



LAH3 Hash Trash

July 2002
www.social.hash.org
Now 98% virus free!

We don't print the news that fits, we just drink from our shoes and shit.

L.A. RUNS

- July 1st - Flipper
- July 8th -
- July 15th - Farrah Fuckett & Breastplate
- July 22th - Purple Armadillo Run - Old Fucks
- July 29th - Cumsucker
- August 5th - Slow Entry
- August 12th - Fuckingham Palace
- August 19th - Pillsbury Blow Boy
- Monday, August 26th - SID
- Sept 2nd - Open
- Sept 9th - Bent Penis & Penguin
- Sept 16th - Retracted & Spanky Yankee
- Sept 23 - Never Comes
- Sept 30th - My Cock Co
- Saturday October 5th, **COCKEDöBeERFEST** (1st Saturday Run)

Late Scribes

RTD - Run 1115
Lil' Dutch Boy - Run1117
Porno Queen - Run 1118

See More Buns went to visit Hoser. When he got there he saw Hoser sitting on the porch in a rocking chair, with nothing on from the waist down.

"Hoser, have you finally lost it?" See More exclaimed.

Hoser just stared off into the distance without answering.

See More tried again. "Hoser, speak to me. Why are you sitting out here naked from the waist down?"

Hoser slowly looked at See More and said, "Well, last week I sat out here with no shirt on, and I got a stiff neck. This is S.I.D.'s idea.

OTHER STUFF

- 4th of July - Pirates Invade Santa Moniker \$5 - Park 1 block west of Lincoln & Strand, south of the 10.
- LBH3 Mystery Bus Ride
- July 19th San Diego Red Dress Run \$25
- July 20th Butt Pirates invade Tecate
- July 21st - Foothill TG 800, H3, Santiago Hills Park, Orange - Bring your own stuff
- Wharf to Barf - July 25th - 28th, Santa Cruz
- August 16th - Larrikins Campout - 10950 Boulder Creek Rd., Descanso, San Diego
- September 13 - 15, Westside Pirates board Catalina
- September - Interhash - Goa, India
- Sept. 27 - 29 - Can't Goa, Maui
- Friday, October 4th - Welcum to English misfits - pub crawl.
- October 5th PMS Bandito Parrotheads - Verizon Amphitheater
- LBH3 969th - October 11 - 13 @ De Benneville Pines - Double Entry (562) 755-3703
- PMS Roadtrip - Nov 29- Dec 1
- May 23-26, 2003 - America Interhash - Costa Rica - www.interam2003.com

Red Line Hash and Pub Crawl

a Special Get A Life Summer Edition Hash

OK, somewhere between **beermeistering**, **co-haring**, **munchmeistering**, answering incessant phone calls from lost **wankers**, running the **circle**, and **whining**, I forgot to pick a **scribe**, so I might as well do that too.

The start - yeah, 1 PM is pretty early for a **hash** to start, and so most of the **pack** got there at just about the time me and **co-hares** *Porno Queen* and *Retracted* were ready to take off. This was a true **live trail** that we made up as we went along, which wasn't **too hard** because it was only about three blocks north and three blocks east to the first metro station.

Retracted then hopped a train downtown, *Porno Queen* went up to **Hollyweird**, and I doubled back to the start. *Pot Ho* and I managed to get *Sniff My Butt* and *More Sex* from San Diego-**ho**, *Marquis de Sade* and a couple of other **latecummers** off on **trail**, and steer **hashers** like *Hose Sucker*, and a couple of OC **H3ers** who didn't identify themselves from wherever they were downtown, toward bar 1. Then it was off to **pre-I**, err, **advance scout** leg 3 and the final **in trail**.

Red Line Ride 1 - heard it was pretty uneventful, or as much as it could be with 60+ **hashers** riding public transport together. Supposedly the **pack** ran into someone named Abraham, and of course sang "**Father Abraham**" for the rest of the ride into the **belly of the beast**, downtown **El Lay**.

Trail to Bar 1 - *Retracted* and I had been gloating about the **Golden Gopher** since we first set foot in the **dump** two months ago. We had promised the **pack** nine **dive bars**, and this one was a triple somersault with a twist from the platform in the tuck position, with a knife blade entrance into the pool, just like the one most of the **barflies** who **drink** there keep in their boots.

