

c 1912

then I was ^{about} four years old - I used to love to dance - I took my shoes off and with the aid of my mother's large chiffon motoring veil - I started about making all sorts of gestures & make the veil flutter and float - This was a rather secret pastime so when I looked up one day to find granny watching me with a broad smile I was embarrassed and a little concerned about the use to which I had been putting my mother's ~~torowd~~ veil -

granny clapped loudly and exclaimed "Bravo! Bravo! dance some more" She always dispelled embarrassment easily with me - She sat down and I continued to "dance" -

The next week she took me to Carnegie hall to see Isadora Duncan & her company of children - I had never been to a theatre or concert or recital ^{kind} - The auditorium with all those people was the most impressive thing I had ever seen - granny folded her cape and

put it on my seat so I might see over the heads in front of me - When the lights lowered and the curtain parted a new world opened before my unbelieving eyes. Such beauty I had never imagined - "Are they real?" I asked granny - "yes," she answered they are little boys and girls just as real as you - I sat silently spellbound for the rest of the performance - When it was over granny took my hand and led me out into the lobby she stopped to speak to friends she saw there and as I stood alone - still so full of the wonderful thing I had seen, that I couldn't speak - a lovely lady came over to me and patted my head "Here is one person who really appreciates what she has seen" she said -

"That's my granddaughter" said granny "Can you say how do you do to Miss Terry?" but I could only smile back at the lovely smiling face of Ellen Terry -

a few days after this I was playing in the little attic above Grammys studio (315-5th Ave) (my mother had probably left me there while she went shopping) Grammy called me ^{to come} down. There was a young man there - "I want you to dance for Mr Anderson" she said handing me a veil - It was one thing to dance for Grammy alone and another to dance for a stranger - I was a shy child, but Grammy wouldn't take no for an answer and finally I forced my petrified limbs to execute a few capers - and was allowed to go back to my playing -

"You agree with me that she has talent?" I heard Grammy ask as I escaped up the stairs -

When my mother returned to fetch me Grammy told her that ^{Don} Murray Anderson agreed with her that I should study dancing with Lincoln - My mother said all right when I was a little older - no - said Grammy, now - Isadora likes to take them young - Mother said all right, ^{if Grammy insisted} but ~~once~~ ^{but} once a week only ~~the~~ - pointing out the fact that I was a very little girl and needed to be out of doors a lot -

When my mother discovered that Grancy meant to send me to live with Duncan permanently (she adopted the children of her troupe - or had legal guardianship as she took them to Europe on tours and supervised their complete way of life, and couldn't have the interference of a board of parents) she hurried me into my hat at coat and rushed me out of the danger zone - Thus my career as a dancer ended before it began -

Circa 1912

When I was about four years old I used to love to "Dance." I took my shoes off and with the aid of my mother's large chiffon motoring veil, I darted about making all sorts of gestures to make the veil flutter and float. This was a rather secret pastime so when I looked up one day to find Granny watching me with a broad smile I was embarrassed and a little concerned about the use to which I had been putting my mother's veil.

Granny clapped loudly and exclaimed "Bravo! Bravo! dance some more!" She always dispelled embarrassment easily with me. She sat down and I continued to "dance."

The next week she took me to Carnegie Hall to see Isadora Duncan and her company of children. I had never been to a theater or concert or recital of any kind. The auditorium with all those people was the most impressive thing I had ever seen. Granny folded her cape and put it on my seat so I might see over the heads in front of me. When the lights lowered and the curtain parted a new world opened before my unbelieving eyes. Such beauty I had never imagined. "Are they real?" I asked Granny. "Yes," she answered, "They are little boys and girls just as real as you."

I sat silently spellbound for the rest of the performance. When it was over Granny took my hand and led me out to the lobby. She stopped to speak to friends she saw there, and as I stood alone, still so full of the wonderful thing I had seen, that I couldn't speak, a lovely lady

came over to me and patted my head. "Here is one person who really appreciates what she has seen," she said.

"That's my granddaughter," said Granny. "Can you say how do you do to Miss Terry?" but I could only smile back at the lovely smiling face of Ellen Terry.

A few days after this I was playing in the little attic above Granny's studio (315 5th Ave.) (MY mother had probably left me there while she went shopping.) Granny called me to come down. There was a young man there. "I want you to dance for Mr. Anderson," she said, handing me a veil. It was one thing to dance for Granny alone and another to dance for a stranger. I was a shy child, but Granny wouldn't take no for an answer, and finally I forced my petrified limbs to execute a few capers, and was allowed to go back to my playing.

