

# THE VILLAGE SURRENDERS TO RICH ART DABBLERS AS SKY-HIGH RENTS ROUT THE REAL BOHEMIANS

## New York's Montmartre Rapidly Falling Into Hands of Seekers After 'Atmosphere' With Plethoric Wallets

MUST the artists leave Greenwich Village? Are the creeping sands of commercialism to engulf New York's famous temperamental oasis?

Are soaring rents to drive from their picturesque retreats the painters, sculptors and poets who comprise "America's Montmartre"? The problem which confronts Greenwich Village is one which, by virtue of its poignantly practical nature, is doubly distressing to the artistic temperament. One must live, if only in a garret. If the garret is unattainable, what remains?

Art is long, and leases short—and costly. Henri (it used to be Henry, back in Council Bluffs) can struggle along in his little eyrie up beneath the eaves if he manages to sell a picture once in a while.

But when Henri receives notice that on and after the first of the month the rent of his modest quarters will be boosted 100 per cent, owing to the increased cost of raw materials and the current unrest in the Near East and sun spots, life begins to take on a somber aspect which art, even at its longest, cannot enlighten.

This condition, which is becoming more acute every day, has arisen from the influx of moneyed outsiders, who have descended upon the vicinity of Washington Square like the fabled Assyrian, seeking quarters with the so-called "Bohemian" atmosphere and occupying the obscure studios and apartments which the artists had made sacred unto themselves.

These people, virtually none of whom is endowed either with temperament or artistic ability, are moved by a variety of impulses. In the first place, even in the face of the spontaneous flood-tide of rentals which greeted their arrival, it is far cheaper to live down in the village than elsewhere in New York. It is so much simpler to take a studio on Twelfth street, which is its own explanation, than to pay the exorbitant prices for uptown apartments, where some degree of display is expected.

### Seekers of Atmosphere Chased Artists Away

Consider for a moment the manifold beauties of the idea. Mrs. Tewksberry Jones, for example, is living in an apartment on Riverside Drive, for which privilege she pays \$5000 a year. She feels that anything less pretentious is unsuited to her station in life. At the same time the financial situation demands an immediate change in the ratio of income and expenditure. What to do? It is a harassing problem, which would undoubtedly bring gray hairs to the head of Mrs. Tewksberry Jones, were it not for her henna treatments.

Now, it so happens that Mrs. Jones was considered talented as a girl at boarding school, a reputation which she earned by her striking work on hand-painted neckties, and this idea has persisted through more years than she cares to think about.



"The Pirates Den," where Village strollers can get real "atmosphere" at so much a sniff

Sometimes to time it has broken out interviews a real estate agent. She must have a "good north light."



McDougall's Alley, chief thoroughfare of Greenwich Village



Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney



"The Studio"—a Village dance "palace"



Mrs. Whitney's Village studio home

## Migration to Other and Cheaper Pastures Suggested in Move to Keep American Quartier Latin for Artists

The village that Mr. Bowers' organization has embarked upon a definite campaign for the construction of studios upon the roofs of loft and office buildings near the East and Hudson Rivers.

### New Colony Is Planned Where Rents Are Lower

In an effort to escape from the dilapidated, who wants to wear a flowing tie and live in the midst of temptation, this body has called a conference of artists, writers and real estate men to consider the proper method of founding a new colony elsewhere.

Many have departed already, going uptown to the vicinity of Fifty-seventh street. Others have deserted Manhattan and moved across the East River to Brooklyn, where they are established on Columbia Heights, under the paternal eye of Joseph Pennell.

Some of the more prosperous, whose talents in the field of illustration and commercial art have changed their circumstances, have reached the point where they can afford to live out of town and commute to their studios.

Young artists are being forced out of the city by hundreds. The coming generation of American artists are to be found today on the farms, where they can live cheaply and use the barns for studios.

New York is now an art center, but it is a foreign art center. It is the mart chiefly for imported works of art. American artists are being driven out of contact with their markets.

The present tenant is not as yet aware of this, but the landlord knows what he speaks. He will move, all right.

Mrs. Tewksberry Jones goes home (she is going to live right down in Greenwich Village, among the people who really do things. She is to become part of the gay, mysterious, unconventional life of the village).

And down on Fort street the landlord also sings a little song and invites a brief note to Henri, who occupies the studio in question, informing him that the monthly rental, instead of \$50, will be \$110 in the future.

"One hundred and ten dollars!" How delightful, exclaims Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Tewksberry Jones, up on Riverside Drive.

In due course Mrs. Jones puts most of her furniture in storage, holds her hair, buys a number of neckties, and moves in.

Henri gathers his effects together, says his little pawky little good-byes, and moves out.

Mrs. Jones and her ilk, however, are not so offensive to the old method of village life as might be supposed. They will live in the village, and will be glad to see the village, and will be glad to see the village, and will be glad to see the village.

Real estate agents are offering the revealed life of the artist and thereby getting unheeded prices from pseudo-artists and home-loving persons.



The "Samovar," another Village landmark, where more "slummers" than Villagers are to be found

The present tenant is not as yet aware of this, but the landlord knows what he speaks. He will move, all right.

Mrs. Tewksberry Jones goes home (she is going to live right down in Greenwich Village, among the people who really do things. She is to become part of the gay, mysterious, unconventional life of the village).

And down on Fort street the landlord also sings a little song and invites a brief note to Henri, who occupies the studio in question, informing him that the monthly rental, instead of \$50, will be \$110 in the future.

"One hundred and ten dollars!" How delightful, exclaims Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Tewksberry Jones, up on Riverside Drive.

In due course Mrs. Jones puts most of her furniture in storage, holds her hair, buys a number of neckties, and moves in.

Henri gathers his effects together, says his little pawky little good-byes, and moves out.

### Decadence of Horse Also an Aspect of Cause

The explanation is that the rapid decadence of the horse and the accompanying growth of the automobile caused a wholesale conversion of old stables into garages. This was a great blow to the artist, who had been wont to make these old buildings into studios at small expense.

This has another weight been laid upon the bowed shoulders of the artist, who is thereby deprived at one stroke of his principal raw material for dwelling.

Dark as is the village horizon, however, one of its denizens, who prefer to remain unshaken in anonymity, sees a silver lining to the cloud of lay intrusion.

"These so-called fake studios," he says, "are a help to the poor struggling artist."

"It is just that kind of people who are the so-called patrons of art—especially for the younger generation artists—by buying the works and showing them to their friends, even if they make mistakes and blow themselves up as well-known connoisseurs."

The situation of the village is slightly bettered. Those who would pose as artists must have pretenses to lighten the burden—and they must buy them from real artists.

"But," he went on to say, "the most unkindly result of Mr. Bowers' attack upon the village is a visit from one or two middle-class amateur artists, who are just here to study a model."

Such an occurrence, however, is the most serious of possibilities, according to the "Honest" Bohemian, who is in the way of being the victim of the village.

The village is a Bohemian village, monthly meetings, for keeps, a rooming house, and a studio, and found a person studying a model, what would that be about it?

Noting.

### Writers Sharpen Quills To Air Their Grievances

The village is a Bohemian village, monthly meetings, for keeps, a rooming house, and a studio, and found a person studying a model, what would that be about it? Noting.