

WHO'S WHO IN NEW YORK'S BOHEMIA



This is Polly, the pioneer who brought life to the Greenwich Village that is the Bohemia of America



Sadakichi Hartman, half German, half Japanese, litterateur and anarchist, bizarre and exotic.



Christine, who looks like a Valkyrie and cooks as an angel should.



George Baker, the tortoise-shelled and very amiable host.



Louise Norton, possessor of a leopard skin, coat and fame as "Dame Rogue."



Louis, owner of the haunt for thirty-third and green Villagers.

Here, Recorded in Word and Picture, Are the Places Where Real and Would-be Artists, Writers, Poets and Radicals Congregate and Their Claims to Distinction.

By Sarah Addington.
Sketches by Ethel Plummer.

WHEN Greenwich Village eats, as when Greenwich Village paints or writes, it forsakes the madding crowd, gathers its own people and does its dining in its very own fashion. There is Polly's, for instance, and Louis's and the Dutch Oven.

"My dear," said a Bronx lady to me once, "you really must see these places. Rather awful, you know, without tablecloths, and the girls in smocks, but interesting. I took my cousin from Cincinnati there once; she wanted to write a paper on Bohemia"

But it is only one Bronx lady out of fifty, perhaps, that really has witnessed Greenwich Village at its dinner. The rest of The Bronx and all of Cincinnati, when seeing New York by night, believe implicitly the personal conductor when he waves an arm at a brightly lighted Sixth Avenue restaurant and bawls, "The Café Pantheon of New York!" They nudge each other at that rapturous moment and whisper eagerly: "The Latin Quarter, my dear. Where the Bohemians eat, you know." And never dream, as they relate the exciting episode to enthralled listeners, that brightly lighted restaurants on the broad highways are exactly where "Bohemians" do not eat. And never know until their day of demise that Bohemia is at that same dinner hour tucked away in a little cubby on West Fourth Street, dining joyously on Polly's Hungarian goulash or is gathered around Louis's new painted tables, revelling in pot roast.

And Greenwich Village, even as the Bronx lady saw it, is a bit different these days. For the artist colony of America, once just New Yorkese, is feeling the invasion of the war-scattered artists from other worlds. Greenwich Village is learning new lessons from old masters, taking on the tone of original Bohemia, acquiring the polish of European culture and even talking French. You see a new face at Polly's, ask who it is and learn that it is Picabia, the Spanish modernist, who packed his drawings in a suitcase, left Paris and settled his handsome self as a villager. Or at the La Fayette a fine young Belgian is brought to your table, and while you admire his courtliness somebody else tells you that under those gentle-

manly swallowtails are wounds and cuts from three recent battles and a silver wire tying his vertebrae together. Scholem Asche, Polish dramatist, has come over. Lionel Levinson, pianist, from London, on the same steamer with whom came Arnoldo Duchene de Vère, French sculptor.

To these Greenwich Village, as hostess, is extending a welcoming hand. Polly and Louis (pronounced Louie) and the Dutch Oven are gathering them in with enthusiastic embrace.

Polly's? Let's see, Polly's? Oh, yes, the restaurant with the bare, unpainted tables and the green walls and gaslight and high ceilings. Yes, and the one with most luscious food, and George Baker, mine host, strolling around behind tortoise shells, and Mike, the waiter, with languishing moustachios and racing, brisk legs, and Peggy Johns in pink linen, and now and then a green smock, to be sure; now and then bobbed hair. Polly's, where Greenwich Villagers gather on such terms of intimacy that the onlooker feels rather forlorn; Polly's, where conversation and food and cigarettes interweave a fabric of a rather unintelligible pattern to the person who is merely seeing the process. And Polly's, where Polly herself presides and welcomes, her sweet white face very patient and serene, though "she's an anarchist, my dear," as the Bronx lady once said, "and likely to put a bomb in your pudding."

Yes, this is Polly's, not so horrible as the Bronx lady depicts nor so standardized as modern fiction would have you think. And now that Greenwich Village has taken on the responsibility of international Bohemianism, Greenwich Village's gathering places cannot be passed by with a shrug.

I would do a bit of investigating therefore. Yet, somehow, you don't investigate Greenwich Village. It investigates you. You sit huddled in a corner and peep around watchfully or you fling yourself nonchalantly down, but no matter which pose you assume you're always a new one, and everybody knows it.

They try you out, I say.

"How do you like the green walls?" they asked me.

I didn't know whether the answer was so

An Apostrophe to Greenwich Village
By Guido Bruno.

