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Some epigrams by Mrs. Kasebier

Bad old Masters are no better than bad Modern.

If we could see ourselves as others see us.. we might wish that mirrors had not been invented.

Bargain hunters can buy so cheaply because they never pay for their time.

Ideas always taste better in sugar than in vinegar.

A happy artist is better than a discontented millionaire.

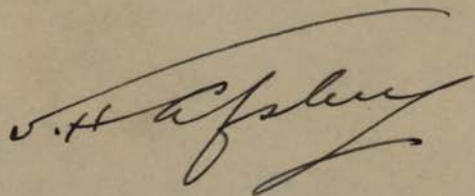
Everybody loves to talk most about what he knows least.

Dear Miss Turner:

This is what I found in my collection of memories, please save them for me, I may have some more, will send them on to you as I find them.

With kindest regards to mother,

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "V. H. Kasebier". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

From Sam Lipshey -

When I was a young man he worked as an apprentice for folk for several years then opened a photo studio on his own at Greenspoint. He thought he knew every thing about photography and was very pleased with himself. He hired a boy to help him. The shop was old fashioned. It had a big ugly counter in it which he decided one rainy day to tear it down. He and the boy set to work and when they had it pretty well demolished and were knee deep in plaster and boards & debris the door opened and a strange looking woman came in - She was dressed in a bedraggled wet hat and a rain coat. I turned to her

wondering what she wanted and hoping she hadn't come to beg.

"Am I in the right place" she asked. "What place are you looking for" "I'm looking for a photographer named Lysky."

"I am he" "Ah - what a little man" - "Good things come in small packages, what can I do for you"

"I came to have you teach me photography. I don't take pupils"

"I will apprentice myself, I want to learn". L. couldn't think how to get rid of her - thought her some freak - "I'll think it over" he said.

"Very well I'll be back in two days" after she left the boy & Lysky laughed about the incident. and dismissed it. 2 days later she came back better dressed and carrying a

portfolios. L. didn't recognize her at once but asked her to wait as he was busy. When he did remember her he was amazed as he had a mother and children's photograph and the place was small and the freakish woman was in the way - When he finished the sitting he came over to the woman. "My name is Mrs Karcher, when may I start to work" she said.

"I'm very sorry Mrs K. I really have no time for teaching, I'm very busy, my place is small - said L. Then a brilliant idea struck him - He would name an outrageous price for teaching and thus be rid of her - "But if you insist - it will cost - " and he named a sum quite out of reason -

"Oh - she said "It comes high
doesn't it?" "If that's the price,
that's the price. When do I start?"
L. was dumbfounded. He didn't
know what to try next - "May
I show you some of my photos?"
"Certainly," she opened the folio
and I was amazed - he had
never seen anything like them -
asked her if they were photos
of paintings - didn't realize
anything like that could be done
with a camera - "If you don't
like them, say so, tell me right
out, what you think - I don't
mind, everyone laughs at me."
she said -

"I can't believe you made them
they look like copies of old masters"
he said, "They are wonderful"

"I guess we'll get along all right," she said "When do I start?" "Anytime you like" "I will come tomorrow"

The next morning G. K. was at Lipsbury. When she came in she looked at a Cooco clock hanging on the wall with a calendar hung on one of its carvings - "Why do you have that, like that?" she asked - "What?" "That clock and calendar it doesn't look very nice - may I take one of them down?"

"Oh yes if you wish, I guess it does look a little untidy" They started to work and she asked a thousand questions always demanding a reason for the answer. "Why do you do it

this way - why not like this? " from the start L. was the pupil. She was careful not to hurt his feeling. But she was firm - she took him to second hand stores and with little money and much taste gradually refurnished the studio.

L. was amazed but delighted. She gave an atmosphere to the place - supplied the touch that was lacking. One day she came in with a large bundle -

"What have you there" said L.

