

BAR *crawler*

# In a metal mood

Duff's is one hell of a joint

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**Duff's** Brooklyn

28 N. Third St., Brooklyn

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**REVIEW** If [www.suicide-girls.com](http://www.suicide-girls.com) was a bar instead of a soft-core porn Web site, it would be Duff's Brooklyn in Williamsburg. There might even be some porn on the TV when you walk in — and metal playing on the jukebox. OK, there will definitely be metal playing on the jukebox.



THE CENTERPIECE of Duff's Brooklyn sits on the curb: a 1978 Cadillac hearse.

Duff's shoots for a "last roadhouse before hell" vibe. Strings of red Christmas bulbs provide most of the light inside and on the outdoor deck. Zombie masks and plastic skulls abound. But the centerpiece of the theme — the nexus of all Duffness — sits outside by the curb: a 1978 Cadillac hearse that bar owner Jimmy Duff claims to sleep in on occasion.

When we visited last week, a friend said to me, "I've never been in a bar that's been more successful at capturing its aesthetic, even if I think that aesthetic is juvenile and offensive."

But we stayed for five

drinks anyway. When the bar became crowded with bikers, we stayed. When a '70s porn came on the TV, we stayed. Even when they cut off Fleetwood Mac's "Second Hand News" mid-song, we stayed (though we did yell a little — quietly, under our breaths).

The thing is, for a loud, biker metal bar staffed by vampire, rockabilly sex kittens, the place is pretty laid back. I've been to few New York bars where I didn't feel like someone was sizing me up. Duff's is one of those few. I didn't grow up listening to Slayer and Sabbath, but if I had, I can't think of a place I'd rather drink \$3 beers at.