



THE BAR AT HOTEL HAVANA

San Antonio

Dark as a cave, the basement Bar features the soft illumination that reminds me of a vestibule cove inside a church, faintly aglow with candlelight. Undeniably, red is the best lighting for an otherwise shadowed bar, and here it lends something of a cozy richness to the intimate surroundings.

The multitude of candles is also perfect for beginning a night of birthday revelry for myself and my lady. A true daiquiri for me (with Texas' Treaty Oak Rum) and a michelada for her (Corona is perfect) before moving on to tulip glasses of mezcal.

The conversation moves on, too, as eventually we must—pizza awaits—but promises are made to return to this sunless nook along the Riverwalk that shines so very bright within memory.

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