"I brought some cups and saucers and a tea pot, do you mind if we have tea in the afternoon?" L. was always pleased by her innovations and was so happy to see his little place blossom under her influence - "What next" he asked

himself everyday.

When the time came for her to make her first payment I said he couldn't take the money - She worked harder than he and the boy who was being paid and also she had taught him more than he could ever teach her. She insisted saying "A bargain is a bargain."

One day she said "Lipsky, I make nice prints here, but at home I always get spots on them or something goes wrong - why is that?" "I don't know" said I perhaps if I could see your dark room I could make some suggestions. He offered to come to her house and they left the studio in charge of the boy and

(B)

started off - They walked for blocks, took a trolley, changed to another trolley - walked some more & took another trolley, walked some more and finally arrived at her house - L. was astounded "Do you mean to tell me you make this trip twice a day?" "Of course, its nothing, I'm learning"

L. was very curious about where she lived & how. He knew nothing of her personal life but had imagined she was, ^{probably} in very ~~moderate~~ circumstances.

He was flabbergasted when she led him up to a large handsome house - and his surprise increased when the door was

opened by a servant. She introduced him to her son and 3 daughters. Her husband wasn't home from business yet.

She took him to her dark room which was a converted bath room - and he says that her greatness

artistically was equalled only by her impracticality. He couldn't figure a worse way to arrange a dark room. He took measurements and came back

the next day with boards and nails and made her a workable dark room - How

she ever made a print at all in the confusion of that first dark room was beyond him.

He stayed for lunch - till after

have beer or tea. Lifshay" she asked
 "I'll have beer" he said.

He met Mrs K. who told him
 he didn't like the idea of his
 wife working. He felt it hurt
 his credit as a business
 man and embarrassed him -
 he believed firmly in the 3 K's
 Kirke, Kinder, Kitchen.

L. knew by this time that
 nothing would stop Mrs K. working.

L. helped G.K. fix up her
 first studio in the Thomas's Exchange
 Bldg. He arranged her dark
 room, built shelves etc -

Said Mrs K. was SO grateful.

She wanted to do something for
 him. She insisted that he enroll
 in Pratt Institute for an art course
 and kept at him until he did.

Mrs K. was
 said G.K. letters

He used to be so tired after working all day and studying evening he fell asleep every night on the trolley and had to be waked by the conductor to get off. After the first week at art school he realized how far behind G.K. he was. He realized how little he knew.

G.K. told S. he must get a receptionist & bookkeeper. She introduced him to the daughter of a friend and she came to work for him. He always acted on G.K.'s advice as it always turned out well for him. She told him he must go to Paris and see what artists were doing - broaden his outlook - He intended to do this but fell in love with his next

for some time, that they receive
their left overs here." she said -

She was invited to talk
to the "Professional Photogs
of America" and had repeatedly
refused. Finally the president
Mr Chas Kern asked Lifshey to try
to get her to address a large meeting
in Niagara Falls. He persuaded her
and she agreed reluctantly to go
if L. & his wife would go too.

L. & wife arrived later than
G.P. and when they went to the
hotel to find her she was standing
at the desk surrounded by her
luggage checking out -

L. rushed up and asked her
what she was doing. "nobody
here wants to hear me - no one

has come near me - I'm going home - L. begged her to wait a few minutes & got the president of the Prof. Photo Amer. who didn't know G.P. had arrived. She was soon surrounded by a flock of admirers and was content to stay & speak.

After the speech there were many questions - What camera do you use, what papers, how do you mix your developer, etc. She grew tired of the stalling of the questions and said - ^{by} your ~~stalling~~ ^{equipment} is not so important - You can give an idiot a diamond studded gold pen and he won't write poetry - It's not your implements so much as what's in your head. I mix my developer with brains.

One time she went to Chicago to
photograph the children of a wealthy
meat packing man (Armour)
they packed a great deal of pork.
She was trying to make the
baby cheerful for his picture
and knelt down and played
with his toes "This little piggy
went to market, this little piggy
stayed home -" but she didn't
get any farther - the mother
was insulted at what she
felt to be a joke at her husband's
business and snatched the
baby away.