But the rent-a-cop didn't **wand** the arriving **hashers** as they did with *Re* and me (a message there?) and the **FRB's** ran back out on **trail** with free **beer** still on the **bar** (albeit in mini-pitchers the size of measuring cups). The only semi-funny story from this stop was *Hard in the Saddle's* rather quaint reference to the **cheap hookers** in this **rat-trap** as "**B-girls**".

Trail to Bar 2 - A quick jaunt through the Theatre District led to another **FRB gulp and dash**, again leaving **behind** perfectly good **beer** on tap. Did find out that *Dr. Mikey*, in a hugely ironic admission, did not know about **Cole's PEC**, the self-proclaimed oldest **bar** in **El Lay**!

Trail to Bar 3 - this was the only real even remotely challenging **trail**, as *Retracted* took the **pack** through Pershing Square ("Watch out for that **wino**!")

"Hey, wait, that's Dad!"), the Main Library Garden, up the Bunker Hill steps (someone called them **El Lay's** "Spanish Steps" back when **hallucinogenic drugs** were still popular), through the Xerox Water Garden and its Nazi rent a cops, back down the Angel's Flight **Death Ride**, and possibly through Grand Central Market.

Destination: **La Cita**, dark as midnight when you walk in, and as your eyes adjust, you realize that you are decidedly not in a **bar** where everyone knows your name - unless your name happens to be Pablo! They treated the **pack** right, however, and *Retracted* **blew** most of his savings from the pitiful performance at **bars** 1 and 2 to a **now-thirsty-at-the-place-that-only-sells-bottled-beer pack**. Everyone took a breather on the back porch, where the **iron bars** and **barbed wire** either kept us in or somebody out there out. Anyhow, there was a secret exit leading directly to...

Red Line Ride 2 - The hashers stepped up to singing "**My Name is Joe**" and began using the metal **bars** to emulate **dance moves** commonly found at **Gentlemen's clubs**.

Trail to Bar 4 - the **trail** was well marked right from the platform and through the **groovy Hollyweird** and Vine Station by *Porno Queen*, who had backed off his threat to "run the **bastards** up into the **Hollyweird Hills**". *Pot Ho* and I ran straight across **Hollyweird** Boulevard and found **SCB's Dr. Mikey**, *Cums in a Tube* and *Free Samples* already **sucking** down **Negros Modelos**.

The **pack** rolled in a bit later and *Hogwash* won the first **Anal Piss on the Third Rail Dumbass award** for mistaking what he saw in the mirror as "a less crowded side of the **bar**," and then admitting to this **boner** out loud. We cheered the **Irish World Cup** goal, won over the local **barflies**, and left to high fives from management. Even the **leopard-skin-clad bar broad** who refused to serve **draft beer** "if there are going to be this many of you" seemed amused.

Trail to Bar 5 - I wasn't there, but I heard the **raves** for **Steve Boardner's bar maid**. And she wasn't even the one with the really BIIIIIG (we're talkin' **massive** here) **tits**!

Trail to Bar 6 - Everything still seemed right with the **pack**, and the only anecdote anyone remembers about the very fine **dive** called the **Power House** is spying *Lil' Dipper* sneak off into a car driven by the neighboring *Slippery Mons*, who wasn't even on the **hash**!!

Red Line Ride 3 - here's where the scene apparently turned **ugly**, or at least interesting, for one of the two train cars transporting **hashers**. Seems that

More Sex and *Sniff* engaged in some sort of **Sapphic Ritual**, in and out of the **ladies room**, the **disgusting songs** broke out in earnest, and there were **private parts** exposed during the **Strip Club wannabee routines**. But the best **outcome** was that some locals got **booted** off for not having a valid ticket, while **the law-abiding hashers** were merely asked to "PLEASE quiet down a little!".

