

THE LIBRARY PAGE

R. H. SHUFFLER.....Editor
H. C. GIVENSAsso. Editor
J. R. KEITH Asso. Editor
G. M. WREN Asso. Editor
J. W. RILEY Asso. Editor

Those wishing to contribute to this page turn work in to any member of staff, or mail to Editor at 94 Students' Exchange.

Readers of The Library Page will note, with varying degrees of pleasure that the present number is devoted more largely to verse than to prose. While no one of the three local poets whose work is presented here seems yet to have reached the top of his form, it is encouraging that there are at least three men in Texas A. and M. College who have felt the thrill of hunting for the exact word and for the precise lift of a line that will reflect their idea or mood, and who (to give them scrupulously no more than their due) have occasionally found them.

George Wren, one of our editors, and contributor to this issue of God and That Way Parnassus, has appeared in the Library Page for three years. Those who have followed his work will have noticed that its intellectual framework has increased in strength. The present writer confesses to the unromantic craving for point and meaning in poetry. He therefore hails with pleasure Mr. Wren's gradual conversion from the ecstatic, moonlight-roses-girl school of verse to the ranks of those who have something to say. A certain bitter tang is noticeable in the later pieces of this writer. While it would be rude to suggest that this arises from the usual byronism of about the Junior and Senior years in College, we may at least be allowed to hope that advancing age will bring with it at any rate the compensation of a slight increase in mellowness and tolerance. Meanwhile, the ease and deftness of his style, and above all the quality of his ideas, improve year by year.

* * *

God

Some find God in an oyster,
Some find God in a tree,
Some find God in a bottle,
But I find god in me.

—George M. Wren.

* * *

That Way Parnassus!

Two lowly blind pilgrims staggering,
Faltering along the rocky way.
Darkness and storms, intermittent light

Momentarily as bright as day.
Broken staves, threadbare stoles,
A lone tinkle in their leathern pouch.
Onward they creep, nor know
Upwards or downwards! They
crouch

In disgust. There on a decrepit
bench,

A clown on a defunct Pegasus!
Insistently crying, nose held mean-
while,

"Have courage men, Onward! That
way Parnassus!

—George M. Wren.

* * *

So far as the Temporary Editor
is aware, the gentleman who signs

himself "Giesey" is the first writer to offer a sonnet for publication in The Library Page. Everybody who has ever tried his hand at verse at all realizes that a sonnet is not easy to write, and the high degree of technical correctness in the poem printed below is therefore in itself worthy of considerable respect. The rhyme-scheme which he has chosen, while different from that of any sonnet which the present writer has seen, is carried out with perfect consistency. The major divisions of the sonnet—the octave of eight lines divided into two quatrains; the sestet of six lines at the end—follow perfectly the divisions in the thought of the poem. As for individual lines, only two, the first and the last, are technically questionable,—the first being short a syllable, which is wholly justifiable; the last being too crowded with syllables which demand heavy stresses, which is not so excusable, especially as the last line is otherwise the most telling in the poem.

The content of the Sonnet is not so interesting as its finish. Here are fourteen correct lines of verse, all of them carefully considered, many of them (such as "That lights him on to find old ironies") decidedly musical, and several of them studded with striking images ("And all the rest could pass As gods or ghosts in the smoke-shrouded air"). And yet all this respectable technical effort is lavished on a study of the old old kind of Desperate Ambrose party who has figured in the "Early Poems" of hundreds of romantic poets,—more particularly since Byron's time. Without being in any ridiculous degree suggestive of the Ass in the Lion's skin, Mr. Giesey's mastery of technique is none the less entirely too sound to be spent on gloomy Byronic heroes and broken vases.

Sonnet

Born of flame, he cannot quench
the fire

That lights him on to find old ironies.

To use as weapons in his private
mire

For his lost contests with finalities.

He sins in vain and watches nights
and days

Die uselessly before his careless
eyes

While devil-things chant a mad
hymn of praise

In honor of the bitter and the wise.

He'd laugh, he said; he'd laugh and
he'd be glad

He'd take his fill and all the rest
could pass

As gods or ghosts in the smoke-
shrouded air;

And we, the Wise Ones, never find
him sad

When, evenings, in the bottom of a
glass

Wine—magic brings back his lost
kingdoms there.

