

# Washoe Zephyr Zymurgists

The homebrew club for the Greater Reno, Washoe Valley, Truckee Meadows Region

A Monthly Newsletter

May 2005

May 14

Tom Baldwin will be organizing a pub crawl. Meet at Shenanigan's on Plumb at 10:00 AM.



June 4



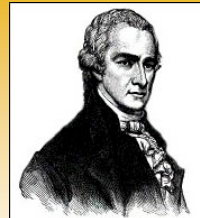
Baldwin "My Sausage is Bigger Than Your Sausage" Event

July 16

Morandi Mania



August 13



Rebori Tull  
Dead White Guy's

September

Washoe Pines Oktoberfest



Visit us online at <http://washoezz.net>

## Last Month

Firefest at Jeff & Karen's

The weather was typical Spring for this year: cold and wet. Nevertheless, we braved it in order to suck back some excellent beer and enjoy the tasty victuals from all.

Jeff was working the stove as hard as he was working his beer glass, and he produced some excellent Indian-inspired seafood dishes that were quite well-received.

It was decided that Joel's extract Brew would represent the club in the Club-only Competition. Alas, Joel never produced the bottles to send out (shame on you, Joel).

## This Month

WZZ Pub Crawl

Tom has volunteered to lead a pub crawl as no one came forward to host an event at their house this month. Everyone will be meeting at Shenanigan's on Plumb and Lakeside (by the Albertson's) at 10 AM. From there, the party will wind its way north towards downtown via Corrigan's, the Zephyr, Silver Peak, and (rumor has it) Brew Brother's. Then, those left standing, will begin heading East to finally end up at Great Basin Brewing Co. in Sparks.

If you want to meet them somewhere along the route, just look for the trail of vomit.

## News

AHA National Homebrew Competition Winners

Results are in from the AHA NHC round one. There were several wins from

WZZ Members: Steve Mountfordsd won first place in the Light Lagers category. Stan Bennett picked up a thrid in American Ale and a first in the Other Mead categories. Congratulations to the both of you!

## From Abroad

*Donn Westmoreland, a longtime WZZ friend from California, is spending some time in Kazakhstan (former republic of the Soviet Union) trying to help a small brewery resolve some production quality issues. He has been keeping tabs with folks on his progress. This month, I am cinkluding one of his progress reports.*

Folks,

How's life in the real world? I miss home a little more every day. Part of that



of course is the language barrier. It gets mighty lonesome for a guy who loves to talk when you take talking out of the picture. The rest of it is cultural.

When I first got here I was amazed at how these people have taken to freedom. I was at that time convinced that in ten years they would be on top of the world. I've revised that now to agree with Jonathan from the office, 20 years IF everything goes well. Business people here don't DO business, they PLAY business. It's a status

thing, so that they can say, "I am in business".

I have spent a month trying to buy chemicals that I could easily have acquired in an afternoon in California, or pretty much anywhere in the Western world for that matter. I still don't have them. The tanks of Vostok Pivo are still covered with Beer Stone, which is harboring the bacteria. And though I have set up a real honest to God brewing lab in the place, all that has accomplished is seeing the bacteria so many times that I'm naming them like pets, there's "Roddy" and "Spot" and "Pedio" and. . . . . You get the idea.

Inside the environment at the office there are problems too. I've gone a long way out of my way to be a positive influence, a positive person if you will. And yet Thursday, I get asked for \$40 USD more for the internet bill. I explain to Elena the office manager that I gave her \$90 USD for the \$88 USD bill. She says "Nyet Dhonnnn, you geeve mee 50 dahllar". I further explain that I gave her 4, ten-dollar bills and one 50-dollar bill and that makes \$90 against the \$88 owed. She says, "Nyet Dhonnnn, you give me 5 thennn dahllar biellls". I explain that she is mistaken and she says, and I say, and. . . . .

Later in the day Yevgeny, Elena and Jonathan sit down to discuss the matter. Two mistakes, 1. I didn't get a receipt when I paid her the first time, and 2. I didn't keep a running tab on my bank like I promised myself I would. So when they call me into the meeting, there sits this darling blond girl, crying her eyes out, faucets on full blast, tears clear down to her blouse, eyes red as beets. What's a fellah to do? I know damn good and well I gave

her \$90 against and \$88 dollar tab, I even told her to put the \$2 change toward cookies for the office, but I'm a sucker for tears. So I pulled out another \$40 USD and spoke in my kindest tone, "Elena, let just say this was my fault and be done with it". Now understand I really don't have a spare \$40 lying around and I felt I was being a gentleman that my Grandma would be proud of. Not to mention that she had no way in hell of making it up and it probably would have cost her the job. Did it work that way? Hell no. I end up being the American asshole that "needlessly put poor Elena through a traumatic experience. A body can't win. Now Tatyana is pissed at me, and the other girls in the office are just giving me the "cold shoulder". Damn!

