

Miller's Brewery, St. Petersburg

BEER

Kalevala, Rune #20,
Finnish tale of Creation
trans. from Peter Borne Missza's 1578 edition

Whence indeed will come the liquor,
Who will brew me beer from barley.

I cannot comprehend the malting
Never have I learned the secret,
Nor the origin of brewing.

Spake an old woman from her corner:
Beer arises from the barley.
comes from barley, hops and water.

Man of good-luck sowed the barley
And the barley grew and flourished,
Grew and spread in rich abundance.

This the language of the trio:
(barley, hops, and water)
Let us join our triple forces,
Little use in working singly,
Better we should toil together.
Osmotar, brewer of the drink

On the fire she sets the caldron,
Boils the barley, hops and water.
Poured it into birch-wood barrels,
Into hogsheds make of oak.

But Osmotar could not generate the
ferment.
Thinking long, thus she spake:

What will bring the effervescence,
Who will add the needed factor,
That the beer may foam and sparkle,
May ferment and be delightful?

Kalevatar, maiden, gave the squirrel
directions:

Bring me ripe cones from the fir-tree,
From the pine-tree bring me seedlings.

The virgin Kapo took the cones selected,
Laid them in the beer for ferment,
But it brought no effervescence,
And the beer was cold and lifeless.

Kalevatar told the marten:
Haste thou whither I may send thee,
To the bear-dens of the mountain,
To the grottoes of the growler,
Gather yeast upon thy fingers,
Gather foam from the lips of anger,
From the lips of bears in battle.

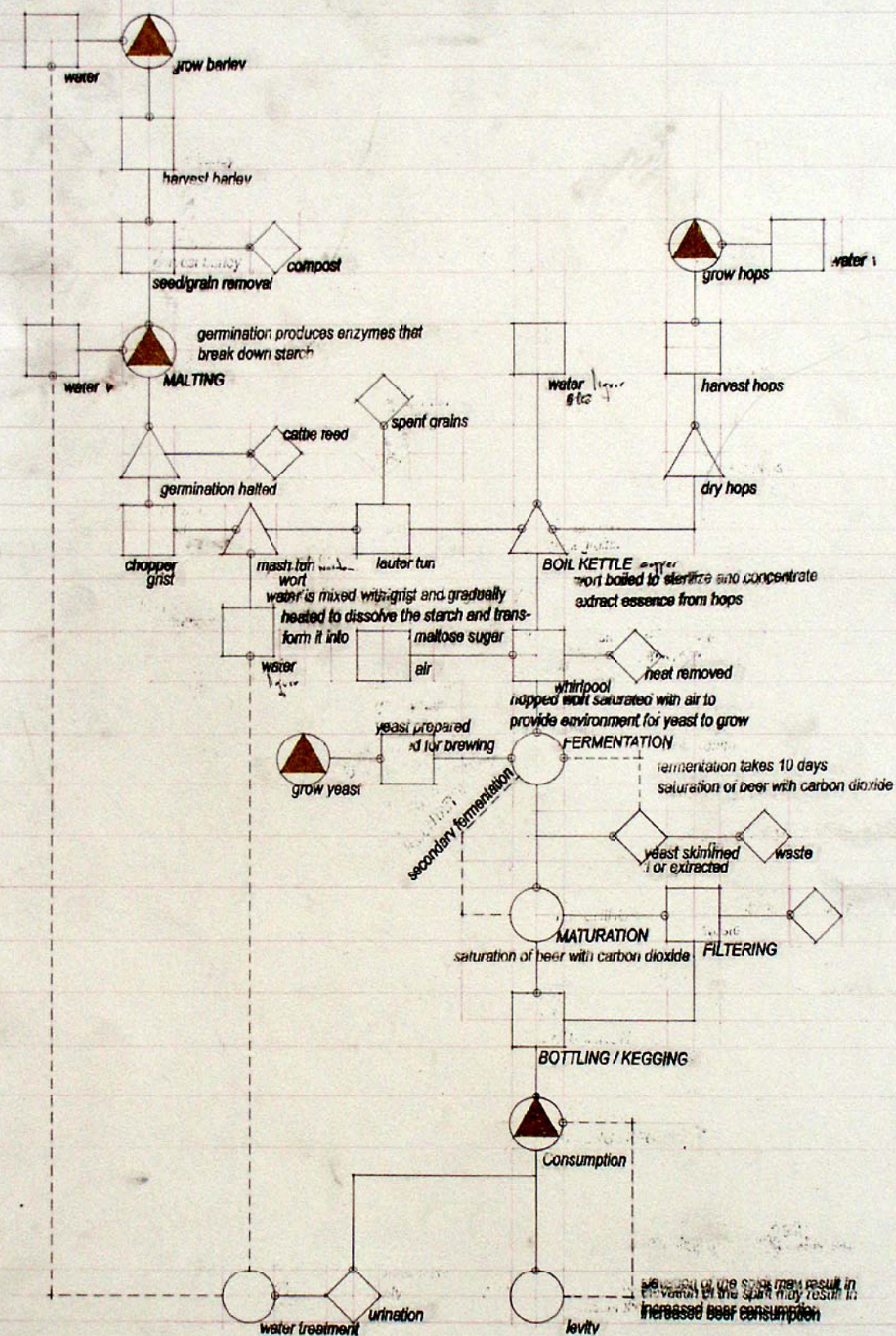
Bring it to the hands of Osmotar.
Then the bee brought honey back to
Kapo.

