

13-29.

Indian Spirit, Psychic. Love + Edw. Kasekue.  
Painting. Activities + friends at Pratt. Personality.  
Confidence. Newport. Rodin. Her portrait work.

13.

From Mrs. Henry Clifton  
(Adelle Miller)

Granny told Adelle Miller that when she was a little girl she used to play with an Indian spirit in the woods. When her mother asked her where she had been she said - "I've been playing in the woods with the little Indian girl". Her mother answered "Scream on your gertie, there is no little Indian girl". This made granny withdraw into herself and not confide in her family.

She described the Indian girl as a shadow and said they played Indian games. Gay light and with lots of motion and dancing.

Mrs C. claims this was the first evidence of granny's psychic powers, also the reason she understood the Indians so well in later years and became their trusted friend -

Mrs C. said that she was in granny's studio at 39<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> one day when a <sup>Sinh</sup> Indian girl came in to be photographed. Her name was Git Carla Ga and she was a very talented student of the violin - After the sitting they fell into conversation as granny was always

~~so~~ interested in all things pertaining to Indians  
 Miller claims that granny went into a sort  
 of trance in which she described a landscape  
 of rolling fields and mountains. she saw  
 an Indian chief come down the center of  
 the field and speak in Sioux - she repeated  
 what he said tho she herself understood  
 no Sioux. When she finished, Sit Carla Z  
 was in tears. "What have I said" asked granny  
 "Have I done something I shouldn't have?"

The Indian girl told her that she had  
 described her home and her father perfectly  
 and that she was going back to her people.  
 Granny was very upset and said to Miller  
 "Now look what I have done! I've ruined  
 her career. Isn't that terrible?" SRS did  
 return to her people and married an Indian.

One day granny told Miller that she  
 had had a very disturbing vision - "I saw  
 a young man in a carriage. He was shot. He  
 stood up and fell back in the carriage -  
 Then I saw large fleur-de-lis like purple  
 flames along the horizon and many feet

running in front of them - Many of the feet were in wooden shoes - something terrible is going to happen - the Fleur-de-Lis and the wooden shoes make me think it might be France. The next day the papers carried the story of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo

Granny told Miller that she had been very much in love before she married Dr. K. She never said what had happened to the other man - whether he went away or did not return her feelings or what, but it was on the rebound from this that she impulsively accepted the very formal proposal of the young German. She told Miller that she had never been really in love with her husband but she had made a bargain. She was a good wife and mother always very faithful to her husband. She found an outlet for her emotions in her work. She regretted her marriage in that she felt it was not fair to her husband.

Miller said that it was in 1910 that granny discarded her paint brushes for good. She was well along in photography at this time. Miller had invited her to her home at Mahwah N.J. for the week end. It was June and the landscape was entirely green. There was a green valley with green hills on one side and the Ramapo Mts. on the other side - all covered with green. After painting for several hours they got perfectly hysterical about the green canvases they were producing - granny finally said "Miller, I am convinced I am not a painter" she broke her brushes over her knee and threw them away - never to paint again.

Miller went to Pratt institute with granny - and said granny had all the poor art students for Sun. - nite supper always. There were no invitations - it was open house for all who wanted to come - the table was always groaning with food and it was a poor Sun. that 15 or 20 students didn't come for supper.

She had extra kups made so the students

could drop in when she was out and make themselves at home. She worried about one student in particular, a promising young sculptor <sup>(Paddock)</sup> no more than 17 or 18 years old. She was sure he didn't have enough to eat. She used to send two or three of the girls to his studio on a top floor in Brooklyn - with bags of food, to pretend they had come to have a get together tea party in his studio. He would be annoyed, as planned, and say to be left alone to work - they would depart hastily "forgetting" the food. Granny didn't want to hurt his pride by simply offering to feed him.

Paddock told me that granny was behind all the parties and fun at Pratt. She was a great organizer and kept an eye on all the students. They were all lots younger than she - being in their teens - she was nearly 40 when she started studying at Pratt.

Paddock was married to Charlotte Smith at Granny's house and Granny gave a wonderful party afterwards.

