

Veni Creator Spiritus

Ian D. Mitchell

HALF way up in the dark sky the moon shone with a soft pale yellow light which sifted through the tall trees and dimly outlined the grey stone chapel. A diamond of stained glass reflected a glint of moonlight at John Farrow as he walked quietly through the long gothic cloister toward the chapel; the click of his footsteps and the swish of his long black cassock faintly echoed in the stillness of the night.

"Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire." He thought over and over the hymn that would be sung after he had been ordained tomorrow. Thinking back over the years before seminary he wondered at the changes that had taken place. Those wild days in Casablanca, Palermo, Salerno, Gaeta . . . "Andiamo, G. I., Andiamo . . ." "What the hell do you want to go home for?" "When this show is over we can make a million off these wops." "I've got a deal." He remembered the time he was lying in a fox hole at Anzio and the British jeep ran right over him. "Blimey, we've run over a bloke!" "Wonder why those guys never stopped?" he thought. "Eight jobs in six months," he recalled the listless, wasted days after his discharge and then the decision to take on the G. I. Bill. "Engineering, commerce, business, even phys. ed. . . nothing." "The retreat, that's what did it." "Didn't know it at the time." "Vade mecum . . . vade mecum." "Purposefulness, orderliness and creativeness . . . what does God want of you, John Farrow?"

Now he passed the dark rooms off the cloister where he had spent three years of intense study, bull sessions, shooting the breeze with Father Brummer . . . "Remember, John, vot Saint Augustine said, 'first, know dyself and den give dyself to de vork God gives for you to do.'"

The heavy door sighed momentarily as he opened it and entered the chapel. Closing it, he stood for a moment looking up at the Rood which hung high in the deep shadows overhead. The faint odor of incense remained, and he thought of his final prayers at evensong. "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all the perils and dangers of this night . . ." Folding his hands he moved up the aisle, past the faculty stalls and the long rows of choir seats on each side.

Through the colored windows the transformed moonlight rested on the side altar; the white marble soft and smooth, striped with the shadows of the candlesticks. Light grey and black . . . stark arches and beams hidden and obscure in the darkness. The domed vault over the sanctuary empty and still. One light of red and spark of yellow glow flickered alone above the high altar, and in the lonely stillness and haunting solitude it declared the unseen Presence.

He genuflected before the altar and knelt down at the altar rail. Slowly crossing himself he bowed his head and silently prayed.

Bohemians: from the Four Corners of the Land

Maurice F. Kenny

GREENWICH VILLAGE is the major home of the American Bohemian. Though he may be found in certain sections of New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco, his main and rightful capitol is New York City. There he may pursue the life that he sees fit to follow. There he may walk the streets bearded and shabby with his easel and canvas, or his volume of Amy Lowell's verse beneath his arm. He may drink himself into obliteration, or shout his curses to and for the world in Washington Square.

I do not believe there is another section in New York City that is so mysteriously fascinating, colorful, or tragic as the Village. Not even Harlem with its brooding atmosphere, honky-tonks, and slums, nor Chinatown with its oriental hues and smells equals the dramatic Village for suspense, laughter, and tragedy.

The Village, in its physical structure of pavements and buildings, is a bit of Europe in America seemingly transplanted almost house by house and street by street. There are little passageways, like those of Paris, far too small for an auto to pass through safely. A tourist may find shops filled with wrought-iron objects of art; windows crowded with copper and brass jewelry; dozens of dusty book stores; dismal and exciting bars, and cafes serving almost any type of cuisine he may care to sample.

The people of this settlement are greatly different from any other American group. For the most part they are the neglected sons and daughters of the rich. Some of these people have been disinherited by their conventional parents for giving way to liberal ideas and unorthodox conceptions of religion. They are artists who are as sincere in their love and respect for their chosen fields and philosophies as a minister for his creed and congregation, or a mother for her home and family. Few of these people condescend to work, and consequently few have money to spend. Seldom are they sufficiently fed, clothed, or housed. Many of these artists are drunkards, and a smattering are dope addicts . . . but all are staunch believers that they are the masters of art, and should be endowed with both fame and fortune. It is a mere handful that attain the royal heights of their profession. Perhaps one reason for this is that these people are