

scenes from betty ford ix

THE RETURN OF THE BODYSNATCHERS Thriller in Oxnard

By Shortstrokes

Driving up 101 toward Oxnard, watching slatboard farm trucks pass, I was thinking to myself that we were in and around *Body Snatcher* country, when, to our left, **Sliverdick** and **Slocooker** went whizzing by the **Slop Hog** in their Fashion Mall Cruiser, smiling and gaily flipping us off by way of greeting on the way to Betty Ford IX, the Michael Jackson Benefit weekend.

Fifteen minutes later, when we pulled in to the Casa Sirena to find **Small**, **Sandpiper**, **Hermoanica**, **Tulips**, **Async**, **SOG**, and brew crew waiting for us to get there with the Hog, **Sliverdick** and **Slocooker** were nowhere around. The people who showed up later in their place weren't the same smiling people we'd seen pass us and we spent the weekend with their evil twins. Indeed it is *Body Snatcher* country....This may be the second documented incidence of such, the first having been noted by **Contra Dick** and **This End Up** (two people who are always human, no matter what happens) in their San Diego H3 trans-plantation commentary.

Async was suitably attired for the weekend in one Rolling Swill glove, brought from East, along with some stories to swap with **SOG** about Hash Buddies. The high point of the weekend for **Darktanyon** was breaking last years record of 16 kegs in the Slop Hog and getting 17 in, with a nudge from **Hermoanica**: Rolling Swill, Miller Dark, and Bud.

Friday night's run left the hotel lot and went through the Marina restaurants, providing cheap entertainment for a lot of surprised diners, dressed as we were for the traditional Friday night crossdressing run, nightclothes this year. Shoppers were told it was a transvestite run and they accepted it: "Oh, I was wondering why people were dressed like that." A lot of broad shoulders were straining at thin satin straps. The really strange part was what the women were wearing. I think that only **Luftswine**, **HuggeBebe**, and I know normal men. The rest of the women seem to have experienced men who wear negligees and lingerie to sleep in. I know my former brother-in-law did, but I had no idea it as so common. **Sugertits** tried a kamikaze Marine Charge through a plate glass wind-break at the Marina, but was foiled by its being plexiglass which bent and shot him onto back with equal

force to that which he'd applied to it. After a shooter stop, the trail wound around some townhouses, where **Luftswine** and I got lost, and through a field and over a bridge and out to the beach, where **Hoser** was seen chasing a neighborhood child and threatening, "If you; don't run faster, I'm going to catch you and give you to Michael Jackson for a toy."

Down Downs were seen by a small intimate circle - tall guys with more legs than brains. Somewhere in there was a great baptism of Joey Buttafucio as John the Baptist and then we went back to the hotel for Pizza and dancing. It was scary: **Euthanasia** looked like 85% of the female population of **Okinawa** and was loving it. **Sheep Thrills** was thoroughly entertaining in his sequined bikini and cape, accessorized with a pair of boots that looked to have come from Marla Maples' closet. **Little Prick** was alternately brushing back his hair with a toss of the head and rubbing up against anything warm.

Sheep Thrills apparently took a long detour through downtown Oxnard, touring the malls; by Sunday morning, these were being handed out in the shopping center where we started

out why they couldn't party at the party. One woman was on the phone all weekend, doing a fair Nancy Kerrigan imitation ("Why me? Why me?"). We never did figure out who these people were, where they came from, or why they came, since they seemed to be in the room the whole weekend -like the room was possessed.

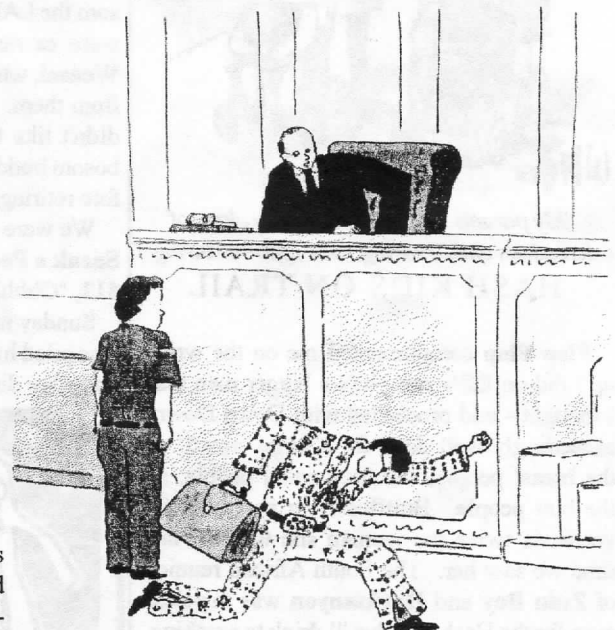
So those assholes kept us awake all night the night before an early run, unless you were one of the lucky ones who drank until unconsciousness and only had to deal with a hang-over in the morning. Come to think of it, staying awake was the best defense against the pods.

Aquiver with anticipation, most of us were up early to see Michael put in an appearance. Well, he was about as listless as he was at his last public appearance, in Las Vegas; he just doesn't seem to be himself lately. Maybe the body snatchers got him too. Sonny and Cher were rather subdued as well. Frank was there, sitting down and mumbling incoherently about screwdrivers. Betty and Tammy were at each other's throats, well Tammy was at Betty's throat; Betty was spouting off, generally oblivious to all. Gene, the old showman, was all duded up and sang a bit. Elvis looked like Elvis, and Liberace showed up in the bicycle shorts he traded his rhinestone hot pants



and finished Sunday's run.

