

**THE QUILL**  
**FEBRUARY, 1923.**

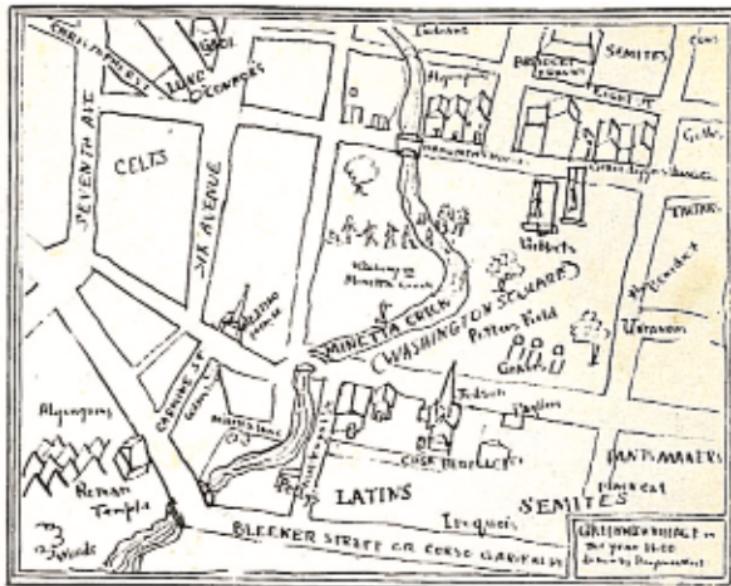


## *The* STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE

compiled from most original sources and  
written comprehensible to both  
morons & other artistic  
folk.

By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.R.L.

*From the earliest signs of culture to the Golden Age of Art, Literature and Batik – including the lives of Eugene and Rose O'Neill, Nave Ben De Casseres, Lucien Carey, Sinclair Lewis, Harold de Polo, Hendrick Willem Van Loon, Mary Heaton Vorse, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Nancy Boyd, Floyd Dell, Harry Kemp, Max Bodenheim, Thomas Edgelow, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Bobby and Marjorie Jones, Will Zorach, Zoltan Hecht, Tom Phelan, Tommy Hunt, Jig Cook, Piet Mijer, Eddie Ward, Clara Tice, Mark Toby, C. Fornaro, Hugh Ferris, Ethel Plummer, Norman Jacobsen, Mary Carolyn Davies, Wynn Holcomb, Dougie Macdougal, John Sloan, Art Young, Bobby Locher, Ira Remsen, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Orric Johns, Susan Glaspell, Don Corley, not to mention many of Frank Shay's near celebrities.*





Pre-Bohemians Bathing in Minetta Creek

## EARLY LEGENDS

We have very few authentic writings of the aboriginal dwellers of that part of our commonwealth known as Greenwich Village. So many times has that romantic region been submerged by invasions of wandering tribes, who ruthlessly destroyed the incipient culture of the unfortunates they dispossessed. There is, however, a legend that the early founders of art and literature in America came from all over Manhattan, Boston and New Haven to bathe in the antiseptic waters of Minetta Creek, as a prevention against smallpox. Now, of course, we all know that among the ancients, bathing of any sort was but a pre-sabbatical pursuit, a sort of religious cleansing, a scanty ceremony rather than a thorough sopanescoous immersion as is done now in degenerate days. But, of course, it is obvious that any kind of washing tended to make our hardy progenitors immune to anything. There is reason to doubt that

these early washers did much to found any culture at all. Most scientists insist that washing is the greatest possible deterrent to civilization. Pepe and other Village historians give us very meagre details of this great ablutional pilgrimage. Still, we venture to add that it is one of the greatest ironies of history that this prophylactic invasion should have pre-coursed a strictly non-washing bohemian contingent that was to be the beacon light of culture in the new world, so to speak. But this took many years.

There are other legends to the effect that grave diggers from the potter's field, and hangmen who officiated in the early colonial festivities, having chosen the marshy regions of Washington Square as their seat of activities, built rude huts for themselves, and have, with their descendants, steadfastly resisted invasion from the various herds of barbarians who have since again and again inundated this fertile region.

## THE CELTIC INVASION

It was not long after, when Bolivar was marching in triumph on Peruna and Genghis Kahn was driving the Manchus and Samurais out of Cochin China, that the first great Hibernian or Celtic invasion occurred. Now, it is not known whether any art flourished at this time, but the supposition is that the early Celts busted the spots out of any

unfortunate who had the outward appearance of being effete. These wild people renamed the Village the Ninth Ward—and it remained the Ninth Ward until the Radicals renamed it “the Village”—but that will be told later. As yet no national solidarity had been developed among the Villagers, so that along with the Indians, the Hollanders, and the hangmen, they were defeated at every street corner. So it was that these virile Celts, by some stroke of diplomacy or brute force, became the ancestors of all the policemen in New Amsterdam.

## CELTIC CULTURE

The Celts, very much as the Teutons, were wont to establish a system of outposts for the spread of their civilization. These were called Sample Rooms, and played a part similar to that of the monasteries in Medieval Europe. Statecraft and the science of boxing were developed in these coteries, all of which was done away with in the great fanatical movement that swept the country later. Now the stage is set for the appearance of the sturdy forerunners in the cause of art and literature.

The Celts were not destined to have everything to themselves forever, for new tribes began to surge about the old Ninth Ward. Latins came in great hordes to the south of them, and Slavs, Semites and Huns appeared mysteriously in the

Eighth Street region. The Latins traded in tropical fruits and the Semites fashioned the furs they bartered from the Indians into muffs, capes etc., etc. It was not an unusual sight in Washington Square to see the Latin trading the banana and the lime with the Semite fur merchant until the Celt drove them out just to show his authority.

## PURITAN INVASION

It is probable that things were about in this state when various people versed in the arts and crafts began to seek shelter from puritan persecution. As we all know, most of the then explored continent was under the sway of this stern witch-



burning sect. Many writers who refused to write in the style of the Elsie and Rollo books had been rudely expurgated from Boston and Lynn. It was considered a Christian duty to boil anybody who painted pictures on the Sabbath, or any pictures of secular subjects. Likewise traveling fiddlers were barbecued by the K.K.K. in Virginia, Maryland and

Kentucky. It was with the Franks and Ligurian tribes that these struggling artistic people eventually found shelter. The aristocrats on North Washington Square were too busy playing at the new game "Society" to notice the poor renegade, and the Celts had become absorbed trying to steal the city and Albany in a form of civilization they invented called politics.

## ITALY TO THE RESCUE

Now it would not seem probable that the opening of a few cheap Italian restaurants could so alter the surface of American culture, but such was the case. Over a pot of steaming spaghetti, fortified by Chianti, the Great Culture of Greenwich Village was born.

*(To be continued)*



10  
1923

THE QUILL  
MARCH, 1923



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## Part II

Now, gentle readers, in the preceding installment of this history we arrived at the period when at last Bohemia seemed about to eventuate. Culture was spouting in the various spaghetti emporiums of the Latins, and among the Celts the science of politics had been rudely divined.

It was during this period that one noble Celt named O'Connor gave habitation to one of Britain's most distinguished bards. As O'Connor said, "John was a good boy," and although it was suspected that he wrote poetry, no attempt was made to throw him out as might have been expected. John Masefield, the young man, did not however, stay to found a Bohemia. The legend is that he was shanghaied and carried to London. Likewise Edgar Allan Poe, who was discovered to be quite a literary light after he was dead, did not get much of a start in the Village. The story is that the editors of *Putnam's Magazine* rejected his stories on the ground that they resembled Sherlock Holmes.

However, one O. Henry and others did manage to dine occasionally at the Italian restaurants, and he began to write about it—in a way that compelled people to read.



Early Bohemian Gathering

Now at this time sporadic attempts at culture had been made in Cambridge and New Haven, but these efforts, mainly theological, had been purely in literature, to the neglect of art, rugweaving and psychoanalysis. But no doubt the time was ripe for the civil war had been fought, the country had been settled and the Indians had been put on reservations, or in front of cigar stores.

So surreptitiously artists and writers gathered at one or another of the restaurants and mingled song and kisses with red ink and youthful philosophy. Very much like the early Christians in Rome, they kept their movements secret for fear of persecution. It was the golden age of Bohemia. Nobody, not even the participants, were aware of it. Only now, when they are old men and women, do

they look back and say sadly (to use the vernacular or the literary) "Ah, them were the happy days!" — and happy indeed they were, with wine and dinner for 55 cents.

What changed all this was the advent of one Guido Bruno and the appearance of a strange sect who called themselves radicals. Bruno brought publicity — he introduced the Village to the world. The radicals brought shame, psychoanalysis, and contubernal family relationships into our hitherto unblemished midst.

Before going into details of the workings of the mysterious forces that were to make Bohemia difficult, we will say something about a picturesque vagabond who for a short time ruled Bohemia with a stern hand. This person established himself as a sort of François Villon, though his verse was far inferior, and one of the first things the newspapers did when they discovered Bohemia was to proclaim this itinerant minstrel, king. Now in justice to this quaint character, we must state that on several occasions when he was approached by the police, he modestly refused to be crowned — he merely admitted his dictatorship.

The history of this absurd troubadouring person would fill a book, so we must perforce give

him a little space, though modesty constrains us. When he first appeared in the Washington Square district Bohemia had gone to seed. Jack Tucker had founded the Pleiades Club, which was a live affair until conventional people horned their way in, after the mysterious manner of such as are tired of home life. Oliver Herford had gone away somewhere. Rose O'Neill had gone back to the Ozarks, and Eugene was still in swaddling clothes. Nina Putram was in high school, while Red Lewis and Kid Steel were running about after Mary Vorse, trying to get her to teach them how to write.

### THE GATTI MATTI

This indigent monarch we have spoken of went to Paul Paglieri and Enrico Fassani's very modest pension on Eleventh Street and suggested that by the formation of an association of Bohemians he would be able to make them and their house prosper greatly. Accordingly the Circolo Gatti Matti degli Stati Uniti was founded. The instigator had elected himself president and all that was necessary was to elect the members. In spite of the incredulity of Signors Enrico and Paglieri, a large body of members were produced. Every Tuesday

night thereafter merry youngsters came to dance the turkey-trot and chatter of the higher things of life. Jack Reed and Witter Bynner cast off the theological training they had absorbed at Harvard to frolic with those who have not as yet developed into fame and are still holding back the fruits of their mature genius.

Ira Remsen, Mary Pickford, Nina Putnam, Renee Lacoste, Sarah MacConnell, and countless other celebrities visited this merry club. Everyone did exactly as they pleased, but anyone who did not do the right thing was ignominiously ejected.



Art Study in the early Flapper Period

## THE RADICALS

Now we will take up two of the disrupting forces that made it difficult for Bohemia to survive.

The invasion of the Village by the radicals was the most devastating, though Bruno and his publicity brought invasion from a less virulent type of person. These radicals, as they called themselves, came evidently to escape persecution. They had heard that artists and writers enjoyed comparative freedom in the Village, and they came down in hordes to see about it. In those days radicalism included everything from Votes for Women and Anarchy to a diet of dates and bird seed. No two radicals ever agreed about anything. Some wore togas but frowned upon matrimony . Others committed matrimony flagrantly for reasons of convenience, but refused to wash. These strange people opened a club house on Macdougal Street on the present site of the T.N.T. restaurant. Under it Polly opened her famous rendezvous for the old Villagers.

Now here we quote an ancient historian on the subject of Bruno and the radicals:

Apparently, these people were too experimental. They experimented with

dress, life, art and even with food. They tried to break all the conventions at once. Many of them came from cruel small towns where no one had any freedom, and their pent-up souls busted loose. The women wore togas made of portières and the men discarded stockings and neckties. The Village was a lovely place until Guido Bruno spoiled it.

One morning, so rumor says, after a succession of monthly movings, the adventurous Bruno landed in his garret on South Washington Square, where Grace Godwin's is now (at present run by Chuckles and Nell). As he looked out he saw radical people, exalted by the joy of life, splashing wildly and gayly in the fountain—at least, so we were told by one of the Arcadian bathers. We asked her about the cops and she said the police looked upon their crowd as harmless nuts. Well, Guido started a magazine and got after the newspapers. Through his advertising droves of sight seers came to look at the new Bohemia, the Republic of Vincent Pepe. It became necessary to replace the Fifth Avenue stage

coaches with gasoline buses. Many culture seekers haunted his garret to hear tales of our eccentricities. The police were also admonished by vice committees who were alarmed by the newspapers, so they changed their benevolent attitude of contempt to one of morbid surveillance. There was no more privacy in the Village. Most of the radicals died of shame from being stared at, or got rich or married, or somehow lost their individuality and the Village became just like any other place—respectable. The remaining radicals have so long practiced their peculiar unconventionality that custom makes them live by what is practically a radical conventionality of their own.

(To be continued)

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Ten

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### PART III

Now, gentle students of history, in the preceding installment we spoke of a strange assortment of people called Radicals, but to speak in the vernacular of those people themselves, "You have not heard the half of it yet."

We will accordingly show how predacious and noisy individualists horned in, as it were, on many sporadic cliques where bohemia and culture had begun to pollute, to the absolute ruin of all art, fellowship and decorum. Culture, we will say in passing, is merely bohemia gone to seed.

## THE LIBERAL CLUB

The first appearance of the radicals was the re-establishment of the Liberal Club, which prehistoric account tells us was an honorable association, much like a CLSC founded by one Dr. Grant, the Martin Luther of America, and devoted to the fellowship of those interested in new ideas. As it turned out in the latter Liberal Club, most everyone seemed interested in new forms of the "same old idea" that has worried unoccupied humanity for centuries. Now the original Liberalites harangued about industrial slavery, by which they meant that the bathroom and the newly invented horseless carriage should be foisted upon the humble wage-earner. They discovered, also, that most of the brave talk of our political leaders about democracy, liberty, patriotism, etc., was pure hokum—but naively they considered this discovery a new idea. Intellectually, they were, generally speaking, on a par with backward Princeton sophomores of the best families of Virginia. Obviously, they did not believe in government of any kind, inasmuch as government was not a new idea. So we find that most of them were anarchists. Along with that went the curious notion that free speech meant the prerogative of talking

your neighbor deaf, dumb and blind. Individuality, as they interpreted it, was the survival of lung power and the defiance of decorum. They were almost Celtic in their antagonism to vague abstractions which they denoted as the system, capital or whatever it was that forced them to work a little, once in a while, instead of gratifying their instincts and emotions. Though it had nothing to do with new ideas, these later Liberalites, through some oblique process of ratiocination, admitted Terpsichore to the club. Many a romantic damsel, with no ideas of any kind, joined, little thinking that she might be exploited as a subject for experiments in conduct between man and woman—experiments that included vulgar makeshifts for marriage. Meanwhile, the president of the Gatti Matti, who was then wont to play upon a strange painted instrument, took an intense dislike to these intruders who never stopped talking long enough to hear what he had to sing. Vagabond though he was, he did not approve of them. He ruthlessly fired them out of his Club, and would have fired them out of the Village if he had been strong enough.

Paradoxically, the government of this Liberal Club of mostly anarchistic members was an absolute autocracy, though every little while there

was a revolution whenever the Liberalites were asked to pay dues and not allowed to bring in their grafting friends. Then for a time anarchy would prevail until Ernestus The Bland or Justus The Subtle took a firm grip on the chaotic state of affairs and fired the bums and the remittance men. Then to cover expenses, a few simple folk from uptown were persuaded to become dues-paying members.



