

Thomas Edison's daughter came to be photographed, the appointment was made and Miss Edison sent in several dresses for granny to choose from. Granny made her choice and Miss Edison dressed and came out into the studio - granny pored over her, turning her this way and that - Then disappeared behind her camera - She moved the camera and worked for about 15 minutes - Then she came out from under the focusing cloth - "Well," she said "you can go home now" "But Mamma Kasehir you haven't made a single picture -" "I know" said granny "There is nothing there" -

She never exposed a negative unless she felt it was interesting -

(Miss E had light red hair + a red head skin - this may have influenced granny to feel that she couldn't do her justice - The old plates were not color corrected -) (check this story with top - doesn't sound credible)

1923 or 3 —

54

When granny was in ~~the~~ her 70s she had an illness which was diagnosed as gall stones - she was taken to Poly clinic for observation - she was quite stout by this time and entirely unrestrained - When she climbed up on the table for an examination she looked around at all the solemn faces of the doctors & nurses - then down at her own fat stomach - She began to chuckle silently and her stomach shook... "But you think it's twins" she said -  
(see next page)

When I was a young girl bringing home my own art student friends - granny used to tell our fortunes in tea leaves - We all loved this - She seemed to be so <sup>I am convinced that</sup> very accurate - It was only her gift to read character and sum up a situation at a glance, rather than what she saw in the tea cup, that seemed to give her a second sight -



One morning when granny was recuperating from her attack of gallstones she came bounding out of her room calling "Come look - I'm cured" We gathered round "See here are the gall stones - I found them in my bed when I woke up!" She opened her hand and there were two smooth cloudy crystals which upon further examination proved to be gum arabic, that she used sometimes in making prints - She was greatly disappointed at their identification but she still felt cured -

1912 or 13 -

36

One day granny came out of her dark room tired, and threw herself dramatically on a couch - "Last week" she intoned "I

photographed a holy man" (a priest)

"Yesterday I photographed the lord" (Northcliffe)

"Today I photographed Jesus" (an artist ~~student~~ friend who had a van dyke beard and a beautiful face and was dubbed "Jesus") "who next?!"

My cousin Elizabeth (about 5 yrs) walked quietly up to granny, vastly impressed and whispered "Talk some more like that granny"



C1958 -

after Grammy had retired from photography my mother was <sup>still</sup> working at it and lived with Grammy. Grammy couldn't bear not to be present at a sitting - tho her tactlessness made it very difficult -

A ~~plain~~ young woman came to be photographed one day - and while she was preening in the dressing room Grammy came in - G. looked the sitter up and down tilting her head and squinting her eyes - whistling silently with her breath - finally after a thorough scrutiny she said, patting the girl on the shoulder "never mind - when I was making pictures I always liked to photograph homely people best" -

p 57, line 7  
for "printing" read "prompting"



C 1938

Cow - photo

58

My mother was photographing a woman -  
granny who was deaf and always spoke her  
asides in perfectly audible tones, was sitting  
on the side lines watching - When my mother  
was ready to take the picture - granny said  
"Hermine, don't photograph her in that dress,  
she looks like a cow."

Granny spoke her whispers in clear even  
monotonous expression - Her normal voice  
was clear and vibrant with lots of expression  
and a wide range of tone - She never spoke  
in the flat monotonous voice of the deaf -

Tho she was absolutely deaf without the  
aid of her acoustician after she was 70 or so

She fought using a hearing device for  
years - One had to get close to her "good ear" and  
shout - She hated her acoustician at first  
saying she felt like a dog with a tin  
can tied to its tail -

She became deaf in one ear from  
scarlet fever at the age of 3

and her hearing grew gradually worse as she grew older - until she could hear nothing ~~see~~ without the aid of a hearing device -

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She said her deafness was a blessing rather than a curse - It allowed her to concentrate better, minor noises were never distractions to her - and best of all she missed a lot of idle gossip and small talk. People seldom bothered to shout scandal or trivialities -

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People felt sorry for her when she would sit in a large group and miss the general conversation - but she didn't really mind - She would sit quietly studying each of the group. Every now and then she would start talking to the group - This immediately killed all other conversation - She didn't know if she were interrupting and I don't think she cared - Very often she would burst in with



a comment on the subject under discussion with the group - She claimed this to be thought transference - Perhaps she read lips a little.

