

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

Bar #190:

Duval Village

111 Duval Street

Sunday, 8 September, 6:00 PM

Yuengling (bottle) \$4.00

Freshly home after the Beantown-N-Back Bar Tour -- a 10-day roadtrip in the conversion van up and down the east coast between Boston and here -- I returned, as I had told my northern friends, "back to the drudgery of old Key West."

The BNBBT covered 13 states and 15 bars in a busy ten days. Unlike the 2010 self-guided New England Brewpub Tour, the bars were not the focal point of the trip. Rather, they were entertaining stops within the flow of the classic van roadtrip, and the just-as-classic visit-the-family weekend.



Now that that was done, though, The Second Century Tour had to gallop to its conclusion. That approved hiatus had more than met the bar-a-day pace requirement, but it was now back to the grindstone for Hops and his intrepid team of hoppers.

I hightailed it down from big daddy's central Florida abode in time to join B&J and several others for some Sunday afternoon football on TV at Island Dogs (Hop #34). Pats won, *of course*, so we headed off towards Lazy Gecko (Hop #2) to taunt all the non-Pats fans. They love it when we do that. I think.

On our way, DV just leapt out and grabbed us. I was off my guard. The subliminal

hold of NFL Productions had so numbed my mind that my bar-dar was just not registering. In my hazy daze, I was just putting one foot in front of the other, Gecko-ward, when I heard Brian saying, with emphasis, *Hey, let's do this bar!* His urging cut through the fog and my focus returned.

DV was just about yah halfway point of our journey, so it made sense as a pit stop. Two blocks is a long way to go without a beer. There is a tall archway at the entrance to the Village. It's made up of bronzie-brown metal fruit. What could be more appetizing than a brown banana, a brown pineapple, and brown mangoes? Yum.

Duval Village is really the name of this whole little fjord of outdoor shops that is cradled between Bagatelle and some nondescript, medium-sized, old house that is now some kind of mercantile building. The Village is cleverly named because it is kinda like a cluster of small vendors in a town square somewhere, and the bar is just one of them. So, it's just the Duval Village Bar. Simple.



But kinda not, some would say. If Tropical Drinks (#168) and Tuti-Fruti Juice Bar (#176) count as bars -- and they do -- then this one must as well. The precedent has been set for a certain type of roadside drink stands to be recognized as bars. I would have felt a tad better about it if it had a name of its own, but it met the same criteria as those other two, so score it.

The bar itself is a tiki hut, complete with thatched palm roof. It's a pretty small one, though. Usually the roof hangs far enough over the counter below that you can stand in the shade while you order, and even while you drink. There's not enough overhang for that here, however. I'm sure the proprietors would prefer that you take your beer shopping -- carry it around as you peruse the hats, shirts, and other touristy items that are displayed and sold throughout the fjord -- rather than stand here, idly imbibing.

We stood here, idly imbibing. There was absolutely no reason for us to shop here. All of us had been in here once or twice, years ago, when we first checked out the downtown scene. We found the merchandise irrelevant to us then, and we knew it would be again. Jan did a very brief, cursory,

disinterested lookaround -- following her instincts -- but she was back before we got to our third swig.

We're all way beyond this style of stuff. We don't need clothes that look like we just came back from a tropical island. Tourists buy them so they can wear them when they get home, showing off to everyone that they were on vaykay. But is this stuff supposed to make them look like us? Like KW residents all wear this kind of shirt or hat? We don't. You don't blend in if you do. You buy it so you can look like a tourist.



We made short order of this Hop. Four bucks for a Gling was not impressing me, and with no seats and no TV, we got antsy in no time. Friends and football awaited at the Gecko. We braced ourselves for the trip; there was only one bar between here and there (Sloppy Joe's, #78) -- though there were two across the street (Conch Shack, #174; and Juan Loves Lucy, #115) if the walk got to be too much.

Just TEN bars to go in this Second Century Tour!!

ADDENDUM: 2016

CLOSED. The fjord-ish shopping village remains, but the hut is no more. Gonna have to make the whole 2 blocks in one go now!