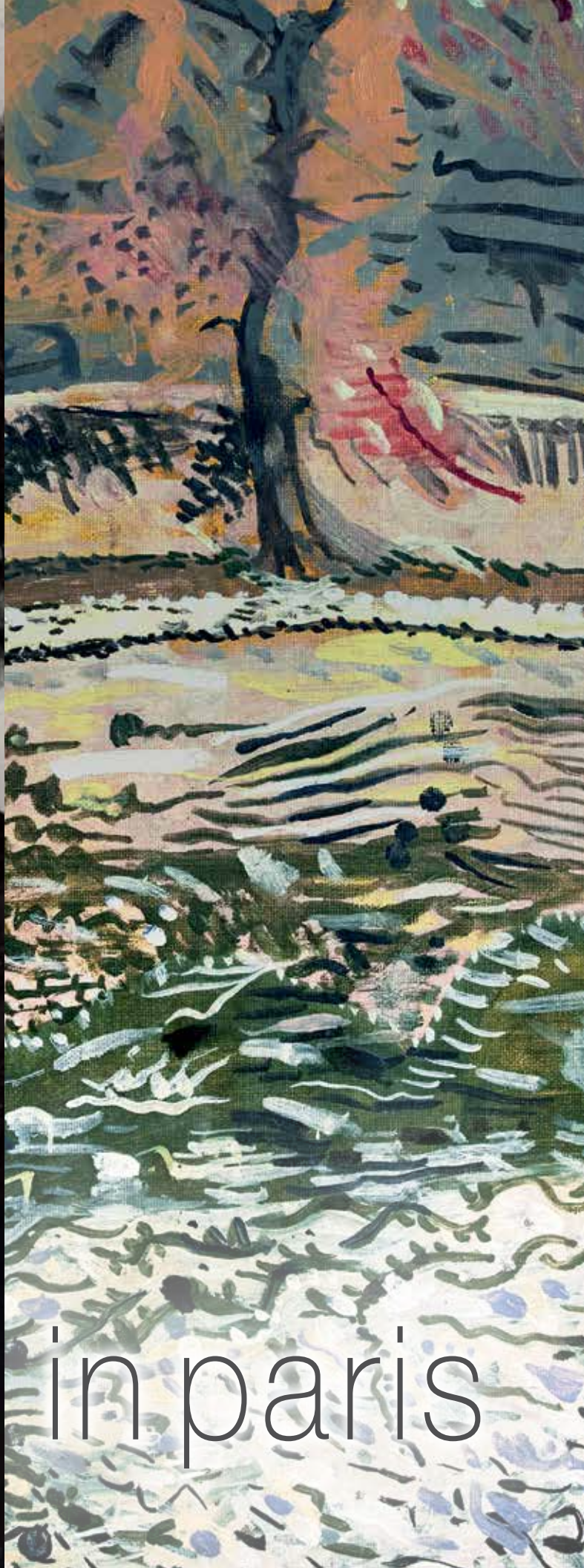




ANNE  
HARVEY



in paris





## ANNE HARVEY IN PARIS

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In Paris*

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For:

Jason and Jane Harvey, L. Brandon Krall,  
the next generation: Sam, Julian and Jasper

FRONT COVER:

Brassai  
*Portrait of Anne Harvey (detail)*  
photograph, 11 ¼ x 9 in

Anne Harvey  
*Seine and Two Trees (detail)*  
oil on canvas board, 18 ¼ x 15 in

INSIDE FRONT COVER:

Anne Harvey  
*Plant before a Japanese Blind*  
oil on canvas, 39 ½ x 31 ½ in  
*Fondation Giacometti*  
*Former collection Alberto Giacometti*

TITLE PAGE:

Anne Harvey  
*Self Portrait*  
oil on panel, 32 x 25 ½ in

RIGHT:

Constantin Brancusi  
*Portrait of Anne Harvey in His Studio*  
1934, photograph, 11 ¼ x 7 ½ in



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## Anne Harvey and Her World

### Henry Lessore

THE PUBLIC FIGURE, toughened by exposure to life's bumps and bruises, knowing everyone and whom everyone knows, acquires a protective covering. In the end, what the public knows is only a surface. The private person, on the other hand, remains without such a shell. Anne Harvey was a private person. To know her, one had to meet her through her family and friends. One then found her admirably direct.

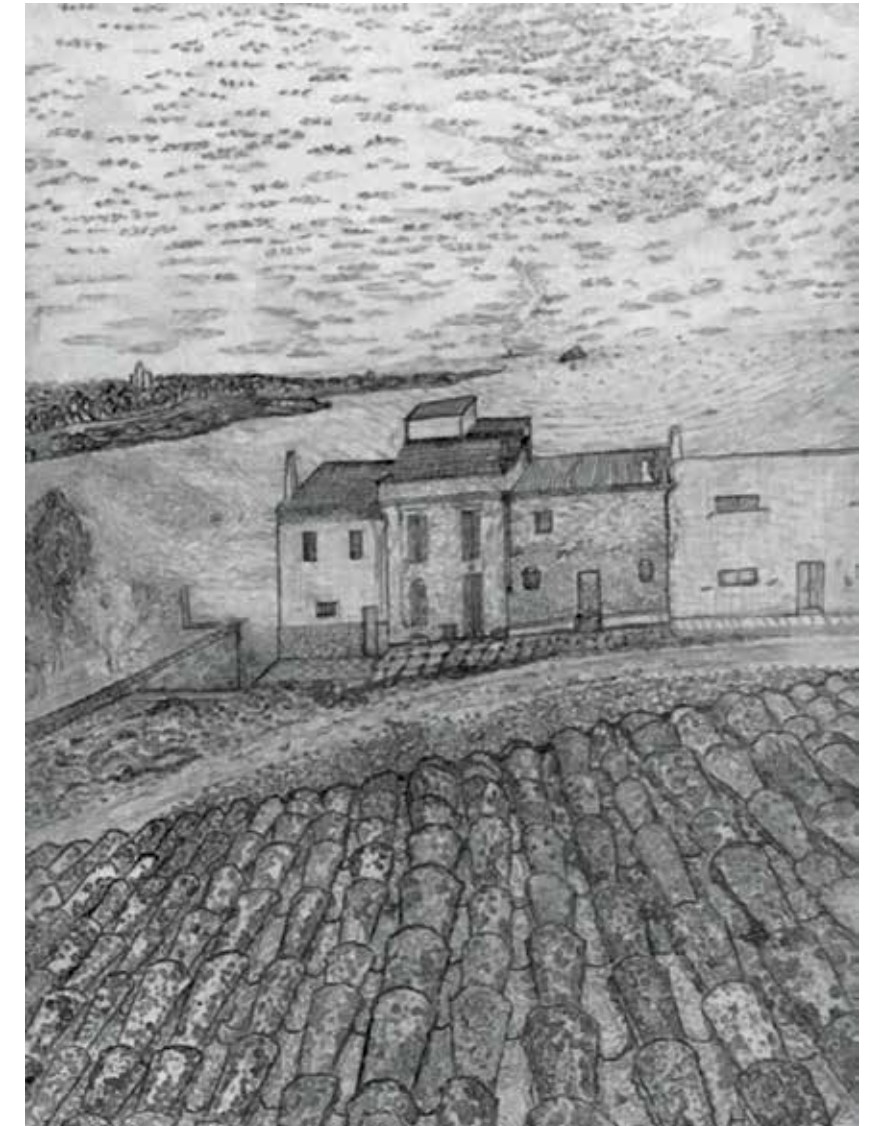
An immediate result of her openness, her vulnerability, even, was an appeal to one's sense of chivalry. One was called upon, not to take advantage, but to help. Another, more important thing which went with this lack of protective armour was a corresponding openness of vision. When she

looked at something and painted it, there seemed nothing between herself and it. Similarly, in her paintings, there seems nothing between the thing painted and the spectator.

Several comments which capture her characteristic quality, her strangeness, appear in the notes written by her younger brother, Jason, at the time of her memorial show (Schoelkopf, New York, 1971):

*She grew up in France in an atmosphere of writers and painters. At eighteen, lovely looking, she gave signs of shyness and peculiarities of behaviour... Humorous, and yet seldom laughing... strong ideas that stayed for the most part silent... yet were she to speak in the noisiest gathering, all would become silent.*

Anne Harvey  
*Villefranche*  
graphite on paper, 17½ x 14¾ in  
Collection of Whitney Armstrong, New York NY



Anne and Jason were born in Chicago. Their father Henry—or Harry—Harvey, was in the advertising business, but like their mother, Dorothy, was a writer too (it was he who wrote the biography of Debussy which Anne later illustrated). Dorothy Harvey—“Dodo”—is remembered as one of “the Dudley girls,” the daughters of the rich gynaecologist Dr. Emilius Clark Dudley of Chicago's Near North Side, who so impressed their contemporaries with their wit, brilliance, and talent, and in particular their gift for poetry.

