

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

Bar #179:

**The Lounge at Bagatelle**

121 Duval Street

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

Saturday, 17 August, 7:30 PM

*Yuengling bottle \$4.25*

This was another been-there-done-that-**but**-not-*this* kind of Hop. The Second Century Tour allows for such things as a second bar in an already-hopped establishment. The bar, however, must be different enough to stand on its own.



The Hard Rock Cafe (#79) had a downstairs bar and an upstairs bar. Except for elevation, they are virtually identical. So that gets a *nuh-uh* from the Hop Legitimacy Board.

But bars like the two at Cowboy Bill's can qualify separately because it's not just more of the same when you pass from one to the other. One is a *Yee-Haa* bar and the other is a *Boo-Ya* bar. Know what I mean, Gene?

The *Peace, Love & IPA Tour* may have taken the high road on businesses with multiple bars, but, hey, now we're gunning for 200, so as long as the two have enough variance in character, or location, or name, or *ya ya tiki ta*, you get what I'm saying.

Soooo, Bagatelle's downstairs bar had been a rather dull Hop. I was the only one there, literally, since the barkeep went missing after serving me my beer. I didn't even know that there was a bar upstairs until Jan clued me in. She spoke well of it: second floor back porch up among the treetops, music, full moon party, cool take. Hey, sounds damn hoppable to me. Made me wonder how the heck I missed it up till now. Pardon my French.

Damn, what a stupid expression that is, *n'est-ce pas?* So, when you cuss, you are speaking French, *mon ami?* How do the damn French feel about that? Ah, screw `em, *ca va?* Does anything important happen in French?



Not in my world. *Croissant* is about the closest I come, and that's only if Publix is out of corn muffins. I don't seem to have *déjà vu*, or did I say that already?

I took French for six years back in my student days. Six damn years. Had I known I'd end up in the Keys -- instead of near Montreal -- I'd have learned Spanish.

French is the "language of love," they say. It sure as hell isn't the language of math. Check out the way they count:

Digits, with Bostonian pronunciations given in parentheses: *Un* (urn), *deu* (der), *trios* (twa), *quatre* (kah-truh), *cinq* (sank), *six* (cease), *sept* (set), *huit* (wheat), and *neuf* (nerf). OK, nothing too weird yet.

The next decade starts fine: *onze* (owns), *douze* (dues), *treize* (trays), *quatorze* (kah-torz), *quinze* (cans), *seize* (sez). **But** then they get clunky: *dix-sept* (deez-set), *dix-huit* (deez-wheat), *dix-neuf* (deez-nerf). Yeah, ten-seven, ten-eight, ten-nine. French people have trouble once they get past six, I guess. They were doing fine making up words for 11 through 16, then they just said, *ehhh*, *fook eet*: *ten-seven*, *ten-eight*, *ten-nine*.

[Sure, we English speakers do the *-teen* thing, which is along the same lines, but we do it from 13-up. Makes me wonder why we don't start at one-teen, two-teen, but whatever.]

The first several tens in French are pretty normal too:

*Dix* (deece), *vingt* (vant), *treize* (trays), *quarante* (karaunt), *cinquante* (sink-aunt), *soixante* (swahz-aunt). So, OK, *soixante* is 60. Again that 6 mucks them up.

Then they gave up again, and **big time**. For 70, they say *soixante-dix*. Ya, they go from sixty-nine to sixty-ten. I thought only stoned people did that.

But wait, there's more! 80 is *quatre-vingts* – literally "four twenties"! They actually say "four twenties" instead of having a word for 80. Jayzuz.

Care to guess what 90 is? Ha, *quatre-vingts-dix*. Four-twenties-ten!! Fer cryin' out loud, just make up a freaking word! Call it *Neufball* or

something. There are plenty of letter arrangements out there just dying for a meaning.

And 99? Lordy, lordy, 99 is *quatre-vingt-dix-neuf*. Four ... twenties ... ten ... nine. *Sacre merde*. Pardon my farking French.

How did I get on that topic? Ah, yes, the name Bagatelle, which, of course, comes from, well, Italian.



So, yeah, following Jan's glowing description, we eagerly climbed the steps under the cool sign with the guzzling fish, then up the tall stairway to the second floor. There were some diners on the front and side porches, but the indoor front room was vacant. The tables and chairs just stood there staring at each other, not saying a word.

In the smaller rear chamber was the bar. It, too, was unoccupied. The back door which led out onto the upper deck was wide open, but when we took a look out we saw nobody on the deck either, and no sign that the deck bar -- or anything else -- was going to be operational out here tonight. Bah.

I thought that the open door was too much of a tease. Made me think that it would be worthwhile to pass through that portal and into something, well, worthwhile. No such dice, though. Empty and lonely out there. So, we stayed inside where it was, um, *really* warm.

The open door -- along with all the sides that opened to the front and side porches -- should have been a tip-off that AC was not in command here. The insult added to that injury was the fact that the big fan that hung from the middle of the ceiling was also OOO. No breeze, no fan, no AC: no customers (no wonder).

So, I guess it was not a surprise that the barkeep was not working right either. Nobody wants to stay in this room, but she has to. And she knows damn well that, not only will she be uncomfortable and testy, she'll also



make no money this night. She wasn't quite grumpy or grouchy, and not really *unpleasant*, but it would be a real stretch to call her pleasant.

We tried to be. Pleasant, that is. Brian even said "please" when he ordered his Coors Light. I did a double-take on that one. She served us with detached civility and then retreated into the back room.

I went back outside and pictured what might have been. The spacious deck filled with revelers, tunes tuning, the outdoor bar alive with the chinking of ice and clinking of glass. Looked like a fine time indeed.

But they were all just phantoms and eventually they turned to me as one and flipped me off. Phine. Phuck you too, ya phreakin' phantoms.



When I got back inside, Jan had softened the barkeep up some. She had attained Pleasant, but was not zackly Friendly and still waaaaay short of Happy. But Jan has that way with people anyway. I reckon it comes from dealing with first graders; if you can cut through the moods of six-year-olds in a classroom, then an adult in a bar is, ha, child's play.

I haven't mastered that same charm, as you would probably surmise. If I encounter a grumpy bartender, I'm not very good at assuaging the grumpton. Just don't have the knack. I might try a cheerful comment -- maaaaaybe two -- but if the dour mood continues, then screw 'em, and they go on Ignore. I'd rather have no vibe across a bar than a bad vibe.

I'll still tip, though. I've had my own not-so-peppy shifts behind a bar in my day; you just cannot always be Charlie Cheerful, even if you're "bring paid to smile." As long as s/he doesn't tell me to do anything untoward to myself, I'm still leaving the buck. No sense nudging the Grumpiness up another notch, even if I'm leavin', Steven.

Considering our duty done, and recognizing that we caught this Hop on one of its worst nights ever, we effected our departure. I made a note of the fact that the full moon was only a few days away, and penciled in a possible return. But, for now, we were very much outa there.

ADDENDUM: Wednesday, 21 August 2013

Rainy night. No moon to be seen. Oh well, Nell.

## **ADDENDUM 2: Saturday, 4 April 2015 -- FULL MOON PARTY!!**

If ever a Bar Hop screamed for addendum (*GIVE ME A GODDAMN ADDENDUM, YOU BASTID!!*), it was this one.

The moon was out and so were the people! The back deck was decked out (get it?) with strings of white lights, blue spots on a two-person band, and a blue-lit bar. The phantoms had come to life! Music, booze, laughter, everything that **had been** expected, and more. Good, good time.



