Dental Firm May Sue Over 'Vicious' Report

By ROBERT CROMBIE
An investment banking agency con-
tracted by the Dental School is
threatening to sue Columbia Uni-
versity and its administration for
interfering with its business.
The document, a draft of a letter
written by Columbia University's
acknowledged laboratory director,
Patricia Cormier, director of academic
practice services, Inc., a private employment agency con-
tracted by the Dental School is con-
dismissal of suspended professors who do not find work in
journal.
A private employment agency con-
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Agenda Set For College Conference

By SCOTT COTTI
Focus is on the APOLLE leadership
program and the College Coalition's
American Association of University
Professors (AAUP) meeting this
weekend. 16 workshops will make
up the college conference which will
be open to all students who are
members of the AAUP.

"Some students are not interested in
participating because they are not
members of the AAUP," said Scott CottI.

"It's important that students be
involved because they will be the
ones who have to face the policy changes that come out of
this conference."CottI said.

"The conference is important because it gives students a
voice in the decision making process," said CottI.

"It's important that students be
involved because they will be the
ones who have to face the policy changes that come out of
this conference."

"Some students are not interested in
participating because they are not
members of the AAUP."
Pope Criticized on Sex Stand

MUNICH, West Germany — A Roman Catholic priest who is in court to challenge the pope’s views on abortion and contraception said Tuesday that the pope is acting like a dictator and that the Vatican’s courting of women is an act of sexual propaganda.

The priest, the Rev. Giuseppe Puglisi, said that the pope is acting like a dictator, and that the Vatican’s courting of women is an act of sexual propaganda. He also said that the pope is acting like a dictator, and that the Vatican’s courting of women is an act of sexual propaganda.

Puglisi, a member of the papal delegation to the United Nations, said that the pope is acting like a dictator, and that the Vatican’s courting of women is an act of sexual propaganda. He also said that the pope is acting like a dictator, and that the Vatican’s courting of women is an act of sexual propaganda.

The pope expressed his support for the Vatican’s courting of women, saying that it is a sign of the times, and that the Vatican is not afraid to court women. He also said that the Vatican is not afraid to court women, and that it is a sign of the times.

Puglisi said that the pope’s support for the Vatican’s courting of women is an act of sexual propaganda, and that the Vatican is not afraid to court women. He also said that the Vatican is not afraid to court women, and that it is a sign of the times.

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Yale Takes the Train to Harvard
As Columbia Tops Off Hi-Rises

BY ROBERT E. SHEFFIELD

When it comes to bragging rights, nobody can beat the Ivy League—we have some of the oldest and most established college towns in the country. Most of them have their own unique feeling to them, though some might make the case for uniqueness. This week, Ivy League teams take a look at how Ivy schools' parties sometimes depend upon their present.

A lot of the news comes from Yale. Yale was getting ready for two important events. The first was an annual tournament for alumni held on the campus. The second was a move to retain the train. As a result, train officials at Amtrak and the University with the help of New Haven, have been distributing good luck to the students for their favorite event. Yalies are getting set for one of the most sacred events, the annual train, this week. Yalies will be on the train, a free frisbee, and assorted goodies at $23 each, including "drinks on the train," according to one of the trip's organizers.

The Massachusetts Historical Commission last week announced large scale improvements in the Harvard campus for the nation's oldest college. The new buildings will be the largest, best-equipped athletic facilities to be built in the nation's past, according to the Harvard Crimson. The commission of the nation's oldest college, Harvard, will have difficulty in retaining or developing these buildings in the future. The commission also plans to build a new building near the existing facilities. If the plan is approved, the commission said, "it would be a pleasant thing, but if we have to do it, we will do it."

Another Harvard team that could benefit from this move is the football team, according to one of the trips organizers. "In this week's Harvard, we have to do it," the organizer said. "We have to do it in order to keep the school going. We have to do it in order to keep the school going."

Finally, a few words from Princeton's famed eating clubs. One Princeton's famed eating clubs is being revived. "For ding," according to one of the trip's organizers, "just a few days ago, we have seen hundreds of half-crazed fans gathering around the campus." The club spokesman said, "It wouldn't be a success if we didn't have it."

The rules, different from those of the Ivy League, will allow for "real" frisbee, but no "boxing gloves," according to one of the trip's organizers.

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We hope you enjoy your trip! We hope you enjoy your trip!
Open New Worlds

By Mark Cohen

Three women entered the room and we all recognized that something momentous was about to happen. One woman traced her hand on a map, the second leaned over a desk and leafed through a thick folder, and the third examined the contents of a briefcase. The people around us were silent, waiting for the announcement. They knew, as we did, that this was a special moment and that the future would be forever changed by what was about to be revealed.

In the center of the room, a tall man in a suit stood up and said, "This is the beginning of a new era. A new era of cooperation and collaboration that will bring about unprecedented opportunities for all of us." The room erupted into applause, and the atmosphere was electric. Everyone knew that this was a turning point in history and that the world would never be the same again.

The Centenary and Sensitivity

By Mark Carter

The centenary of the University was marked by a series of events that celebrated the achievements of the past 100 years. Among the highlights was the unveiling of a new statue of President Roosevelt, which was received with great enthusiasm by the students and faculty alike. The statue was a fitting tribute to a man who had dedicated his life to improving the lives of others.

The culture of the University changed in many ways over the course of the past 100 years. The students were no longer expected to conform to rigid rules and regulations, and there was a greater emphasis on individual expression and creativity. This shift was reflected in the arts, where new forms of expression were explored and celebrated.

Letters to the Editor

The Attracive Portrayal

By Don Manno

I was surprised to learn that the University of Pennsylvania is ranked among the top universities in the country. As someone who has been involved in the University for many years, I can attest to the quality of the education and the dedication of the faculty.

I was also pleased to see the focus on diversity and inclusion. The University has made great strides in recent years to ensure that all students, regardless of background, have the opportunity to succeed.

In conclusion, I believe that the University of Pennsylvania is a great institution that is well worth the investment of time and money.

Kudos for a Program

By Robert Deutch

I would like to commend the University of Pennsylvania for its commitment to providing a high-quality education to all students. The University has made significant progress in recent years to ensure that all students, regardless of their background, have the opportunity to succeed.

