

viewing the record, Roger Waters is contending that "in government-run schools, children are methodically tormented and humiliated by teachers whose comeuppance occurs when they go home at night and 'their fat and psychopathic wives would thrash them within inches of their lives.'" This is very strong stuff, and hardly the hallmark of a hit album.

Teachers found such vehemence especially troubling. "Many educators, particularly in the urban areas, were not only angered by the song's attack on their profession, but were afraid it would lead to a wave of student protests this past spring," says an official of the National Education Association, who asked that his name not be used.

"Teachers were worried because their students were singing it in the corridors and quoting it in the classroom, and they felt a need to make some kind of response. The song has not led to any significant protests—at least in this country—because the current generation of high schoolers doesn't much believe in protesting. From the statistics we're seeing, they're more likely to drop out than to demand reforms when they feel they have been wronged in school."

According to Education Department figures, about one million teenagers of high-school age have quit school, leaving the average graduating class this spring with 25 percent fewer members than it had at the outset.

Interviews with numerous high school students indicate that the Pink Floyd song has struck a chord of anger and frustration with which many students strongly identify.

Says Mark Jenkins of Alexandria, Virginia: "Pink Floyd is talking to me in that song."

Pacific News Service

William Sievert is a former editor of the *Chronicle of Higher Education Arts* magazine.

On View

Only make-believe

DAVID BRUDNOY

MORE THAN ANY OTHER art form, movies respond to popular fantasy. Radio has long since become the forum for talk shows and music, television the medium of pseudo-realism, of the gingerly leap beyond normal life into sit-com asininity. But the movies still carry people into the loopy regions of imagination. Only make-believe, I love you—the lyrics sound dippy in our sophisticated age, but the sentiment rides high on the silver screen. The summer glut of movies is just now behind us but its residue lingers on, and even in the deluge of trash of the early summer films some intriguing bits and pieces came to light.

Xanadu

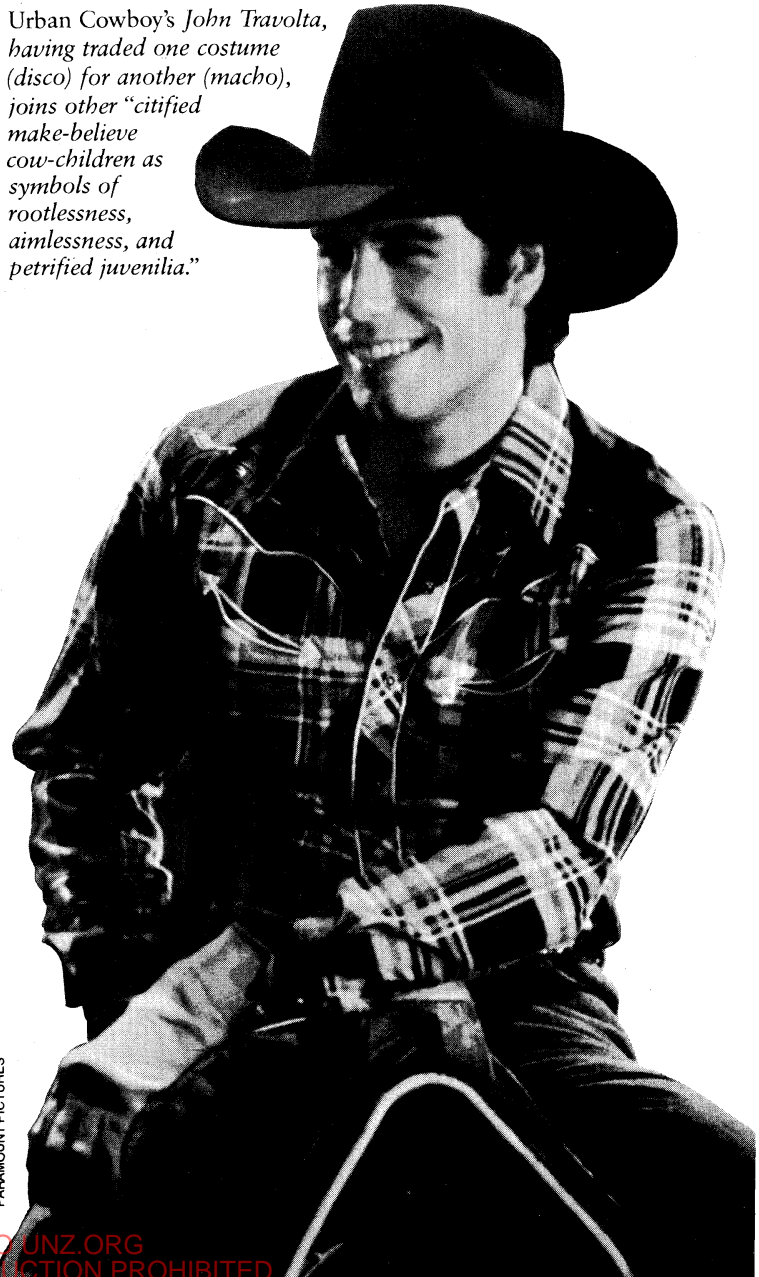
My fondest movie memory of Gene Kelly is of a lithe young man dancing with a mouse; that of my closest lady friend is of Gene singing in the rain. We would both have been better off never having heard of a repugnant, treacly thing called *Xanadu*, but in this business there's no escaping big budget films, like those starring that shapely bundle of perky blonde wholesomeness, Olivia Newton-John, whose name is apparently not *intended* to remind one of a laxative diet and its inevitable aftermath. Miss Newton-John appeared with John Travolta in *Grease*, the third most financially successful movie of all time, at least until we get the final score on *The Empire Strikes Back*, which will likely push *Grease* to number four. In any case, Miss Newton-John is highly "bankable," as they say in the industry,

