

**Bar Hoppin' With Hops**  
The Second Century Tour  
Hops MacBarley's 2013  
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar #134:

**Spice Lounge**

501 Southard Street

[www.pegasuskeywest.com](http://www.pegasuskeywest.com)

Saturday, 29 June, 5:00 PM

*Red Stripe (bottle) \$5.00*

This was my first time ever setting foot in the famed and historic Pegasus Hotel. Really, why would I have had cause to go in here? I *live* on this island, so I never need a hotel room. The only reason would be our *raison du jour*, to drink at the bar.



A few weeks ago, we were walking up Duval and saw that the 500 block of Southard was coned off and a crowd of about 40 people were milling about in the street. B&J usually have their thumbs on the pulse of any kind of event that might be going down, but they had no answer on this one. I had to investigate.

I trotted over and saw Deb and Tom in the crowd. I milled over to them. They told me that it was of the unveiling of the new Pegasus sign! I looked up and, sure enough, a new vertical sign had been installed on the front corner of the venerable Art Deco hotel. It wasn't *veiled*, though, and I pointed that out. Deb gave me this *you know what I mean* look, and Tom explained that the sign would be lit up for the first time at 7:00. It was about five-of now. I wasn't sure that the illumination would be all that spectacular given that there was still

90 minutes of bright sunshine to drown it out. I kept that objection to myself, though, and milled away.

So, we made a point of admiring the new sign as we headed to this next hop: an *ooh* here and a *ahhh* there. It does look nice. To be honest, I couldn't tell you what the old one looked like, but I know it didn't look this new.

Anyway, we rounded the corner and entered the lobby. On the wall behind the receptionist's desk, there's a great three-section *giclee* of a golden seaside sunset. I love that thing. It's in plain view from the sidewalk as you walk by. I print *giclees* at work and I've never made one that nice. I envy it every time I see it.



Brian asked the desk woman about the bar. We had some confusing info to sort out. The Pegasus is three stories. It looks more like four, but that's another story. (Hahahaha. OK.) I had heard that Spice Lounge was a rooftop bar, next to the rooftop pool. Then, recently, I heard an ad on local radio that made no mention of the words Spice Lounge but did refer to the rooftop bar on the second floor. Huh?? Second floor is the rooftop of a three-story building? WTF?

The young woman assured us that there was, yes, only one bar, and, yes, it was on the second floor. Just follow the signs. I asked about the rooftop aspect. She simply said, "uh, you'll see."

So, we climbed the steep steps and saw a sign for Spice Lounge. It had two arrows under it. One pointed left, one pointed right. Brian scoffed, "oh, this is good!"

We chose right. You know the old adage, "When in doubt, go right." Or was it left? Stupid adage. Seemed like either way would work, but we didn't want to get there and have to do the *Shoulda gone the other way* head-slap. Everyone hates that. You just feel betrayed.

But, no, no, Nanette, right was right. We walked through a doorway and saw the pool, then up a matted walkway that opened into the expanse of roof that is the Spice Lounge. It gets its name from the gourmet Indian tapas menu that they serve, which features many exotic spices. I hear. It's all irrelevant to our quest, anyway.

The bar itself is small -- four stools, all nicely padded, even on the backs -- but there is plenty of room up here on the wide-open roof! And, yeah, it *is* the roof, but it's the roof of Stitches, one of the ubiquitous Duval t-shirts shops, which inhabits the ground level next door. Two-thirds of the Pegasus still looms tall over this deck.

Looking out towards Duval, there are some modern style chairs, a tall sleek design piece, several large clay flower pots, and a couple of small awnings that stretch on wires above.

The most dramatic feature at this time of day, though, was the bright white wall of the hotel itself. Man, does that catch sunshine. It was *bright* up here



and it was **hot** up here. It looked like it would be a pretty cool hang once the sun goes down, but, mannn, it was scorching out here right now. The bar stools were in the shadow of the bar's roof, but even there, that wall was radiant.

The cushioned stools made for good sittin', but either they were too short or the bar was too tall. My rested elbows were noticeably higher than on your usual

bar. Jan could have rested her chin on it without leaning over. She opted for one of the funky, square, wickerish, lounge chairs instead. Hard to pass up something with that many adjectives.

I took my squat, five-dollar bottle of Red Stripe for a little walk around the





walked out, and hopped on.

deck to explore its nuances. There are several. The floor was a cool grippy surface, not just bare wooden planks. Wet feet fresh from the pool won't slip or get splintered. BIG thumbs-up for that, Mr. Spice, There was some nice dolphin lattice work, and, my favorite, a rope-wrapped post with colorfully painted plank signs showing the distances to cities with cool names: Weed NM, Christmas FL, Stoner CO, and others.

That cement pond was looking more and more tempting the longer we stayed. I gotta assume that the pool is for paying guests only, and is off limits to us lounge lizards. Fair enough. We sought cooler climes, though, and we had a plan to attend to, so we drank up, headed down,