I would also like to applaud the University for its efforts to promote diversity and inclusion. The University has made great strides in recent years to ensure that all students, regardless of background, have the opportunity to succeed.

I believe that the University of Pennsylvania is a great institution that is well worth the investment of time and money.
Phyllis Beck—Although seven other non-Philly Democrats were nominated and subsequently appointed, many have said Beck had the freshest number of political connections to Harrisburg and as such was most preferable to the wrath of her colleagues. (Continued from page 5)

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providence and mercy "'Abdu'l-Baha
in the reality Itself will be established Wertare and strite will cease among mankind: all
religion will be brought into unity, imitations will be loisaken and a universe! brotherhood
divine Iruils refresh the world By this meens the nations and peoples now divergent in
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branches, blossoms ana twit Alter a time this tret has lalltn into a condition ol decay
Come and find out lor yourself. Thursday evening 8 PM, Lobby of

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202 S. 36th St.
Featuring films:
“Unpaved Road” 11:30 a.m.
“Time Out” 1:30 p.m.

TAN IS MY
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commands more attention than a gorge-
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649-7245
Citibank Loan

(Continued from page 1)

Students and the University may be able to derive some financial benefit from the current agreement, but it is not clear how much money may flow to the University for the time being. University officials said that the decision to divest is unlikely to affect the University's financial viability in the long run.

Swaistka Posters

(Continued from page 1)

Swaistka posters have appeared on campus in recent weeks, drawing a reaction from the University community. The posters have generated controversy and have been the subject of debate among students and faculty members.

College Conference

(Continued from page 1)

Effective teaching practices for elementary education were discussed at a conference held on campus. The conference featured speakers from various educational institutions and aimed to share best practices and strategies for improving student learning.

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Jodi—

 Didn't we think we did it? You well—what are friends for? Happy 21st, Love, your apt-mates

(Actual and honorary)
Sailing Review

Freshmen Lead Quakers In A Season Of Surprises

By KEN RODENBUSH

Freshmen have turned the season around for the Quakers and are leading them to their most important race of the season at the Atlantic Coast Championships. The Quakers, who finished second to Navy on the Penn campus in September, were leaders in the sailing world over the weekend at Bermuda Point, N.Y., the squad displayed the ability to sail well under pressure. Tenuring an outstanding performance, the Quakers have taken the lead in the Atlantic Coast Championships, placing seventh in the Heptagonal Championships at Pittsburgh, hosted by Carnegie-Mellon University. The Quakers have qualified for the national championship in the Atlantic Super Bowl, held during the weekend of September 20. Without any previous practice together, the team, led by Ted Hertshorn, Elizabeth Wise and Saul Cohn, turned in an excellent performance.

In their first race as a full varsity team two weeks later, the sailors defeated four Philadelphia area schools to capture the coveted Mighty Mac trophy. The Quakers, who finished second overall in the regatta, qualified for the National College Sailing Association's Atlantic Coast Championships. The Quakers, who had a series of brilliant races, revived their season and earned the coveted Mighty Mac trophy.

The team, which finished seventh in the Heptagonal Championships at Pittsburgh, hosted by Carnegie-Mellon University, has qualified for the national championship in the Atlantic Super Bowl, held during the weekend of September 20. Without any previous practice together, the team, led by Ted Hertshorn, Elizabeth Wise and Saul Cohn, turned in an excellent performance.

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A Homosexual Still Fights the Adversity
Also: The Best (and Worst) of the Fiction Contest
By Christine Woodside

Why One Should Not Elect B-Movie Actors

Nancy Reagan, former MGM actress and soon-to-be First Lady, met husband Ronnie in 1951 when her name was on a Communist blacklist and his was not. Even Nancy herself had to clear it up personally with the president of the Screen Actors Guild. They discussed it over several dinners.

"There were many things that attracted me to Ronnie," she remembers on tape for a rather shallow biography printed by William Morrow earlier this year called, appropriately, Nancy. "He was nice-looking, of course, but he was less like any actor I had ever met in that he did not talk about acting or the movie he'd made, or was about to make."

Nancy and her dashing beau were not exactly the darlings of the Golden Era, but they kept busy. In 11 films (most of them played pregnant or non-pregnant wives) before retiring in 1956 after four years of marriage, she says, "I had no desire to continue as an actress once I became a wife. I had seen too many marriages fall apart when the wife continued her career."

Ronnie, meanwhile, who had "never asked me to give it up," continued heading the Guild and making the last of many unmemorable films (he made a total of over 50, including the unforgettable Bedtime for Bonzo and Knute Rockne: All American), before abandoning the screen for better things. World War II had apparently come just as he achieved stardom in the film Kings Row, but when he got out of the service, no one remembered him.

"Ronnie needed a lot of moral support when we first were married," Nancy recalls in her book. "Returning from the Army Air Force, he found himself all but forgotten."

Soon, however, he led the film contracts behind and began hosting the General Electric Theater series, because, claims Nancy, "We had decided to take better opportunities."

"I think I sensed that acting wasn't completely fulfilling for Ronnie," she told the tape recorder for her book, "because he wouldn't have become involved in so many outside activities." He presided over the Guild for six terms, the Motion Picture Industry Council for two, and used his celebrity status to campaign for political candidates — originally as a Democrat. After battling the Commies for the helm of the Screen Actors Guild, he became more and more involved as a speaker, and eventually as a political candidate.

"I must say acting was good training for the political life which lay ahead for us," the soon-to-be First Lady remembers.

And even though Nancy gingerly admits that she was not a great actress (it seems that she was far from it), both she and her husband have indeed drawn from their experiences as superficial 50's B-film actors to exude a static, deceptively warm political personality during the campaign. They will be the best-rehearsed First Couple Washington has ever seen.

As Nancy smiles, she remembers the first time she met her husband: "Whenever reference is made to his motion-picture career, Nancy says indignantly in defense of her husband, "it is almost standard practice to say he's an ex-cowboy actor, or that he played in B pictures and was always the nice guy who never got the girl." How could anyone forget the great part of "the Giper" in Knute Rockne, or the time he charmed Eleanor Parker?"

But that's all over now. With the days of superficial acting behind them both, it's time to concentrate on the business of acting superficial. With that background in shallow, falsely optimistic films, both Nancy and Ronnie do this beautifully. Photographers are especially grateful for the fact that they can be counted on to look exactly the same in every shot. Nancy quickly and gracefully turned around and was her son Ron, grinning. That wasn't in the script, Ron.