and so here she is, with Gene Kelly and Michael Beck (the lead flexer in *The Warriors*); here *she* is as a muse, a real daughter of Zeus (honest), come to earth to inspire a young graphic artist (Mr. Beck) to pursue his dream—he tires of painting oversized record jacket posters and aspires to Art. Sonny Malone (Mr. Beck) meets Danny Maguire (Mr. Kelly), whose dream leads him to establish a glorious new-old dance hall ("Xanadu"), and Sonny also meets this muse and they fall in love, which is against the rules, but Zeus, or Mrs. Zeus, lets her do what mortals do ("Remember, dear? We learned about 'feelings' in our Mortal Behavior class," says

Mrs. Zeus to Zeus). The young lovers live and love lovingly ever after, and our dear, grey, thickened hoof-er bestows an additional twinkly smile upon them, and *he* no doubt also lives merrily until he gets his last check.

Xanadu is one of the most deadeningly stupid movies of this or any other year, unable to make anything of fantasy and unwilling to make anything of reality, though momentarily the moribund hulk shows signs of vestigial life, this when it presents a 1940's-style big band-cum-dance extravaganza merging with a 1970's variation on the same theme. For most of its two excruciating hours, however, *Xan-*

Urban Cowboy's John Travolta, having traded one costume (disco) for another (macho), joins other "citified make-believe cow-children as symbols of rootlessness, aimlessness, and petrified juvenilia."



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

adu subjects us to the hideous sight and sound of Miss Newton-John gallumphing about and warbling, the wistful sight of Mr. Kelly engaging in the same pursuits, and the puzzling sight of Mr. Beck, who is handsome in an unwholesome way and is the male equivalent of "stacked," trying to look love sick. In *Xanadu*, you'll remember, did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree; in *Xanadu* did several million dollars and many energetic people a crumbling dud erect.