Because these sisters were who they were, the “atmosphere of writers and painters” in which Anne grew up turns out to consist of some of the best known names of this century. Anne's original talent alone would have made her remarkable; it

is the fact that from almost the beginning it was surrounded and nurtured by genius which made it something more than that.

The schools to which the children were sent were progressive rather than conventional. Jason's notes on his sister go on:

*From her earliest years, she was drawing princes and princesses, fairies and kings... she had a will of her own... at six or seven... (in school)... she insisted on building a castle when asked to build a farm. Already, a little girl was against the order.*

It was primarily through her aunt, Katharine Dudley (second of the four sisters), that Anne was intro-





LEFT TO RIGHT:

William P. Henderson  
*Dorothy Dudley*  
1913, oil on canvas

*Anne Harvey*  
c. 1928

Jules Pascin  
*Anne Harvey*  
1929, pencil and charcoal on paper, 21½ x 17 in



duced to painting and painters. It is recorded (in a Chicago newspaper at the time of her first show in the United States, 1945) that “when she was 12, Anne, playing with paint in the New York studio of her aunt... attracted the attention of Jules Pascin, who detected something in her work more than childish daubing,” and that her aunt took Anne with her to France shortly afterwards. Anne was born in November 1916; her twelfth birthday was in 1928. Pascin left New York for Paris in 1928; in the catalogue raisonn  e of Pascin’s work, his drawing of Anne is dated 1929, and therefore must have been done in Paris.

It isn’t possible, now, to establish exactly which other artists formed part of the circle into which Anne was suddenly plunged in Paris in 1929, but, as the Chicago newspaper (unfortunately its name and date were not noted in the cuttings which survive) goes on: “Pascin’s observation of the little girl was confirmed by the whole circle in which Pascin and Katharine were moving—Survage, L  ger, Brancusi, Marcoussis, Matisse, Picasso and the rest.”

It does not necessarily follow that Anne met and knew all these artists immediately; in fact, it is

unlikely. However, one must assume that Anne had almost certainly already met Brancusi when he came to New York in 1926 for shows of his work at the Wildenstein and Brummer galleries: her mother wrote an appreciation which appeared in *The Dial*, 1927. If not, she certainly must have met him in August 1929, when he came to stay with Dorothy Harvey at the Ch  teau Mouans-Sartoux (near Grasse) belonging to her younger sister Caroline. (Picabia, staying just down the road at the Ch  teau de Mai, in Mougins, joined the party too). Although Brancusi travelled as far as Romania, India and the United States, he generally left Paris unwillingly, and this visit shows a depth of friendship already existing between him and Anne’s mother.

Another artist whom Katharine, Dorothy and Anne probably met and began to know at about this time was Alexander Calder, later to become one of the family’s closest friends. Calder had arrived in Paris in 1926, and is said to have first met Pascin in 1928. (Pascin wrote a short and facetious introduction to Calder’s first Paris show in 1929, remarking on Sterling Calder’s handsomeness, and his son Sandy’s ugliness: concluding, however, that now

he’d seen the son’s work, he predicted that he would become as good an artist as himself, Pascin). Also later to become a close friend was Joan Mir  . During the 1920s, Mir   divided his time between France and Spain. Calder first met him in the winter of 1928/29, when he called him at the suggestion of another American friend. Mir   lived mostly in Spain from 1930 to 37. Anne certainly knew him later, but it is also possible that she first met him in this year, 1929.

It is easier to convey the character and atmosphere of the world—the charmed circle—in which Anne’s parents and aunts moved than to determine exactly when the various members of the family began visiting Europe and living there. To do so, one has to go back at least as far as 1910. According to one of Anne’s cousins, the grandfather, Emelius Dudley, left his family—presumably his wife and their five children—in France that year while he visited China, apparently to practice his profession.

Of these five children, the three sisters, Katharine, Dorothy and Caroline have already been mentioned. There was a brother, of whom little

is known except that he died soon after the war. There was also a fourth Dudley sister, Helen (the eldest), whose story will come as something of a digression. It is worth telling, however, not only because it is of interest in itself, but because it helps indicate the whole level on which Anne’s family moved. It is hardly likely that Anne never met this aunt, but she must have known her story, and as her own unfolds, elements in common become apparent. Bertrand Russell ends the first part of his autobiography with it, and some of the words he uses to describe Helen Dudley apply almost equally well to Anne herself.

Helen Dudley came to England, probably in 1911, to study Greek under Gilbert Murray at Oxford. She had an introduction (from her English tutor at Bryn Mawr) to Russell’s first wife, Alys. Russell met her, although only a few times, at this point. In the spring of 1914, when he was coming to Chicago, she wrote and invited him to her father’s house. He spent two nights there—the second with her. (“Her three sisters mounted guard to give warning if either of the parents approached.”) Russell says of

Helen Dudley that she “wrote rather good poetry”; that she had “a rare and remarkable mind”; that she was “very delightful, not beautiful in the conventional sense, but passionate, poetic and strange.” “Her youth had been lonely and unhappy,” he goes on, “and it seemed that I could give her what she wanted.” He had left his wife, in 1911, for Lady Ottoline Morrell, but this attachment had reached a complicated stage. Russell and Helen Dudley now agreed that she would come to England, that they would live together openly, and if Russell could obtain a divorce, marry. He returned immediately. Helen, with her father (who did not know about the affair), arrived in England in August, just after the outbreak of war. Russell had resolved to speak out as a pacifist. He feared that a private scandal would undermine the force of what he wanted to say, and decided that he could not carry out their plan. Helen Dudley stayed in England. “I had relations with her from time to time, but the shock of war killed my passion for her, and I broke her heart,” he says rather callously. According to Russell, she fell victim to a rare disease which first paralysed her,



Alfred Stieglitz  
Katharine Dudley  
1949, gelatin silver print, 9 $\frac{5}{8}$  x 7 $\frac{3}{16}$  in  
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Alfred Stieglitz Collection



Helen Dudley

then made her insane. (He last saw her in 1924; she apparently died in a mental hospital).

Anne presumably knew Bertrand Russell; he became a friend of her mother and her aunt. From Russell’s own autobiography one learns little about what might seem—after his account of what had happened—an unlikely friendship. He says that he met Katharine Dudley (again) in 1918, when she had come to visit her sister, and entrusted to her the open letter to President Wilson—appealing for peace—which she smuggled to a committee of American pacifists, who then published it. (He mentions that she found “an ingenious method of concealing it,” but unfortunately does not say what this was.)

However, Russell’s second wife, Dora, writes that it was in New York in 1927, at the house of Dorothy Harvey and her sister (probably Katharine), that she met Griffin Barry, who was to be the father of her (Dora’s) third child. In a letter years later, during the Second World War, Anne reports confidential news about John, Dora’s son by Russell, in a tone appropriate to old family friendship.

In fact, it may be that Russell’s behaviour was not so selfish as he makes out; (it is, after all, a mark of intelligence to forestall criticism by painting oneself in a harsher light than may seem necessary when there is question of one’s own failings). At any rate, Helen Dudley apparently lived in England some

time, seeing Russell, before she became ill. (The Tate Gallery owns a portrait of her by Vanessa Bell.)

A few years after Katharine’s 1918 visit to England, she helped Caroline—Caroline Regan, as she was during her first marriage—to bring over the group of performers from Harlem which became the Revue Nègre. Dorothy is known to have stayed in France at least as early as 1925, but Harry’s work was in America (“he had the Lucky Strike account”) and he spent less time abroad than his wife. With her second marriage—to the writer Joseph Delteil—Caroline settled permanently in France. Anne was to make several long stays at their different homes, (which are usually described as châteaux), in the Midi.

It is possible, of course, that Anne came to France when she was 12, and simply stayed there from 1929 for the rest of the decade, but it makes more sense to suppose that for the following two or three years, at least, she went back to school in America some of the time. From 1927 to 1933 (or 1934), the Russells ran the Beacon Hill School in Sussex, following their own advanced ideas. There is no evidence that Anne went there, but since her brother, Jason did, it does not seem unlikely. (It was Jason who, with another boy, about 1933, trying to immolate a couple of pet rabbits which had been given to a child they disliked, set fire to the woods, and nearly burnt down the school.)

THE FIRST REALLY VIVID glimpse of Anne and her parents in France comes when she was not yet 17, in July 1933 (probably the summer of the same year). They were staying in Villefranche, and invited Matisse, who was nearby in Nice, to call. Dorothy Harvey described the occasion in a long letter to Katharine Dudley, who seems to have been in the south earlier, but had returned to Paris.

