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September 26, 1975

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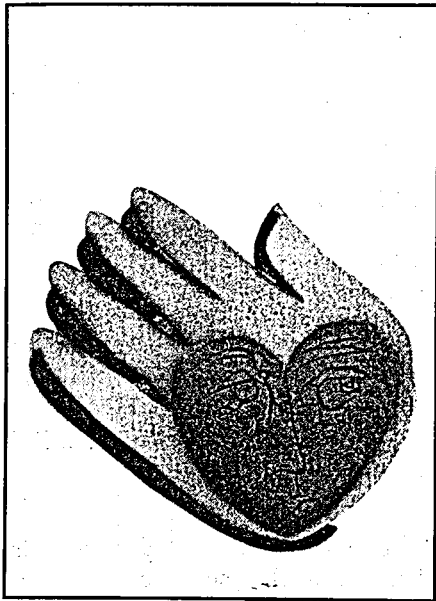
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# Scholastic

Volume 117, No. 2, September 26, 1975  
Notre Dame, Indiana

## FEATURES

- 10 A Sermon Rev. J. T. Burtchaell
- 14 Commentary J. R. Baker and Bill Gonzenbach
- 15 Valued Impracticality:  
The Art of Juggling Richard G. Landry
- 22 Sports & Mythic Heroes Bill Gonzenbach
- 27 Football Pictorial Bill Delaney

## REGULARS

- 4 Perspective Rev. Robert Griffin
- 6 Fiction Bob Griffin
- 8 People At ND Susan Grace
- 9 People Behind ND Mike Hastings
- 18 Week In Distortion Dan Lombardi
- 20 Gallery Beth Combs
- 26 Sport Shorts Bill Delaney
- 30 The Last Word Sally Stanton

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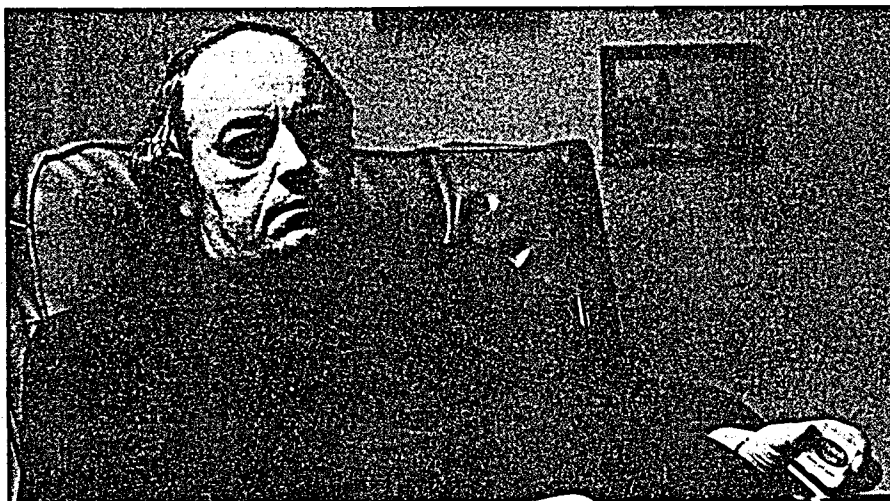
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# A Child That Played With Unicorns

by Rev. Robert Griffin, C.S.C.



My mother pointed out the window, through the trees, into the orchard where you see a patch of moving colors on an oak limb, as though there were birds and butterflies bivouacking together.

"Unicorns do not exist," repeated the minister. His tone implied that families who glimpse unicorns should not exist either; at least they should not exist in his parish.

"I have never seen a unicorn," the minister said. "Nobody else has ever seen a unicorn. Therefore, unicorns do not exist," and he offered her a text from *II Corinthians* to prove his point.

"Nobody has ever seen God, either," said my mother in a brilliant flash of theological wit.

"If we are good enough, madam, we shall surely see God," the minister said.

"If we were innocent enough, we would surely see unicorns," said my mother. "I have a child who has seen many unicorns."

My mother never told us about the complaint of the neighbor ladies. She never mentioned the minister's visit until many years later, when the unicorns had long since left the orchard. Our family knew there were unicorns in the world; but we children never knew what it was like to pat one, because we had never gotten that close.

"What are unicorns really like?" we would ask my sister.

"Oh," she said, "they're simply beautiful." There was a look in her eyes as though she were a saint talking about heaven. "I only know one unicorn really well," she said. "He's smaller than the others. He's perfectly white, like milk, except

There used to be a unicorn that came to play with my sister in the small orchard that grew in the back of our house. Unicorns were quite common in the neighborhood where I grew up. You could see them at daybreak on April mornings, nibbling at the apple blossoms. You could see them at noonday in summer, looking for the shade under ancient oak trees or waiting for the August rain to refresh them. In autumn a whole little flock of unicorns used to come to dance with the leaves that were swirled by the wind. In winter it was hard to spot them, because then they only came to the orchard when it snowed, and their color matched the color of the storm as easily as milk matches the whiteness of a snowdrift. But even in winter, you'd catch a glimpse of gold or silver flashing on the landscape, and you'd know it was the prancing hoof of a frolicking unicorn.

My sister was the only child in the neighborhood that ever got to play with a unicorn. We didn't think

it was unusual for her to have such a playmate because my mother also used to be favored by visits from the unicorns when she was young.

Some of the neighbor ladies called to complain of our family's allowing the apple orchard to be used as a sanctuary by an unlicensed pack of totally mythical animals.

"It was such a small herd," my mother said, "and they were such gentle, innocent creatures, what harm could they possibly do?"

"When your children turn strange," the neighbor ladies sniffed, "you'll wish you'd settled for a rabbit hutch, like everyone else."

Once, the minister came by to protest on strictly theological grounds. "Unicorns do not exist," he said. "Unicorns are the aberrations of a medieval imagination."

"But they must be real," my mother said. "My little girl plays with them. All of us in the family catch glimpses every now and again of the orchard unicorns."

"Where?" asked the minister.

for the markings on his tail and hooves and mane where he's touched with silver. Only sometimes, on Sunday, the silver seems to turn to gold, and his horn seems made entirely of diamonds."

"What do you say to a unicorn?" we asked. "What do you talk about?"

"Sometimes I talk to him," she said. "Sometimes I sing to him. Sometimes I ride on his back. Sometimes I tell him stories."

"What kind of stories do you tell a unicorn?" we asked.

"It depends on whether he's a young unicorn or an old unicorn," she said. "Some old unicorns knew Merlin, and King Arthur when he was a boy; that's how old they are. They could tell you stories about dragons and griffins and knights who had adventures with ladies. But with the young unicorns, you try to teach them things."

"Does it depend, too, on whether they are girl unicorns or boy unicorns?" I asked. I wasn't sure how well prepared my sister was to help burgeoning unicorns make the rites of passage into adulthood.

"I don't think there are any girl unicorns," she said. I found out later, from reading unicorn books, that she was right. "They reproduce themselves asexually," the book said, "and their gender is always male."

In the normal course of childhood, a boy is not always apt to notice what his sister is doing. A boy has his own growing up to do. I knew that she played with her unicorn because she sometimes spoke of their games with the shy creatures that would come in from the meadow. I also knew that that unicorn didn't want much to do with me. He would show himself to me sometimes, and lift his tail so it seemed to ride on the wind, as if to say: "See what a handsome animal I really am." But I never got very close to him. I think he just wanted to convince me he really existed. He didn't want me to think my sister was crazy or imaginative when she said she played with unicorns. If she grew to be a strange child, as the neighbor ladies said she would, I never noticed it.

So the summers of childhood passed, and the autumns, and the

wintertimes. Then one day in April, I saw her come into the house, clutching something that was wrapped in her apron. I thought to myself: she's a very beautiful girl. Then I noticed she was crying.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "What happened?"

"Some boys came," she said. "They said they were hunters." She sat down on the floor and unfolded her apron. "Look what happened," she said.

There, in the folds of the apron, there was a crystal-clear shaft of diamond with facets that flashed into rainbows.

"They broke his horn," she said.



"They said they were hunters. I said 'leave him alone; he's a unicorn.' They said they didn't believe in unicorns, and they broke his horn."

Both of us stared at the horn of diamond, broken off, apparently, right at the base where it was grooved like a cross. Even as we watched, the diamond began to melt as though it were made of ice.

"Put it in the refrigerator," I cried, though God knows I am not an expert on the preservation of relics.

"It wouldn't do any good," she said. "Its made . . . it's made of poetry."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"He's run off," she said. "He's wounded and broken. All the others have gone with him."

We sat there, helpless, not knowing what to do, watching a diamond melt into crystal drops that could have been the tears of a weeping, defeated god.

For three days my sister waited for the unicorn's return, hoping and believing he would come back, yet fearing he wouldn't. "I once heard of a unicorn who was wounded," she said. "His horn was broken, and he was wounded so bad he had to go back to the country where his father lived."

"I've heard that story," I said. "His friends waited for him for three days. One morning, they found he had returned to the garden at daybreak. The wounds had been healed by his father's love, and the scars made him more beautiful than ever. His horn was the color of blood."

"His biggest hurt," she said, "was because they couldn't see the beauty. He stood there in beauty before them, wanting their faith, and they said he wasn't real."

"Do you think the unicorn will come back to our garden?" I said.

"Maybe," she said, "if we know strongly enough that he's real."

All of these events belong somewhere in the past. For me, at least, the unicorn has never come back. Sometimes, when I'm home and I'm feeling innocent enough, and child-like enough, to believe in unicorns, I go to the orchard and look for a lost beauty, but I never find it. For my sister, I think it is different. I think she is still visited by unicorns, though I've never seen the later ones. The neighbor ladies continue to say she acts and thinks very strangely. That is why, for a number of years now, she has had to live in a hospital. She glimpses a different kind of truth than the rest of us. Whether her unicorns have scars that have been healed by love, or whether they are the broken creatures she wept over in childhood, I have no way of knowing. But I suspect for all of us, nothing, either of good or bad, is still the same as it was when the world was young.



# A Child's Portrait

by Bob Griffin

Mr. Levine ain't too smart, y'know—don't make too much sense neither. He just sets up there all day long, his head a bobbin up and down like my yo-yo does, with his finger stuck clear into his cheek. Time was when he used to yell and scream at us when we was passin by. Not no more though. Everybody knows right well that Mr. Levine could do most things for himself, but he just sets there havin his Mrs. wait round him all day. She don't seem to mind much, but it still just don't seem right somehow. Yeah, he's a one that Mr. Levine, so we stay clear of him now. But sometimes we used to hide behind the bushes, waitin to see just what he'd do. Darn it if he didn't do the funniest things. He'd just be settin there pokin his finger all round his cheek, sayin all kinds of things out loud that never made much sense. Mrs. Levine, sometimes she'd set up there with him, watchin, her face never movin or nothin. She just set there and watched him, lookin down into her hands, her head always shakin slowly.

Well, like I was sayin, we'd just set there, waitin till Mrs. Levine went back inside, laughin at all them funny things he said. Sometimes Joey would throw somethin in the yard, and old Mr. Levine would up and run down the steps, checkin



to see who was there. He'd stand there, laughin real funny, lookin all round. After a bit he'd stop and wait, look round real quick again, laugh, and then move back toward the porch. Just when he was a gettin near his seat again, Joey would up and scream somethin at him and take off. Old Mr. Levine, he'd up and start laughin all over again. Weren't never much harm meant — at least we never did see none. He seemed to kinda like it all — just kep settin there, waitin.

Well, one day Mrs. Levine asked us, if we had nothin better to do, to come on over and help her by cleanin up the yard. We didn't see why Mr. Levine couldn't do it himself, but we said sure, seein how she said she'd pay us. So I was there, weedin, mindin my own business, when all a sudden Mr. Levine, he comes a yellin and screamin, just about fallin down the steps, after Joey.

Joey, he was just a standin there, shakin, not knowin what to do. Jeeesus, Joey was sure nough in for it this time. Mr. Levine had no reason either; he just upped and went after him. Joey took off tryin to git behind some of the other fellas, but they weren't gonna have none of that. Nobody wanted Old Mr. Levine near em. They just stood there shakin too, tryin to git Joey away from em. So Joey just took off, runnin to wherever he could git behind, pullin up the back of his britches all the way. He always wears baggy pants, that Joey. Anyways, he tricked him or somethin, cause he just stood there in the middle of the yard, his head bobbin up and down, droolin.

Finally, Mrs. Levine, she came a tearin and yellin out the screen door, calling for Mr. Levine to leave Joey alone. She grabbed him and pulled him aside — he just kinda standing there lookin dumb and all. When she'd a finished wavin her finger in front of him, she took him by the hand across the yard, past the dogs, back up to his seat again.