Acting itself appears to have been in the grand scheme of life, though. "A good time," and "a good time" is what states: "I was pleased and I treasured every word, but I wasn't setting show business on fire. However, I honestly don't think I even thought of that. I was doing something I wanted to do and having a good time."

There, on page 89 of her light-hearted, unindexed book, Nancy lets her admirers know that she had no standards of quality in her own acting career. Her acting career was "a good time," and she was comfortable in knowing that she was far from being good at it. Husband Ronnie's acting career, however, became the center of her life. While she clearly did not take her own acting seriously enough to care about its quality, she openly defends the quality of her husband's acting — although he obviously was just as bad as she was. If he were a great actor, this wouldn't matter. But she looks back on two equally mediocre acting careers with two different attitudes.

Nancy and Ronnie by the Art Museum

"But there's the good news," Nancy says, "a sweet and decorous girl in one and as 'unusually attractive and talented' in another. One notice read, 'Nancy Davis gave a good account of herself.' Naturally, I was pleased and I treasured every word, but I wasn't setting show business on fire. However, I honestly don't think I even thought of that. I was doing something I wanted to do and having a good time."

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By John Wind

Ti

time: 4:00 a.m. The Perrier sits on the table. The naturally sparkling mineral water is actually expensive club soda, as the Schweppes challenge commercials indicate nationwide. Take the test yourself, they command. Blind yourself and pour a glass of Perrier and a glass of Schweppes. Spin around or start hallucinating. Then sip one, then sip the other. For both abruptly at wall-papered walls. Grey, with plush off-white carpet dotted all over with im-
Play about Israeli Life Only Half-Promising

The Half-Promised Land
Directed by Deen Kogan
Starring Ann B. Robinson and Harvey Weissman
At the Society Hill Playhouse

By Matt Cohen

When in Rome, goes the hoary saying, do as the Romans do. Likewise, one might assume that when in Israel, do as the Israelis do.

From The Half-Promised Land, now running at the Society Hill Playhouse, one might justifiably guess that the Israeli lifestyle consists of wearing cut-off army fatigues and saying “Shalom” a lot.

Indeed, while playwright Maeve Binchy’s attempt to tackle several issues concerning inter-religious conflict can be given the big E. one might justifiably guess that the play itself has easily disposable with no clean-up mess.

There are also some weak performances. Schlomo (Harvey Weissman), for example, the symbolic elder Jew in the play, is played like a geriatric Jewish Tarzan. In fact, after hearing five minutes of his broken and slightly demanged English, one expects to hear him say, “Me Schlomo, you Sadie.”

Likewise, two other males in the cast slow down the show. Herb Klar as David, the symbolic “new” Israeli, delivers an extremely wooden performance. The other, William Gremmel, plays Johnny with a tight-lipped English accent that intrigued me – I couldn’t decide if he was doing a bad James Cagney or a bad Roxy Harrison. Then again, does it matter?

All is not lost, however. The women in The Half-Promised Land rescue the play from the depths and even make it sparkle occasionally. Una (Drucie McDaniell) and Sheila (Enid Reid Wickes), the two schoolteachers, demonstrate an amazing rapport onstage as if they have been life-long friends.

In addition, the character of Jill is nicely fleshed out by Anne B. Robinson as a woman caught in the midst of a conflict, the decision of which is entirely out of her hands.

For all these shortcomings, though, The Half-Promised Land is not a really bad play. It is a mildly diverting two hours of theater that at best will amuse, and at worst will make one feel that the time might have been spent better elsewhere.

This Week

At the Half-Promised Land, with the feeling that the play itself has delivered only part of what it could have.

Binchy’s plot is essentially a reworking of the Stranger-Land idea. Two Irish Catholic schoolteachers are dispatched to Israel to work on a kibbutz during their summer vacation. One finds happiness and extreme sexual gratification in an Israeli soldier whose brain seems to be in a direct hook-up to his testicles; the other finds contentment in absorbing and observing the life and people of the kibbutz.

Against this backdrop, a sub-plot whose theme concerns religious conflict is woven in. Jill and Johnny, a non-Jewish couple, want to live permanently on the kibbutz. But first, the rest of the community must accept them with a vote. The rift that develops between the older and younger generations of Jews living on the kibbutz regarding this decision forms a third theme in the play.

The problem with this play is this multiplicity of themes, in that each is treated with the dull simplicity of television: the issue is presented, there are three or four moments of wailing and wringing of hands, and a resolution is then reached, easily disposable with no clean-up mess.

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By Dave Lieber

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NOW IN ITS 4TH PRINTING AND
SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE...FROM UNIVERSAL

Published by PERIGEE BOOKS
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Leonard Matlovich looks uncomfortable. He's wearing a suit, somewhat of a rarity for him, and he keeps stretching his neck to elude the snare of his tightly knotted tie. Across the table from him, a couple of members of the Philadelphia press, including inquisitive columnist Dorothy Storck, are asking him why on Earth he wants to return to the Air Force five years after being discharged — for being a homosexual.

"I don't want to go back to the military at all," Matlovich insists, arching his eyebrows, cringing his neck a little further. "It's rather terrifying, to be honest with you, but I'm committed to it."

Matlovich explains that his childhood was a living hell because he was forced to suppress his homosexual feelings. "I'm committed to making sure that no gay person will ever have to go through what I did. If it means going back to the military, to prove that gays can make it in the military then I'm going to do it."

That might be just a little too much altruism for any reporter to swallow whole, but Leonard Matlovich certainly wasn't doing himself any big favor when he purposely got himself discharged and began a five-year court battle to have the Air Force regulations regarding sexual preference declared unconstitutional. During those five years, Matlovich has appeared on the cover of TIME magazine, had a TV-movie made about his life, and Merle Miller, the gay author of Harry Truman's bestselling "oral biography," has contributed to society.

Mr. Matlovich is now more casually dressed in a plaid shirt, plain denim Wrangler's and work boots. He is waiting in the wings to address a convention of Mid-Atlantic Dignity, a Catholic gay organization. As group leaders pace anxiously, Matlovich chats quietly with them. He is a very talkative person, softly putting people's backs, and tapping their stomachs when talking to them. When he finally steps out before the roomful of 150 gay men and a smattering of gay women, they give him a standing ovation.

