



23 September 2010

Run Number 158 'The Biennial'
Ship and Mitre, Central Liverpool

The Pack: Snoozanne and Madhatter (Hares); 10", fcuk, Sprog, Tia Maria; AE (who has been hiding her biennial light under a bushel; see end of this Trash), Wigan Pier, Compo, Lila, Barry, Chris, Amel (aka Geeks-on-Peaks)



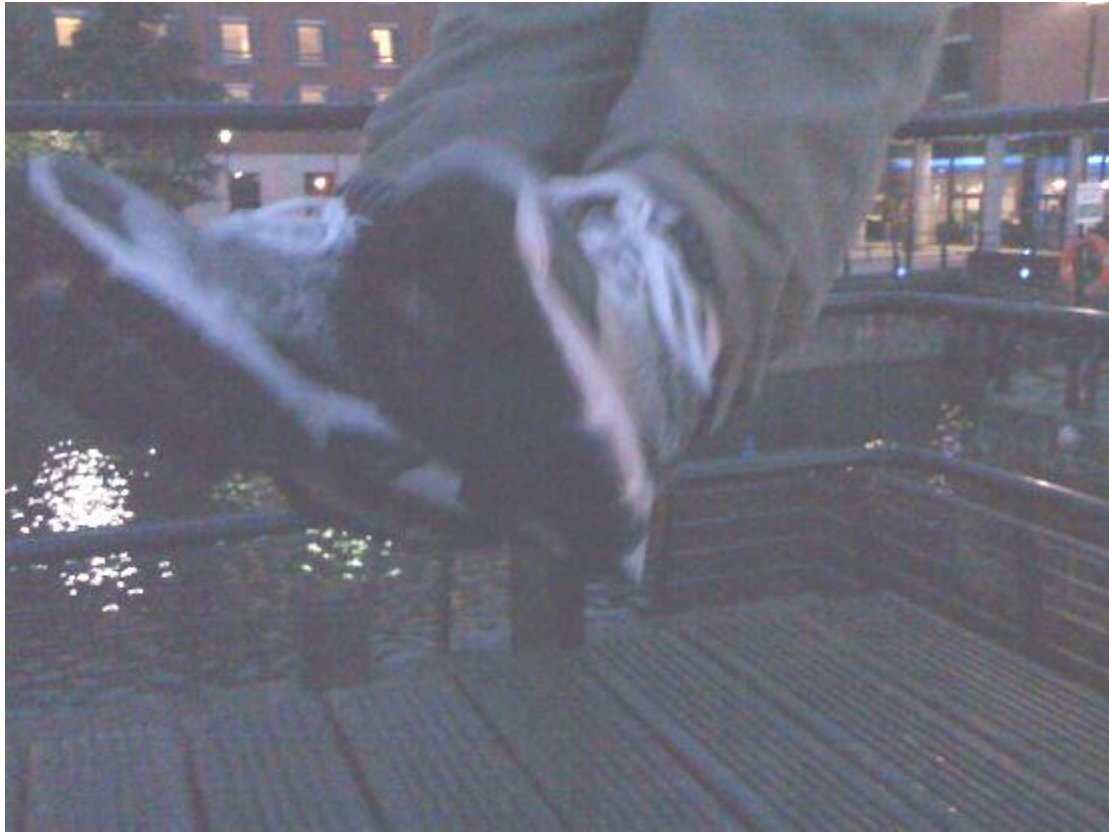
Will they, won't they? Was Compo's worry at the start. Happily for us (he would have moaned all the way otherwise) Geeks-on-peaks did turn up and we set off at about quarter past.

After some faffing in the early stages, even the hare wasn't 100% about the trail, the pack put on a burst of speed as they headed towards the river from L3.

The original Superlambanana had an encounter with our Old Master Maître Compo. The Composition was a study in flour.



The SLB was not pleased at being pointed at and then kicked out. It was a mighty super lamb lamp. This resulted in our venerable one landing (conveniently let it be said) in a crow's nest in the docks. The picture below shows Compo just before impact.



And here's what he looked like after the rest of the pack caught up with him.



We snaked past the three graces, before arriving near the Merchant Navy memorial.



After waiting so eagerly for the Geeks on Peaks, we managed to lose them in the Albert Dock (well not literally), but it was good that Amel could establish phone contact with them and direct them towards the good old pub stop of the Baltic Fleet.



Then we were off again crossing towards the centre at the Swedish Seamen's Church. This run – crow's nest, merchant navy, Baltic Fleet –was coming over all naval. Where was the biennial theme promised by the hares? In desperation the Wigan Pier and the Compo (you would have thought that he had had enough excitement for one night) decided to make an exhibition of THEMSELVES.

Wigan Pier flashed us the opening times of her pleasure rooms



And Compo sized up the talent of a local lap dancing bar. She is returning the favour as you can see. She looks rather impressed, I think.



Sprog quipped about a newspaper headline in the next day's Spital Advertiser:

'Man Mauled by Lion after Lap Dancing Revelation' (Compo's better half is a district commissioner or suchlike in that august association)

Not to be outdone Hare Snoozanne was seen 'touching up' the trail. A feverish Madhatter stuck at the pub could not hold her back. She ignored suggestions to pole dance.



The circle and the song went round a few times. Attention seeker Compo told an execrable joke and we retired to the hostelry.

I do recommend the 'nips' on sale at the bar. Just the right size for a taste.

And all the while, hidden in St Lukes 'bombed out' church at the junction of Bold and Berry Street, a **real** biennial artwork was immortalizing one of the pack.





Why didn't AE tell us about this? Does she know about it herself? Is William Lee her stalker? Who is the other lady? Maybe all of this will be revealed in Manchester on 14 October.....