

We're
Back!

Purple and Gold

So
Soon?

Vol. XXII - No. 1

POWER MEMORIAL ACADEMY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

October, 1966

Freshmen Eye Power High Hopes Crushed!?

On September 8, the main event of Power's social year took place in our own Gold Star Gym. Between the hours of 9 to 12 A.M., the incoming Freshmen were treated to a taste of "the good life." When not crawling under the stands, eating the bindings off their books or jumping on Brother O'Conner's back, they managed to answer the simple but thoughtful question put to them: "What was your first impression of Power?" Many of them immediately became nauseated, but others were able to stay and supply us with witty, sparkling answers. You may notice that there are no names given. This is to protect the "Innocents" from the fury of the "Spiritual Mafia" (led by Brothers Sirignano and O'Conner.)

Oddly enough, the most mentioned comment was "no comment." Apparently these students were so overcome by the beauty of Power that they felt no words could do it justice. Others tried to describe its brilliance, though, and came up with these poetic answers: "It's like all the rest". . . "I was surprised" and "It was confusing" (to put it mildly).

Some Freshmen naturally felt shy at this, their first meeting with the press. However when told that their names would be omitted, they came up with these subtle replies: "it's old!". . . "the water's hot!" and, the understatement of the decade: "it's going to be hard."

Along came a group of obviously below average students who, when asked the same question, described the school as being "great". . . "very good". . . "nice" and even "delightful!" (they'll learn, they'll learn).

Other quips which appeared:

"THAT'S a building?!?"

"It looks like the projects across the street."

"It's pretty good. I like Math and they gave me two Math periods!"

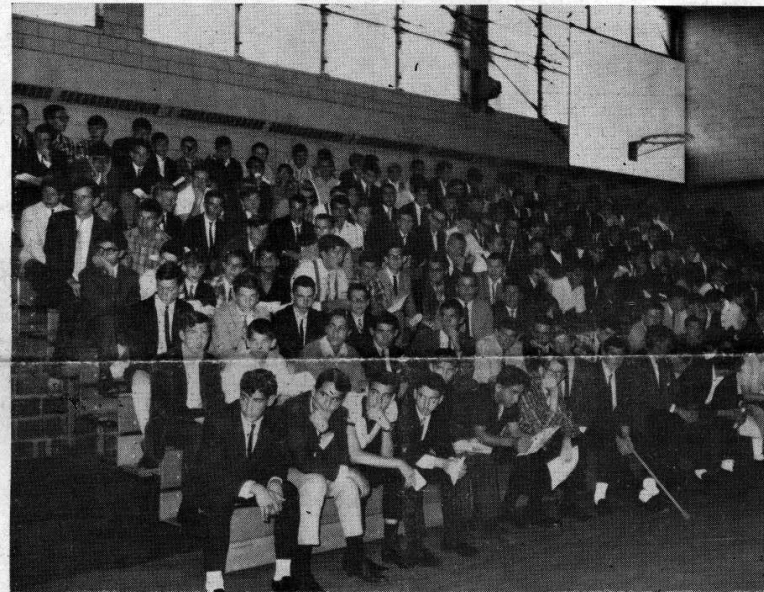
"It looks like a hospital!"

"It looks like a factory!"

"It's not beautiful but. . ."

and our favorite: "It goes to show that you can't judge a school by its looks!"

The next group of Freshmen questioned turned out not to be Freshmen at all but wandering members of the Faculty. When asked what their first impressions were, the following kind



"And now, Mr. Coleman and his DATA-MATIONS doing their interpretation of 'If Mother Could Only See Me Now!'"

comments flowed forth:

Mr. Cullinan: "Oh God!"

Bro. McKenna: "It looked — open."

Bro. Peterson: "What a hole!"

Bro. Longobardi: "This is where I'm going to teach for HOW

LONG!?"

Bro. Keane: "It looks like a prison!"

Mr. Kuhnert: "I didn't like it at all. . . ugly kids."

Only Brother Leavey, the "Captain Bligh of the Jet Set," had

something good to say, remarking that Power was "great!" and that the people were "kind spirited." At this point, the Commodore became involved with another kind of spirits, pouring them from a bottle contained inside a hollow version of "The Christian Outlook On Marriage." In a state of frenzy, he cheered the new Freshmen and mentioned that he was anticipating future meetings with them. Which goes to show that there really is a Santa Claus — even in the middle of September.

