



**The Peace, Love & I. P. A. Tour  
Hops MacBarley's 2012  
Key West Bar Boondoggle**

Key West, Florida: the perfect place to launch a 100-Bar quest. For one thing, all 100 will be contained – easily – in just the four square miles of my end-of-the-road hometown. So, virtually no gas money and virtually no drunk driving. Most days and nights, I'll be on the bike.

The 100 Days part is cake. I could do it in a month and never get drunk. It's the 100 *Bars* part that excites me.

When the concept stirred in me 'ead, I immediately liked the challenge of finding, visiting, and imbibing at 100 different watering holes. 100 Bars. **100!**

Some of them will be familiar, some will be virgin turf. Some will have history, some are a mystery. Some will be dives. Some will be farrrr classier than I am. I may even be asked to move on from some. (*Excuse me, sir, but are you a guesssst at this hotel??*). Sports bars, dance bars, restaurant bars, outdoor bars, pool bars, tiki bars, gay bars, leather bars, wine bars, fern bars, piano bars, burlesque bars, hotel bars, quirky bars, scruffy bars, drag bars, and whatever-else bars.

There will be one thing that they will all have in common: there will be NO CHEAP BARS. Key West does not have any of those. I'll snag a Happy Hour (HH) when I can, and ferret out some house specials – *A can of PBR for a buck? Serve it up forthwith, my good man!* – but the norm will be a finner per libation, plus tip. We're looking at a \$600 quest here. But WTF.

It has acquired the tag of *The Peace, Love, and I.P.A Tour*, for no particular reason. Hat's off to Ben & Jerry's, who came up with "peace, love, and ice cream" back in the day. I'm not trying to capitalize on that; if anything, I hope the thought of a yummy creamy B&J's snack stirs in y'all right now, and that they will actually make money because I borrowed their phrase. Hopefully, they'll be peacey and lovey enough not to suey me.

The Tour's launch date was July 20, 2012. That means that Day 100 falls on October 28, 2012, which jussssst happens to be the climactic final night of Fantasy Fest. The best way I can think of to describe Fantasy Fest to someone who has never been here is that it's a lot like Mardi Gras, but more naked. I'll have to save a very special bar for the 100<sup>th</sup> day.

In some ways, I regret not thinking of this Tour sooner. In the past months, several places worthy of inclusion have closed down: McFadden's, Steel Horse, The Sports Page, Cowboy Bill's Reloaded, Pete's Piano Bar, and one of my favorites, Bobalu's Key West. Though their up-da-Keys original location carries on, Bobalu's Southard Street version was a damn cool hang. My final Happy Hour beer at BKW is shown at right. Looks purdy, don't it?



Bars come and go in this town though; it's just the way of the world. Many open up with big expectations just because they are somewhere near Duval Street, but close up within a year because they just did not have enough of a hook to suck enough swillers away from the comp.

There is a strange irony to the timing of this quest, though. Ironically, that in itself should not be strange, since my life is a string of strange ironies. What is strange is that I made a decision at the end of April to cut waaay back on my boozin'. Part of it was that the stage coach was rolling a bit too well and it was just a good idea to rein the horses back in a little.

But the more relevant part was that my legs were finally feeling healthy enough to get back into that runnin' thang, but truckin' along with 212 pounds on my frame was not gonna work. So, between upping the running and downing the quaffing, 16 pounds fell away in 30 days. Pat myself on the back for that.

So, how odd is it to make a commitment to frequent drinking in the middle of such a trend? Pretty odd. But though this quest is about numbers, it is not about volume. Doing a one-and-done at three different bars makes more sense than

hunkering down for eight tall and cold drafts, packing on 2000 calories, dropping \$50, wobbling home, and feeling like puppy poop in the morning.

Hey, I'm not locked in at one-and-done; I can have as many as I feel like, but many of these will be a supertime bev with a sunset run looming a couple hours ahead. Or a late-night swill after a nighttime jaunt around town. That runnin' crap sure can take over your life. It's like having a freaking wife: keeps you from overeating, doesn't like you drinking, makes you say no to friends who try to drag you to Happy Hour, and makes you get off your ass when you feel lazy.

Anyway, 100 Bars in 100 Days...