Prize Winning Costumes at the Pagan Rout

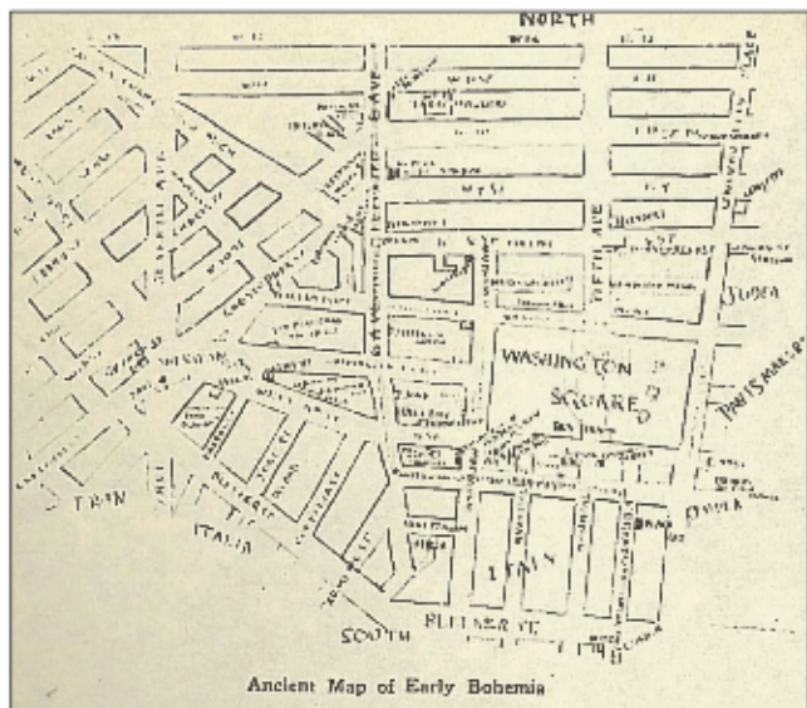
It was under this clubhouse of the Liberalites that "Polly" started her famous restaurant, where it is generally conceded that the Village of today had its inception. Polly did not stay there long, however. It was somehow taken for granted that her restaurant was started as a convenience for the club members. But they complained that her prices were too expensive. That was absurd on the face of it, as the Radical's idea of an inexpensive restaurant, like that of the Bohemians, is a place where payment can be indefinitely and pleasantly deferred. Shortly after Polly moved out, Norah Von Lingen started the "Dutch Oven" with Ray Rosenbaum. This thrived on a patronage mostly of kindly visitors, but that was years later.

Now the idea of giving a party in Webster Hall to make up the money for dues was discovered by accident. Floyd Dell wanted to put on one of his plays. Accordingly, the play was put on, through the energy of the playwright and the auspices of the Club. A dance occurred afterward and everyone had a good time, though none of the words of the play were heard. Soon after that Ernestus Lewis Langner or Ben Allen or somebody put on the Pagan Rout which still persists in spite of wood alcohol, the police and the vice crusaders.

A great many influences were at work during this era. It seems that a new contagion was prevalent which was known as syncopation. It was the forerunner of the present jazz and cubism. A form of dancing known as the Turkey Trot and Bunny Hug spread simultaneously all over the known world, including Oberlin College and Staten Island. Musically speaking, it was a sort of Semite corruption of Ethiopian rhythms and melodies which had long been buried in sentiment and minstrel traditions. This form of shaking the body occurred at the Gatti Mati and at the great balls at Webster Hall, but it remained for Charley Reed to introduce it to the tea rooms. He started a place called the "Purple Pup," but he was called away to the Great War. In his absence the police put the poor pup in the pound for mysterious reasons they refuse to divulge coherently.

Now, as it has been indicated previously in this history, there would never have been any trouble in the Village if it had not been for the newspapers. The police, as a rule, remain conveniently asleep unless prodded into action by publicity and complaints. We will not attempt a detailed account of the persecution of the Village by their tireless activity, but merely state that it was continuous.

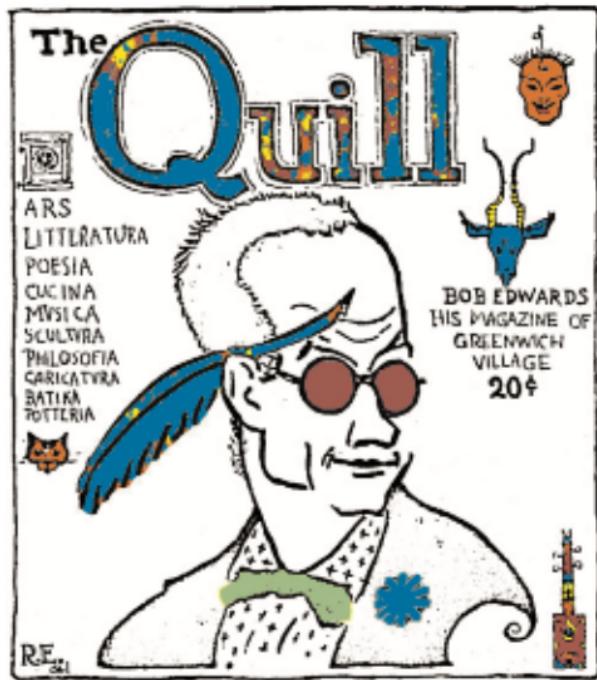
When Guido Bruno, with the most innocent and benevolent intentions started the newspaper heresy that there was a "Bohemia," a "Republic of Artists" down in Washington Square, trouble began. Raw reporters from hick towns came down and wrote greatly exaggerated accounts of the alleged eccentricities of the Radicals, whom (F.P.A. please notice) they, in their innocently depraved minds, considered artists and their models.



Then many reporters came down and found the folk much as any other folk. This was disappointing, so they wrote volumes about the Villagers being fakirs posing as being naughty when they were not. Others, instead of getting peevish, wrote facetiously. Until it became the editorial custom to expect a boob story on the Village any time there was space. For a time they let up on the Zoo. Instead of saying that Papa Camel nearly passed out when a son was born to his wife, Fatima, they would invent side-splitting slander about the Coke in the Coffee or Bare Babies at the Bohemian Revel. Now this sort of thing brought thousands of pilgrims to the shrine of Bohemia, but most of them were not of the innocently romantic sort.

Also, it was only natural that many of the honest Celts of the Ninth Ward, who had hitherto tolerated the Bohemians, became excited by the lies in the papers, and complained to the police to put an end to such nonsense in their Village. Inasmuch as the Police Department is mainly a Celtic organization for the benefit of the Celts, action was sudden. Raids and pogroms followed forthwith.

*(To be continued)*



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Greenwich Villagers

by Hans Stengel

## PART IV

In the last two installments of this history we spoke of the Liberal Club and, perhaps brutally, of the quaintness of some of its members. We did

not say how it slowly disintegrated into a tea room and restaurant called the T.N.T. One Louis Weitzenkorn has written of this sad dissolution. The original members were Lincoln Steffins, Robert Hunter, Charles Edward Russell, John Spargo, J.G. Phelps Stokes, Robt. W. Bruere, Ernest Poole, Arthur Bullard, Wm. English Walling, Franklin H. Giddings, Charlotte Tellar and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. And, as Mr. Weitzenkorn says in the *New York World*: "The history of the world can't be written in detail without mentioning some of these names. Later, when the club had moved to 137 Macdougal Street (still we quote from Weitzenkorn) here came Floyd Dell, whose 'Moon Calf' was only in his heart then; here came Emma Goldman, to talk, not anarchic revolution but Shakespeare! Here came Alexander Berkman with the pallor of a Pennsylvania prison on his cheeks, and John Reed, hot with the fire of young dreams, full of the adventure that ended in his death for the newborn child of the newest liberty — the Soviet Republic. Here came Margaret Sanger when birth control meant jail on Blackwell's Island, teeth knocked loose by the gentle guards and forcible feeding. A row of portraits is in this ghostly gallery. Arthur Caesar, attorney for lost causes, friend of the East Side gangster,

soldier, dramatist, dreamer; Justus Sheffield, lawyer, the man who, with Caesar, defended Frank Tannenbaum and the hobo horde who invaded the Church of St. Alphonsus in the bitter winter of 1915—defended the downiest-and-outest looking gang that ever saw the effigy of Christ on a cross—and defended them in the shining shirts of evening dress! There in the old Liberal Club were Renee Lacoste, the most beautiful woman that ever graced the poker tables of the Village—let Murger write her story—there was Barney Gallant, press agent of Mexican revolutionists; there were the painters John Sloan, Arthur Davies, George Bellows—and there were the nameless girls of Bohemia, who shared the heatless nights, the foodless days when poverty stricken art was the never deserting Herbert Hoover—"

It will be seen from the commentary of this truthful journalist that there was a serious side to the Radicals, masked under much Freudian nonsense. Perhaps it was Freud and perhaps it was the war, and perhaps it was the constant petty persecution of the police that wore out the club and drove away the Radicals. Many went to war. We quote the sympathetic Weitzenkorn again: "The Liberal Club had thirty stars in its service flag. The attor-

ney for lost causes, Arthur Caesar, had won the Croix de Guerre and the Distinguished Service Medal for volunteering with five others to submit to trench fever germs. He lay blinded for six months in a French hospital. His teeth have fallen out. The war has hurt him and he fights no more in the courts for church raiders. 'Tyrants shall neer tread him down again.' Bohemia, when what was left of the thirty came home in 1918 and 1919, had changed. They were serving soft drinks there—or furtively drinking bootleg. The Liberal Club was a dance hall. A mechanical piano sawed off tunes and funny little women who couldn't tell the difference between a brewery calendar and a Burne-Jones were dancing to 'Tell mee, pretty Gypsee.' What women! What phantoms they evoked!"



## THE TEA ROOM ERA

We are now reaching the Tea Room Era of the Village, which incepted during the decay of the Radical period. The Jazz period was due to the deterioration of the Tea Room into a dancing parlor.

## THE BIRTH OF "THE MAD HATTER"

Quietly, with no publicity, for some reason we have never been able to analyze, Miss Edith Unger opened a place in a cellar which she called "The Mad Hatter" with a supplementary title "Down the Rabbit Hole." Somehow the embryonic gangsters of the neighborhood failed to regard the "Mad Hatter" with proper solemnity. They came to derive constant joy in shouting "Down the Rabbit Hole" and casting defunct domestic animals down the "Hatter's" doorway. They also told their mothers that they saw ladies smoking, which had direct historical bearing on the persecution of the Village. For the first weeks Miss Unger was not only visited by stray missiles of deceased fauna, but also every manner of petty inspector from every city department, including the Department of Parks, came snooping around, inventing most absurd cavil. Miss Unger, in despair, sold the "Hatter" to Miss

Jimmy Criswell, who was of sterner stuff. She had the gift of making even the chief of police seem hopelessly beside himself. The "Hatter" prospered immediately under a patronage of the saner people of the Village, to the exclusion of the intelligentsia intellectuals and the gas inspectors.

NEW  
PLACE  
UPSTAIRS  
WITH  
TWO  
FIREPLACES



MORE  
SPACE,  
MORE AIR—  
BUT THE  
SAME  
ATMOSPHERE.

Then other Tea Rooms started. Grace's Garret, Romany Marie's, the Aladdin Shop, and the Pirates' Den, which did not boast of a band until later.

It is proper to ask now, as many times the police and the Ninth-warders have asked: "Why is a Tea Room?" The answer, divested of all mystery and charm, is surprisingly simple. Yet the most complicated reasons for the existence of this popular institution are invariably fabricated by the police and other pseudo-scientific investigators of vice and crime. In the first place, Tea Rooms do *not* exist to sell hooch or coke, neither are they primarily depots

wherein are consumed illicit beverages. Chess, bridge and idiot's delight are the only semi-vicious manifestations of Tea Rooms. Nor is the popularity of Tea Rooms merely due to romance, glamour and desire for tea. There is in this congested city a need for a place of recreation for the young that will be cheap, quiet and not require muscular or mental effort. The girl of a New York apartment has no place to entertain her beau. Papa or the other sisters have the parlor to themselves, or little Willy has been put to bed in the dining room, so she and her steady are forced to seek privacy out in the cold world. The Tea Room offers a place where the intimate confidences of youth can be harmlessly exchanged in accordance with the laws of nature and civilization.



Tea Room in operation

drawn by R. Edwards

Now for such as are active enough to enjoy dancing many combinations of Tea Room and Dance Hall were founded, but with a certain romantic distinction that is lacking in the commercial dance hall. Probably the electric piano of the Liberal Club gave Charley Reed the idea of permitting a phonograph to operate in "The Purple Pup," the first of the Dance-and-Tea Rooms. Thereafter terpsichore ran riot all over on Sheridan Square. Then the Village became "the Coney Island of the Soul." Then Don Dickerman introduced the Pirate Jazz Band into his hitherto quiet emporium. That was the last straw.

The long-suffering Celts of the Ninth Ward whose little children had beheld ladies smoking in cellars of iniquity sought action from the police. Not being able to sleep before 11 P.M., one cannot blame them. Some nameless gang of reformers burnt up the "Vermillion Hound" and the "Pirates Den," perhaps because the pugnacious Dickerman had handled some of its members ruthlessly. There had been a little friction before, to be sure, and some young hero had bounced a paving block on the bean of said Dickerman in a most offensive manner, because Dickerman wore earrings, which was taken as a sign of effeminacy, also the coffin Dickerman

used as a sign was deemed sacrilegious by the clergy. It is only lately that the feud has been settled by an Inspector of Police, presumably a friend of the underworld, pinching the ancient cutlasses employed by the romantic Dickerman, on the ground that they were a violation of the Sullivan law. Which, we understand, was a statue passed to give the police the power of "framing" crooks and Bohemians by planting guns on them. After the underworld crusaders had set fire to the "Pirates' Den" the police completed its destruction. They also trumped up outrageous charges against other tea-shop keepers, which were all dismissed in court—but only after a series of indefinite postponements had busted up the business of the unfortunates who had dared brave the bigotry of those dark times. Even before the persecution of Dickerman two loathsome detectives had arrested the "Purple Pup" on what was proven in court to be the most untrustworthy and empirical observation of professional fabricators of evidence.

Meanwhile Pete Mijer was experimenting with Batik, a process of dyeing he had learned in Java. Batik is not a cult, a mental disorder, or an obliquity of gender, as is thought by the general public. It is merely a delightful craft, and perfectly

healthy. Lin and Joan had opened the "Jo-Lin Shop," where the "Pepper Pot" is now. They began to decorate objects of wood and tin. Moritz Jagendorf discovered Freud—from whom God spare us—all of which will be touched upon in our next issue.

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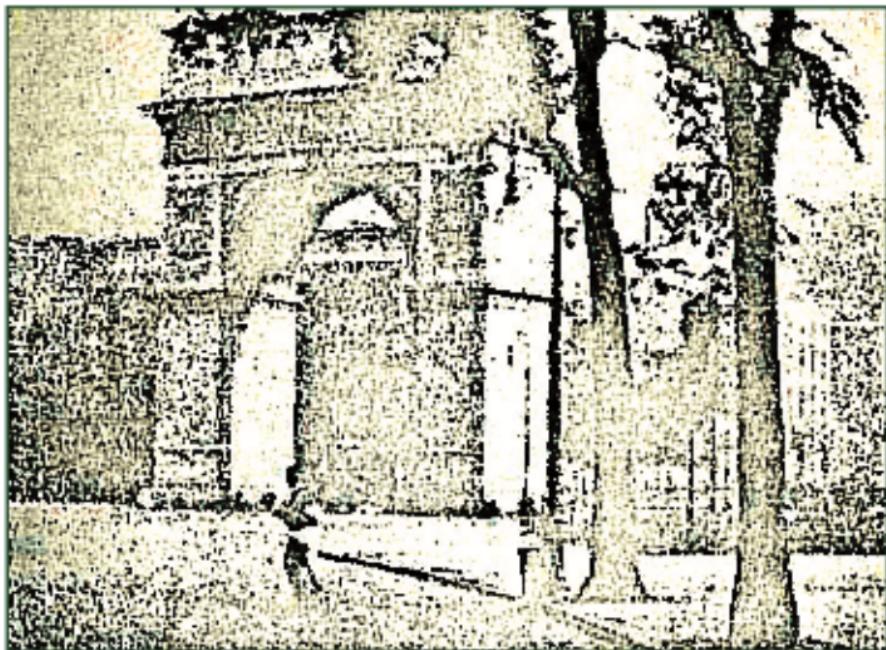
Maria Samson

by Z. Etalmi

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## PART V

It was the Spring of 1916 that the Mad Hatter was founded, which inaugurated the Tea Room Era of the Village. The Crumperie followed in 1917.