Trail to Bar 7 - safely above ground again, the **pack** wound its way a couple of hundred yards up Wilshire, through a **mini-circle-jerk** that no one was **drunk** enough to admit falling for, and **stuffed themselves** into **The Bounty**. The **staff**, who I had warned would soon be visited by "three dozen friendly folks taking a little tour of the area, who will drop by for exactly one **drink**," was pretty tolerant given that the **Early Bird crowd** was already **stuffing** down dinner. But most everyone moved on rather quickly, right across the street and by the late/great AmbASSador HOtel, to...

Trail to Bar 8 - ... **The Brass Monkey**, where, once *Dr. Mikey* scared off a particularly **drunken and belligerent Irishman**, the pack was unable to unwind among the luxurious plaid carpet and iron chain/ **80's décor**. Fortunately, karaoke night (and the **fuckin' \$10 minimum**) was hours away, and *Bent Penis* was forced to leave without **spewing** forth another set of **Neil Diamond** groaners.

Trail to Bar 9 - Bar locations necessitated a rather long (well, a half mile seemed long at this point) trek to the second **divviest dive** on the list, **Frank and Hank's** on Western. En route, *Fish Lips* managed to get **suckered** into entering a **junk-strewn abandoned lot** by the **chalked** notation, "**On in** for 2003?", thereby greatly **offending** the gentleman taking up semi-permanent residence there.

By the time I got to **F&H's**, **SCB Juggles** was already **chatting up the locals**, including an old **barfly** named "Frank" who *Juggles* was already referring to as "Dad". This place had it all - friendly (i.e., **totally trashed**) **middle aged women** shooting darts with *Fish Lips*, a **nude** painting on velvet, Christmas decorations still up in June, **puke green** paint, 40's-era box fans, and a **sallow bar broad** who at least didn't card us all this time. *Almost Perfect Asshole* got all misty-eyed (or was that **pop-eyed**?) remembering how sweet life was before the Big One - WWII.

Back to the On In - Nothing happened on this **trail**, or at least no one **threw up**, got hurt or **arrested**, as far as we can tell several days later.

Down downs - *Retracted* and I were a little nervous about the **down down** spot, but there was enough traffic **screaming** by that no one seemed to pay the least attention to 60 of us **drinking and**

carousing right on the sidewalk next to an elementary school!

Besides the **hares**, out of county **visitors**, and a **new boot** named Frank who joined us on mid-**trail**, well deserved **down downs** went to:

- *Hogwash* (see Bar 4 above);
- \$ everyone who **drank** (or claimed to) in all nine **bars**;
- \$ since the **hash** was modeled after those in London, and it was the Queen's Jubilee Weekend, all of her **subjects** from the UK, Australia, etc., plus, of course, *Porno Queen*;
- \$ everyone who was honest enough to admit reading the stars' names **laid** out on H-wood Blvd, out loud, as they walked by them, just like the **rube tourists from Nebraska**;

and **on and on**.

The high/low point, however, was the appropriately named *Squish* giving the equally appropriately named *Bum Licker* a **Butt Chug**, thereby winning much admiration for the second time in five days. With plenty of **undrunk Sam Adams** still on tap, most of the **pack** roared off to...

The On On On - held at **Tom Bergin's**, where it was late enough that the **pack** actually got seated as a rather large group and was not **summarily booted** as deserved. *Pregnant Pause* claimed to have a shamrock on the ceiling, but since no one really knows her **nerd name**, she could have claimed any **female name** up there, and probably did.

In conclusion, special thanks to *Screw Cap* and *Sin-D-Bear*, both of whom prepaid and neither of whom showed up. We've got your refund alright, right here. Kind of made up for *Flipper*, who showed up with the old "forgot my wallet" routine, and a couple of other unnamed (not that me and *Retracted and PQ* are discreet or forgiving, we just can't remember!) **lowlifes** who took advantage of the general **disorganization** to **skip out on paying hash cash!**

What next? Well, the story is that the new Metro **Gold** Line, leaving from Union Station bound for Sierra Madre, and rolling right through **Pasadena Old Town**, will be done by next July, and so....

On-on, *Damian the AntiChrist*

The Job Interview

Run 1120 - Pillsbury Blow Boy

I'd been out of work for a year and there were really no prospects. With money running out, I feared that I'd have to turn to prostitution. Then I'd really be up shit's creek without a paddle, because as a virgin, I would probably be a bad lay.

