

BROOKLYN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

"DOWN DOWNS TASTE BETTER IN BROOKLYN"

RUN 129 10/6/97 HARE: DAVE HARDY
START: 4TH AVE./59TH ST. ONIN: NAPPER TANDYS

SCRIBE: STEVEN BALINSKAS

The October 6th Brooklyn Hash Run out in the Sunset Park area was an olfactory feast, a veritable cornucopia of scents and smells, an odorific adventure. The Hash stunk. Luckily, however, the run, the turnout and the crowd were great.

The evening's exercise started out on an aromatic note in waiting for the N/R train. The smell of stale urine (as opposed to fresh urine) permeated the subway stop. On any other line you would remark this only in passing. However, as it was the N/R train, we were able to remark this for a solid 20-25 minutes. Luckily we were all headed for a Hash, mitigating the unpleasantness. We seemed to arrive just in time for departure. We got our bearings and headed off for parts unknown. Again, noses were assailed by scent, something thick, wanting to float skyward and find liberty, but held close, captive by the humid air of the Indian-summer evening.

First impression was one of disregard, that this was how air really did smell once you got away from stale urine. But no. Wafting through the neighborhood of South Brooklyn was definitely the by-product of a barbecue gone awry. Such enabled me to think of all the barbecues and beach days I wasn't able to enjoy this summer, passing up s'mores and grilled lobster tails for sweltering, urine stained subway platforms. OK I'll get off the urine thing for awhile. We descended Southward, we could tell, for the atmosphere again changed to one characterized by sea and salty air. At Shore Road Park, for some moments, our lungs found peace and our noses respite, from the smells we left and the onslaught that would come.

A stone's throw from the Verazzano Bridge, we again found the trail and soon found ourselves running North to Manhattan. As we left the park, the maritime air became nuanced. Though difficult to see in the evening light, waves of blue smoke rolled over from the freeway on our right and mixed with the sweet ocean breezes of the bay on our left. The distant lights of Manhattan warped and blurred in the curious mix of humidity and sulfuric fumes, as did my vision, hearing and judgment (which doesn't usually occur until the On In). Nonetheless, the seaside run was exhilarating.

And then, yet another peculiar aroma was to dance on my palate. Was it the air-borne carcinogens now coursing through my bloodstream or were we encountering an altogether new and distinct atmospheric phenomenon? Yes, it was the carcinogens

and yes, something else was stinking up Bay Ridge. I looked around and Dave Byron-Brown was nowhere in sight. Then, ahead in the haze, emerged the cause and culprit: the Lower Brooklyn Water Treatment and Pollution Control Plant. In my warped and distorted judgment, I found the smell invigorating and thought at this point that Hashing was cool and that I was actually having a good time.

My lucidity returned at the top of the hill in Owl's Head Park. The rise in altitude restored the oxygen levels in my blood stream and by then everybody was really thirsty, as well as experiencing a Pavlovian craving for Pizza. Luckily, trusty ...who the fuck was the hare?...didn't disappoint.

The On In was stimulating in a similarly olfactory fashion. Beer and Mozzarella were in the air, and our noses quickly adapted. For a while, we feared that the air-borne toxic mixture had overwhelmed John O'Connor for he didn't appear at the On In. Had he fallen into the sea or wandered onto the freeway? Luckily, after clearing his head and lungs, he found his way to the correct bar for the On In. Whew, we thought we had lost him. And so went a terrific On In. Our moods good and cheer high, we became absolutely ecstatic when the Yankees lost, though we found some grounded equilibrium in the Patriots' vain struggle.

Unfortunately, no sooner had my vision, hearing and judgment returned, they began to slip away, and I volunteered to do the Hash write up.