

100 Bars in 100 Days
Hops MacBarley's 2012
Key West Bar Boondoggle
"The Peace, Love, and I.P.A. Tour"

BAR 97:
Schooner Wharf Bar
202 William Street
www.schoonerwharf.com
Wednesday 10/24, 9:30 pm

Yuengling (draft) \$5.00



Fantasy Fest is roaring all over town, and there is plenty of Party to go around. Green Party, Red Party, Plaid Party, Tutu Party, Homemade Bikini Contest, Wet T-shirt Contest, Fetish Party, Nerd Party, and much more, at bars all over town.

The Schooner Wharf is not one to be left out of Party Hearty Time. They have the midnight Dropping of the Pirate Wench on New Year's Eve. They host the annual Battle of the Bars competition every July – a grueling test of bar skills and chugging that brings out hundreds of KW's F&B staff and raises thousands of dollars every year for charity.



In Fantasy Fest, the Wharf calls out the hippie in us all, with Wharfstock, a throwback bash with '70's style groovin' music, where tie-dyed clothes and peace signs abound.

It's fitting that this flashback happens at "the last little piece of old Key West." From the stories I've heard, old Key West was rolling and tumbling and waist-deep in weed.

Bales discarded by smugglers and nicknamed "square groupers" would routinely float up on the Keys' beaches and in the mangroves, and pot could be got from the local gendarmes. High times, indeed.

I caught no whiff o' weed at Wharfstock, but I'm willing to bet there were some burnt offerings made in preparation for the event. (I win.)

This was referred (not reeferred) to around town as the Tie-Dye Party, and I've been doing my level best to keep that groovy style alive, man. I have tie-dye shirts and tanks, of course, and bandannas and a couple of styles of hats. I also have tie-dye sunglasses, a few tie-dye sarongs (which make great capes – light and long and billowy in the breeze), tie-dye boxers (which are my racing shorts), and even, yes, tie-dye bed sheets.



So, I went waaaay over the top for Wharfstock, to the point where it seemed that a high percentage of attendees viewed me as a parody of the '70's

rather than an enthusiast. I got way more odd looks than smiles or nods of approval or fist pumps. I did look pretty fucking odd, I do admit. Didn't worry me worth a turtle turd, though.

Gary Hempsey – ha, an appropriate name – Band was performing and doing some flower power tunes and moves. The crowd was into it, but on the mellow side. It was an older group than the Tutu Party had been, and they seemed to relish a mellow time over the clamor of most FF parties.

Despite the extremity of the celebration, this wasn't totally out of whack with the average Schooner Wharf night (unlike Mangoes). First of all, it was



full, and that's routine, especially when a band plays. Also, the band was not playing the same rock stuff you hear on most of Duval, and that's common. Plus, tie-dyes are not rare sights here; the tie-dye tank is one of their best sellers in their little shirt shack.

But the Wharf can be right

peaceful sometimes, too. People just seem to shuffle around without urgency, relish their drinks and dig the harbor vibe. The ramshackle structure and the diverse maritime decorations make it enjoyable to just sit and look around for quite a while. I almost always see something that I never saw before – or, I see something that I *don't remember* seeing before.

And the rooftop is a cool hang too. Great breeze, awesome view of the harbor, boats, water, and sunset. The Conch Republic flag flies high over the rooftop, too. A good touch.



My most common bibulous buddies – the usual suspects – declined the nudge to this event, choosing to stay at the Gecko's Redneck Party. I had been there too, for quite a while, which is why I'm a tad short on crisp details about Wharfstock, like what songs were played and who my barkeep was. Oh well. It happens.

Ninety-seven freaking bars. I have the list written out here, and mannn, it is lonnnng! The PLIPAT is galloping towards the finish line. Yee-mofo-ha.