

Re: About the name Rasputin...

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- *From:* "Paul J Kriha" <paul.nospam.kriha@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx>
 - *Date:* Sun, 18 Feb 2007 16:32:54 +1300
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Michael Kuettner <miksbg@xxxxxxxx> wrote in message
[news:er7ev5\\$m0t\\$1@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx](mailto:news:er7ev5$m0t$1@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx)

"Paul J Kriha" <paul.nospam.kriha@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx> schrieb im Newsbeitrag
news:45d6be64@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Michael Kuettner <miksbg@xxxxxxxx> wrote in message
[news:er51uj\\$Nq9\\$1@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx](mailto:news:er51uj$Nq9$1@xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx)

<snip>

That was meant as leading to ...

Let's compromise and say
KuKuC. ;-)

Nah, what's that?
The "C" is the first "K" in "KuK", and "a" is
the "u".

It's the cry of a Bird (Kuckuck) and also the last try of Karl
to keep the Donaumonarchie.

Wasn't it Otto (his son), who was rumored to be a kookoo?

With a mother like Zita, who can blame him

Yes, he didn't seem to have inherited much of his paternal
granfather's brains.

Re: About the name Rasputin...

(as in the old joke... Otto watching a football finals,
a match between Austrians and Hungarians)

You mean :

"Your highness, today's the match Austria:Hungary !

Yes, but against whom are they playing ?"

?

not "they", "we" :-)

A short version goes something like this:

After 15 minutes into the match of the football finals says

Otto von Habsburg:

"So, which side is OURS?"

"And who are WE playing against today?"

All the generals and aides around him in the royal box fall silent, nobody wants to answer because the answer might suggest to Otto that both sides are equally OURS and that he is asking a foolish question. A young aide sitting in the far corner jumps up and shouts:

"Sire! On the left is the home team and on the right are the visitors from Budapest!"

Everybody sighs with great relief.

....

At the end the huge score boards displays the results.

The teams run towards the royal box to wave and bow to the royal visitors, first the losers, then the winners.

Then everybody queues up for exits and leaves.

Otto Habsburg watches all that and asks:

"Did WE win?"

Stunned silence. Nobody answers. Nobody knows how to.

Then everybody slowly turns to the young aide in the far corner. After a couple seconds the young guy jumps up salutes and shouts:

"YES.... SIRE!"

"Oh, good." says Otto and gets up, "Let's go home."

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<snip>

No worries about powidla. That was a fair
exchange
for a wiener schnitzel.
(or as they call it in some Sydney
restaurants, snitchel :-)

Which we stole from the Italians (piccata Milanese) and
refined
the recipe.

Really? I didn't know that! Well done that Viennese chefs!

They've also taken Pörkölt and transformed it to Gulasch.

I had absolutely the best Böhmishe Suppe ever in a restaurant
just 'round the corner from Stefanplatz. The added spice
was the fact that until it came to my table I had absolutely
no idea what kind of soup was called Böhmishe Suppe in
Vienna. HA! Creamy Knoblauchsuppe!

Hmmm, Milano, if I am not mistaken that's in Lombardy, just
the other side of the old imperial border. So, it was stealing.
Are you sure it wasn't just a friendly culinary fussion from
some piccata Veneto?

No. It came into being after the Italian campaigns of Feldmarschall
Radetzky.

Aaah, a booty!

Rousing tune of Radetzky march is ringing in my head...

Wait a minute.... That late? Really?

(Can you imagine? Some Germans pour
gravy over it
instead of lemon juice!!!)

I've seen one trying to do that, yes.
I ate his liver with fava beans and a light white wine.

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LOL:-)

If I remember correctly, Hannibal Lecter recommends chianti.

But Hannibal was eating USAn liver, AFAIR.

That would be soaked in Whisky.

For a Schnaps soaked liver, a light white wine works better ;-)

<snip>

Not really. The oldest version is the Greek one, which was then

borrowed by Austrian cocks and later by Czech cocks.

Note the sound shift from "e" to "i".

But surely if the calls are traceable to PIEFL they wouldn't be borrowings, they would be emerging dialects of proto-Fowl.

By golly, you're right !

I'll have to re-write my thesis before applying for the Noble prize.

We'll have to check how Sanskrit cocks crawled, I guess.

Yes, we need to find some Sanskrit children fairytale tablets.

Err, no. That would be secondary sources ! We'll need to find the original scratchings ;-)

What a perfectionist!

pjk

Cheers,

Michael Kuettner

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