Paddock said Grammys husband was the gruffest and kindest man he ever knew. Had little to say and didn't partake in their games etc. but urged them to come often, eat hearty, and stay late.

Miller used to come often to Grammys studio, also Ella Lanty. (Granny seems to have called all the students, both boys and girls by their last names. They called her Kasey)

This was later than the Pratt era, when she was established on 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. When Grammy was rushed with work she would let them help with the mounting and printing. They were thrilled to have a hand in the work. Miller said she used to go to the studio often because she always left all pepped up. Grammy scintillated with life and dynamic force of which one couldn't help catch a little ~~of~~.

Miller said "People may have said she was queer. She was not. Not in any sense of the word. She had a universal mind and aside from her photography was a

truly great person.

Miller said that Granny would take photographers into her dark room and show them just how she did things explaining as she worked, teaching them all she knew. Later they would claim to have taught her. This infuriated Miller, who said they were ingrates and, jealous small minded copyers - and would beg granny to strike back when they attacked her work out of jealousy and spite, and when they claimed she got her ideas from them instead of vice versa - but granny said - "Oh Miller, what difference does it make? I know, and they know - let them do better work than I, then I will listen to their criticism - What they say, matters not at all - If they claim I have copied them - let them do work to ~~equal mine~~. Miller was indignant that Granny should not have all the credit for being the first to break all the previous laws of photography, but granny was interested not in breaking the laws simply

in order to do something new and startling -  
 but in order to produce beautiful pictures -  
 she also told Miller "If I let their petty  
 jealousy <sup>make me unhappy &</sup> trust me - it would affect my  
 work - I will not descend to the level of  
 picking. Can't you understand, it doesn't  
 matter? can't you see that I am what I  
 am and what they say makes no difference?"

1901

When Grammy took the house at Newport for the  
 summer (1st yr) she invited <sup>Haswell</sup> Miller & Delahanty  
 to come up and stay with her and paint - She  
 also had a poetess from Boston staying with  
 her and her daughters Gertrude & Germaine -

The house was large and old. it had  
 not been lived in for years but was a  
 beautiful place - with a long meadow  
 stretching out in front. It was called  
 "Long Meadow" - When they moved in they found  
 everything falling to pieces from neglect, but  
 soon took down the curtains that were in  
 shreds and discarded the broken chairs  
 and made it attractive and livable.

The house was supposed to be haunted and they all waited anxiously for a visit from the ghost. At 2 AM one day there was a terrific crash downstairs - Miller & Cleahanty left from the big four poster bed they occupied (with a bolster between them to keep the sagging spring from rolling them into the middle) and stood terrified in their long sleeved night gowns. "It's come - the ghost" whispered Miller. Trembling with fright they tip toed out on the landing where they met Hasell with a candle, and all three heard groans from downstairs. Screwing up their courage they went cautiously down the stairs. There in the hall was the remains of the grandfather's clock and under it - emitting the groans was Grammy - They got her out and helped her up to bed. "It just occurred to me the clock needed winding" she said. She wasn't badly hurt but it taught them all a lesson not to touch the antique furniture if it could be avoided.

There was a lovely peach orchard

on the place & when the peaches ripened  
 someone began stealing them. Granny got  
 indignant about it and got herself a pistol  
 and some blank cartridges - She told the girls  
 to keep their eyes open and tell her if they  
 saw the thief. One morning Miller, woke  
 early and saw a man in the orchard picking  
 peaches - she rushed in and woke granny  
 who tore down stairs in dressing gown and  
 bedclothes cap with pistol in hand - She  
 ran out into the orchard shouting "Put up  
 your hands or I'll shoot" The surprised  
 man put up his hands dropping the  
 peaches "I think I'll shoot anyway" said  
 granny - letting go with a couple of blanks  
 The man ducked and ran for his life -  
 "I guess that will put an end to our  
 peach troubles" said granny triumphantly  
 When they had dressed and came down  
 for breakfast the cook announced that  
 the hired man had quit - that wasn't a  
 drop of water in the house - They all  
 had to turn to and pump the days

supply - It was the hired man, not a  
 thief that granny had frightened away  
 as he was gathering peaches for breakfast.

