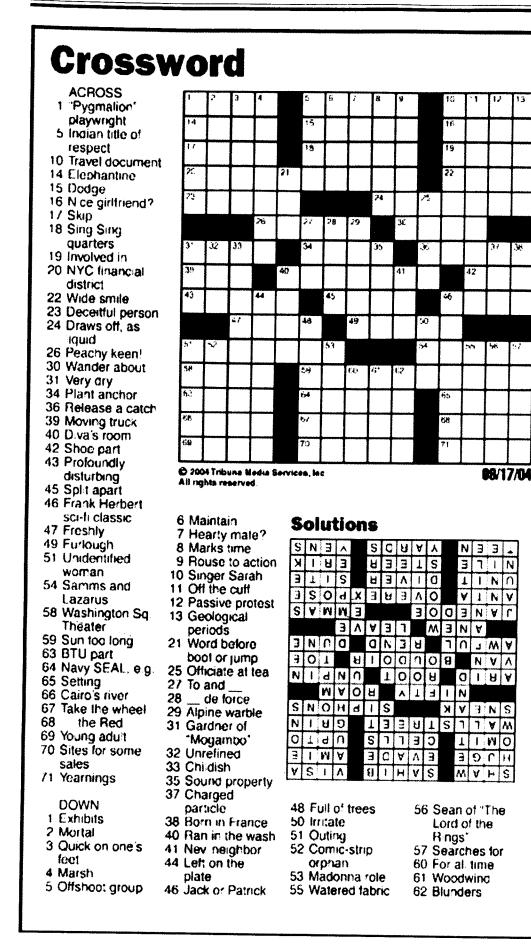
## STUDEN'T LIFE



# **Healthly foods are** affordable (almost)



By Marilynn Marter Knight Ridder Newspapers (KRT)

You've decided to start eating more organically grown foods, especially fresh produce.

Join the crowd. Sales of organics have been climbing about 20 percent a year in the United States and 25 percent in Europe for the last decade, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture's 2002 National Organic Program Report. That makes organics the fastest-growing segment in the food industry, the agency said.

But aren't organics harder to find and a lot more expensive than conventional foods?

Forget the 1960s image of ferreting out a few pale, wilted greens on a dusty health-foods-store shelf. Today, more than half of the nation's organic-food sales come from supermarkets, including Whole Foods Markets' 153 U.S. stores, and mass retailers such as Super Target (which sells organic beef and chicken), Wal-Mart and Costco.

Though nationwide sales topped \$10 billion last year, organics still represented barely 2 percent of total food purchases. The USDA expects that share to triple, climbing past \$30 billion, by 2007. Yet the debate continues over whether organic foods are really better for health.

Recently, we shopped at 10 markets in and around

Philadelphia (both conventional and organic/naturalfoods stores, including supermarkets, co-ops and even a farm stand) to compare the selection and prices of their organic produce.

On the plus side, we found supplies were good and quality excellent. And prices, while high, were rarely outrageous. There were even a few bargains.

On the downside, finding what you want at the best price may take some searching.

We compared prices for six of the most widely available types of organic produce (bell peppers, green seedless grapes, hearts of romaine, peaches, red potatoes, and tomatoes) at the five local stores with the most variety.

Co-ops had some of the best prices. But co-ops' inventories can be small and sell out quickly. And many require members to contribute some "sweat equity" to the enterprise.

For the rest of us, the convenience at Whole Foods and other chains is probably worth the higher prices.

We also made some price comparisons between Whole Foods and the other stores for larger imaginary market baskets of a wider variety of identical items. The selection and number of items for each comparison vary, since no store surveyed stocked organic versions of all of the foods we looked for.

Erie's local Whole Foods Cooperative is located at 1134 West 26th Street.



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### Nelly's two sides would play better as one

#### By Tom Moon Knight Ridder Newspapers (KRT)

Throughout a four-year career that's rocketed straight upward, the mega-platinum-selling St. Louis rapper, Nelly, has dominated urban music with two distinct styles--hard-cranking, instantly infectious party anthems (most notably "Hot in Herre") and more tender introspections on the order of the current "My Place," whose hook is sung by Jaheim.