In the preceding installment we neglected to give one of the chief reasons for the patronage of these salons of undernourishment and dyspepsia. We speak generically — no offense to Crumpie or the

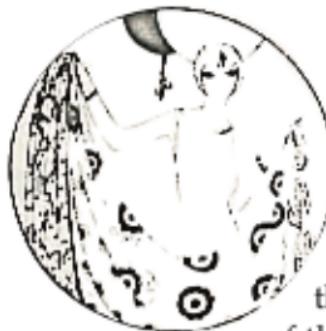
Mad Hatter. It seems that there are still a few mothers who do not allow their daughters to smoke. Hence a tea room is more comfortable than stealing a forbidden puff on the roof of vigilant mamma's apartment. Also *Jurgen*, *MacFadden's Magazine*, *Shadowland* and the works of D.H. Lawrence can be perused in peace of mind where there are no mammas.

This was all before the disaster of prohibition and the cellar of the Brevoort was packed with more or less Bohemians nightly. Here Jack McGrath reigned. Here strangers craned their necks to get a glimpse of hatless Harry Kemp, then known as a tramp poet and not as a novelist and playwright. Here Hippolyte Havel and Sadakichi Hartmann were gaped at in awe. But this jam at the Brevoort was mainly due to the foreign invasion.

## THE PARISIAN INUNDATION

Shortly after the great war broke out—even in the years that good President Wilson kept us out of the war—until he got re-elected—the Village was jammed. Europe had come to be too uncomfortable, and Bohemians, both amateur and professional, from Paris, Prague, Moscow, Odessa, Soho and Dublin came in herds, each bringing his own nifty

European vice—Cubism, Gauguinism. Socialism and Ogetti d'Arti. This was during the early period of decadence of New York Society—before the matrons began to bare their daughters to approximate nudity to enhance their matrimonial chances—before the dance became a love wrastle—before Freud ousted the Bible. During this period of war mania, along with other licentiousness, it became the fashion to allow artists, both piano operators, paint workers and garlic exuders, to enter the fringe of the larger elite gatherings. Accordingly, inasmuch as playing the fiddle, art work and male dressmaking were no longer considered trades by the rich Bourgeoises, they came down into the Village for diversion. Their daughters practiced fitting-school French on nondescript foreigners who were alleged Parisians, though born in Bulgaria or Bessarabia. The cachet of errant eros proved most thrilling to the jaded matrons and their young, for those foreign birds had never heard of Southern chivalry or New England purity. They naively did not realize that there were two distinct classes of women—the good and the bad. The attitude of these cosmopolitan bounders proved to be a great relief to our hitherto sheltered ladies.



Authorities differ as to whether the alleged and tremendous pollution of the youth of our land came from Greenwich Village or Washington, D.C. It is true that every new national mode of thought is first felt and worn out in the Village. Freuding as an indoor sport, Little Theatre expressionism, free verse writing, etc.—everything except prohibition started near Washington Square, as this history will eventually prove. Village customs that were flagrantly unconventional years ago are now the fads of Main Street. But as for corrupting the youth, Nature has planned it so that youth, because of being youth, can never be effectively corrupted, even by the overweening compulsions of the morbidly senile. As a historian we point out that youth has always turned away from pollution, to romance, sport or the pursuit of harmless fads. Greenwich Village is composed of those who have preserved their youth. Eventually the Village will prove to the world that ancient axiom that there are no bad women.



So it was that the fashionable world descended upon the Black Cat and drove out the Bohemians. Only the dealers in dubious antiques remained, and the stock-broker with his models. The same thing happened to the Greenwich Village Inn to a certain extent, but the Villagers were so attached to that historic hostelry that even society could not dislodge them, nor could the pantsmakers crowd them out.



The patient readers may well ask now: "But where did art and culture come in? What has happened except a few riots and the creation of a spurious bohemoid phantasy exploited by the magazines and press—a tremendous visitation of snobs and morbidity hounds—a dubious influx of people not necessary to Europe?" True, Sinclair Lewis had not discovered the Middle West, Hendrik Van Loon had not taken the curse off history, Eugene O'Neill had not fortified the drama with intestinal support; still all the while art and letters were quietly germinating. For many filled with the indomitable spirit of

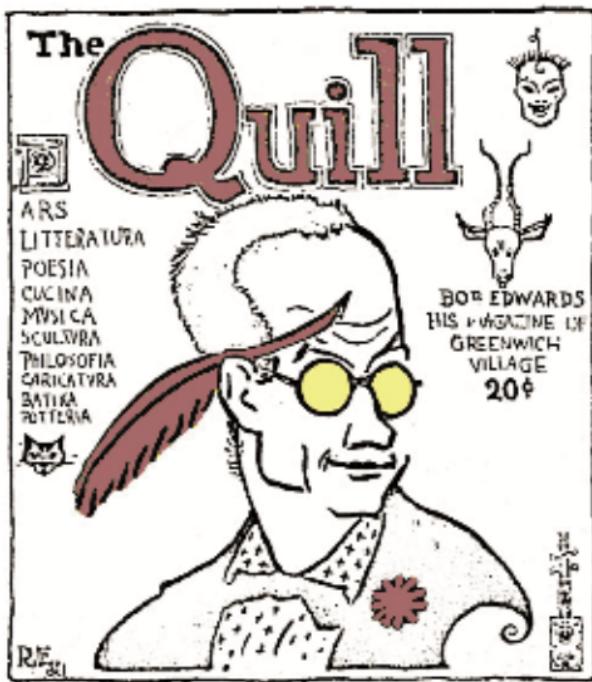
the experimenter and the inventor were at work, and many neophytes came, drawn by romance and an honest desire to create something new.

*(To be continued)*



**THE GREENWICH VILLAGE INN**  
NO 5 & 6 SHERIDAN SQUARE.

THE QUILL  
July, 1923



The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE  
compiled from most original sources and  
written comprehensible to both  
morons & other artistic  
folk.

By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.R.L.

## PART VI

As the Liberal Club began to peter out the Boni Brothers started the Washington Square Book Shop in the front room of that hectic conversation parlour. This had a tremendous effect on the culture of our land. In fact, all the world was like what Sinclair Lewis describes as Main Street until the great spirit of Greenwich Village swept over the continent. In this book shop radicals who had heretofore done nothing but talk found entralling books to read—books not usually admitted to Sabbath school libraries—books purporting to make sex a mystery instead of a nuisance—books on socialism, adolescence, birth control—in fact, all the books the regular booksellers did not care to handle. It was through this book shop that the works of Dr. Sigmund Freud, Lord Dunsany and Old Doctor Robinson filtered into the thought currents of the age.

The radicals read these books as if they were part of some communistic free library, and by thumbprinting them rather spoilt them for more remunerative customers. The Bonis were forced to move out ere their stock was ruined or quietly confiscated in the cause of the I.W.W.

We have read how Floyd Dell put on one of his plays at Webster Hall, which somehow started the dionysiac revels known as the Pagan Rout, the Golden Ball of Isis, the Ball of the Golden Cockroach, the Art Models' Frolic, etc., etc., ad nau-seum. In a way Dell foreshadowed a great theatrical upheaval as well. Encouraged by his example, Albert Boni, who was rather cursed with dynamic activity, instigated a movement to put on a play by Lord Dunsany, a celebrity Moritz Adolph Jagendorph had inadvertently discovered while snooping about the bookshop. Very few people saw the play, but a great idea germinated.

## THE LITTLE THEATRE MOVEMENT

Our world it seems is full of people who are mad to act. Almost as many seem to be crazy to paint scenery, and many are so thralled by an insidious glamour that they are willing to give up many evenings to shifting scenery or stitching together miscellaneous garments known as costumes. They are eager to do all this for absolutely nothing at all. In the production of this early masterpiece of Dunsany the "Little Theater Movement" was born. These people organized loosely and called them-

selves the Washington Square Players. Being guided by shrewd leaders and being unable to find a theatre in the Village they promptly moved uptown. In a little theatre (now a bank) called the *Bandbox*, they had their premier.

A year or so later the Provincetown Players and the Harry Kemp Players were founded. In a collaboration with George Baker and Jack McGrath, Bobby Edwards wrote his infamous lampoon on the radical element of the Village known as "Down in Old Greenwich Village,"—thereby obtaining a copyright on all the rhymes that go with *village*. Also the pernicious doctrines of Dr. Freud were mysteriously inoculated into our inhibited midst, but none of these great events could have happened had it not been for the founding of THE QUILL by Art Moss, who "never had a lesson in his life," but modesty forbids our dwelling on that matter.

There are no records among the ancients of Little Theatre activities. The Phoenicians were too busy making money and most of the other races were under the domination of the priesthood, who, of course, with no disrespect for the faithful, are very prone to keep all the histrionics to themselves in an innocent but greedy fashion. The Indian legends that monkeys put on amateur dramas cannot

be accepted as historically sound. We will not mention England at all, for we don't want Mayor Hylan to forbid the school children to read our history book on the ground that is pro-British. Nor can we class the Oberammagau productions as part of the Little Theatre movement. The Greeks had a lot of slaves to do their work, so there was no sense in their working their heads off for nothing just for a chance to act. They were much too wise to let their vanity get the best of them. To say Bottom invented the Little Theatre is absurd, for Bottom was but a fiction of Shakespeare's brain. It is incontrovertible that the Little Theatre was invented right in the Village and probably by Albert Boni.

The Washington Square Players were a great success from the start, so much so that they immediately tried to get players from everywhere but Greenwich Village to act with them. The great New York public, especially the foreign element, were fed up on "The Old Homestead" and "The Music Master" type of play. Furthermore they were vaguely irritated by the suspicion that the actors of the professional stage regarded acting as a form of raucous oratory accompanied by strutting and stretching of the body. The jaded dramatic critics got wind of the doings through the activity of Lucy

Huffaker and they whooped it up in frabjous eulogy.

Now the principal difference between the Little Theatre and the speculators' or ordinary theatre is that the actors and scene shifters do not get any money. That is presumed to prevent the management—if there be any—from pandering to the tastes of the vulgar majority. It is a very good thing for those who are in the inside.

Of the prime movers of this enterprise to give vent to the exhibitionistic fervor of the Washington Square district Eddie Goodman became director, because he so fervently wished to direct something that he was willing to put on Maeterlink. Phil Moeller had a few plays up his sleeve so did Lawrence Langner. Lee Simonson had a passion to paint scenery, and was willing to put up with the meticulous comment of Goodman to achieve his ideal. Bobby Locher was willing to make scenery and to act, but not aggressively so. Pen Pennington has a disposition to monkey with the electric lights and Helen Westly was bound to act at all costs. Ralph Roeder never said anything at all, so history is unable to record his aim in the organization. So quietly these astute spirits allowed an army of young hopefules to work their fingers off for the

cause of Art.

However, Frank Conroy and Harold Meltzer, not being parties to the whispered confidences, soon slipped away from the fold and started the Greenwich Village Theatre, which Marguerite Barker built to the glory of our Village.

*(To be continued)*



The Brute

by P. A. Lobel



The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE  
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folk.  
By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.P.L.



Scene at Polly's, from an old print in the collection of Vincent Pepe.  
"Mike" was the only waiter in that historic hostelry.

## PART VII

We are now approaching the zenith of the golden days of Greenwich Village culture. In the preceding installments we have outlined the rise of the Washington Square Players, but we only hinted at the tremendous effect this struggling band of amateurs had upon the drama of our great land and the world in general. It was not long before the great German producer, Max Reinhardt, heard of

them and companies were formed in Germany and Sweden as much like them as possible. Lady Gregory came over from Ireland with a troupe of home talent and home-made plays. It seemed that the factory or standardized type of play had had its day.

Plays like "The Old Homestead" and "East Lynne" were rapidly being abandoned by the wise guys of Broadway. One Granville Barker came over from London with a company of unstereotyped players and a load of curtains. He came to show New York that the Washington Square Players were on the right track. Even the goat of David Belasco emerged and he took a chance on a little trick scenery.

Although the effects of this organization was tremendous, it was soon doomed to destruction through certain policies which in the end wreck every theatrical enterprise. After their tremendous success (and in due time they began to play for successes) they began to have ideas on what their public wanted. The abused public were willing enough to endure the early works of Maeterlink and some of the jumbled episodes that Russians accept in lieu of plays, but when the W.S.P.'s fell back on producing only such dramatic experiments as were con-

structed according to the low-brow formula of one Prof. Baker, the audiences rebelled. For, contrary to the general belief, as many lowbrows come from Harvard as any other modern university. Besides all this, the W.S.P.'s as we have suggested, were tainted with a shrewdness that never quite achieved. In order to take advantage of the terrible influx of amateur aspirants that threatened to swamp their office force and destroy the privacy of rehearsals, the W.S.P.'s opened a school of dramatic art. That about finished them, of course. The Shuberts completed the destruction.

Besides the rebirth of the drama, certain personal results were gained. Helen Westley became one of the fixtures of the American stage. Phil Moeller launched himself as a playwright, so did Susan Glaspell and Lawrence Lagner. Helen Moeller, Frank Conroy, Henry Hohl, and many others were given a chance to add distinction to the professional stage. Lee Simonson, Bobby Jones and Bobby Locher got their early training as scenic virtuosos. Later, after the war, the prime movers of the W.S.P.'s reorganized under the name of the Theatre Guild—which is, as you know, one of the most distinguished theatrical companies of the world, including the Scandinavian.

Now "Down in dear old Greenwich Village," as the song says, another company was formulating itself. At the time of its inception these Greenwich Villagers were in their summer migrating ground, Provincetown. It has been the custom for centuries for such Villagers as can raise the boat fare, to jump their rent and set up house or tent-keeping in the various sheds and shanties of that picturesque Portuguese settlement. There they subsist on fried fish and huckleberries until the chill of late fall approaches and they try to persuade some city friend to send them the return fare to New York.

Some of the writers, those who are successful enough to have a secretary, have most curious customs. Frequently a covey of authors are seen hiking it over the sand dunes, each followed by a faithful shorthand expert, who takes down the winged words as the writer dictates. It is a picturesque sight, as some of the costumes are extremely comfortable and are worn with a simplicity and lack of conformity to custom that is as charming as anything ever seen in Tahiti. It was in this delightful atmosphere that the Provincetown Players came into being.

Vaguely stirred by the Washington Square

Players, a tribe into which they had intermarried but were not otherwise identical with, the Provincetown crowd put on sporadic dramatic productions of their own inventions on one of the abandoned wharves. Susan Glaspel's and Jig Cook's play, "Suppressed Desires," was the first, and has since been rendered by every little theatre organization from here to Portland, Oregon. Likewise this play dealing with the dread Teutonic succuba-psychoanalysis automatically introduced the nation-wide hunger for sex discussion, for the people of Main Street had to read Freud to get the points of the play. It is the only blot on the record of the little theatre movement that this most foul and insidious of German Propaganda should have been innocently distributed by them.

"Suppressed Desires" was presented in the Village in the Provincetown Players' Restaurant, where the Samovar is now. Then being encouraged and determined, they built a theatre on Macdougal Street, in Mrs. Belardis front parlor floor. Later Jig Cook built a larger theatre, where, it is alleged, Pegasus was once hitched. They will show you the identical ring he was attached to when the place was a stage.