Thank You!

In the wake of DATAMATION little sanity has been left in Power. Faculty schedules by the millions, were waved in the air as bewildered students flooded the first floor corridor. And at the bottom of that heap, two men alone were able to retain any semblance of calm.

Mr. Coleman and Mr. Duchesne worked 25 hours a day trying to bring back order to the havoc that had been wreaked upon them. The student body wishes to thank these two teachers for their valor above and beyond the call of the wild.



Mr. Heelan and fresman friend. Need we say more?

Bro. McMullen Appointed To New Provincial Post

Throughout recent years, Power students have succeeded with remarkable persistence in leveling lethal criticisms at just about any notable institution that manages to raise its head above the milling throng. The more popular targets have included The Student Council, **The Purple & Gold**, and the Dean of Discipline. A frequent repeater is the faceless, formless, and apparently fearless DATAMATION.

But standing undaunted amidst all the confusion and countercharge is one fantastic exception, in the guise of none other than Bro. McMullen.

Or perhaps the exception isn't so fantastic. When one comes to know Bro. McMullen, the fact that he is an admirable untouchable is more than understandable. It is expected. A possible source of this development may be found in Brother's reluctance, unlike most institutions based at PMA, to level any criticisms at all. He rather appears to channel his energy toward the advancement of advice and assistance to all who come in contact with him.

Bearing this characteristic in mind it is obvious why Bro. McMullen was recently appointed one of four consultants to the provincial of **The Irish Christian Brothers'** province in this geographical area. This province includes all of the territory extending from Detroit eastward to the Atlantic, from the Canadian Border southward to the Caribbean. Brother will be called upon to conduct himself much in the manner of an Ambassador, visiting various Brother houses to affect constructive communication with these houses, to record any deviations from the standing opinions of certain provincial issues. In turn he may offer suggestions of rectification in the case of an unfavorable circumstance.

Brother McMullen's ability to adapt beneficially to any undesirable situation has been recognized beyond the periphery of the relatively minor PMA desperation.

Maybe one day PMA will adapt to Bro. McMullen.

Datamation is Dead

PURPLE AND GOLD

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Faculty Advisor

And You're Off!

Since this is the first issue of this year, and since for the Freshman Class, it is the first issue of any year, **The Purple and Gold** wishes to address this vastest of bodies of students in this editorial. To the Class of 1970:

We are sure (positive really) that you have already been smothered with suggestions, orders and/or advice from all corners, and are by now, immune to such senseless poundings. However. . . we would like to have our say and hopefully, since we aren't really that far away from you, chronologically or intellectually, you will listen to our plea.

You are the largest incoming class in Power's history. As such, you are, whether you or anyone else thinks so or not, a potentially influential group of students. Whether you develop that potential, is a decision that you must make.

"How?" you might ask, or "Who ever listens to Freshmen?" It is exactly that attitude that defeats a great majority of Freshmen before they begin. Freshmen classes are unimportant, largely because they convince themselves of this fact even before they start school. True, the newness of high-school, different methods of teaching, **DATAMATION**, et al, might tend to put a damper on your enthusiasm, but don't let it! Rise above the situation! Get involved!

And this time, before you ask how, we'll tell you. There are three ways to become involved with a school: intellectually, actively, and spiritually.

When anyone mentions the word "intellectual," great throngs of students run in terror of becoming either snobs, pseudo-, beatniks, or other dreaded abnormalities.

An intellectual is a person who knows and who thinks. A pseudo-intellectual is a person who either doesn't know or doesn't think, or both. A person who knows and doesn't think is that student (there's one in every year) who spends all his time getting those wonderful grades that everyone is so proud of, but fails to realize that he is learning for himself and not for the people who see his marks. He loses sight of the fact that although marks are important, to learn to use that acquired knowledge is the essence of education. The other pseudo-intellectual is the student who places "thought" above all else. He doesn't educate himself, or strive to improve himself in any way. He simply prides himself in being a thinker. Unfortunately, this type of person is very difficult to change, because he becomes so wrapped up in his own "superiority" that he refuses to listen to advice.