A publisher came out to visit and was  
 struck with the beauty of the moonlight on  
 a mass of green anemones - The publisher  
 said it shouldn't be wasted it should  
 be danced in. The publisher disappeared  
 into the house & reappeared draped in a  
 sheet with turban of turkish towel -  
 He obligingly dashed off and danced  
 among the green anemones while the  
 girls suppressed their giggles and the  
 publisher declared it beautiful.

The next day they found they had no  
 mail, no milk and no tradespeople  
 as the news had <sup>been</sup> circulated in Newport that  
 the ghost had been seen dancing among  
 the green anemones at Long Meadow.

Miller said Mrs R's daughters were  
 practical rather than artistic and Gertrude  
 in particular thought they were all quite mad.

Miller went to Rodin's studio in Paris many times with granny. She says contrary to the tales people have told, Rodin was not a licentious man. He was a simple pleasant a great artist, a great soul - she spent many hours at his studio and never saw any hint of advances being made to anyone tho there were many pretty girls about - She said he would often kiss granny on the forehead or her hand as an expression of understanding when she had made an apt remark - or ~~if she~~ showed by her conversation an understanding of the work he was doing -

---

1912 Miller said granny took a photograph of her with her infant son, which was so beautiful, that many of Miller's friends later asked to buy a copy - not for the portrait but because it was the loveliest picture of Motherhood they had ever seen -

"The Pathos of the Jackass" see print.

"That's not a picture of cows and a jackass" granny said "nor of country either. It's a picture of an old man - Too old to work turned out among a lot of women to die - See that young Jersey Heifer picking around the tree? Well you'll always find a pretty young heifer to flirt with an old jackass"

Xmas 1910 instead of a greeting card  
Granny sent Miller a recipe for "Angel  
Pudding (best ever)" written on her personal  
stationery in her own hand and signed  
Blessings on your House,  
Lovingly

Kasey

Miller said that once while <sup>shot</sup> mounting <sup>the</sup> Delahanty <sup>were</sup>  
prints for Granny - Granny came in and told  
them that a wealthy & important man was  
coming to tea - "I want your girls to help me  
entertain him." The girls cleaned up and  
waited. They all waited. The important man  
was late. Finally Delahanty said "Important

man or not, Jim Humphry," she and Miller decided to eat a hard boiled egg - Just as they started to eat the bell rang and the man was announced - They ducked around a screen - popping the eggs in their mouths - Granny brought the gentleman in and not seeing the girls, turned back the screen - "Oh - here are the girls, Mr Curikoff." but the girls couldn't speak as their mouths were full of hard boiled eggs - There were several moments silence and Delhanty burst out in uncontrollable laughter - Mr C. got most of the egg on his coat. He said "This is a reception!" but took it good naturedly.

Miller remembers meeting, Ellen Terry  
Cissie Loftus, Pamela Smith at the Studio

Miller said she remembered watching Granny do a picture of a very well known doctor - He came in with a chip on his shoulder - He didn't want to be photographed and said so. Said his wife insisted. He was very pompous

and filled with his own importance. Very antagonistic about sitting. Grammy tried to make him relent by telling him some amusing stories but he had a cast iron front. Grammy knew she couldn't get a good photograph if she couldn't get under that veneer of conceit and arrogance and find the real man.

Finally she said - "I believe I've been told you are interested in medicine, is that true?"

He was quite taken aback "Why of course Mame Kaschier, you should know that."

"What kind of medicine are you in doctor?"

"Gynecology."

"Oh - gynecology," she said slowly, "That has something to do with women doesn't it?"

He threw back his head and laughed, and relaxed for the first time - She got the picture & his wife said it was the only good one that had ever been made of him.

