

Taki's has the taste that tempts the tummy



Taki's restaurant located on West 12th street.

PHOTO BY NEIL MAKADIA

Old-style diner with old-style prices

by Karl Benacci
features co-editor

Not long ago, I had the opportunity to have breakfast at Taki's Restaurant, which is located on West 12th Street, near Peninsula Drive. A few of my friends and I decided to go there because we had heard that Taki's had good food and that it was open late at night. Besides, I used to pass by Taki's Restaurant everyday when I drove to my high school, and the 1950's look of the restaurant (I later found

out that Taki's was actually founded in the 1950's) had me intrigued. In fact, Taki's Restaurant looks more like a diner, which seems to add to its appeal.

When I entered the restaurant, I noticed that it was nearly filled with people, which is very unusual since it was in the early a.m. hours. I also observed that the restaurant was very bare, with little decoration on the walls, however, it was immaculately clean and there seemed to be a hospitable feeling. My friends and I quickly seated ourselves and

contemplated on what to order. I decided to get a vanilla milkshake, a few greek burgers, and some french fries.

It only took approximately five minutes for my party and I to receive our meals, which was very shocking. My milkshake was quite good; it was served in the big metal cup that it was mixed in, which further enforced the 1950s feel of the restaurant.

The french fries tasted pretty good too. They were served in a little basket, however, the serving was quite generous. But my favorite

portion of the meal was the Greek burgers. They were packed with beef, onions and greek sauce and were so good! I had a lot of trouble finishing my meal because the quantity of food was so large, however, much to my delight, the price of my meal was small, being approximately seven dollars!

It's rare to find a restaurant that has good food at a good price, but Taki's has been doing it for years, and it doesn't seem as if they will be changing that anytime soon.

I give Taki's 3.5 stars.

Vieux Carre: A play for the analytical audience

by Kristin Grudowski
staff writer

My first visit to the Roadhouse Theatre, as well as my first encounter with the work of Tennessee Williams, proved to be anything but what I was expecting this past weekend. I was expecting some sort of French play performed in a formal setting; what I encountered was an interesting flashback narrated by the character of a young homosexual in a quaint, but unique, setting.

Vieux Carre, written by Tennessee Williams, is the story of several individuals living in an old rooming house and the situations of their personal and intermingling lives. The narrator of the story, a writer who is actually the young Williams, introduces the audience to the loud, boisterous, sometimes rude landlady, Mrs. Wire, and the tenants: a lonely and proper young woman, Jane; Tye, a vulgar man who works at a strip club; and Nightingale, a dying painter.

During the time the writer spends as a resident of 722 Toulouse Street, he learns much about himself and the others who surround him in such close quarters. All of the people occupying the house suffer from loneliness caused by one factor or another. Each individual finds himself reaching out to the others for companionship, conversation, and a cure for the despair each is feeling in their own life. On the surface these individuals look healthy, happy, and content. As a member of the audience I was able to see that each character needed one another for a different reason, although they might not have wanted to admit to it. Williams does truly learn that "writers are shameless spies," in each situation that he encounters, both face to face and through the walls separating each room.

While there were many serious issues dealt with throughout the course of the story, I could not help to continuously think to myself, "what a

house!" I wasn't rolling in the aisles because I found the characters' situations humorous, but the interaction between the characters was absolutely hysterical at times. Mrs. Wire's character provided a majority of the comic relief.

Strong actors and actresses, who offer believable performances, portrayed the characters in *Vieux Carre*. I am only being honest when I say that I didn't expect much after I first viewed the Roadhouse's small stage. The actors successfully lead me to visualize the many rooms of the house on a stage about the size of three dorm rooms put together.

I would recommend this play to anyone who is willing to analyze and contemplate the characters, story and theme behind the title *Vieux Carre*. It is easy to see what is happening right in front of you, but it is also important to understand the message behind the madness. Anyone who is especially sensitive to male nudity might want to steer clear of this one too.

While I did enjoy the play, intermission in the coffee house behind the stage really surprised me. This close-knit gathering place was made up of numerous mismatched tables, chairs, benches and funky lamps. Bright orange walls enclosed the room and provided a background for paintings and other distinctive displays of emotion. The room really brought out the intellect in me. As I sipped on my Coke, because I don't drink coffee, I found myself pondering the play I was watching and examining every artifact around me.

Vieux Carre's theme may be somewhat hidden in the sketchy storyline, but what this play illustrates is something you already know: people need people. Everyone has problems from time to time. In a house where everyone has a troubling problem, the house itself becomes the safest and warmest place for each individual because he knows he is not alone.

Cruisin' CASH

Red Hot Chili Pepper concert makes for a sweaty road trip

The Red Hot Chili Peppers had just announced additional dates to their 2000 summer tour. It was March, and a road trip to see two awesome bands (the Foo Fighters were along to open the show.) was just what I needed. I got a hold of my best friend Matt in State College and my brother Ben in Pittsburgh to see if they were game for the journey to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Both were more than eager, and so our crew was set.

