

# South Street Philadelphia

## A good way to spend your day

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photo by Velena. Primorac

**Above:** Marko requests a crooked picture to show off his brand new leather jacket, purchased at Western Wear on South Street. **Editor's Note:** Marko requested we warn readers about Western Wear. The zipper on his leather jacket busted three weeks later. Good thing it was only \$350.

Just an hour and some change away, Philadelphia is worth the drive. A few weeks ago, I finally broke my routine of slaving over school and work. After waiting only two hours for her to get ready, I hopped into my filthy ride and took my sister and myself speeding down the Turnpike, to the Valley Forge Exit, and then down to Philly. Traffic was not too bad (the toll was \$3.50), and luckily, once we hit South Street, we found a parking spot right away (travelers beware, the parking meters on South Street are up to two hours only: tickets are \$15.00).

What is there to do on South Street on an early Thursday afternoon? Take your pick: shopping, bar hopping, eating, getting a fix of caffeine (and, from the looks of some of the people walking around, fixes of different chemicals, if that's your style), staring (there are many interesting folks on and around South Street), or just wandering around. At the insistence of my sister, "we" chose to shop. I needed a new jacket, and I haven't purchased any bare necessities in almost three years, so I played along. It took me five minutes in "Western

**"The 'Tattooed Mom' was dimly lit, and the music was a mix of rock, hard rock, and punk. I had found my new home. Bob, the bartender, made sure the beer was flowing at all times."**

Wear," a good place to get a leather. I bought one there six years ago and if it were not for my arms getting longer than the sleeves, I would still be sporting it. I struck a deal: leather jacket with kicks for \$350 (no more lunch or dinner for the next month, but it's worth it).

My sister still was still on her quest for "the perfect jeans," and had no luck in "Western Wear." So we moved on, strolling up and down South Street, and she stopped in every boutique until she wandered into one with "the perfect jeans." Finally, after nearly forty minutes of going in and out of the fitting room, her personal Odyssey was over. The price was obscene, but the quest was finally complete and my sister was glowing (not only were the jeans "perfection," but they were made by a mascara wearing guy, a private designer who worked in the store).

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Photos above and at right by Marko Primorac

**Above:** Marko's sister, Velena, accompanied him on his trek to South Street to do some shopping and see the sights. **Right:** A shot of downtown Philadelphia's South Street, near the intersection of Ninth Street.