The other N.Y. Photos were
very jealous of her, and of the praise
and awards her work received.
"Old Life" (P. McDonald) "She

She called her work pictures

can't sell her pictures, its beautiful
yrs, but she won't retouch and
the public will never buy it.

But she stuck to her guns and
held to what she knew in her
own mind to be beautiful
and gradually the public did
swallow it. They always
praised the steep photographs
of their friends, but when it
came to their own, they wanted
to be prettified. She fought this
continually. Trying always to
educate her public to the thought
that truth is beauty and there is
more beauty in ^{lines of} character than
in a mask - She would never
descend to the level of popular taste
and never stop trying to pull
the people up to hers.

She never would tell Lifshay how she first heard of him or why she chose to study with him -

When he was studying at Pratt he told his instructor, Froelich, that Mrs K. had sent him there & helped him with his work. If you have Mrs K to teach you, you don't need me" he said.

L. took a reproduction of a photo that had won 1st prize in some exhibition & G.K. to ask her her opinion. It was of a man holding a Berlin - against a black background - "What's this" she asked -

"What do you think of it" he asked after looking at it she said "Why did they take him to the

cellar to be photographed, does he play there - no I see he doesn't play at all, look how he's holding the violin - and what is he laughing at - I don't see anything funny - it's a fake where did you get it?"

"It won first prize at such & such an exhibit?"

"Rubbish!"

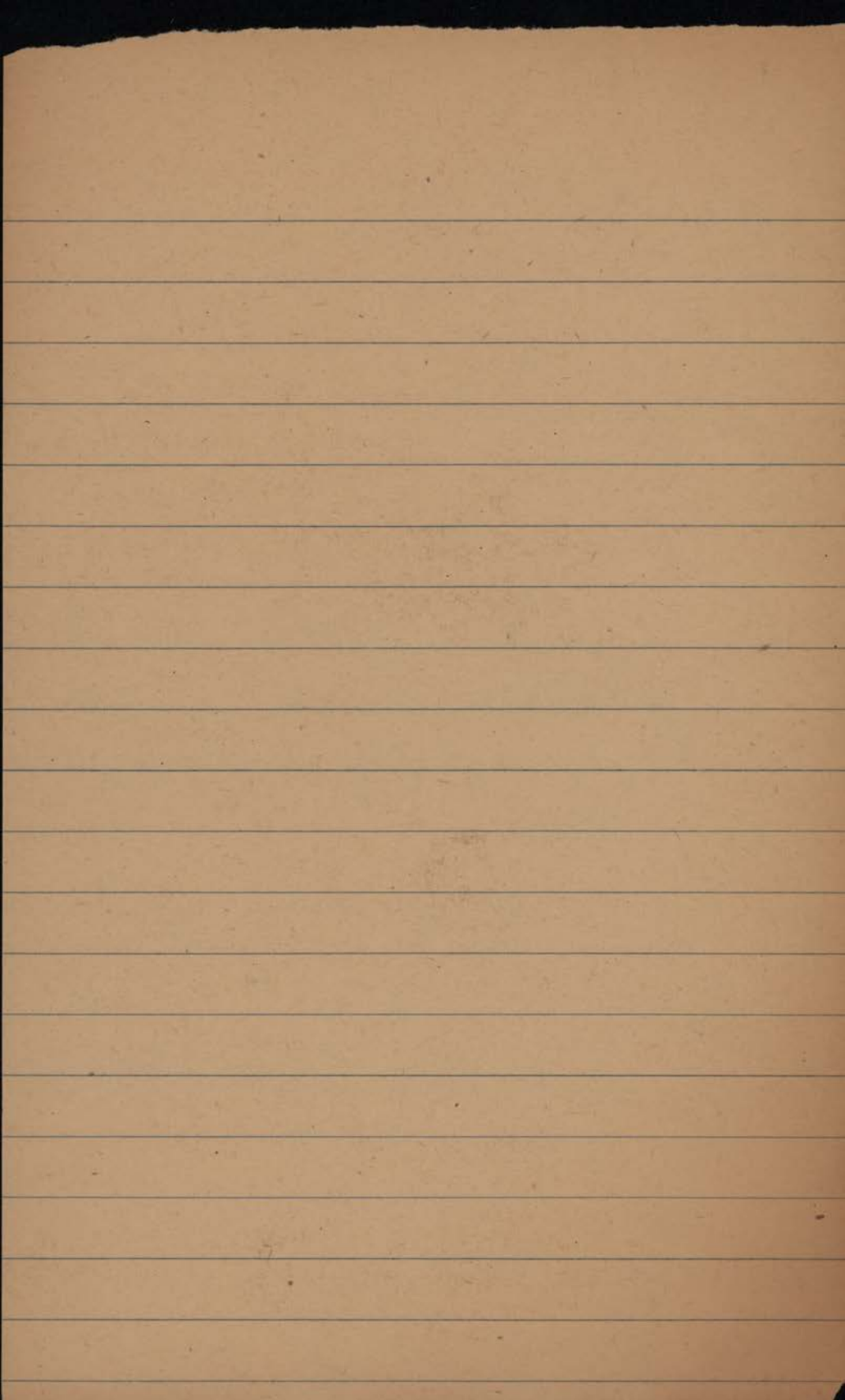
She bought an old cloak on one of her trips to Europe. It was a beautiful millose color - olive. It was reversable and she loved it because of the color which had improved with age. One Xmas her mother, knowing she was very fond of the cloak tho not knowing why, decided

