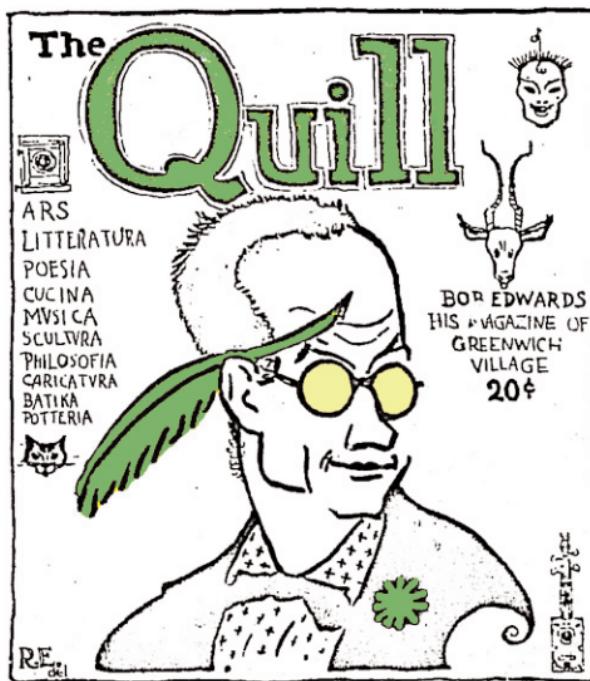
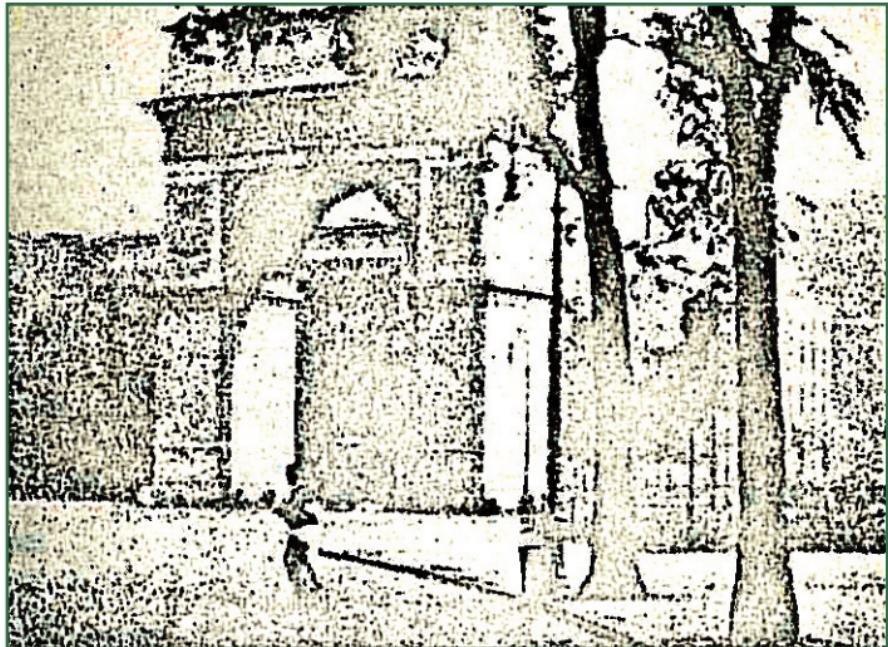


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The STORY of GREENWICH VILLAGE  
compiled from most original sources and  
written comprehensible to both  
morons & other artistic  
folk.

By ROBERTVS EDOVARDVS B.P.L.



## PART V

It was the Spring of 1916 that the Mad Hatter was founded, which inaugurated the Tea Room Era of the Village. The Crumperie followed in 1917.

In the preceding installment we neglected to give one of the chief reasons for the patronage of these salons of undernourishment and dyspepsia. We speak generically—no offense to Crumpie or the

Mad Hatter. It seems that there are still a few mothers who do not allow their daughters to smoke. Hence a tea room is more comfortable than stealing a forbidden puff on the roof of vigilant mamma's apartment. Also *Jurgen*, *MacFadden's Magazine*, *Shadowland* and the works of D.H. Lawrence can be perused in peace of mind where there are no mammas.

This was all before the disaster of prohibition and the cellar of the Brevoort was packed with more or less Bohemians nightly. Here Jack McGrath reigned. Here strangers craned their necks to get a glimpse of hatless Harry Kemp, then known as a tramp poet and not as a novelist and playwright. Here Hippolyte Havel and Sadakichi Hartmann were gaped at in awe. But this jam at the Brevoort was mainly due to the foreign invasion.

## THE PARISIAN INUNDATION

Shortly after the great war broke out—even in the years that good President Wilson kept us out of the war—until he got re-elected—the Village was jammed. Europe had come to be too uncomfortable, and Bohemians, both amateur and professional, from Paris, Prague, Moscow, Odessa, Soho and Dublin came in herds, each bringing his own nifty

European vice—Cubism, Gauguinism. Socialism and Ogetti d'Arti. This was during the early period of decadence of New York Society—before the matrons began to bare their daughters to approximate nudity to enhance their matrimonial chances—before the dance became a love wrastle—before Freud ousted the Bible. During this period of war mania, along with other licentiousness, it became the fashion to allow artists, both piano operators, paint workers and garlic exuders, to enter the fringe of the larger elite gatherings. Accordingly, inasmuch as playing the fiddle, art work and male dressmaking were no longer considered trades by the rich Bourgeoises, they came down into the Village for diversion. Their daughters practiced fitting-school French on nondescript foreigners who were alleged Parisians, though born in Bulgaria or Bessarabia. The cachet of errant eros proved most thrilling to the jaded matrons and their young, for those foreign birds had never heard of Southern chivalry or New England purity. They naively did not realize that there were two distinct classes of women—the good and the bad. The attitude of these cosmopolitan bounders proved to be a great relief to our hitherto sheltered ladies.



Authorities differ as to whether the alleged and tremendous pollution of the youth of our land came from Greenwich Village or Washington, D.C. It is true that every new national mode of thought is first felt and worn out in the Village. Freudian as an indoor sport, Little Theatre expressionism, free verse writing, etc.—everything except prohibition started near Washington Square, as this history will eventually prove. Village customs that were flagrantly unconventional years ago are now the fads of Main Street. But as for corrupting the youth, Nature has planned it so that youth, because of being youth, can never be effectively corrupted, even by the overweening compulsions of the morbidly senile. As a historian we point out that youth has always turned away from pollution, to romance, sport or the pursuit of harmless fads. Greenwich Village is composed of those who have preserved their youth. Eventually the Village will prove to the world that ancient axiom that there are no bad women.



So it was that the fashionable world descended upon the Black Cat and drove out the Bohemians. Only the dealers in dubious antiques remained, and the stock-broker with his models. The same thing happened to the Greenwich Village Inn to a certain extent, but the Villagers were so attached to that historic hostelry that even society could not dislodge them, nor could the pantsmakers crowd them out.



The patient readers may well ask now: "But where did art and culture come in? What has happened except a few riots and the creation of a spurious bohemoid phantasy exploited by the magazines and press—a tremendous visitation of snobs and morbidity hounds—a dubious influx of people not necessary to Europe?" True, Sinclair Lewis had not discovered the Middle West, Hendrik Van Loon had not taken the curse off history, Eugene O'Neill had not fortified the drama with intestinal support; still all the while art and letters were quietly germinating. For many filled with the indomitable spirit of

the experimenter and the inventor were at work, and many neophytes came, drawn by romance and an honest desire to create something new.

*(To be continued)*



**THE GREENWICH VILLAGE INN**  
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