What we are asking you to do, is to take example from both of these types and become a well-rounded person who sees the value of grades and also is aware of his commitment to himself to use this knowledge to improve himself. A thinking school is a living school and a thinking student is a living student. Become aware of the good and the bad things in your school. Take advantage of the former and try to change the latter. And above all never accept someone else's opinion as your own; no matter how intelligent the person may be, unless you have studied it and its alternatives, and have made an independent decision.

The second way to become involved in your school is by activity. Power has many activities that you can become part of. These organizations are aimed at the student for the student. The honor that Power gains from a winning basketball team or a well-done play is secondary to the benefits that are derived from them by the students involved. You don't join a club or team so that you'll have something to put down in the year book under your picture in Senior Year. You join an activity so that you can make use of your talents, and strengthen them into skills, at the same time, you are helping your school keep in existence these groups so that students in later years will be able to take advantage of them. Therefore you must see the importance of being active in your school's life and more especially, active in any activity that you become a member of for as long as you are a member. A person who joins a club in name only, besides wasting his own time, is wasting a valuable position in that club, which might

Alfeo Marzi Bronx Poet

Opening the door and seeing him for the first time. A poet. But more likely a man. He says hello, we enter for an interview. But we enter for more than an interview. Enter, looking for a new view of life, of ourselves.

Sitting, we smile, he smiles. Each uncertain. "So you've come to interview me." Another door is opened. We meet Dr. Marzi as he is in his poetry, and as he isn't. First question seems superficial, but is important. "Why do you write about the Bronx?"

A smile. Acknowledging that the question is not new. The Bronx is people. Is life. The only important thing is now, where you are. Dr. Marzi's now is the Bronx. This is where he must reach men, where the void must be bridged.



ALFEO MARZI

Somehow Dante is mentioned. Or objectively correlated. Dr. Marzi's eyes widen. His voice remembers something, you can tell by the tone. Dante is almost a lover. The secret comes out. Dante is the guide. Dr. Marzi says: "And you may quote me. There are two central books in my life: *The Bible* and *The Divine Comedy*. The first taught me about God, the second, how to talk about God." Dante says something important to Dr. Marzi, "Dante says man is a stenographer, not a creator. . . or even a discoverer."

From Dante, we suddenly come to one of the great forces in Dr. Marzi's poetry, Christ. He admits that there is religion in his poetry. But his poetry is not religious poetry. The religion is behind the poetry. Dr. Marzi admits that he propagandizes. Everyone does it, but not everyone admits it.

There is a vital dialogue between the poet and man. The poet's unique vision must be communicated. Dr. Marzi tells us why he writes. He wants to write "poetry whose purpose is to invite a per-

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be filled by some more enthusiastic student.

Another side of the active involvement of a Powerman, is the desire to effect change where change is called for, and to voice an opinion when opinions are needed. Hundreds of students float through four years of high-school, grumbling about this or that, and yet never doing anything about it. In a school like Power being run by men such as Brothers McMullen and Boyle, change is not an unutterable word. If you have an idea, tell someone about it. Write a letter to the **Purple and Gold**, speak to the student council, talk to your friends, and gather opinion. Be a real part of your school by creating new ideas and promoting them. As we said earlier, you form a large segment of the student body; make yourselves felt.

Finally there is the spiritual side of involvement. We're not speaking of ghosts or God, but of "school spirit", that all encompassing term that is automatically ignored by everyone because naturally everyone has school spirit. Or do we?

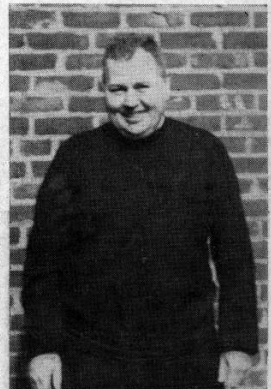
What makes one school better than another? Is it better teachers or is it teachers that are more interested in the students than in their paycheck? Is it better students, nicer guys, or is it a student body that has been responsible for the existence of various improvements in their school, and possesses a keen desire to hold on to them? Obviously, we are most proud of the things that we helped create. A Freshman Class that enters a school which is an active student-teacher organization, has two alternatives. Either it can be taken up with the spirit of the school and help to perpetuate its success or it can rest on the achievements of the upperclassmen, until it becomes the Senior Class; at which time it finds that it has contributed little to the school and has no respect for the school either.