GREENWICH VILLAGE! A republic in the air! A gathering of constantly changing men and women that have a past or have a future and live in both. A gathering of people that worship the highest ideals, constantly building bridges from one illusion to another, not noticing the mud that covers their roads and that is thrown after them from all sides. GREENWICH VILLAGE! Refuge of saluts condemned to live in the crude, hard, realistic world, you playground of sensation—thrifty women with a yellow streak and of men that mistake the desire to sow wild oats for artistic inclination. GREENWICH VILLAGE! Where genius starved and gave the world the best it had, where fortunes are squandered and fortunes made, where heavens of earthly bliss prevail and tortures of hell are suffered, where night and day cease to be the regulating element of the world, where new ideas are developed into systems, into systems that will be overthrown to-morrow and substituted by others that will not live any longer.

or no, so I remarked shiftily that the gaslight was ghastly. They thought I was trying to pun, and that almost ruined the evening. Greenwich Village eschews that lowest form of wit apparently. And it does not always welcome the tourist.

"What are you?" asked a dark-eyed youth, frankly enough.

"Nothing," I answered truthfully.

"You're admitted," he replied.

But he did not speak correctly concerning the prerequisites of Pollydom, for everybody I saw and asked about was doing a little something in the world.

"That's the editor of 'Vogue,' you know," said they, or, "She's Lucy Huffaker, the press agent of the Washington Square Players.

we could be sure this was the Latin Quarter? Well—

"Why, I am an evolutionary communistic anarchist," announced a lady calmly.

Across the room sat a Sam Bernard in evening clothes and a petite little girl with a pointed chin. They peered around and whispered to each other; they were seeing the Latin Quarter. Somebody offered her a cigarette, with wicked intention, of course, and she blushed and dropped it. But they stuck it out and went away flushed and excited with the stimulus of Bohemia.

"It's like a visit to the zoo for them," remarked a little woman in a green sweater, who afterward admitted that she was from Cynthiana, Ky., though she is spending her



Frances Gifford, an artist, inseparable chum of the Village's favorite artist, little Clara Tice, she of the panties, black cats and Comstockian nudes.



Bobbie Edwards, the troubadour who carols anywhere and everywhere.

futuristic musician, he. Motion picture actress."

Bernard Gallant, the far famed Carranza press agent, was there after a sitting for Ida Rauh's sculpturing hand. Dame Rogue (Mrs. Allen Norton) sat next to him, the lady with the leopard skin coat and the large, sweeping hat. And at her elbow the Japanese-German Sadakichi Hartmann, who writes beautifully and paints badly, they say.

In hopped Clara Tice, lean, little, sharp-featured Clara Tice, with her uneven bangs and her six-inch pantalettes, talking in her naive, husky little voice to the curly-haired boy from "Harper's Bazar." Awfully busy with prune whip was Hamilton King, big and blond, and engaged in the business of press agenting for the American Defence Society. One of the youngsters with short hair and a childish face was a clever young artist, Frances Gifford; another one in a middy blouse kissed Polly and went over to talk to pictorial Crystal Eastman Benedict in a coral colored gown. A young French girl, René La Coste, stood talking by our table, her poised cigarette and the droop of her black velvet tam-o'-shanter graceful silhouettes against the unflattering background of green walls in the aforementioned unflattering gaslight.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell soup," declared a hungry youth, who makes posters by day, but disports himself with vegetable admixtures by night apparently.

"And yum, yum, I believe there's goulash," responded a girl at the table.

"Let's play wiggle waggle," begged Norman Jacobson, thrusting a half finished, snakish drawing in front of her who would delve joyously into stuffed tomatoes.

"Well, goodbye; we're off to the opera," called a departing crowd.

Why didn't somebody talk vortically so

The War Has Brought Fortune and Foreign Artists and Much Atmosphere to Greenwich Village, Though It Scorns Militarism and Lives, Works and Laughs in Its Own Way.



We here have the honor—and a real one it is—of introducing Mike, waiter extraordinary, who rules diners at "Polly's."

on the kitchen wall, there is a Modernist picture to inspire the cooking of food for Modernists, I suppose.

Polly has a brother, Louis, who said to himself two weeks ago that he, too, would start a restaurant. Too many tourists at Polly's, too many New York University girls for lunch on there. So the basement of 60 Washington Square South was taken, painted lavender, yellow and blue, with two touches of red and an occasional black chair, and food prepared very, very much like Polly's food. Greenwich Village came flocking.

It looks very different from Polly's, for Louis has used color and contrast and dimmed lights, while Polly has green and white paleness. Louis has a little piano room, too, mostly red, where cards and coffee and cigarettes hold forth. Polly's card room is again less colorful.

Baby Bevens was the centre of attraction at Louie's that night. He is a round little tangle-headed, lustrous-eyed baby, who climbs around his artist father and mother and shakes hands with perfect strangers with equal unconsciousness. Everybody was promising him something—candy, a lesson in turkey trotting, a tea party at the La Fayette, anything a Greenwich Village baby could want. He stated that he

preferred candy to anything else in the world. Bompus Bevens is so far running according to form.

"He's the Greenwich Village baby, you know," explained Virginia Forrest of motion picture fame; "must have everything he wants."

Louis has no Mike, but his pearl beyond price is Christine, a golden haired Valkyrie, turned cook, on whose cooking the inspiration of many a poem depends.