Several months passed and I was down to my last dollar. So I answered an ad in the back of the LA Weekly: "WANTED: Tall gigolo willing to get fucked any way possible. No experience necessary. Call (310) 555-PLAID and ask for Psychobitch, Carson and Shit."

Of course, I called - I had nothing to lose... except my virginity, my pride and self-respect (as a hasher, two outta three ain't bad!). Unfortunately, when I called, no one was home. The message on the answering machine was a series of barking and panting. I left a message, "This is ... uh... Pillsbury - I'm answering the ad for uh... Carson. I have no experience but I want to get fucked. My phone number is 562-HEE-HEHE." (Yes, my phone number is the little dough boy laugh.)

A few days later, I received a call back from a jovial, yet effete man who called himself, "Shit." (It's thhort for thtupid pieth of thit," he told me, "that's all you need to know, thweety.") He said that they had lots of calls from people who wanted to get fucked, who had scads more experience than I did, but because of my mastery of voice mail (and hence, computers and typewriters), they wanted me to come and record the spectacle as their scribe.

I ventured down into the world of porn that is Redondo Beach and met them in a parking lot near an elementary school. As the time approached, I recognized many of LA County's more notorious pedophiles gathering - Into Men's Ass, Double Entry, No Nuts, Dr. Groper, Trusticles, Pulls His Own, Finger in the Dyke, Dumballs, Slow Entry, Cockrider - a veritable who's who of registered sex offenders. I suddenly realized I was really out of place, out of my league and out of my depth, but if anyone could teach me about different pleasuring techniques, it would be this motley crew!

Finally, "Shit" arrived, with Carson in tow (ohmigod, a dog - this is sick!), wearing a red workout outfit that was strangely, though understandably, reminiscent of Richard Simmons, with an unnatural tan and gross-looking chest hair. Next to him, carrying what appeared to be a heavy tote bag, was an elderly gentleman with short white hair, who resembled Rip Taylor. The child molester crowd looked a little

dismayed, because I knew from police reports that most of them were straight, while this looked more like a gay bacchanalia.

"Thith ith Plaid Cow Ditheathe. He'th my partner and will exthplain everything becauthe he doethent talk with a lithp!" The small wizened man began to speak, and I almost expected something like "The Great and Powerful Oz has spoken!" but instead, in a very un-Rip Taylor-like voice, he said, "Look 'ere, you do wot we tell you! Follow the fuckin' flaua and you'll git fooked." (Clearly, a 'fooking' foreigner.) Then, a goofy Scot named Bent Penis said that they were to have a 15-minute HEAD start. (*Head? Who said head?...*)

I started talking to some of the group in order to get a good idea about why they had shown up. The first person I spoke to was a dirty old man who identified himself as My Left Foot. He said that he always got fucked by Shit but that he'd been around so long that his primary job was to get everyone fucked up with alcohol before they got fucked, so that everything would just be fucking crazy! "Here. Have a beer," he said.

The next person I met was another dirty old man named Little Dutch Boy. "I come to come," he said, and pulled me closer to reveal a Crying Game combination of bouncy tits and a hairy dick. "I'm a hermaphrodite. These kinds of events give me a chance to go both ways!"

Next was a little old man, with a large black dog on a leash who called himself Joe Isuzu. I asked about the dog and he said, "The bitch likes to mount Carson, and I bring the dog along to watch!" In the bushes, I spotted the "bitch," one Teenage Enema Nurse, trying to mount Carson, somehow not realizing that it doesn't really work when a female mounts a male!

The last person I approached was a greasy young boy named Couldn't Get Laid in a Whorehouse in Korea with a Fistful of Fifties. He was blowing smoke rings around his own cock, so I backed away - thinking he wouldn't be accepted in this I don't even think that he's going to be part of this smorgasbord.

Finally, the group set off, following a series of flour marks, in an effort to catch the dearly departed Shit and Plaid Cow Disease. After about 5 minutes they disappeared completely, and we were left guessing. A goofy British wanker named Bumlicker (don't ask) guessed that they'd head (*who said head...*) for the coast. "That would be the easiest way," he said, "or is it, that I always go for the easiest way?"