School spirit, then, grows out of active and intellectual involvement. It is a feeling of respect, of pride, that can only come from personal achievement. It is also a desire to protect that which has been created, and to promote this feeling in others. You, the Freshmen, have four years to work for yourselves at Power. Whatever you do now will affect you and Power for as long as you and Power live.

PMA off the record

After abdicating his position as Commodore of the **Captain Blich Memorial Yacht Club**, Brother Leavey, booked passage on the **Titanic II** for a memorable excursion on the Sargasso Sea. Sitting on the sun deck with binoculars in one hand and a timetable in the other, the Commodore took in the fresh air of New York Harbor for three days. The reason for this delay was that the press gang had not been notified in time to secure a crew. On July 4, the good ship **Titanic II** embarked for its first point of interest, Lusitania Bay. It was later learned that Brother Leavey avidly signed for the **Albatross Shoot** held sometime in the middle of the voyage. To his dismay, however, it was not held; something about an ancient mariner and all that sort of rot.

After leaving **Lusitania Bay**, there was no stopping the **Titanic II**. She cruised ahead at full speed. . . that's right, all 50 knots of it. . . would you believe 15 knots. . . 5? On the twentieth day of the voyage, Brother became pretty tired of sitting on the forward sun deck. And so with deckchair, binoculars, and timetable, the Commodore situated himself on the rear sun deck. On the twenty-fifth day of the cruise, the Captain had finally sighted the Sargasso Sea. Much to his surprise, the Captain also sighted the Statue of Liberty. Our intrepid travellers had somehow returned to the Narrows. As the **Titanic II** docked, the tourists were greeted by a band of reporters. It seems that the **Titanic II** now holds the record for going around Manhattan 25 times.



THE COMMODORE

After the cruise was over, Brother Leavey took a guided tour around the piers of Manhattan. At last report, Commodore Leavey was seen running around the **Hanseatic** with an empty bucket in his hand.

The **Purple and Gold** always welcomes the comments of the student body on any article or any opinion expressed in this publication. Letters may be given to any member of the staff and must be signed by the student.

A High School Newspaper?!

For The People

Although the Purple and Gold has attempted to be the "school newspaper" during the past few years, it has totally failed to reach its goal.

The newspaper staff has become a snobbish group, strictly concerned with publishing articles which would show their command of the English language and their deep concern for world affairs(?) to the average Power student. Thus, the staff has failed to realize its duty to the student body. Instead of providing the students with their favorite reading material (Enquirer type substance excluded), it has dealt the literary and political pieces which, although being verbose and stylish, were only of second interest to the majority of the students.

It is natural that the students should be interested in the different extracurricular and interscholastic activities. Since the school has always had exceptional sports teams, and since almost every student has expressed a certain form of interest in those athletic activities, it would be more than just to dedicate a fairly large amount of the paper to that cause. I am sure that an overwhelming majority of the students would happily accept sports and humor as the prevailing topics in the "Purple and Gold".

I do not advocate the idea that the "Purple and Gold" should become a periodical "Daily News". The newspaper should include the discussion of the more important problems this school is presently "entertaining." The mere idea of pleasing someone in these discussions should never be predominant, especially if truth would be twisted in the process. Neither should the fear of affronting anyone be a factor in the different statements made, should it be students, faculty or administration. If anyone should feel seriously offended by any material in this publication, I would advise him to carry a blanket or hide his head in sand.

Although the "Purple and Gold" now claims to be in its most liberal and free state, it still is largely controlled by higher authority. Each student pays

for the newspaper in the registration fee. It is only fair that the student should obtain what he deserves, whatever he desires (reasonably speaking). This concept would be easier to reach if the student had more voice in running the paper.

The staff of the "Purple and Gold", a group consisting mostly of pseudo-intellectuals, is again planning to reappear with its elaborate stylishness and its "in" humor. If the Power student would wish to read such material, he could simply pick up an issue of the New York Times and follow Russell Baker's column on the editorial page and see it in a better form. However, the average student (and he makes up most of the student body) would rather learn about the school. As of now, the newspaper seems to be the only mediator between the different years. But the "Purple and Gold" would not dream of lowering its high(?) standards for the cause of the student.

