



Somethings Brewn'

Home-Brewed News and Views



#1 2008

On Writer's Block and Beer Consumption:

And here goes...Yes father it has been almost a year since my last beer article. As I clutch the mouse cord in my hand like a rosary I confess my inability to put words to paper. I hang my head in self pity, cough once then ever so hesitantly place my fingers to the keyboard. My mind clouds. Wisps of fog quickly weave through my memories as if guided by a basket maker on steroids. I catch glimpses on occasion, seemingly from the corner of my eye, of great beer adventures, style guidelines and judging sessions. These glimpses tease and build to an ever expanding maelstrom spinning furiously faster. Behind my eyes I can see the computer monitor twirling through the clouds like Dorothy's house, random letters and sentences racing across the screen but none forming a complete coherent sentence. A cacophony of sounds and images build into a skull splitter, Thor swinging his hammer and threatening to send one and all to Valhalla. The noise becomes deafening then suddenly, with a soft barely perceptible thud, nothing but silence. I catch my breath for a moment, hit enter, then open a window onto a Technicolor world. There before me, set dead in the middle of a yellow bricked path is my own home bar. The four tappers shine in the sun as if blinking at me. They welcome me home with four perfectly poured pints of beer. The glasses all sit on their own beer mat glistening with small beads of condensation. They beckon to me with overflowing head stands. A bright neon bar light flashes as I reach for the first beer. I experience a complete and unadulterated redemption. My long dry spell of words and beer has ended. I stand enlightened. My path on the road to great beer lies before me in magic yellow brick the color of a fine German Pilsner. The sun sparkles off distant import bottle green towers and brilliant crinkled foil neckbands. I hesitantly take my first step. My transgressions of beer and the written word cascade out of me bubbling through every pour releasing like the pull of a just cleaned tap handle. My penance is clear. Promises made cut decisively, yet gently, through the beer-induced haze of my soul. I vow to no longer lust after my fellow home brewer's finely crafted brew but to except what is offered with a newfound humbled chastity. Over-indulgence of alphabet and fermentables will, from now on be well met with a smooth filling shielded temperance. I will no longer greedily squirrel away my own brew and homebrewed thoughts. Attempted charity of spirit and home-brew quietly becomes another footfall on my path. Sloth-like inaction to put pen to paper or spoon to brew pot will be forever expunged and replace with determined diligence. Steady bright white patience, as a virtue, to brew the perfect recipe will, from this moment on, eclipse the wrath felt of failed brews past. I will choke back the envy I sometimes feel for more successful brews and extend much deserved kindness to those brews not quite hitting the mark. And, finally, I vow to beat back an overconfident pride in my beer alone and face, with humility, the fermented efforts of other brewers. Redemption achieved. My focus returns to the blinking cursor and the end of a word-filled page. I toss back with enthusiasm a hop pellet with a grain of salt. And, as maelstrom fades, I silently lift a homebrew in salute to my newly written page.