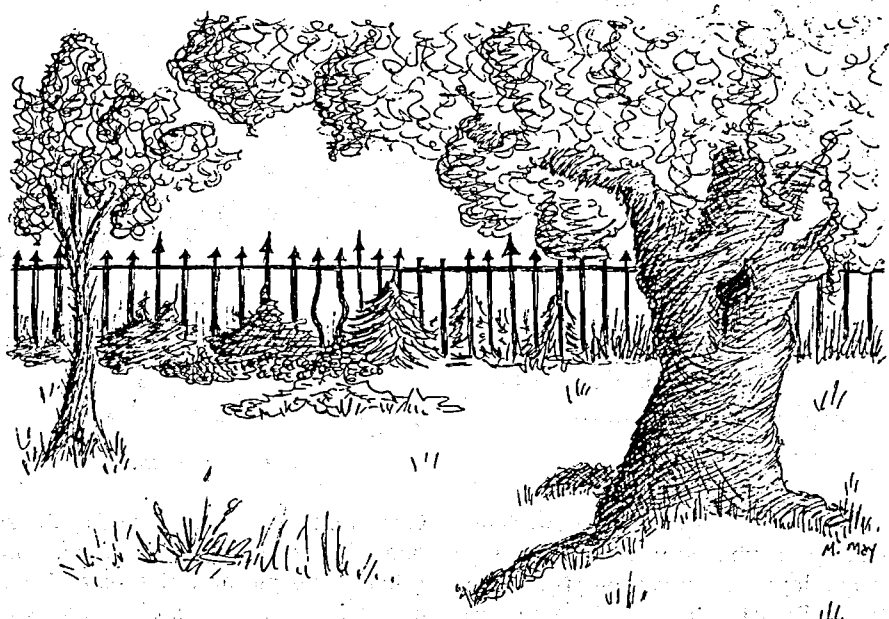
He'd be o.k. for a while, but we just couldn't keep from starin up ther at him. First he'd yell and wave his arms about, laughin; then he'd stop all a sudden like and set still, his head rollin all round, with his tongue stuck out the side. I just

knelt there, tryin to weed, my nose all crinkly from not knowin what to do. Mrs. Levine, she came out to look at him, wipin his mouth with the corner of her apron. If she don't come out, he'll just let roll out the side of his mouth, clear down his shirt. Then he plays with it.

But she was there then, so he didn't get no chance. She just stood there lookin down on him for a long time, shakin her head slowly from side to side, wipin her hands in her apron. Then she turned clear round and caught us, mostly me, starin up at em both. Well we just froze, not knowin what to do an all. But she stood there, cryin, with her apron up to her eyes, tellin us to hush up and mind our own business — that it wasn't funny at all. Joey just stood there, kickin the ground, turnin all kinds of red. You could just tell that Mrs. Levine was a thinkin of him, and that made me real mad. Mr. Levine, he was always a startin it all, but she never much blamed him.

Joey told his mom what happened that night. That was a pretty stupid thing to do, cause his mom just set there at the table, not sayin nothin for an awful long time. Then she told him, quite calmly really, not to ever ever go by the Levine place again. She told him that he had no business to mind over at that place. I went for Joey after dinner that night, and she stood me up against the wall, asking me if my folks knew I was mindin business at the Levines'. I told her "no ma'am!" She told us both not to leave the house, that she was goin off to take care of this once and for all.

We just stood back, clear out of



her way, and watched her go off. "You had to tell her, didn't ya — ya just had to." You could just tell Joey knowed he shouldn't a done that, but he did. There weren't nothin we could do now. We waited there a bit, and then upped and followed after her, stickin behind bushes most the way. When we got near nough to the Levines all a body could hear was Joey's mom yellin at Mrs. Levine. Mr. Levine, he just set there still, not carin about a thing.

Well, we didn't go over there much after that, cause Mr. Levine, he just kept gettin all excited whenever we did. Mrs. Levine told us it would probably be best that way. I told her it weren't us that was causin all the fuss, but she kep on sayin it was all for the best. We listened real good to what she said, but we still saw Mr. Levine a settin there on the porch, seein how we was always goin by that way anyway. He'd set there, and then get all excited when we went by. But we didn't stop to play no more.

And after a while, he didn't get excited or nothin either, even when we did walk by. We'd still say hey to him, but he must've not ever heard us — he just kept on starin. Every once and a while, though, he'd still up and run around the yard, lookin, checkin. But he knowed right well we wasn't there — he was a standin right there with his Mrs. when she told us to clear off.

Sometimes Mrs. Levine still sets out there with him. I still say hey to em both when I walk by. She smiles a bit and asks me what mischief I'm up to now. "No mischief, ma'am, just stopped to say hey." But she just rocks there, kinda smilin at me. Mr. Levine, he still just sets there like he's always done, lookin at her, holdin on to the end of her dress, his head bobbin up and down, like my yo-yo does.

## People At ND



Bill Higgins

To many Notre Dame students eagerly seeking any and every type of employment on campus this year, senior Bill Higgins may be a subject of envy. Not only does Bill have a job, but he can boast of having one of the most novel jobs on campus. He runs a nuclear "tandem Van de Graaff accelerator," an elaborate and expensive piece of equipment situated in the ominous Nuclear Research building. Bill is one of the few undergraduate students at ND to operate the accelerator, and his work helps save time for many researchers and grad students using the machine for various experiments.

Bill's major in physics was a determining factor in his finding the position with the Physics Department. He is the president of the Physics Club, has been active with the *Science Quarterly*, in the development of the Grace Hall TV station and is the founder of TALOS, The Ardent Lovers of Science Fiction. In addition to his obvious interest in the realm of science, Bill has musical interests — he is an accomplished ukulele player.

Bill is quite pleased with his opportunity to work with the accelerator and the advantages it offers. He finds it "considerably more stimulating" than his previous source of income, working in the dining halls.

Steven Paspek, perhaps better known as "Steve from Cleve" (from



Steve Paspek

Cleveland, Ohio, of course), ranks as one of the most outstanding and talented people at ND today. He is a senior chemical engineering major, now on American College Scholarship by merit of his academic achievement. Steve teaches the weekly freshman chemistry review sessions, is participating in his second year of catalysis research with Dr. J. J. Carberry; he has helped in the proofing of Dr. Hofman's chemistry text, participated in the writing of Dr. Dan Pasto's text on organic chemistry and is currently working on a textbook of chemical reactor engineering with Dr. Carberry. This past summer he was employed by the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to work on the evaluation of experimental heterogeneous catalysts, and with Bares 210, and acrylonitrile plastic with a possible use as a beer can liner.

Steve's talents are not confined to chemistry. He has also been a professional piano player for four years at Cedar Point, Ohio, has tuned nearly every piano on campus and even builds pianos. One of them is situated in his current place of residence, Sorin Hall.

In virtue of all his enterprising musical and scientific abilities, it is easy to forget that Steve is classified as a student here. However, he says that having to do homework like everyone else always reminds him of his status.

Bob Griffin, the author of the



Bob Griffin

short story featured in this issue, is one of three ND students to receive the honor of having their literary works published in a special edition of *Atlantic Monthly* last year, as winners in the magazine's 54th annual literary contest. Entries from all over the U.S. were submitted and reviewed by a panel of judges before the winners were chosen and presented with a merit award for "having achieved distinction of a superior kind." The other ND students to attain this honor were Dave Rust, a senior English major, and Gary Shippey, who has since graduated and is now studying English at Bowling Green.

Bob, an English major from Emerson, N.J., had dabbled in poetry for a few years and written stories, but his talent for writing short stories was especially stimulated by Mrs. Dolores Frese's short fiction writing class last year, and it was Mrs. Frese who encouraged him to submit his entry.

The activities that occupy Bob's time are many, including his work as co-chairman of the Dance and Drama Series Cultural Arts Commission and his position on the editorial staff of the *Juggler*. He also holds two jobs. Currently he is working on a project consisting of twelve short stories and intends to take the risks of pursuing a writing career. In view of his work, though, it may not be such a risk after all.



# People Behind ND

## Behind Every President . . .

by Michael Hastings

Mention the President's Office of the University of Notre Dame and most students will think of Father Theodore Hesburgh. But room 301 in the Administration Building is much more a home to secretary Helen Hosinski than it is to our University President. During fall and spring, Father Hesburgh's face is rarely seen within the perimeters of our campus. But to his diligent secretary, those times when he is out of town at educational conferences or attending hunger coalition meetings are the times when she can catch up on the backlog of correspondences and notices-to-be-issued that have been impossible to attend to during Father's on-campus presence. It is amazing that only one person manages to handle assiduously the overabundance of work in Father Hesburgh's office.

Helen Hosinski, a speed queen on a manual typewriter, is a middle-aged woman whom Fred Freeman of the Personnel Department describes as kind, efficient and wholly devoted to her work. She has been employed at the University of Notre Dame since January of 1943 in secretarial capacities, and has been Father Hesburgh's blessing since 1952 when he became University President. Before that time, she had worked in the office similar to today's Registrar's office; later she worked in Business Affairs. Finally she was secretary to Father Cavanaugh during his last two years as University President.

Though hesitant at first to divulge her age, Helen admitted that she was nearly fifty. She is a native of South Bend and attended high school in town before coming to work at Notre Dame. When asked about her relationship with Father Hesburgh, she smiled affably and commented that they were close friends having known each other for twenty-five years. Her brother, she relates, was a classmate with Hesburgh at ND and the two were ordained into the priesthood in the same year. Referring to the Presi-

dent, Helen warmly said, "He hasn't changed since I first met him." The note of pride and affection in her voice spoke clearly for the fact that she and Father Hesburgh not only have a profuent working relationship but are good friends as well.

To understand what a remarkable feat it has been for Helen Hosinski to manage the President's Office single-handedly, one must realize that she suffers from severe arthritis—a condition that prevents her from using an electric office machine. But whatever discomfort the malady has caused her, Helen has more than compensated for it



through a prodigious spirit and dedication to her duties. She takes all dictation from President Hesburgh, types his correspondences, handles mailing lists, makes all traveling arrangements and relays telephone messages. She is, to use a religious analogy, a miracle in the secretarial world, and her performance bears witness to the fact. If devotion had a monetary equivalent, Helen Hosinski would be a wealthy lady indeed.

Holding her slim file, Fred Freeman of the Personnel Department on campus spoke of Helen in a very complimentary fashion. The two have been friends for as long as

Helen has worked at Notre Dame; however, Freeman objectively concludes, "She's an ideal secretary and very dedicated to her work." Helen is not the type of person to expect or even want recognition for her services, Mr. Freeman indicated, but "it's a good thing that she's getting some acknowledgement."

Helen speaks humbly of herself and her position at Notre Dame. One can imagine the intrigue and excitement of handling letters from all corners of the globe and typing out returns to figures of international repute. But Helen refers modestly to her employment as if it were mundane or simply quotidian.

When asked if there is less work when Father Hesburgh is away than when he is at Notre Dame, Helen jokingly replied, "The only time I don't have any work to do is when I'm on vacation."

Many times we forget that people such as Helen Hosinski are the backbone of Notre Dame. Sometimes we regard them as fixtures around campus rather than dedicated people without whom the institution would cease to function. We would be much better to step back every now and then from our rather self-centered worlds and see them as the real individuals they are, and not something put behind a desk for our benefit.

Tomorrow at 7:20 a.m., Helen Hosinski will arrive on campus for still another day of unheralded service in the University President's office. Calls will be answered, travel arrangements will be made for Father Hesburgh and return correspondences will be mailed out. But, even though Helen may receive no praise for her work, she will continue to perform her secretarial duties in the same selfless manner as she has since 1943. And yet, despite this lack of recognition, she always has the spiritual emolument that goes hand in hand with devotion to valuable, however unsung, contribution.

# Sermon

This sermon was delivered by Rev. James T. Burtchaeil, C.S.C., on September 14, 1975, at the Inaugural Mass of the University.

Fellow Scholars of the University,  
Brothers and Sisters in Christ:

Today, September 14, in the year 1975, resonates with many mysteries. It is the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross: the off-season day, so to speak, on which the Church ponders the painful way in which the Lord's love reached out to rescue us.

His state was divine,  
yet he did not cling  
to his equality with God  
but emptied himself  
to assume the condition of a slave,  
and became as men are;  
and being as all men are,  
he was humbler yet,  
even to accepting death,  
death on a cross.  
But God raised him high  
and gave him the name  
which is above all other names  
so that all beings  
in the heavens, on earth and in  
the underworld,  
should bend the knee at the name  
of Jesus  
and that every tongue should ac-  
claim  
Jesus Christ as Lord,  
to the glory of God the Father.  
(Philippians 2, 6-11)

September 14 is also a special anniversary date for us at Notre Dame. On this day in 1841 — 134 years ago — Father Edward Sorin and six brothers of St. Joseph disembarked from the passenger ship *Iowa* in New York harbor and started overland to the adventure that awaited them in Indiana.

Also, this is the first University gathering here since August 15, the 100th anniversary of the celebration of the first Mass in this church. The celebrant of the Mass was Father Alexis Granger, Provincial Superior of the Holy Cross Religious in the United States, and the sermon was preached by the Superior General of the Holy Cross Community, Notre Dame's founder, Edward Sorin.