We made our way down to the beach, accompanied by the a Santa Claus-look-alike pedophile aka Detachable Penis. Momentarily distracted by a set of 14 year-old triplets frolicking on the beach, Cockrider grabbed him and said, "They'll be plenty of sex later. Don't break your parole, dude!"

On the beach, after the distraction, we found the trail again, as well as most of the sexual predators. We wound around until it seemed that we were going to end up pretty much where we started. I asked Pulls His Own about that, and he said that the reason why "Shit" is "Stupid Piece of Shit," is that he never has a clue, that I'm lucky to be the scribe, because most often these 'fuckings' end up in arrests. Oh, great.

Finally, we made our way in to the end, or the "On-In," as "Shit" calls it. There were a number of pickups, one with food in it. "If that was Will Work for Food, there wouldn't be any left," said Gives Good Head and Shoulders.

"Do you want to fuck or eat?" rasped RTD, "let's get to it, so I can go home and play with Stickbyte's lizard!"

After a few minutes of eating and waiting for the rest of the sick mutherfuckers to come, Shit and Plaid Cow Disease gathered everyone together in a circle and asked them what they thought of the trail. "You fucked

us, good," said Retracted and Spankey Yankey (I wonder if she's lost her "Cherry..."), "you fucked us in the ass, and you know I don't like to be fucked in the ass, you Stupid Piece of Shit!"

Soon it became apparent that the food was our payment, and that no one was going to get any sex. "Tee hee hee," howled 'Shit,' "you've all been thoroughly fucked. You can't get fucked no more!" And with that, he tried to skip away from the fucked up group.

But the pack of degenerates descended on him, fucked him 'til he bled and then poured beer on his wounds. Then, those who poured beer on his wounds were kicked within an inch of their lives by others who shouted "Alcohol Abuse!" The rest of us stumbled back to our cars, grateful that we'd escaped without bodily injury.

I was worried about getting paid for my report, but Shit's live-in lover, Psychobitch, who'd missed the entire debacle, came up with some dough. Once my report was read, I actually began a new career in screenwriting for snuff films.

I keep asking myself, "Would I want to get fucked again by this weird group?" And the answer I keep answering, "Fuck, yeah!"

The Eagle has Rocks

Run #1121 June 10th

Ah, at last an LA H3 on the East side - not much traffic to fight. Turned right off the freeway to a dead end street filled with hash cars turning around - OK, so the directions were confusing...what else is new.

Now any hasher who has been around a while knows to stay clear of the hares at the start cuz getting a scribe is the last thing in their minds when setting a hash and in a last minute panic they have to stick someone with it. I figured this was really Bigatits trail and Little Dutch Boy was just the flour mule because I knew Dutch lives within the Long Beach H3 box somewhere, though I couldn't put my Finger on exactly where, so I felt safe in going up to ask her how cum she was a hare in BF Eagle Rock? She replied in one breath that she lived in Eagle Rock for 15 years and would I be the scribe. Dumb, dumb, dumb! OK, I sez, but being the olde fart that I am, I'm not going to remember anything and I'll just make up a lot of BS. Hares, you got to get a hasher to scribe who does not have an AARP card; or at least get one ahead of time who can bring a tape recorder.

As I was filling my vessel in My Left Foot's van, Dr. Mikey runs up yelling that "the sky is falling, the sky is falling" and pointing up at the sun. The saner among us and non rocket scientists were busy punching holes in the bottom of cups and looking at the solar eclipse image against the van. One hasher, maybe it was Hard in the Saddle, even brought welders goggles, which worked even better. Dr. Mikey was amazed at that and I hear he ordered a pair to use at JPL through government purchasing that cost \$50,000. Legend has it that if not enough people toast the moon during an eclipse, the earth will remain dark forever - good thing there are hashers or the earth would be in deep dark doo doo. Pot Ho had a picture of a pot and the word pot just above it on her shirt, so I quickly checked out her back side but there was no picture of a Ho back there - half a mind hasher!