Awaking at 8 a.m. on the next Saturday morning, I surfed my way to the web site where tickets were available. Matt was doing the same. The lines were busy, but I finally got through. I had three tickets to see the Chili Peppers, and I was going crazy. Matt popped up on Instant Messenger and said that only fifteen minutes after the tickets went on sale, there were none left. I told Matt I got tickets, we went crazy together, and our summer was going to be off

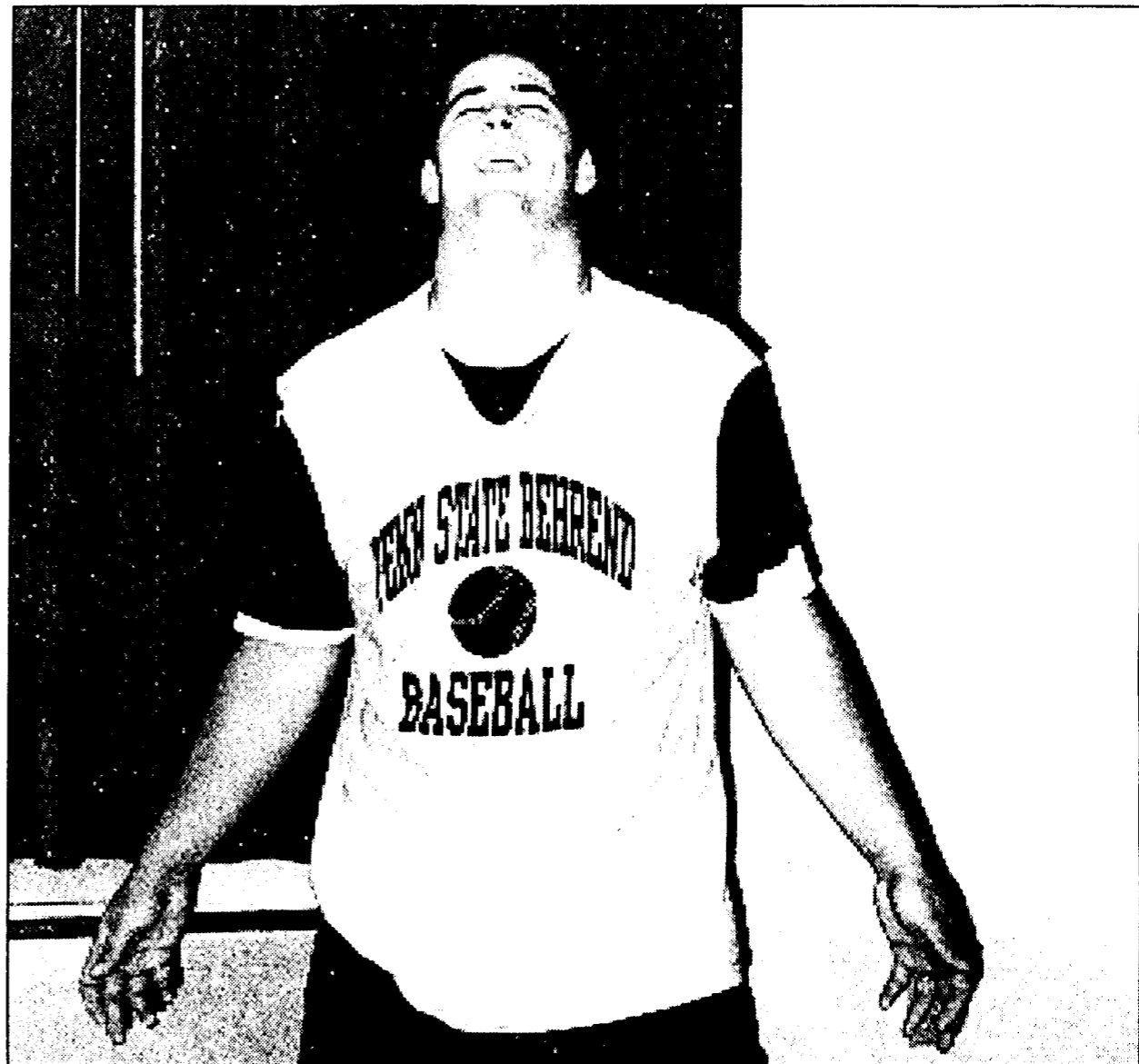
to a great start.

Fast-forward to May 14, and our crew was set to go. We left Pittsburgh at noon that day, and headed for the PA Turnpike. Ben began the trip behind the wheel, and we hit the ground running at over 80 miles per hour. Stopping in Breezewood for gas and a rest, we all got out of the car. We wouldn't get back in again for over an hour. Ben had locked the keys in the car. Why he locked the doors at a gas station we may never know, but he did. There was a service station just up the road, so Ben started walking. He returned shortly with word that someone would be down to help us soon. Eventually we got the help we needed, and Matt and I banished Ben to the back seat and finished driving the rest of the way ourselves.

Arriving in Wilkes-Barre, we were famished. Stomaching some Wegman's pizza, we headed for the show. We went in early to get close

to the stage. The band already on stage, The Bicycle Thieves, was the worst band I have ever heard, and we begged them to get off the stage. Finally, the Foo Fighters hit the stage, and the place went nuts. We moshed, pushed, shoved, kicked, and punched our way through their hit-filled set. Their show ended, and we were sweaty, tired, and ready for the Chili Peppers. They came on, but were not half as good as the Foo Fighters. The Foo Fighters were so amazing, it wouldn't have mattered who followed them onstage. Totally exhausted, we headed to find a hotel. After showering and eating more food at Perkins than any human should, we fell fast asleep. The drive home the next morning was much less eventful, and we were back in Pittsburgh in record time thanks to Benny's lead foot.

By Brandon Yeckel



Brandon Yeckel, 06 BLASC

Have you gone on a road trip lately?
If so, write about it and send your entry to
behrcoll5@aol.com.

Contest Rules: Any Behrend student can submit a 300-500 word story about a road trip they have taken since the end of the spring 2000 semester. The trip must be more than 150 miles from the original location. A photo must accompany entry with sufficient proof that the trip was made. Insufficient proof will lessen chances to win contest. If more than one student took part in the road trip, only the student submitting the story is eligible, unless all members send name in with entry. If more than one student name appears on entry, prize will be divided amongst the students who entered. Send in entries to behrcoll5@aol.com as soon as possible to ensure publication in the Beacon. Only entries appearing in the Beacon will be voted on. Beacon members are ineligible and will vote on the winner.