Jefferson Market

by Hans Stengel

It seems that the Washington Square Players dug up so much early Maeterlink and other high-sounding European oversights that there was apparently no chance for a Village playwright. Consequently, the Provincetown Players called themselves the Playwrights' Theatre, and none but

American plays were considered.

It was by a streak of luck and good judgment that they gave Gene O'Neill's "Cardiff" on the first bill. That made them, and it also made O'Neill, for it is the opinion of experts in the drama that the lugubrious regions of the hereafter would have frozen ere any commercial theatre had taken a chance on America's greatest playwright.

The Provincetown Theatre then being entirely a band of literary people came actually to become what they started out to be, a Playwrights' Theatre. The Washington Square Players were more interested in production, individual advancement, scenic effects, and what would please the Shuberts and their patrons, who became more fashionable as the theatre deteriorated. As long as the Provincetown Players continued to play to amuse themselves they were excellent, and it was a long time before megalomania, the aggression of dominating through mediocre actresses, and a regard for the public's desires marred the sincerity of their work.

Even the tremendous success of Eugene O'Neill did not demoralize them, perhaps because Mr. O'Neill himself did not seem acutely aware that he was writing works of distinction. Certainly the

actors were not given the chance to make stars of themselves on the strength of Mr. O'Neill's lines—as is so often the case in the professional stage—when actors talk about recreating a part.

It was thru this organization that the enchanting Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay came to be known as an actress—and later as a poet and a playwright. And we may well add that such is her real name—even to the St. Vincent. She first appeared in a play by Floyd Dell, and whether the play was any good or not history cannot remember, for the personality of the actress was so redolent with charm.

George Cram Cook or Jig as he was known, built a good part of the present theatre with his own hands, when the younger men were in the great war. He kept the organization going in spite of great odds. For one thing it would seem that the police, the building departments, the health, tenement, fire departments and the whole Tammany wigwam conspired to hinder in many petty ways. It was necessary to sell seats by subscription, for there is an ancient law preventing people from giving dramatic entertainment unless a tax and license is paid that is out of all proportion to the profits on a small enterprise. So, in accord with the usual

police persecution, all manner of inspectors, detectives and petty grafters kept annoying Jig while he was building the theatre. And when it was finished and plays were finally produced, even with due regard for the technicalities of the laws of 1812, Jig was obliged to keep an enormous retinue of officious bullheads in benign alcoholic condition. Many a performance was nearly ruined by the ungentlemanly comment of the plainclothes men who had butted in and threatened in loud tones to stop the show, until Jig produced the Bacchic emollient or led them away to the nearest dispensary of illegal beverages.

The success of the Provincetown Players continued until Jig took the keys and went to Greece. The chances are that it was just as well, for O'Neill, Dell, Dreiser, Miss Millay, Miss Barnes, Miss Glaspel, Mary Carolyn Davies, Rita Wellman and Rollo Peters had graduated, and not enough new blood had been taken in to continue the high standard that had been set by this unusual but self-sufficient group of people.

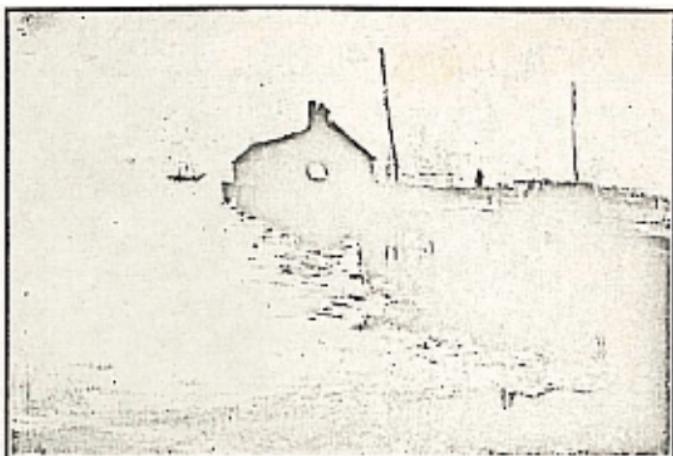
*(To be continued)*

THE QUILL  
September, 1923



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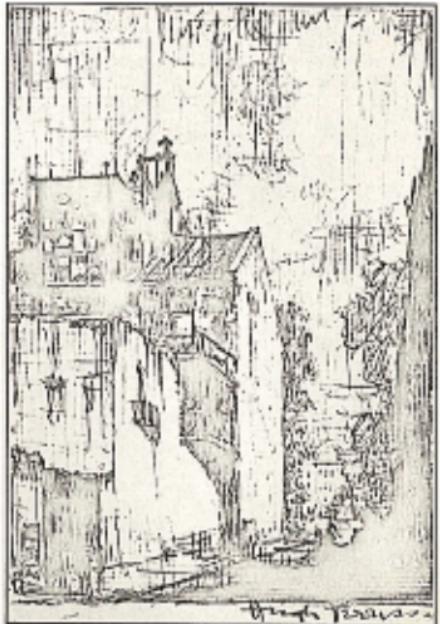


Original Provincetown Playhouse  
*called the "Wharf" Theatre*  
from a painting by R. Edwards in 1883.

## PART VIII

### The Greenwich Village Theatre

Now the Provincetown Theatre was not the only one in the Village to have its effect on the drama of the U.S. When Frank Conroy and Harold Meltzer got fed up on the peculiarities of the powers that controlled the Washington Square Players, they bolted. Meltzer being an energetic type—what is commonly known on Main Street as a “go getter”—discovered Mrs. Marguerite Barker, or



**The old Quill Office**  
*(since remodeled by the Bros.  
Strunsky) drawn by Hugh Ferris*

Washington Sq. P's, as they were guiltless of all stagecraft and had that great assurance that comes only from lack of sordid experience.

Sheridan Square, at the time the Greenwich Theatre opened its doors to the parboiled New York public, was a gay Volksfest of party-colored dens of mild diversion. Coffee and atmosphere were dis-

Mrs. Lewis, as she was then. With great enthusiasm, she offered to build a theatre. Meltzer immediately elected Conroy director and a company was collected. Conroy it seems had been a player in London, and unlike all little theatre people, knew the elements of acting. It should be obvious that such knowledge could be embarrassing to the direction of the

pensed by Don Dickerman in his original Pirates' Den. Romany Marie hosted her Roumanian Peasant Tavern in an old triangular building that has since fallen to pieces. The Aladdin Shop and Vermillion Hound and a quaint magazine called the *Ink Pot* flourished gaily therein. Across the Square the Treasure Box presented a gaily painted exterior. Altogether there seemed to be a distinct bid to welcome the visitor and spendthrift. So much so that some wag spoke of the Village as "the Coney Island of the Soul"!

Naturally the newspapers began to get gay at the expense of this outward, if not ostentatious, display of the signs of entertainment. The natives, the Celts or original Ninth Warders, and a band of outlaws known as the Hudson Dusters, were already at war with Don Dickerman, whose belligerent garb they took literally. The reformers were also rampant, and the police, seeing people spend 35 cents on a cup of coffee, scented cocaine, according to their peculiar heuristic theories. Trouble was brewing on all sides. But the erection of this magnificent new theatre with upholstered seats mollified to an extent the fumes of malice that were brewing among the traditional enemies of Bohemia. In fact, the chances are that the whole of Bohemian

Greenwich Village would have been burned, massacred, and pillaged in the name of law and order had not the unenlightened been placated by this obviously decent structure that in a way offsetted the affronts on respectability typified by the flamboyant signs of cake and coffee parlors, with their cigarettes, squeaky phonographs and Don's Jazz band.

Saving the Village was by no means the only good accomplished by the Greenwich Village Theatre. Frank Conroy being an actor, had a different slant on the Little Theatre Movement. As we have seen, the Provincetown Players were primarily playwrights. The Washington Square Players were a bit unsettled as to what they were. Perhaps they were businessmen. In some way the productions were much the same in all three theatres. According to great authorities like B. Gallant, the Greenwich Village Players practically made the Theatre Guild, but undoubtedly making due allowances for Mr. Gallant's eastern custom of figurative utterance, the organization under Mr. Conroy did give some of the qualities to the Theatre Guild that the Washington Square Players were entirely innocent of.

Not only in the drama proper did the Greenwich Village Theatre shine, but along comes one John Murray Anderson, a human dynamo, with

ideas about musical productions. Anderson first approached a certain vagrant ukulele minstrel who was wont to haunt the Village at that time and assured this Village Bard, as this person was called by S. Jay Kaufman and the press, that he, the bard, would be the central figure of his new Greenwich Village Revue. Likewise, Anderson collected many players, and how he persuaded them to rehearse, history is unable to ascertain. Still, by much hard work and enthusiasm, the untiring John Murray assembled a company that rehearsed and rehearsed until one farseeing restaurant magnate took pity upon the young man and saw fit to furnish the money for the long-deferred opening. Incidentally, he made a lot of money in his altruism.

Unfortunately, the bard was not the feature of the new revue. In fact, the production grew to be such a success that the bard was nearly crowded out by more usual and more acquisitive performers. This experiment, The Greenwich Village Follies, became an institution. The first production, though a professional performance, had just a slight tinge of amateurishness, or rather it showed a radical departure from the ready-made Broadway show. It played to crowded houses from the start. Soon it became the most popular show in town. The public

rejoiced in the unusual — besides there was an actor's strike on and no other theatres were open.

So we see that not only the legitimate drama has been vastly influenced by the Village, but the revue form of entertainment has been shaken up by the original Anderson. It is due to his untiring efforts that show girls are now six feet four; that pink, blue and green lights flicker synchromatically over Batikoid curtains; that no two show girls look alike, and tights disappeared entirely, making way for the nude and the crinoline of our modern Follies entertainment.

It is recorded among the ancients that the great period of the drama flourished before the advent of the soft seat. Aeschulus and Sophocles were presented to patrons perched upon hard wooden benches. Even so was Shakespeare. Likewise O'Neill's first plays moved the un cushioned mob to acclaim. So it happened in the Provincetown Theatre that the spitting, swearing sea and soil plays of the rugged O'Neill gave way to airy frivolities and préciosité when upholstery was installed. For no play that cannot withstand a hard seat is worth seeing.

The Provincetown Theatre is now in the hands of a competent group of people who are

doing things more from the producer's viewpoint than the playwright's. The Greenwich Village Theatre is still the home of experimental plays or rather plays that are for the limited, discerning public. And Marguerite Abbott Barker, who built this theatre, should always be remembered as the great benefactor of the Village, for as it is written among the Sumarians, nobody ever got rich educating the public above their usual banal or to speak ephemerally, bananal tastes.

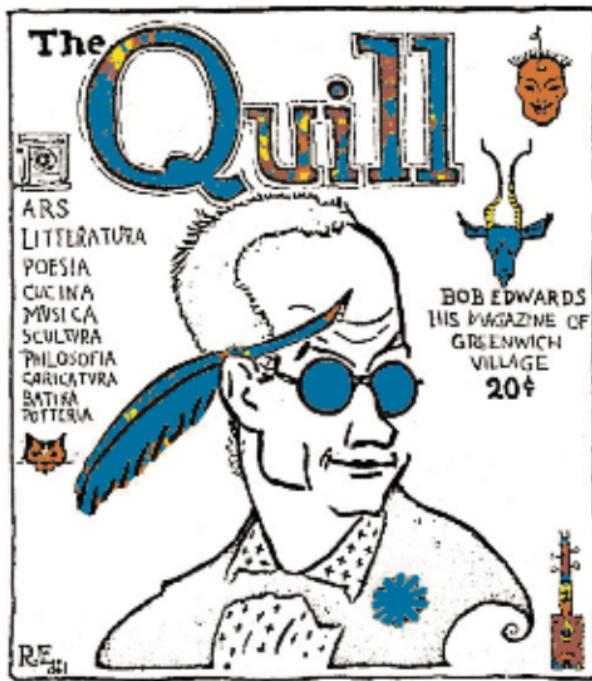


Eugene O'Neill  
*linoleum cut by K. Billings*

(To be continued)

**10**  
New  
Flaps

**THE QUILL**  
October, 1923



**The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE**  
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## IX

### THE MARIONETTE MOVEMENT

Having finished the survey of the Little Theatre Movement, we pass on to the Marionette or Puppet Movement, for which calamity Tony Sarg is chiefly responsible. It seems that though celebrated as one the great English Humorous Illustrators, Mr. Sarg was really a German — very much like our vaunted "Leviathan". At any rate, Mr. Sarg came to America when the war started. Here he was pestered by editors, demanding a continuous flood of pictures. By a lucky chance, Mr. Sarg concealed himself in the Village — safe from all editorial annoyance — for it is well-known that no editor will accept anything from a Village artist, if he can help it. Somehow Mr. Sarg took to amusing himself making dolls and hitching string to them. The little urchins looked in his back windows and were very much thrilled. Finally one said to him "Aw, Tony, make a show fer us." And Mr. Sarg, being a very kind soul, promptly made a show for them, according to his great gifts and unlimited ingenuity

Everything would have been all right except certain of the Landed Gentry heard that there was a "Marionette Show" in the Village - perhaps down in the Italian Quarter. Why there should be anything fashionable in a Marionette Show history is unable to comprehend. But Society was obdurate and poor Sarg was dragged out of retirement and forced by some ineffable social pressure to present his show to the rich children and their mothers, who were pleased no doubt to witness a performance where they might talk their fool heads off without being shot at by any live actors.

Meanwhile a bright Italian boy named Remo Bufano watched Sarg's progress with condescending fascination. "After all," thought Bufano, "Sarg is a low brow. Why put on that Hans Anderson stuff when Snitzler and Wedekind remain unpuppeted?" Soon Remo had built a theatre and made the dolls. He condescended to do the Great Italian Epic Orlando Furioso for such dumbbells as could not be expected to grasp Snitzler. Bufano did not know his public as well as the astute Sarg who realized only too keenly that nowhere except in the

poorer districts could anything highbrow have a chance. Bufano innocently thought that the standard of intelligence of the rest of the world was almost comparable with that of the Village. He did not realize that riches and social standing insidiously stultify the soul and the cerebral activity.

So he went his modest way, from back yard to back yard, and was pestered, routed and confiscated by the police, the revenue officers, and such other bullheads as are ever ready to murder any uncouth customary enterprise they cannot "shake down." Occasionally he did a private entertainment and finally landed in Greenwich House, a bulwark of respectability that no police detective, garbage inspector, or gunman dares to invade.

Eventually Sarg made puppets for the Movies and Bufano went traveling about in a caravan, producing art for art's sake to the gaping country folk, who do not resent what they cannot grasp.

Having finished our survey of the drama, big, little and minute, we pass on to the various distinctively "village" arts and crafts that were being perfected during this golden era - namely, "batik," dec-

orating tinware and beads and snappy story fabricating.



Bob Edwards  
painting ukuleles  
in an ancient  
Village studio,  
before the inva-  
sion of the stock-  
brokers.

### BATIK

To the lay mind "batik" means anything that is done in bizarre colors supposedly in a casual fashion. This idea is quite as erroneous as most of the ideas the sensational press have promulgated concerning this unfortunate locality. On the contrary batik is a distinct method of dyeing cloth in patterns, wherein the whites or lighter shades are cov-

ered with wax to prevent the dye from acting upon such portions of the ill-fated fabric in hand as may suit the fancy and intent of the operator. It does not include stamping, stenciling, sign painting, cubism, tie dyeing, tatting, knitting, rag rug weaving or post impressionism.

This distinctly Village craft—it was in a Village studio that the American process was developed—was introduced by Piet Mijer, a young Hollander, who came from Java shortly before Hendrik Van Loon, another Hollander, sought out the Village as a quiet place wherein to compose his world-famous history of Ninevah and Ireland. Young Mijer watched the natives making a rude Javanese batik with their native machinery and wasted so much time when he was supposed to be planting tea that he was shipped home by the irate foreman of the tea hacienda. There he taught the Hollanders to make batik, and for that was banished to the Village.