"I feel that every gay man and lesbian alive today, whether we have children or not, we are parents," he tells them, pacing slowly and speaking in a preacher-like cadence. "Our children are the next generation of gays and lesbians growing up, and we must sacrifice today whatever challenge, whatever the sacrifice, so they do not have to sacrifice tomorrow."

Not only is Matlovich dressed more comfortably, but with virtually no press around, he actually seems more comfortable. He opens the question and answer section of his address by saying, "No, I don't have a lover, yes, I'm actively looking for one."

One young man asks him to autograph the famous TIME magazine cover for him. A woman asks him if he's ever considered raising a child of his own. "Well," Matlovich responds somewhat reluctantly, "no, not really. I... I hate kids. (Laughter) Yechh, the runny noses and all, no I think a kid would drive me nuts."

Someone else asks about Anita Bryant's sudden change of heart, the story of which appeared on newspaper front pages that morning. Matlovich laughs. "She must have met some really hot woman who showed her the way!" A moment later, in a serious tone of voice, he criticizes Bryant for saying that she still believes gays should not be open about their sexual preference. "All she's saying is, 'Gay is okay if you don't flaunt it.'"

This is a sore spot for Matlovich, both politically and personally. He is convinced that his childhood was ruined because "the only gay role models I knew were drag queens, child molesters, people in bathrooms. I didn't know Leonardo Da Vinci was gay. I didn't know Beethoven was gay. I didn't know gay people could constructively contribute to society.

"I'm basically a very conservative person. I'm very comfortable with what Ronald Reagan stands for, except for his stand on human rights. I believe in the family and in tradition. I believe in all these good, moral things. I believe gays can play a role in upholding them too.

"There is a theory subscribed to by some social historians that the people who have contributed most to society throughout world history have been celibates, childless married people and homosexuals. Their role in society is likely that of the worker bees and worker ants, who don't procreate, but who make the hive or the nest a better place for the queen, the family unit."

Later in the afternoon, Matlovich winds up at the TLA theater on South Street, where he addresses a meeting of Gay Youth in the building's main room. The room, a charming little piece of counterculture Bohemia with fake Persian carpeting, painted brick walls, and big musty windows, is filled with about 50 high school and college kids, most of them male.

"How did all of you come out and tell your parents?" he asks them. Matlovich explains that his own father cried at first, but that he is now "very supportive."

"I told my parents this summer," said one, a handsome blond Spanish major at Penn. "When I did, they told me I was officially gay to them."

One woman, sitting holding hands with her lesbian lover, said, "When I told him, my father asked me, 'What do you see in women that you don't see in men? I said to him, 'What do you see in women that you don't see in men?'"

The conversation in the room turns slowly to that of "straightness."

"Some of my straight friends ask me if I can tell if a guy is gay just by looking at him," Matlovich says. "I tell them that it's easier if someone is straight. Straight men have such firm wrists, and they walk funny, and they smell like sweat!"

Then Matlovich's political sensibilities take over.

"If you have a straight friend who is supportive," he says, almost condescending, "cherish them, love them, they are our most important assets."

Unlike those of most of the youths in the Gay Community Center, the first years of Leonard Matlovich's life were ones of rootlessness, fear, self-denial, and self-loathing. An "Air Force brat" who was born in Georgia and raised in Alaska, he followed in his father's footsteps and joined the service at age 20.

Back in the Air Force, Matlovich "was always the first person to start cracking the queer jokes and the fag jokes. I was a racist, too. But I didn't really hate blacks and Jews. I hated myself."

"Years ago, if a lesbian or gay man had worked for me in the military, I would have gone out of my way to destroy him. I was trying to say to everyone around me, 'You see how I treat gay people? I'm not like them.' I had a guilty conscience because I was like that. A lot of people who do things like that are gays and lesbians trying to hide their own identity."

Matlovich says he was an Air Force rac relations class he had been teaching that encouraged him to become a practicing homosexual, and later, to challenge the Air Force regulation against homosexuals.

"I would teach my students about the German minister who said that when they came for the Jews I said nothing because I wasn't a Jew. When
they came for the trade unionists, I said nothing
because I wasn’t a trade unionist. When they
came for the Catholics, I said nothing because
I wasn’t Catholic. When they came for me, there
was no one left to say anything.” Matlovich says
he realized that a similar sort of oppression ex-
isted for him when, while talking with an Air
Force friend in a gay bar, someone walked in
with a camera. Rather than risk being photographed,
the friend jumped up and ran through a plate glass window.
“I realized that that night ‘they’ were coming for us,” Matlovich recalls.

He also says that the teaching he did made him
feel like a hypocrite. He was teaching his
students to get involved and to fight racism, while
he was standing by, “watching my brothers and
sisters being persected.” Finally, he contacted a
Washington, D.C. attorney, who helped him
compose a letter declaring his homosexuality.
The Air Force discharged him, and he’s been
fighting in the courts ever since.

As evening falls, Matlovich leaves the
Gay Youth group and heads off to
Philadelphia’s Gay Ghetto, which is
generally located on the east side of
Broad Street between Locust and Pine
Streets. He and his several hosts stop off first at the
Hasty Tasty, a 24-hour gay coffeehouse on South
12th Street. Among those accompanying him is a
part-time faculty member at the University of Penn-
sylvania Dental School. His lover is a ’67 graduate
of the Wharton School.

“There’s quite a big gay community at Penn,” says
the Wharton alum. “Even when I was in school, I
used to go to the gay bars downtown, and in the
winter I’d see everyone wearing those red and blue
scarves they sell in the Bookstore.”

After the free coffee and some handshakes with
patrons, the entourage of about seven goes over to
Giovanni’s Room a block ad a half away. Primarily
a gay bookstore, it is more like a gay John
Wanamaker’s, with t-shirts, jewelry, and records
as well. Matlovich says hello to the owners, and
wanders off, glancing at the books. He is getting
bored.

Matlovich has played many roles since his
discharge from the armed forces in 1975. He has
worked in construction, served as a warehouse
manager, and, most recently, worked as an
automobile salesman. Throughout this time, he
has remained active in the gay movement, making
local appearances, co-chairing the movement
against Anita Bryant’s attempt to change the gay
anti-discrimination laws in the state, and even running in the election for a Board of
Supervisors seat in San Francisco.

