

## Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep On Hoppin' Tour  
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing  
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar #267:

### Lucy's Retired Surfer Bar

320 Grinnell Street  
Wednesday, 26 October 2016, 10 PM

*Sierra Nevada (draft) \$5.50*

If you're gonna hop a new bar, you might as well do it on a night when something will be going on. Like, oh, during Fantasy Fest, maybe. There is a precedent for this, of course. The *Peace, Love & IPA Tour* of 2012 wrapped up its 100 Bars In 100 Days with the FF week. It made for a grand finish indeed.



So, here we were, on the Hump Night of the Fest, and Lucy's Retired Surfer Bar – the newest kid on the KW bar scene – was hosting the Blue Party. What the heck, the color was available. Fogarty's has the annual Red Party, Rick's Bar has a White Party, Fat Tuesday has a Pink Party, and Captain Tony's even has a Plaid Party. Nobody yet had Blue. (Finnegan's Wake used to have a Green Party, but, well, you know...)

Lucy's, of course, occupies the building that once housed Backspace (#242). Who??? Yeah, right, Backspace. Has there ever been a restaurant/bar that





failed as miserably as they did? Nobody went there. **Nobody.** The owners spent a lot of moolah to revamp the building, but they also had found ways to piss off the locals before the doors even opened, and they were doomed. You don't rile up the neighborhood if you want to make it as a neighborhood bar.

More familiar to everyone, Lucy's now occupies the building once housed by Finnegan's Wake (#5). I think the *Retired Surfer Bar* name struck a chord with the water-oriented folk of K-Dub, and that certainly didn't hurt with their acceptance.

Anyway, I did a little proper attiring for the party, wearing lots of blue, but including healthy doses of red and white as well. The theme was about politics in this election year, and despite the outrageously awful choice of candidates – seriously, America – is this the best we got?? – I am still very much a patriot.

I had a USA flag hat, shorts and bow tie, with a blue star-field spandex shirt, and USA-flag-rimmed, blue-mirrored sunglasses (in case it suddenly got sunny out, I guess).

The Blue Party was in high gear when I arrived. The place was full, with people even standing outside and drinking. Looked like a roaring success.

There was a blue balloon archway that I had to pass through to gain entrance. It's not very likely that those balloons will be here every day, but it was a nice touch. Blue lighting abounded, of course.

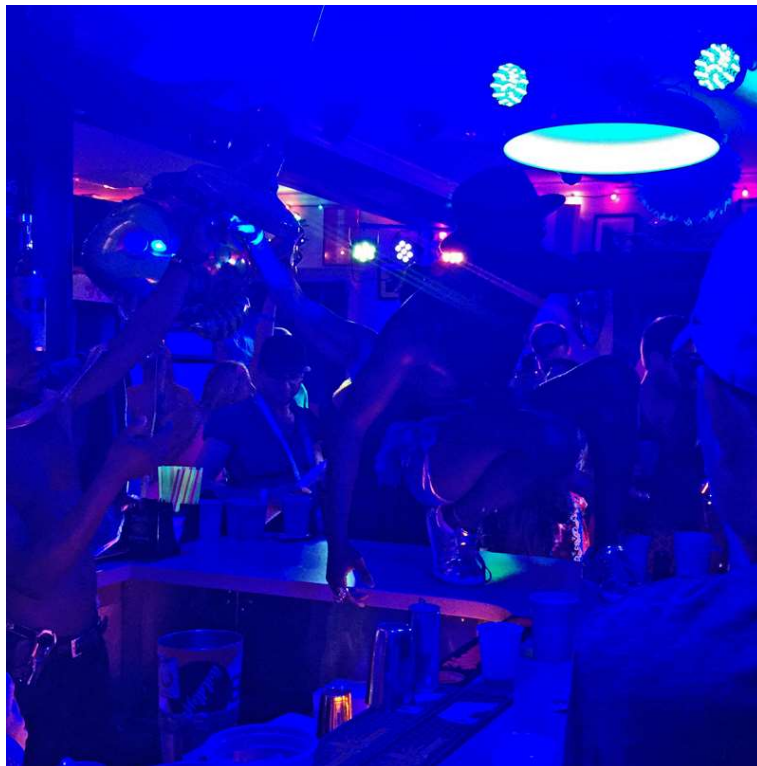
I procured my Sierra from the lovely blue-clad barkeep. She offered to start a tab for me. I declined, figuring I'd probably just consummate the Hop and move on to another FF event.

But this turned out to be quite the good time, mainly because of the band. Patrick & The Swayzes were the entertainment tonight and they were in full-bore party mood, especially the singer – who, I assume, is not really named



Patrick (he could be, but I have my doubts). I'm gonna call him Patrick, anyway though, just cuz. The songs were all extended, rock-out versions, and Patrick was off his leash and in Mingle Mode.

It's always fun when the vocalist, or a musician, leaves the stage and continues to perform. If you're not watching, you don't notice the difference because the sound still emanates from the same place; the amps don't move, just the person does. I remember one time I was at Lazy Gecko (#2) and the guitarist just took his axe for a walk. He left the bar, wandered up the sidewalk for a bit, still playing his solo, but for his new sidewalk audience instead of us. The passers-by did not know what to make of it. They really couldn't hear it because his sound was still inside the bar. We could see people walk by, stop, do a double-take when they heard the music, point back at the guitar-player and laugh.



Patrick did not leave the building, but he was bouncing among the crowd on the packed dance floor, and even got up on the bar. A singer on the bar is not especially strange, but it is when there isn't room to stand up. But Patrick just crouched there, rocking and moving and belting out his lyrics.

It was hard to make out the true décor of the place with all the Blue Party decorations, lighting, and crowd, but it looked like they had kept the basic

rearranged layout of Backspace. I liked that layout, as you'll recall from your notes on Hopter 242. A big surfboard hung above the front of the dining area, having been, I assume, retired by Lucy. And there was still the outdoor area at the far end.

I didn't see many familiar faces, though maybe I did and did not notice, such is the way with costume functions. Zach was there, but he was with a female companion, so I did not impose. I hate those *oh-this-is...* kind of introductions, especially in a loud bar. The name, if I hear it correctly at all, just whisks through my head like it's on a slip-n-slide and vanishes out the side door. *Where ya from, whaddyado, when did ya last cut yer toenails*, all that usual blah-blah intro nonsense with someone I might never meet again anyway. Pass. I'm sure they'd feel the same way.

I went back to the bar to get another Sierra. I was hoping I'd be served by a different barkeep. But, no, I had to admit I was stupid with my "only one" decision. Oh well, I can swallow my pride if it means swallowing another Sierra Nevada. Love that brew.

I stayed till the band was done – they got a rousing ovation and played an encore – then I skedaddled off to see what else was happenin' Fest-wise.

## ADDENDUM:

My costume for Saturday's climactic Fantasy Fest Promenade, Parade, and subsequent nighttime street strolling -- till whatever hour -- was very much in theme, *annnnnd* interactive! I wore a white skintight Morphsuits, with a shaggy red wig, and a slightly creepy white plastic mask. I carried two Sharpies, one red and one blue, and I hung a printed cloth strategically from my waist that said "VOTE! VOTE! Sign in to cast your ballot!" I wandered up and down Duval, asking people to vote for the candidate of their choice by signing my body: red for Trump, blue for Hillary. It made for quite a night.

As you'd expect the earliest signers were neater and more compact, and as the night wore on, things got bolder in size, verbiage, and, um, placement. When people began to scrawl unintelligibly, around 1 AM, I called off the jam and changed. Only then could I assess the returns. Counting the ballots would have been more work than I was interested in, but it looked close.

