

The Broad Street Journal

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Photograph by Douglas Yeisley

A Banner Day

For MCPC Staff At Least

By Douglas Yeisley

Last week, the red Temple banners on the lampposts in front of the MCPC on Broad Street mysteriously turned into blue Messiah College banners. Some Messiah students were concerned that these banners would draw the ire of neighboring Temple students. Other Messiah residents did not even notice.

I will address both parties on the issue. To those with some concerns, have no fear. Since the rise of postmodernism in academic circles, Christianity has not been considered as much of an intellectual faux pas. Just ask Dr. Crystal Downing back in Grantham about her book, *How Postmodernism Serves (My) Faith: Questioning Truth in Language, Philosophy and Art*. Read the book if you want to know why, but I'm just saying this to assure you that any religious persecution here is highly unlikely.

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No Stars For Hygiene

By Emily Yoder

While the first few weeks of the semester were filled with countless trips downtown and long nights exploring new corners of Philadelphia, it seems that many MCPC kids are slowing down a bit. Maybe the SEPTA token expenses were adding up like gas bills used to, or students began realizing that an urban \$5 cup of coffee tastes just like the \$5 coffee back in Grantham. Regardless, it seems that more students are embracing the idea of a relaxing night in with some cheap take-out.

However, with the SAC closing at 8:00 p.m. and students tiring of the typical fried J&H fourth meal fare, many are turning to a small Chinese restaurant right around the corner. At 1412 W. Diamond St., Temple Star is a two-minute or so walk from campus.

Three features set Temple Star apart from other Chinese take-out restaurants: the more-than-ample portions, the sweet tea, and their abysmal health inspection record.

The portion sizes really are something to write home about. Each order is practically two meals. The sweet tea, served in take-out soup containers, is reportedly some of the best that one can get north of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Despite the alluring portion sizes and the tasty take-out, some students have had their qualms about ordering there. "I went over there the other night and there was a baby crawling all over the counters right next to the food," commented junior MCPC student Brittany Bryant, "I'm not a germaphobe or anything but it is important to be sanitary."

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Photograph by Bradisha Fraser

Cookout and Kickin' African Style

By Bradisha Fraser

I attended an African cookout on September 9. This cookout was intended to encourage unity and foster community among different tribes and cultures, including those beyond the continent of Africa. The cookout could start no other time but "African time"—a concept to which my Kenyan and Nigerian friends have so graciously introduced me. "African time" is basically the time long after the scheduled time. On this particular Sunday, "African time" was three hours after the time the cookout was supposed to start.

For me, "African time" was the perfect time, because my stomach was simultaneously telling me that it was "food time." Of course, food fosters community; one cannot properly function in any social engagement on an empty stomach, especially me. The food looked really good...so good, that some of us could not wait for the plates to be brought; we were placing our food on napkins. If you saw and tasted the food, you would understand.

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Jena 6 Protest Sparks Necessary Dialogue

By Douglas Yeisley

On Thursday, a couple hundred students, including myself, gathered at the Bell tower for a rally in support of the teenagers who comprise the Jena 6. To look over this crown, all dressed in black and with fists raised in the air for six full minutes, was one of those moments that give you chills up and down your spine.

Needless to say, the event itself was fantastic. But to think that such an event had to take place in the 21st century clouded my whole perception of it with a sense of dismay. The Civil Rights movement took place over 40 years ago, and still racism remains a deep rooted issue. I admit that I did not realize this until I graduated high school and traveled. As I mentioned in my previous article, I spent time in L.A. One of the places I spent some time at was MacArthur Park which was the site of LAPD violence against protestors during the May Day Marches on May 1, 2007. The fact that I attended a Hispanic church adjacent to this park really shook me up. I am sure I knew a few of the protestors.

The point that I'm getting at is the Jena 6 incident is an indication of something much larger than just an isolated event in the Deep South. Many prominent observers see this as merely the manifestation of years of uninterrupted racist activates in the United States. Just a couple of weeks ago, I read in *Newsweek* about a school that just had its first integrated dance this year. The author lauded this as an achievement, but this dance should have occurred years ago. There is no excuse.

One of the best indicators of racial inequality is found in our justice system. I guarantee you, if you do some research on the matter you will find plenty of disturbing facts.

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Temple Star

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Photograph by Douglas Yeisley

In addition to the small hints at bad hygiene that students have witnessed, Temple Star has received numerous critical violations of the Pennsylvania State Health Code. According to the city's Environmental Health Services, during their July 16, 2007 inspection they found various food preparation tools and utensils improperly sanitized, and no sanitizer was present. During 2006 inspections, Health Services employees found not only evidence of rodent infestation, but saw live mice during their visit. Mouse feces were observed on the floors, shelving units, and around bulk food containers throughout the entire building. Large containers of open meat and shellfish were being stored at room temperature. Even the refrigerated food does not have proper lids or labels.