To surprise her and had it dyed
so it wouldn't be so drab. G.K.
thought this a huge joke -

She saw beauty in everything
when Lifshutz's wife died and G.K.
came to the funeral. L took her in
to see his wife in her coffin -

"What beautiful hands" she
said "May I make a cast of
them?" The family wouldn't let
her -

Frances B. Johnson went with
G.K. on one of her trips to Europe.
This was the time she met Rodin



Lipsky - continued

One day I received a card from GK asking him to come to a lecture she was going to give at the Brooklyn Academy of Arts & Sciences. When he arrived he was told the lecture was for members only and was refused admittance. "But" he said "I have a card from Mrs. K. inviting me to come". They said they were sorry but rules were rules. He asked if he might speak to Mrs. K. and at least let her know he had tried to come to her talk and was told that she was having dinner with the officers of the academy but would pass by a certain corridor on her way to the stage, he might wait there. He did. She was long in coming, the audience was already seated in the hall and waiting - He knew what had happened she had started telling stories after dinner and they were having such a good time they were letting the audience wait. Finally he heard steps on the stairs and GK's voice - She came up the

stairs in the midst of the art critics and
 officers of the Academy. Laughing & talking -
 She suddenly spied Lifshay - "Why Sam,
 what are you doing here? Why aren't you
 out front in the auditorium?"

He explained that he had been refused
 admittance - members only etc -

Before them all she threw her arms around
 him and kissed him - and personally
 conducted him to a front row seat -

After the lecture she asked if there were
 any questions. The audience was timid
 about starting them so she pointed at L.
 "Come up here, you always find fault
 with my pictures, you must have
 some questions" Poor L. was embarrassed by
 being so put on the spot.

about 1917 - she was knocked down by a
 taxi as she was crossing the street. She
 was quite badly shaken up and had several
 stitches taken in her scalp -

When she was recuperating, Lifshay came

to see her. He had not been to see her in some time, not for any reason but just daily tasks had kept him busy. He brought her some flowers and they talked of old times - She kept looking at him very intently - so much so he began to feel uncomfortable and wondered if there were anything wrong with his clothes - Finally she asked - "Got a wife Sam?"

