

Never on Sunday or Monday

It's not exactly a nightspot in the Flatka—for one thing it has a roof. For another thing, the wine glasses don't get shattered against the wall by exuberant patrons.

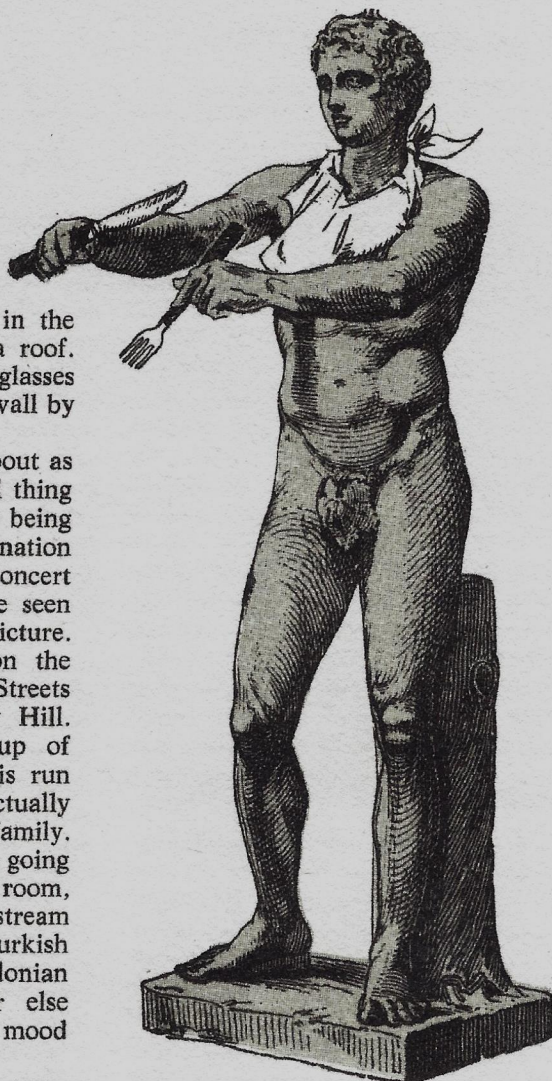
Otherwise Konstantinos is about as close as you can get to the real thing in Philadelphia. The real thing being the Greek taverna—a combination restaurant, watering hole, concert stage and dance hall. If you've seen *Never on Sunday*, you get the picture.

The restaurant is located on the corner of Second and South Streets on the lower edge of Society Hill. It was bankrolled by a group of neighborhood bluebloods and is run by the Konstantinos family. Actually the whole staff is one big family. When the bouzouki music starts going beside the bar in the front room, even the cook and dishwasher stream out of the kitchen to join the Turkish sailors, Syrian merchants, Macedonian college students and whoever else happens to be in a dancing mood and on the premises.

The food is served in a back room that gives only a limited look at the festivities by the bar. Except for some lamps made on the island of Simi and a flock of young waiters just off the boat from Piraeus the dining room is quite plain.

The menu, though, contains the exotica.

Dolmas (stuffed grape leaves) topped with yogurt (\$1.50) and marinated octopus (\$1.75) are both superior appetizer renderings. We especially liked the Tirospanakopita—spinach pie, concocted of ethereal pastry, layer on layer, filled with gently spiced spinach (\$1.75). You almost can't go wrong except with the meatballs—ordinary meatballs, garnished with feta cheese and spicy black olives.



If you dig garlic you'll flip for the salad, crisp and dressed just right, topped with anchovy, cheese and olive. On the other hand, if this divine bud is not your dish, maybe you'd better ask for a special concession.

Main courses vary from night to night, but always include steaks and chops for those who hate to experiment. Representative Greek goodies might include moussaka (\$4.50), layered eggplant and lamb baked with an herb-perfumed tomato sauce; or stuffed cabbage with rice and lamb and topped with a delicate avgolemono (lemon, to you) sauce; or spicy grilled squid (\$4), a rarity in these parts; or the more familiar shish-

kebab (\$6); or other tasties from the Greek repertoire. If you arrive for dinner late, most of the more exotic dishes will have been sold out.

You'll find portions more than adequate and lovingly prepared.

Alas, all is not perfection. Desserts, as a whole, don't measure up to the preceding fare. Baklava is far from the melting tender concoction it ought to be. Greek delights, sort of like their Turkish cousins, are perfumy-tasting gelatin chunks. Incidentally, men, don't worry if the waiter proffers "queens" and ice cream as a choice, they won't make a pass at you. They turn out to be simply candied quince preserves.

Dinner is served from 6:30 to 10:30 Tuesday thru Saturday. Don't go without a reservation (MA 7-0202).

—BARBARA ANN ROSENBERG