The staff claims that it should not lower the paper's standards regardless of the reason. How-

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The Issue

A student publication, of necessity, must differ greatly from a city, or national newspaper. The aims of each are different, and the readers of each form varying specific groups. Precisely what the aim of a publication is, or precisely what type of person will be the major subscriber, are variables that have caused great controversy throughout history. Sponsored magazines have been created to cater to the whims of the sponsors and have also been brought into existence as strictly independent outlets for thought. Self-sufficient publications have been models of objectivity and have also become the instruments of a powerful minority.

The Purple and Gold has always attempted to take a course that is a combination of both sides of this controversy. Still, many feel that compromise is a form of weakness and that a newspaper should take one course of action. Either it should decide, itself, as to what type of material is to be published, or it should be the servant of the student body.

As always, but most especially in this section of the Purple and Gold, we welcome comment in the form of letters, which will be gratefully accepted by any member of our staff.

For The Person

Would you believe that such a harmless little publication as a school newspaper could be the cause of confusion and a great deal of controversial discussion? Well it is.

For years now, it has generally been the format of a school newspaper to contain, first of all, school news; secondly, some news of national and international events and, lastly, a certain amount of sports and "school humor."

I suppose there have always been students who have a dislike for education, and their voices are always heard loudest at the times when the newspaper appears. Their aversion to learning turns to hatred when they find their reading material containing some educational value. Either they avoid these articles altogether and read that which doesn't tax the mind, or they complain that anything which doesn't concern humor or "physical endeavor" is disgusting. And the pitiful thing is that they say this in all seriousness.

Last May, the Overseas Press Club held a "journalism workshop," where it was possible for students working on high school newspapers to meet, air their problems and discuss their views. Gathering up some nerve, I asked the panel of four somewhat distinguished writers if the members of a newspaper staff should uphold their standards of excellence, or if they should be sacrificed if the majority of the student body wants the paper to be purely an entertainment publication. They didn't have an answer and could only say that "it's a very good question." It would have ended at that point had not a too eager young man stood up and proudly announced that his school had solved the problem. We listened as he continued. He said that this paper had adapted the policy of "half sports — half serious editorials." (I use the word serious, not to insinuate that sports aren't a serious pastime — they can be — but to distinguish them from more important subjects). He continued to say that the written response to the editorials had increased by 500%. What he didn't say — until asked — was that of the 30 or so responses received from

the students each month, 20 or 25 were in response to the sports editorial alone. Because of this, he added, his paper was changing to an almost total sports publication.

Of course, to make valid my viewpoint that athletic articles, entertainment reviews and humorous features should not overshadow what are, in my opinion, more important subjects, there must be some sort of defensive argument. There is, and it can be divided into two parts: 1) duty to the students; 2) duty to self.

It's rarely realized what potential power a high-school newspaper has. Take the case of our own Purple and Gold. It reaches over a thousand people, quite a few who read only what they want to read. There are many, though, who, if only from lack of reading material will read the articles on college, censorship, Viet Nam or the like. They may still complain that the newspaper shouldn't print these but, nevertheless, their knowledge on these subjects will be somewhat increased.

But even if these articles didn't affect the majority of students at all (from personal experience

(Continued on page 4)

"Who's Afraid of Edward Albee?"

If for no other reason, **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** has proved itself to be (to use a banal euphemism) "a hit" because it is perhaps the first deeply intellectual movie rewarded with that ever-present desire of all movie producers, large box office sales. It is, of course, unfortunate that most of those who have attended the movie waited on a "quasi-Radio City" line merely to see a picture which could boast of having been unscathed by the censors' scalpels, and being complete with all the realism, in the form of vulgar language, which an audience could absorb. Such bacchanals were undoubtedly not disappointed, in that the picture is, at times, intensely sarcastic, but such is entirely subordinate to the movie's theme.

Virginia Woolf, based on the Broadway play by one of America's greatest if not the greatest contemporary playwright, Edward Albee, is the story of one typical night in the typical lives of a supposedly typical married couple, George and Martha. George, played by Richard Burton, is an inept, unsuccessful histo-

ry professor in the university of which Martha's father is president. Martha, played perfectly by Elizabeth Taylor, is the exact opposite of the conventional university president's daughter — she is a vulgar alcoholic who, despite her age, fancies herself as a delightfully attractive young housewife, and who quite assuredly "wears the pants in the family because somebody's got to."

