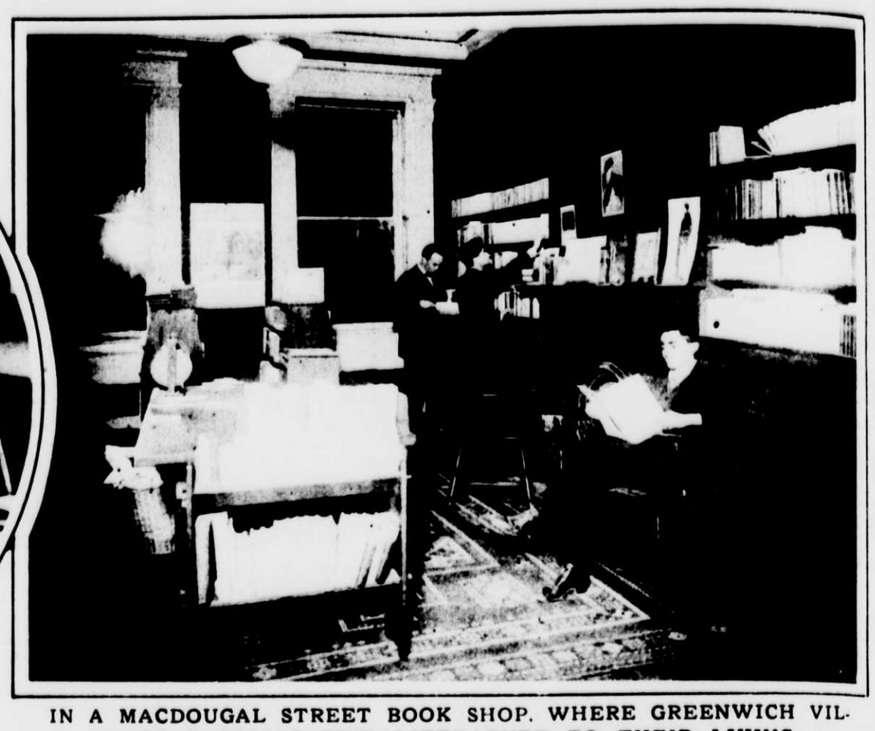
"EVERYBODY IS DOING SOMETHING" IN BOHEMIA

MACDOUGAL ALLEY, THE HEART OF GREENWICH VILLAGE'S BOHEMIA, WHERE OLD STABLES HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO STUDIOS.

GUIDO BRUNO, "MAYOR" OF THE VILAGE.



IN A MACDOUGAL STREET BOOK SHOP, WHERE GREENWICH VILLAGE RADICALS FIND LITERATURE TO THEIR LIKING.

MISS FAY ALBERTSON, WHO DESIGNS FURNITURE, ALSO GOWNS.

AT POLLY'S, WITH ITS BARE FLOOR AND BOARD TABLES.

AT LEFT—EDITOR FLOYD DELL OF *THE MASSES*. AT RIGHT—POLLY, HOSTESS TO BOHEMIA.

Photographs by Press Illustrations Co.

CLARA TICE, MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATOR, IN HER STUDIO.

BOHEMIA—a place where every one minds his own business.

This definition of the mystic realm popular supposed to be free from lowbrows, barbers and scented soap is the contribution of a native son of the studios. With it went a blueprint, made by the same son, showing just exactly the best place in New York to mind your own business, where other folks were going to mind their own business. This place is down Washington Square way, and it is called Greenwich Village.

So in that part of the evening when palettes begin to pall and the artist's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of roast beef I took myself by the hand and departed Bohemiaward.

The first star on the blueprint calls a halt—a halt at Loo-ey's (Louis) he of the divine apple pies. Where is Loo-ey's? Ah, it is indeed sad, but the exact location of the place of the divine apple pies may not be disclosed, and this is why. With one hand resting on the giant cubist crab, which romps in fearful fancy along a side of the entrance, and with the other raised to high heaven, I swore to Loo-ey I would never divulge the hiding place of art.

"It's this way," explained the genial guardian of genius, rolling another reef in his shirtsleeve. "If stories about this place are printed in the paper a lot of sightseers will stampede in here to get a look at the animals. Then some schoolmarm from up State will ask for a picture postal card of it to send back home to the folks. One day I'll look around for my children of the studios and they will have fled. I do not want those who live only to eat. I want those who eat only to live."

So Loo-ey registered my vow of silence and the portal swung wide. It may merely have been that the painter suffered with chronic indigestion and an unconquerable appetite for Welsh rabbits. The result is sidewalks of saffron yellow, with a drop ceiling of black and trimmings of mauve—mauve to match the souls of the patrons. Imagine, if you will, a mauve mantelpiece, plain unclothed pine tables of mauve. Then sink upon one of the black wooden wall benches innocent of cushion, or, better yet, into one of the bright blue kitchen chairs. When it comes to color combinations Loo-ey makes Bakst look like a rainy Monday morning.

They just sort of drop in, the diners. Everybody seems to know everybody else. Everybody has done something, is doing something, or is about to do something. If the starch magnates had to depend on the collars at Loo-ey's for a living, the best they could do would be a thin glass of water. As for the women, they wear their figures strictly au natural, and their complexions the same way. But why speak of clothes when there is art to be done?

An ethereal young thing with the profile of a Greek goddess and an artist's cap pulled rakishly over the left ear reaches into the pocket of her velveteen skirt and pulls out an amber cigarette holder. Nonchalantly she equips it for use and begins to ring the air with blue. At the same moment unbroken lines of glow worms wink around the tables. The Greek girl pushes back her chair and saunters into a room at the rear. It is here over the coffee and the scarlet tables in their setting of black that pen and brush and chisel flash and parry.