"You agree with me that she has talent?" I heard Granny ask as I escaped up the stairs.

When my mother returned to fetch me Granny told her that John Murray Anderson agreed with her that I should study dancing with Duncan. My mother said all right when I was a little older. "No," said Granny, "Now. Isadora likes to take them young." Mother said all right, if Granny insisted, but once a week only, pointing out the fact that I was a very little girl and needed to be outdoors a lot. When my mother discovered that Granny meant to send me to live with Duncan permanently (she adopted the children of her troupe, or had legal guardianship, as she took them to Europe on tours and supervised their complete way of life and couldn't have the interference of a horde of parents)

she hurried me into my hat and coat and rushed me out of the danger zone. Thus my career as a danseuse ended before it began.

I loved to go to Granny's second studio (315 5th Ave.). There was much to fascinate a child there. The studio itself was not large and imposing at all. It had a skylight, to be sure, and a high ceiling. On the opposite wall from the skylight window was a tiny staircase, just built for a child, so it seemed. It led up to a little dark attic storage place which was always hot, but a treasure house for me. It was full of boxes of discarded prints and mounting material, etc. Granny gave me crayons and old bits of pastels and I amused myself by the hour coloring the photographs and drawing pictures of my own on the backs of them. I used to pore through the Yelows Book, etc., fascinated by the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley.

In the room where the photographs were trimmed and mounted, there were always strips of paper by the chopping board - trimmed edges - I loved to gather them up and make things with them.

There was the faint acetic smell of chemicals over everything, stone bowls with pestles, bottles with wonderfully colorful crystallized chemicals, jars of camel's hair brushes used in coating special papers and in manipulating prints. Granny didn't do much of this, believing that the negative should be perfect, then a straight print made. If it wasn't good then it was your own fault in composition and light and shade. Manipulating

a print was covering up a bad job, but she experimented with every medium and technique she could learn about.

There were not many photographs in evidence in the studio. It was rather like a simple drawing room, but there were many lining the walls of the working room. (For description of studio see magazine article.)

Her later studio on West 71st Street was larger. She moved there in about 1910. It was a large apartment *9 rooms* where she lived as well as worked. There was a small reception hall containing her large desk and chair (find picture.)

The large living room gave off of this. The color scheme was mostly blue and a golden yellow. There were framed Rodin drawings on one wall over a long low book case and the Rodin bronze was on top of the bookcase.

There were Chinese paintings on silk and on paper, Three long panels, original Chinese paintings, the gift of Arthur B. Davies, hung grouped over a small sofa. (See photos.)

In back of the living room was the dining room, also a large room with a leaded glass window which Granny used for a background for making silhouette photographs (See photos.) She had benches built in one corner and the dining room table was in front of these. She had an interior decorator help her arrange the place so it had a decided note of elegance, but never lost the flavor of Granny.

The pantry became the dark room and 2 rear bed rooms were work rooms, one a printing and finishing room, the other a small studio with model stand and a few screens.

She usually used the living room or dining room for photographing, preferring to put people in comfortable natural surroundings. For years her assistant was Alice Boughton. I loved Boughton because once when I was struggling to draw a figure she sat down and drew me a skeleton. Then she put muscles on it, then flesh and hair and features. Next she dressed it and there was a complete human being. I was much impressed and delighted.

Circa 1916

When I was about 8 years old I made Granny a picture for her birthday. I have good reason to remember this picture because of its later history. It was a simply drawing of 2 men and 2 dogs drawn in straight lines on a piece of black paper that came in printing paper packages. It was made with orange and yellow pastels Granny had given to me. The 2 men were walking toward each other leading their dogs on leashes. There was a moon in the sky.

Granny enthused greatly over this artistic effort, and shortly afterwards took me to the Independent Artists Show in New York. She met a lot of people she knew there and they led me around to the "Nude Descending the Staircase," to get my reactions. I'm afraid I wasn't very satisfactory. These excursions among the world of grownups where I was treated as an equal rather floored me, making me more shy than usual.

Imagine my surprise when Granny asked her group of friends to come with her to another picture, and it turned out to be my picture of 2 men and 2 dogs properly framed,

numbered and hung.

I was speechless. Granny asked her friends their reactions and after much discussion as to whether the influence was Picasso, or Early Egyptian they asked her her opinion. "Oh, I like it very much. You see she (indicating me) made it for my birthday," she said. She chuckled all the way home, relishing her joke, but assured me that my drawing was worthy to be hung. I was never quite sure that I wasn't being made fun of, though.