Dressed to Kill

One man's *Xanadu* is another man's sex-change operation: the promise of escape from humdrumery into the *real* me (or he or she or we) that if only ... *Dressed to Kill* is the latest effort to scare us half to death courtesy of Mr. Brian De Palma, who showed a deftness for that trick with *Carrie*. Here we are introduced to a thoughtful shrink (Michael Caine) and one of his patients (Angie Dickinson), the lady a mother and wife with an occasional yen for something new in trousers. The movie opens with the lady imagining herself seduced by a pushy stranger in her shower while her husband is shaving two feet away at the mirror. Soon she has been picked up at the museum, taken off for an afternoon of bliss eternal, and then razor-slashed to death by a blonde person supposedly of the female persuasion who does the foul deed in the elevator. Very messy. Very effective, too.

We learn that the murderer is a male in transit to female. And soon we find this fiend pursuing a witness to the crime (Nancy Allen); the latest intended victim is befriended by the bright young son of the first murder victim (Keith Gordon) and also by the psychiatrist. The thriller ingredients are well handled, as De Palma

adapts a few of his *Carrie* surprises and adds one or two new ones. The psychological ingredients are very awkwardly handled, unless we are *supposed* to guess early on who the crazed transsexual is. Once I had the criminal's identity figured out (and anyone who has ever decided to avoid psychiatrists at whatever cost will figure it out lickety-split), the movie reduces to an experience in count the thrills, enjoy the chills.

We are not exactly instructed, not in so many words, to come away from the movie believing that every transsexual, or would-be transsexual, is not only unhappy but homicidal, but this newest wrinkle in gender-fuck certainly suggests that conclusion. Moreover, we are clearly advised not to make-believe beyond a certain point, lest we, too, succumb to our most dreadful sexual hang-ups and get out the old razor for something more serious than shaving.

Urban Cowboy

Olivia Newton-John, recycled Doris Day though she be, couldn't have brought off the commercial miracle of *Grease* all by herself. She needed John Travolta, still sailing on the wings of *Saturday Night Fever* and not yet savaged by the critics and hooted at by audiences for his pathetic role in *Moment by Moment*. That fiasco so disoriented Travolta, and his mother's death so depressed him, that he pulled out of *American Gigolo*, leaving the part to Richard Gere, and withdrew to find a suitable vehicle for what the more bloodthirsty critics were already labeling Travolta's "comeback." He's come back, all right, as the *Urban Cowboy*, and he oughta had stood in bed, as I think they might put it down at Gilley's.

Gilley's is a gargantuan saloon in Houston where boys and girls who sell

ribbons and insurance during the daytime come at night dressed in cowboy outfits that no self-respecting cowboy would wear. To Gilley's comes Bud (Travolta), hot off the farm and new in town, itching to drink and screw and prove something to himself (I think we are to accept the notion that his manhood is somehow up for testing) by becoming adept at riding a machine that bucks like a bull. One must resist the obvious pun, though James Bridges, who directed *Urban Cowboy*, has resisted nothing else. His citified make-believe cow-children are his symbols of rootlessness, aimlessness, petrified juvenilia, and any other grand concept you happen to think of on your way to the john. And his Bud, our doe-eyed beautiful John Travolta, the heart-throb of the late '70s, stands for the quintessential modern young man constructing his essence out of denim, leather, and smouldering glances.

Gilley's actually functions, evidently rather much in reality as in *Urban Cowboy*, as an ersatz-Western counterpart of the glitter palaces of the disco set. Here the costume is everything, as there, back when Travolta scored so wonderfully in his white suit on the disco floor, costume and attitude, *image*, were all that one needed to make one's fondest dreams come true for a few hours. The horror of *Urban Cowboy*, and it is horrible not only for its pretensions but for its realization, is exacerbated by the depressing fact that we are indeed merely in the process, right now, of trading one stupid costume party (disco) for another (macho).

Can't Stop the Music

Village People, a group of six men who cannot sing but who try, nonetheless, to do just that, represents another facet of the macho masquerade. The group was de-

veloped as a sound by Jacques Morali before he filled in the sound with people: he wanted *types*—Indian, cop, GI, construction worker, truck driver,—and eventually found human beings to fit the slots. The not very secret twist to all this is that Village People was fabricated as a gay ensemble, or at least an ensemble tailored to appeal to gay people, and gay audiences made Village People successful, after which, as usual with such entertainers (one remembers Bette Midler coming to prominence as an entertainer at a New York homosexual bath house), straights took them into the mainstream.