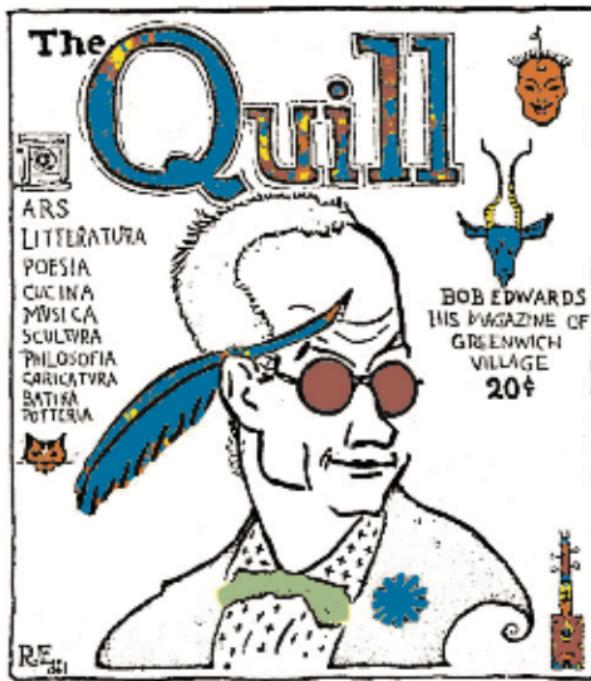
In a studio on West Tenth Street Mijer began to make hangings which were greatly admired by the nobility of the Square; especially after the Baron de

Myer and Frank Crowninshield had put the stamp of approval on these fascinating fabrics. Ladies accordingly demanded Mijer's masterpieces and very brutally made them up into gowns. The craving grew to be so furious that Mijer was obliged to employ all of the Dutch and Belgian refugees who happened to be in town at the time. Finally in despair he taught the art to several spinsters, and they taught it to others, and then the art spread like wildfire all over the Village. John Murray Anderson used it in his first Follies, which started the theatrical managers after Mijer. In fact, everyone pestered the unfortunate Mijer, who no doubt longed for the quiet of the Javanese tea plantations, where batik was only a side issue. The demand for batik did not abate until it leaked out that it was a Village product. Mijer wrote a treatise on the "Art of Batik" which is the standard work on the subject. It is for sale at the Washington Square Book Shop, the Village Book Shop, and at any other bookshop, especially Helene Mullins', to say nothing of Shay's Performing Parnassus Wagon.

*(to be continued)*

**10**  
New  
Flips

**THE QUILL**  
November, 1923



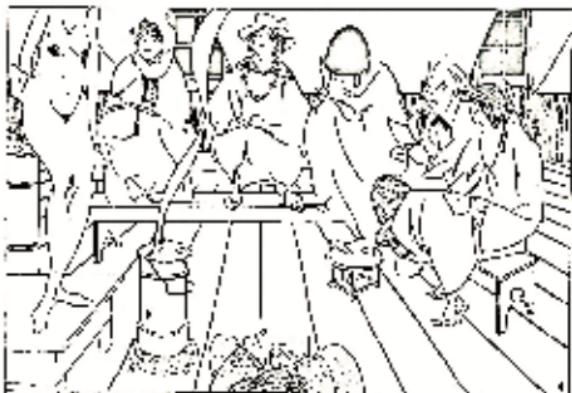
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**Robert Edwards**

**The  
Story of  
Greenwich  
Village  
Part X**

First published in *The Quill*  
November, 1923

For information address  
Ten Penny Players, Inc.  
[www.tenpennyplayers.org](http://www.tenpennyplayers.org)



Art Class in Ancient Greenwich Village by Fulop

## X

In the preceding installment, while dealing with the distinctive crafts of the Village, we described the mysterious practice of batik. Now we continue with the other Village industries, viz., decorating tin boxes, beads, cigarette holders, vanity cases, tin cans and such with polychromatic paint, and thirdly, we especially dilate on "Snappy Story" fabrication—even at the risk of seeming to be a roller of logs.

Two charming ladies—Joan and Lin—started

the industry of painting chick ladies (generally nude) on tin objects such as vanity cases, cigarette holders, toothbrush holders, matchbox extractors, nutmeg graters, and endless other charming little ogetti nutti. They called their little shop the JoLin Shop and it was in the basement of where the Pepper Pot is now. They prospered and moved across Sixth Avenue when Vincent Pepe got busy and remodeled the house. Then Di Crisp decided to paint up beads of diverse absorbent materials in delightful colors. These were worn gleefully by the forerunners of the great flapper movement that swept the world later. Soon Di was installed in the "Bead Shop," which she still continues.

The only serious effects of the development of these trick cigarette holders was that it brought about a campaign on the part of the tobacco interests to make smokers out of all the girls. Many spurious commercial imitations of the "JoLin" cigarette holders were thrown upon the market as a decoy to corrupt our young womanhood into the slavery of the noxious weed — tobacco.

In the dim past, when the mastodon was roaming the woods of Van Cortland Park, an unkempt person named Poe was trying to sell stories to *Putnam's Magazine*. As far as we can gather, from the extant works of this early resident of Greenwich Village, he was hampered by a certain literary quality that tended to make him inscrutable to the bulk of the great American public—for we have no reason to believe that the public is any more intelligent now than it was then. O. Henry followed in Poe's footsteps, that is, he still preserved a certain literary distinction and succinctness. In fact, he too, had these subtle qualities of expression which though they tickle the effete college instructor, we are told



Washington Square before the sack of Greenwich Village by the landlords.  
From a drawing by Rembrandt Washington Copley.

tend to annoy the plain honest citizen to whom all modern magazinedom bows its august though obsequious knee. So for many years authors came and went, turning out such products as the editors dared risk on the public, or starved, making books to please themselves. When the Judson Hotel was opened and board and room could be had for ten dollars a week, ambitious spinsters and gawky country boys came to town, with ambition burning in their bosoms. The Judson is a curious hybrid—part church and part hotel—which gave the home folks a curious but, we are sorry to say, specious feeling of safety for their offspring. Despite the psalm-singer in the church end of the Judson they were all soon to be corrupted by editors not only in their stern ideals of correct English, but into the vile practice of crap-shooting, cigarette smoking and atmosphere hunting.

But nothing really happened in the development of this particular art until Thomas Edgelow came over from London, read a few of our magazines, and in a whimsical mood dashed off the first real "snappy story." Like the art of printing, this art

was born perfected. It is hard to describe the ineffable quality of this style of literature, and it is not our place as a historian to try to analyze—we merely say that there it is—as only Edgelow can do it.

Immediately all of the American Snappy magazines recognized this long-sought-for quality in Edgelow. He began to write in a dozen pseudonyms. Editors besieged him till he was obliged to flee to the more congested districts uptown and hide first in one palatial suite—then as he is discovered, he is forced to move to another.

Now, all the while there were other less original forms of literary composition being germinated in the Village. Miss Gertrude Stein, encouraged by Mabel Judge and Jo Davidson, attempted to make her unconscious mind do the work of poetizing—producing lists of apparently unarranged words, utterly devoid of euphony, sense kakophony or guile. Which though of doubtful artistic value, is no mean achievement. Many careless women of the Village indulged in free verse, which was somehow correlated with free love—or perhaps substituted as a safer if not saner form of expression. At least free

verse seemed to lack the responsibilities of the metrical effusion. Fortunately, conscientious poets like Edna Millay and Mary Carolyn Davies stuck to the strict rhythmical stuff—which in a way kept the Village from being regulated in toto to the booby hatch by the insidious reforming sects that were gaining in power at that time.



Glamour, Rapture and Bewilderment--  
Alcy's first glimpse of Sheridan Square

Now there were several great dynamases that had their effect on the literature of the Village. First, was the Village magazines which permitted the publication of stuff no commercial editor would take as a gift. Second, the frightful hypothesis of a certain Sigmund Freud, whose dubious philosophies paved the way to all dirty modern literature. Third the invasion of the stockbrokers, which so increased the rents that writers were obliged to compromise with what the publishers thought saleable—or starve.

As we have said, when considering the radicals, there was a passion for experiment rampant in the Village, and literature got its full share of this unhappy influence. Village magazines—the fore-runners of the many little radical magazines that infest our post offices—grew into being to give vent to these unwonted innovations in literature.

## VILLAGE MAGAZINES

Guido Bruno was one of he first to start a magazine, but fortunately he did most of it himself and

little damage was done to the art of writing. *The Masses*, a frankly radical book—that would print anything, no matter how rotten, so long as “capital” got it in the neck—developed incidentally many poets that the popular magazines dared to take up later. *Rogue*, founded by the ball promoter, Allen Norton, published much that was fliply unintelligible—a sort of Village *Vanity Fair* as it were. These books printed pictures as well, but we are not speaking of art at present. Peter Newton started the *Ink Pot*, which did not survive the start. Then Art Moss launched *The Quill*, America’s most interesting magazine, which gave encouragement to nearly every great name in American letters. The *Little Review* appeared at unsynchronized intervals and made no compromises with anything whatsoever, and as far as we can gather made no compromises with the demands of the intelligent.

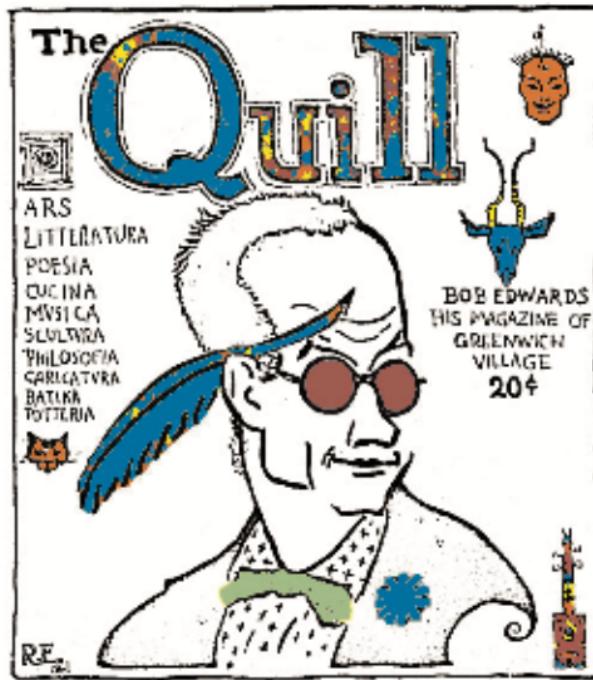
*The Quill* was not so radical as the others. Mr. Moss had an eye to selling his product to visiting schoolmarms from the Columbia Summer School—who are to this day the chief patrons of the book he founded. Though it was the policy of Mr. Moss to

seek out many great writers and worry them into contributing to his paper and the glory of the "Little Moss," as he quaintly dubbed himself, many real poets and scriveners saw their first work in *The Quill*. F. P. Adams, H. L. Mencken, and Edna Millay are among the few who escaped the importunings of the busy mosslet. Lord Dunsany, being an innocent Briton, was intrigued into contributing. This all did very great credit to the persuasive powers of Moss, for at that time *The Quill* resembled a high school weekly more than the epoch-making, world-shaping bibelot it is today.

Now the next catastrophe that happened to American literature was the discovery of the works of Dr. Freud of Vienna.

**(To be continued)**





*The* **STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE**  
compiled from most original sources and  
written comprehensible to both  
morons & other artistic  
folk.  
By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.R.L.

**Robert Edwards**

**The  
Story of  
Greenwich  
Village  
Part XI**

First published in *The Quill*  
November, 1923

For information address  
Ten Penny Players, Inc.  
[www.tenpennyplayers.org](http://www.tenpennyplayers.org)



Original illustrations  
by Gil Spear

Last month we were speaking of various influences on Literature that germinated in the Village; the birth of Snappy Story-writing and the Amateur Magazinelet were dealt with and finished. Now there remains the embarrassing subject of the great pollution of Village and American literature by that Freudian insidiousness, Psychoanalysis.

Of course there are terrible people everywhere who will speak frankly about dubious matters and unfortunately the reading public is not immune to curiosity about subjects that have no place in the curriculum of a Methodist seminary. It is also natural that the greed of commercial publishers made them unmindful of the damage they were doing by

letting this plausible pseudo science slip into print, to the corruption of the general public. Now, all of the Village is not responsible for this infection. It just happened by chance to start in the Village. Freuding parties are frowned upon by the better Villagers as severely as petting parties. Amateur psychoanalyzing died out as soon as a few weak-minded unfortunates went crazy. The blame for Psychoanalysis rests squarely upon the shoulders of Moritz Jagendorf. He first imported the works of Freud and taught them to Floyd Dell, André Tridon, Dr. Brill, Joel Rinaldo and others, who, alas, have not received the benefit of a Baptist bringing-up or are wicked apostates.

As far as one can see who has not studied medicine, or more properly that branch which deals with the treatment of the insane and the morally oblique, Freud means nothing at all. But as interpreted by many whose knowledge of German is hazy; the worst possible is read into the jumbled psychoromantic ramblings of the unfortunate Austrian savant.

Here again the press made trouble. As soon as

Freud was mentioned as a Village discovery, a lot of bad boys from the East Side, Harlem, Bronxville and Connecticut came down to the Village for no good purpose. Also many ladies of the so-called dangerous age came looking for that mythical doctor who would let them follow out their errant fancies and give medical sanction for much the old-fashioned clergy frowned upon, and the old-fashioned physicians denounced for commercial reasons.

We are sorry to say that our book merchants, Boni Brothers, Jo Kling and Eggplant Arens did nothing to suppress the sale of the flood in tainted literature that soon followed the tremendous demand excited by the discovery of Freud. Only their inherent naiveté can excuse them. Whether literature will ever recover is doubtful. Probably not until the nation is completely debased into libertines, reformers, hootch hounds and hard-boiled morons, incapable of being thrilled by the banalities of indecency. But the probabilities are that Brother Sumner, though fighting valiantly for a lost cause, will stave off the day of absolute depravity for aeons. Paradoxically enough it seems that it is only

the absolutely depraved who appreciate the lure of decency and the concealment of disgusting scientific facts.

The actual theories of Freud are too horrible to describe. Suffice it to say that at one time they were thought to be German propaganda, designed to wreck the moral life and hence the physical prowess of this great land. But, obviously, it is not fair to blame the German people for the theories of one man, and it is not fair for us to judge Dr. Freud too harshly for his diabolical works, for living in a wicked and starving city like Vienna would lead most any scientist into terrible fields of heresy. Let us remember that the Darwin theory , a flight of scientific fancy even more horrible, originated in a supposedly sane country like England.

The one gleam of truth in Psychoanalysis is the scientific explanation of the scriptural "Old Adam" in man. Freud calls this the "unconscious mind." Sincerely and without affectation, this misled searcher for truth catalogues the many ways our baser nature misleads us, but not having a moral bringing-up, he neglects to warn us against our

unconscious "Old Adam," and even advises against the suppression of our obviously sinful instincts.

Now, although Greenwich Village is geographically responsible for the Boni Brothers Book Shop, and the visitations of that humorist, Moritz Jagendorf, the actual Villagers were singularly untainted by the Freudians. The real Villagers were too busy in the batik-factories, the Judson literature-mill, or working with the weavers, the puppeteers, the little theatre experimentalists, the restaurateurs, wine pressers, snappy story writers, bead painters, smock and frock makers, etc., to read Freud. And they never would have heard of him had not naughty Jig Cook and his prankful spouse, Susan Glaspell, presented a breezy little skit called "Suppressed Desires," satyrizing Psychoanalysis. As we have said before, this untimely dramatic effusion was presented by every little theatre in the land, thus spreading the curse of Psychoanalysis and its consequent morbid curiosity throughout our once respectable high-brow public.

We will say no more, lest the Mayor bars our innocent history from the schools. But we implore



posterity not to misjudge the moral probity of Greenwich Village on account of the pranks of a few naughty and impulsive Villagers, who little thought of the damage they were doing when they improvised the great Freud hoax, or possibly it isn't a hoax. History is not sure yet.