Osmotar placed the honey in the liquor
And the wedding-beer fermented;
Rose the live beer upward, upward,
From the bottom of the vessels,
Upward in the tubs of birch-wood,
Foaming higher, higher, higher,
Till it touched the oaken handles,
Overflowing all the caldrons;
To the ground it foamed and sparkled,
Sank away in sand and gravel.
Osmotar, the beer maker,
Spake these words in sadness:
Woe is me...badly I have brewed the beer.

The beer was brewed not in wisdom,
And will not live within its vessels.
From a tree-top spake a robin:
Do not grieve; thy beer is good,
Put it into oaken vessels,
Into strong and willing barrels
Firmly bound with hoops and copper.

Thus was brewed the beer of Northland,
At the hands of Osmotar;
This the origin of brewing.
Great indeed the reputation of the ancient beer-
Said to make the feeble hardy,
Famed to dry the tears of women,
Famed to cheer the broken-hearted,
Make the timid brave and mighty,
Fill the mind with wisdom,
Fill the tongue with ancient legends,
Only makes the fool more foolish.

Beer-Making Diagram





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Architectural Meditations on Brewing, Weathered 7 months
October 2002 - May 2003

BARLEY





YEAST



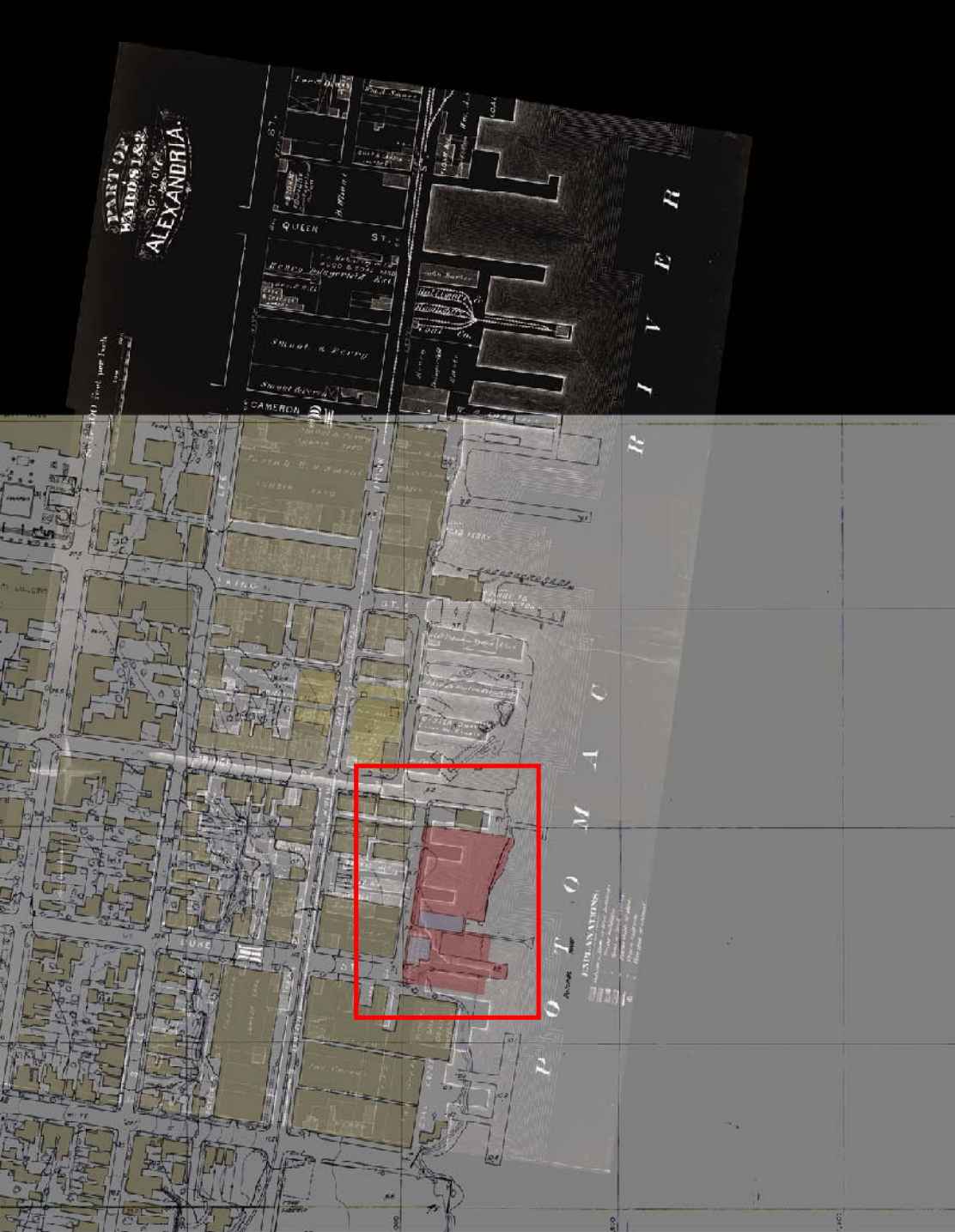
HOPS



4



Old Dominion Brewing Company
Ashburn, Virginia



Site Collage: Civil War Era Ward Map overlay with 1979 Cit of Alexandria Survey

THE STRAND, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

The site for the Brewery and Biergarten. A parking lot.

Historically, the entire Alexandria waterfront served as a commercial warf with not only shipping industries but also, lumber yards, tobacco mills and foundries. Prior to filling in the river, the shore-line was as much as 300 feet west with 5 foot shallow marshes along the banks. The site did not exist in its entirety prior to 1936. Every 100 years the river floods up to 11 feet above its normal level. 50 feet to the south, at Point Lumley, the first commercial brewery was established by Andrew Wales in the early 1770's





View of Site: Looking Northeast from The Strand

View of Site: Looking West from The Potomac River