Right on the heels of the hares the walkers were off. Finger in the Dyke, recovering from knee surgery, pushed Kenny G's and Bigatits baby in a carriage. This FRB went nuts having to walk along and listen to all the

walker talkie comments from Hozer, Accidental Tourist, Darth Vader, V8, One Nut and myself. If it were not for the baby carriage I think she would have ran from us screaming and busted her stitches.

After a number of jug handles and a short eagle turkey split that allowed the pack to catch up, we all arrived at Topper's bar for the beer check about the same time where Bigatits passed out pints of the golden elixir to the amazement of the locals.

From the beer check it started to get more interesting as we approached the hills around Occidental College. The eagles went up a dirt trail on the ridge line and the turkeys went around through the college and all met on the other side. Following the hills, if we were not going up a steep street we were going down. Another turkey eagle split in a saddle sent the eagles up the next hill for some steps and the turkeys down a steep street where many missed a right turn thereby getting lost - (right Saralegal?). It was getting dark by the time we finally crossed back over the 134 freeway to find the on in just below the actual Eagle Rock.

Down downs are a blur, especially after Juggles His Balls gave V8 and myself a down down for canceling the Purple Armadillo hash after which Hozer gave us another as he reinstated the run - Slippery Mons and Stalker Gump are scouting trail for the Purple

Armadillo. Debbie Does Dingos got a new job as CEO of a credit union and we wanted to be able to say that we had been flashed by a CEO...so we were treated to her bodacious tatas once again.. In a theatrical spectacular worthy of the ancient Greeks, Squish and Bumlicker reenacted the moon passing in front of the sun - no dirty cracks except for Hozer making an appearance as Uranus. West Hollywood cleaned himself up and brought his bride to the hash to drink for doing the M thing. Then he, Pollywood and anyone else with a Woodie got a family down down. Porno Queen was renominated for Hash Shit because he thought someone from the hash had stolen his GPS and then he found it in his coat pocket.

After walking about 3 blocks back to the start to get our cars we were surprised the locals had not stolen them or had them towed away. Then off to the Classic Thai restaurant for a late On On On on a small outdoor patio. I think the cook was about ready to go home when hashers started filtering in, so there might have been some secret sauce in the Pad Thai Noodles 'cause they were really good.

All in all a truly shitty hash, yatta, yatta, yatta.

- See More Buns

The Story of Ohhh!

(Run 1122 - June 17, 2002)

Eons ago, back before the time of Hard in the Saddle, before Black 'n' Blood, before even Hozer, lived a tribe of predatory natives in the Santa Monica mountains. In fact, this was the tribe for which the mountains were named - the Mon'ixa'cacha (*pronounced "moan-ih-ha-cock-a"*). The Mon'ixa'cacha were much like the Incans in that they engaged in sardonic rituals. It was with no surprise then, that one of our resident masochistic hashers, the Marquis de Sade, would lead us on a trail through the ancient burial grounds of his evil ancestors, on a path known as the Cachan Trail.

According to history books, ancient burial scrolls and comic books, a Cachan ritual needed 3 qualifications before it was could be recorded in the Anals Ex'zechs (the book of Cachan history):

1. An important landmark event, such as the onset of birth, puberty, or death.
2. The return of a tribal member from a long journey.

3. An important celestial event.

Tonight's event was then an auspicious one because many of these qualifications would be occurring simultaneously:

1. Marquis de Sade was celebrating the 65th anniversary of his first view of the full moon and fertile crescent.
2. Prince de Sade (*pronounced "sha-day"*) had recently discovered his first pubic hair, was currently engaged in the second ritual step of attaining tribal manhood (the tradition of changing the scalp hair to an unnatural color) and was approaching the third (consuming the special tribal mind-altering elixir).
3. Bun Huggers was in the final stages of the birthing process (putting herself through the 'facing the wilderness' challenge).
4. Stiff Joint, Tunnelingus, and Dick on a Stick were returning from long journeys.

5. Geronimuff, the last remaining member of her former tribe, had foregone death to join our tribe.
6. A partial lunar eclipse and the longest day had occurred within a week of each other.

The important part was that our modern-day descendants of the Cachans would celebrate this auspicious day with a special journey along the Cachan Trail.

