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On the Street: San Antonio Current

Posted by Mark Jones on 9/26/2007

Carrot and Wine

(On Stieren Street)



The free wine and carrot sticks investigation continues. Get used to it.

I began at Unit B. The obvious question - "how was the food and drink?" I wasn't in the mood for carrots and cucumbers, and the gallery must have been on the same wavelength. For refreshments, I noticed a sink full of ice and Lonestar Lite. Understated. Well played.



Then, I noticed a couple of people with matching styrofoam cups with the letters "LT". I never got an answer on its origins. Before long I had one of those same mysterious cups filled with vodka and tonic, and possibly a [mickey finn](#)? Soon, I was all woozy and coarse. Or maybe I forgot to eat dinner. What follows is shaky underexposed camera work. As always, read at one's own risk.



In addition to the lonestar in the sink, there was [artwork](#) on the walls.



In the front room, fotos by Chuck Ramirez. Almost the same image as before.



In the kitchen, fotos by [Adam Blumberg](#) from Philadelphia.



One of the fotos shared my middle name but I'm not sure which one (the foto that is.)



This foto prompted a discussion of Gibby Haynes from the Butthole Surfers, and to a larger degree, the ideological/territorial ~~adoption~~ kidnapping of San Antonio musicians by Austin. I'm thinking of San Antonio musicians such as Doug Sahm, and yes, the Butthole Surfers. (More would come to mind had the mickey not dulled my senses. However, it's the same colonial attitude towards Elgin and Lockhart bbq restaurants as Austin reimagines them as one of their own, or back to musicians, Roky Erickson and Townes Van Zandt being 'Austin' musicians.)

The conversation drifted to an erstwhile ~~gentleman's club~~ den of voluptuous horror on (ironically) Austin Highway called Dirty Sally's and whether or not the Butthole Surfers performed there in the 80s. I recall a conversation in 1988 that claimed they did. The answer...is blowing in the wind (I know, here we go...)



I stumbled down the street thinking that Monterrey's favorite son, percussionist Emilio Tamez, was going to be performing at Sala Diaz. That wasn't the case. I initially assumed this was another Ben Judson promotion (which is true) but with the mickey and the sala/salon confusion, I should have known better as to where it was being held. I instead ended up here. Nothing wrong with that.



The door was open but no one was home. In the mindset of my own private b-movie, I opened the creaky door and went in and took a few fotos.



These, I would assume, are for a Sala Diaz bowling benefit coming up soon, though word is that the benefit has been pushed [back](#).



Given the delay in the benefit, I'm curious about how long these works will stay up.



Pixelated versus pixilated. In the best sense perhaps both terms are appropriate here.

The latter term I first heard in some 30s screwball comedy, most likely a Frank Capra film, possibly *It Happened One Night*.