On Sept. 14, Cornell Haynes, the smart businessman, sets out to exploit the dual "dimensions" of his art more aggressively with the simultaneous release of two seriously hyped, full-length discs.

"Sweat," Nelly's allegedly "street" offering chronicles the world of a hip-hop star whose high-rolling posse lives to "let a grand hang out." And right next to it on the CD rack there's "Suit," which invites listeners to relax, kick back, and experience the softer side of Nelly.

On paper, the double dose is a stroke of demographic-savvy genius: "Sweat" caters to the largely male rowdy crowd; "Suit" appeals to the sizable pool of female hip-hop lovers who seek something mellower than gangsta's tiresome gunplay and confrontation.

But in pop/hip-hop, circa 2004, more isn't necessarily better. Separating things by tone and style, Nelly has created solid, but samey and long-winded documents reminiscent of R. Kelly's current double-disc set, "Happy People/U Saved Me," that only the most devoted of his core audience will devour cover to cover. The discs are less cohesive conceptual statements than strings of singles aimed at subsets of the Nelly constituency.

The tactic quickly reveals itself to be a trap: After six sensitivo tracks on "Suit," Nelly uncorks an ode to a car called "Woodgrain and Leather Wit a Hole," that suggests he's exhausted his lover man repertoire and is casting desperately for another lust object.

It's the peril of outsized ambition: Moments of sparkling, sure-to-be-everywhere party music on "Sweat" (Universal, 3 out of four stars) sit next to dim exercises that wouldn't have merited inclusion on a tightly edited, more diverse disc. Likewise, after a few rounds of the plush, bedroom chatter that defines "Suit (Universal, 2 1/2 stars), Nelly's empathetic rhymes over pitter-pattering rhythms seem forced, willfully soft.

Had Nelly plucked the best of each, he'd have one relentless, 45-minute blast of hookcraft.

Releasing twin discs was a miscalculation. Yet the

sparks on each suggest that Nelly has hit stride. He's progressed far from "Country Grammar," his ninemillion-selling 2000 debut that introduced the world to St. Louis' slurred r's ("everybody becomes "errrbody) and now sounds like a novelty record. These days, the 29-year-old exudes calm as a rapper, and in several spots, including "Suit's reflective "N Dey Say," built on Spandau Ballet's "True," strives to be the voice of reason. Talking to a single mother raising two kids while her man is behind bars, he urges her to keep her head up: "Please don't despise and go against all brothers, and have a hatred in your heart and take it out on another."

More important, he's evolved into a highly efficient melody machine with an unerring sense of balance (between breathless raps and grabby song refrains, between harsh rhetoric and party music) and that rare ability, most recently displayed by Outkast, to generate catchphrases that hang around long after the song ends.

"Sweat" offers a string of these in a row: the insinuating chant "Na-NaNa-Na"; the salacious, Neptunesproduced "Flap Your Wings"; an unexpectedly heartfelt foray into consciousness reggae, "River Don't Runnn," that features Murphy Lee and Stephen Marley; and an addictive, wound-tight James Brown groove, "Tilt Ya Head Back," that's the best thing Christina Aguilera has sung on in ages.

Each of these tracks has its own message and at least several clever Nelly lines, but what makes them soar are the musical touches on the fringes, the slashing horns that punctuate "Tilt Ya Head Back," the lamenting, old-school harmony Ronald Isley brings to the Big Boi-produced "She Don't Know My Name," the highlight of "Suit." Some rappers treat these earcandy elements as afterthoughts. They're Nelly's primary preoccupation, and a reason why even his lightweight material (see "Suit's" ode to foot fetishism, "Pretty Toes") is compelling: He's making grabby, accessible hip-hop for the masses. The tracks of "Sweat" and, to a lesser extent "Suit," are almost overloaded, roaring with sound and in constant motion in the over-the-top revue style of Outkast and Missy Elliott. It's hard not to be drawn into the relentless stomping grooves and grinding backbeats.

That energy, which steamrolls through both discs, is ultimately the best argument for a single-disc package. It turns out there isn't all that much artistic distance between the club-going Nelly and the homebody

Nelly: A carefully culled, and considerably shorter, Sweatsuit" would have said much more than a "Sweat" and a "Suit."