On this particular night, George and Martha have just returned from one of the frequent "University Get-Togethers," and Martha, who only becomes her true, salacious self when drunk, has invited a promising young professor (George Segal) and his wife (Sandy Dennis) to their house that evening. What follows in this night is, in my opinion, the best possible exposition of the decadence of married life in this country.

Fortified by an almost unbelievable amount of liquor, each of the group bares secret truths about his or her mate, and participates in a number of "fun filled games" supposedly designed to escape reality, but actually, meant

to expose it.

The relationship between George and Martha becomes evident when they begin one of their frequent verbal free-for-alls. Burton is excellent as the apathetic husband who simply "understands" vitriolic remarks to his wife, using only his wit, and not being a bit excited. However, Martha's constant referral to their teen-age son, who is nonexistent, finally drives George into a frenetic state, and her ridicule of the only thing in which George holds sacred, his semi - autobiography, brings George to wreak his vengeance on all present.

Elizabeth Taylor, who has been miscast for virtually two decades, finally achieves the role practically written for her. She hurls insults, nicknames, and coarse remarks to George, and, in front of her husband, makes openly seductive remarks openly of "erogenous symbolism" to the young professor. Being suited vocally as well as physically for the part, Elizabeth Taylor conveys just the right mood at the right time, even until the end, when she has

fallen hopelessly into abysmal despair.

Just as George and Martha portray a marriage already in existence and irretrievably lost, Segal and Dennis are paragons of marital inexperience, and are both quite unaware of their plight until they see, through George and Martha, the pit into which they have begun to fall; both are entirely convincing as such, with special credit due to Sandy Dennis, who is particularly tremendous in one scene, at which time she experiences a dozen simultaneous emotions while sustaining the effects of a drunken stupor, a vomiting session, and the exposition of her sexual impotency, all of which bring her to near-hysteria.

Completely disregarding all conventional methods of betting a film, Director Mike Nichols has not used any color, ornate scenery, or extraordinarily special camera work, but has simply relied on the sole four characters and their dialogue to produce the desired effects. In fact, there is very little difference between the film and the ori-

ginal play, as far as direction is concerned. Nichols is certainly to be congratulated on doing such a great job on his first movie.

It must be noted that Albee's criticism of life in America does not stop at marital absurdity, but goes on to point out the inanity of other facets of modern folly, as exemplified by the story of the young wife's father, a perverted clergyman. Albee shows his contempt for such ludicrous men who make it their business to screw people into the ground, while ignoring their own complete irrationality, and very aptly brands such fools as "churchmice."

Virginia Woolf is truly an excellent picture for one who is able to realize the true state of life today. It is really a "must see" for the intelligent moviegoer. It is unfortunate that such a picture should be criticized for being indecent by some Puritanical reviewers, for such criticism can only result in attracting some gross pleasure-seekers, an absurdity which Albee himself condemns, as he does all of the inanity in today's life.

MICHAEL GENTILESCO

Power Predictions

To the satisfaction of Bro. McMullen, an ardent sports enthusiast, and a number of Power faculty members associated with athletics, the 1965-1966 school year proved to be one of the most successful all-around seasons that Power has ever been blessed with. Not that Power has failed to produce successful seasons in the past; we have indeed. But these have always been concentrated in one particular field. I certainly hope that this was a promise of bigger and better things to come.

Last year, a highly underrated Panther Varsity basketball team pushed its way into the finals of the City Championships. A relatively unnoticed Freshman team won them. Power's highly talented Out-door Varsity Track Team also took the City Championships and the J.V. clipped a tight second (in case some of you forgot). To add to this, a hustling J.V. baseball team banged an 11 game win streak, losing only the championship game by a close one run.

Yes, it was quite a good year. But it shouldn't stop here and I doubt very much that it will. One reason for this is because most of the faces you saw last year will be back again, working just as hard for P.M.A., with but few exceptions. Therefore, it wouldn't be too presumptuous of Power to foresee a command of all phases of the athletic program.