*(To be continued indefinitely)*

THE QUILL  
January, 1924

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Having finished with the depressing effect of the works of Sigmund Freud on the literature of Greenwich Village and hence of America, we will with profound relief, pass on to a few of the other bad influences of Greenwich Village. Then we will consider the good boys. After reading Dreiser, Dell and naughty little Edna Millay, one might wonder if anything really proper and moral ever came out of the Village. And then a lot of rough characters used to hang around Frank Shay's Book Shop. Seamen like Will McFee, hard eggs like Johnny Weaver and Don Marquis apparently went to Frank for encouragement in their literary work. As one reviews the situation, the roistering Shay seems to be almost as bad an influence as Freud, for did he not continually thumb his nose at good Bro. Sumner, without

whom there would be no kick left in dubiety, and his respect for Volstead was not profound.

### Harry Kemp

Before taking up the un-Freuded good boys we must mention one conspicuous bad boy who has always been just a little bit impish, and in such a way that it has never advanced his fame. He is perhaps among the greatest poets of our time, and a profound scholar. Unfortunately, he has as well a sort of P.T. Barnum complex, which does make him the despair of those who would like to conform, conventionalize and cause him to proceed according to the usual decorum of poets. This Harry Kemp first became advertised as a "Tramp Poet." That might not have been a bad publicity stunt, if the bard were preparing a vaudeville appearance. When Kemp writes verse it is sound, sane and almost traditional in its perfect workmanship—anything but what you would expect from a "Tramp Poet" (if there ever was such a being). Furthermore, Kemp still thinks the public can be shocked. We are now as unshockable as the Elizabethans, except per-

haps the Methodists and the Baptists, who are too busy saving souls to read. And such of them as do read get the greatest enjoyment out of the little sal-lies of filth our modern writers inject to give pungency to their thin creations. Inasmuch as the respectable deacons dare not read shocking books, except under the pretext of seeing whether they are fit to read, there is no great commercial or artistic call for that stupid type of writing, which neither shocks the prurient or thrills the blasé. When a man reads a book to see if it is fit for the young he admits he can't be shocked. Harry Kemp, when he writes prose, has a tremendous appeal to the romantic and the homely interests in life. When he gets over being a bad boy and trying to shock the unshockable, he will be tremendously celebrated.

### Sinclair Lewis

Red Lewis, the apostate, or Sinclair Lewis, as he is known in the street of his creation, must be grudgingly included in the list of good boys. His first effort to get before the public, after the appearance of a forgotten novel, was the production of his

play, "Hobohemia" (name swiped from Don Marquis) purporting to satirize the environment that put up with him while he was boring his neighbors learning to write. Many kind lady writers suffered from the story of his ambitions and patiently told him the secrets of fabricating literature by a process analogous to photography. So Lewis chose a subject dear to the policies of the popular magazines—the almost sure fire stuff of making the Villagers out to be the wild asses of Hebron, in contrast to the sturdy, safe and sane 100-per-centers who pay five cents a ream for their reading matter. Then, to cap the climax he put on this impossible "Hobohemia," a satire of a people that never existed except in the pages of commercial magazines, but somehow this was not awfully convincing to the public. They did not come to see it very often. In a magazine, editorial misconceptions of what the public wants go on perennially, unchecked by popular disapproval, for very few voice their discontent in letter writing. On the stage there is no doubt about what the public does not want, and no advertising will convert them. So "Hobohemia" died before a

fusillade of defunct vegetables were showered upon its bier. "Red" left the Village then on the money he got out of America's most colossal weekly, and went to live in a drab Western place. There, in his despair and hunger for the dear old Village, he had so shamelessly lampooned, he wrote "*Main Street*." This tedious proceeding helped to keep him out of the madhouse, for the life in the clean, open spaces, which he held up as a contrast to the pseudo-village created for his editorial customer, this great middle West, rather palled upon him. Now the booksellers, realizing that "*Main Street*" might poke up the small towns to spending a little money on books, saw to it that Lewis' book was a "best seller."

Still, we must put Lewis on the list of the good boys, for did he not stand with the corn-fed, with the Bourgeoisers, and with all those who yell "freak" in the name of morality at such gentle wastrels who write verses, or make other sporadic efforts at the unstereotyped? The fact that Lewis again turned from the "*Main Street*" respectables does not exonerate him from the list of good anti-Freud boys. Lewis cannot help apostating. He has

that gift of turning and rending any unfortunate environment that happens to shelter him for the time being.

### Hendrik van Loon

The really good boy of Greenwich Village came from Holland originally, with his fiddle under his arm. It was a long time before anybody in the Village knew he had any other accomplishment. We knew he had fiddled informally in every country in Europe and the Levant, and we used to wonder how he got away with it. It was with the greatest relief that we noted that our friend had a new hobby. One evening he appeared at the Mad Hatter with a pocket full of trick fountain pens. Some were

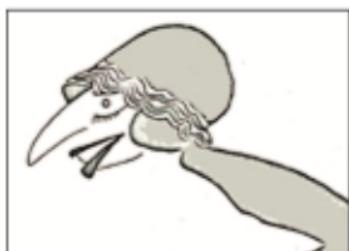


Van Loon's Fiddle  
*done by Hendrik van Loon*

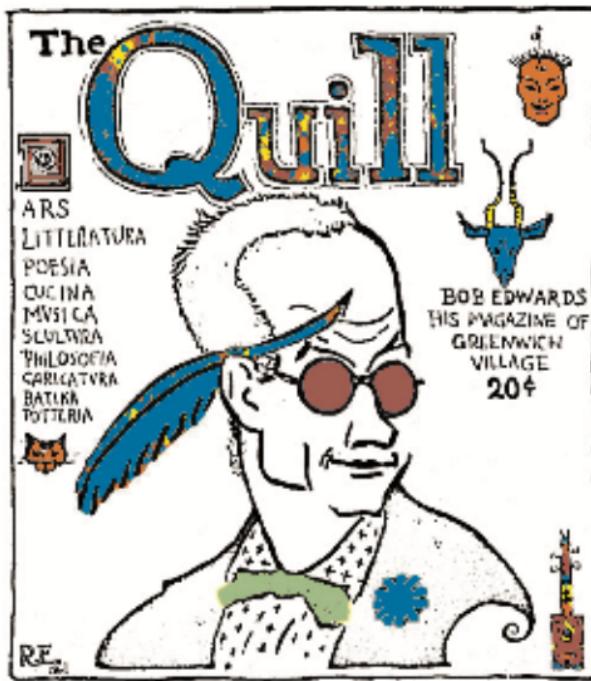
large, holding bottles of the blackest ink, and others delicate and made of bakelite. Some were finely pointed and others with majestic crudities of delineation. Some drew curved lines, some drew fuzzy lines. He had them in every pocket. He began to scribble on bits of paper and the walls of the Hatter. We were fascinated. The whole coterie were at once charmed and thrilled by the attractive personality of the man whose fiddle of discord had so tarnished our pleasant relations. As he scribbled wooly things we could make nothing out of, he began to tell us stories he had read in the Encyclopedia of the Phoenicians, the Visigoths, and Neolithic warriors till we were spellbound. Gradually he began to make some progress with his scribbles. Soon we were able to recognize the King of England among a bunch of Phileocene warriors. One evening a person who was accustomed to play the uke to people whether they wished it or no, and who greatly resented the fiddle we have mentioned, said (perhaps with craft or maybe with sincerity — history will never tell): "Han, why don't you write all this up about the Phoenicians for the children, and draw

them with your trick pens?" "Not a bad idea," the Hollander is reported to have answered. After that he was absent from the Hatter except for brief intervals. The rasp of his casual but vigorous fiddle no longer disturbed the jealous musicians of the Village. The result was as you may have guessed—Hendrik Willem van Loon's "History of Mankind." When we mention van Loon among the good boys of the Village we do not wish to hand the halo of aspersion about him. He, at least, cannot be said to have been influenced by Freud. And when he made fabulous sums out of the book he so unconsciously produced, the whole Village rejoiced, for they knew how great was his sacrifice in putting up his fiddle for the pen. Nor did he ever betray cognizance of any change in the attitude of the world toward him. Fame sits comfortably upon him, and he never brings her with him to the Hatter.

*(To be continued)*



THE QUILL  
February, 1924



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**Robert Edwards**

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Now in the last issue we spoke of the good boys and the bad boys of Greenwich Village literature; that is, we divided them into two classes, those that were tainted by the horrible philosophies of Dr. Freud and those who were too much interested in themselves to wade through or discuss psycho-analysis. Now we have to consider the writers who migrated from Chicago—about sixty per cent of the Village, it would seem. We will treat them as a class by themselves.

Although it is not generally known to science or gossip, Chicago bears a similar relation to the corn-fed Middle West as Greenwich Village does to the East. In her iniquities Chicago is much worse than Greenwich Village ever dreamed of being. Perhaps even as bad as the humdrum family life of Hollywood, into whose terrible clutches so many Polish girls are drawn by the lure of moviedom, into the thrall of domestic service. Bad Chicago boys like Ben Hecht and Sherwood Anderson write things that would bring the blush of shame to Harry Kemp or Moritz Adolf Jagendorf. It is a wonder any respectable people ever dare come to Chicago

after reading such intriguing works. But then respectable people don't read. The details of being respectable are too absorbing. Fortunately, Brother Sumner never gets to Chicago, or the little but noisy group of radicals there would be severely admonished. Otherwise the great city is ghastly respectable.

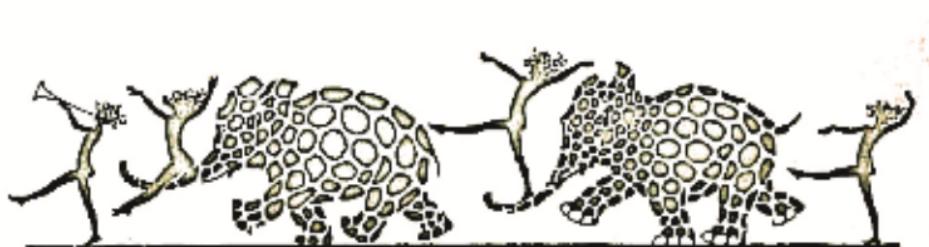
Though it may seem inconceivable to most of the corn-fed Middle West, much of the Village disrepute was circulated and perpetuated by the Chicagonese and people from Kansas, which you all know is a suburb of Chicago. Max Bodenheim, Alfred Kreymborg, Oric Johns, Theodore Dreiser, George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Floyd Dell and Lucien Carey come directly from the perplexingly enlooped city and environs, whereas Bill Irwin, Inez Haynes Gilmour, Phyllis Duganne, George Sterling, Richard LeGallienne, Jimmy Hopper and Mary Austin came from California, a station just beyond Milwaukee on the Northwestern, and hence write with great purity — that is in comparison with the wicked writers who infest Greenwich Village and Chicago.

Also it was from the Chicago school that Harry Kemp derived the nonsensical idea of being a tramp poet—like Vachel Lindsey or perhaps Carl Sandburg—a very unfortunate attitude to carry to a publisher, for as we know the first thing that would occur to an editor would be to offer the tramp poet a pair of old shoes or a brace of ear muffs for an epoch-ruining dithyramb. Editors are human and judge the price of poetry as women do—from the sartorial effulgence of the poet—and pay accordingly. This, as far as history can tell, is all that the Village has against Chicago and her literary school.

Now in regard to the Freudian pollution, there is a very plausible theory grounded in the minds of many intellectual Chicagonese, that Sherwood Anderson antedated Freud. Some say that Ben Hecht invented psychoanalysis just by the way of a literary hoax, and shipped it to Austria. Then when it came back, Sherwood Anderson took it seriously; so from him the contagion spread like wild fire to Floyd Dell. It is perhaps true that authors have been looking for an excuse to take off the clothes of their characters and take other improper liberties

with them for centuries, just the same as artists like to portray their ladies nude, no matter what the idea is. Psychoanalysis gives the writers their excuse and the public suffers. Now, in spite of the opinion of many learned men in Chicago, history must assert that psychoanalysis really did come from decadent Europe, and that Hecht had nothing to do with it.

*(Still to be continued)*



10  
Perry Mayr

THE QUILL  
March, 1924



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**Robert Edwards**

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In the early chapter of this casual commentary we stated that people of artistic as well as literary bent came to Greenwich Village to avoid Puritan persecution—as yet we have only touched the artoid pursuits of batik, weaving, tin powder-box and cigarette-holder decorations. Now we have to deal with stained glass, the early post-impressionistic and expressionistic scene sets of the Little Theatres and the sporadic efforts of the easel picture makers, all of which may possibly be regarded as generically artistic.

Strange as it may seem, Greenwich Village is the cradle of American stained glass. It is possible that many good followers of Wm. H. Anderson would bolt the church if they realized that 90 per cent of the saints and angels of memorial church windows were made and designed right here in the Village—probably by J. and R. Lamb. This honorable firm started many years ago—almost back in the legendary era. Besides in nearly every American church you will find lecterns, pulpits, crucifixes, and all of the panoply of ritual bearing Lamb's mark. Also John La Farge, who discovered Tahiti long

before Paul Gauguin exposed Dr. Traprock, made stained glass windows in 46 and 47 Washington Square. Those were the great old days. Then one could stray across the Square or enter a night lunch without fear of being bundled off in the patrol wagon, which is a form of exercise the police arbitrarily indulge in now and then. It is analogous to the fire drills that occur in the country towns to test the apparatus, and make the city fathers think they are efficient.

Back in that dim forgotten era the Salamagundi Club appeared on Twelfth Street. There Sam Shaw gave prizes and dinners to the Society of American Fakirs, an honorable institution that was completely demolished by the Modern Art Movement. It was the custom of those virile young students, the Fakirs, to burlesque the cut-and-dried exhibits of the Academicians, but Modern Art movements, alas, have put the most blatant burlesques in danger of being taken seriously. The Salamagundi Club, as near as we can divine, was the usual refuge of men who wished to get away from their wives. Only the members were required to do occasional art work.

Over on Fourteenth Street the Kit Kat Club flourished. There artists came from all over town to sketch from the model by gaslight and talk about old times, at least those who were old enough to have any old times.

Meanwhile, Art in Europe had taken a mad turn. Nobody seems to know why. Perhaps it was the Bolshevik movement, or perhaps the European artist just got lazy, maybe old man Cezanne got bilious from the ventilation in the Louvre, or more possibly still the Amalgamated Picture Dealers' Trust wanted a new commodity to work off on the idle rich. Modern Art, as it is generally called, is a commodity that can be produced and synthesized much cheaper than Old Master or the Barbizon stuff, as it requires no skill or sense to make it.

Now we are not writing a history of art, and as yet History is not in a position to definitely pronounce this new departure as art of any kind. At any rate, whatever it is, this independent movement embraced cubism, post-impressionism, futurism, Congo sculpture, vorticism and the work of Clara

Tice.

There was little of this in the Village until Cody opened his gallery at 46 Washington Square. To be sure Bertram Hartmann had been painting purple elephants and green jaguars, but they had a semblance of form. Zorach, Zoltan Hecht, Ilonka Karasz and Fulop had been slinging recklessly the Hungarian chromatic pigment progression, but sanity still prevailed. Then Cody opened his gallery, much to the embarrassment of the agent of the Eno estate, which had then been in litigation for 20 years. Then Cody's friend Carlock opened a sketch class, where strange people fumbled about after qualities in art that may never have existed - to the neglect of drawing composition and shading. Nearly everybody in the Village got to making this modern stuff, but it must be said to Carlock's credit that he kept the stock brokers from slipping into the art classes by this obviously easy road.

