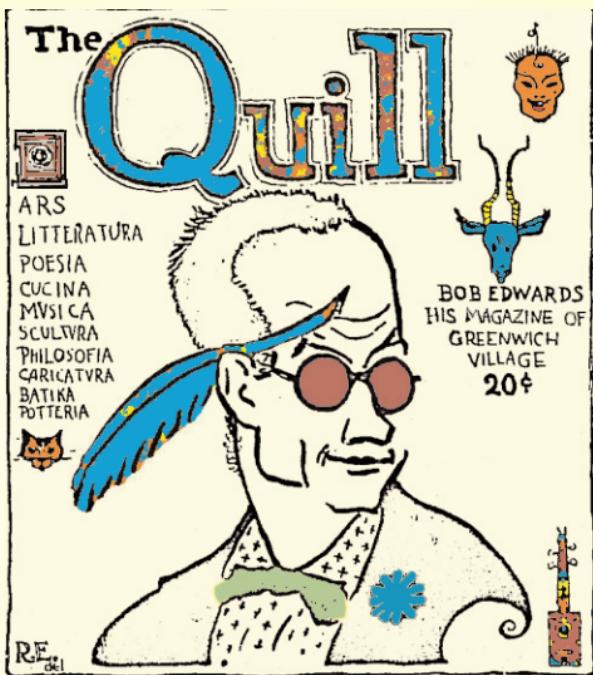


THE QUILL
July, 1924

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

By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.P.L.

Robert Edwards

**The
Story of
Greenwich
Village
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 flumdoodeled 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)