Can't Stop the Music purports to tell of the creation and rise to stardom of Village People, but instead of using the interesting truth, it air-brushes that evidently still taboo success story out of existence. Here a nice young lady (Valerie Perrine) and her nice platonic roommate (Steven Guttenberg) and her nice new boyfriend (Bruce Jenner) and a not-so-nice record industry wizard (Paul Sand) do the trick. And for two hours, even when we are taken to the gym for "Y.M.C.A.," one of the Village People's early smash hit songs, and easily the most effectively staged musical number in the movie; even when we are taken to a gym populated entirely by the best-built and best-looking young men on earth; even *then*, not even the suggestion, much less the word, homosexual, is permitted to surface.

Which is very strange, even allowing for the fact that *Can't Stop the Music* is a musical comedy, whereas homosexuals are supposed to appear on film only as killers (*Cruising*; *Windows*), agonizing adolescents (*Happy Birthday, Gemini*), or screamers (*La Cage Aux Folles*). Might not even *one* of the movie's six Village People people be



Can't Stop the Music is the story of the creation of the group Village People, which curiously forgets to mention that they were developed as a gay ensemble.

portrayed as homosexual? Sort of an updated Affirmative Action slot? The weirdest thing about this deliberate distortion is that nowadays the hottest trend in gay circles is macho drag. Swish is out, muscles are in. Of course it's all the same old make-believe (though much more frightening to homophobes because while queens in pastels can be snickered at and ignored, tough-looking guys with biceps, who look just like Real Men, hit too close to home, too close to the hetero-urbanized cowboys); only the outfits are changed to comfort the afflicted.

But what the hell; all the world loves a dreamer, so long as his dream is suitably conventional. All *Can't Stop the Music* wants to do is make an honest buck, and since wishing makes it so, who says you can't heterosexualize a gay fantasy and turn it into apple pie?

Bronco Billy

Billy McCoy (Clint Eastwood) sold shoes until, one day, he decided to become a latter-day Western trick rider and Wild West showman. No sooner thought than done; Bronco Billy is born and a shoe salesman puts away his shoe horn forever. Mr. Eastwood has also put away, at least for the time, his Dirty Harry persona, trading on his vast popularity—he's not exactly undernourished in the domestic market, but worldwide, he is the superstar supreme — for an adventure, a cinema lark, a lovely fling with bitter-sweet comedy. He is splendid in the part, craggy and a little cranky and a gentleman who waits until the lady (Sondra Locke, playing Miss Rich Bitch only grudgingly transformed into a pleasant friend of the common man and bedmate of the uncom-

mon Bronco Bill) makes the first move before he shares his comfy little sleeping alcove with her.

Bronco Billy is the sort of fellow who intercepts a bank holdup, who does favors for the mentally ill, who rescues morbid Indians from themselves, who takes in rootless young drifters and makes them whole again, who puts on his show for all the "little pards"—the children—in his audience, and bids them goodnight after his little Wild West performance with tender words of advice: mind your mom and dad, go to school every day, and say your prayers. He's more wholesome in the telling than in the movie, but, amazingly, he isn't in the least cloying. All Billy McCoy wanted to do was live his one go-around on earth as something more true to his nature than purveyor of wedgies to irritable ladies in a New Jersey shoe

store. Why not?

The movie is marred by a wretched meet-cute, and other holes puncture plausibility almost to the point of disaster. The back-up cast, however, including Scatman Crothers and Sam Bottoms, ably flesh out the tiny entertainment troupe that travels with Billy from town to town in search of little pards to make happy for a night under the tent. And Bronco Billy's dream becomes the audience's dream, not because it's sponsored by a muse from Zeus, not because it's kinky or psychotic, not because it requires monumentally self-deluding play-acting to carry off, and certainly not because it sanitizes anything. Billy's dream rings true; we can't all do it, as we all *can* saunter into a designer boutique and emerge in thirty minutes in spurs and boots and silver buckles and hope somebody thinks we're John Travolta's cousins; but we can all appreciate it. It's a simple dream, really, just as in one of the best of Disney flick songs: If you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are ... Makes no difference if you only make-believe, especially if you make your make-believe come true. There's a moral buried somewhere not too far down in this not too profound but mightily satisfying movie. Anybody can figure it out. □

