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

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The Story of Greenwich Village

Part XIII

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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 psychoanalysis. 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, Phillis 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)