One woman who came in covered with <sup>real</sup> jet ads and an artificial nature - Grammy found impossible to break down finally she said

"I can't photograph you, go to a commercial

Photographer. you will be better satisfied"  
"Muller called her down for this saying  
that the woman had pots of money and  
Granny should have done something of her-  
"I don't care about the money - the picture  
would have been dead before it was taken" she  
replied -

---

The average commercial portrait photog.  
in those days got \$12. for 1 doz prints.  
Granny charged \$55. sitting charge and  
\$5 a piece for prints

One time she sent some prints to an exhibition and one of them was turned down by the jury. It took only one vote to turn it down. The picture was "Black + White" (see picture, negro woman hanging up white waist and black stockings.)

Granny asked a member of the jury later who had voted down the print - It turned out to be Pirie McDonald - Granny remarked "Ah! I guess Pirie never saw a stocking before without a leg in it."

p 20. poetess. Guiney?

p 23 publisher Day?

From Mrs. Henry Clifton (Adele Miller)

Granny told Miller that when she was a little girl, she used to play with an Indian spirit in the woods. When her mother asked her where she had been, she said, "I've been playing with the little Indian girl." Her mother would answer, "Shame on you Gertie, there is no Indian girl!" this made Granny withdraw into herself and not confide in her family. She described the Indian girl as a shadow, and said they played Indian games. gay, light and with lots of motion and dancing. Miller claims this was the first evidence of Granny's psychic powers, also the reason she understood the Indians so well in later life and became their trusted friend.

Miller said that she was in Granny's studio at 39th & 5th Avenue one day when a Sioux Indian girl came in to be photographed. Her name was Zit Carla Za and she was a very talented student of the violin. After the sitting they fell into conversation as Granny was always interested in all things pertaining to Indians. Miller claims that Granny went into a sort of trance in which she described a landscape of rolling fields and mountains - she saw an Indian chief come down the center of the field and speak in Sioux. She repeated what he said though she herself understood no Sioux. When she finished, Zit Carla Za was in tears.

"What have I said?" asked Granny. "Have I done something I shouldn't have done?" The Indian girl told her that she had described her home and her father perfectly and that she was going back to her people. Granny was very upset and said to Miller, "Now look what I have done! I've ruined her career. Isn't that terrible." Zit Carla Za did return to her people, and later married an Indian.

One day Granny told Miller that she had had a very disturbing vision, "I saw a young man in a carriage. He was shot. He stood up and then fell back in the carriage. Then I saw large Fleur-de-Lis like purple flames along the horizon and many feet running in front of them. Many of the feet were in wooden shoes. Something terrible is going to happen - the Fleur-de-Lis and the wooden shoes make me think it might be France. The next days the papers carried the story of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarejevo.

Granny told Miller that she had been very much in love before she had married Mr. Kasebier. She never said what had happened to the other man - whether he went away or did not return her feelings or what, but it was on the rebound from this that she impulsively accepted the very formal proposal of the young German. She told Miller that she had never been really in love with her husband, but she had made a bargain. She was a good wife and mother always, very faithful to her husband. She found an outlet for her emotions in her work. She regretted her marriage in that she felt it was not fair to her husband.

Miller said that it was in 1910 that Granny discarded her paint brushes for good. She was well along in photography at that time. Miller had invited her to her home at Mahwak, New Jersey for the week-end. It was June and the landscape was entirely green. There was a green valley with green hills on one side and the Romapo Mountains on the other. After painting for several hours they got perfectly hysterical about the green canvases they were producing. Granny finally said, "Miller, I am convinced I am not a painter". She broke her brushes over her knee and threw them away, never to paint again.

Miller went to Pratt Institute with Granny and said Granny had all the poor art students for Sunday night suppers always. There were no invitations, it was open house for all who wanted to come; the table was always groaning with food and it was a poor Sunday that fifteen or twenty students didn't come for supper. She had extra keys made so the students could drop in when she was out and make

themselves at home. She worried about one student in particular, a promising young sculptor (Paddock), no more than 17 or 18 years old. She was sure he didn't get enough to eat. She used to send two or three of the girls to his studio on a top floor in Brooklyn, with bags of food, to pretend they had come to have a get-together tea party in his studio. He would be annoyed, as planned, and beg to be left alone to work - they would depart hastily "forgetting" the food. Granny didn't want to hurt his pride by simply offering to feed him.