None of the customers I interviewed had experienced illness after eating food from Temple Star, although many expressed disgust about the restaurant's bad track record. Are consistent negative inspections enough to keep college students away from convenient, inexpensive, abundant plates of Chinese food? Perhaps, but probably not for long after the initial shock wears off. MCPC junior Lacey Ward summed it up best, "Besides the fact that it's gross, I love it!"

Cookout

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After a while, we were lured into drinking some Red Bull by the people in the Red Bull car (the car with a Red Bull can almost as big as the vehicle itself.). I guess those people handing them out knew our fate—we would soon need it for the kickball game. Kickball was the main event of the day, but unfortunately, I did not play since I did not know how. It seems easy—all one has to do is kick the ball and run. However, for me that would have posed as a challenge because every time I aim to kick the ball left, it goes right for some reason. Personally, I have a theory that someone always rigs my ball.

The game was exciting; people were running, diving, talking smack, and dancing on bases after beating the opposing team to get there first. Our very own Wairimu Kuguru represented both for Kenya and Messiah. She kicked her way to second base, and then sprinted all the way to home the next play. Thankfully, her skills sufficed for my lack of kickball know-how. In the end, there was healthy competition, healthy social engagements, and for the food...well, it was just darn good.

Banner

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Now for the apathetic: the banners are actually quite lovely. It is nice contrast to all the red we see everywhere. Besides, they are new, so they are in great condition.

The real news story here, however, is how the banners please the staff at MCPC. Kate Nicely has informed me that everyone here has wanted Messiah banners for years.

"The staff is all excited about them," she said. Certainly, the staff deserves these banners. After all the hard work they have done for us, the least we can do is to take some time out of our busy day to sincerely admire those lovely banners fluttering in the wind.

New hope for the Old West

Hollywood's oldest genre makes a surprising comeback in 3:10 to Yuma

By Devin Thomas

Sometimes I envy the morality of the Old West—or, at least the Old West of those B-movie westerns from the 1950s and 1960s, the kind in which the brave rancher must stand alone to defend his farm from the lawless bandit and his posse, or the kind in which the green-in-the-gills idealist sheriff must face down the corrupt saloon owner who “makes the law in this town.” These films were good-versus-evil, right-over-wrong. Sure, they were simple—*overly* simple—but in a way they were comforting, the idea that the world doesn’t exist in confusing, ever-shifting shades of moral gray.

James Mangold’s remake of the classic *3:10 to Yuma* isn’t that kind of Western—though at first it may seem like one. The plot is so simple that Elmore Leonard first wrote it as a short story: Dan Evans (Christian Bale), a frontier rancher who lost his leg during the Civil War, is now on the verge of losing his ranch, thanks to some antagonistic local bullies. After a series of events that seem almost dictated by fate, Evans aids local authorities in the capture of Ben Wade (Russell Crowe), a notorious outlaw with a penchant for holding up stagecoaches, robbing banks, and casually murdering those around him (both friend and foe). A three-day train ride now stands between the Wade-capturing posse and the city of Contention, where the 3:10 train to Yuma will transport Wade to prison and a certain death sentence.

Up to this point, the film seems straightforward enough: Dan is empirically good, Wade is categorically evil.



Image Courtesy of Google Images

And then the posse sets out, and we see that our B-movie assumptions about the quintessential Old West villain do not necessarily apply to Wade. He draws, reads, philosophizes, and is vastly more intelligent than the bandits with whom he rides. After the posse is forced to camp out at Dan’s ranch for the night, and Wade treated to a home-cooked meal with Dan’s family, the rancher’s wife (Gretchen Mol) confesses to her husband, “He’s not what I expected.”

Dan, meanwhile, is dealing with his own issues. His wife doubts that her transplanted Eastern husband can make his ranch work. Dan’s son resents his father’s strict reliance on “doing what’s right” rather than exacting justice. And Dan himself struggles with his fears about transporting a dangerous outlaw just for the \$2,000 reward (an amount that, serendipitously enough, will save his failing ranch).

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4 1/2 stars out of 5 for *3:10 to Yuma*

Show times at The Bridge:

1:10, 3:50, 6:50, 9:40

The Creperie at Temple

By Melissa Paolangeli

Food trucks are not a novelty on Temple University’s campus. From fresh-made pizza to authentic Japanese, the decision of which to choose is almost overwhelming. Each truck offers a unique experience that you can find nowhere else. But one particular blue, white, and red striped truck stands out among the rest.