Then there is the Liberal Club, spoken of with bated breath by the lady from The Bronx, but possessed of quite the best dancing floor one might desire. The Liberal Club is being taken care of now by the Troffords, English people fled from Paris, where Mr. Trofford was a guide. And below the Liberal Club is the Dutch Oven, yellow and cheerful, where is Dr. Chaim Zhitlowsky, Jewish philosopher, said to be engaged to "Dutchy" (Nora Van Loewen), the proprietor, and S. Rabinowitz, the Jewish Mark Twain.

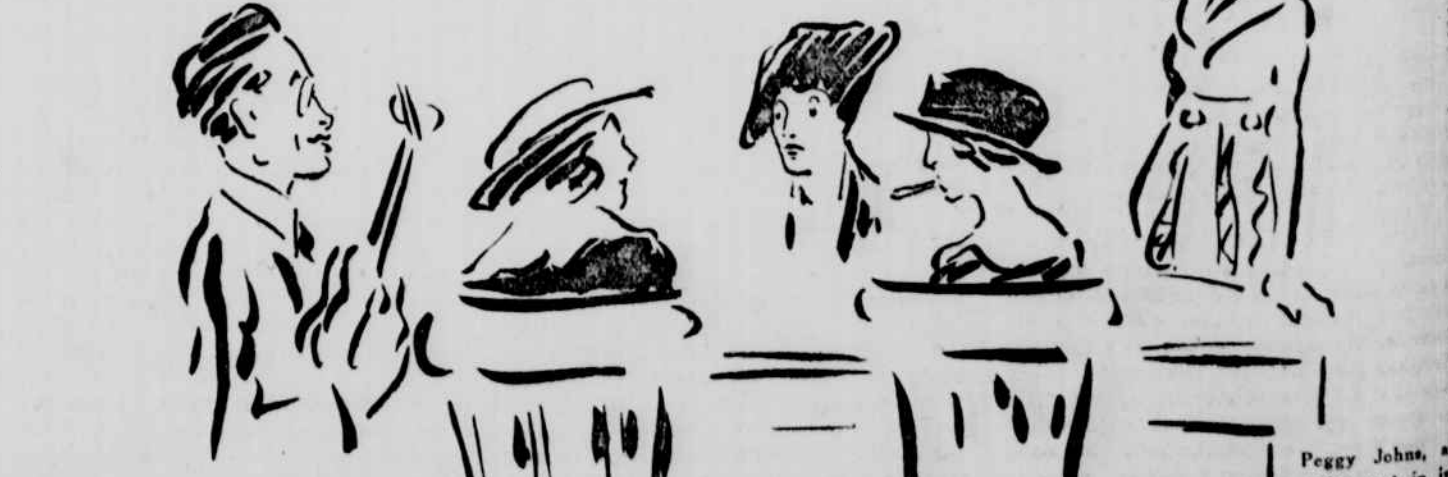
Albeit there is a large and accurate sign reading "Liberal Club Members and Their Friends Only," we walked in and danced around, and the club was evidently liberal enough to stand for even that. There were lots of young girls there, Beatrice and Marie and Pauline and Elaine, everybody singing and dancing and nobody waving a red flag or shouting "Down with everything!" This club was too tame that night. On to other and more sensational rendezvous.

But all your personal conductors, seeing New York tours and sophisticated fiction to the contrary, this is about the end. Greenwich Village proper—improper, somebody will say—does not do much general eating around. Sixty-four West Tenth Street, the Italian table d'hôte immortalized by O. Henry, in spite of its red brick walls, trailing ferns from the balcony, painted horses' heads and thin red California wine, is just a restaurant, full of Columbia students and near-Bohemians. And its brother, at 64 West Eleventh, is even a little less artistic; you often see travelling salesmen there, and always a family from New Jersey, who are looking for atmosphere. If Greenwich Village ever did eat that soup, sardine, spaghetti, salad series served by an Antonio, it has stopped. If Greenwich Village ever did gaze entranced upon the surroundings of Americanized Italy, its eyes are turned away now. For Greenwich Village is eating all to itself in little cubby holes, off the main thoroughfare, where Hungarian goulash is flavored with friendly converse and pot roast has the added spice of modern art and fresh ideas. Where people dress as they like, too, and leave off their white gloves and say what they please without conversational gloves. And where the art world of Paris has flocked, creating the new Latin Quarter—the Latin Quarter of America, the resurrected Bohemia.

Mary Myer, Javanese-Portanese and Chinese who entered the Village's aristocracy as a designer of Pavlova clothes.



At Louie's: Marjorie Bevens, artist and village beauty; "Bompus," her hopeful; "Eddie" Goodman, responsible for the Washington Square Players; Lucy Huffaker, who guides their publicity destinies and Daisy Thompson, newly make shopkeeper.



This we suspect to be our artist. Rene La Coste, one of the Village's fixed and very beautiful stars.

Peggy Johns, an artist cast in genuine roles in the Quartier.