Paddock told me that Granny was behind all the parties and fun at Pratt. She was a great organizer and kept an eye on all the students. They were all very much younger than she, being in their teens - she was nearly forty when she started studying at Pratt.

Paddock was married to Charlotte Smith at Granny's house and Granny gave a wonderful party afterwards. Paddock said Granny's husband was the gruffest and kindest man he ever knew. Had little to say and didn't partake in their games, etc., but urged them to come often, ~~saxxx~~ eat hearty, and stay late.

Miller used to come often to Granny's studio; also Delahanty. (Granny seems to have called all the students, both boys and girls by their last names. They called her Kasey).

This was later than the Pratt era, when she was established on Fifth Avenue. When Granny was rushed with work she would let them help with the mounting and printing. They were thrilled to have a hand in the work. Miller said she used to go to the studio often because she always left all pepped up. Granny

scintillated with life and dynamic force which one couldn't ~~xx~~ help being attracted by.

Miller said, "People may have said she was queer. She was not. Not in any sense of the word. She had a universal mind, and aside from her photography, was a truly great person.

Miller said that Granny would take photographers into her darkroom and show them just how she did things explaining as she worked, teaching them all she knew. Later they would claim to have taught her. This infuriated Miller who said they were ingrates and jealous, small minded copyers, and would beg Granny to strike back when they attacked her work out of jealousy and spite, and when they claimed that she got her ideas from them instead of vice versa. Granny said, "Oh Miller, what difference does it make? I know and they know. Let them do better work than mine, then their criticisms will carry weight. Miller was indignant that Granny should not have all the credit for being first to break all the previous laws of photography, but Granny was interested not in breaking the laws simply in order to do something new and startling, but in order to produce beautiful pictures. She also told Miller, "If I let their petty jealousy touch me, it would make me unhappy and affect my work. I will not descend to the level of bickering. Can't you understand, it doesn't matter? Can't you see that I am what I am and what they say makes no difference?"

1901 - When Granny took the house at Newport for the summer (1st year) she invited Haskell, Miller and Delahanty to come up and stay with her and paint. She also had a poetess from Boston staying with her, and her own daughters Gertrude and Hermine. The house was large and old - it had not been lived in for years, but it was a beautiful place with a long meadow stretching out in front. It was called "Long Meadow". When they moved in they found everything falling to pieces from neglect, but soon they took down the curtains that were

in shreds and discarded the broken chairs and made it attractive and livable. The house was supposed to be haunted and they all waited anxiously for a visit from the ghost. At two a.m. one morning there was a terrific crash downstairs. Miller and Delahanty leapt from the big four poster bed they occupied (with a bolster between them to keep the sagging spring from rolling them into the middle) and stood terrified in their long-sleeved night gowns. "It's come - the ghost", whispered Miller. Trembling with fright they tiptoed out to the landing where they met Haskell with a candle and all three heard groans from below. Screwing up their courage they went cautiously down the stairs. There in the hall was the remains of the grandfather's clock and under it - emitting the groans - was Granny. They got her out and helped her up to bed.

"It just occurred to me the clock needed winding", Granny said. She wasn't badly hurt but it taught them all not to touch the antique furniture if it could be avoided.

There was a lovely peach orchard on the place and when the peaches ripened someone began stealing them. Granny got indignant about it and got herself a pistol and some blank cartridges. She told the girls to keep their eyes open and tell her if they saw the thief. One morning Miller woke early and saw a man in the orchard picking peaches. She rushed in and woke Granny who ran down stairs in her dressing gown and boudoir cap with pistol in hand. She ran out into the orchard shouting,

"Put up your hands or I'll shoot".

The surprised man put up his hands dropping the peaches.

"I think I'll shoot anyway", said Granny, letting go with a couple of blanks. The man ducked and ran for his life.

"I guess that will put an end to our peach troubles, said Granny triumphantly. When they had dressed and come down for breakfast the cook announced that the hired man had quit, and there wasn't a drop of water in the house. They all had to turn to and pump the day's supply. It was the hired man, not a thief that Granny had frightened away as he was getting peaches for breakfast.

