

## Web House Café (517 E Woodlawn)

In the trey darkness, you'd almost miss the metal arch coolly welcoming you to the Web House Café & Bar. I slunk through the bricked courtyard which boasted a dry, lion-headed fountain. Christmas lights wrapped the oaks neatly and emitted eerie light that was swallowed five feet from the trees. Though the hours said 4 p.m. to 2 a.m., I was worried they were closed already. There were no sounds.

Inside, the cinderblock had been painted dark red and the black ceiling sloped up beyond the thin rafters. The wooden bar was dark, thick and wide. Light, cast by dangling bulbs shrouded in angular purple glass that hung nearly to the bar, concentrated radiant spots on the wood. They oozed lounge-y swank, but it was nice to be able to read *The Current*, which they carry, or grade those heinous midterms with a beer chaser. Behind the bar toward the ceiling, CNN flashed images of newscasters and presidential hopefuls mummified in foundation and make-up. Then the one patron left and the empty bar held the babbling of political commentary. Though there was that ubiquitous juke-box, it remained mercifully silent. The bartender was obviously interested in politics and we chatted about the election as I drank my beer. It is unique, in San Antonio, to find a little dive, cluttered with the detritus of bars (empty twelve pack boxes stacked under a card table in the corner, an electronic dart board leaning drunkenly against the wall, couches crammed into another corner that may or may not be there for seating, flimsy-looking wooden tables and chairs) where one can discuss politics. We're a private people down here when it comes to our political leanings and it felt good to know that someone was keeping vigil.

Behind the bar a mural spanned the back wall. It presented a cavernous, somewhat anachronistic-looking ballroom: chandeliers, men in suits, a woman in a frock and a wide-brimmed hat, complete with paintings of paintings (one looks like a Degas dancer). It blended into the bottles of booze and hazy gloaming.

Unfortunately, the cook was out sick, so I wasn't able to try the bar food (mussels, wings, etc.) and the beer is little expensive (\$3.25 for a XX & \$2.50 for domestics), unless you come during happy hour, which is 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. everyday, when the domestics are \$1.50. But overall, the experience was a pleasant one. I love going into bars here in San Antonio because you never quite know what you'll be getting yourself into. This was no exception. I plan on going back for a bit of political claptrap and to read *The Current*. And, of course, swallow a few beers whole.

<<http://webhousecafe.com/>>