



The Porter

A review

by

Dan W. Griffin

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DIGNITAS

Had I written this a couple of weeks ago I would have taken pleasure in describing *The Porter* as one of Bath's more preferred venues for the consumption of booze and the like. I'd have done so in part because it is a place that has consistently maintained a clear and evident absence of revolting thugs, oiks and chavs. Sadly, if the last two weeks are anything to go by, such a description is no longer possible.

I've been visiting *The Porter* for many years and it was actually one of the first bars that I regularly frequented when I first moved to the city some fifteen years ago. Back then, as it is now, it was kind of rustic yet with a modern tinge of hedgemonkey; thus serving a small selection of well-kept real ales for people with Berghaus jackets and beards. It has always served ciders and lager too, and the fact that the majority of *The Porter's* clientele can actually read has long represented an effective deterrent against it being overtaken by mindless oiks bent on a need to further the case for the worldwide franchising of Dignitas.

The Porter is, I think, Bath's only vegetarian pub. Since I quite enjoy eating dead animals however, I have not tried many of the dishes on the menu. I have permitted my taste buds to sample the nachos and the pizzas, both of which are particularly satisfying 'things'

that go rather well with booze-related beverages. It's a fairly attractive place with a good amount of outdoor seating, but I cannot seem to get the incident of the oiks out of my head and so I'm going to have to write another review when I'm not so angry.

Perhaps it was the frivolities of the bank holiday Sundays recently that encouraged otherwise-decent people to don tracksuits and faux-designer labels, Hoover a variety of substances up their nose, guzzle lager and alcopops and then seek out opportunities to punch the living piss out of one another. Sadly, I don't think this to be the case. What was a thoroughly pleasant and friendly atmosphere in *The Porter* one minute (last Sunday eve) descended with surprising speed into a thoroughly unpleasant melee of idiots showcasing with aplomb a clear case for a governmental social cleansing strategy. This within moments of said idiots sauntering through the door. The need for such governmental strategy was further reinforced on hearing someone thick utter the phrase (when someone else equally thick had a grip of their tracksuit), '*Let go of me, Blood, yeah...*' Had I not been dodging a flying glass at that particular moment I might otherwise have found it rather funny.

The incident was handled reasonably well in the circumstances with a couple of regular customers assisting the staff to push the shit out onto the pavement

while I cowered somewhere in the corner. This is often the case in bars traditionally built on friendly, civilised service, particularly since the vast majority of decent folks take it as a personal affront that the aforementioned shit thinks it permissible to behave in such a way. Disappointingly, the police arrived just that little bit too late to award us all the demonstration of how to educate garbage with nightsticks and batons.

Anyway, while I'm all for allowing such rotten filth to beat each other into a bloody pulp in the privacy of an arena or a skip, I do not want to witness the spectacle while out enjoying the company of friends and a nice quiet drink. If I did I would probably head to England's north-east.

The fact is that until very recently *The Porter* was a great pub. I sincerely hope that someone sees fit to place a notice on the door stating, 'No chavs or revolting oiks allowed' (or something like that), and I will thus return and write another review.



The Porter can be discovered at:

2 Miles's (sic) Buildings
Bath
BA1 2QS
01225 424 104



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