A publisher came out to visit and was struck with the beauty of the moonlight on a mass of Queen Ann's lace. The poetess said it shouldn't be wasted it should be danced in. The publisher disappeared into the house and reappeared draped in a sheet with turban of turkish towels. He obligingly dashed off and danced among the Queen Ann's lace while the girls suppressed their giggles and and the poetess declared it beautiful.

The next day they found they had no maid, no milk and no tradespeople as the news had been circulated in Newport that the ghost had been seen dancing in the Queen Ann's lace at Long Meadow.

Miller said Mrs. Kasebier's daughters were practical rather than artistic and Gertrude in particular thought they were all quite mad.

Miller went to Rodin's studio in Paris many times with Granny. She says that contrary to the tales people have told, Rodin was not a licentious man. He was a simple ~~xxx~~ peasant, a great artist, a great soul. She spent many hours at his studio and never saw any hint of advances being made to anyone though there were many pretty girls about. She said he would often kiss Granny on the forehead or hand as an expression of understanding when she had made an apt remark, or showed by her conversation an understanding of the work he was doing.

1912 - Miller said Granny took a photograph of her with her infant son, which was so beautiful that many of Miller's friends later asked to buy a copy - not for the portrait but because it was the loveliest picture of Motherhood they had ever seen.

"The Pathos of the Jackass" (see print)

"That's not a picture of cows and a jackass." said Granny, "Nor of country either. It's a picture of an old man, too old to work, turned out among a lot of women to die. See that young Jersey heifer peeking around the tree? Well, you'll always find a pretty young heifer to flirt with an old jackass."

Christmas 1910, instead of a greeting card Granny sent Miller a recipe for Angel Pudding (best ever) written in her own hand, on her personal stationery and signed, "Blessings on your house, lovingly, Kasey. Granny had spurts of intense domesticity.

Miller said that once while she and Delahanty were mounting prints for Granny, Granny came in and told them that an important wealthy man was coming to tea. "I want you girls to help me entertain him."

The girls cleaned up and waited, they all waited. The important man was late. Finally Delahanty said, "Important man or not, I'm hungry."

She and Miller decided to eat a hard boiled egg. Just as they started to eat the bell rang and the man was announced. They ducked around a screen popping the eggs in their mouths. Granny brought the gentleman in and not seeing the girls, turned back the screen. "Oh! here are the girls., this is Mr. Curikoff(?)" the girls couldn't speak as their mouths were full of egg. There were several moments silence, then Delahanty burst out in uncontrollable laughter. Mr. C. got most of the egg on his coat. He said "This is a reception" but took it good naturedly.

Miller remembers meeting many notables at the studio. Among them Ellen Terry, Cissie Loftus, Pamela Smith.

Miller remembers watching Granny photograph a very well known doctor. He came in with a chip on his shoulder. He didn't want to be photographed and said so. Said his wife insisted. He was very pompous and filled with his own importance. His attitude was antagonistic. Granny tried to make him unbend by telling him some amusing stories, but he had a cast iron front. Granny knew she couldn't get a good photograph if she couldn't get under that veneer of conceit and arrogance and find the real man.

Finally she said, "I believe I've been told that you are interested in medicine, is that true?"

He was quite taken aback, "Why of course, Mme. Kasebier, you should know that!"

"What branch of medicine are you in Doctor?"

"Gynecology"

"Oh? gynecology....that is something to do with women, isn't it?"

He threw back his head and laughed, relaxing for the first time. Granny got the picture which his wife said was the only good one he had ever had made.

One woman who came in wearing real pearls and an artificial manner, Granny found impossible to break down. Finally she said, "I can't photograph you, go to a commercial photographer. You will be better satisfied" the woman was quite indignant and Miller called Granny down, saying that the woman had pots of money and Granny should have taken something of her, she would have placed a large order. Granny replied,

"The picture would have been dead before it was taken. I can't take money for something I know to be bad work.

The average commercial portrait photographer in those days, got \$12. per doz. Granny charged \$25. sitting charge and \$60. per doz.