

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep Calm and Hop On Tour
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar #310:

Glitch

180 Simonton Street
Saturday 2/8/19, 9:45 PM

Hemperor HPA (draft) \$6

Unlike so many of the recent Hops, this was a totally fresh Hop: a newly-born bar in a never-before-visited location. Fifteen of the last eighteen have involved either a re-inhabited location, or a re-located business. So, bravo to you, Glitch!



And a Simonton Street address! Been a while since we've had a Hop on this street. Deuce's Off The Hook Grill (#237), when it was at the corner of Petronia, was the last one, more than four years ago.



Before we – that would be B&J and I – even reached Glitch, the place manifested itself as, well, different. I think it was the golfers. This was the first Hop that had golfers.

There were four of them. Putters, actually, I suppose, rather than full-fledged golfers. Not that they were even partially-fledged; I didn't see any sign of feathers at all on any of them. If they had any, and were thus secret fledglings, they hid them well.

But, yeah, it was mini-golf, so they were only using putters. That's what putters use: putters. For when they are puttering around. Or just plain putting, which is what these four guys were doing. On some kind of long

green matt with few holes in it. It was a portable miniature golf kit. Dang clever, if you ask me. Dang clever, even if you don't. Harumph.

We entered the bar and guess what? B&J knew people there! Cheers of recognition and some hugs transpired. We were met with a very familiar face behind the bar too. Aubrey was to be our barkeep. I had last seen her about a week ago, sitting next to me at the Crow's Nest (#145), awash in Super Bowl joy.

The décor in here is whelming. I didn't find it overwhelming, but I was most definitely whelmed. It took some time to take it all in.



The bar top is all comic book covers and such under a clear coat of clear-coat. The backbar shelves are filled with superhero collectibles and action

figures from *Star Wars* to *Robocop* to *Planet of the Apes* to King Kong and more. Framed artwork abounds, and the left wall is dominated by a huge primary-colors mural of, well, I'm not really sure.



To my right, the beer list stood about five feet tall, made up of hand-drawn strips of vinyl or something. It's quite the eclectic and esoteric list. That would be one serious tap tour.

The outstanding feature, though, is the stairway. It splits the back third of the tall room, and leads to a narrow landing and door. On the landing is a familiar-looking and very flamboyant chair.

I asked Aubrey, "Is that the big chair from The Porch (#1)?"

"It sure is!"

“Ahhh, cool. I didn’t think there could’ve been two of those kicking around. I wondered where that ended up.”

I probably didn’t need to ask for permission to climb up there, but I did anyway. In retrospect, I should have just sprinted up the stairs, whooping like a savage, as if I was gonna crash right through the damn door, just to liven the place up a bit. But I don’t sprint much anymore. Nor do I whoop as often as I once did.

I ascended the 15 steps without once stopping to catch my breath. Yeah, I know, I was impressed too. I looked down upon the lower level and was surprised at how far away everyone looked. I was way up there, man! Now I knew how people feel when they have summited Everest and gaze down at the world beneath their feet – but in a *much, much* smaller scale. And in a *much, much* warmer place. And, yeah, with a cold beer in hand.

I doubt many climbers lug beers all the way up there. Maybe a flask of Fireball or something. More likely, though, they get a better buzz off a nice big ol’ can of oxygen. I had plenty of that O2 stuff here, though, so beer suited me jusst fiiine, Caroliine.



The big chair, which once looked so fine and fancy in the parlor of The Porch (#1), seemed really lost up here. It was kinda sad. This had been a coveted seat in its former venue. Many a person had cozied into that corner with a contented chuckle. Y’all were King Shit (or maybe Queen Shit) if your entourage snagged this seat.

Now, though, you get the impression that this unique piece of furniture has been tossed aside, a misfit, the odd man out. With no place of honor deemed suitable, it has been shoved into some remote niche just to get it out of the way. Glitch *has* it but has no place *for* it. The pseudo-balcony up here really is not wide enough for it. The chair itself fits, but there's no legroom at all on one side of it, so it's definitely not in its element. Alas, this erstwhile throne seems to be just a step away from yard-sale status. It probably won't be moving anytime soon, though; it must have been a bitch to carry up those stairs.



I descended the stairs without falling – yay, me – and rejoined my co-hoppers at the bar. It had been a full evening for them, though, and they were ready to move on. I bid the adieu as they angled homeward, and I headed back the serenity of Duval Street.