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The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE
compiled from most original sources and
written comprehensible to both
morons & other artistic
folk.
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**The
Story of
Greenwich
Village
Part XIX**

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Persecution

As we have indicated in the last chapter, Greenwich Village has been blamed for almost everything and every evil that has befallen this unfortunate commonwealth. Such a fate is ever in store for any community that stands for truth, for invention, and experiment in new ways of living. It must pay the penalty for differentiation. Socrates, Galileo, Columbus, Santy Claus, St. Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, the Quakers, our Puritan forefathers, the Huguenots, all suffered persecution because they dared to be a little different. The human race is no better now – and perhaps worse.

H.L. Mencken – one of the few great sages of our land who is not directly a product of the Village – says that the Renaissance was the result of the Black Death's ravages on the proletariat – i.e., it killed off all but the best brains and gave them leisure to function, without the pollution of democratic obstruction and trivial toil. Though it is not clear to us how it affected this benign selection, we must admit it is a sad thing that such a divinely intuitive bacillus should be denied this frightful era.

It would seem at this time that the country in general worshiped respectability, acquisitiveness, hypocrisy, standardization (mediocrity), speed, blatancy, and thinly disguised sexual obliquity under a mask of reformative fervour, whereas the Village alone stands for kindness, rather than virtue; absorption in spiritual matters, or what amounts to the same thing, art and song, rather than money-grabbing; individuality, rather than quantity production of banalities; contemplation rather than speed; modesty rather than blatancy, and an attempt at toleration, tempered with a general understanding sex — *without such insight there can be no adequate comprehension of the behavior of others*. It is no wonder that Greenwich Village is sometimes considered a terrible place.

War

At least no one has been fantastic enough to blame the Village for the war. Though many unkind things were said in those months of hysteria to the effect that the Village did little to encourage that mad cataclysm of misunderstanding. For the

most part the bulk of the Villagers did fall for the hollow glamour of a boat ride to Paris, or were jazzed up to murderous pitch by tomtom and tocsin. Plenty of them are still in France, and war is not extirpated, not by a whole hatfull, nor is the world safe for democracy. It is, however, as it always has been, and always will be: It is safe for politicians who are *too old* as well as too proud to fight.

It is to be hoped that before long the real cause of war will be elucidated to the people by psychological philosophy. The Village is responsible for a start in the spread of this illumination. The simple fact that all wars are merely the clash of the old men with the young is too obvious to be accepted readily. The old devils make wars to rid the world of the young, of whom they are hideously jealous. When the old men realize this they will not fool themselves into thinking they hate the old men, their allies, of other localities. We all suspected this in the Village – that is, until those damn brass bands began to play – we knew that the war was but the result of an unconscious conspiracy of the old men

of old Europe – that the old men wanted the women that smiled upon the young men – that jealousy is latent in every greybeard, however benign. He wants the womanly attention he can no longer compel nor buy with any degree of confidence, either through matrimony or informal contract. In that case he is not content to merely coerce, restrict and browbeat his juniors, but he is pleased – he does nothing to prevent them from marching off to destruction for some hocus nobody seems to understand. He is willing to sacrifice even his sons for his jealousy – as the old tomcats eat up the young. For years those old devils who governed Europe waited eagerly for that war that they knew was coming, while they fabricated sophistries in diplomatic jargon as to war's inevitability. They could just as well have stopped it. The illustrious Tin Soldier was made the goat – that parade ground general who hated even for his men to get their feet wet. And it did achieve its purpose – it got rid of lots of young rivals. This may seem a terrible phantasy to some who have accepted the traditional hocus, but it is true, nevertheless, that sex-craving

is a terrible and insidious force, and nothing can curb it once it gets working in an oblique way.

Nothing but a general understanding of the freakish turns it may take and an ability to recognize it in its manifold disguises will clarify the

motive of the war lust. For did not old Menelaus make war on young Paris? – and many brave souls go down to Hades? (And at that we suspect it was Helen that stole Paris.) After all, now is it not the truth that woman is the only thing man will fight over?

Men must be made to understand that women belong only to the men that they (the women) chose



THE Collegiate busts loose in the Village
by Curtis Peters

for themselves, however awkward that may be for the men who are left over and the men who are submerged, and it's no use to fight over the eccentricities of women. This fact has long been understood in the Village. There is no reason why the rest of the world should not eventually realize this. Then war would not happen.

(To be continued)