He has lived in San Francisco for three years
now, and swears he lives there for the climate. He
shares a spacious apartment in the Frisco gay
ghetto with a roommate, collects stamps and
coins, restricts his social life mostly to the im-
mediate area, and, from 8 to 6 each day, sells
American cars to an increasingly disinterested
public.

Matlovich is scheduled to end his little tour of the
Philadelphia gay community with a visit to the
Cellblock, a private “leather” club near 12th and
Locust Streets.

“This is very hardcore,” he explains as we enter.
The Cellblock seems like a pleasant enough place, a
clean, dark cavern with two cash bars, a dance
floor, a porn film running incessantly, and a
labyrinthine back area filled with bars, cages,
booths, and even a full-sized Mack truck cab, with a
sleepless and dimly-lit headlights. It is early, only
nine o’clock, and only a few patrons stand around
drinking. The escorts say that the wild stuff in such
a place doesn’t start until midnight.

Matlovich does not stay long; he has a drink,
shakes some hands, embraces some friends and
acquaintances, and leaves.

Once outside, he says, a bit embarrassed, “That is
a very hardcore leather bar. I went in because I feel

“I’m basically a very
conservative person.”

“I believe in the
family and in
tradition. I believe
in all these good,
normal things. I
believe gays can
play a role in
upholding them,
too.”

Matlovich in a Philly bookstore last week, and on Time’s cover in 1975 (inset)
The Sixers Seem Ready to Pay Their Debts

By David Elfin

If imitation is the highest form of flattery, then the Philadelphia sports scene is chock full of Rich Littles — each team is trying to mimic the others' winning ways. The last twelve months have been pure ecstasy for your typical Philadelphia sports fanatic.

First, the Eagles won their first playoff game in two decades last December. Next, both the Flyers and 76ers reached the finals. Last month, the Phillies capped their World Series. The Eagles' 11-month, the Flyers are once again atop the NHL standings, and the incomparable Julius Erving has finally winning their first campaign, which has included a 12 game winning streak.

The Sixers appear to have that perfect mixture of youth and experience characteristic of championship ballclubs. Rookies Andrew Toney ("He's going to be a super player" — Maurice Cheeks) and Earl Cureton ("He does the little things that make you a good basketball team" — Cunningham) have replaced Henry Bibby and Jim Spanarkel on the 11 man squad. Only forwards Caldwell Jones, Steve Mix, and the incomparable Julius Erving have reached 30. "How's the season going? Like a dream," Erving said last Monday after the Sixers' one hour practice at Widener College. "We did a lot of work and the dividends are being paid. I'm averaging a lot (26.1 points per game) because I'm trying to work inside, and so I'm getting the high percentage shots."

Cunningham, who was a two-time All-Star with Philadelphia in the 1960's and early 1970's, and was a member of the last 76ers title team in 1967, said of his superstar, "I don't see why he can't get better. If you're great, you want to be the greatest, and I'm sure that's his goal."

Is the Doctor right up there with the best ever, coach? "No question."

Erving doesn't dominate every game the way he did in the ABA, though. "You can't lead the league in scoring or rebounding on this team," he remarked. "It doesn't have that makeup. A lot of the things I do now are repetitious, but I really enjoy the repetition. I think I have the best job in America."

The sooner the better, Billy C. Those "we owe you's" are beginning to mount up.

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Learning from Historical Images

Japanese Hand-Colored Photographs
Paul Cava Gallery, 1715 Spruce Tues.-Sat., through Nov. 29
Eugene Atget Mancini Gallery, 1728 Spruce Tues.-Sat., through Dec. 6

By Kevin Coyne

The street recedes into the far distance, lined with small dwellings inhabited by affable citizens, and overhung by cherry blossoms—a 19th century Japanese version of an American small town Main Street. But rather than inspiring a complacent curiosity, the photograph of this scene reaches out and slaps us into awareness, not for its striking subject matter or brilliantly constructed composition, but simply because it is in color.

The cherry blossoms are pink, the result of hand-tinting, and we are jolted.

Eugene Atget, the subject of an exhibition at the Mancini Gallery, had a very different conception of what photography was all about. He dragged his bulky camera through Paris and its environs in the early years of this century, like a French walker Evans, setting up wherever he saw a scene, a particular combination of object, form and light which he believed worth preserving.

His was a more thoughtful and aesthetically self-conscious imaginative documentation of reality. The Japanese craftsmen added the color of the illustrator to photography: Atget, the attitude of the painter.

Atget was at his best when wandering enchanted through the formal gardens of France, producing poetic reveries of the statues and the lawns of Versailles, keeping an eye out for the Romantic, and sometimes almost proto-Surreal, juxtapositions of objects and nature—frozen classical figures lurking among the trees and gradually being overrun by luxuriant foliage. But unfortunately this is not the Atget at the Mancini, where the imagination of the magical garden has been shunned in favor of the accomplished formal monument of the Parisian street scene. Only a few of the works chosen hint at the Keats-like breadth of vision of Atget at his best.

The photographer's task was always very simple: to get at reality, to select something from the visible world which, if not beautiful, was at least interesting, and to put it down on chemically-treated paper. They were documentors, visual journalists whose success was measured by the insight of their decisions and the formal competence of their execution. The Japanese chose the interesting and sought to increase the effectiveness of their images by adding touches of unexpected color to a black-and-white age. They made their cherry blossoms pink.

Atget often aspired to the selection of the beautiful and advanced the cause of photography as a valid aesthetic mode simply by thinking of it and conducting it as such. He understood the statues in the garden. Adopting the attitude of a poet is the first step in the remaking of the world.

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The Precision Cut & mow Dry

$18.00

"Samurai Warrior," artist unknown, circa 1880

Photographs

(Continued from page 3) day fairy tale about a prince who has to travel throughout the country for four years before his father, the king, will let him rule. His four years end but he's having such a good time sightseeing and fooling around that he doesn't want to go back and rule. The king is screwed and Prince Peter buys a chain of Holiday Inns to make his travel easier.