"I suppose if some ordinary human being mentioned digging a ditch or selling a bale of goods in here he would be cut out from the crowd and regarded as an alien and an interloper?" I suggested.

Loo-ey agreed it might be better to omit any such mundane mention, as it would probably be misunderstood. A tall, pallid youth with the marcel wave of a matinee idol and a gray flannel shirt began strumming on the piano. He was hunched over by a saucy minx with clipped hair and sandals. An ever deepening blanket of smoke depended heavily from the ceiling.

There are no hatboys in Loo-ey's. Instead of sinking two or three hundred dollars in tips on a $1.50 hat one can keep it right down to the original cost by simply hanging it on a hook in the hall. I am told there has not one been lost this season.

Oh, yes, one is forbidden to pay for the privilege of buying food or drink. Absolutely no tips allowed. I said the number of Loo-ey's is a secret, but if one should happen to be walking along the south side of Washington Square and see a smoky old lantern sitting atop a soap box under a stone stoop he might open the door and look for the cubist crab.

Another red star, and here we have Bruno's Garret, the home of the village paper and other local literature. Every Monday evening Editor Guido Bruno, whose mission in life is "to find something really fine," bursts these lit'rary bombs before a few of the select. He gives riotous red blood talks by the flickering light of the candles in the main room of the attic. He reads pamphlets and stories he has written himself, and sometimes he will let other folks read theirs too.

It was during one of these readings that I discovered "anarchists" were perfectly lovely souls who dined every evening at Mazzini's on roast chicken and red ink and were so gentle that a canary would sit on their shoulders and chirp sweet nothings into their ears. They sit around one big table right down there in a tiny basement room in Greenwich Village, some in evening gowns with diamonds in their ears and some in red shirts, and they chat about the brotherhood of man. If any of them wanted a bomb they would have to go out and page it.

Another fond illusion shattered! Editor Bruno declared with considerable warmth there was no such place as Bohemia. All that talk about the open road and eggs boiled over gas jets is fol-de-rol, tommyrot. Any one who explored Greenwich Village for Bohemia and went back saying he had found it was as guilty as Dr. Cook.

Out in the editor's sanctum where the villagers browsed among the books and communed earnestly a frumpy little old woman in rusty black relieved by a pink rose in her bonnet smiled and bowed before the editorial presence. "I, too, am an unfettered soul," she cooed. "I write poetry for the love of it."

"Very good," quoth the master. "Very good, indeed."

Only a few minutes before with what scorn had he spoken of the literature of the day, horrible mechanical jargon most of it, written for so much the hour or so much the thousand words. A woman in fashionable evening gown accompanied by a man in the conventional "soup and fish" drifted up to shake hands and scan the pictures any struggling artist may hang on the walls of the garret. One glance and you know that if souls hereabout are unfettered so also are imaginations unbridled.

AT POLLY'S, WITH ITS BARE FLOOR AND BOARD TABLES.

Beneath the garret a fierce looking Italian with a heart of gold patronizes art to the extent of many a glass of soda, rejoices when the big blundering boy from the West with the passion for chocolate ice cream sells "the picture" and weeps when Sally of the freckles loses her job on the *Daily Clarion*.

On to Polly's, just off the square. Polly's with its gray green walls, its bare floors and board tables. Dinner is over, but downstairs in the retreat Bohemia is grouped around the tables playing cards or chess, or just playing. A [illegible] who can make his picture palpitate [illegible] sits talking with a sculptress of [illegible] fame. His hat remains on his head. This is the land of mind-your-own-business.

Then of course there is the Dutch [illegible] Gonfarone's and the place in [illegible] with its vine draped balconies now [illegible] given over to the rabble who come to [illegible] Who knows how many other Polly's and [illegible] behind the shadow dim stoops?

But where are all the people of [illegible] How do they amuse themselves? [illegible] the answer. They amuse themselves [illegible] homes of Greenwich conversation [illegible] art. There are neighborhood plays, [illegible] cles around the fireplaces, studios to [illegible] Wander but the fraction of a step off [illegible] track and one will find himself in [illegible] queer little cubbyhole thatched [illegible] once housed the horses of [illegible] now the abiding place of art with a [illegible] There a crumbling brownstone [illegible] stands shoulder by jowl with a [illegible] of studios with open plumbing and [illegible] Macdougal alley waves merrily [illegible] windows of North Washington Sq[illegible] smiles back with becoming dignity.

If the evening is dull there is [illegible] Theatre right around the corner, where [illegible] have not made way for musical [illegible] where a sketch of spring song [illegible] village composer is preferred to the [illegible] Berlin rag. It is a positive fact [illegible] Theatre patrons care more for the [illegible] done by a slim young thing in [illegible] they do for the fox trot. And [illegible] place, a bit more modern and [illegible] so redolent of the arts, and there [illegible] Market court, a great red pile where [illegible] genius may study life's candles [illegible] face to face, and there is Eighth street [illegible] quaint shops, and Tenth and [illegible] with their white stoops, and as before [illegible] every now and then there is [illegible] nothing standing between [illegible] and [illegible] brass knocker and a [illegible] of [illegible] around the gable window.

The spirit of Greenwich Village [illegible] is love, love of w[illegible] of things. [illegible] found it scribbled [illegible] the walls of those social centers beneath [illegible]

"What is love? At its best [illegible] deed or sentiment toward another [illegible] of the sexes [illegible] a child [illegible] and dreams [illegible] with all the forces and [illegible] ness that [illegible] are capable of.

The [illegible] for attached his name [illegible] Zadkiel [illegible] Herman.