September 14 is given a fresh meaning for us, however, by events taking place in Rome this very day. Elizabeth Bayley Seton is today being declared a saint, the first native-born citizen of the United States to be so honored. Mother Cabrini, a naturalized American citizen, was canonized some years ago, but she was an immigrant, and somehow the Roman authorities have traditionally discerned sanctity in their compatriots more readily than in the virtuous offspring of other nations. Mother Seton, in fact, coming as she did from white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant stock, may give evidence of an affirmative action plan for the Church's calendar of saints.

Elizabeth Bayley was born in New York City in 1774, descended from good English and Huguenot stock that had first come to Ameri-

can shores as early as 1665. Her father was Dr. Richard Bayley, a physician much involved in public health work. An early researcher into the causes and cure of yellow fever, he served as the physician for the Port of New York. In 1801 he was himself infected with yellow fever by arriving Irish immigrants and perished.

Eliza was 20 years old when she married a merchant of comfortable circumstances, William Seton. In the next years she bore him five children: three girls and two boys. In 1803 William took his wife and Anna, their eight-year-old, on a voyage to Italy which was partly in aid of his import business and partly intended to restore his frail health. They landed at Livorno in late autumn, and since William arrived ill and they had embarked from a city where yellow fever was epidemic, all three were held at the docks for a month's quarantine without heat, decent nourishment or medical attention. At the end of the quarantine Mr. Seton was found not to have yellow fever, but the month's exposure to winter weather had destroyed his health, and he died a week after their release.

Alone in Italy with her eight-year-old girl, the widow Seton spent six

months with the Filicchi family in Livorno, old friends and merchants with whom her husband intended to do business. The gentle hospitality of this family and indeed of the entire Italian city won Mrs. Seton's heart. Her religious faith, already very devout and much tested by her recent sorrow, began to take a curious and positive interest in the Catholicism of her hosts, she being a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Eventually she returned to New York, drew her children about her once more, and began a very tortured nine-month period during which she debated the possibility of entering the Catholic Church. As an Episcopalian she had already developed habits of prayer that were mystical and, with her sisters-in-law, used to look after the poor so assiduously that she was called "the Protestant sister of charity." After agonizing long over her decision, Eliza finally entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1805. As might be expected in those times, this was very ill-received by her Protestant relatives, particularly her Seton in-laws. Since, as a widow she was particularly dependent upon them for her maintenance, being ostracized by the family caused economic as well as social distress, but it also offered her the occasion to ratify her decision at the cost of some suffering.

After struggling three years to make ends meet, she decided to move her household to Baltimore, where she could both support herself and do some constructive good by operating a boarding school for young ladies. In a very short time her generous dedication and devout purposefulness brought other women to join her, and in 1809 they banded together to form a religious sisterhood.

They called themselves the Sisters of Charity after the model of the religious community founded by Saint Vincent de Paul, the first community of women in the history of

the Church which was founded for service rather than seclusion.

The new group settled in Emmitsburg in the Blue Mountains fifty miles northwest of Baltimore. Their circumstances were of the poorest. When they first arrived there were 16 of them living in a single log cabin, including Mother Seton, her five children and two sisters-in-law (who had followed her into the Catholic Church and had been similarly penalized by their family), and a number of women who would

join her in founding Saint Joseph's School.

In Emmitsburg Mother Seton's group was able to found a school for the poor in addition to their regular academy, and then branched out to Philadelphia and to New York. The early growth of this, the first community of sisters founded in the United States, was presided over by the foundress until she died at the age of 47 in 1821.

There were at this time only three other orders of sisters in the country: the Ursulines in New Orleans,



*James T. Burtchaell, C.S.C.*

the Carmelites in rural Charles County, Maryland, and the Visitation Nuns in Georgetown.

What they declare in Rome today is that Elizabeth Bayley Seton was an extraordinarily holy woman and that she sits at the banquet of the Just where we all desire one day to sup. Her biographers show a number of consistent strains of goodness in her life. For one thing she was an extraordinarily faithful widowed mother, as she had been a devoted wife during her nine years with William. No matter how widely the circle of her commitments expanded, she honored her primary obligation to raise her young sons and daughters, even while presiding over her religious community. Furthermore, she was an extraordinarily religious woman, first as a Protestant and then as a Catholic. Her correspondence and journals covering both of these periods show a constant determination to consider all her human experiences in the larger light of the Father's love. As a woman who had been brought up in considerable affluence she bore herself with dignity and simplicity when sharp poverty befell her. When the sisters first settled in their log cabin at Emmitsburg they existed on a diet composed largely of carrot coffee, salt pork and buttermilk. Special meals to mark the large feasts included some smoked herring, and perhaps a spoonful of molasses for each sister. Later on, one of the communities of sisters existed throughout the course of the year on little more than potatoes. Lacking funds, they had to make their religious garb out of garments that they had brought along with them. Also the gentle woman, Eliza Seton, was stricken by continual misfortune. One after another she buried four young women who were closest to her, after nursing each one of them through long and feverish illnesses: her two daughters, Anna and Rebecca, and her two convert sis-

ters-in-law, Harriet and Cecelia Seton. In the first years of the sisterhood there was always one sister dying of illness. Every one of these unhappy people she tended as graciously as she had her own husband years earlier.

The Church today then celebrates a holy and a capable and a dedicated woman and honors the six religious congregations which have descended from that original foundation in 1809. We have the particular pleasure of having several of these sisters at Notre Dame as students, faculty members and administrators.

But today we might note a further significance in this celebration. This first American sisterhood founded by Mother Seton joined other religious communities which, since the day of Saint Vincent de Paul, provided one of the very few regular avenues for women to direct their talents, energies and generosity to public service. Indeed, for centuries where lay women were secluded from both the challenges and the recognition of public life, sisters were understood to have taken their place beside men in some of the most important professional areas, notably medicine, education and social work. The women who chose to live this sort of life were, as Mother Seton, acquainted with poverty and sorrow, but they also had the gratification of leaving in the wake of their lives institutional accomplishments and influence over many personal lives.

Religious women today are establishing themselves in new professional fields. They are to be found working among juvenile delinquents, in prisons, as accomplished artists, in the administration of government and independent social programs and as social and political advocates in urban society. Some years ago Cardinal Suenens, the Archbishop of Brussels, noted that when in the 17th century women religious had first determined to leave the cloister

and go forth to work they saw that there were three types of persons in society who were particularly neglected: the sick, the aged and the children of the poor. So they founded hospitals, homes for the elderly and schools. In our time they are turning themselves with ever greater training and proficiency to an even wider spectrum of human misery and need.

The style of the religious sisterhood has changed, as signified by the passing of the colonial widow's bonnet which Elizabeth Seton had worn since the death of her husband and which her sisters adopted as their distinctive and identifying religious habit. Yet, those who single-mindedly dedicate themselves to the service of their neighbor find that nothing but a self-denying simplicity of life will fit. So there is a new and mature return to a kind of sober austerity among women who have decided that they will spend themselves on others rather than on their own comfort. Also in these days of fresh inquiry and reunderstanding, women religious appear to be rediscovering their communities as the support they need, the family which provides them with the affection and example to give all of their energies to an intense and devoted career. It is appropriate at a time when women have become abruptly more conscious of their rightful equality in society that the Holy See chose to honor a religious foundress, one of those who long ago began to invite other women to assume a professional role for the welfare of society, and invited them to do so not for their own satisfaction, but for the service of those less fortunate.

It would not be alien to the spirit of this occasion to note that the opportunity for public life and service which society had hitherto denied to all but a few women is now being thrown open to all women who wish to take advantage of it. This is a just opportunity long

denied to females. To the extent that any of us has shared personally or institutionally, wittingly or unwittingly, in the denial of equal opportunities to women, we should be stirred in these better days more vigorously to open up new opportunities for them in the present.

The pattern of intellectual and career interests of female students on our own campus, which was expected to differ substantially from the traditional interest-configuration of their male classmates, but does not, in fact, much differ, is close evidence that women will be going where their wishes take them, and as far as talent and merit allow.

Married and single women are no longer barred from most enterprises, and society will be much the better for it. The place, the occasion and the subject all provoke us to observe that one deplorable exception to this general enfranchisement is the untimely and obstinate refusal of most Christian churches to ordain qualified women to their leadership and fullest ministry. But here, too, inappropriate sexual discrimination must give way.

This liberation of women is eliciting another social transformation of possibly larger and more drastic proportions: the renegotiation of roles within the family. It is the case that many capable and lively-minded women desire no public or professional life beyond that of wife and mother. It is also true that other women pursuing an active career will prefer to forego children and will marry husbands who share this preference. But many marriages are going to be created by husbands and wives *both* of whom welcome children as their greatest joy, responsibility, and lifework, and *both* of whom wish to dedicate their lives energetically to challenging jobs or professions. It is in these households that patterns of family previously unfamiliar to us are going to be designed. In our classic mar-

riage tradition, a very talented husband would betake himself with virtually all of his energies to compete in the public arena, supported by a wife who assumed the maintenance of the home and rearing of their children as her full task. Man and wife divided their theaters of life-activity: she at home, he abroad. There is no way that she can now venture out of the home without his having to come back home. The trade-off for the liberation of women must be the domestication of men, not the abandon-



ment of children. Women's liberation may very well entail more of a transformation for husbands than for wives. It has been pointed out to us all that prejudice and patronizing manners and other disdainful forms of discrimination must be laid aside. But I doubt that men realize with sober enough clarity how radically they must change to allow women to change. The most capable men rise to influence and dominance in their job or profession by virtue of total dedication. Some of them are serviced by their homes as at a pit stop. Will their sense of fidelity to their sworn life-partners en-

able them to forfeit some measure of competitive advantage in the aggressive field of their career, to give less of themselves there because they are needed at home, so that their wives can have a life outside the home as they do?

What we shall see — and as educators at this time we must have a hand in it — is liberation for women *and* liberation for men. Frustrated women have grieved over their withered opportunities to be artists or political officials or professors or physicians or bankers — while also being devoted mothers. Discrimination has made them less human. But the men might have seen in themselves a counterpart frustration. Many of them have had their humanity drained by a total absorption in their work, and have been absentee fathers. Homes with too little father and too much mother have often housed marriages of quiet desperation, and reared misbegotten children.

In the offing, for those who can and those who will, is the prospect of a new marriage compact: husbands and wives will mutually relish and assume the work of the marketplace and the shelter of the home. For both it will be more trying than before, but it will also be more liberating.

All this can be fitly said on the feast of the newly sainted Mother Seton. She was wife, mother, widow and celibate; homemaker and educator; compliant spouse and indomitable superior. May we, who profess to educate every gift in our students that is there to grow, be blessed by this immensely capable and saintly woman, and be given some similar array of gifts in ourselves. And may her story remind us all that we neither grow nor give growth without forfeiting much comfort and preference.

Mother Seton, pray for us.



# Commentary

by Bill Gonzenbach and J. Robert Baker

While Fr. Burtchaell's sermon represents a worthy exercise in the catechization of the faithful, it certainly hurries over the substantive human and religious questions of our day. No issue may be taken with the sermon's delineation of Mother Seton's life which the Roman Church recently, in a move tinged with political overtones, recognized as worthy of canonization. However, the analogies which are drawn between Mother Seton and our own day suffer conspicuously from inattention.

Intent on the minutia of the life of Mother Seton, Fr. Burtchaell mentions the pressing issues in passing, cloaking them in verbal ambiguity. He notes that opportunities once closed are now opening to women, and urges that those of us who have been guilty of sexual discriminations must "be stirred in these better days more vigorously to open up new opportunities for them in the present." Such support for the women's movement is laudatory and commendable. Yet it remains essentially verbal in character since Notre Dame's most numerically conspicuous women are the maids. At present only two women hold tenure among the faculty. The University lacks active response to its own speechifying.

The student body itself is in large measure to blame for the sterility of human relationships. Blind to the actuality and potentiality of others, we insist on categorizing our colleagues instead of meeting individuals. The overemphasis on traditional dating games presupposes the importance of a warm body for social security and not the true fruition of ourselves.

Still, Fr. Burtchaell points in the right direction when he doubts "that men realize with sober enough clarity how radically they must change to allow women

to change." All of us must become aware of the unique humanness and the fullness of personhood of other individuals. The time is here when we can no longer afford to wallow in our shallow fictions and cement ourselves and others into narrow roles.

Although Fr. Burtchaell does admit the liberation of women will open new roles for both sexes, he insists on using the traditional roles as examples. Referring to the liberated household, he states that "the trade off for the liberation of women must be the domestication of men, not the abandonment of children." Yet the liberation of women does not necessitate the domestication of men. The ensnaring of one sex to free another never constitutes liberation, only stagnation. Ours should more and more be a society of vast alternate life styles. Children might develop more fully in an environment with other children while both parents are freed to pursue their careers.

Fr. Burtchaell notes that most Christian churches have refused to "ordain qualified women to their leadership and fullest ministry." While it seems apparent that the ordination of women priests is advocated, some ambiguity appears upon closer study. The lack of ordained women in the highest ministries is justly lamented. Yet only "inappropriate" discrimination is deplored. Certainly, no scriptural basis can be found to prohibit the ordination of women to the priesthood—only centuries of custom and habit. Is this not also inappropriate?

