

Injuns Ain't Welcome

Last tequila we drunk was with a *pistolero* named Jesus, one afternoon in that dusty room above the saloon in San Antone where we was shacked with a splayfooted whore named Annie with wooden teeth and a taste for eatin' powder that glazed her eyes over; after we shot the barber in Denver who nicked us, the sonofabitch; before we lost our Colt, our pocket watch, our long johns and our maw's Bible to a leprous Comanche in a game of mumblety-peg played under a wagon in the stable yard during a cricket storm; before we signed on to drive the gov'nor's herd up to Nebrasky...

But our next tequila binge will likely be at **Miracle Grill's** West Village location, where the good Southwestern mini-chain will, on Monday, present its first-ever **Southwestern Tequila Dinner**, an event sure to set aquiver the loins of every Mexican and renegade Apache in Soup to Nuts' extended sphere of media influence, especially the ones in Fairfield County. Man, this is downright exciting food, and if we were still out on the range, instead of sitting in an office writing this crap, we'd shoot us up a couple cacti in exuberance. Chef **Tom McCauley** will serve up five courses' worth of reinterpreted Southwestern favorites, and pair each with an extra-special tequila. The five courses include a pan-seared sea scallop tostada with avocado-papaya salsa, a grilled hanger steak fajita with a sweet corn huitlacoche soufflé and other dishes that the sociopaths who typically patronized chuck wagons would, in their confusion, feed to the shoat pig.

Tickets to the dinner cost \$85 per person; call 924-1900 to buy them. A full menu may be viewed at miraclegrillny.com. Miracle Bar & Grill's location is at 415 Bleeker St. (betw. Bank & W. 11th Sts).

Mexicans are welcome; Injuns will be hanged.