They were evidently not on such close terms with Matisse as—for instance—Brancusi. Matisse’s visit “seemed only exciting to me, and not formidable,” writes Dorothy Harvey, implying that formidable was what it might have been expected to be. She and her sister had already called on him some days previously. Matisse remembered having met them—he searched his memory and thought three—Dorothy told him that it was eight—years before. On this earlier occasion he had given Katharine Dudley advice about her own painting.

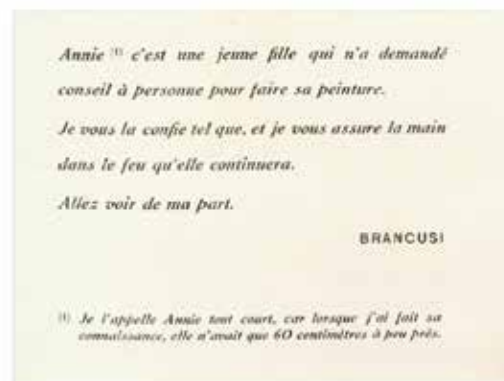
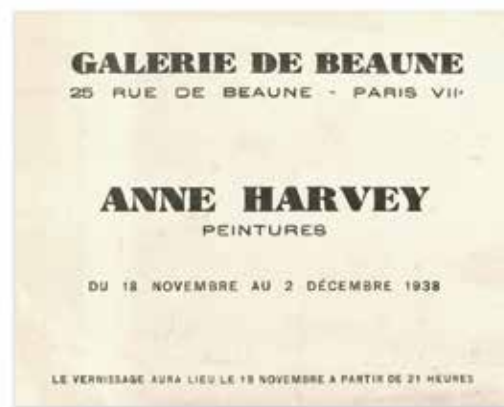


Anne Harvey  
Portrait of Katharine Dudley  
pastel on paper, 26 x 20 in  
Location unknown

The invitation to call had more than one purpose. Matisse had recently delivered his famous decoration, *La Danse*, to the Barnes Foundation. Barnes had then immediately left, shutting the place up, so that Dorothy Harvey was practically the only American to have seen it. The first hour of the visit was spent discussing an article she planned on writing about it. (This article appeared in *Hound and Horn*.) On the other hand, at least equally important in the family’s mind was getting Matisse’s opinion of Anne’s abilities, and his advice on her future.

Besides a nude and some still-lives Anne had done illustrations for *Candide*, Poe’s *Tales*, and *Bérénice*. Matisse encouraged her to go on with these drawings. He praised her imagination, her “fantaisie,” and took the view that working from nature, for her, would serve mainly as an exercise on which to base this more important side of her creative faculty. He called her “douée,” repeating the word many times. Another word he used was “meublé”; in her drawings for *Candide*, she had “furnished” the page. The main question her parents wanted his advice on—one imagines they knew,





Announcement card for Anne Harvey's first exhibition in 1938, with statement by Brancusi on reverse.

*Annie is a young girl  
who does not ask  
anyone's help to make  
her paintings. I tell  
you this and I assure  
you, hand in the fire,  
that she will continue.  
Go see, for me.*

—Brancusi, 1938

anyway, that she had rare gifts—was whether she should receive formal training. She had been, probably not many times, to a school run by Léger. Matisse's advice was that she should not continue.

I will occasionally quote the testimony of Raymond Mason, the sculptor, who knew Anne well during the post-war years. The particular point which impressed him about Matisse's interest in Anne's work was that it continued, that he came to see her again, and that "he climbed up stairs" to visit her, to see how she was getting on.

What was arranged, it seems, was that Brancusi should take care of her training. There are references to this in a letter that Anne wrote just after she had turned 19; her birthday party had made her late for a session with him. There is also the comment in the Chicago newspaper already quoted that "Léger had given her a few formal lessons, but it was Brancusi who made it his particular business to see that Anne went the way she should go technically." The more important evidence is physical: Anne's portraits of Brancusi, and his photographs

of her. The story of Brancusi's interest in photography is well-known. Dissatisfied with photographs Stieglitz had taken of his work, he bought himself a camera, taught himself to use it, and eventually built himself a dark room. Brancusi evidently felt affection for his young student. Most of his photographs show only his sculpture and studio; when he photographed people, he almost always showed them at a distance. Those that he took of Anne are especially rare in that they show her close up—some of them just her face—shy and smiling. In some, she is turning away, as though to escape. They give perhaps the most informal glimpse we have into that famous studio which has now itself become a museum. Anne's 1934 portrait of Brancusi (at present the property of the Pierre Matisse estate) is very closely based on a self-portrait photograph of his own. (In this photograph, one can see the line from his hand to the camera.) Years later, Anne told Raymond Mason that her portrait was done in Brancusi's studio when she was 18. Since there are several differences between photograph and painting—pieces of scul-

ture moved and so on—one supposes that Brancusi sat for her a little while, in the pose shown, and that the rest of the time Anne worked from the room itself and the photograph. (Mason himself says that the portrait was also worked on—touched up, or corrected—by Brancusi himself.)

Brancusi, born in 1876, was a good deal older than Anne; when she was 18, he was 58. It is not known for certain how far their relationship went. According to Sidney Geist, "There was a bond of strong feelings between the girl and the man forty years her senior." One may reflect that Anne grew up in an extremely liberated atmosphere—more will be said of this later—but that she was also shy, and that shyness, one conquered, runs, in a not particularly surprising enantiodromia, more quickly into deeper intimacy than does self-possessed sophistication. What does seem certain, is that later, in the thirties, Anne had an affair with Miró.

THAT DECADE MUST have seemed to Anne, in retrospect, a golden age. As the Chicago newspaper puts it: "a score of Parisian celebrities... made her a pet from the time she was 12, until she left Paris just ahead of the Nazi invaders and returned to her home in New York." Matisse, Brancusi and Léger have been mentioned; to these must be added other names, those of Man Ray, for instance, and Giacometti. Anne's own letters only give sporadic glimpses of things seen and people known. She described meeting Salvador Dali (evidently not a family friend) and comments on a performance of a play by "Jean Coqueteau" with designs by Chanel; but for the most part, one's impression of the life she lived before the war has to be based on what is known of the three remarkable Dudley girls.

The most glamorous world—the world of the spotlight—must have been that of Caroline Delteil and the Revue Nègre. It was Léger, at the time designer for the Swedish Ballet company, who persuaded the director to put on an all-black revue, and it was Caroline who, with the help of her sister, found the performers. She and her husband wrote sketches for it (Joseph Delteil's other writings include the novel *Jeanne d'Arc* on which Carl Drier's film was based); she brought dancers from Africa; she got Langston Hughes to write for it. More than all this, she brought the unknown Josphine Baker over from America—literally paid her fare and brought her over on the boat; and—according to Janet Flanner—the twenties never



Joseph Delteil, Anne Harvey, Caroline Delteil (née Dudley) in Paris

gave a louder roar than the ecstatic scream which greeted that star's first entrance (in 1925, right in the middle of the decade) upon the stage of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. The other name one recognises now among that group of performers Caroline Delteil brought to France is that of Sidney Bechet: it was largely Bechet's presence that made Paris the leading city of jazz outside of the United States, and second home to so many great jazzmen.

Paris between the wars was the meeting-place between the old and continuing tradition of French civilisation and the French and foreign artists flooding in to form the avant-garde. The traffic was not all one way, however; Paris was as fascinated by the New World as the New World was by it. Like their sister, Katharine Dudley and Dorothy Harvey were vital links in the social chain between the two centres of modernism.

Before trying to summarise what can be discovered about Dorothy from her own writings and from what has been said about her, it might be worth emphasising the point that Anne was very much brought up by all three sisters. One may note, for instance, that although Dorothy had been visiting France since at least 1925, it was Katharine who first took Anne there.

Dorothy Harvey already had solid achievements as a writer behind her when she came to France. She had published in *Poetry* (edited by Harriet Monroe).



THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR was, of course, only a precursor of worse troubles to come. In 1936, Anne was not yet 20. It happened that Anne and her mother were in Barcelona that summer. (Caroline Delteil was somewhere in the Balearic isles.) In a letter to her father, Anne describes the scene: dead bodies in the streets, the sounds of gunfire; groups bustling suspects out of bars... and themselves, huddled in their hotel without supplies. In the end, they managed to extricate themselves. In 1939, the even greater crisis faced them. Anne and her parents spent the war years in the United States. Jason served in the army in the South Pacific. Caroline Delteil and Katharine Dudley remained in France. The elder sister is known to have aided her friend Drue Tartière in the French underground, rescuing Allied airmen shot down over occupied France and smuggling them to safety. Her defiance of the Nazis probably helped save not only lives, but art. Gertrude Stein had to stay out of Paris, and left her home on the rue Christine in her neighbour's care. (Katharine Dudley lived on the Rue du Seine.) On one occasion the Gestapo illegally entered the locked apartment, and identifying various paintings—Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude among them—as “de la saloperie

Her best known book was *Forgotten Frontiers*, a biography of Theodore Drieser. She had also written about Rodin (like Drieser, another hero of hers). Her *Ghosts and Live Wires*, a history of Chicago told through brief lives of Chicagoans, failed to find a publisher. She emerges from her writings as a liberated woman, as a champion of modernism, down-to-earth, and concerned with truth and reality. Her interests were partly political. She contributed articles to the *Nation* and *Vanguard*. When she interviewed Gide—after his return from Russia—on Stalin, it is probable that she already knew him. If not, the contact might have been made in any one of a dozen ways, but the most obvious would have been through her sister.

