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Mar. 1, 2014 |

pnj.com

As a self-respecting Southerner, I do not like the show “Party Down South.” Simply put, it makes the South look stupid.

But shame on us for responding to one picture of Southern ugliness with an even uglier Southern tradition — a lynch mob. With roughly 11,000 folks hoisting their digital pitchforks in a Facebook fatwa to drive the production out of town, I cringe at the similarity.

I kindly beg your pardon, but spare me the sanctimonious lament that hosting this goofy show would have been a plague upon Pensacola.

Since when did our boisterous Navy town become a gaggle of finger-wagging church ladies? We — like every other great American city — are guilty of it all: drinkin’, fightin’, cussin’, womanizin’. So dear, sweet, innocent Pensacola, let’s quit the pretendin’.

But since we’ve stormed the beach with tar and seagull feathers to expel the wicked CMT stars, we better round up a few others on the way out. First, make sure the mob inspects the sobriety levels of today’s beach Mardi Gras krewes. Then be sure to raid The Break, The Islander and The Sandshaker.

And once the mob moves inland, it better stop by the infamous Azalea Cocktail Lounge to hoist up the new owner and City Councilman Larry B. Johnson for being a purveyor of the most potent pour in Pensacola.

Then, winding our way to the West Side, the mob will probably be hungry, so it will drop by Tippy’s Tavern for one of the famous cheeseburgers, gritter tots and a few more souls who aren’t presenting a dignified image of Pensacola.

And no hometown purge would be complete without shutting down the strip clubs. There’s tons of skin and sin in those joints. So in the interest of moral consistency, we’ll say “Be gone, vixens!” and “Ship out!” to the sailors who ogle them.

Wait? What’s that, O Ghost of Pensacola Past? Whiskey, women and wildness have been part of this place ever since downtown was home to a booming red light district? Even American hero Sen. John “Maverick” McCain got drunk, rowdy and dated strippers when he was stationed here?

Ehhhh ... facts, schmacts. When it comes to puritanical proselytizing, there’s nothing a little historical whitewash can’t fix.

Or we can stop the phony fussin’ and be honest. The CMT production — dumb as it may be — is nothing we don’t already do. Even bad art imitates life after all, and Pensacola was a real-life “Party Down South” long before the stupid show.

Ironically, the self-righteous mob-mentality that prevailed looks just as ugly as the drooling drunks on the show. If we truly wanted to defend our Southernness, we shouldn’t have trashed the single most important virtue every Southerner, by birthright, must take pride in — hospitality.