Although Norwood Todmann, Tony Festa, and Eric Brown left a deep gap to fill in the Power Varsity and a few second string Seniors may be dropped from the squad this year, last year's J.V. men and the seniors remaining on the team will be enough to make up the loss. The J.V. shouldn't have too many problems making the play-offs this year either; they certainly have the potential and two consecutive championships would look pretty impressive.

With mainly seniors carrying the trackteam this year in the Varsity division, you can also count on Power to be a strong contender for both indoor and outdoor championships. Of course, as Mr. Mulligan says, "It will take a lot of hard work and continuous practice; but, I dare say that the incentive for a championship is there.

As for baseball, you can't ask this year's Varsity to do more than it did as last year's J.V. They did their best and it's all that is asked of them.

This is how our prospects look for the coming season. To you the students who do not participate but, who devotedly follow these activities, I ask you to look forward to this year. Things are just beginning to boil.

As we all know, it is our performance today that reflects our school's reputation tomorrow. Power has produced Lew Alcindors, Norwood Todmanns, and Kevin O'Briens whose names have brought Power to the attention of many people. So too, it will be the Ed Klimkowskis, Garth McKays and Richard Stewarts of the present, that may one day influence some talented eighth graders to pursue their high school education, as well as develop their athletic capabilities, here at Power Memorial.

MEDINA

Faculty Frolics

The Purple and Gold, after much editing, has been able to separate the filth from the stories we received on what the teachers did over the summer vacation. We were just going to print the filth, but we reason the truth is bad enough. What follows, is a brief account of the summer vacations of a few of the faculty.

Mr. McCutchen, it seems, spent his summer in France, taking further education courses. The one we are interested in, is the one entitled — Commando Training Made Simple.

Brother Leavey took a cruise on the Titanic II, to the Sargasso sea.

Mr. Ott was abroad in Rome, imitating Caesar.

Mr. Coleman spent most of his time decorating his new apartment. He painted all but three rooms, when he quit because he ran out of his favorite color, wine red. Instead of buying more paint, he wallpapered those rooms with extra datamation slips.

Brother Boyle made a little money being Cassius Clay's sparring partner. He is the only man ever to knock Clay out.

Mr. Duchesne was a Disc Jockey for WMCA.

Mr. Disputo spent some time leap-frogging (with real frogs), in the biology lab.

Mr. Cooney toured the United States working as a clown for a circus.

Mr. Greenslade won the Indianapolis 500, riding all the way in reverse.

Brother McPartland, an artist in residence, painted the school.

Mr. Morra packed them in at Philharmonic Hall — he was an usher.

Mr. Rood took charge of a smoking clinic.

Mr. Yun learned a little English this summer.

Br. Peterson worked in Barnes and Nobles.

Br. D'Adamo went to Ireland and applied for citizenship there.

Mr. Coppolino was Mr. Greenslade's pit stop man at Indianapolis.

Br. Binkley played the villain in the new James Bond movie — Mr. Big.

Mr. Burns had a birthday, and he received 50 new ties — he received 50 gifts.

Bronx Poet

(Continued from page 2)

son to a richer life; a renewal of vision."

"Man has the supreme possibility to be everything again." Anyone is everyone. Poetry is about the human condition. Fine poetry will be as real to a fiery Latin American caballero as it is to a middle-aged-school teacher. Because they are men. "Christ is real for his total humanity." We listen as Dr. Marzi's pause intensifies his words. "What interests me in you is God." From *The Park of Jonas*, one of Dr. Marzi's books.

"I feel a joy over doing something with my life." Dr. Marzi is concerned over the young also. He wants them to do, to live. "We have more difficulty getting started in life than in making a choice." The young, especially, must reach that newness of vision. Experience the joy of doing something with their lives. Sooner or later you are imprisoned by yourself, he says. Poetry helps you hold off. But if people refuse to live, refuse to allow themselves to see, Dr. Marzi answers them:

And if they see not the brilliance in the leaf
What is it to me?