It is a sad state of affairs when the basic dignities and rights of persons cannot but be shrouded in vagaries even in a homily given during a Catholic Mass.

Mother Seton, pray for us.

# Valued Impracticality: The Art of Juggling

by Richard G. Landry

*The juggler wandered France from fair to fair and whenever he saw a chance to earn a few pennies he unrolled his rug, lay on his back, and juggled his paraphernalia with his hands and feet. It was all he knew how to do, he did it well, and he was happy in the doing.*

*As he grew older, however, misfortunes crowded him. One winter's day, ill and tired, he took refuge in a monastery and by the time he had recovered he decided to remain there. It was a pleasant monastery dedicated to the Virgin and each of the monks and brothers set himself a special task in her honor. One illuminated manuscripts to offer her, another decorated her altar, another raised flowers. Only the juggler had no productive art, only he produced nothing that could be set in place before her and stay tangibly in place.*

*Finally, in despair, the juggler took to stealing into the chapel when no one else was about. There he would unroll his rug and juggle before the Virgin's statue. It was all he had to offer, the one thing that he could do well.*

*One day a passing brother discovered the juggler at work before the statue and summoned the other monks in horror to witness the profanation of the chapel. Soon all the window-sills were lined with the heads of outraged monks come to verify the horrible report. They were just about to rush in and put an end to the sacrilege, when before their eyes the Virgin descended smiling from her pedestal and wiped the sweat from the juggler's brow. The offering was acceptable.—John Ciardi, *How Does a Poem Mean?**

When the poet John Ciardi wrote this rendering of a short story by Anatole France, his intention was to illustrate that process of word-play which distinguishes the poem from other art forms and which, indeed, gives poetry its special value. When, in April of 1947 editor J. H. Johnston revived the long-dormant literary journal, *Scrip*, redubbing it *The Juggler of Notre Dame*, after the title of this same story, and included as the frontispiece of the first issue an ornately lettered passage from the work, his reasons were in part religious and, no doubt, in part political. He wished to set from the start a tone of seriousness and permanence. "The new *Juggler* will not be a funny paper," he declared.

For there had been an old *Juggler*, and it had indeed been a funny paper, one of the scores of comic magazines that had sprung up on college campuses all over the country in a wave of post-World War I frivolity that was soon to end with the onset of the Depression and a new world war. The magazine finally folded when the University was turned into a quasi-army base in the late 30's. When the older, more mature GI-Bill students flocked to Notre Dame after the war, it was decided that they needed an outlet for their own serious artistic expression; and thus, the *Juggler*.

Since 1947, the *Juggler* has survived numerous changes in editorial staffs and various threats on its "life," for the most part maintaining a standard of excellence worthy of its namesake, the one whose "offering was acceptable." Throughout, many persons whose names are now in some capacity associated with

Notre Dame have played an integral part in keeping the journal alive and well: James E. Armstrong, John Logan, Julian Pleasants, Frank O'Malley, John Matthias, Michael Ryan; this list is by no means definitive. Student editors especially contributed to the growth of the *Juggler*; one of the most influential of that group was Michael Patrick O'Connor (1969-71), who was responsible for the first entirely new change in format that the magazine had witnessed since '47. The design was intended to reflect the new, "experimental" work which students had then begun generating. It was also during his term as editor that the *Juggler* suffered perhaps its most severe crisis when, during the summer of 1969, Fr. Hesburgh, in conjunction with the Vice-President's Council decided to suspend monetary support of the journal because the University was facing budgetary problems and because, in Hesburgh's words, "there was not an actual return commensurate with the money spent." The Student Life Council, in concern over the effects such a move would have on the literary community at Notre Dame, issued in September of that year a declaration recommending to the president that "the publication of the *Juggler* be assured of continued sponsorship by the University." The recommendation was taken; indeed, in 1974, under the editorship of Joe O'Brien and during Fr. Dave Schlaver's tenure as Director of Student Activities, the budget was increased so that each student on campus would be assured of receiving a copy of the journal free of charge. The move was designed to broaden the



He: "Yes, I have two rooms in Walsh."  
 She: "Well, that's sweet."

interested members of the staff will meet on an irregular schedule to read and discuss their own poetry, fiction, and critical work, and simply to make contact in an atmosphere free from the restrictions imposed by "the business at hand."

This reorganization of the editorial board has, of course, far-reaching implications for those who submit manuscripts to the *Juggler*. Says editor Zebrun, "[the writer's] work will be judged more fairly because there'll be so many different judgments thrown into it. There won't be just one editor, or a few editors. There'll be a group of people criticizing his work, he will receive a wider interpretation, which is important. I don't think any of us can be absolute judges because we don't know enough about poetry yet. Even to call ourselves judges is wrong. This is a mock court, perhaps.

"Aside from the actual consideration of manuscripts," he continues, "the larger board will allow us to instill more enthusiasm, arouse more imaginations on campus, so that more people will be writing. There's a big group working on the *Juggler*, interested in literature in general and in writing, and they can reach their friends . . . People will take some writing courses, they'll read poems on their own, and will begin to write. We hope that's where the change will come this year."

Of the informal readings, Zebrun comments, "We want to have social gatherings where we can read others' poetry and once in a while read our own, where we can have this interchange that's important for a writer. A writer has always been stereotyped as someone who lives alone, a very private and recluse person, and when he does his writing [that characterization] is very true for most. It is a solitary business. But on the flip side, though the actual writing may be solitary, he needs response, he needs affirmations once in a while from his peers, his friends. And that's what the *Juggler* wants to do, to provide that sense of friendly coalition.

base of the *Juggler's* readership, thereby producing, it was hoped, a heightened interest in literature among the student body and faculty.

This year, the magazine is undergoing another series of changes, though not in format, nor in circulation practices, but rather on a more fundamental level: the staff of the *Juggler* intends to try to capture the imaginations of the large bloc of students and faculty who have been, in the past, uninterested in the journal's comings and goings, by resorting to a procedure both respected and honored by politicians and advertising agents alike — simply,

bringing one's case to the people!

According to editor Gary Zebrun, for the *Juggler* this plan does not entail rallies, nor slogans, nor even the kissing of babies. Instead, the focus will primarily be on getting the maximum number of people involved in the actual production of each issue, in the hopes that their enthusiasm will spread to friends and classmates. To accomplish this end, the editorial board will be enlarged to include all interested students; at weekly board meetings, each person will participate in the process of selecting suitable manuscripts and photographs. Further,

"Notre Dame is a funny place for me because, like most college campuses in the U.S., it is becoming more career-oriented, more and more isolated, not only from the outside world and affairs in the country, but even within the campus, from one another. I think it's the trend which technology and our money-oriented culture have stirred up for us. But the writers on campus, those people interested in literature and in writing literature sometimes feel frustrated with this, and that's why one purpose of these meetings is to get together as informally as possible, just to enjoy ourselves."

Other *Juggler* projects include plans, not fully resolved, for a weekly, fifteen-minute radio program on WSND, to be aired twice during the

broadcast day. Members of the editorial board and other interested persons will read pieces from their favorite authors and poets. Zebrun expressed the hope that, through the program, many people will perhaps discover and take an active interest in the works of writers previously unknown to them.

Despite the planning and enthusiasm displayed on the part of the *Juggler* staff, there is still a valid question of whether the "experiment" will succeed in attracting new readers and, indeed, new writers. For in the past, the magazine has drawn sharp criticism from various quarters, and worse, it has often met with a disturbing amount of apathy within the Notre Dame community. In examining this trend, and especially the apparent reluc-

tance with which "new" writers submit manuscripts, Zebrun suggests that "they haven't written out of fear. If writing takes all this quick knowledge of metrics and things, which takes a poet years and years to learn, why start? It's that kind of fear, not just the fear of rejection, the fear of learning the craft, too.

"None of us think that the poetry in the *Juggler* is supposed to be 'great' poetry. Hopefully it will be an honest poetry, one that works more than just choice sentimental purgations, a poetry that mingles honesty and a sense of the craft, of the tradition."

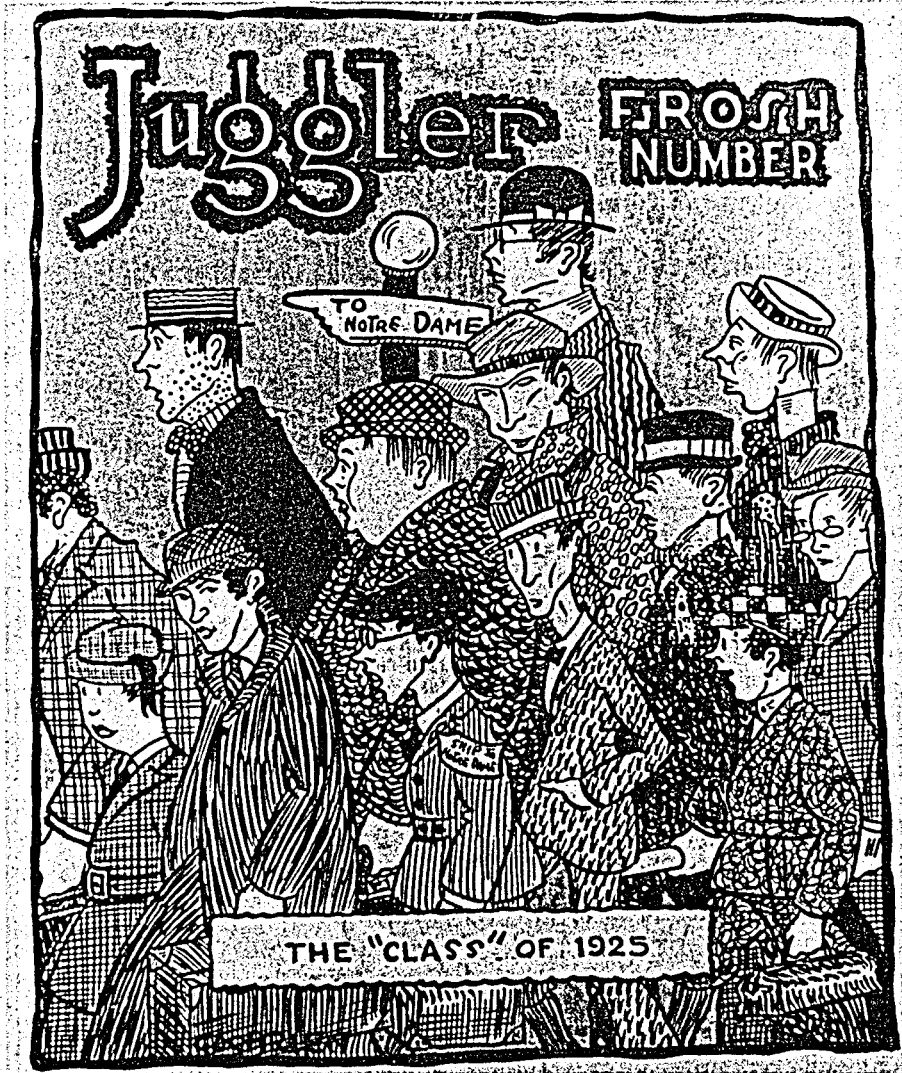
In reply to the criticism that the poetry and fiction featured in the *Juggler* exhibit an obtuseness and a generally poor quality, he says. "Maybe if people aren't turning themselves on to this poetry, then maybe it's that they don't want to leave that sense of piety in art and go into the unknown and let themselves experience the poem as a process, as something not totally understandable. . . . It's not the task of the *Juggler* to cater to a majority. The task of the *Juggler* is to instill an enthusiasm for literature in general and, for an honest attempt at distilling one's imagination into some type of written art or photography."

This year the *Juggler's* invitation to the Notre Dame community is summed up clearly and succinctly in the poem chosen for the frontispiece of each issue, by W. H. Auden:

*Come to our jolly desert  
where even dolls go whoring  
where cigarette-ends*

*become intimate friends  
And where it's always three-in-  
the-morning.*

A long way from J. H. Johnston's solemn rhetoric? Light-years, perhaps, but indeed much closer to Ciardi's vision of the juggler, surely much closer to that acceptable offering of the best, the only poem: the one that delights us in its playfulness.



# Week In Distortion

A short time ago a small group of inebriated students got together in the basement of LaFortune and created the Committee on On-campus Living, COOL. The purpose of this group was to objectively view student life here and if still awake, make suggestions and proposals on ways to improve the quality of life at ND. The committee sent its report to Dean Macheca's office last May where it was unexplainably lost in his wastebasket. This, the first of a one-part series, is a replication of the COOL report investigating the issues of parietals, co-ed housing and alcohol regulations.

## PARIETALS

In the early 20th century, when coeducation was becoming popular at most American universities, the administrators of the time thought it only fitting and proper to set limits on the visitation of males in female dorms and vice versa. For this reason "parietals" were contrived and sneaking in and out of dorm windows became a popular late night sport among the college crowd. The risks involved were numerous; however, the final rewards were usually well worth the gamble. As the years went by, though, most universities killed the excitement by abolishing parietals, and that once popular sport died.