—Giesey.

* * *

The Broken Vase

He swore he would not turn again
Back to the rose and flame;

He broke the vase and went away,
And she forgot his name—

It was her way—but bitter years
Have taught him with hard grace

That roses leave a fragrance still
About a broken vase.

—Giesey.

From the sinister depth of the Biology Department comes the following effusion, unsigned and unacknowledged. While the Temporary Editor would never dream of hinting that it proceeded from the dignified pen of the distinguished Head of that Department, he confesses to being at a loss to account otherwise for the union of biological erudition and classical polish which characterize it, and which seems to him to savor of equally Nineteenth Century Germany and Virginia of the Old Regime.

The Microbe's Serenade.

A love-lorn Microbe met by chance
At a swagger Bacteroidal dance,
A proud Bacillan Belle, and she
Was first of the Animalculae.
Of organisms saccharine
She was the protoplasmic Queen,—
The microscopical pride and pet
Of the Biological smartest set.
And so this infinitesimal swain
Evolved a pleading low refrain:
"Oh, lovely metamorphic germ
What futile scientific term
Can well describe your many
charms?
Come to these embryonic arms,
Then hie away to my cellular home
And be my little Diatom."

His epithelium burned with love;
He swore by the Molecules above
She'd be his own Gregarious mate
Or else he would disintegrate.
This amorous mite of a parasite
Pursued the germ both day and
night.

And neath her window often played
This Darwin-Huxley serenade—
He'd warble to her every day
This rhizopodial roundelay—
"O, most primordial type of Spore,
I never saw your like before!
And tho' a Microbe has no heart,
From you, sweet Germ, I'll never
part;
We'll sit beneath some fungus

growth

Till Dissolution claims us both!"

* * *

Mr. Bill Jones, a Fish of low degree, contributes a few drops of concentrated vitriol to our brew. As pointed and polished language, with a powerful thrust of indignant idealism behind it, it is, as the other poets will be the first to agree, the best thing we have. As a series of efforts of the imagination to find biting comparisons for Man and The College Student, the unfortunate victims of his shriveling scorn, it is distinctly exhilarating. But as poetry—as distinguished from prose epigram—it leaves something to be desired.

I.

I am a fool born of fools and destined
to be the father of fools.
I am an idiot that fancies himself
a philosopher.

I am a link that thinks itself the
chain, a cog posing as an axle.
I am a dumbbell that thinks himself
a thinker.

I am a conformist that calls himself
an originator.

I am a gnat that sees himself God.
I am destruction that pretends it-
self creator.

I am man.

—Bill Jones, '32.

II.

I am a baby that orates of nothing.
I am a monkey that apes more fools.
I am a moron proud of my ignor-
ance.

I am a rabbit gnawing at steel
bars.

I am an electron trying to be a
proton.

I am a goose that would be admired.
I am a hypocrite preaching sincere-
ty.

I am a candle that cannot see the
sun.

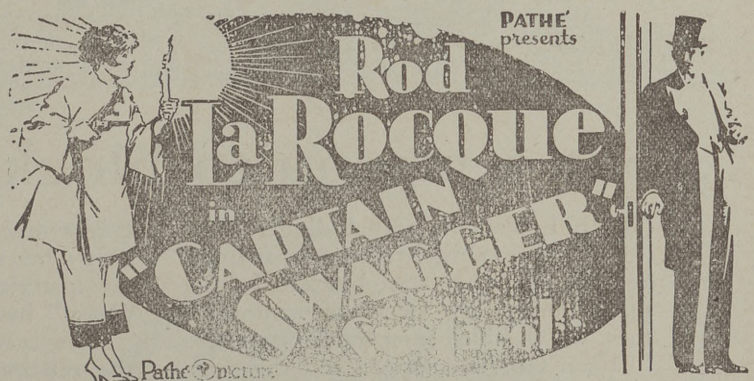
I am a grain of sugar in the sugar
bowl.

I am a college student.

—Bill Jones, '32.

PALACE

Thursday - Friday - Saturday



Friday **QUEEN** Saturday

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

—in—

"Out of The Ruins"