Katharine Dudley is remembered as a portrait painter (much of her work is in pastel), but like her sisters she had written poetry, and she moved as much in literary and intellectual circles as among artists. Gide knew Sylvia Beach, and Sylvia Beach was one of Katharine Dudley's closest friends.

When Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald met Pascin at one of Caroline Delteil's parties in the winter of 1929, it was no doubt through Katharine that he was there; and their names, too, help indicate the nature of the social world in which Anne found herself.



**OPPOSITE, TOP:**

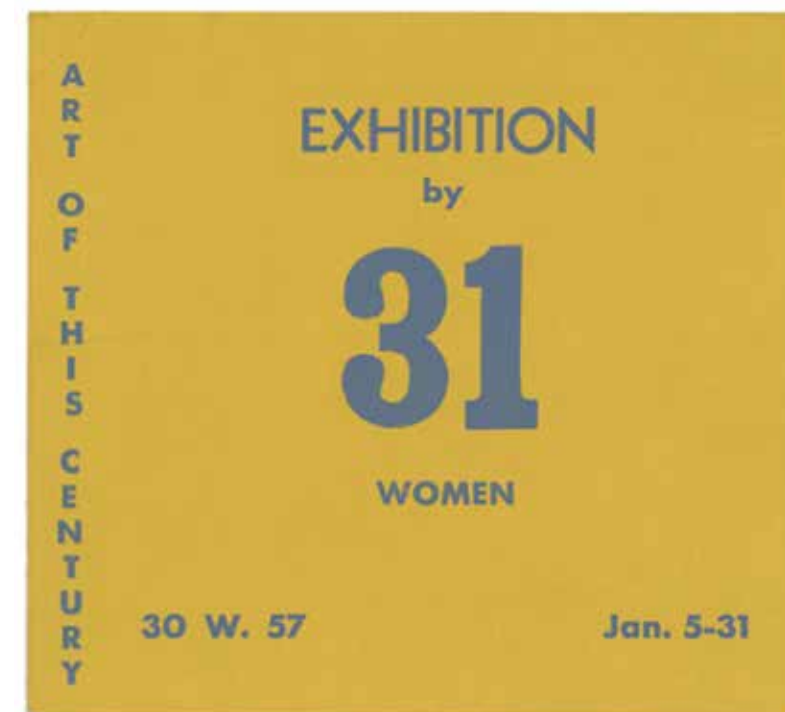
Anne Harvey  
*Portrait of Dorothy Harvey*  
pastel on paper, 26 x 20 in  
Location unknown

**OPPOSITE, BOTTOM:**

*Dorothy and Anne Harvey, in Paris*

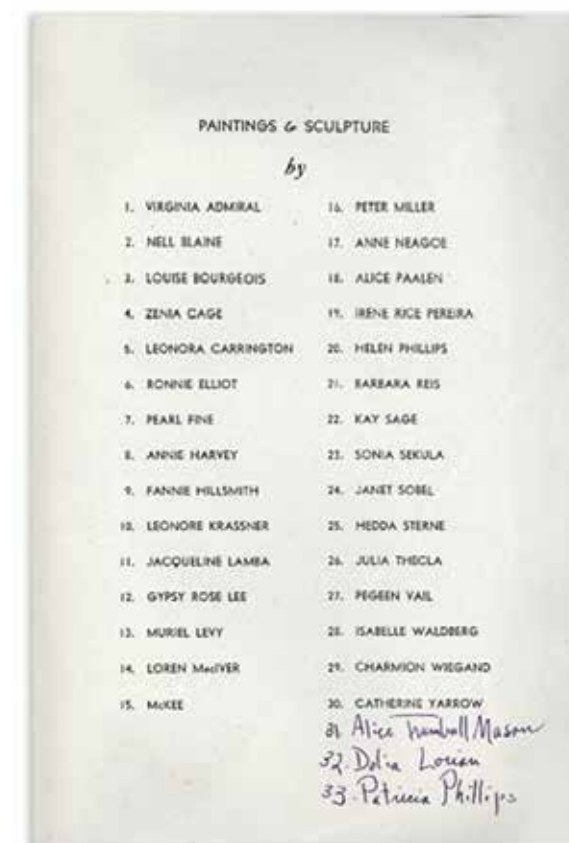
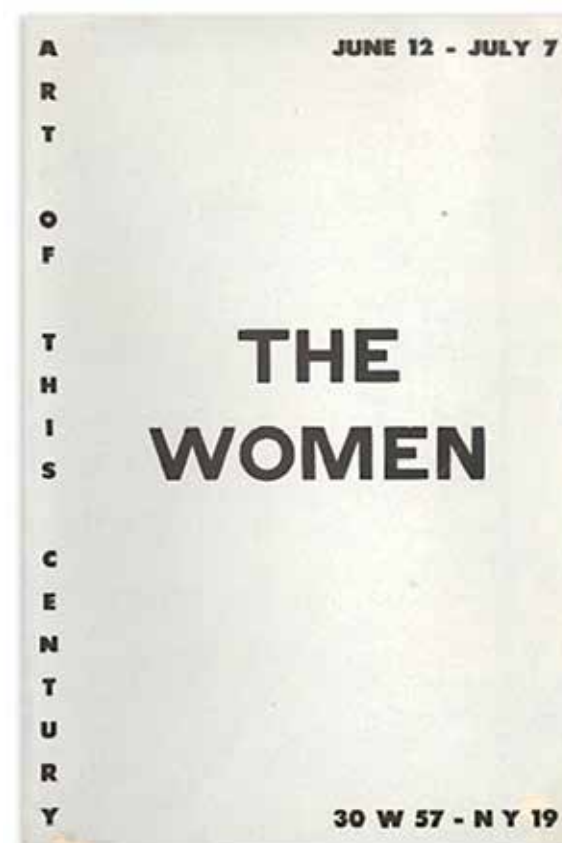
**RIGHT:**

Invitation for “31 Women” exhibition  
at Peggy Guggenheim's Art of this  
Century Gallery in 1943  
Courtesy Venice Guggenheim



**BELOW:**

Leaflet, front and back, with list of  
artists in Peggy Guggenheim's  
“The Women” exhibition from 1945  
Courtesy Venice Guggenheim







Anne Harvey  
*Debussy as a Child*  
c. 1946, ink on paper, 18 x 13½ in

juice, bon à brûler,” were about to confiscate or destroy them, when the police arrived, and turned them out. Katharine Dudley’s own account of this famous incident (in a letter to Stein) is modest about her part in it, and gives the credit for the call to the police station to a girl on the floor below. In other versions of the story, she is said to have played a more central role.

The war years separated Anne Harvey, if not from her immediate family, from her aunts and many of her friends, and from the country where she now felt most at home. Others of the circle, however—Léger, Calder and André Masson, for instance—crossed the Atlantic. Duchamp, of course, was already established in America. Also in New York for part of the time (it is not clear for exactly how much), was the writer Georges Duthuit, whose wife (Marguerite Matisse) had remained behind in France. Duthuit was, among other things, an authority in Byzantine art, which was itself a major influence on the Fauves. Duthuit was a central and important figure in Anne’s life

after the war and one whose advice she always sought and took.

It is at this point, her early maturity, that one can begin to write about Anne Harvey as a painter. While the Brancusi portrait of 1934 is a remarkable achievement for a girl of 18, the paintings of the war years (shown by Peggy Guggenheim at Art of This Century, and in a solo exhibition at the Roullier Galleries in Chicago in 1945) surpass it. Although it would be surprising if the contact with the major artists whom she knew had not affected her, the influence is in fact not at all pronounced. Unless one looked for it, and knew how to look for it, one would not detect it. It is hardly perceptible, except in the earlier work, and there, only by comparison with the later.

IN HER LATER WORK, Anne Harvey became more herself. Its characteristics remained constant, the two easiest to identify being a decidedly linear quality, and the quality of sureness and certainty. The strokes of the pen or brush fall without effort in the right place; there are no changes, corrections or afterthoughts.