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Grammy hated artificiality of any kind - and was very blunt in her comments. One day my aunt came to see her looking especially pretty - "You have paint on your face - looks awful" was Grammy's greeting - She was never free with personal compliments, tho quick to point out a run in your stocking or a shawing of petticoat - whether you were guest or family - as she saw no shame in these things she announced them loudly - not realizing that they would embarrass the offender -

Thomas Edison's daughter came to be photographed, the appointment was made and Miss Edison sent in several dresses for Granny to choose from. Granny made her choice and Miss Edison dressed and came out into the studio. Granny posed her, turning her this way and that, then disappeared behind her camera. She moved the camera and worked for about 15 minutes. Then she came out from under the focusing cloth. "Well," she said "You can go home now."

"But, Mme. Kasebier, you haven't made a single picture!"

"I know," said Granny, "there is nothing there."

She never exposed a negative unless she felt it was interesting.

(Miss E. had light red hair and a red head's skin. This may have influenced Granny to feel that she couldn't do her justice. The old plates were not color corrected.)

*Check this story with  
40x*



1923 or 23

When Granny was in her 70's she had an illness which was diagnosed as gall stones. She was taken to Polyclinic for observation. She was quite stout by this time and entirely unrestrained. When she climbed up on the table for an examination she looked around at all the solemn faces of the doctors and nurses, then down at her own fat stomach. She began to chuckle silently and her stomach shook.

"Bet you think it's twins," she said.

One morning when Granny was recuperating from her attack of gallstones she came bounding out of her room calling "Come, look - I'm cured!" We gathered round. "See here are the gall stones. I found them in my bed when I woke up!" She opened her hand and there were two smooth, cloudy crystals which upon further examination proved to be gum arabic that she used some times in making prints. She was greatly disappointed at their identification but she still felt cured.

When I was a young girl bringing home my own art student friends, Granny used to tell our fortunes in tea leaves. We all loved this. She seemed to be so very accurate. I am convinced it was only her gift to read character and sum up a situation at a glance, rather than what she saw in the tea cup, that seemed to give her a second sight.

1912-13

One day Granny came out of her dark room tired, and threw herself dramatically on a couch. "Last week," she intoned "I photographed a holy man." (a priest.) "Yesterday I photographed the Lord" ("Northcliffe.") "Today I photographed Jesus" (an artist friend who had a Van Dyke beard and a beautiful face and was dubbed "Jesus.") "Who next?"

My cousin Elizabeth (about 5 years) walked quietly up to Granny, vastly impressed and whispered "Talk some more like that, Granny."

Circa 1928

After Granny had retired from photography my mother was still working at it and lived with Granny. Granny couldn't bear not to be present at a sitting, though her tactlessness made it very difficult.

A young woman came to be photographed one day, and while she was prinking in the dressing room Granny came in. Granny looked the sitter up and down, tilting her head and squinting her eyes, whistling silently with her breath. Finally after a thorough scrutiny she said, patting the girl on the shoulder "Never mind, when I was making pictures I always liked to photograph homely people best."

My mother was photographing a woman. Granny, who was deaf and always spoke her asides in perfectly audible tones, was sitting on the sidelines watching. When my mother was ready to take the picture Granny said "Hermine, don't photograph her in that dress, she looks like a cow."

Granny spoke her whispers in<sup>a</sup> clear, even monotone. Her normal voice was clear and vibrant with lots of expression and a wide range of tone. She never spoke in the flat monotonous voice of the deaf, though she was absolutely deaf without the aid of her acoustican after she was 70 or so.

She fought using a hearing device for yea5s. One had



to get close to her "good ear" and shout. She hated her acoustican at first, saying she felt like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail.

She became deaf in one ear from scarlet fever at the age of 3, and her hearing grew gradually worse as she grew older until she could hear nothing without the aid of a hearing device.

She said her deafness was a blessing rather than a curse.

People felt sorry for her when she would sit in a large group and miss the general conversation, but she didn't really mind. She would sit quietly studying each of the group. Every now and then she would start talking to the group. This immediately killed all other conversation. She didn't know if she were interrupting and I don't think she cared. Very often she would burst in with a comment on the subject under discussion with the group. She claimed this to be thought transference. Perhaps she read lips a little.

Granny hated artificiality of any kind and was very blunt in her comments. One day my aunt came to see her looking especially pretty. "You have paint on your face, looks awful," was Granny's greeting. She was never free with personal compliments, though quick to point out a run in your stocking or a showing of petticoat, whether you were guest or family. As she saw no shame in these things she announced them loudly, not realizing that they would embarrass the offender.