

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

Bar 114:

Pearl's Patio Bar & Grill

525 United Street

www.pearlspatio.com

Friday, 14 June 2013, 6:00 PM

Yuengling (bottle) \$2.75 HH

Pearl's had a float in the Pride Parade last weekend, and the DJ on the PA bellowed out about what a great all-welcome bar and eatery they had out back. That was all the prodding I needed. The "all welcome" tag was good to hear; Pearl's is generally considered a place for girls who like girls (God bless 'em), so I didn't want to go bouncing in there like Dumbass Man and get a lot of WTF looks.



I locked up my bike in the gravel parking lot beside Pearl's Rainbow Guest House. The Patio is a part of that complex. I was using Pearl's as a warmup for my evening swim at Fort Zack. One beer does not weigh me down on such an activity. Nor on a run, believe it or not. I can still swim on 2-3 brews, but one is the limit before a run. Like you were wondering.

The entrance is a solid wooden gate in the long tall privacy fence. The fence makes good sense -- good fence sense, Hortense -- since the swimming pool is right behind it. Out of discretion, I tried to not look at the two young and fit women cuddled up in the corner of the pool, and walked around behind the building to the left to find the bar.

It's a cool little spot. Actually, not all that little: plenty of tall tables and a dozen or more tall, backed stools at the bar. They're all pool-furniture type, so you can drip right brought the strands if you come boppin' in after a dip. Big thumbs-up on the tall furniture. When I'm at a bar, I like to be sittin' up high. If I'm in a regular chair and at a regular table, I feel all restauranty. Ugh.

Don't get me wrong, restaurants serve their purpose. The menu here looked damn tempting too. I would have scarfed down one o' them there chicken salad samiches, but I was determined not to blow off the swim. There's more to life than touring bars. And exercising after a fat chick-sal-sam is asking for a regurg.

The bar was full, as were half the tables. The crowd was about 83% female -- there were about three other guys here. I say "about three" because I wasn't sure about one: the barkeep. Mighta been a smooth-faced young guy, mighta been a butch-ish woman with a regular boy's haircut. The unisex tank top and not-slender-not-fat body type didn't give it away either. I didn't care a hang either way, especially when I was only asked for \$2.75 as payment for my Gling. Happy Freaking Hour. Niiice.



I chose my table and settled in to jot out some blings. "Blings," in case I didn't mention it before, is short for ramblings, or, more to the point RAMblings. (If you know me, you know why. If not, eh, just roll with it.) My use of the term, though, pre-dates the hip-hop world's adaptation, so I'm gonna keep using it. 8P

The Patio is a damn fine chillin' spot: shaded under a pipe-and-panels roof, contained within a rustic wooden fence, and cooled by propellers hanging from the rafters. The most striking decorations are the partial mannequins that hang here and there on the fences. I'm sure there is a better term for them than "partial mannequin" but I don't know what it is, and I can't figure how I could google it. I mean, how do you look up something when you don't know how to describe it? Fukkit, I'll just call them *bleeps*. I don't think anything else is a bleeb.



So anyway, these bleeps, basically the plastic form of a headless, armless, legless, backless female torso, were painted in rainbow colors. Quite appropriate for the venue.

There was some golf on the TV behind me, which was over the stage, so I turned to face it a little better. Just a moment (not two) later, a dark-haired, pony-tailed woman stepped up carrying a guitar case. She proceeded to set up a chair, an amplifier, and a microphone.

She was jusssst about ready to start plinking when I knocked off the last swallow of my bottle, shouldered by belongings, and departed. I felt a little bit bad about that. I mean, I hope she didn't think that I left so I wouldn't have to listen to her. Well, whatever. Entertainers have to deal with rejection, even if it is just coincidental rejection.

The women were still in the pool, gettin' a tad cozy in the corner (God bless 'em), so I averted my eyes and shut the gate behind me.