The earlier work—up to the end of the war—differs, if not only to a limited extent, in that it is not so entirely linear: the subject may be reduced or simplified into flat shapes. By comparison with the later work, although certainly not by comparison with the work of Léger or Brancusi, one could call it formalised, or even abstract. Equally, there is a difference from the later work in that one can see that the final result is not arrived at immediately, but by stages: a process of painting and repainting has taken place.

This applies to the paintings exhibited in Chicago: landscapes, still-lives, and four portraits, including one of the Brancusi portraits, one of her uncle Delteil, and one of Duthuit, probably the best example of her work of the time. Also in the show, but a notable exception to these remarks, was a drawing of Debussy which is both linear and strikingly unhesitant and direct. Harry Harvey’s life of Debussy came out in 1948, but New York was not Paris, and Anne’s drawings for it—flights of imagination displaying a brilliance in the use of line hardly surpassed by the acknowledged masters of this century—were considered too advanced, and not used.

In October 1945, Anne was nearly 29. She did not travel to Chicago for this, her first import-

*Duchamp’s last known letter, written in 1968 to Jason Harvey, promising to “help find a good gallery for Anne’s work.”*

5 Rue Parmentier  
Nemilly s/Seine  
Oct. 1 1968  
Dear Jason  
I will be glad to help  
find a good gallery  
for Annie's work.  
We expect to arrive in  
N.Y. on Oct. 12 but have  
to leave again immediately  
for Chicago.  
I will call you up after  
Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> or if you prefer  
to call me our number  
is AL4. 86 92 (in the morning)  
a bientot  
Cordialement  
marcel (Duchamp)  
28 West 10<sup>th</sup> St.  
N.Y.C.

ant show. (It has not been established whether an exhibition in Paris, planned in 1939, and for which Brancusi wrote an introduction, ever took place, or whether it became an early casualty of the war, but a review of her 1954 Paris exhibition calls it her first in that city.) While all the indications are that she was eager for the Chicago show to be successful—she worked hard finishing paintings and drawings, sending some off, carefully packed, still wet; a photograph of Anne by Walker Evans was sent; André Masson wrote a preface—and was delighted with the degree of success achieved (at least six paintings were sold)—she left most of the practical problems to her brother, who was on the spot, to solve. Anne’s chief preoccupation, it appears from her letters, was getting a visa and returning to Europe. This, after some delay, she was able to do.

TO SOME EXTENT, after the war, Anne Harvey and her family picked up life where they left off; but more than that, Anne’s story becomes the story of her art. The true artist is, above all, passionate about his work. A sentence from a letter to her aunt Caroline is worth quoting. (Anne’s letters are not dated with the year, but this seems to have been written at the end of the war.)

*A painter should first become his model (nude or cabbage) and then the model should be transformed into the painter so as to become impossible to recognise. At least, that’s my idea for the moment.*

One could hardly find a better way of conveying the quality of absorption in, or identification with, the subject, which is characteristic of Anne Harvey’s painting than this apparent over-statement. With





Walker Evans  
*Anne Harvey*  
 1937, black and white photograph, 4 x 5 in  
*Walker Evans Archive, the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

some painters, the Cubists for instance, conventional pictorial space seems broken down; in Anne Harvey's work, space seems dissolved, as unreal as it is in a dream, with the subject becoming correspondingly more real.

If, after the war, Anne Harvey may have been said to have fulfilled her own promise, life did not fulfil its promise to her. She achieved independence in her work, but not in her emotional life. She could not marry the man she loved, nor even live with him openly. One by one her father, her mother, and her aunt Katharine died.

Just as the portraits of the war years surpassed the early Brancusi portrait of 1934, Anne's later portraits mark a further advance. The portrait of her mother, exhibited in the 1954 show at the Galerie Nina Dausset, for instance, has all the force of a Soutine. One of the critics of this exhibition remarks

on something he found in common between Anne's work and that of what he delicately calls "certains aliénés" (some lunatics). The difference, clearly apparent, is in Anne's total control. In the rather mysterious world where the artist has become the subject, there is sometimes the danger of the subject taking over. The result is often an obsessive and unnecessary covering of the surface with detail. This is, however, not so with Anne: she knows where to stop.

In 1963, the date of the last show Anne Harvey held during her lifetime, at the Galerie Janine Hao, her painting had become completely mature, consistent in style, and recognisable as the work of an individual with a character as definitely formed as any other contemporary artist of the School of Paris, although it would be strangely difficult to identify the separate influences.

By then, there were no portraits. People still played an important part in her life, but they had ceased to appear in her paintings. There, the world was that of the curious ambivalence suggested by the equation of the two expressions "nature morte" and "still-life." Inanimate objects seemed to take on a hidden existence of their own. The fire crackles on the hearth—someone must have lit it; the rose radiates its glory from the vase—someone must have picked it up and placed it there; reflections move in silver or glass—the room is empty, yet one knows that the artist must have been present, and one searches for a hint of a shadow or a trace of a reflection.

The strokes of the brush and the lines of the pen seem to express a sense of hesitant certainty, of decisions still tentative, as though the line was still being drawn, and there were possibilities that it might go farther; as though its end, might, by itself, extend itself; but that no! the artist just stopped, there, at the right place. The lines activate the planes: bring them alive. What is seen is imbued with a paradoxical sense, as though the intensity with which it has been stared at was almost painful, yet at the same time relaxed.

ANNE MADE HER LIFE, for the most part, among people older than herself. This older generation sheltered and protected her, and when it was no longer there to do so, her shyness began to turn to reclusiveness. Her death was to some degree foreshadowed by that of her aunt Helen, the eldest of the sisters, nearly a half a century before. There was a sadness, a sense of tragedy even, about both. On returning from the United States, her lover (who was a good deal older than herself) had gone back to his wife. He and Anne continued to meet, however, until, in the mid-1960s, he suffered a stroke. For a time, they managed to communicate through an intermediary, a friend who transmitted messages. In the end, though, even this was no longer possible. When her aunt Katharine had died, Anne had given up the apartment in the Rue du Seine, and withdrawn to a smaller place on the Quai Voltaire. Deprived of the last, limited contact which meant anything to her, she lost the will to live. Always thin—one had the impression, sometimes, that she subsisted on cigarette-smoke as much as on food—she literally pined away.

In 1951, Anne's friend, the distinguished critic Patrick Waldberg (it was he, incidentally, who—too late—came to look for her), had written what is practically a prose-poem about Anne's fascination with what he calls "the Queen of Flowers," characterising her roses as "carnal" or "sensual," "mystic," "obsessed" or "haunted," speaking of their "unwonted seduction," and saying, of their "duel" between painter and subject, that one can no longer tell which of the two, the "plant turned carnivore," or the "desperately striving painter," finds itself devoured. Waldberg calls Anne's roses, opening their petals wide, "palpitating hearts"; he sees their redness as a "rich flow of blood"; to him, they are "bathed in sacrificial water," and he calls them "tears, rather than flowers." He pays a powerful tribute to what are themselves powerful paintings.

Brancusi, years before, had seen Anne herself as a flower, and had said of her looks "...she wasn't beautiful, but lovely is the right word... the age when a girl is like an opening flower."

Neither is it too fanciful to compare Anne, in 1967, at the end of her life, to a rose, which, cut, lives for a while, even in a glass of water, but which, inevitably, deprived of the branch on which it once grew, cannot survive.

Anne Harvey's work did not become widely known to the public in the few shows she held during her lifetime. What is remarkable is that those who did know it and admire it numbered about a dozen of the foremost artists of the twentieth century.

—Henry Lessore  
 "The Artist and Her World"  
 from *Family Line* catalog, 2002





Anne Harvey  
*Nude on a Sofa*  
c.1934, oil on canvas, 40 x 47 1/2 in



## “Annie” and Brancusi

### Sidney Geist

A portrait of Brancusi, currently being shown in New York, compels attention because of its intrinsic value both as a portrait and a painting, but also, because of the varied relations of the artist, Anne Harvey, and her family with Brancusi and the world of arts and letters.

Anne’s mother and three aunts were known in Chicago, where they originated, as the “remarkable Dudley sisters.” Dorothy, the fourth sister... contributed to *Poetry* magazine, and eventually had a wide circle of friends that included Carl Sandburg, Theodore Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson.