Then Mrs. Harry Paine Whitney gave the Village the Whitney Studio Club, where serious students were allowed to exhibit their work and given a chance to study from models for very nominal

fees. But none of the Villagers had sense enough to avail themselves of the privilege, though the little Moss was always there, writing letters. In many other ways this same Mrs. Whitney did a great deal to help promising students of art, but it was done so quietly and without the usual ostentation of art patrons, that History is unable to give any definite account of her munificence.

After George Carlock sailed to Italy never to return, Myra Musselman-Carr opened the Modern Art School at 72 Washington Square. This school persisted quite a while, in spite of the war and high rents. After a while Mrs. Carr took her school up to Woodstock, N.Y.

Wat Williams had an art gallery for a few months, charging ten cents admission, but before any great good could be accomplished, the Government threatened to shoot him at sunrise for running a theatre without a license. And when he moved over to Washington Square, the Washington Square Association, which is trying to make the Village a fit place to live in, shut up his gallery on the grounds that it tended to draw sight-seers. Also

they fired the little Moss and the Quill out, which of course they could hardly be blamed for doing.

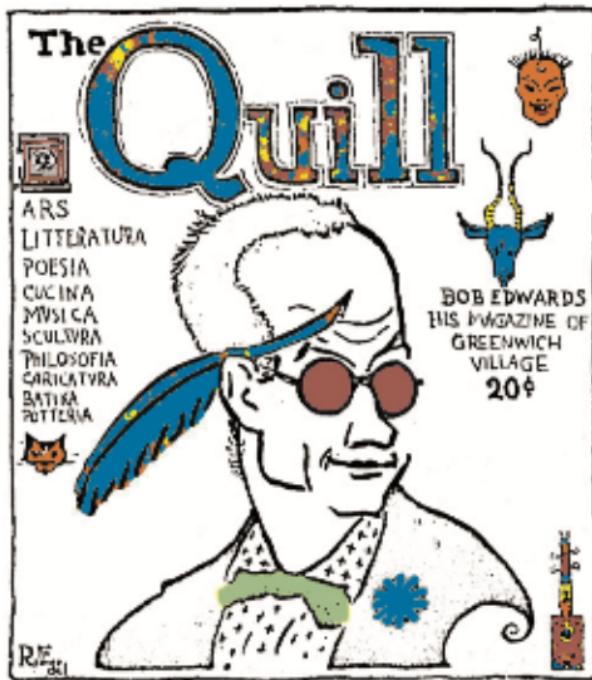
Now the art of camouflage that was so prevalently employed in the war was not invented in the Village, though it was obviously a ramification of cubism. It probably did as much to stop the war as anything. Later when the French artists and the American dilettantes were forced out of Paris by the scarcity of food, much of this decadent art was brought here with them. But now that the eccentrics have gone back to decadent Europe, art in the Village has reverted back to 100 per cent American art work, as taught by the correspondence schools advertised in the American Art Student.

*(To be continued as long as we can)*



**10**  
New  
Type

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Now we have traced Village Art and Literature to a magnificent culmination. We have cited a long list of artists and writers who spent their Bohemian days in the Village—by Bohemian we mean that period elapsing before a celebrity has become recognized by the great commercial brain and soul marts, when the neophyte is still enthusiastic, before he has learned to formulate a synthetic commodity out of the recollections of his divine afflatus, before that coagulation of the soul sets in that stamps the worker as a "hack," before the wings of divinity have been clipped down to a stereotyped classification, before a certain particular specialty is expected of the young person of promise.

It is obvious that in this age, with a tremendous semi-educated public, art and letters must be so vitiated of subtleties, complexities and niceties as to be readily comprehensible to the great masses, who are just beginning to read and observe. Otherwise, lacking a banal universal quality, letters and art products cannot be profitably marketed on a large scale. Many Villagers threw aside their ideals and went to work, once they found what the publishers

had to have — others, no good and absolutely lazy — blamed their non-activity on the stupidity of the buying publishers, whish is unfair, for few publishers are subsidized. A few still refuse to compromise. But though it cannot be denied that the great mass of the reading public has not as yet risen to any great faculty of discrimination, when we consider how tremendously this human army has grown in the last few decades and how many ungenteel people are reading now that never touched a book in the old days when magazines presented literature, we are also comforted by the fact that a great public demand for the best an artist can do is also increasing. This is due to the effect of Greenwich Village on the world.

The little theatres, the Washington Square Players and the Provincetown Players, have, through their example, done much to make the Broadway stage possible for humans. We trust now that the little magazine, through the Quill, the Liberator, and the programme of the Provincetown Players, will eventually do the same for literature. But, as we have said, this commercial era with its

millions of semi-educated art patrons, is not conducive to the best in literature or art. So don't blame Greenwich Village.

In the matter of real estate the development of the Village has been phenomenal. It was Vincent Pepe who conceived the bright idea of having artists and scribes colonize a slum and then gradually improve the district by crowding out the wicked, vicious and slovenly tenants. Perhaps it was through accident that this stunt was discovered; perhaps Pepe found that he could not get any money out of the artists, and that he might as well use them for any purpose he could. The gradual extinction of the horse left a few stables vacant, and as we all know artists and the like will live in places that the average laborer or gun-toter would sniff at. So, soon after successfully letting a few of these impossible shacks to artists, Mr. Pepe decided to colonize Minetta Lane (a picturesque rag-pickers' section, with a legendary creek running under it).

Meanwhile the Eno estate was slumbering peacefully on the south of Washington Square, being in the jeopardy of litigation, waiting for the

advent of the Strunskys.

The first effort to reclaim The Minettas was promoted with Harry Kemp, the poet, playwright and producer, as advance agent. Harry fraternized with the gangs of outlaws who hung about, but it soon grew too uncomfortable even for him.

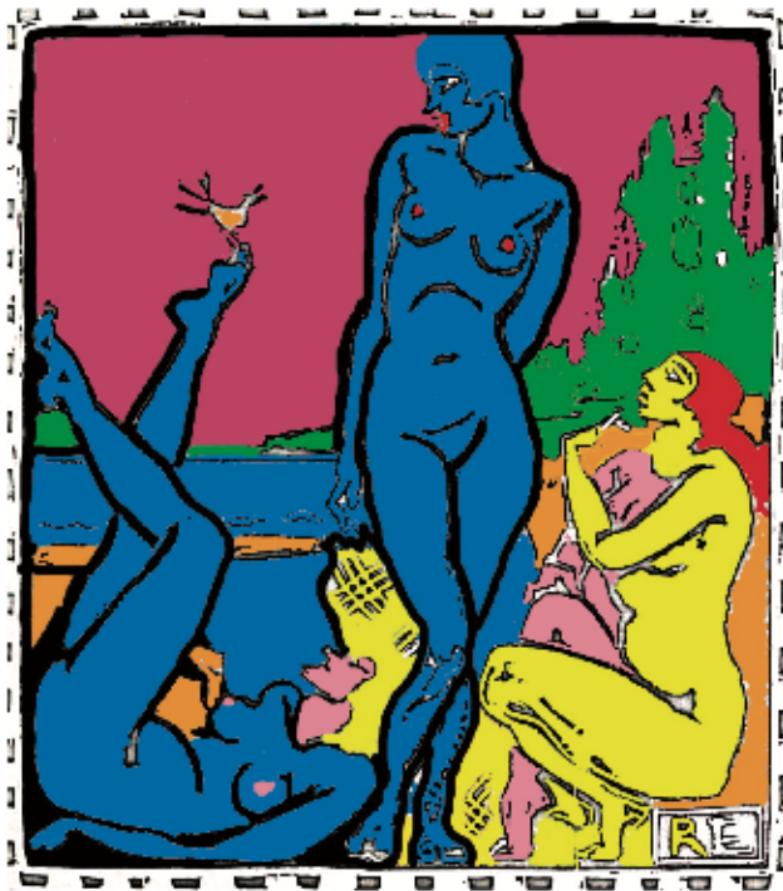
Unfortunately it was impossible to dislodge the rag-pickers, who, though they lent picturesqueness, did not advance the value of the property enough to pay for further improvements. However, the project is still active, and gradually semi-artistic folk are moving in. Eventually it will be completely renovated and inhabited by rich amateurs—as is the case with all studio projects—and unfortunately, since the bricklayers' union gets \$25 a day, these rich amateurs are the only hope the investor has of getting his money back.

Just recently Spaulding Hall has taken over the Commerce Street section, which has been for years in a semi-dilapidated condition, with but a few remodeled houses flaunting their gay shutters in the historic sunshine. Soon it will be renamed Cherry Lane. Then it will be a fit place for anybody to live

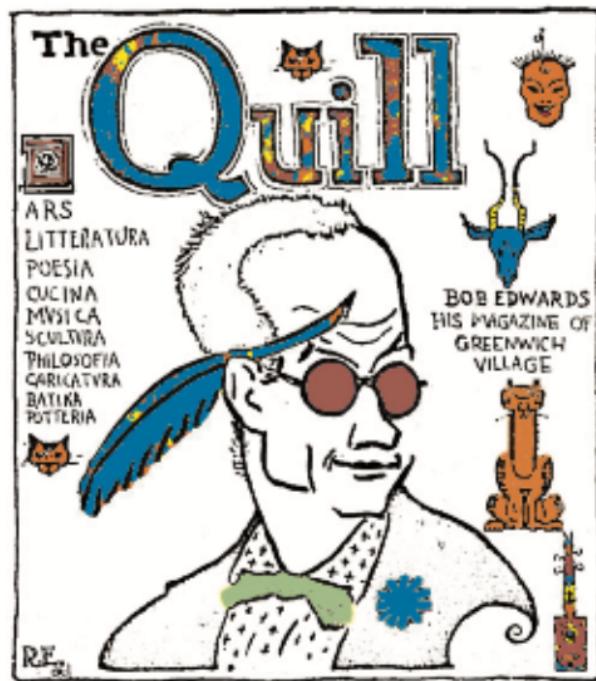
in. But after a few years the artists will move again—unless they inherit money. It is necessary to change the name of the street on account of the police tradition, for if a street has ever had a name of being a way of ill-repute, no amount of remodeling will ever change the ideas of the police. If a street 20 years ago harbored a house of ill-fame, every unprotected woman living there will to this day be in constant jeopardy. She may be arrested at any time as a disorderly person. So it will be well when the name is changed to Cherry Lane.

Mr. Pepe and other Village historians have told us how the Villagers have gradually improved the property in many Village streets by usurping the domiciles of vicious and disorderly tenants. Third Street, Macdougal Street and many others have been made respectable, in fact, uplifted by the artist missionaries—though of course the police somehow do not clearly distinguish between an artist and a person of general disrepute. The same may be said of the Washington Square Association, which only confers respectability to a genius who has been dead as long as Poe or Tom Paine, or possibly Apelles.

*(To be continued – perhaps)*



THE QUILL  
MAY, 1924



The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE  
compiled from most original sources and  
written comprehensible to both  
morons & other artistic  
folk.

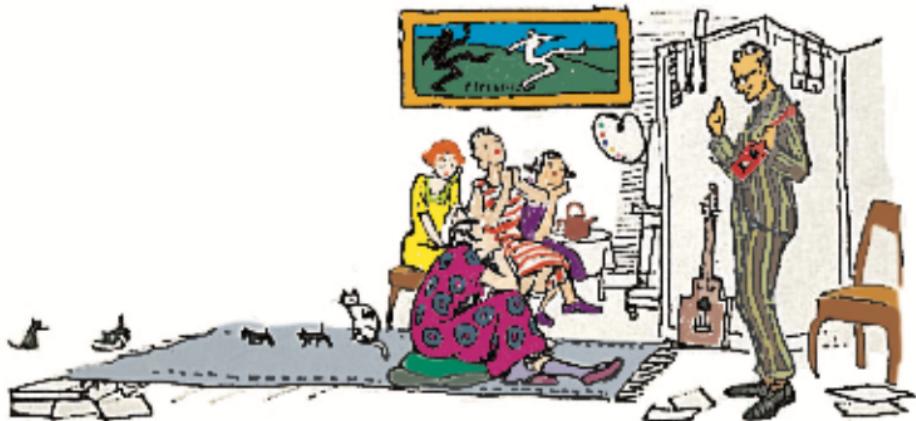
By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.R.L.

Robert Edwards

# The Story of Greenwich Village Part XVI

First published in *The Quill*  
May, 1924

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Before winding up this epoch-rending symposium, we venture a few words on the Greenwich Village cats—for there can be no true culture without cats—Hellas notwithstanding.

Now there are several great dynasties which we will roughly indicate. In very early historical times—in fact, in the time of the Gatti Matti Club—there was but one prominent cat—that is, celebrated in the newspaper—that was “Clarice.” She lived at No. 3 Washington Square, next to Walter Tittle’s Illustration Works, and in the studio mostly of the writer of this commentary. She was not celebrated for her beauty, but for charm. Rose O’Neill, the illustri-

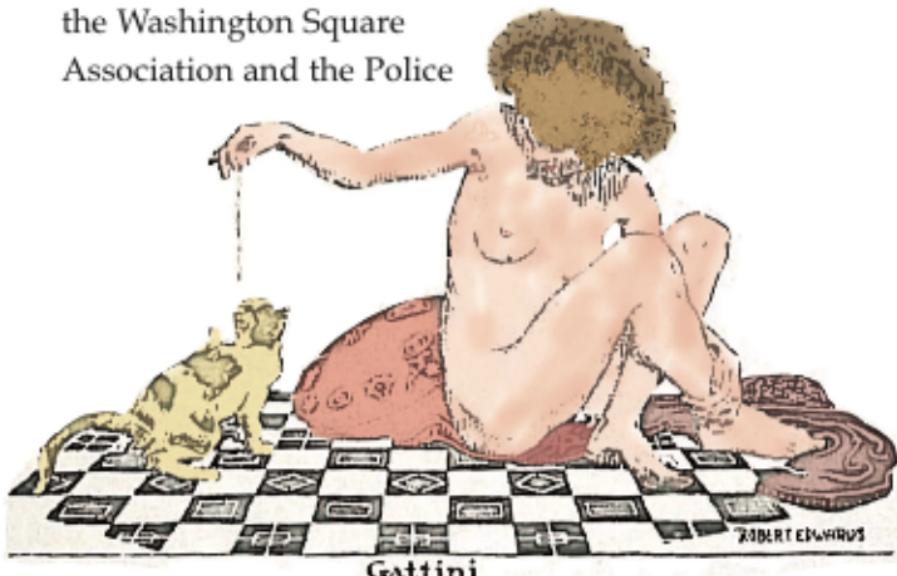
ous artist and singer, makes the following lyric mention on the suspected demise of this eminent and gentle feline. It seems she ran away for a year, and her provider had written much sentimental verse about her.

Clarice is dead," the poet said,  
"The fair, the sylphic form has fled;  
No more she'll skate about so late  
The lone cat of a celibate,  
  
No more she'll come with empty tum  
To put the welkin on the bum.  
Reluctant ear, no more shall hear  
The poet sing her graces queer."

Of course Clarice "came back" after the proverbial cat custom, and found her befriendeer in his new home on Eighth Street.

She begat Anatol, Anitra and Animirl, and it was through the misbehaviour of her descendants that she got into the papers. Although this animal

was almost humanly inarticulate, she was unable to give a clear idea of the errant knight who was the father of the aforesaid family, so the paternity of the genealogy must be incomplete. One afternoon when the person upon whom these beasts imposed their existence, was sojourning in the country, Anatol (then adolescent) got out on the fire escape to try his newly found lyric gifts. He evidently was more pleased with his voice than were the neighbors, who telephoned rudely to every unhappy tenant who happened to be home. The result was that the Fire Company, The Travelers' Aid Society, the Cruelty to Animal Promoters, the Grolier Society, the Washington Square Association and the Police



Gattini

Department came, and all attempted to remove alleged lyric kitten from the fire escape with liver and other lures. But fortunately, nothing was effective in dislodging Anatol, so the representatives of these various societies made extensive reports and then felt it was a day's work. Through the loyalty of the Swedish janitress, the person who resided with Clarice was saved from indictment, for she insisted above all din and bureaucratic bombast that the owner of the studio "was a perfect yentleman to his kets." Nevertheless, the cats and their guardian were forced to move, and Clarice got a job as companion with light exterminating in the home of a prominent New York society woman, who was, so to speak, taken in by the misleading air of the hectic pussy.