People are coming up to me left and right, congratulating me, and handing me glasses of champagne. Someone mentions a sequel called "Princess Pauline," but I'm too drunk to respond. Patrick never shows up, but the film's female lead does. She's the one who plays the daughter of the real-estate agent who sells Prince Peter the Holiday Inns. She invites me to spend the night with her. She's staying at the Carlton, and it really is much more convenient than an apartment building two miles from the old turquoise blue Med.

Time: 4:00 a.m. I'd much rather be with Patrick, but you know, you can't always have everything you want. I order a Schweppes club soda from room service, but all they have is Perrier. What the hell, I figure. I'll take the Perrier. They taste the same anyway.

Gloria Hits Town

(Continued from page 10) beautiful, but the rest of the movie is bland. Bill Conti's music (straight from Rocky) is too gripping to be of any value. The music, often builds up to a crescendo when the action is either minimal or disappointing.

At last we have reached an era where women are no longer represented as being vulnerable, flimsy creatures on the silver screen. They now possess strength and (of all things) definitive and admirable character. This trend was first apparent in the Hitchcock films of the 1940's, when the women sought to right wrongs not even suspected by their fellow men. Still, in Gloria, reverse sexism has gone too far. Here the men are totally withdrawn, while a single woman manages to out-hero Herod.
Gloria Hits Town with a Bang, Bang, Bang

Gloria
Directed by John Cassavetes
Starring Gena Rowlands
At Sam's Place

By Jon Silvers

The story line of Gloria is summed up in the promotion: "A frightened neighbor asked Gloria to hide her son from the mob. Ten minutes later the boy was an orphan. Now it's up to Gloria to protect him."

Gena Rowlands, as Gloria, is hampered by an undevolved character who would not have the motivation to save that child. In a word, Gloria is a bitch. She's that street-wise, over-the-hill Bronx lady who can hold her own in a savage altercation: she can swear with the boys, or simply blow their brains out if the need arises. Rowlands plays the part quite well, adding life to the cold character in director John Cassavetes' screenplay.

But while Gloria can be human, she can also be obviously deranged. While rushing the kid through the Harlem streets she runs into a car load of Mafioso goons. As they demand she surrender the kid so that they can kill him and complete their family contract, Gloria whips out her silver gun and makes hamburger of their faces. In broad daylight. In the middle of the street. While being pursued by more goons in the New York subway in another scene, she again blatantly wields her shiny magnum.

John Adams, who plays the kid, displays about as much talent as a New York Post editorial: sure he's cute, but so what? The number of seven-year-old Puerto Ricans who can act and are members of Equity is beyond me, but the casting department could have done a better job. Much of the fault, though, lies with the lines he is given. How much could be done with dialogue such as, "I am the man and you are my woman. I'm in charge and am going to see this through."

Believe it or not, Buck Henry is also in this saga. Henry plays a Mafioso accountant who thinks that Mob members can't count. So he skims a little off the top - about $200,000. Cassavetes has him married to a foxy Puerto Rican woman which makes for a most unusual combination.

The cinematography by Fred Schuler is deceptive. The opening aerial shots of Manhattan at night are

(Continued on page 9)

‘The Apple’ is A Peeling

The Apple
Starring Catherine Mary Stewart and George Gilmour
Directed by Menahem Golan
At The Midtown and Bryn Mawr

By Howard Gensler

The bad movie has become a lost art. The Japanese horror film industry has vanished, American international has been bought out by Filmways, and Roger Corman has turned to messier projects, although his recent sci-fi film Bottle Beyond The Stars demonstrated that the master of trash could still do wonders with a $3 million dollar budget (his largest ever).

Now along comes The Apple, an Israeli based rock musical which takes place in America and was filmed in Germany. The Apple is better than mediocre; it is simply awful and if it doesn't bring back the art of bad movie making, I'm afraid nothing ever will.

It is 1994, and America is ruled by BIM, a form of decadent rock music manufactured and controlled by Mr. Boogalow (Vladek Sheybal). Mr. Boogalow has a goatee and moustache and a little gold horn growing out of his forehead. He also wears a black cape. He is not the good guy.

Boogalow has tricked Bibi (Catherine Mary Stewart) into joining BIM and leaving her beloved Alfie (George Gilmour), who wants to remain a composer of old fashioned love songs. If this isn't enough popped corn for you to chew on, the film is an allegorical reference to the Biblical story of "The Garden of Eden" with The Apple once again signifying temptation. There are also an apperance by Earth's Saviour Mr. Topps (Joss Ackland) whose incredible crass entrance is one of the film's many highlights.

The performances, I'm happy to say, are some of the worst I've ever seen. Exaggerated emotions and missed lines are the rule rather than the exception. The music (and there is a lot of it) is catchy and loud, and there are suitably inane. There could even be a few hit singles. Although the lip-synching (another lost art) is inadequate, the Dolby sound is used to great advantage, as are Ingrid Zore's thousands of cheap, gaudy costumes which cover the screen with color and tinsel during the precise but simple large-scale dance numbers choreographed by Nigel Lythgoe.

But the $8 million dollar budget of The Apple (too high for a movie that set out with bad intentions) has me worried that Director Menahem Golan was trying to make a classy film with a message. He didn't.

The Apple is fast paced and spirited, two qualities which make it immediately better than today's other pseudo-musicals. It has the horny slickness of Busby Berkeley, the look of The Jetsons and the style and exhuberance of The Rocky Horror Picture Show. You might chuckle and sneer all the way through it, but you won't be bored.

One bad Apple is better than all but the best of the recent Hollywood releases. Take a bite.

Fantasia Returns

Fantasia
Created by Walt Disney
At the Mark I

Walt Disney's Fantasia is celebrating its 40th anniversary this year with a special re-release in four-track stereophonic sound. It's at the Mark I.