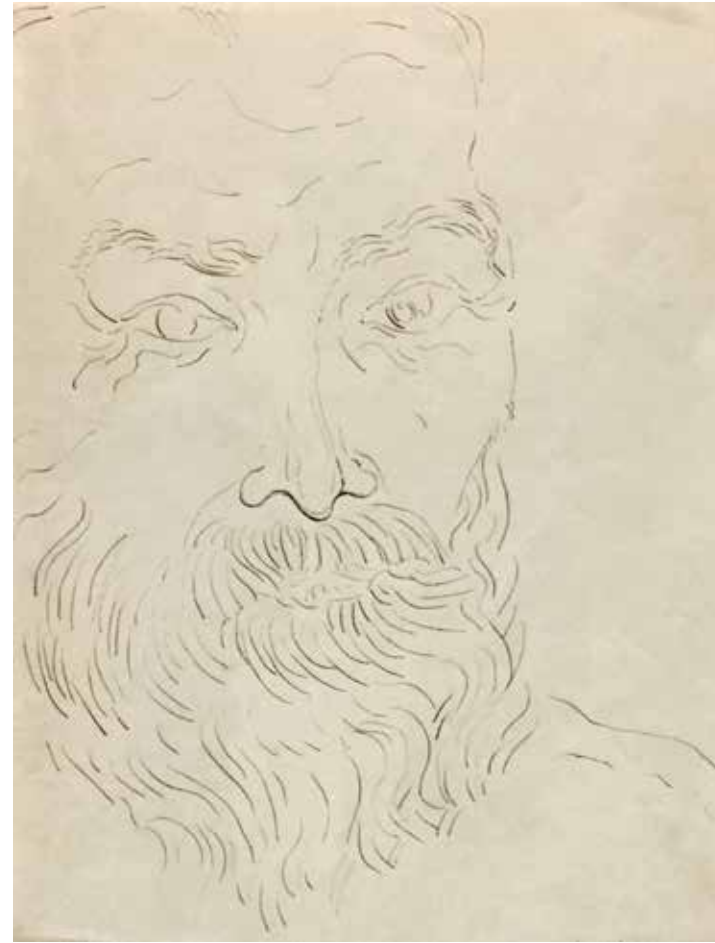
In 1927, writing always under her maiden name, she published a long and interesting review of Brancusi’s one-man exhibition held at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York, February 21-March 3, 1926. The article appeared months later in *The Dial*, an influential magazine of literature and the arts, in the issue of January, 1927; it has the distinction of containing the only correct record of the sculpture in the exhibition,

since no catalogue has ever been discovered, and other reviewers mention only some of the works. Brancusi later gave Dorothy a copy of the transcript of the trial involving his *Bird in Space*.

Anne became deeply involved in art, and if her formal training was desultory, she was exposed to art on all sides, whether in Paris or Villefranche, because of the interests of her family and the milieu in which it moved. Pascin, who was a friend of her aunt Katherine, made a drawing of her; she knew Matisse, Duchamp, Man Ray, Sylvia Beach and many others.

As a child she probably met Brancusi in New York. In 1934, she decided to do his portrait, and first made a detailed pencil drawing, surely from life, which is dated “July 1934”; it measures 75 x 59 cm. The oil painting measures 197.5 x 100 cm, and is thus almost exactly two-thirds larger than the drawing. It is painted in earth colors, with a red tone appearing in the fireplace, and shows Brancusi seated on a wooden stool, which looks like a sec-

Anne Harvey  
*Brancusi*  
ink on paper, 12¼ x 9¼ inches  
31 Women Collection, New York



tion of the *Endless Column*, in front of a large round plaster table. In being unencumbered, the table top provides the main difference from the drawing, where it is littered with a number of objects. Behind the sculptor are several of his works and, like a net flung against the studio wall, the pattern made by the frame of the skylight as the sun streams in. The image of Brancusi with its glance has a great force, and exhibits, as does the rest of the canvas, Anne’s singular way of elaborating detail without losing control of the total pictorial organisation. It is interesting to note that in this painting—as distinct from most photographs of the sculptor—Brancusi is shown correctly as having a small physique; Anne herself was small in stature. The painting was surely completed in 1935. It is a remarkable performance, even leaving aside that it was done by an eighteen year old girl.

Brancusi wrote the following introduction for what was probably her first one-man exhibition, in Paris:

*Annie c’est une jeune fille qui n’a demandé conseil à personne pour faire sa peinture. Je vous confie tel que et je vous assure la main dans le feu qu’elle continuera. Allez voir de ma part.*

—BRANCUSI

*Je l’appelle Annie tout court, car lorsque j’ai fait sa connaissance elle n’avait que 60 centimètres à peu près.*

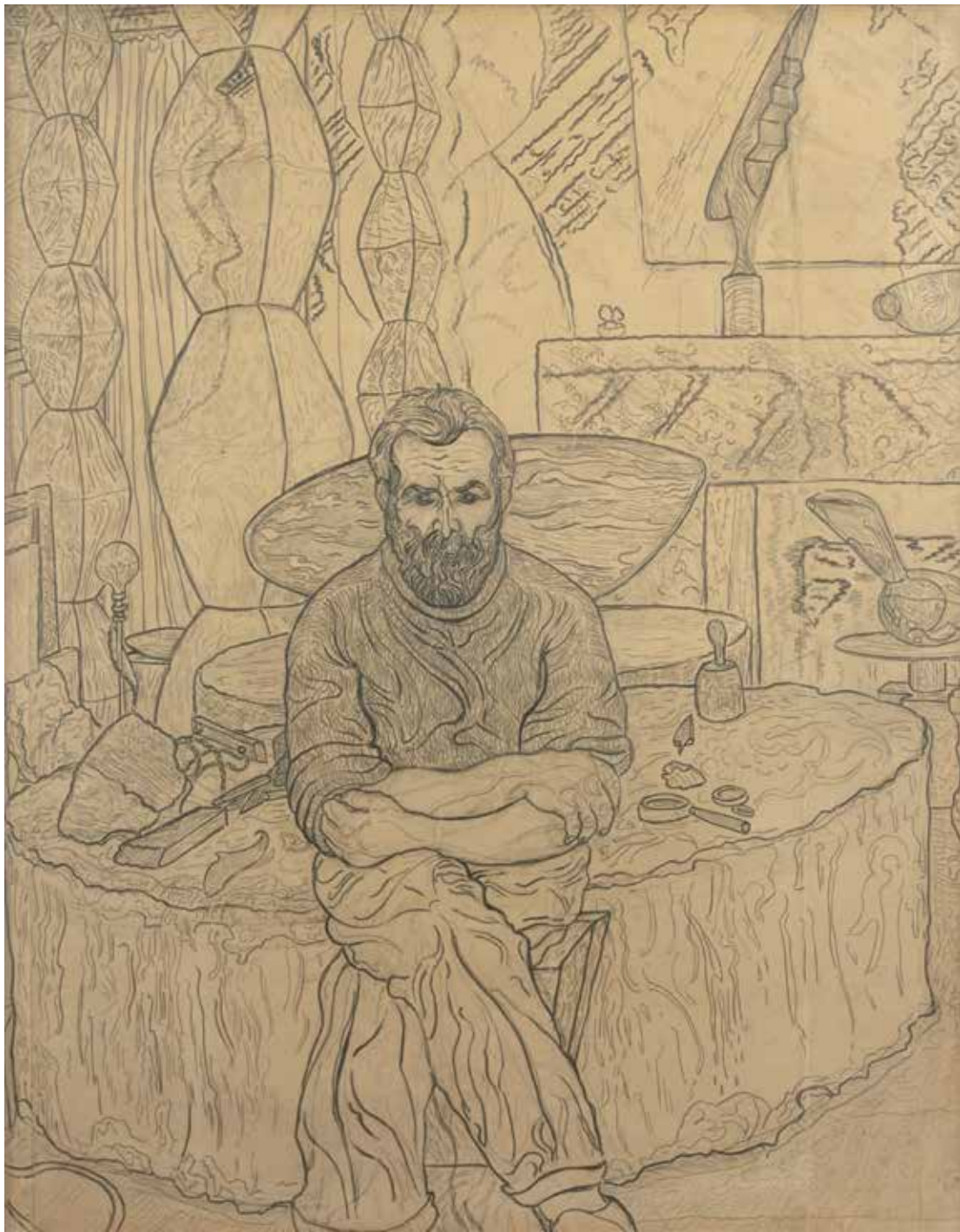
Brancusi’s spelling in his correspondence is often phonetic rather than standard; we may guess that the above text was much corrected. There are, incidentally, only two other texts Brancusi wrote for publication: “Histoire de Brigands,” the little tale in *This Quarter*, v 1, no 1 1925, and his paragraph for the “Hommage à Rodin” in the catalogue of the fourth Salon de la Jeune Sculpture, Paris, 1952.

Annie, as her friends called her, spent the years of the second World War in the United States. She had an exhibition at the Albert Roullier



Constantin Brancusi  
*Anne Harvey in Brancusi's Studio*  
c.1934, black and white photograph, 11½ x 7¼ in.



