

Bar Hoppin' With Hops

The Keep On Hoppin' Tour
Hops MacBarley's Ongoing
Key West Bar Boondoggle

Bar 241:

The Green Room

501 Greene Street

www.thegreenroomkeywest.com

Saturday, February 14, 2015, 9:00 PM

Yuengling (bottle) \$3.25

Ahhh, finally, the 2-4-1 Hop. #241, that is.

The trend in KW lately has been small places. Big ones cost too much to run, I guess, so if you choose your products wisely, hire just a few good people, and get a decent crowd on a steady basis, maybe you can cover the lower rent and make a good go of it.



You can't get much smaller than The Green Room, though their [website](http://www.thegreenroomkeywest.com) makes it look cavernous. We got wind of it not all that long before they actually opened. It had been a small t-shirt shop, I think, so nobody really took much notice when its doors closed and its windows got covered from within by brown paper. I heard about it first at work when Blake came in to get some illuminated signs for his frozen drink machines. I was like, *Huh? New bar?? Where? When??* The drink sign that most caught my eye was Liquid Marijuana. Yahhh.



Blake is an amiable and garrulous sort, and he was happy to talk about this new venture. The "green" in Green Room is very much in tune with the environmental consciousness that (thankfully) has taken hold in this century. Rescued wood from around Florida abounds throughout the bar, their ingredients are all all-natural, and even their t-shirts are made from recycled material. Bravo! A noble bar!!

B&J and I were eager to Hop it. Word was out that Friday would be the Grand Opening, even though there were still some last-minute things to get done. I walked by late Friday afternoon, stuck my head in and asked if tonight would be the night. Blake had his staff all in there doing some very low-key training. It looked like a "getting to know the drinks" session, which, of course, all bar staff needs. He shrugged and said, "No, I decided



that Friday the 13th has too much bad juju. Valentine's Day will be a *much* better day to open, with all that love in the air..."

So here we were. There had been a warm-up stop at Lazy Gecko (#2), and another at World Of Beer (#101). Pretty standard stuff. TGR was pretty full of people (who, in turn, were full of love), and you could tell that business had been good. We got three seats on the corner of the bar. There are only about 12 seats in all, so that in itself was a good score.

It was quite a show. My Yingle bottle was \$3.25 after the local discount, a price that's getting hard to beat anywhere on this island (and this boondoggle).

After only a few minutes, Brian was heard to comment, "...a lot of silicone behind this bar." There certainly was above-average boobage. Three buxom and high-spirited young ladies were having a rockin' good time back there. There was one tall, thin, and marginally scruffy dude back there too, but he was wise enough to just keep out of the way until those times when he had to undo another cash register muck-up.

At one point, the Asian Babe poured two shots of tequila and balanced them on her ta-ta's, one on each ta. She had something planned but never got to do it. Her co-keep goosed her and both shots went tumbling down her significant cleavage. The groan from the males in attendance was audible.

The Green Room *miiiiight* be about 1000 square feet, and about half of that might be the three-sided bar. A couple of small tables are tucked up against the left wall. Considering all that, you'd be dang sure that there'd be no live music here. And you'd be pretty dang wrong. The corner that we sat on was about five feet (1.62 meters) from a microphone on a stand. The wall in that corner was vivid green artificial turf. There was a stool behind it, and a guitar next to it. It looked like Open Mike Night.

For a second, I was tempted to pick up that ax and slam out the back half of Tom



Petty's *Runnin' Down a Dream*, but then, I figured, I've never played the guitar in my life, and maybe it's not that easy to play. I kick butt on that song with my air guitar. Never a bad note on the air ax.



I have tidy skills on the air harmonica too, which looks a lot like blowing on your hands on a cold New England night. Air sax needs some work, though; I shudder to think what horrid noises those gestures would actually create.

Air keyboards, though, I used to excel at. But with keyboards, it's usually not air; it's a table, a bar, or, *of course*, your dashboard. Back in my college days, as a result of my fervor for Keith Emerson and Rick Wakeman, the dashboard of my '69 Mustang (named Sally, of course),

was adorned with 88 strips of white tape and black tape. Yeah, I know, but I was stoned out my head most of the time, so I thought it was cool. My finger speed was respectable (if you respect such things), but, again, the placement was *verrrry* suspect.

Air bagpipes? Can't touch this dude on those. It's in me Scottish blood, laddie.

Anyway, my chance here went by the boards because a blonde dude moved onto the "stage" area for his next set. Rather than being a hired entertainer, I think he was one of the group of friends who teamed up on this venture. He was good, and he was clearly loving the crowd, the night, and the moment. It was a tad loud where we were, but, shit, we almost closer to him than his mike was.

It was a fun Hop, but Jan was feeling too much like a groupie in the front-row seat, so we slipped on out in search of another bar.

I should have gotten a brew to go; at the corner of Greene and Duval, who knows how long it would be before could find another bar?