LR's film critic writes about movies weekly for *The Boston Herald American* and reviews films and theatre twice weekly on WHDH Radio and daily on WNAC-TV (CBS), in Boston. He is the host of talk programs on both stations, writes a thrice-weekly newspaper column, and reviews books for a number of journals. As Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex County (Massachusetts) he makes believe the job amounts to something, and he can wear a very impressive badge when he's in the mood to do so.

© Copyright David Brudnoy, 1980.

LIB CLASSIFIEDS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher of *The Libertarian Review*. 20 cents per word (minimum \$5); six or more insertions: 10 percent discount; 12 or more insertions: 20 percent discount. Payment must accompany order. Address: Classified Ad Department, *The Libertarian Review*, 1620 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, CA 94111.

BOOKS

ORGANIZED RELIGION IS A GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIZED RIP-OFF! Learn the truth about how religion picks your moral pockets in 162 pages of searing insight into the churches' hypocrisy. \$4.95 pp. Dr. Ross—Box 3405—Springfield, IL 62708.

THE PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO CAMPAIGN POLITICS, by Gary Robert Schwedes. Definitive work on local campaign techniques. Nominated in *Washington Monthly* for "Political Book of the Year" award. Send \$4.95 to: Schwedes Campaign Consultants, 1725 The Promenade, #224-B, Santa Monica, CA 90401.

RESTORING THE AMERICAN DREAM by Robert J. Ringer. \$8.95 pp. Make check payable to: Libertarian Review, 1620 Montgomery St., S.E., CA 94111.

USED AND NEW LIBERTARIAN/CONSERVATIVE BOOKS. Economics, political theory, history specialties. Some fiction. Send inquiries to RF, 363 3rd Ave. #3, San Francisco, CA 94118

NATIONALISM AND CULTURE by Rudolf Rocker. A definitive libertarian study of the state's destructive influence on society. Hard cover, 614 pages \$16. postage paid. From: Michael Coughlin, Publisher, 1985 Selby Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104.

NEW, USED AND OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS on LIBERTARIANISM, REVISIONIST HISTORY, ETC. Free lists. Mike Timko, Box 25908, Los Angeles, CA 90025.

IS POLITICAL ACTION a necessary libertarian strategy or a betrayal of individual freedom? Read **LIBERTARIAN POLITICAL ACTIVISM: PRO & CON**, a hard hitting, reasoned debate between two libertarian Mensans—one a former Congressional Candidate, the other a student of Robert LeFevre. \$4.95 plus \$.60 handling (Californians add tax): Penseur Press, Box 659-A, El Cerrito, CA 94530.

PENNY GOLD AND SILVER MINING STOCKS have tremendous profit potential: a 1000% yearly price swing. New how-to-book by professor is the result of 20 years of research. Free details. PENNY STOCK PRESS, P.O. Box 430-B-1, Queens Village Station, NY 11428.

COMMUNITIES

EQUALITARIAN GESTALT COMMUNITY seeks additional members. Urban-based, specializing in gestalt psychology and "polyfidelity" (emotionally-committed, non-monogamous, family group within a democratic intentional community). Free handbook. Kerista Village, P.O. Box 1174-L, S.E., CA 94101. (415) 566-6502.

EMPLOYMENT

WANTED — 2ND INCOME PEOPLE—who are intelligent, aggressive, mature, to market an unusual product. Complete details will be given—but, we will tell you this much now, you can earn \$8,640-54,900 per year—Those of you willing to spend 2 hours per day, send resume to: Mr. Z. A. Klemmer, P.O. Box 8371, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (213) 899-9484.