Later yet yesterday afternoon I came out to the lobby and Tatyana (who I really think is adorable) is going over documents from the manual I am still writing (which isn't finished or finally proofed yet) with the client. Being the gentleman that I am I don't call her to the carpet there and then in front of Konstantin, that would be rude. I wait until she is alone at her desk and in the same kind tone aforementioned I say "Tatyana, this manual is a work in progress, it isn't finished yet, please do not discuss it with the client until I have completed it and I'm sure that all of the mistakes have been corrected. It is my writing and it is not to be released until I am sure it is ready". Again, I'm the asshole. "But Konstantin ask to see it" she says. "I don't care if he asks ten times Tatyana, these are work documents and you don't give them to the client until the person writing them says they are ready". Now I'm REALLY an asshole.

Danl says I should get the girls flowers and the guys some nice beers and tell everyone I'm sorry for the tension. He understands it's not my fault; this is just his idea of coming out on top instead of being the bad guy. I have trouble with that cause' I'm already out \$40 extra and beers and flowers are going to run 15 to \$20 more. I don't know, I gotta get in the shower, so I'll write you some more later.

#### THE FOLLOWING DAY.

I've learned to listen to Danl, I'm sure he's wrong sometimes, I just can't think of an instance of when. By the time I woke up on Friday morning, I still hadn't decided to go along with the plan of treats for getting taken to the cleaners. But I went to pick out my tie du jour and there was the "Beatles" collector tie my sister had given me some years ago. It has odd graphics on it which are supposed to depict "She Loves

You". Among the images are gold roses. That's when I knew I was going to do it.

So I pack up the computer and load the briefcase, out the door and down the stairs in time to have a smoke before Genady (the driver) shows up to pick me up. I get in the car and say "Strasvicha (hello+) Genady" he replies "Good Mahrrningg" (not bad for a Russian). I say "Sviti" (Russian for flowers) and he looks at me like I must have my words confused. So I gesture, draw pictures in the air and grunt in the international language of "I have no further idea how to say this" and he gets it. "Ahhhh, Sviti. . .", off to the florist.

Understand that neither Genady, the florist lady or her two helpers speak a word of English and I speak maybe ten words of Russian now. Back to the international language of grunts and gestures. I exit the florist with 7 long stem roses wrapped in cellophane with pretty little gold ribbons on them. The one for Elena is the only crimson red one and with a little extra baby's breath so she knows hers is special. In my carry bag in the car are 6 - 1/2 liter beers for the men.

I enter the office, put down my computer and briefcase and in the western fashion of ladies first (which is utterly unobserved here) I start to pass out roses. Elena's first then the rest around the office. If it wouldn't have been so impolite I would have taken pictures while I did this. The cost of no receipt from the days before, \$40 USD. The value of those expressions, priceless. Then I distribute the Pivo to the male recipients and quietly go to the conference room where my makeshift desk is set up. I assemble my computer and go to work on the manual.

It only takes about 5 minutes before Natasha (Irish has become her nickname because of the red hair) comes in and says "Whaaat forr?". So I step out into the middle of the main office and give my little speech. "I know that I have brought a lot of frustration into this office, and for that I am truly sorry. But this week we made some real progress (overstated) and I want you to know that you and your efforts are appreciated". End of speech. Soggy eyes all over the room. Yevgeny (manager EDP Ust) catches me in the office lobby and gives me a "Good stuff man" and for a dour Russian that is endearment. All the tension of the previous days is melted like snow in August. Danl was right, it was worth it. Of course I'm now \$60 USD down for someone else's mistake but we won't talk about that.

Around noon the old hunger kicks in and I ask Jonathan if he's interested in getting some lunch. We eat at a nice place

called Pizza Blue almost every day and I wanted something different. So I get out the loaned copy I have of Lonely Planet and look up our fair city. I remember walking past a beautiful restored red brick and wrought iron place called "The Black Bull" and it's written up highly in the book. So off we go.