Anatol was then adopted by one Donald Corley, a gentle philosopher who came to live with Clarice's provider, and on a wet and rainy night, Agamemnon, forsooth was brought in for a playmate, by said Corley. Later "Dirty Joe" helped to found the Quill, and posed for many quaint animals that are still to be seen in the prehistoric musical

instruments of the Village minstrel's collection. The advent of "Dirty Joe" was too much for Corley, and he moved out with the cats that appertained to him, leaving Joe in possession of the top floor of 46 Washington Square.

Little "Hannah," having been fired out of a saloon, was then introduced as a playmate for the aforesaid Joseph, whose dirtiness consisted merely of an unfortunate black marking on his countenance which never resisted lingual manipulation—as it were. Unfortunately, both of them died without issue of the rickets, so the Dynasty ran out.

Meantime, several alley runners had strayed into the "Mad Hatter," but none could stand Dave Rosen's dog except a yellow devil who was christened "Coke" to annoy the police, who suspect so readily. Coke promptly married the butcher's cat, Mr. Dryer's "Mimi," and they have led a more or less conjugal life ever since.

It was about this time that a very charming lady—not a cat—Miss Marie Voorhees, began bringing every kitten to the Quill office she could lay her tender and pitying hands upon. The Quill office

became a veritable cattery, and the editor was unable to protect himself, as the fair Miss Voorhees posed for the Quill covers and addressed the subscription list. "Annie Voorhees" was one of the many. Most of the others ran away or were lured into Larry Lesch's radio parlor over the roof, and many caught consumption from visiting poets. Others were rescued by the S.P.C.A., and sold to the Eighth Street furriers.

It was into this happy family that the famous "Old Bud Hood" was suddenly dropped. This magnificent beast dwelt with the beautiful Gretchen Hood on Charles Street, or at least, in defiance of the landlady he visited Miss Hood for food and occasional lodging. He measured, when a mere kitten, five feet six inches from his nose to where his tail began. However, it got too hot for him on Charles Street, and Miss Hood, fearing that he might meet with foul play from the Camorra, caused him to be transported in a suitcase to the Quill office. Old Bud was so mad when he found himself dumped into strange surroundings that he sulked for a week. Eventually he married Annie

Voorhees and Bitzi Voorhees. At that time, however, the editor was forced to move on account of remodeling the house, but Old Bud remained as night watchman for months, even after the roof had been taken off. Annie was given a job as mouse patrol at the Four Trees, but she did not get on with the rest of the help, who beat her up. So she left, dropping out of history.

Old Bud Hood appointed himself as mascot of "Vagabondia," and thereafter took charge of the whole neighborhood. "Takash" and "Gin," both wives of Bud at the "Bamboo Forest," begat "Harguiser" and Fa Tzoi."

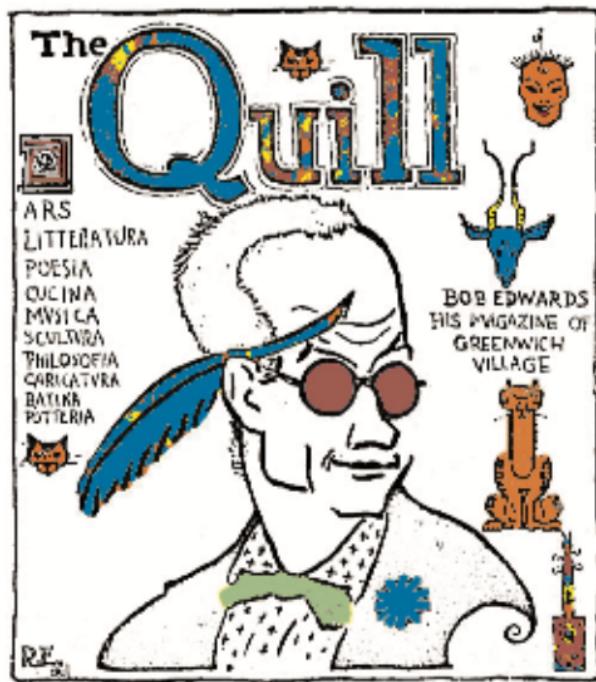
At an interesting point of his career he disappeared. The theory is that he read that the President's cat was lost, and he went off to Washington to take the place of "Tige," the "First Cat of the Land," and history will wager that Bud could lick him and anything in the cat line short of a mountain lion.

It is also darkly hinted that a certain meddling person had him sent to the S.P.C.A. on the grounds that he was a non-productive and ill-fed citizen. If

this proves to be the case, there will be nothing much short of murder, as the habitués of Vagabondia, the Bamboo Forest and all of Macdougal Street are deeply concerned in his disappearance.

*(To keep on)*



THE QUILL  
June, 1924

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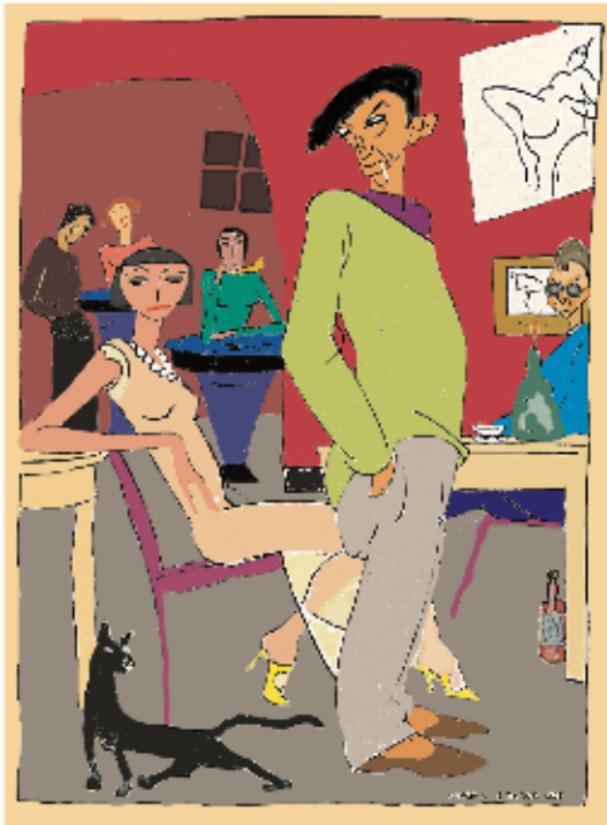
**Robert Edwards**

**The  
Story of  
Greenwich  
Village  
Part XVII**

First published in *The Quill*  
June, 1924

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There has been much talk about the moral and social status of the Village of late, as if the two had anything to do with each other. Though what that ineffable quality is, on which hangs social integrity, History has never been able to determine.



She "It's no use thinking so hard the only unconventional thing left for us is to get married."                   Hans Stengel

## EARLY SOCIETY LIFE

In the early or legendary times Greenwich Village was eminently respectable. It was not fashionable until later (for fashion is not synonymous with respectability) when the north side of Washington Square was built up on the old Whosis farm, now a part of Sailors' Smug Harbor. However, it is written in the early papyri that the residents of Minetta Lane were very much incensed at the projected Potter's Field that was being installed in Washington Square - which was not named as yet, as Washington had not been born, nor had his great name been smirched by the scoundrels in Congress. It would seem that the early residents of the Minettas, even at the prehistoric date, were cherishing social ambitions. Of course, a Potter's Field is a thing to be discouraged, as it invariably attracts medical students.

Washington Square did not become socially effulgent until public executions, whippings and hangings were staged there for the benefit of General Lafayette and other genteel foreigners who happened to be in the land of liberty at that time.

These Neronian exhibitions, though they were hardly reputable, proved to be very smart. Society came in flocks, the whole north side of the Square was built into houses for the very extra elite, and the taverns were within easy reach on the back streets—streets that were apparently laid out by wayfarers whose sense of orientation had been confused by strong drink.

TOM PAINÉ

It was Tom Paine “the infidel” who gave the Village its first black eye. Of course, Paine was not an infidel any more than Edgar Allan Poe was a drunkard, but the respectable Dutch Bourgeoises took a dislike to Paine because he was always fighting for some cause or talking some jargon of freedom they did not understand, and the socially elegant did not take him up because he would not stand for it. Paine definitely connoted the Village with freedom, and as we all know, freedom is an element in direct contradistinction to respectability. Besides, freedom is the world’s greatest inducement to greed, envy, and malice.

Tom Paine's life was hell in the Village, and many a good man's life has been so maligned for living below Fourteenth Street. Noble souls have suffered from the acrimonious comment and vile imaginings of a dumb and sordid world of vicious respectability. Even to this day there is an altruistic minstrel, who strums his lays for no other gain than the lofty feeling that he is amusing the weary and heavy-laden. Do they reward him with their loyalty? History will tell the world they do not.

Of course the Radicals, as soon as they were kicked out of the French Revolution, or wherever they came from, had to go to the Village. They fancied themselves Paines, Aaron Burrs, John Browns, or they would have - had not their ignorance precluded.



The Solar and Planetary system by Charley Smith.

Now directly after Stanford White built the Washington Arch, to celebrate Washington's election to the presidency, nobody ever thought of being interesting, socialistic or boring. But in a few years it was considered smart to be radical—that is, in the parlor fashion. The curse of bridge and Volstead drunkenness had not come upon society then. It was just before the great war the Village was really smart. Then New York's most inner inmost came nightly to mingle with the Bohemians at the Old Black Cat with tonsorial artists, men modistes, advertising writers, manicurists, Armenian rug merchants, inferior pianists, and other commercial musicians.

But alas! it did not last long. Society soon tired of the simple delights of the Village. Prohibition brought drinking into the home, making the saloon unnecessary. The glamour that was shed on the old Village by the sheen of the Ritzy motors of Mammon soon failed to bedazzle the Bourgeoisie into toleration. They got their hammers out again. Besides, the whole country had gone fanatical. The Puritan idea had festered, and produced a sort of

spiritual gangrene through evangelical religion. Apparently the type of mind that brought on prohibition was being catered to by the politicians, also the great newspapers began to appeal to the same brutal Bourgeois world. Love, kindness and Christianity perished for a time — automatically the term "Villager" became an aspersion.

#### PRESENT CONDITIONS

At the present writing the social status of the Village is in the ascendant, mainly because of the high rents. The public suspects that there are no artists or writers left, and that the magnificent new duplex studios are only rented by the rich for entertaining and dubious reasons. Of course, Respectability does not worry about any sins except that of producing arts and letters, and going about like saints and martyrs in tatters — or, as the immortal James Stephens says, in the "whiskered breeches of the bard."

*(To be continued at all costs)*

THE QUILL  
July, 1924



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By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.P.L.

Robert Edwards

The  
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Part XVIII

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## Prohibition



Now we are not absolutely certain that this is the conclusion of our history, since one never knows what may turn up in the next month. For all we can tell of the future some dire catastrophe might transpire—totally unforeseen—like the enforcement of Prohibition.

That, by the way, is a thing the dear public will never understand. Only the political brain descries why such apparently silly legislation is fabricated. There are already ponderous tomes of fool laws on the books that politicians have made, merely to satisfy the importunings of certain factions and furious minorities. It is tacitly understood that these laws are to lie as Grover Cleveland wisely said "in innocuous desuetude". But in case any damn fool should try to enforce this sort of legislative expediency the courts are expected to abrogate, nullify and interpret them out of existence; that is if they are honest, patriotic, and cognizant of the common law. But now the higher courts seem to take the Volstead legislation seriously, quite as if they were guileless of politics which they are not—not by a long shot. Let us hope that they are merely flumdoored by excess of labor in booze prosecutions for when high tribunals stoop to recognize as law, the palpably absurd regulations of private conduct, that were dishonestly put over on us by a large percentage of congressional drinkers—if not drunks—regulations which obviously the lawmakers themselves were

not intending to notice—it is time to lose faith in the integrity of our whole damn judicial works. History is accustomed to find most flagrant dishonesty among senators and even generals but judges are supposed to be above playing politics—they are supposed to know what is right and not be tempted in their legal interpretations by toadying to coercive minorities.

It is generally understood that our government is at present at the very lowest ebb of dishonesty. To call a man a congressman or even a cabinet officer smacks of a worse contumely than the customary genealogical aspersion of casual germination. Not tribunal has been more fatuously evasive of their plain job of denaturing Volsteadism or subservient to the forces of pharaseeism that our higher, lower, and middle courts. No legislative body ever so openly defied laws of its own concoction as our incumbent rather bibulous congress. Now then one wonders why this has not all been blamed on Greenwich Village?

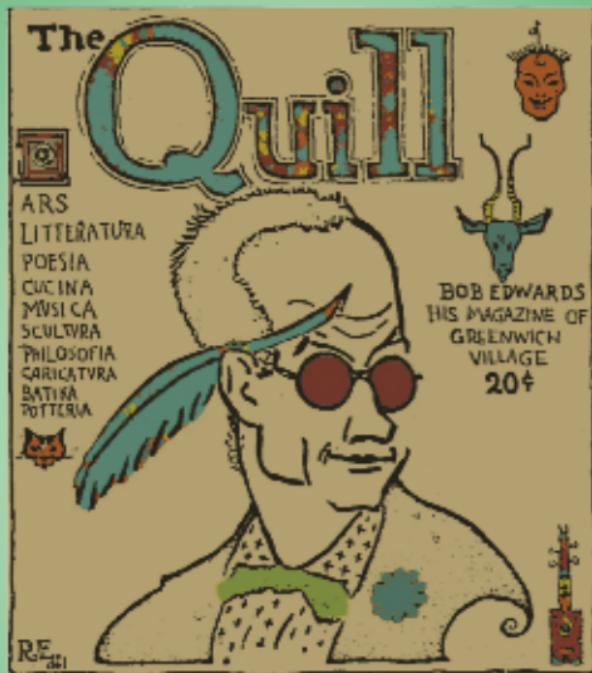
To be sure, Greenwich Village is responsible for "The Story of Mankind", Psychoanalysis, the

Goddam School of Drama, Main Street, Flapperism, Feminism, Birth Control, Batik, the "Fragility" School of Verse, and Parlour Bolshevism. But in spite of Detective Burns and the alleged bolshevistic sentiment of the Village, it can not be said that this illustrious era of political turpitude is any way affected by Village influence. As to the Old 9th Ward, which exudes tremendous political power in the city administration, we all know it is Democratic and is in no way affiliated with the congressional hypocrites in Washington, nor is it influenced by the simple batikmaking bohemians of the Village. The outlook seems very dark, but there is still hope that a certain despised and misunderstood Greenwich Village Philosophy may save the Nation, yet, from the corruption occasioned by political subservience to a fanatical and unhealthy minded minority. The theories of Dr. Freud — now rampant in Main Street in spite of the Methodist Church — will to an extent explain and thus clarify the dubious instincts of those who would compel the observance of restrictive legislation — inadvertently fabricated. -It will surreptitiously convince the honest hick of what he

has always suspected — that the morbid desire to restrict or coerce and reform one's neighbor is a most obvious transmogrification of a very low lust which might well find a more normal and constructive outlet. So Greenwich Village may save the world yet by psychological elucidation — as Main Street is catching up fast. —It is ever possible that Freud transmuted in Kansas idiom may save our good but overfervid evangelical friends who have overstepped into the mire in the Sabbatarian zeal.

*(to be continued)*

THE QUILL  
Aug.-Sept., 1924



*The* STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE  
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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 fore-fathers, 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 pocus 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 pocus, 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



*... 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)*