FREE MARKET

LIBERTARIAN ATTORNEY. IRS defense: audits, trials, and related proceedings, civil and criminal; Census Resistance defense; Wills and Trusts. John K. Cotter, Attorney at Law, 256 Montgomery Street, Suite 201, San Francisco, CA 94104. (415) 982-8880.

LIBERTARIAN-OBJECTIVIST REGISTERED COMMODITY BROKER. Trading in all major Futures Markets. Emphasis on Precious Metals, financials and Currencies. A Broker that understands the current crisis is necessary in these volatile times. To open an account or for information call Toll Free 800-821-3400. Ask for Ted Lenger.

FLATULENT? (FREQUENTLY) FEAR NOT! Read Benjamin Franklin's long-suppressed essay of 1780 on (believe it or not) farting. Hilarious! Frameable. \$4. "Essay," Box 69-L, Carrboro, NC 27510.

BUY FROM LIBERTARIAN RADIO SHACK DEALER, Charles Blackwell. At least 10% discount, less shipping. (SC residents only: 4% sales tax.) P.O. Box 732, York, SC (803) 684-9980 or 6455.

NEED PRIVACY FOR YOUR MAIL? Use our address as yours. Keep your true location secret. Details: Buffalo Mail Drop, P.O. Box 8-R, Buffalo, NY 14212.

LUDWIG VON MISES T-SHIRTS. 100% cotton. S-M-L-XL. \$7.50

postpaid. F.I.O.T. Enterprises, 2007A Round Top Dr., Honolulu, HI 96822.

"THE DRAFT IS A FORM OF SLAVERY ON A PLANTATION CALLED WAR" (Copyright © 1980 by William Van Doren). Beautiful four-color poster with photos, illustrations, inscription on drafting women, suitable for framing. \$5. postpaid (+6% in Calif.) to W. Van Doren, 336 N. Oakhurst Dr., #2W, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Refund guaranteed.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD? Comprehensive pamphlet tells, in detail, how to test GOLD purity with no special equipment. Send \$2.00 to Cedar Mountain Trading Post, Precious Metals Department, Cedar Mountain, NC 28718.

SUPPORT FREE TRADE — SMUGGLE! THE STATE SUCKS! Over 50 buttons, bumperstickers, flyers and posters. Free catalog. SLL, Box 4, Fullerton, CA 92632.

FREE MARKET

BUSINESS LOANS. MONEY MARKET. P.O. Box 2228LR, Seattle, WA 98111.

LIBERTARIAN ANNOUNCEMENTS

FED UP WITH FETUS FETISHISTS? Systematic libertarian treatment of the moral case for the right to abortion, by Sharon Presley and Robert Cooke. Send 50¢ and long SASE to Association of Libertarian Feminists, 15 West 38 St., #201, New York, NY 10018.

ABOLITION OF THE STATE is the only honest objective of anti-statists. We have developed a basic program for abolishing the State. Those interested should send one dollar for introductory packet to: American Abolitionist Movement, P.O. Box 30681, Seattle, WA 98103.

IRS IS ILLEGAL. 10 years of Court Battles to prove it is expensive. Your Help is Needed. Contributions, Law Briefs, Donations, etc. Rt. Rev. Edward Wayland Ph.D., P.O. Box 1008, Lowell, MA 01853.

WANTED — Libertarian stances on the environment. I would appreciate *any* thoughts and theories on the subject. Please write Steven D. McGinley, 651 6th Street North, Hudson, WI 54106.

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE—How much do you get? Violating individual property rights is a crime if you do it, a "service" if the government does it. Is there a responsible alternative? Send your ideas to Box 944-D, Yucaipa, CA 92399. (714) 797-4919.

WORLD WAR IV may be fought using women only. The men will be dead and besides—it's the women's

turn. For a War Stopper shoot a S.A.S.E. to: WINNERS — LOSERS, Box 2138, Youngstown, OH 44504.

BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES: Professionals, students, and laypeople interested in the application of psychological, sociological and anthropological research to libertarian issues, write Sharon Presley, 2442 24th St., Astoria, NY 11102.