A nice walk through the park, past the stone people (gravestones of Jenghis Khan's soldiers who died in battle) displayed by the museum and diagonally across the park. It's one of the first truly nice spring days and even walking is pleasant. I've been having some nasty pain spikes and walking generally isn't much fun, but on this Friday it's just fine. We arrive at "The Black Bull" and go inside. Nicest place I've been in so far and lo and behold Hogaarden White on tap!!! (not cheap, but available). Long story short I came for the Shashlyk (Kazakh kabobs) and the fire isn't lit until 5 P.M. so that's out. I have a vegetable salad, roasted rice and a pork stir fry kind of dish that is the best food I've had out since I got here. Wow, two in a row for this Friday.

After ambling back through the park on the way to the office I settle back in to writing the last of the manual. About then Konstantin (my client) comes in and says "Dahnnn, I vant invite you for special deener at my hoose tonite". I say "Konstantin, I would be honored, I would love that". It's set then, Konni will pick me up at my apartment at 7:00 P.M. . I go out to Jonathon's desk and tell him I've been invited to dinner. It is explained to me with some amazement that in Russian culture being invited into someone's home is an ULTIMATE honor and to be included in the evening meal tops that. Jonathan has been here 6 months and never been asked inside. So now we're headed for three amazing things in one day.

I get back to the apartment around 5:45 P.M. and have just enough time to have a beer. I change into casual attire and Konni's on the cell phone already downstairs to get me. He shows up wearing the "Washoe Zepher Zymurgists" shirt I gave him!!! We take the road that runs along side of the Urtysh and in a short 8 to 9 blocks we're there. We ride the tiny elevator to the 13th floor (yes, the 13th floor elevator) and on to he and his wife Elena's apartment. Nice place this, Konni lives well.

We were 8 for dinner, including Max the Siberian Architect (Whom I dearly love), his wife, baby, and mother in law. There was Sergei (I think) that was part of last weeks camping trip, a couple who's names I just didn't get (you WILL notice

her though), Konni and his wife Elena. Oh that's right the Russian beauty's name is Elena also. Funny thing, the mother in law is Jonathon's landlady, she told very funny stories about him, kinda thinks he has a stick up his ass. There was of course Wodka (brand name "New Century) Johnny Walker Red (which I drank in moderation this week), Kohgnac, wine, Campari, and several other things. I brought a go od bottle of Chilean Cab in order to be a good guest. We started with Wodka and little baguette toasts with a fine Kazakh soft cheese and caviar, damn good. Then the salad course, there were 5 salads in all and every one of them excellent. Then we took a smoke and drinking break. The main course was a pilaf style dish with vegetables and roasted wild goat all mixed together, it too was excellent. I ate more yesterday than I did all week. Then we took a smoke and drinking break. Turns out Konni is also a talented amateur film maker and we watched movies of Ice Fishing, Summer Lake trip and an extended vacation movie of his trip with another couple to Egypt along the Mediterranean. Then we took a smoke and drinking break. By this time I have gone to

apple juice so that I don't hurt myself, last week was a lesson.

Soon the evening was over and it was time to go home. The couple who's male name I can't remember gave me a lift and in a few minutes I was safely locked in my apartment again. Before leaving Konni and Elena's Max and I shared a big hug, and he said "I LOOVE YOU MAHNN", which I took to be quite the compliment. Max has been to the US twice and has some clue about who we are. I'm critical of the same things about the US that he is so we have a basis to relate from. He is incredibly talented, good photographer, water color artist, architect and guitar player. He holds a fascination of American Indians so I'm going to hook him up with my Indian friend Dan Jones. That'll make his day.

Now it's 9:00 A.M. on Saturday and I'm having a nice coffee slurping slow day. The knob has been twisted and focus is restored. I guess if you act like you wish other people would, sometimes it turns out O.K.

Take care of each other,  
Donn R. Westmoreland  
Somewhere in Kazakhstan

## UPCOMING EVENTS

- *June 16-18 - AHA National Homebrewers Conference, Baltimore, MD (round 2 of AHA NHC)*
- *August - Belgian and French Ale Club-only Competition (Category 16 2004)*
- *September - European Amber Lager Club-only Competition (Cat. 3 2004)*
- *November 4 - Baltic Porter Club-only Competition (Category 12c 2004 BJCP)*
- *October 7-8 - Northern California Homebrewers Festival, Dobbins, CA*

Washoe Zephyr Zymurgists  
2335 Dickerson Rd Unit A  
Reno, NV 89503-4905

