

# Greenwich Village Tells the World How to Dress

Artists and Craftsmen (Mostly Craftswomen) Hold Their First Annual Show in Campaign to Divert a Hitherto Unenlightened Public to Batik, Tied-and-Dyed and Painted-Leg Schools of Costume Design.



Zentil of the Owl studio uses an eye-brow pencil to applique optical designs on bare expanses of Tarzanne's knees. When Tarzanne walks the eyes "wink!"

GREENWICH VILLAGE, long celebrated as the sanctuary of free speech and free spirits, has now yielded the very latest designs in women's dress. Under the patronage of Kate Seabrook, the village designers, weavers and modistes recently lifted the bushel measure from their shining light and put the world wise to the real thing in wearing apparel.

Mrs. Seabrook is the owner and operator of a coffee house in Waverley place, New York. Not everybody knows where it is, for no sign is out and no effort to bring in a general patronage has ever been made. On this account the coffee



Studio costume of French blue, gray and deep orchid dyed in geometrical designs. Batik by Robus. Cartoon by Tarzanne.

house has more the atmosphere of a club than an inn. It is principally a place where the bobbed-haired intelligentsia of Washington square may invite their souls, roast chestnuts and debate the difference between mutation and evolution.

Not long ago the girls in the village decided they were tired of being sartorially misrepresented in the Philistine world. It was the Impression north of Fourteenth street and out in the wilds of Iowa and the steppes of Georgia that a Greenwich Village lassie was all dressed up for anything from a grande bal to a shower-bath when she was wearing a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, a calico smock and a set of sandals.

So the dressmakers decided they would put on a show. And it was only natural that "156" should be the theater of their sartorial parade. Plans were laid. Tony Sarg, of marionette fame, and Ethel Plummer drew posters, Achmed Abdullah, novelist and playwright, volunteered as stage director, and Sybilla Lamont supervised the details. Mrs. Antonio de Sanchez served cigarettes. Professional models displayed gowns and materials.

Mrs. Seabrook presided in a blue-green and silver dress and long jade earrings. The show ran for three nights. The coffee house was crowded. The cognoscenti of Sheridan square were jostled a bit by slicked-up Philistines from uptown and out of town, but on the whole it was a great party from first to last.

Each model did a slow patrol up and down the length of the room while the spectators lounged at their ease on all sides, drank coffee and smoked. Sometimes beautiful batiked silks were draped carelessly over the sylphs and when the patrol pirouetted the silks floated aft. At such times the male spectators forgot to lounge at ease. Then at intervals the parade halted, and Bobby Edwards twanged a ukulele to the words of "The Sultan's Wives Have Got the Hives" and "Down in Greenwich Village Where the Old Maids Go for Thrillage," or Aleta Crump did chansons, chocolate choruses and chastouschki (Russian folk songs).

The gowns, wraps and lingerie managed to be startling and practical at the same time. There were various kinds of tea gowns—some severely simple in color; others veritable bursting bombs of batiks. Silken house dresses, virginal white at the tops, gradually shaded off into soul-searing purples, scarlets and



Vest and step-in of tangerine voile bound in black, by Billie, and batiked tea gown shading from palest apricot to deep red-orange, realized in fukina satin by Hugo and Irene Robus. Pose after poster by Ethel Plummer



Tarzanne in a masquerade dress made entirely of paper by Pearce. A grease-paint design twined where the paper didn't.



An artist's smock, perfectly plain castor color except for wool embroidery.

suit cut low above the waist and high below.

In fairness, it should be stated that her legs, as such, needed no adornment. But for the benefit of those not so well satisfied with unrelieved nature, she exhibited on her legs a black line drawing. When her knees were pressed together the audience saw the portrait of a man. His right eye was mounted directly on top of her right patella and, by manipulating her knee muscles in a way that wasn't explained she would wickedly wink this right eye.

Anna Mae Cliff of Mme. Frances', Hil-



Around the clock in apparel made and designed in the village—May Rowland retires in batik pajamas; Maxine Sawyer in a morning or garden dress of plain and plaid ratine; she later goes to lunch in a linen costume decorated in near-East peasant embroidery; Hildred in a simple black afternoon frock with sleeves batiked in light colors; Alden Gay in a batiked evening gown of graceful line done in quiet tones—gray, green, black and white.

woven fabrics were shown in straight-line sports dresses and capes, often worn with gay homespun scarfs and hats.

Perhaps the most fetching of these was a cherry-colored, fringed apron of homespun worn over an accordion-pleated slip in the same shade.

Several effective pajama suits were shown, one a simple model elaborately

batiked, another showing long harem pantalettes of red satin under a black satin smock.

A white Spanish lace shawl was effectively draped on one model to exhibit its possibilities as an evening gown. An unusually colorful Paisley with a rich edge of self-fringe was worn shawl-fashion as an evening wrap. Under-garment

novelties included black velvet-trimmed gingham step-ins and a cherry-colored georgette chemise.

Style exhibits were not confined to clothes. There was a girl named Tarzanne, of the Greenwich Village Follies, who showed the ladies what they might do when it was necessary for their knees to be bare. Tarzanne was wearing a bathing

gird of Lucille's and Alden Gay of Tappe's showed how effectively the village clothes should be worn just as they are used to showing Mrs. Fifth Avenue looked like Anna Mae Cliff et al. The exhibitors included a number of such typically village institutions as Ann's shop, Billie's Personality Shoppe, Kraftwoven, Reiss studios, the Treasure Box and the Village Weavers. The show will be a semi-annual affair, for the village thinks it has a mission in the world.