



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 XI**

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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)