"No" he said (his wife had been dead some time) after some more conversation she asked "Got a girl Sam?"

"No - no girl"

After another short time she asked "Is that a new suit you have on?"

"Yes," he answered "It is"

"Did you buy it to come to see me?"

"Well yes, I did"

"Well" she said, "Ever since you came in I've been trying to find the woman who was behind that crease in your trousers - at last I've found her, It's me!"

After Grammy died - Lisbey who was then working with the Russell Sage foundation arranged to have some of her most well known negatives preserved there - a most fitting ending - as he started her on her way to photography -

When Lifshy was a young man he worked as apprentice to Falk, for several year then opened a studio of his own at Greenpoint, Brooklyn. He thought he knew all there was to know about photography and was very pleased with himself. He hired a boy to help him. The shop was old fashioned and had a large ornate counter which he decided to tear down some rainy day. One day he and the boy set to work and when they had it pretty well demolished and were knee deep in plaster, boards and debris, the door opened and a strange looking woman came in. She wore a bedraggled wet hat and a man's raincoat. Lifshy turned to her, wondering what she wanted, hoping she hadn't come to beg.

"Am I in the right place?" she asked

"What place are you looking for?"

"I am looking for a photographer named Lifshy"

"I am Lifshy"

"Oh....what a LITTLE man!"

"Good things come in small packages, what can I do for you?"

"I came to have you teach me photography"

"I'm sorry, I don't take pupils"

"But I want to learn, I will apprentice myself"

Lifshy thought her a freak, but couldn't think how to get rid of her.

"I'll think it over" he said

"Very well I'll come back in two days" and she left. When she had left, L. and the boy had a good laugh at her expense and dismissed the matter..

Two days latter she came back, better dressed and carrying a portfolio. L. didn't recognize her at once, but asked her to wait as he was busy. When he did remember her, he was annoyed, as he was photographing a mother and her three children, and the place was small. The strange woman was in the way.

When he finished the sitting he came over to the woman who said,

"My name is Mrs. Kasebier, when do I start work?"

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Kasebier, I have thought it over and I have no time for teaching. My quarters are small. . ." then a brilliant idea struck him, he would name an outlandish price for teaching, and thus be rid of her. This he did.

Well" she said "It comes high, doesn't it? If that's the price, that's the price, when do I start?" Lifshy was taken aback.

"May I show you some of my photographs?" she asked.

"Certainly"

She opened the portfolio and Lifshy was amazed, he had never seen anything like them. He hadn't realized that such things could be made with a camera, and asked if they were photographs of paintings.

"If you don't like them" she said "tell me right out, I don't mind, I want to know what you really think, every one laughs at me, I'm used to it."

"I can't believe you made them" he said "They look like old masters, they are wonderful."

"I guess we'll get along alright" she said "When do I start?"

"Any time you wish"

"I will come tomorrow."

The next morning she was at Lifshy's. When she came in she looked at a cuckoo clock hanging on the wall with a calendar hanging on one corner of it.

"Why do you have that like that?" she asked.

"No reason" said Lifshy

"May I take one of them down?"

"Yes if you wish, I guess it does look a little untidy."

They started to work and she asked a thousand questions, always demanding a reason for the answers. "WHY do you do it this way, why not like this?"

From the start, Lifshy says he was the pupil. She was careful not to hurt his feelings but she was firm. She took him to second hand stores and antique stores, and with little money and much taste, gradually refurnished the studio.

Lifshy was amazed but delighted. Said she gave an atmosphere to the place, supplied the touch that had been lacking. One day she came in with her arms full of bundles.

"What have you there?" asked Lifshey

"I have some cups and saucers and a tea pot. Do you mind if we have some tea in the afternoons?"

He was very pleased with the idea as he was with all the changes she had made. He was so happy to see his little place blossom under her influence.