What is it to him? We think. Doesn't he care if people do not see? He does. What does he mean? Must mean that he has seen, he has lived. He is speaking:

"The books are reaching their culmination in the final book." *Underpass, The Park of Jonas, Of Time and The Manor*. The first three books. . . Published by Fordham University. Dr. Marzi is in the language department. "Often men from the English Department ask me: 'How do you publish so many books?' I tell them 'God did not endow us departmentally.'" We all laugh. Dr. Marzi tells us that structure is essential to a collection of poetry. The fourth book is the ultimate, incorporating the first three. Think of the title. Of what Dr. Marzi has said. *Bronx Crossing* is his fourth, published in hard cover by Branden Press, Boston.

Dr. Marzi reads us one of his poems. About his journey across the Bronx, and life. The last three lines:

I rebel, but not really,
Treading cement,
Walking across my life, another block, another block.

Dr. Marzi, some call him the poet of the Bronx. Perhaps. But more important, a man.

Leaving us his awareness. One of his poems from *Bronx Crossing*

Obituary: God
I gave them some words to play with
And now
They have gone and slain me,

Again!
From the first
They always wanted to be coroner,
Writing inquest on my living pulp.

Sometimes they do it drunk,
Sometimes clean sober;
Sometimes their idols leer
Or gleam in chrome,
But mostly
When they want to run it all,
Have their fun without remorse
Or merely eat each other with great calm.

I have seen this all before.

They do it every time
That they are tired.
They do it
Every time they have a lead.

We leave now. We speak of two things Dr. Marzi has said. "Literature is saying things after death." We laugh as we remember "Pornography and urine have one thing in common — they eventually run out." It's from *Bronx Crossing*. We wave good-bye to Dr. Marzi, leaving him standing by his front gate. Perhaps thinking of Dante. Perhaps enjoying the calm stars.

Coming —

SECULAR COLLEGE OR CATHOLIC

— two students discuss their views on the advantages of attending a Catholic College.

and

THE "NEW" INTRAMURAL PROGRAM

— a preview of Mr. Malone's plans for an expanded intramural program here at Power.

"People"

(Continued from page 3)

ever, what the staff has failed to realize is that, while it boasted of its high standards, it was reaching new lows. It pretended to be very educated by covering debates by faculty members and speeches by the like. The Purple and Gold, supposedly a student's newspaper, became much more interested in the achievements of the faculty, rather than that of the students. Thus, by failing to fulfill its obligation to the student, the actual owner of the paper, it has lowered its standards considerably. The fact that the staff has refused to give in to the cause of the student has greatly increased the problem.

The solution to this problem may be very easily reached. The staff should simply have to realize that Power is the student's school and not the faculty's, and then the "Purple and Gold" may become a student's newspaper.

Unfortunately, often after one has erred, by sheer pride, he shall refuse to acknowledge it, thus failing to rectify it. Let us hope that the staff members will forget their individual pride for a while, and think of the student.

"Person"

(Continued from page 3)

and from hearing the experiences of others, it seems to be the majority, not the minority, which isn't too enthusiastic, isn't the minority to be considered? In a society, in which the medias of communication tend more toward entertainment than education, isn't it necessary for some medias to reverse this trend? Those seeking entertainment will find it almost anywhere. But those seeking entertainingly presented knowledge, with the stress on the latter word. . . well, that's a different story.

There is also another reason — a purely selfish one. I think it's terribly pitiful to see a person with a talent for writing, who has beneficial ideas, knowledgeable opinions and something important for the welfare of his fellow men to spend all his time writing material that does nothing more than entertain. It's pitiful for those who are deprived of his talent but, more so, because a person's ability is being wasted, for the sole reason that the will of the majority demands it.

I suppose some students think that, having payed a dollar at the beginning of the year towards the support of the paper, they have a right to say what the paper prints — and what it doesn't print. Perhaps they are right. But I can say for myself, and I think that I can say this for most conscientious students who work on the staff of high school papers, that they can keep their money. It isn't worth having the funds to run a newspaper if it must consist of pap.

Those who rebel against "high-brow" writing have justification for their argument. But three syllable words don't necessarily make an article highbrow. . . nor does the necessity of a mind on the part of a reader to understand it.

It would be pleasant if life was nothing but humor and fun and games. But it isn't, and a news publication should recognize that fact. If a school newspaper is going to exist, it had better have a reason — a good reason — for doing so. I seriously doubt that sports and jokes, in themselves, are such a reason.

JOHN HAGEN