When Notre Dame began admitting females, the administrators saw the need of keeping male dorms all male and female dorms all female. Sleep-in guests could not be tolerated, so parietals were revived from the grave. Soon football became the number-two sport on campus.

And so it stands today.

We of COOL feel that parietals are a healthy and integral part of Notre Dame. Abolition of parietals would be comparable to painting the Golden Dome hot pink. It just can't be done. Besides, we wouldn't want our nightly excitement and exercise to fade away.

## CO-ED HOUSING

The national college scene has recently descended the ladder of dignity by establishing a number of co-ed dormitories on campus. These houses of sin are usually placed on

campus in full view of innocent students and respected faculty alike, causing lascivious thoughts and arousing the anger of many half-witted yet moral persons. The reasons that brought this revolutionary idea into being are not readily apparent; now that it is established, however, it appears that most, if not all, universities will follow in experimenting with sexual promiscuity on campus.

This reason alone would be a poor foundation for a well-respected upper-middle-class university such as Notre Dame to adopt plans for a co-ed dorm. However, in 1972 when the first women were allowed to roam the halls of ivy, a new era of liberalism was instituted here. Those of the female gender were allowed to ramble in places where no woman dare trod in days of old, for instance the dining halls, Rockne locker rooms or between Zahm and Keenan halls. In view of this new liberated attitude, we'd like to propose our plans for a co-ed dorm on campus, fully aware that it could ignite a sexual revolution.

Any attempt at co-ed housing at ND should follow a basic scheme: promoting healthy social attitudes in the male and female students with as little contact between the sexes as possible. With this idea in mind, the ideal spot for a co-ed plan is the Keenan-Stanford complex. These two halls are ideal because with a minimal amount of alterations they can be converted into a maximum security prison. At present only the lobby, chapel and basement food sales areas are common. By constructing barbed wire fences in these areas, almost complete isolation can be achieved. To discourage parietal violations, surveillance cameras could be installed in each hallway.

Admission to the co-ed dorm will be subject to intense screening. Only the most mature, well-behaved and studious students will be accepted. Part one of the screening procedure will be a 150-question morality test and a 25-minute interrogation by Dean Roemer and four ROTC officers. Those surviving part one of admission proceedings will be forced

to sit through a two-hour lecture by Father Hesburgh entitled "Contemporary Christian Attitudes Toward Sex and the Single Student."

## ALCOHOL REGULATIONS

There are very few students left at Notre Dame who can remember the preprohibition days on campus. These students tell tales of giant hall parties and beer blasts at which it wasn't an unfamiliar sight to see your rector dance across a line of tables and pass out on the floor. Their eyes gleam when they mention dozens of kegs lined up against the dining hall walls.

Nowadays, hordes of underclassmen can be seen migrating north on weekend nights in order to make friends and escape from the pressures of college life.

Most students are aware that the University has its back up against the wall as far as alcohol on campus goes. At the present time the University is liable for any accidents involving students according to the Indiana state laws. It would be unfair for the students to blame the University for rules that are forced upon us by the teetotalers in Indianapolis.

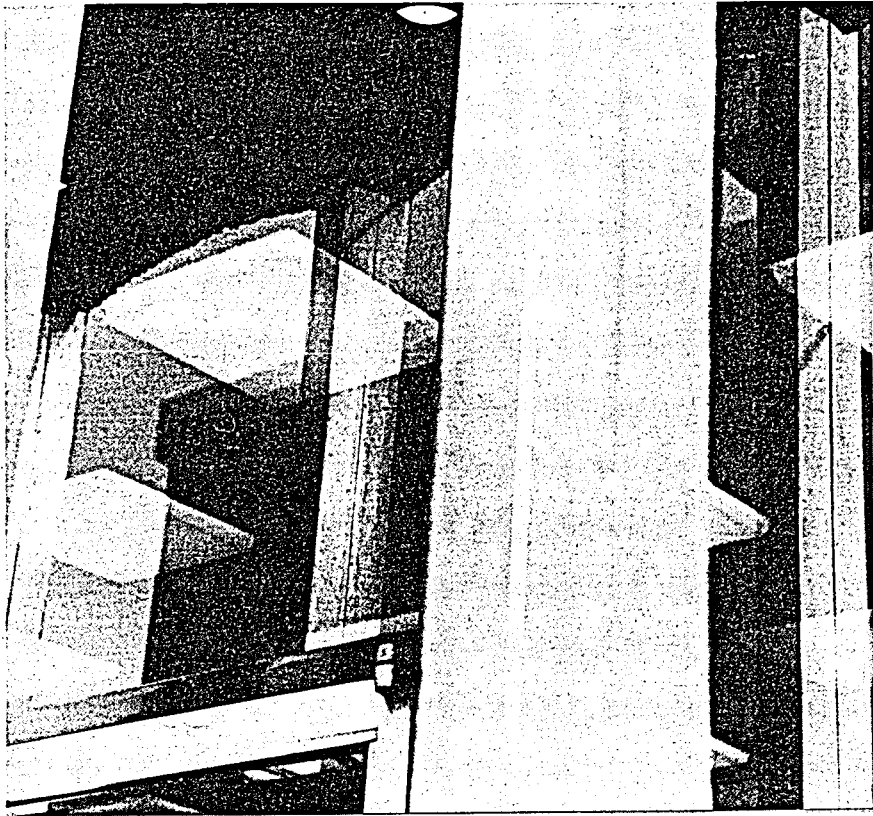
We at COOL have a suggestion that will bring alcohol back on campus and rid the University of any legal responsibility whatsoever. The answer is so simple that it's amazing that no one before us has thought of it. All the University has to do is secede from the Union and declare itself null and void of the statutes and bylaws of the state of Indiana and the U.S.A.

After all, here at Notre Dame, we have our own efficient fire department, a top-notch security force equipped with Dick Tracy detective kits and a five-day in-town postal service. What do we need with the United States? We can become a truly intellectual commonwealth in the midst of the Indiana wastelands, an oasis in the desert, a solitary beer keg among cases and cases of Coke.

These are our recommendations. We realize that the changes described here will not come about quickly. However, we're quite willing to wait a few weeks.