But more importantly for me, was the chance to learn as much as I could about the Cachan culture firsthand, because I had heard that without strict adherence to Cachan code, I would be subject to public humiliation, castration or even death! Although I'm used to humiliation, I really don't want to be castrated before I die.

On the ride up from Long Beach, I reviewed some of the most important aspects of this ritual, while Finger in the Dyke slept and Little Dutch Boy braved the 405 logjam. In fact, I felt it wise for me not to reveal any of the Cachan secrets to Dutch or Finger because I knew that they had never really subscribed to the ways of the Cacha people, as they adhered instead to the all-female tribes in Central California, near Yosemite (named for the Xose'eet'mee (*pronounced "ho-say-eet-mee"*) tribe. Besides, the less everyone else knew, the better for me, or so I think.

The first step in the ritual is the cleansing. Unlike most civilizations, the Cachans believed that one would not be cleansed by washing with water, but by engulfing the mind, body and soul with the earth. Another important aspect of the cleansing was to ascend to as close as one could, without actually touching, heaven itself. Thus, the tribe, or x'ashers (*pronounced "hashers"*) assembled at the end of a long, steep hill, in their grungiest shoes. Marquis was nowhere to be seen, apparently prepping the hillside for our ceremony.

The second step is the imbibing of the mind-altering elixir. Only a few hashers did not partake in this pre-ceremonial ritual. Finger, for instance, said that a day of fucking with her patients was mind-altering enough.

As the elixir began to take effect, Marquis appeared, fully cleansed (shoes *COATED* in dirt) and made a few announcements in order for our ritualistic journey to be most enlightening. Without reminding the pack that prevarication was the third step of the ritual, he mentioned that the way was easy, flat and that all the crossroads would lead uphill, as usual.

The pack continued imbibing elixir as more of our clan ascended the Great Hill to partake in the Great Ritual. As Mr. Bean anally organized his implements of bondage and sado-masochism, Dr. Mikey shouted,

"5...4...3...2...1! Pack off!"

Immediately, we began ascending toward the edge of heaven. Spiraling upwards, stars surrounded our heads as we gave into the power of the elixir, white powder and dirt on trail. At the first check, Mikey muttering something about prevarication his ass, Penguin and Bent Penis began preforination. This would indeed be enlightening!

As we climbed higher, both altitudinally and attitudinally (the elixir was having its maximum effect) we could see the entire city below. I began hallucinating that the Library Tower downtown was a giant phallus and that the freeway intersections were giant ladies' legs splayed wide open, their creamy white flesh hungering for 'knowledge'!

Up and down, down and up, in and out, and out and in, sideways, backwards, forwards, inside out and upside down we continued, harder, faster, and ever more intense, each step accompanied by heavy breathing. I was in step with the rhythmic pounding of the ancients as Heave Ho encouraged me to push it, momentarily breaking me from my reverie long enough to reply, "I'm coming!!" Rounding a bend we suddenly found ourselves back at the start.

Our journey at its end, the fourth and penultimate step of the ritual began: the great feast. And it was deeply auspicious, for both Hash Harlot and Dr. Mikey were in attendance! We noshed on Mexican fare as well as Heave Ho's victuals.

Finally, the crowning step of the ritual began, with everyone coming to a fevered pitch as different people cried out in turn about their experience, imbibing unsafe quantities of the elixir. Penguin was so overwhelmed that she was struck dumb and could not perform her duty. Squish, elected queen of the ceremony, was too shy, or perhaps too proud, to allow all the male members to congratulate her by viewing and touching her ample breasts. Slow Entry attempted to console us with a teasing view of hers, until we realized the "showing" was an iridescent brassiere!

The Cachan tradition held that the queen of the ceremony would perform her specialty on a virgin Cach' (me!). Unfortunately, Juggles His Balls announced that one member had not been cleansed for several weeks. The culprit? Little Dipper, who had actually worn new, clean shoes to a prior ritual, had not performed the Ymacach' purification rite. Unless he performed the sacred rite, the virgin Cach' would have to wait until another auspicious day, 7-10 years hence!