The Creperie, located next to Presser Hall, draws a crowd of hungry students and faculty alike. Some wait in anticipation, watching sizzling crepes cook behind the glass window. Others study the large hanging menu on the right side of the truck listing countless combinations. The Creperie offers two categories of crepes: savory or sweet.

Savory choices are served warm with a white, wheat, or herb crepe, and contain fillings ranging from grilled chicken to veggie to seafood. Beef crepes come in three varieties: Philly, sirloin or roast beef, all served with mixed vegetables and a choice of sauce. Sauces range from exotic pineapple to classic Caesar, and can be combined with cheese, mushrooms, onions, peppers, spinach or tomatoes.

Crepes can be custom made or chosen from specialties such as Johnny’s Caliente Chicken, a hearty blend of grilled chicken, fresh long hot peppers, vegetables and cheese topped with salsa and ranch dressing. Another favorite is Alexander the Crepe, a gyro with pepperoni, vegetables, mozzarella cheese, and pizza sauce. For a twist, try one of the French-Mex crepes, a traditional tortilla served crepe style.

Sweet options are served warm with either a white or wheat crepe.

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Urban Living

Yuma Review

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It's a credit to the actors that this otherwise-transparent scene is not immediately recognized for what it reveals: mutual insight. Both Crowe and Bale fully inhabit their characters and do things with the dialogue that put to shame much of the (somewhat impressive) acting we've already seen in other films this year. Then again, this movie sizzles with amazing acting all around, particularly the roles of the gristly bounty hunter McElroy (Peter Fonda) and Wade's sadistic second-in-command Charlie Prince (a remarkable and somewhat unrecognizable Ben Foster, the little kid you might remember from a host of campy Disney Channel movies and a brief winged appearance in 2006's forgettable *X-Men: The Last Stand*).

With this film, Mangold—who directed 2005's satisfying Johnny Cash biopic *Walk the Line*—is not treading the unsteady moral quicksand of Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven*, but neither is he toying with the cardboard cutout stock characters of matinee Westerns. If Eastwood's film taught us that the line between villain and hero can be easily blurred, *3:10 to Yuma* teaches us that, in the Old West, courage is the great equalizer. This is the first truly significant "cowboy film" to come out of Hollywood in several years, proving that—if nothing else—the right combination of talent, direction, and dialogue can revive even the oldest American genre.



Image Courtesy of Google Images

Creperie

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Choices range from Berries Cheesecake, served with strawberries, blueberries, raspberries and raspberry sauce, to Al's Chocolate Bavarian, with bananas, caramel and powdered sugar. Customers can create their own crepes with fruits, toppings and sauces such as whipped cream, chocolate, walnuts, honey and cinnamon. For peanut butter lovers, try the Peanut Butter Banana Cup, a rich blend of peanut butter, fresh bananas and nutella spread.

The Creperie is not only tasty, but it appeals to a college budget as well. Sweet crepes are \$3.75 and savory are \$4.25, and with a drink they run \$4.50 and \$5.00 respectively. The staff keeps the atmosphere fun and light hearted, entertaining customers as they mix and flip crepes on the grill.

Because of its friendly staff, reasonable prices and, most importantly, delicious food, there is no place quite like the Creperie at Temple.

Jena 6

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Just two weeks ago, a friend of mine from youth group received a disproportionately harsh sentence, and my mom and I agree it is due to the fact that he is African-American.

What then can we do about this horrible issue? First, make sure you take care of yourself. I am confident that no one here is racist, but nevertheless remain careful not to evoke stereotypes that were acquired unwittingly from the media or from your own home.

Next, make sure you attend a church that promotes racial equality.



Photograph by Melissa Paolangeli

Creperie at a Glance

Price: \$ (All crepes \$3.75- \$4.25)

Cuisine: Crepes; Breakfast, Lunch or Dinner

Located: 13th and Norris, next to Presser Music Building

Melissa Recommends: Wheat crepe with grilled chicken, feta spread, tomatoes and spinach

This might not be so much of an issue here, but why do you think that back at Messiah, everyone preaches about reconciliation all the time? As sad it sounds, it is because churches often times are the biggest culprits. I think of all the suburban churches that turn their backs to their urban brothers and sisters as an example. The last thing you want is to have your spiritual life tainted by bad fruit.

Finally, be thankful you are at Temple. It was recently voted the most diverse university by the Princeton Review. Certainly, the protest today was a good indication that we are in the right place.