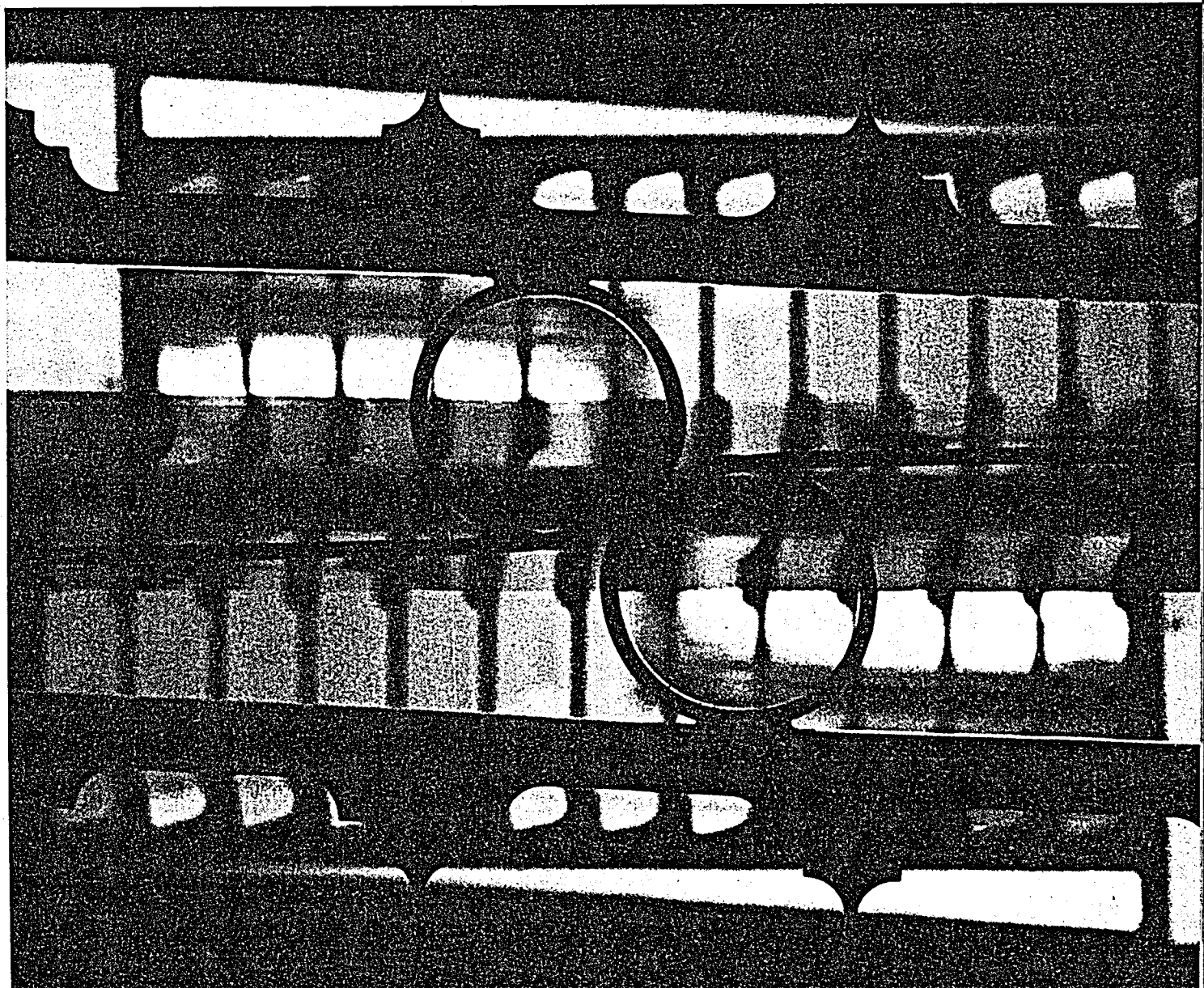


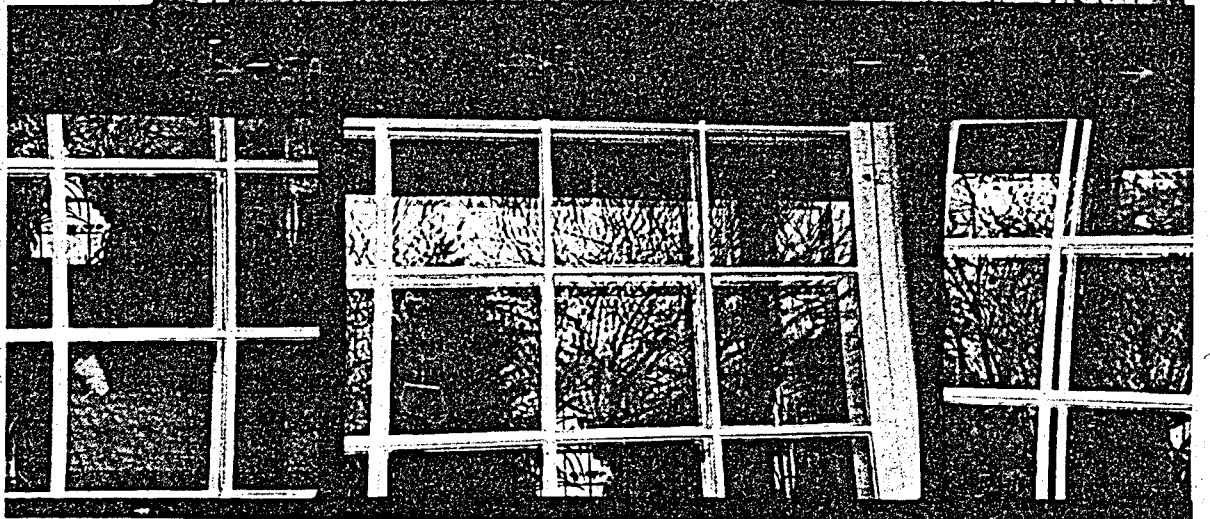
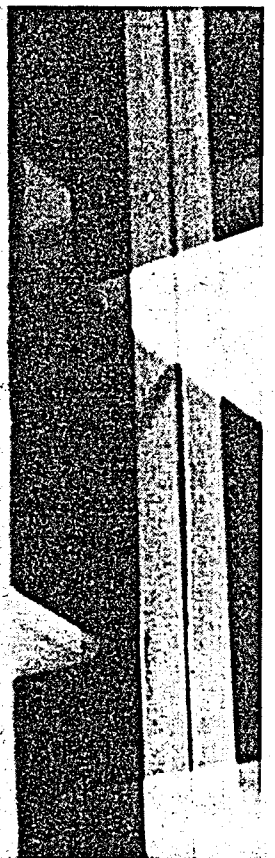
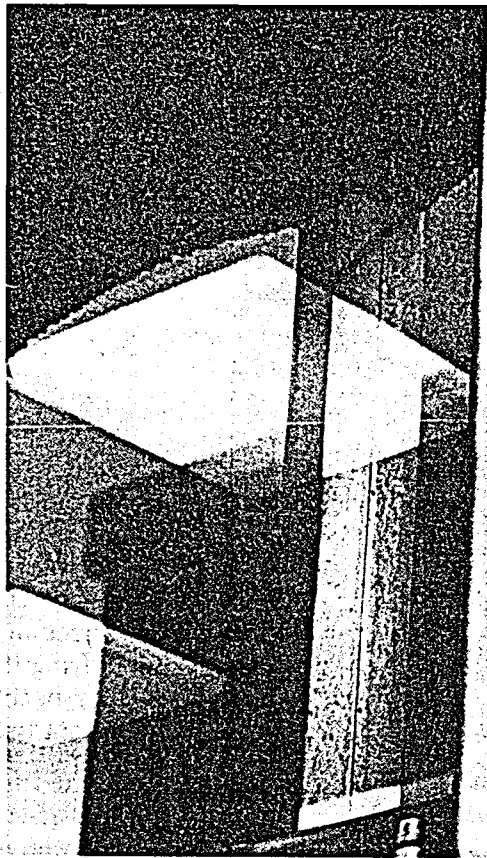
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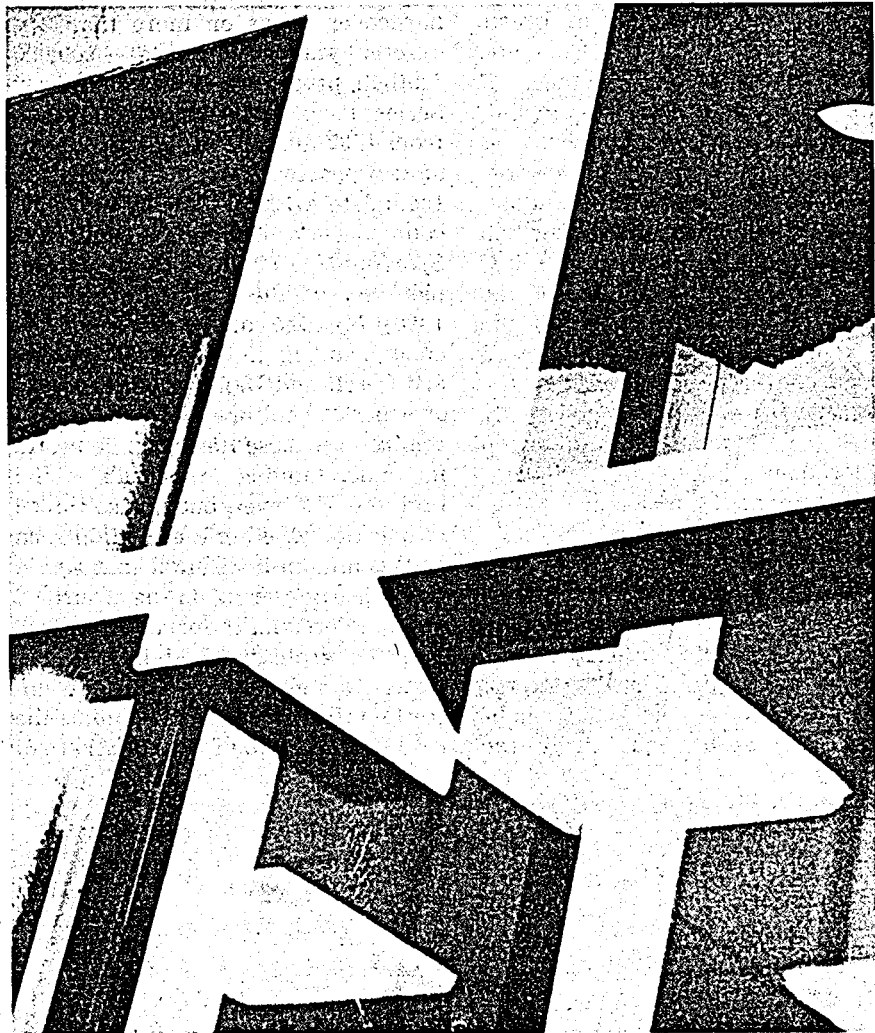
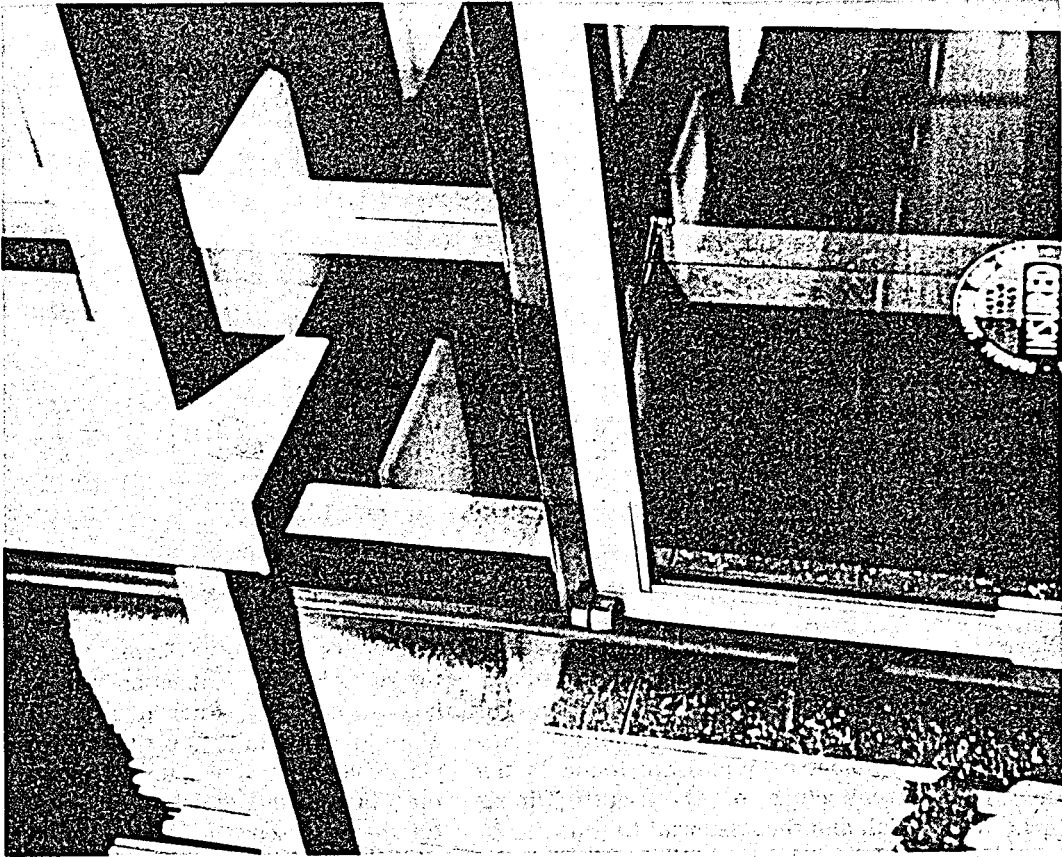


... to me, beauty is simplicity; often I find myself taking a section of an object and simplifying it so that section becomes an important issue in itself . . .

—Beth Combs







# Sports & Mythic Heroes

by Bill Gonzenbach

In a lecture given last November at Notre Dame, Dr. Michael Novak, who is a professor, an author and a Notre Dame graduate, spoke of the correlation of American civil religion and sports. In his address Dr. Novak stated that "apart from sports, it is hard to understand the best ideas of American culture." This statement can also be applied to one's understanding of Notre Dame's semi-unique culture.

When one thinks of sports at Notre Dame, there is a tendency to recall the great feats of Austin Carr and John Shumate. The mind centers on Terry Hanratty and Knute Rockne. Though individuals such as these have built the Notre Dame sports mystique and myth, there is another side to Notre Dame sports which must be examined to truly understand the culture of this little utopian world. This other side is the interhall program and the non-organized sports world — (i.e., quad football and bookstore basketball).

If one walks about the campus in any season and at most any time of day, there is usually some form of sports activity occurring, be it a touch football game at noon or a basketball game behind the bookstore at 3:00 a.m. Let's face it—this

place reeks with sports.

Sports are not limited to student games. The sports world invades all aspects of Notre Dame culture. Two excellent examples are found in the architecture of the South Dining Hall and the Memorial Library.

Located about the walls of the South Dining Hall are little carved statues — grotesque little beasts masquerading as football players, baseball players and a number of other athletic creatures. Their shoulders are humped and their faces are contorted and out of proportion. In all, they look like a rare combination of a troll, Alfred E. Newman and Mr. Natural. At first glance they appear to be comic figures in an article in *National Lampoon* which is satirizing the sports world. At second glance, one is forced to ask if the designer of these stone imps is truly mocking sports at this sacred bastion of "jockdom." One is forced to ask, "Do sports really make an athlete this grotesque?"

The Notre Dame library, as well as Notre Dame's architecture, is infused with the sports world. In a news release September 12, it was reported that "the world's largest collection of sports and games publications has been acquired by the

University of Notre Dame to add to an extensive collection already housed in the Memorial Library." More than a million rare and irreplaceable items were purchased with the funds made available specifically for that purpose from an anonymous source — 2,300 cartons and wooden crates weighing 56 tons — 35,000 hardcover books on more than 100 different games and sports — 100,000 football programs — a 1908 World Series Program — baseball guides from 1867 and 1878 — an 1892 post-fight Corbett-Fitzsimmons program (complete with a blow-by-blow account) — a complete set of the *Sporting News* to 1877 — and a complete set of the *Police Gazette* to 1890. Imagine of you can — it's enough to boggle the minds of Howard Cosell and Dandy Don. Students of American culture (such as myself) realize that these items can be useful in understanding America's social heritage. However, one is also forced to question whether a collection such as this and an institution that would buy it are bordering on the absurd.

To understand if sports forces one into the grotesque and if it forces Notre Dame's culture into the absurd, it is valuable to examine the nonvarsity football and basketball





many cases, they were the better players on the team. They were the "high school heroes." However, at Notre Dame there is no heroism for these athletes — except in interhall.

The interhall game offers them the chance to play the hero role. Again, they can wear the uniform — helmet, pads and all. Again, they can shout obscene things as they exercise in the dirt. Again, they can be men. Again, their minds can be a TV camera showing them in slow motion their game-winning feats. Again, they fulfill the myth of being a football hero.

An excellent example of this is an individual who lived in Holy Cross.

Let us call him Dreamer for privacy's sake. Dreamer's tales dealt with how his high school almost took the city football title. When Dreamer would drink, he would retell his tale of pain and glory — how they lost the big game. All he wished for was another chance at the title. When he came to Notre Dame his only wish was to make the team; his attempts were futile. However, Dreamer got his second chance in interhall. During his senior year the Hogs of Holy Cross won the North Quad title. Dreamer was alive again. He had another chance at the impossible dream.

His hopes were partially quieted

programs at Notre Dame. In his lecture, Dr. Novak stated that football is a symbol of the immigrants' struggle against the brutal society they faced in America. "The eleven men who prevent you from gaining your goal are symbols of the struggle immigrants faced," Novak said. At Notre Dame, football takes on this symbol as well as others. Without doubt, Notre Dame is an extremely competitive academic and social area. Individuals fight for grades (and sometimes for dates). People are struggling for achievement and identity. The football game acts as a symbol and as a means to personal identity and accomplishment.

The football game also symbolizes (and acts as) a dream world in which individuals attempt to live out myths and dreams. Many of the male students who attend Notre Dame played high school football, and, in





when the title game could not be played in the stadium; however, the astroturf of Cartier was at least semi-professional; so he was still happy. The glorious day came and Dreamer was alive. This was his moment — unfortunately the Hogs were defeated and so was Dreamer. For nearly a month after the game all Dreamer did was sulk about how they blew their chance. In all, Dreamer exemplifies the frustrated athlete questing for glory in a dream world.

With regard to basketball, Dr. Novak stated, "Basketball is a communal game; yet, it has the added dimension of fluidity. It depends on the individual variation. Like jazz, everyone is different, yet in tune." For the 1149 individuals who played Interhall, Club, and Graduate School basketball this idea holds very true — for many of these individuals the basketball game was their moment of glory.

As with football, many of the individuals who play in the program played high school basketball. They, too, were once the "high school heroes." Now, they attempt to regain their heroism on the Notre Dame courts. Interhall is a haven for hot dogs. From wristbands to color-coordinated shoes and socks, the interhall hot dogs are truly kings. The warm-up session is their true showtime. With behind-the-back passes and through-leg dribbles, they quest for Nate Archibaldism. The heroes can once again attempt to live out their dreams and myths.

The basketball game is also a symbol and arena for competition. I had the misfortune of refereeing both undergraduate and law leagues last year, and I must admit they were some of the most violent contests

I've ever seen. Even the law students, whom one believes would be somewhat civilized, turned the basketball game into pugilistic matches. One professor stated that he no longer would play in the faculty games because he was afraid of getting killed. Basketball has the added advantage that one can go off into a little dream world all alone — the team is not needed. One can just take a basketball and repeat the ritual of scoring over and over and over. If you don't believe it's possible, just ask one of the students behind the bookstore some spring evening at 3:00 a.m. The solitude of playing alone offers a unique stage where one can win the big game in the last two seconds of the game — and even if one misses the shot, he can shoot again. It's the perfect dream world for "high school heroes."