Although the film is simplistic in theme and dated in attitude, the music performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski is

Fred and Ginger they ain't

This Week

THE STUNT MAN
Sensational. Don't miss it. (Eric's Place; 15th & Chestnut, 563-3066)

KAGEMUSHI
Double, double in 16th Century Japan. Classic Kurosawa. (Ritz II, 214 Walnut St, 925-7901)

FANTASIA
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ORDINARY PEOPLE
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(Sam's Place, 19th & Chestnut, 972-0538)

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK
(Sameric, 19th & Walnut, 564-2857)

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF
(Ritz III, 214 Walnut St, 925-7901)

THE APPLE
See review

THE DOLLMAKER
(Midtown)

SONG OF THE SOUTH
Disney re-release opens tomorrow. (Regency, 16th & Chestnut, 567-2310)

EXORCIST III—THE PRESIDENT
Story of an old man named Reagan who believes liberals are possessed by the devil. (Howie's Place, Market & Retreat, 111, 387-7580)

SCHLOCK FILM FESTIVAL

IT'S MY TURN
(Duke, 15th & Chestnut, 563-9881)

PRIVATE BENJAMIN
(Midtown)

HUSH...DEATH = RETURN OF THE DRAGON
(Guthrie)

TATTOO DRAGON CONNECTION
(Duchess)

THE IRON MONKEY
(Goldman, 15th & Chestnut, 567-4113)

BOOGETEYMAN
(Goldman)

ALLIGATOR
(Midtown)

T.L.A.

STAR TREK w Pilot episode & outtakes 11/20

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL & AMARCORD 11/21-23

THE SHINING w ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST 11/24-25.

(T.L.A., 1/4 South St, 922-6010)
Madness: Yet Another Step Beyond

Madness
Absolutely
Sire SRK 6094

To those who think that the ska revival died when the Specials began to dabble in Madness, Madness has a reply: Absolutely not! With this, their second American release, the boys from North London reaffirm their position as the band with the "nutziest sound around.

Few changes have been made structurally, save the addition of harmonica (in small doses) and the humorous use of believe it or not, a fire extinguisher. Most of the songs are propelled by "Woody's" consistently sharp drumming and the inventive use of piano and organ by "Monty Barso." The saxophone is also used quite effectively by Lee "Ski" Thompson on such songs as "Embarassment," which may be the album's most infectious tune, and "Return of The Late Palm Springs." Many of the new tracks are reminiscent of last year's One Step Beyond, "E.R.N.I.E..." for example. sounds like it could be a reworked arrangement of "Bed and Breakfast Man" with the accent on piano.

Absolutely will not become a hit, for America's "progressive" radio stations, as there is no overwhelming "cutty" cut for programmers to use as a token ska song. It is, however, a fun record that will be enjoyed by those that have acquired an open mind and a yen for a good time.

Bill Dachen

Jimmy Cliff
I Am The Living
MCA 5153

Almost ten years ago Jimmy Cliff emerged as a significant reggae musician, and a major contributor to its growth. His performance in the 1972 film The Harder They Come was an important step in the international acceptance of the Jamaican musical form. However, since that time Jimmy Cliff and reggae have followed different paths, and his popularity has waned.

Unlike virtually all other reggae musicians, Jimmy Cliff is not a Rasputian; rather he is a Muslim, one who has come to his faith through his musical influence to American R & B. Cliff's latest album, I Am The Living, continues this musical dichotomy. Three of the album's eight songs were recorded in Kingston, Jamaica while the remaining tracks were laid down in Santa Monica, California. The effects of the different environments are readily apparent. "Satan's Kingdom" is a typical reggae song, while the title track is closer to MOR pop.

Overall, I Am The Living is a sadly familiar album. None of the cuts are memorable, or even hummable. This album merely continues Cliff's long downhill slide since The Harder They Come. It is a shame that this artist, whose early work showed considerable talent, can't seem to make up his mind on which direction to head, and instead settles for mediocrity.

-Scott Bruskin

Blue Angel
Blue Angel
Polydor 143-9000

Among the scores of debut rock releases in 1980, Blue Angel, the premier effort from the Long Island quintet of the same name, is one of the best.

Fronted by a peppy vocalist by the name of Cyn-di Lauper, Blue Angel (not to be confused with hard rockers Angel or Angel City) churns out fifties rock, girl-group rock, rockabilly - in short, old-time rock 'n roll. The Blue Angel sound is remotely simple, hardly daring, and highly familiar - you'll swear you've heard at least half this album before. Yet this does not imply that the music contained on Blue Angel is of a stale, trite variety; just the reverse, the record exudes a freshness that is all too rare in rock these days.

The album's central theme is falling in and out of love. Silly lyrics ("Lazy, dizzy, daisy it's a quarter to whoops, oh, oh Don't nothin honey just a thinkin of you.") combine with Lauper's saucy, girlish, often-hiccupped vocals and a sparse, fitful-like instrumentation to paint an affecting picture of young love - as experienced by the Class of '60. "[Let The Other Day] is a girl-group gem resembling Blondie's "Sunday Girl." While "Take A Chance," another of the ten tunes co-written by Lauper and keyboard player saxophonist John Turi, shows off vocalist Cyndi as a more than capable performer of rockabilly, a female Elvis P. if there ever was one.

Fortunately, one record, one triumph. Let's just hope Blue Angel can avoid the sophomore jinx that has plagued so many fine bands before them.

-Paul Strux

This Week

GEORGE GRIZZBACH and ROY BOOKBINDER - Blues (co-ilot tonight) at The Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, L.A.S. 3329

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA - Ric-cardo Muti conducts "On A Hig; afternoon and Sat. night in a program that features Mozart's "Mass in C Minor." Academy of Music, Broad & Locust, 939-1300

PLASMATIC - Music at Camden City Pier, 70 Cherry Hill Rd., 833-5033, Wendy Olga Williams (WOW) & company plus trading their (very) long wavy hair.

BUZZCOKKS - New Wave Sat. night at Emerald City of Clif standing.

CHICKEN LEGS - The Nation perform Sat. at The Main Point, I'm ready.

KANSAS - Synthesized shockers in vade the Spectrum (Broad & Pattonson), 389-5900 Sat. Dorothy will be there. Will you?

WILLIE DIXON - Blues legend performs Sat. at The Main Point, I'm ready.

Status Quo
Non Hear This
Mercury RVL 7402

When I learned that I would review the new John Cougar album, I smiled ex-pectantly and sharpened my claws in anticipation. Just last year, Cougar marred the already middling Philadelphia airwaves with his unredeemably sexist "I Need A Lover." Now I had the chance to give him the panning that I always thought he deserved.

With trepidation I tore the shrink wrap off the album cover. Scanning the record label for the title of the first song, I noticed something quite interesting. I was holding the new Status Quo album. With renewed faith in the quality control standards of the record indus-try, I decided to direct my anti-John Cougar frenzy at Now Hear This.