All weekend room 513 was determined to show they could party louder and longer than anyone else. Nobody could figure



"A unique and stirring plea, counsellor."

for, and then I began to wonder about the body snatchers again. All appearances were brief, due to the early start of the run.

EZ cursed it. It was divine retribution. The 10 A.M. start was delayed to 12:30 - the bus company somehow thought that 10 AM meant, "just as long as you get there by 12:30." Well, after that SNAFU the runs went smoothly, three runs starting at different points around the On In and joining up for the last mile of the On In trail, a long, medium, and short run. **Elvis** and **Sugartits** took us on a medium run that went straight up the side of a rocky outcropping somewhere between being a hill and a mountain, down and around the backside, along a dirt road, and then everybody got lost, climbing up to trail through beavertail cactus. Everybody got lost because farther down the road was a check and above it could be seen the trail where all three trails joined, so people just followed other people like the bunch of aimless fuckwits we are. Once on that trail, it was all downhill along a narrow path On In, where **Platypussy** was showing the effects of mudwrestling on trail; after giving up the nanny business, she's moving on to the Tropicana.



"My parents are the same way, lots of ostentatious child-rearing, very little nurturing."

HASH KIDS ON TRAIL

Flop Flop complimented me on the write-up I did on **EZ's** run - he's a bigger man than I thought - and proceeded with Down Downs exceedingly well done for a large crowd: all the breast people; all the genital people; all the butt people. Buttfloss, our perennial favorite, is twice the woman she was the last time we saw her. The South African reunion of **Zulu Boy** and **Darktanyon** was tasteless even for the Hash, but they'll drink to anything.

Bus ride back was good fun with "The Old

Department Store," and then we were all starving, what with the late start, no lunch, no snacks, and dinner coming in two hours. After getting dressed up for a festive occasion (**Darktanyon** put his teeth in) **DT** took me to the bar for a pre-dinner drink, where I shamelessly went to pieces and threatened the waitress when she didn't offer us as much as a cocktail olive to eat, before I was hustled off to strategically position ourselves next to the buffet table. Dinner was good - roast beef, chicken, chili, macaroni, salad, chocolate cake, coffee - and dinner companions congenial, even if two of them were lawyers.

We soon were wrested away from the table - **Flop Flop** needed our tablecloths for costumes - for the Acts all simple and well done. **SOG** died and went to heaven and had his toes licked by **SAG** and friend, while **Yeast Infection** played God and **Flop Flop** talked about it. Bakersfield sent Hans and Franz, two wild and crazy guys, to tell us about bodybuilding. **James Bondage** got his Wednesdays and Saturdays mixed up, and abused his stooge **Sandpiper** with the S&M man, before asking for a blowjob and leaving the stage. **Weasel** brought out Roseanne Rosanadana and Janet Jackson - or was it La Toya - who tried to explain why her brother had been so listless earlier in the day. **White Shoes** presented an impressive rendition of *Here's to the Lassie* that reminded everyone just how drunk and tired they were. **Larrikin Hash** demonstrated that they are the original People Unclear On the Concept: they were singing "Orange County Girls have no tits," were pelted by trash to jeers of, "No wonder no women will run with you." "Orange County doesn't have girls any more than LAH3 has virgins," (they'd tried to ransom the LAH3 Hashit for a LAH3 virgin) and were carried paddywhacking off stage by **Weasel**, while **Myte Byte** wrested the Hashit from them. They really didn't know why we didn't like the song. I rounded up my two bosom buddies and went off to the jacuzzi before retiring.

We were all wakened in the early hours by **Sneak a Peek** shrieking from the hall outside 513, "Ohhh, did we disturb you?"

Sunday morning the corner of one elevator was piled high with the remains of someone's Saturday dinner. I understand the carpet on

the third floor was similarly festooned, leading a trail to **Hoser's** door. Hashers were riding up the other elevator with their plates piled high with muffins.

In the commons room, **Newmoonia** and I sat down to a plate of butter. Sickened by the sight, **Dr. Detroit** went out and brought back some saltines. Eventually muffins and Danish were brought out and we returned to our senses. Sunday's run consisted of Hashers wandering aimlessly around all over streets on an A to A run. Good Down Downs again. The only ones I remember are two much deserved ones: **Hoser's**, and **Flop Flop** and **Burgerman's** for neglecting to provide strippers. Come to think of it I don't remember seeing the OCH3 flag all weekend either. On On was arranged in advance and everyone cooperated by placing orders by 10:30. After stretching Down Downs out an extra 20 minutes because the restaurant wasn't quite ready, and waiting inside for 45 minutes, we still hadn't been served food we'd ordered two hours before. Complaints were received with whining excuses by the waitress and a sappy smirk by the manager, who went back in his office to return to a copy of *Restaurant Management by Computer*, and a number of us became drunk and obnoxious, in the face of having ordered substandard food ash Special") in advance and being disappointed when it didn't arrive and when it did, while watching people come in, order, be served, eat, and leave while we ordered (good) beer after beer. So much for McGinty's. While waiting for food that never came, we had an informal naming committee meeting and christened Blessie **Pussy Galore**. I passed out in the car and didn't wake up until Monday morning. All I remember is the shaking of the **Hog** accompanied by the sound of empty kegs being unloaded by better men than I am ... or were those pods rolling around in back ... I remember sleeping heavily and feeling rather uninspired Monday morning ... It's all coming back to me now, ten days later; maybe it's only temporary, or regional.

ON ON

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