

# What is Greg Drinking?

Editorial and photos by Gregory Post

All pilsners are lagers, but not all lagers are pilsners. This will be important to remember as we clear up some convoluted critiques regarding those particular cervezas. Disregard the 'dirty thirty' of Keystone Light you shared with your dorm mates. Move aside the macrobrewed mediocrity you have been maligned with at sporting events and concerts alike. Even those amongst us that have grown older, but not necessarily 'Budweiser', over the years should be curious as to what craft brewing has done in their pursuit of 'crispy' cans.

Before you start proposing toasts around the campfire, I offer a little historic context on the path that gave lager its very first spinoff. There was once a Bavarian beer guru by the name of Josef Groll, who was destined to pitch a new style of beer into the world. Looking back at it, he was the P. Diddy of the European beer scene with a 'Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write Czechs' approach! Pilsner is a style of beer that exists only because people in the Bohemian town of Plzeň watched a few too many pints of pitiful beer get dumped for being basically undrinkable. Our boy Joey was inclined to deliver inebriation with less funk in the trunk, more sipping than spoilage if you will. What the Radbuza River rewarded the world with is the elegant and easy to enjoy pilsner. There have been many spin-offs since the bell tolled for Groll. Chiefly you will find that these adult sodas are going to be 'chasing the Czech' or 'guided by German' in their approach.

Last issue I made mention of a specific spirit shoppe in my stomping grounds and how important it is to develop a trusting relationship with one wherever you reside. Any town worth the traffic and taxes should have a place that can get it right, every single time. This is how Berlinetta Brewing Co. velvet pilsner came to be consumed by yours truly. Promoted as their flagship offering and for good reason: it is a miracle in a mug. Golden yellow and mellow with a healthy hop backbone, this is the honey-do list reward you should require. Guaranteed to make grilling greater, mowing marvelous, tailgating terrific: the only thing not lofty about this beer is the fermentation, which takes place at the bottom of the tank per the style (Czech the technique, last one I promise!) Connecticut is still rev-

olutionary and relevant with brewing and Berlinetta Brewing Co. is claiming their space at the table with a beer cooler than the tank temperature. Maybe it is my toddler's obsession with Masha and the Bear, but something about the wolf on the can makes this beer a grown up reward for all the tedious tasks we take on. Lagers are fermented cold, like so many of our hopes and dreams throughout the winter season. Let the birds strike up their songs as you unpack the contents of your shed with glee.

More important than the prose or the process, pilsner is just honesty in a package store filled with gimmicks and trends. They toss out 'velvet' to describe this offering and do it with the same reverence George Costanza would have wanted for his dreams of an outfit made of the same material. It is clear and crisp, yet soft and scrumptious. At 5.5% ABV, this beer is a step above the hard seltzer equivalent in Michelob Ultra that you will see people pretending to enjoy after a half marathon, yet not entering the imperial stouts and ale afternoon danger zones. It is rich in flavor but lacks the pretension you might expect. It is the perfect pairing with cul-de-sac pop ins and back porch bluetooth sessions. Soft as the dewey grass you walked your dog through this morning. Bravo, Bridgeport.

May is the 'payoff pitch' of months, hence the old 'flowers from the showers' schtick. Whether you are gearing up for graduations, garden-

ing, or the meals and feels that come with Memorial and Mother's Days alike, there will be the desire to crack open more than just a few windows. May I suggest a sip of some suds that are Connecticut concoctions? No matter which corner of the Nutmeg State you reside in, a local libation is the right use of your liquid assets. I will be enjoying one out of a new addition to my glassware that came as part of a gift from longtime cornerstone of the wishing well that is Ink Magazine: Rona Mann. Without her having crossed my path while completing just one of her seemingly infinite daily tasks, I would not have been inspired to help you fill your Yéti coolers and wine fridges respectively. A better reason to say cheers I can hardly imagine.