Never Comes tried to ensure that Little Dipper would perform the rite, but he refused, and would have been evicted from the tribe had he not just passed from

MISMANAGEMENT

Glandmistress	Juggles His Balls-Greg Eyink-gmich@earthlink.net	(310) 264-9834
Grandmattress	Bent Penis - Ian Glen - aliglen@prodigy.net	(310) 392-8032
Religious Advisor	Dr. Mikey	Mike Kobrick (626) 398-8733
Hare Raiser	Hash Harlot	Carol Noonan (626) 398-8733
Brewmeister	My Left Foot	Alan Templin (310) 318-0876
Munchmeister	Tweedle Me	Bonnie Gleeson (310) 313-1050
Hasherdabbery	Pot Ho	Beverly Crist (323) 857-1865
Hash Cash	Cock O'Dial Done Me	Sandy Binder (310) 450-4320
Webmaster	Dinged Up Dick - Mike Holt - dingedup@hash.org	(310) 581-1105
On Disk	Porno Queen	Rodney Montague (323) 769-3780
On Sex	Cyrilegul - anjrucohen@hotmail.com	(310) 478-7633
Chalk Hawk	One Nut	Bob Heil (310) 318-1796
Trailmaster	Damien	Andrew Crist (323) 857-1865
Trail Flash	O'Feelya	Jill Holt-Cordova (310) 581-1105
Hash Dip	Penguin	Alison Glen (310) 392-8032
Circle Jerk	Oedipussy	Dave Binder (310) 450-4320

Remember!

You can *Save your sorry ass a Bunch of Money* by paying for runs on a quarterly (\$20) or yearly (\$60) basis.

So...

Give or send your money to Cock O' Dial, 1744 10th St. #1, Santa Monica CA 90404

69 to 70, which in itself is a tragic event, for '69' is the most important number for the Cachans; and once you pass (on) 69, you will never again be truly pure.

And so ends the tale of our adventure in reliving our

ancestry through Cachan ritual. A trail tale without tail, so to speak. I suppose I will have to wait for another auspicious day to ride the Ceremonial Queen on the trails off Sunset.

The Washington Post asked readers to take any word from the dictionary...alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter... and supply a new definition!

Here are some of the results.

Intaxication: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

Reintarnation: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

Foreplay: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.

Giraffiti: Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.

Sarchasm: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

Inoculate: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

Hipatitis: Terminal coolness. Osteopornosis: A degenerate disease. (this one got extra credit)

Karmageddon: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.

Glibido: All talk and no action.

Dopeler Effect: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.

Ignoranus: A person who's both stupid and an asshole.

Southern California Hash Contacts

Los Angeles	Winters: Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers: Monday @ 6:30 p.m.	(562) HaShitt Change in summer ~ 2 nd Monday in April
Get A Life	Winters: Monday @ 7 p.m.	Dwight <i>Stickbyte</i> Deslauriers (323) 851-6527
Full Moon	Monthly, near the full moon, @ 7 p.m.	Don <i>Fungus Amungus</i> Markowitz (310) 594-5292
PMS	Monthly, near the 28 th @ 7 p.m.	Debbie <i>Corn Hole</i> Hussey Cantril (562) 427-1513
Chapter 13	Monthly, near the 13 th @ 7 p.m.	Scott <i>Rodney Queen</i> Young (310) 399-2508
Valhash	Like, whenever (monthly)	<i>X-Lax</i> (818) 761-1853
Foothill	Monthly, Sunday @ 3 p.m.	Terry <i>Magic User</i> Phelps (949) 583-0341
Long Beach	Winters: Sunday @ 10 a.m. Summers Thursday @ 6:30 p.m.	(562) HaShitt
Orange County	Every other Saturday @ 10 a.m.	Jeff <i>Walking Small</i> Miner (714) 361-1536
Ventura	Every other Sunday @ 2 p.m.	(805) 643-4136
Santa Barbara	Winters, every 2 nd Saturday @ 3 p.m. Summers, every 2 nd Thursday @ 6:15 p.m.	(805) 730-TOES

Saralegal

11120 Queensland St. #H57

Los Angeles, CA 90034