NEED HELP IN ARGUING AGAINST THE DRAFT AND ABORTION? Intellectual ammunition: \$1.00. Advice, speakers, available. Inquire: Libertarians for Life, 13424 Hathaway Drive, Wheaton, MD 20906.

PERIODICALS

the *dandelion*, a modern quarterly journal of philosophical anarchism. Subscription \$4.50/yr. Sample copy send 25¢ to cover postage. Order from Michael E. Coughlin, 1985 Selby Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104.

ASSOCIATION OF LIBERTARIAN FEMINISTS sample literature 50¢. Complete set of discussion papers and sample newsletters \$3.00. Write ALF, 15 West 38 St., #201, New York, NY 10018.

LOOKING for meaningful relationships? Read *Contact High*, the only national publication written by singles for singles. Intelligent, attractive, insightful. Free advertising policy. \$15 per year or send for free brochure: Box 500-LR, 600 Main St., Mendocino, CA 95460.

LIBERTARIAN CONNECTION, 12 year-old open-forum magazine. Subscribers may (but needn't) insert four pages per issue free, unedited. LC had Rothbard, Hospers, Childs, Grinder, Block, before you ever heard of them. Read tomorrow's leading thinkers today. Eight issues (1 year) \$10. Sample \$1. 9850 Fairfax Square #232L, Fairfax, VA 22031.

CRITIQUE, a new quarterly journal exploring conspiracy theories, exposés, metaphysics, and the "American culture." Send for introductory issue (\$1.25): 2364 Valley West Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95401.

PERSONALS

BORED AGAIN? Why not rattle your cage? I propose a dialog of the disaffected, a conspiracy of the equals, a politics of pleasure. Ours is the *anomic power* of negative thinking and corrosive laughter. The unruly amongst the in-

stitutionalized have only themselves—and possibly each other. Let's confer. The choice is sedition or sedation. Any number can play. **THE LAST INTERNATIONAL**, 55 Sutter St. #487, S.E., CA 94104.

SINGLE MAN, European, age 31, self-employed, residing partly in California, partly in Thailand, wishes to hear from single woman who shares the libertarian philosophy. Other interests of mine include traveling, foreign languages (I know eight), Oriental cultures, archeology, psychology, etc. Please write to: Robert Weiser, G.P.O. Box 698, Central Post Office, Bangkok, Thailand.

TAPES

LIBERTARIANISM vs. COMMUNISM—a debate held at the Annual Gathering of Mensa. Robert Steiner is Chair of the International Libertarian Organization in Mensa, a founder of the New Jersey Libertarian Party, and a long-time activist in the LP. J. L. Lunsford is a long-time activist and an organizer for Communist Party, U.S.A. Said one attendee: "Those who witnessed the confrontation came away favorably impressed with the freedom philosophy. It was clear that leftist ideology is incapable of defending itself against a

principled case based on individual liberty." Two cassettes totaling about two hours, \$9.95 plus \$.75 postage and handling. California residents add sales tax. Robert A. Steiner, LR090, Box 659 El Cerrito, CA 94530.

HOW AN ANARCHIST SOCIETY WOULD PROVIDE NATIONAL DEFENSE: THE SOLUTION TO LIBERTARIANISM'S HARDEST PROBLEM by Jeffrey Rogers Hummel, historian and former U.S. Army officer. Complete talk with questions and answers and further questions and answers on three 90-minute cassettes or one 7" reel—\$15. plus \$1. packing and handling. Texas residents include 5% sales tax. Order from: IMMORTAL PERFORMANCES, P.O. Box 8316, Austin, TX 78712.

NATHANIEL BRANDEN'S lectures on "The Psychology of Romantic Love," recorded a decade ago, present an interesting comparison with his treatment of the same issues in his new book of the same title. Thirty-two LP set, like new condition, \$100.00. Also: **THE DISCOVERY OF FREEDOM**, by Rose Wilder Lane, 1st, good condition, no dj. \$50.00. Write to Jeff Riggensbach at LR.

