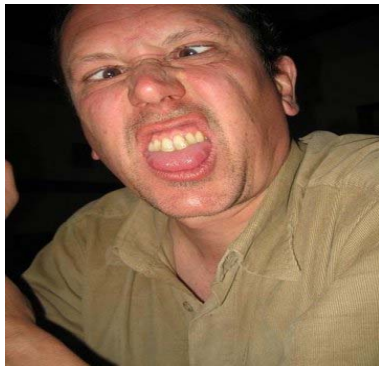
After what has seemed to be a fine pub crawl things started out on Friday when we, the K'unt Family, Munk with Sure Likes to Ball, Sex Energy and I took off for Horischon. Offloading all the stuff for the goodie bags (and this time there was a LOT in diese Goodiebags, ja?) we were accompanied and helped by the Kunt Family, Munk and SLTB. Room allocation was handled most competently by (My) Sex Energy and, when everybody had finally settled in it was time to get GOING! Well, to make a short story even shorter, the warmup run for Friday was set by My Sisters Glowing Cee U Next Tuesday and her distinguished brozzer Dr. Kunt and was a medium long tour around the village. A few black clouds couldn't stop the pack from rushing through vineyards, some were picking a few cherries, there was a song stop and in due time the return was made along some railway tracks (but not the ones from the next day) to the main hotel.

I should point out that the owner of that main place, Herr Mario Trummer was an extremely nice and reliable guy. He provided all the liquids for the weekend (COLD BEER above all) and transported everything to the places where we needed it most (i.e. train trolley ride, beer- and foodstop and circles). On the other hand, the musicians we hired upon his recommendation for the Saturday evening party sucked. But one cannot have everything. It could also have been der warm beer and great musicians, nein?

Since the RA got stuck in a Beisl somewhere south of Vienna on his way down on Friday and the weather was still a bit unstable it was up to myself with a little help from true friends to get that circle over with. And that was that. Afterwards, it was party until late, spiced up already with a teaser of the local



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and nearby held Brass Music Festival des Musikvereins Weinland. More of that later, also with a little explanation of what a Frühschoppen is all about.

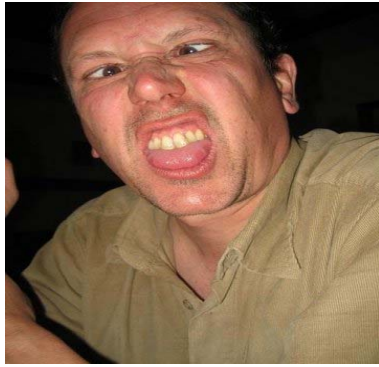
Oh, I should mention that apart from visitors from all over the place who kept arriving all through the evening and late at nite (here's to you, dear friends from Zagreb) our or at least my favourite compatriot King Gook had to share a room with the remarkable Richard Kopf aka XXRark, with the joyful result that the Bag suffered a mild mental shock when she saw them both naked through the roomwindow (so at least Sinex said in one mail afterwards) and, great Snorer that Richard Kopf is, and in the absence of the likewise grand famous snorer Likmm with home he normally shares a room on our events since no-one else can stand spending the night with one of them, King Gook looked a little wiped-out on Sunday morning, You could tell when he wanted to borrow a gun from someone to "wipe the slate clean", so to say.

But I digress, as always. Saturday morning after breakfast saw the great and grand departure of the entire pack towards Großwarasdorf which is some 5 kilometres away from Horitschon by Minibus transport and most amazing – everything worked out so in less than half an hour everyone waited for the run to start. BOOOOOM off we went across the road and onto the fields, all the way A to B towards Oberpullendorf where those mysterious train trolleys were waiting.

Running speed did not seem to be a real problem, with the pack widely spread out and enjoying the lovely and sunny countryside of Burgenland. Mind you that there were forceful enough storms in Vienna during the preceding days that Schwechat airport had to be shut down temporarily. And that oh so eagerly awaited Barbra Streisand concert had to be delayed until the next day . After a good while the better part of the pack arrived in Oberpullendorf where there was a songstop in the main square of the village, where a big stage was waiting for us all. After a while all runners but one – Union Jack – did make it and Marathon Man, Munk and myself were leading the group in presenting the good ship venus to all the locals sitting around in nearby pubs. The first big stop came at the Oberpullendorf train station where – please give a big hand again – Mario



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Trummer was waiting with endless supplies of cold beer and softies and even some spreads.

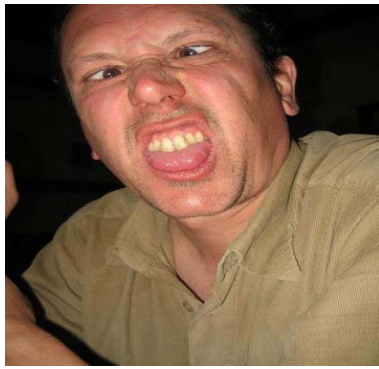
Time came to board the trolleys after explanations in German and English (thanks, MTG) and a hoard of 23 trolley (if I counted that right) took off, the better part of the trolleys well loaded with cold beer and softies also. After a while someone even managed to take Union Jack back on board the complete the fold again. As you can see quite many photos on My Pints Photosite which is located nearby to the Rehash section I just want to remind the partakers of the weekend and the esteemed reader who could not be there (that's you, Mindphuck and Cee Dee and Minuteman, amongst others) to a another HUGE stop at the Train station in Markt Sankt Martin, where, of course! Mario Trummer already waited with lots more cold beer and a local butcher (organ sized by Dr. O'Kunt) delivered a classical Austrian Brettljause, consisting of different sausages, cheese, pepperonis, fresh bread, cucumbers... ahh, you name it. It was all there. Sure Likes To Ball obviously couldn't hold the horses for she and King Gook I think it was placed their trolley in front and soon everyone was on track again for a penultimate stop of the special kind. A dog was laying on the railway tracks and out of the forest cameth two friendly gentlemen with loads and loads of Schnaps for the already thirty engine drivers.

After that pleasant stop it was casually on back to the train station in Horitschon which is conveniently placed some 100 metres away from the main place of stay. Did I already mention that Mario Trummer was waiting with lots more beer (cold, of course!) and other liquids? That circle must have lasted a while for I have only vague memories of what might have happened and you are again invited to check out the respective pics at the "Horitschon" section of My Pints photosite.

The evening consisted of another buffet dinner, a local band was playing or they tried to entertain us the best they could which was not very well done, if anyone remembers how well those two Squeeze Box Guys from last years Moonzart event have played. After they were successfully replaced by King



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Ralph's Disco, the party continued again until the wee hours. And yes, there were fireworks, courtesy of Munk and King Gook.

The hangover run, being hared by none other than Free Willie and Joystick, consisted of a runners and a walkers option. If you knew that there was a local brass band festival going on in Neckenmarkt (adjacent village to Horitschon) it was non surprising to see more than half of the group heading down to where the music played. The classical Frühschoppen (<http://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fr%C3%BChschoppen>) consisted of brass bands tooting along, people being merrily tasting the local wine, dancing and generally having a good time. In the end even the runners joined in and it seemed like a very long time until it was on back to the last circle. I remember Richard Kopf smashing a garden gnome and some guest soaking Acquired Tastes Stetson Hat with some beer (Cold, of course!).

All I can add to this whole thing is to say thank you to everyone who came along, to all those who helped in the organization. The Spirit of the Worlds Worst was definitely there at the weekend, along with the Beerforce.

The goal now is to find a new goal!
On out.



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