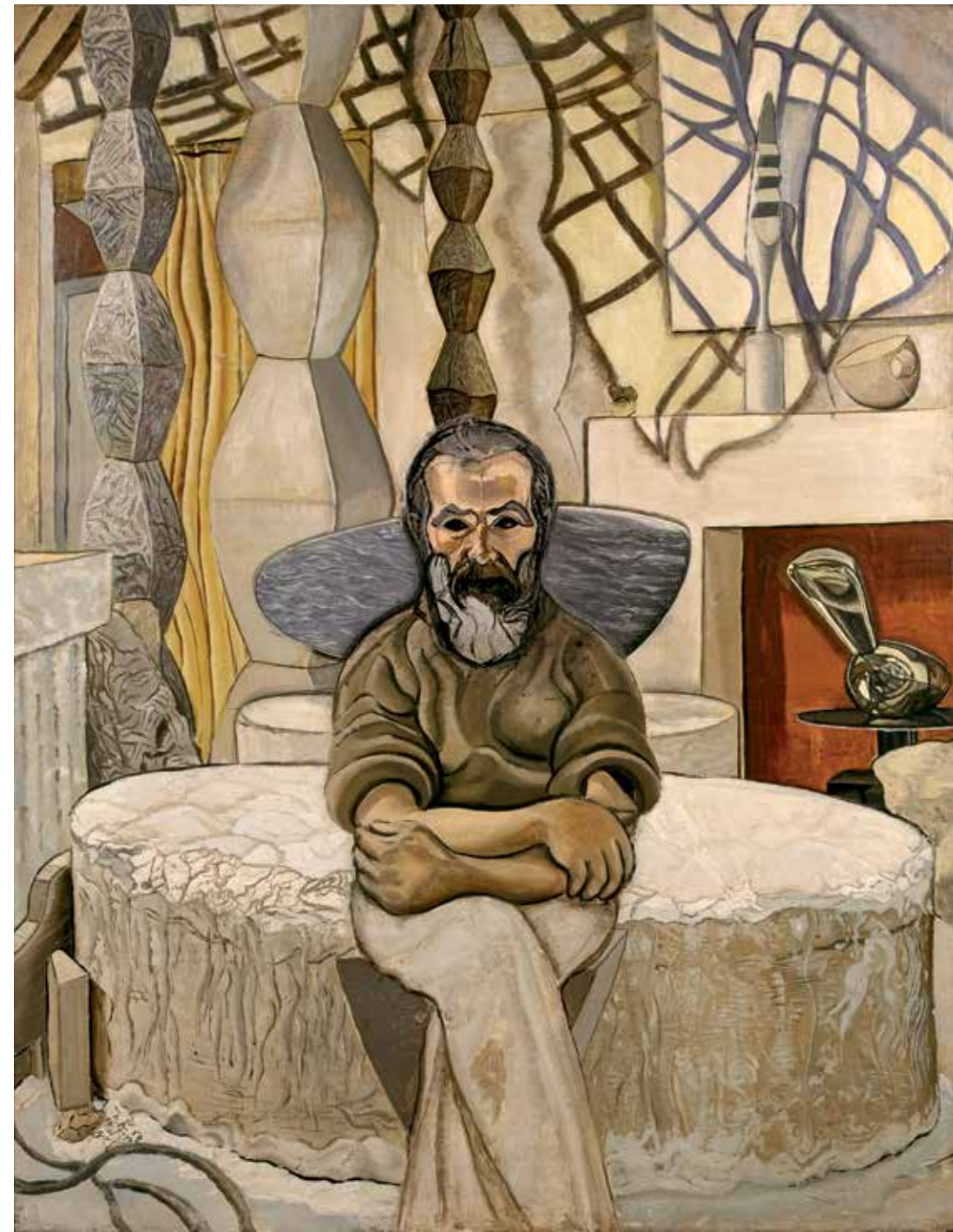
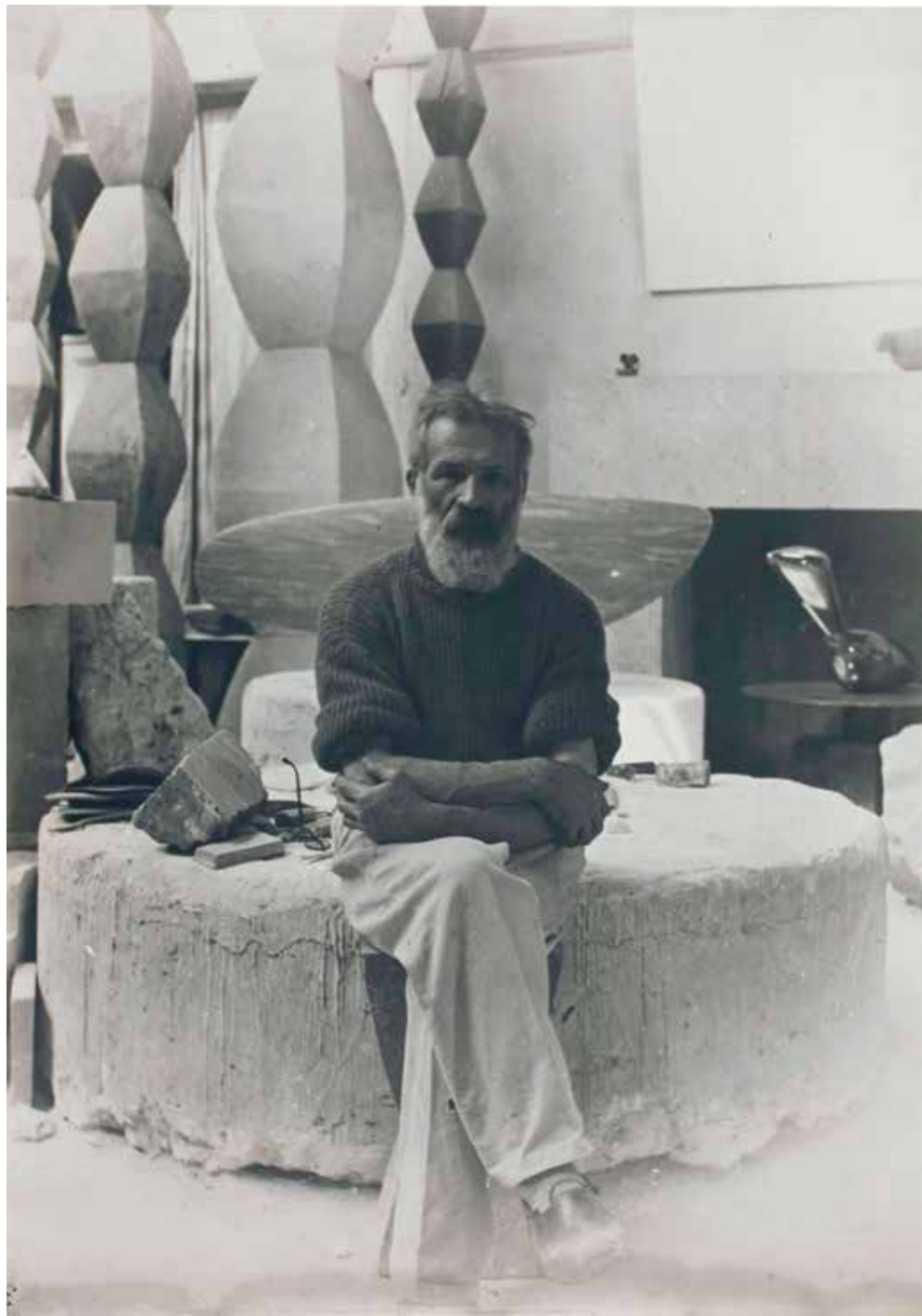


LEFT TO RIGHT:

Anne Harvey  
*Brancusi (Study for Portrait)*  
graphite on paper, 28¾ x 22½ in  
The Pierre and Tana Matisse  
Foundation

Constantin Brancusi  
*Autoportrait dans l'Atelier*  
1934, photograph, 15¾ x 11¾ in  
Brancusi's Studio, Centre Pompidou

Anne Harvey  
*Portrait of Brancusi*  
1934, oil on canvas, 50 x 40 in  
The Pierre and Tana Matisse  
Foundation



Art Galleries, Chicago, in October-November, 1945; André Masson wrote the forward for the catalogue. Patrick Waldberg wrote the introduction to the catalogue of her exhibition at Galerie Nina Dausset, Paris, February-March, 1954; this text appeared in Waldberg's *Mains et Merveilles*, Paris, 1961. Annie showed again in

Paris in May, 1961, at Galerie Janine Hao; the sculptor Raymond Mason wrote a piece for the catalogue.

I found the leaf of the announcement with Brancusi's statement in 1966. Some months later, unable to discover the date or place of the exhibition, I wrote to Miss Harvey. She replied

that she thought the exhibition took place in 1939 in a small gallery that no longer existed.

Her exhibition at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery in New York opened on February 27; the catalogue contains a letter from Alexander Calder, written in January from his home in France; he reminisces about his relations with Annie, her

mother and her aunt Katherine. I was saddened to see that under her name were the dates, 1916-1967, and learned that she had died on December 1, shortly after her fifty-first birthday. Besides the Brancusi portrait, the exhibition includes a powerful painting of a nude figure seated on a sofa, also done around 1935, several portraits, intricate

paintings of flowers and bundles of wood by the fireplace, dappled views of the Seine.