Three Blind Mice



See how they Run

Available on red, white, navy, and light blue T-shirts
men's adult s/m/l/x-l \$6.50 post-paid
50% polyester/50% cotton

California residents please add \$0.39 sales tax
Satisfaction guaranteed or return for refund w/in 10 days
All orders shipped U.P.S. within 24 hrs. of receipt
Specify quantity, size & color
Include phone # with return address

Send check or money orders only to:

Steve Blustein Design
3010 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite #179
Santa Monica, CA 90404
213-478-0606

\$40,000 A Year In Tax-Exempt Income

Be a professional: counselor, consultant, para-legal assistant, companion, clinician, agent, etc. Gifts are tax-exempt. Donations are gifts. Gifts are what legally Ordained Ministers receive for their services. **Ministers can legally do many things, such as:** Counseling (individual, group, family, marriage, etc.), Teach/tutor adults and children. Perform *all* religious rituals and ceremonies: weddings, baptisms, eulogies, christenings. Assist with "do-it-yourself" legalities: divorce, bankruptcy, name change, wills, adoptions. Start a tax-exempt school, retreat, church, order, etc. Collect for charities. Hold seminars, seances. Give lectures, preach. **Ministers receive discounts from many organizations, hotels, airlines.**

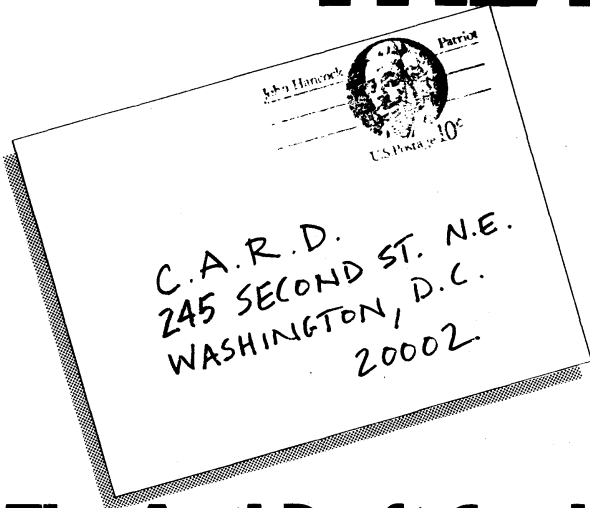
Be A Legally Ordained Minister

No discrimination. For your *lifetime* Ordination, set of beautiful multi-colored credentials, and information folio, send a minimum \$40. tax deductible donation to:

International Order of Inner Deity, Inc.
522 Lander, Reno, Nevada 89509
Registered 1979 Delaware Non-Profit Corporation.

Earn legal degrees: High School, AA, BA, MA, PhD, by mail in less than a year from our Correspondence University.

HOW TO REGISTER AGAINST THE DRAFT.



The Anti-Draft Card.

1.

During the summer of 1980, every American male aged nineteen and twenty will be forced—under threat of imprisonment—to go to the local post office and register for the draft. But anyone, male or female, can register *against* the draft, no matter how old they are.

2.

All you need to do is go to your local post office and buy a regular pre-stamped postcard. On the back, write "I am registering *against* the draft." Include your name and address. On the front, write "C.A.R.D., 245 Second St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002."

3.

Now drop your postcard in the mail. We'll add it to all the other anti-draft cards we've received from all across America and show President Jimmy Carter just how many Americans oppose registration and the draft. Needless to say, the more cards sent to C.A.R.D. the better.

4.

When you register against the draft, urge your friends to do the same. Together, we can beat this challenge to our basic liberties and traditions. If you can't buy a postcard, write a letter instead. But whatever you do, make sure you register *against* the draft now!

LR
Make checks payable to C.A.R.D.
Here's \$10 \$25 \$100 more
to help pay for your campaign against the draft.
Send me information about the legal status of
draft-age registrants.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

C.A.R.D. Committee Against Registration & Draft
245 Second St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002

C.A.R.D. is a coalition of 50 national organizations opposed to registration and the draft.

Prepared by Public Media Center, San Francisco