"What next?" he asked himself every day

When the time came for her to make her first payment, Lifshey said he couldn't take the money, as she had already taught him more than he could ever teach her, and she worked harder than the boy who was being paid. She insisted, saying

"A bargain is a bargain"

one day she said, "Lifshey, I make nice prints here but at home I always get spots on them, or something goes wrong. Why is that?"

"I don't know" said Lifshey, "Perhaps if I could see your dark room I could make some suggestions."

He offered to go to her house and they left the shop in charge of the boy and started off. They walked for blocks, took a trolley, walked some more, took another trolley, changed to still another trolley, then walked six or seven blocks to her house.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Kasebier, that you make this trip twice a day?" asked Lifshey.

"Of course, its nothing, I'm learning." she answered.

Lifshey was very curious about where she lived and how. He knew nothing of her personal life, but had imagined her to be in modest circumstances, and was prepared to be surprised at nothing. He was surprised though when she led him up to a large handsome house, and more surprised when the door was opened by a servant. She introduced him to her son and two daughters. Her husband wasn't home from business yet.

She took him to her darkroom which was a converted bath room. He says that her artistic greatness was equaled only by her impracticality. He couldn't figure out a worse way to arrange a dark room. He took measurements and came back the next day with boards and nails and made the dark room workable. How she ever made a print at all in the confusion of that first dark room was beyond him.

He staid for lunch. "Will you have beer or tea, Lifshey?" she asked

"I'll have beer...with you" he said.

He met Mr. Kasebier who told him that he didn't like the idea of his wife working

He felt it hurt his credit as a business man and otherwise embarrassed him.

He believed in the three Ks "Kirk, Kinder, Küche"

Lifshey knew by this time that nothing would stop Mrs. Kasebier's work.

When G.K. opened her first studio, Lifshey helped her fix it up, arranged her dark room, built shelves etc. Said Mrs. Kasebier was so grateful. She wanted to do something for him. She insisted that he enroll in Pratt Institute for an art course, and kept at him until he did. He used to be so tired after working all day and studying at night, he used to fall asleep every night on the trolley on his way home. After the first week at art school he realized how little he knew and how far behind G.K. he was. He told his instructor at Pratt that G.K. was helping him with his work and the teacher said "If you have Mrs. Kasebier to help you, you don't need me."

G. K. told L. that he must get a secretary and receptionist. She introduced him to the daughter of a friend and he hired her. He always acted on G.K.'s advice and it always turned out well for him. She told him he must go to Paris and broaden his outlook, and see what others were doing. He intended to do this but fell in love with his secretary and married her. This ended his trip abroad.

Lifshey took a reproduction of a photograph that had won first prize at some exhibition to G.K. to ask her what she thought of it.

"What's this" she asked

"What do you think of it?" Lifshey asked.

"Why did they take him to the cellar to be photographed? does he play there, n no I see he doesnt play at all, look how he is holding the violin, and what is he la ughing at, I don't see anything funny. It's a fake, where did you get it?"

"It won first prize at such and such an exhibit"

"It's rubbish"

The photo. was of a man holding a violin ,against a dark background.

She bought an old cloak on one of her trips to Europe. It was a beautiful mellow olive color which had improved with age. One Christmas her mother, knowing she was very fond of the cloak tho not und erstanding why, decided to surprise her daughter and had it dyed, so it wouldn't be so drab. G.K. though t it a huge joke.

She saw beauty in everything. When Lifshey's wife died, G.K. came to the funeral. L. took her in to see his wife in her coffin. "W hat beautiful hands, may I make a cast of them?" The family wouldn't allow it.

Frances B. Johnson went with G.K. on one of her trips to Europe. This was the same trip on which she met Rodin.

One time she went to Chicago to photograph the children of a wealthy meat packing family(Armour) They packed a lot of pork at that time. She was trying to make the baby stop crying so she could take his picture. She knelt down and played with it's toes "This little piggy went to market etc." The mother was insulted at what she thought was a jibe at her husband's business and snatched the baby away.