One may wonder what a forlorn football hero and a hot-dog basketball player have to do with the grotesque and the absurd. The myths and dreams of some athletes at Notre Dame distort their conception of their personal identity and the reality about them. They do not accept themselves as individuals; their myth oftentimes dominates their lives. Their lives become efforts to meet standards of a sports-oriented society; they attempt to fulfill the TV dream of the new, modern hero. The

athletes become grotesque in that they distort themselves and their visions of themselves; they become like the structures on the walls — a contorted mockery of an athlete. They are individuals attempting to play roles for which they are not cast — and what is worse, they truly believe in the whole game.

Because some individuals never get in tune with themselves or with the world around them, their lives become empty dream worlds. Their beliefs in the dreams and myths and their attempts to fulfill dreams negates their ability to accept and develop the positive aspects of themselves. The true self becomes clouded in fantasy; life becomes a game: an absurd game of dreams, heroes and myths.

It was inferred at the beginning of this article that apart from sports, it is hard to understand the best ideas of Notre Dame's culture. Hopefully, in analyzing the nonvarsity sports world at Notre Dame some of the major aspects of our culture will become more evident.

The athletic world here is extremely competitive. Even small basketball games often become intense battles. This competition often manifests the academic and social competition at Our Lady's kingdom. As one student from a state school said, "Jesus, you Notre Dame guys are a bunch of damn overachievers." The statement is all too true. The Notre Dame students are driven by grades, achievement and accomplishment — often at the price of personal hatred, alienation and ulcers.

Also, I've attempted to reveal that athletes at du Lac oftentimes live in a dream world where they are attempting to fulfill the myth of American heroic sportsdom; such,

too, is the case in many other spheres of Notre Dame life. The students force themselves into the roles of the American dream of success — the doctor, the lawyer, the accountant — at any price. The role playing forces the individuals away from a personal understanding — desires and natural urges are suppressed in deference to the role and

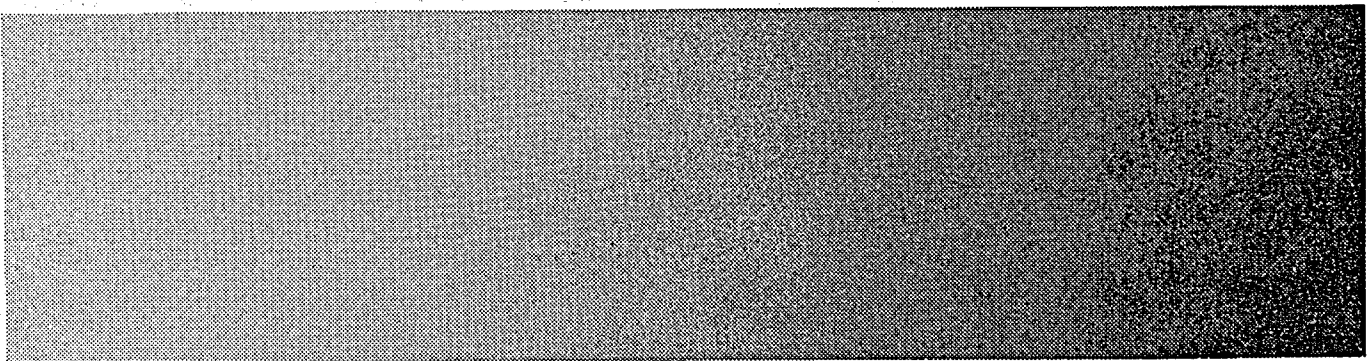
success. The creative imagination is ignored for methods and rules.

The competitive hero-role of the athlete also has a tendency to develop the macho beer-drinking lover. The athletes view themselves as rugged primates who can guzzle libations to the gods of sex. This image permeates the campus and it seriously affects the social customs



and treatment of women at Notre Dame. Our culture thus becomes infused with competitive role-playing drunks (out for some action).

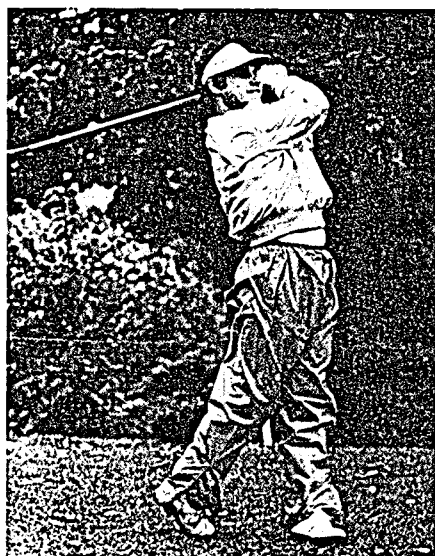
Oh, this all sounds so negative; but much of our culture at Notre Dame is negative. We live by dreams and myths so often. Hopefully through the use of a little exaggeration, satire and symbol the underlying myths and mistakes of Notre Dame will be a bit more apparent. For once one sees the myths and realizes they are myths, the whole thing is pretty damn funny.



# Sport Shorts



*Rich O'Leary*



*Jim Culveyhouse*



*The Skating Irish*

Year after year, interest in Irish lacrosse has grown; it is now regarded as a top club sport. This season, Coach Rich O'Leary welcomes back a strong group ready to take on the likes of Indiana, Purdue and the Chicago Lacrosse Club in the upcoming weeks.

Key individuals in the Irish attack include club president Bob Thibodeau; co-captains John Fatti and Don Trabert; goalie Jim Scarola and midfielder Jay Williams. Thad Naquin, Pat Klein and Bobby Driscoll are also crucial in Notre Dame's hopes. Games are played behind Stepan Center, and the October 4 alumni game marks the start of the season for one of the key Notre Dame clubs.

The Notre Dame Open, the qualifying test for the Notre Dame golf team, was recently played on the Burke Memorial Golf Course. Senior Jim Culveyhouse, a three-year starter for the Irish, handily walked away the victor with a 72-hole total of 274, ten-under-par. Sub-par rounds of 69, 66, 69 and 70 enabled Culveyhouse to break the old Open record of 277, set some 31 years ago. One of the more powerful long hitters for Coach Noel O'Sullivan, Jim will be joined by Paul Koprowski, John Delaney and Rich Knee to make Irish golf a strong contingent in the Midwest.

Russ Kornman, a senior running back for Dan Devine's Irish football team, has announced that he is leaving the football program to pursue his academic studies. A two-year monogram winner, Russ gained 118 minutes of game time for the Irish, scoring four touchdowns within that span. Listed as the starting halfback in Notre Dame's debut versus Boston College, Kornman rushed for six yards in his only carry. It was

a hard decision for him to leave the program, and we wish him the best.

With the departure of assistant coaches Kevin Hoene and Tim McNeil to bigger and better things, Irish hockey coach Lefty Smith was faced with the situation of having to run the hockey program by himself. However, Smith and the University have found quite a replacement with the appointment of Ric Schafer as the new assistant hockey coach. Schafer, a 1974 graduate of Notre Dame, was one of Smith's captains of the 1973-74 team, and one of the most skilled athletes ever at Notre Dame. Drafted by the Minnesota Fighting Saints of the WHA, Ric has turned down the chance to play pro hockey for the responsibilities of coaching. "We're very glad to have a man of Ric's character here at Notre Dame," admits coach Smith. "Ric is blessed with a thorough knowledge and understanding of the game, and his maturity should mean a great deal to our program." Schafer faces a tough rebuilding job with Smith in the upcoming season, but knowing Ric's past accomplishments, the job will be done.

Ross Browner's selection as the outstanding defensive player of the ND-BC contest marks the eighth occasion a Notre Dame player has won the Chevrolet Award. Since 1971, the first year for the award, Irish stars Bill Etter, Eric Penick, Art Best, Jim Stock, Tom Clements (three times) and now Browner have brought \$1000 grants to the University based on their game accomplishments. With Southern Cal still to face on national television, the ranks of the award winners may be increased once again.



Wayne Bullock was Ara Parseghian's last fullback at Notre Dame. He amassed many records with the Irish and played a key role in both the Sugar and the Orange Bowls. He played his entire senior year injured; bruised shoulders, strained knees, and sprained ankles were daily occurrences to him. He was a great Notre Dame fullback.

He was on the sidelines for the Boston College game with a severely broken leg suffered in fall training with the San Francisco 49'ers. Here was someone who was through with Notre Dame: all the missed classes, endless hours of practice, wins and losses. He didn't have to be there.

But he was. He cared.

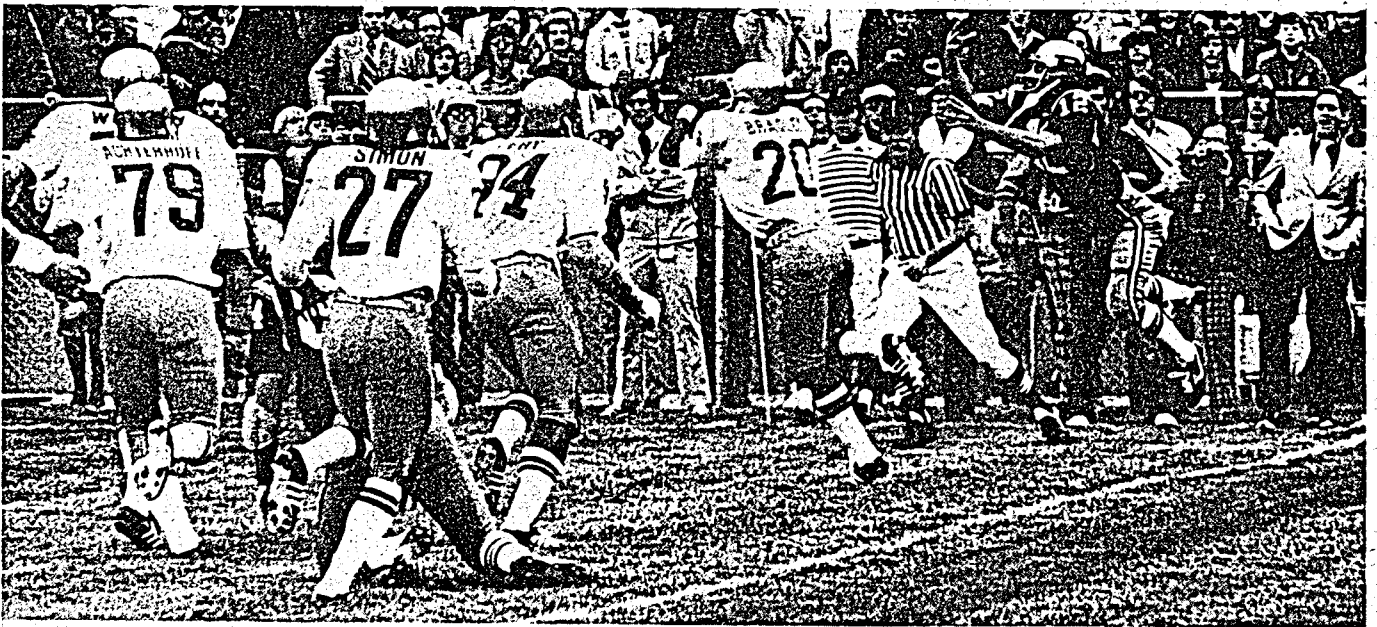
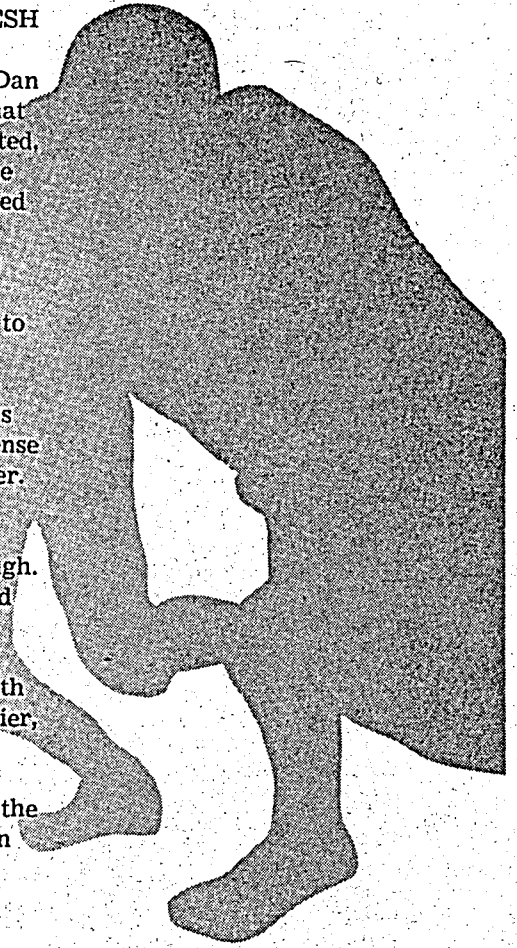
Maybe that is what the experience called Notre Dame is all about.