Unfortunately, when I played the album my righteous anger quickly gave way to boredom. Both sides slid by in one undistinguished, heavy metal haze. Most of the numbingly similar ar-rangements displayed loud, totally aimless electric guitar playing. "Living on an Island," the lone acoustic cut, has a melody almost, but not quite, as cloying as the song's lyrics. "Waiting for my friend to come/And we'll get high," sings the lead vocalist, who names I would know if for some reason it appeared on the cover of the John Cougar album.

Now Hear This is not a bad record; it's simply mediocre.

-Scott Heller

Madness: Deranged Dominos

Maybe the fact that it came in a John Cougar album cover says something about the interchangeability of record company product these days.

-G. J. B. MacKinnon

Gamma
Gamma
Elektra 280

Gamma 2, a disposable piece of loudness, highlighted infrequently by the guitar work of Ronnie Montrose, suffers from a bad case of schizophrenia. Side one, a medley of originality, reverted to tired, droning rockers that Forreigner might have left off their debut. Side two, like "Dirty City" and "Four Horsemen" are straightforward patches - and have been heard better a million times before. Davey Pat-tison's sore-throat vocals display neither the finesse nor basic energy that Bob Seger gets away with.

On the second side, Pat-tison's rasp takes a back seat to the refreshing synthesizer of Jim Alcivar and Mon-trose, but anything but playful guitar. And - lo and behold - two tunes penned by non-pro musician Larry Stahl are interesting! "Cat on a Leash," with an opening like a free game on a pinball machine, and "Skin and Bone," featuring an ominous whisper for a hook, give the album a reason for being. But not enough. Gamma can't overcome its own derivativeness and lack of innovation. Without much to hold your attention, Gamma 2 doesn't have a ray of hope.

-Scott Keller
Scrapple

The Worst of the Fiction Contest

Some people are bound to think this is mean, but bad writing is inexcusable.
"The staccato movement of his head resembled a gopher cautiously poking its nose out of its secure abode."
"His face was contorted and his head shook rapidly like a spring-necked statue on a car dashboard."
"He could envision pearly white water...."
"He left the hut like a rabid dog..."
"You could have heard the sigh I let out clear across three counties."
"There was a deep thud as the venerable oaken front door of Michael's house yawned open and the glass storm door was sucked in."
"Seven lasses were lining up before a large cherry serving table, their streaked locks echoing "Seven lasses were up before a large lining the glass storm door was sucked in."
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"Then he shook his head and let out a hog call so loud, I bet they heard it way over in Fort Worth."
"In the darkness, she seemed to phosphoresce like something from deep in the sea."
"If you like, let naked be a metaphor, standing for the totality of discovery, the wrappings of life having been shredded, and the cold and grey flesh standing out for me to see."
"We lived lives of perpetual mutuality, separated by the thinnest film of glass and silvery coloring."
"The folded letter in my pocket feels heavy as iron..."
"The azure sea spread glittering and quiet to the leeward horizon, where the yellow globe of the sun rose slowly like a monolith."
"Hugo fell in love with Linda's impetuosity, her simplicity, her spontaneity, and he also liked her eye brows."
"The atmosphere above the molasses-filled pool was on fire. Bright dots of flame shimmered under the glow of the mercury-vapor lamps in the ceiling. Rhythmically John moved his arms through the molasses, its stickiness dragging at every stroke. With each breath his lungs inhaled those flickering bits of fire that stole into his bloodstream, pumping along his veins until even his fingertips were on fire."
"As she made her way out of the stadium a wad of gum stuck to her shoe and took up the space he had filled in her mind."
"A scent. I feel a scent, balanced on the night breeze like a monkey in the trees."
"Night flowed across the jungle like split ink."
"Conversation dragged, mostly because no one was talking."
"The beer went down my throat silently."
"It was late October and the sun was setting forever earlier in the afternoon."
"The accumulated snow revealed the white naiveté of the University."
"A vast white light traced with gaseous blue flames and burnt-orange sparkle swooped down, splitting shrapnel, charring bodies."
"Not once did he lift his hand against the attacking western woman who was filled with a frenzied insanity."
"He crushed a candy wrapper under his foot. That's what I feel like, he thought. Like this candy wrapper. Lost and lonely."
"After all, anyone that stupid with a college education deserves what they get."

It Comes with a Tiny King Kong

By Rich Rabinoff

For those of you who always wanted to visit to Empire State Building but couldn't afford the trainfare, or for those of you who always wanted to buy the Brooklyn Bridge but just couldn't muster the asking price, there's hope on the horizon. The only thing is, you have to build the horizon.

Perigee Books, in initiating its "World at Your Feet" series, has introduced three books by "author" Alan Rose: Build Your Own Empire State Building, Build Your Own Chrysler Building and Build Your Own Brooklyn Bridge.

All three books follow the same format. The pages of card-weight stock are easily removed from the glossy cover by bending back the staples. Cut out the pieces and follow the directions. All you'll need is a scissors, a razor blade for scoring folds and some rubber cement or Elmer's glue; a straight-edge might help. Some thin black thread is required for the Brooklyn Bridge model.

Rose, a New York City graphic designer, was meticulous in both designing the models and writing the instructions. It gets a little tricky working with some of the pieces — especially the little ones he uses to support the walls. But with a little patience, everything should fit perfectly together.

The models, all designed on a scale of 350 to 1, are no laughing matter, though. The Empire State Building, with observation deck and antenna, tops off at over three feet. The Chrysler building is a bit shorter, and the Brooklyn Bridge could easily span your dining room table. And there's none of this "slot A/tab B" business, either. Everything is glued tight.

Each book also includes a brief history of the structure's design and construction. And, as a little extra treat, the Empire State comes with a miniature King Kong and the Brooklyn Bridge is supplied with, yes, a miniature "For Sale" sign. The Chrysler Building has no bonus pieces (not even a billion dollar government loan guarantee).

All three "World at Your Feet" books are designed for children aged 10 and up can assemble them, but the publisher/manufacturer notes that even adults can give it a try. Nice of them, isn't it?

There's only one question to ask yourself after you complete your monument to cardboard architecture. The books themselves cost $6.95 each, but how are you going to afford the electric bills?