The other N.Y. photogs. were very jelous of her, of the praise and awards her work received. They told L ifshey her work was freakish. "She can't sell her pictures. She won't retouch, the public will never accept it. Sure it's beautiful, but who wants it?"(Pari McDonald)

She stuck to her guns and held to what she kne w to be beautiful and gradually the public did s wallow it.

(She never told Lifshey how she first heard of him or why she chose him to study with.)

The public always was lavish in thier praise of her photos. of thier friends but when it came to thier own, they wanted to be prettyfied. She fought this continually, trying to educate the public to the fact that there is more beauty in lines of ch aracter than in a mask. She would never decend to the level of popular taste, n or cease to try to pull the taste of her clientel up to her level.

One time Lifshey owed her a dinner for some bet she had won. They went to a quiet table d'hote place tha t she liked. When the desert came it was Charlotte Russe. She seldom ate deserts preferring cheese and coffee. L. noticed that while she was ta lking she took her knife and carefully removed the top cream from the C- R. then with great care she scooped out the middle and filled it with catsup, tobasco, salt and pepper. Then she placed the cream back on the top so the cake looked good as new "Why did you do that?" Lifshey asked "I've thought for some time tha t they re-serve thier left overs here."

Photographers in other cities
were most enthusiastic about her work
There was no direct competition there

She was invited to talk to the Professional Photographers of America, and had repeatedly refused. Finally the president Mr. Charles Herne asked Lifshy to try to get her to address a large meeting in Niagara Falls. He persuaded her and she finally reluctantly agreed to go if L. and his wife went to. L. and his wife arrived later than G.K. and when they went to the hotel to find her, she was standing at the desk, surrounded by her luggage, checking out. L. rushed up and asked her what she was doing.

"Nobody here wants to hear me, no one has come near me, I'm going home." L. begged her to wait a few minutes and got the president of the society who didn't know G.K. had arrived. She was soon surrounded by a flock of admirers and was content to stay and speak.

After the speech, there were many questions- What camera do you use? What papers? How do you mix your developer? etc. She grew tired of the shallowness of the questions and said, "Your equipment is not so important. You can give an idiot a diamond studded gold pen but he won't write poetry. It's not your materials, but what's in your head that is important. I mix my developer with brains."

One day Lifshey received a card from G.K. asking him to come to a lecture she was going to give at the Brooklyn Academy of Arts and Sciences. When he arrived he was told the lecture was for members only and was refused admittance. "But I have a card from Mrs. Kasebi asking me to come," he said. They said they were sorry but rules were rules. He asked if he might speak to Mrs. K. and at least let her know that he had tried to come to her talk. He was told that she was having dinner with the officers of the academy, but would pass by a certain corridor on her way to the platform, he might wait there. He did. She was a long time in coming, the audience was already seated and waiting in the hall. He knew what had happened, she had started telling stories after dinner and they were having such a good time, they were letting the audience wait.

Finally he heard steps on the stairs and G.K.'s voice. She came up the stairs in the midst of the art critics and officers of the Academy, laughing and talking. She spied Lifshey, "Why Sam, what are you doing here? Why aren't you out front in the audience?"

He explained that he had been refused admittance etc. Before them all, she threw her arms around him and kissed him, and personally conducted him to a front row seat. After the talk she asked for questions. The audience was timid about starting them so she pointed to Lifshey and said "Come up here, you always find fault with my pictures, you must have some questions". Poor L. felt very much on the spot.

About 1917- She was knocked down by a taxi as she was crossing the street. She was quite badly shaken up and had several stitches taken in her scalp.

When she was recuperating, Lifshey came to see her. He had not been to see her in some time, not for any reason, daily tasks had kept him busy. He brought her some flowers. They talked of old times. She kept looking at him intently, so much so, that he became uncomfortable, and wondered if there were anything wrong with his clothes. Finally she asked "Got a wife, Sam?"