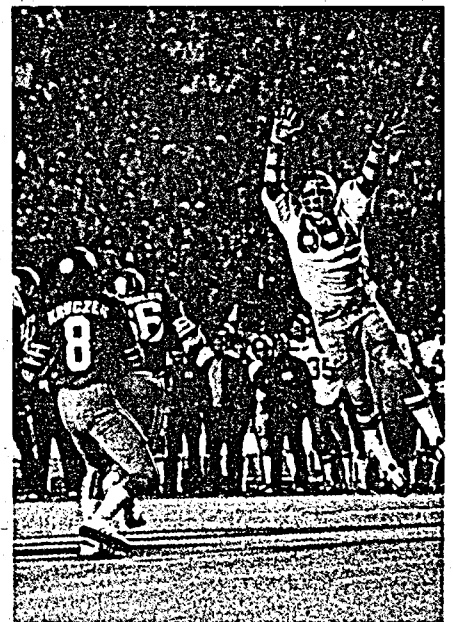
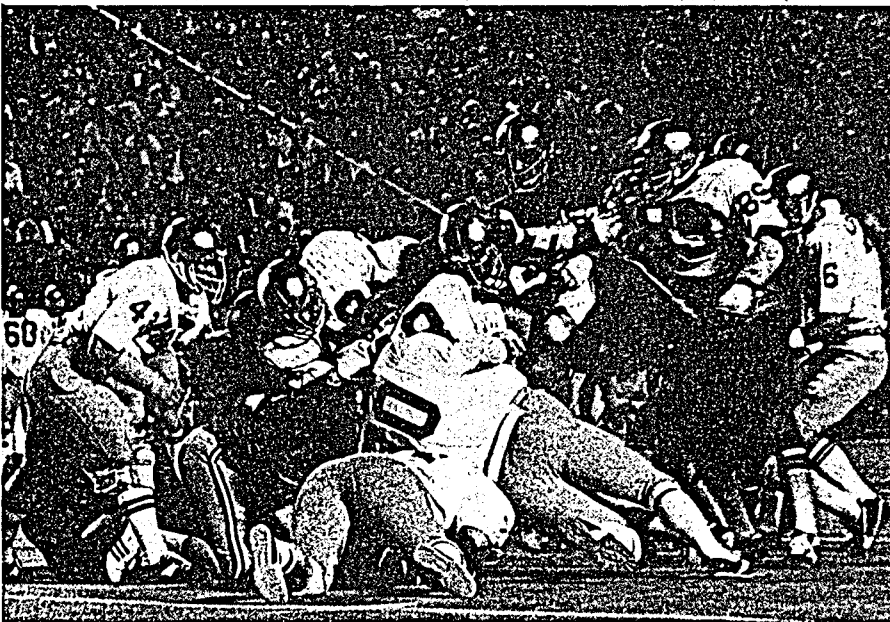
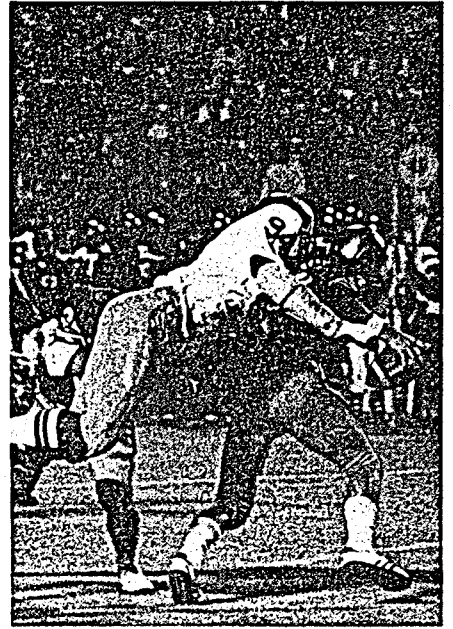
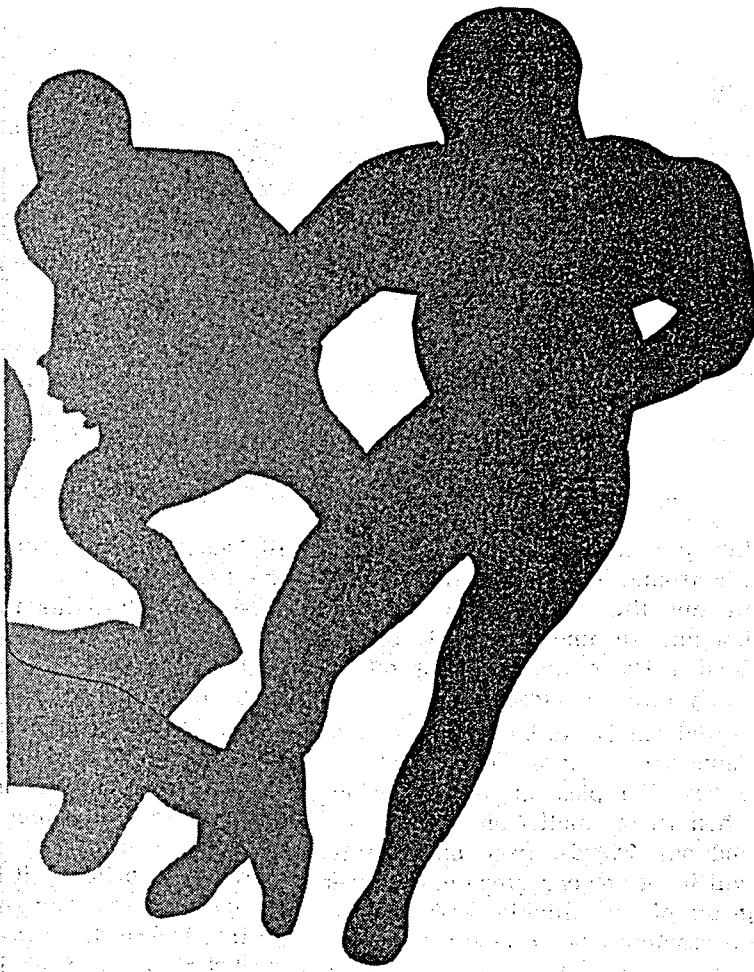
You can throw away your FRESH START WITH BART and DUMP DEVINE bumper stickers, for Dan Devine has proven to the world that he can win at Notre Dame. Granted, scores of 17-0 and 17-3 are not the best ones to have, but Devine pulled off two wins on the road before record-setting crowds within five days of each other.

If only one word could be used to describe the first games of the Devine Age, it would certainly be defense. A solid team defense has carried Notre Dame while the offense has been learning to play together. There have been too many close calls in the two games, necessitating the defense to come through. And each time they have answered the call. Names such as Browner, Fry, Niehaus, Bradley and Stock have consistently amazed fans with their play, while Slager, Burgmeier, Hughes and Pohlen are trying to get it all together.

But Devine is two-for-two. And the countdown to New Year's night in Miami is nine and counting.







# The Last Word

by Sally Stanton



I tried to get into the library the other day, but the door wouldn't open. I yanked on it once or twice before I saw the sign: Please. Out of Order. Do not Use.

It took a while for the message to sink in; I hadn't been expecting a recalcitrant door. I'd been thinking of where I'd been and where I was going: the sudden confrontation with the present startled me.

I was momentarily nonplussed.

Doors are meant to be opened; doors which can't be opened are no longer doors in my mind, but obstacles. They create blockages. They frustrate simple-minded students like myself, causing us to collide too abruptly with the Real.

First of all, I couldn't figure out how a door could possibly be "out of order." Doors are fairly simple things which can be locked or broken, but which cannot be "out of order." What order do they have to be out of? No, only candy machines and other mysterious boxes can be out of order: between the time they eat one's money and the beginning of their digestive processes, in their odd hummings and whirring, much havoc can be wrought.

Perhaps it's just a matter of supply and demand; perhaps General Accounting or some other office under Our Lady yearly allocates order on campus and this particular door had used its portion up.

I think my mind is also on the balance sheets — and I'm already showing a deficit.

We are creatures of habit and to destroy our habits is to destroy our order. All-nighters or class-cutting marathons, for example, always

take me into a space apart from the life around me. It is at these points in my life that I can seriously imagine turning my back to the Golden Dome and walking off silently into the sunset.

And minds can be even more fundamentally, more subtly, out of order. We pick up odd orderings when we're small from our parents and our friends, from our culture, which become engrained in the inner gears of our thinking. We operate on assumptions we never question.

Because people must be practical, I will be an accountancy major. Because I checked English on some obscure card freshman year, I will be a teacher of English. Because my father is a doctor, I will be a doctor. Because I am an F, I will be a mother. (If I were an M, I would of course be a father.)

And the clincher is the old saw: If God had wanted men to fly, He would have had them born with wings. To which the reply is: If God had wanted men to go about naked, He would have had them born without clothes. In which case I suggest we either take off our clothes or board the nearest plane. Or concede that God probably doesn't take so immediate an interest in maintaining the status quo.

Our order—or disorder—is largely man-made. We put the blinders on our own eyes: we may need help in removing them. Often there is a great deal of fear inextricably bound up in our assumptions. We don't pigeonhole people and things to fill our spare moments between coffee and tea, but, rather, to stave off the unknown, to control, to regulate

the chaos which we suspect lurks in the darkness for us. Our patterns serve as night-lights to keep away our snakes and dragons.

Order is the way we see the world; to be out of order is to be out of sense, to be incomprehensible. Yet an order which does not conform to reality, to each individual's inner patterns, to his feelings and desires, does not control the chaotic, but increases it, bringing it inside, alienating persons from themselves, putting locked doors in their minds, obstacles they continually bump up against. It is non-sense: it constricts our possibilities and so our creativity.

Categories and stereotypes, while making life simpler at times, actually make life uglier. They knock off all the interesting edges of people. Let us be a race of androids. By labeling me English major, you may never discover that I once kept turtles.

Living should be a graceful dance, a moving to music, a harmony of individual notes and gestures in which even the discordant can occur without scattering the dancers. If we're going to allow a multitude of partitions and locked doors to clutter our dance floor, I fear our performance will be more a stray collection of bumps and thumps.

Perhaps it would be best to take the sign off the library door and hang it on the appropriate segments of our minds as a warning to ourselves and others: Please. Out of Order. Do Not Use.

Or, then again, perhaps by now the order's been replenished and we're really only pushing where it says pull.

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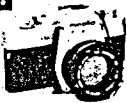
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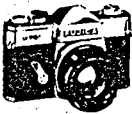


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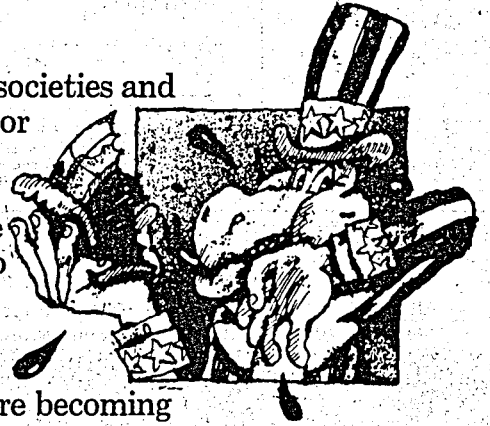
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We need to learn to use our resources efficiently and economically and to share them better so that everyone gets a piece of the pie.

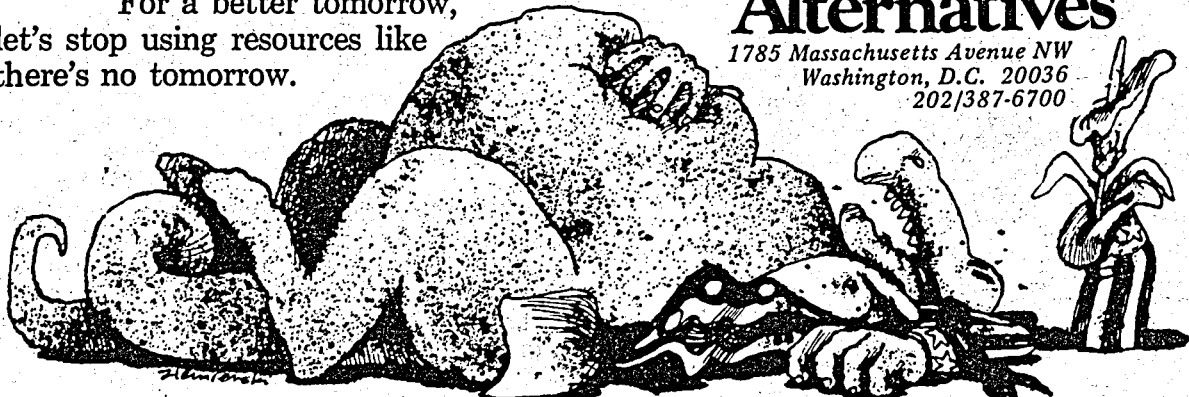
We need to conserve the raw materials that jobs depend on, because if we deplete our resources now, things will be that much tougher later.

We need to put people to work *doing* things instead of just making things. The things we *do* make have to save resources instead of wasting them. We can build mass transit instead of freeways, rebuild our cities instead of spawning new suburban sprawl, put people to work cleaning up our environment instead of despoiling it. Harsh prescriptions? Maybe. But ones that will assure a more prosperous future.

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