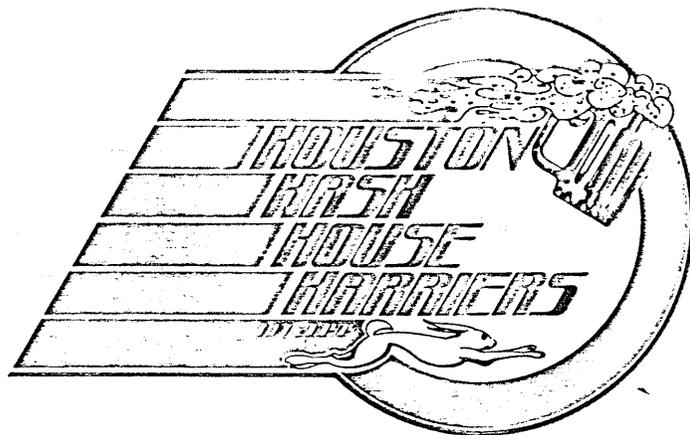


Grand Masters: Geek, Great Kahuna
 Joint Masters: Licks His Own
 Blue Balls
 Hash Cash: Pure Sex
 Double Team
 On-Set: Generic Butt Wipe
 Religious Advisor: Generic Rock Star
 Hashline: 957-HASH

P.O. Box 601351

Houston, Texas 77260-1351



THE CASABLANCA RUN

RUN:563 (5/29/90) HARES: Mismanagement

It happens so very rarely--you know, with a frequency of somewhere between a blue moon and,oh; say, a democratic presidential term-- a run where not only do the big things go right, that is, the pack stays together, its virgin territory and it doesn't rain, but also the uncontrollable elements are in harmony, No, belay that, not just in harmony, but in a, heavenly conspiracy. If you will imagine in your mind's eye a run where we gather, not according to a clock, but paying attention only to the height of the sun: assembling a few minutes before dusk, under an orange sun, magnified by the dusk particles to three times its normal size, and playing choreographer/composer/conductor to a veritable singing, gyrating palette of hues of azures and ambers. While the run plays out, the violent orb- stays its decent, but hastens its journey, to slumber in anticipation of the hoseannas shortly to come. The crickets, having merrily urged us on, hush' their chatter in reverence to the down-downs. Humidity and temperature, set aside for one night, their millenia long oneupmanship duel to dry and cool the torsos of the runners. The waters of-the pond still to frame the gleeful faces of the new boots against a proud moon. And the river waters fathering the ale, not to be outdone by the pond waters, poured, not once, not twice, but three times through the filtering rocks, before handing themselves over to the expert brewmeisters. The pond waters, seeking a last coup, sing a siren song, to beckon the runners to envelope their bodies, in its embrace. And the runners, without dissent, accept the invitation-to bathe, not daring to insult the pond by injecting textiles into its milieu. Although Sol is now dreaming, he had warned the ants and gnats and mosquitoes not to play their games with the runners on this one night. So as the wetted bodies emerge one by one from the pool, they rush, not headlong into towels and shoes and clothes, but into each others arms, hugging and kissing and carressing, letting time and a gentle breeze dry them. Within the last hour or so, thirty to forty bushes grow from nothing to afford privacy for all the couples whose eyes are now locked in loving, steaming, erotic trances. The grasses

provide a downy mattress for the lovers and the lovers provide for each other. And in the morning each couple awakes in their own bed having received transportation during their sleep to their homes courtesy of the spirit of A. Gispert.

Oh, by the way, Run 563 bore no resemblance to the Casablanca Run at all.

Your aspiring, inspiring, and perspiring On-See,

Generic Butt Wipe

NEW BOOTS:Jennifer Woodford;Sonya Folstead;Bob Nimon

NEXT WEEK: RUN TRACKING CHART

APROPOS DEP'T: Receding Hare Line: We need em, you got em. See Geek to sign up.

MISQUOTABLES: Hash heartbreaker, Gnarly Wench to hash letch, Letch: "Is that a watergun in your pocket, or were you glad to see me?"

Muscle Phaart to Jesus upon the latter's entry into Jerusalem:" Jesus Christ, what an ugly ass you-ve got!"

On Sec's Note: If some of you are wondering why I wrote this trash the way I did, ignoring the real run, it is because it seems there was no single real run. Out of the seventy odd hashers doing the run, probably fifteen different routes were followed and nobody did the trail as it was laid. So for those of you that must be told what happened last week, here it is: We started at Northwest Mall and ran to Jayce park. I think that-s all any of you can agree on.