"No"

After some more conversation,

"Got a girl?"

No "no girl"

After a short time, she said,

"Is that a new suit you have on?"

"Yes it is"

"Did you buy it to come to see me?"

"Well...yes I did."

"Well! Ever since you came in. I've been trying to find the woman who was behind the crease in your trousers...At last I've found her. Its me!"

After Granny died Lifshey who was working with the Russel Sage foundation arranged to have a number of her most well known negatives preserved there. A most fitting ending as he started her on her way to photography.

(Gertrude Kasebier before the Brooklyn Institute of, Department of Photography.) Feb. 13. 1914

Ladies and gentlemen;

Your president took me unawares when he announced that I would address you upon "Composition," and I worrying about the Income Tax. Let the consequences rest upon him.

I have not the gift of graceful phrasing, but I had made a few notes to use this evening, when something happened, in New York, which changed the current of my thoughts and I know I must not say that which I had been going to say. There was an exhibition of photographs at the Erich Galleries. There was a dinner, where a number of the participators of that exhibition were present. There were a few speeches.

Among other notable things the assertion was made that we must devitalize art in order to produce true art. Modern, very Modern! They have even devitalized onions and we no longer have the flavor with our beefsteak.

Later, visiting the exhibition designated and there looking over some press notices, again I came across the words Devitalized Art. Then I knew I had to do with a current expression. I confess I do not yet grasp its meaning. Neither do I know what "Get my goat" means, but I have a lurking suspicion that Devitalized Art gets my goat.

It is well that each person may express his vision as he sees fit and as best he can.

It is not just to judge another fellow by one's own standard.

To me, photography seems to be preeminently the medium of absolute record, with decided limitations on the imaginative side. While one may much admire a photograph of a Breton peasant on his native heath, it gives a jar to see him imitated, by the camera, in a Jersey meadow.

You may take parts of several negatives and by clever technic put together an agreeable picture. Unless there has been a definite conception, in so doing, it remains simply pretty and excites no emotion. You may garb a model in a Burne-Jones costume, move her about until she is well spaced, get a print from the resulting negative, which looks promising, invent a title for it and present a claim that it is art. It means nothing if you had no fundamental idea. It is beneficial as an exercise, but it was dead before it was born. It has no message.

You may plagiarize the creation of another. You simply demonstrate your own facility.

You have passed the primer stage. It would be a waste of your time for me to dwell upon the platitudes of lines and spots and spacing.. We have reached the psychological milestone, marking our photographic progress. Photography, so difficult to write about, to talk about to make understood as a craft or as an art because it has as such no ~~pr~~ established precedent.

Psychology as defined by Webster is the doctrine of ones soul.

To this the chief feature, as applied to our subject I should designate as handmaiden, light and shade. The skilled worker knows his tools and makes them do his will.

Do not force your medium. The large picture is not always the big picture.

Avoid the ultra dramatic. It is wont to savor of self exploitation. It may amuse for an hour, but will it stand the test of time? Do not be a weather vane. Have the courage of your convictions (AS differentiated from self-complaisance which is fatal to progress) and stand by them.

Cultivate simplicity. It takes a genius to eliminate the traces of labor from his production. Bear in mind that the abstract things of today are tomorrow the quaint things of yesterday.

Be sincere, be untiring. Wasted plates and disheartening failures belong to the drudgery of attainment.

Dream dreams, have ideals, accept the joy of it and do not aspire to skim the cream before you have milked the cow.

One time Granny sent some prints to an exhibition and one of them was turned down by the jury. It took only one vote to turn a print down. The picture was "Black and White" (see print) negro woman hanging up white wash and black stockings. ranny asked a member of the jury to tel her who had voted it down. It turned out to be Pirie MacDonald. Granny said, "oh Pirie, I guess Pirie never saw a stocking before without a leg in it."