On the gallery wall there is also a photograph of Annie, taken by Brancusi in his studio, that shows her flowerlike beauty in 1934, and reveals, besides, her relaxation before the sculptor armed with a camera. For it is certain that there is a bond of strong feeling

between the girl and the man forty years her senior. As if to return Annie's compliment, Brancusi's photograph is the best that was made of her—and she was photographed by such professionals as Walker Evans, Brassai and Robert Frank.

—Sidney Geist  
March 31, 1971 New York





*"...Debussy will never go out of fashion. We taught each other many things. Yes, we disputed often. The difference was that he created as if under the moon's rays, and I have wanted to create as if in the full light of the sun."*

—Eric Satie, as quoted in Harry B. Harvey's "Claude of France: The Story of Debussy." In the 1940s, Anne Harvey made a series of illustrations for her father's book that were not used by the publisher.



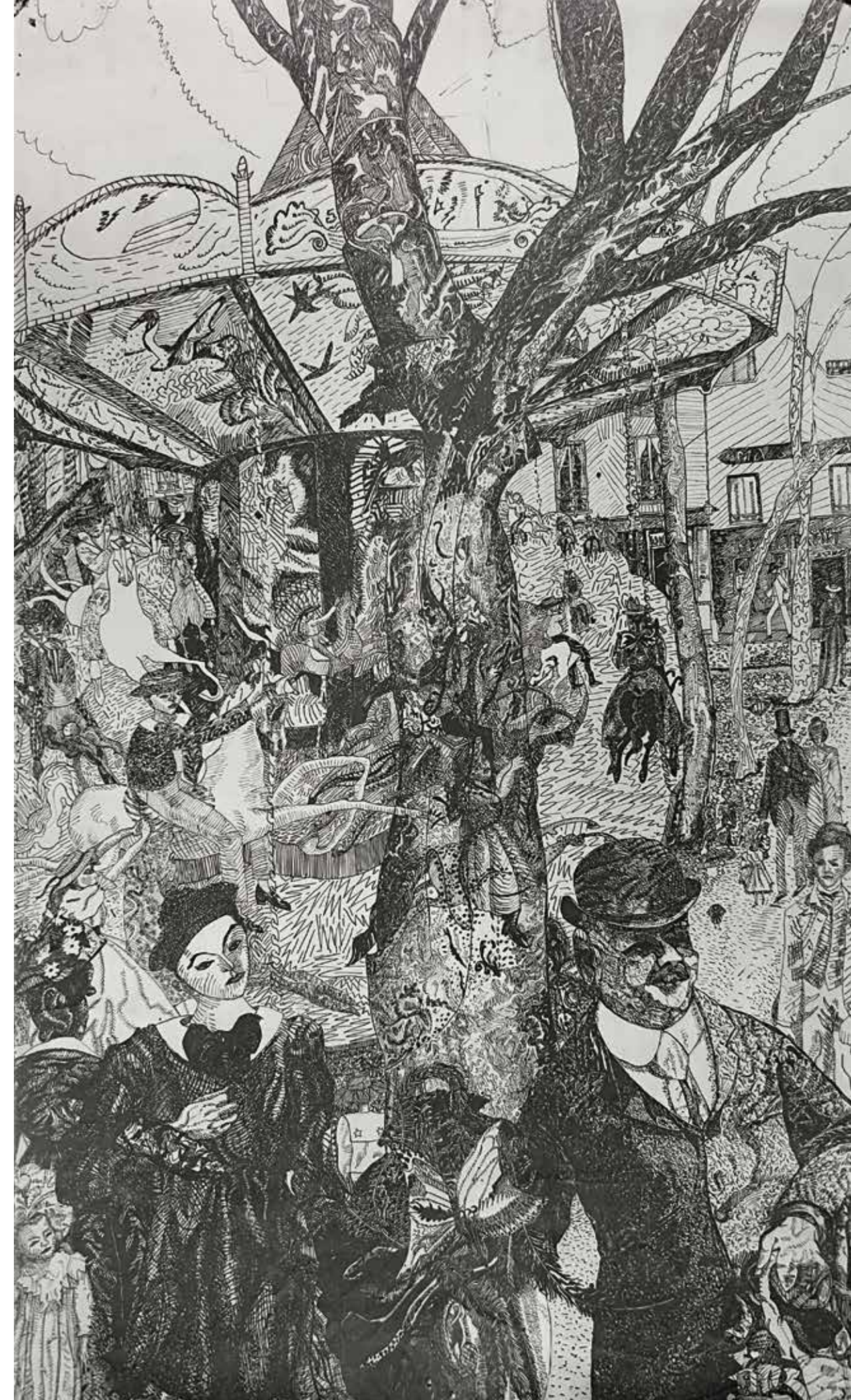
**LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM:**

Anne Harvey  
*Debussy*  
c. 1945, ink on paper  
Location unknown

Anne Harvey  
*Debussy at the Piano*  
c. 1947, ink and body color on paper, 22 x 13½ in  
31 Women Collection, New York

**OPPOSITE:**

Anne Harvey  
*Carousel (from Debussy Book)*  
ink on paper  
Location unknown







Anne Harvey  
*Portrait of Georges Duthuit*  
 c.1940, oil on linen, 30 x 23½ in

*I like the pictures of Anne Harvey.  
 The seriousness of her art, pictorial qualities, the  
 intensity of her drawing do not prevent  
 an expression of the profound intimacy of the things  
 and the beings that are the subject  
 of her pictures; without borrowing from literature  
 nor yielding to the facility and irresponsibility which  
 reflect the taste of the day, she does the work of  
 a painter and a painter of the first order.*

—André Masson  
*Albert Roullier Gallery invitation*



## Patrick Waldberg

Away from the world, but without disdain, Anne Harvey, moved, piercing, fragile and tenacious, pursuing a quivering work of which she exposes some aspects today. Portraits, landscapes, interiors, flowers, all these spectacles are recognizable here, and should therefore be reassuring, but she knows how to charge them with such a muffled, mysterious, driving passion, that the most stable of them appear as strangely threatened, at the limit of bursting.

Anne exposes human faces, revealing the restrained feelings of too heavy existences. The interrogation that can be read there does not await an answer, as if it was understood that words cannot repair what life tears apart.

This painting is made of time. Slowness and immobility weigh on it like the silence preceding the imminent explosion of a bomb. Crushed landscapes, mined cities seized on the eve of an internal eruption, luminescent trees raising their desolate branches above the roofs, objects enveloped in silence, closed doors, deserted armchairs, mad games of light sometimes cruel, sometimes sweet or deep, faint, suddenly sumptuous but never hazy, all this seen through wet eyes, iridescent by expectations, lucid without harshness, refined by intelligence, that of the heart, of the senses and of the nerves.

Anne Harvey  
*Roses*  
ink on paper, 16¼ x 12½ in



Roses... Like Charles Cros, Anne lets herself be painfully and voluptuously fascinated by the Queen of Flowers. Her roses are carnal, mystical, thunderstruck, haunting. They seem to want to deliver the mysteries of a secret long shut, feverishly kept. Since Odilon Redon, we had never contemplated flowers endowed with such an unusual seduction. There is even more: in this duel with the rose, where suddenly the tragedy arises, we no longer know, of the plant that has become carnivorous or of the painter who desperately persists, which of the two is, in the end, devoured. Anne's rose is palpitating, it is an open heart, torn apart,

gaping with all its folds—or petals—where flow opulent streams of blood frozen early by the cold, and bathed in sacrificial water—tears rather than dew...

Anne teaches us the strength of silence, the grave joy, with deep echoes, of passionate solitudes. Her mastery of drawing and color links her to those other fierce ones, Van Gogh, Soutine, whose sensitive and skilful hand is by no means less worthy. She is an Emily Brontë of painting.

—Patrick Waldberg  
Text for Galerie Nina Dausset  
invitation, 1954





**ABOVE:**  
 Anne Harvey  
*Roses*  
 ink on paper, 12½ x 9¼ in

**RIGHT:**  
 Anne Harvey  
*Tulips*  
 oil on linen, 36¼ x 25½ in  
*31 Women Collection, New York*







Anne Harvey  
*Still Life with a Cat*  
 ink on paper, 10½ x 14½ in



Anne Harvey  
*Woman and Cat*  
 ink on paper, 10½ x 14½ in





Anne Harvey  
*Shopfront, Night, Paris*  
 ink and watercolor on paper, 10 x 14½ in



Anne Harvey  
*Buildings, Paris*  
 ink and gouache on paper, 10¼ x 14½ in



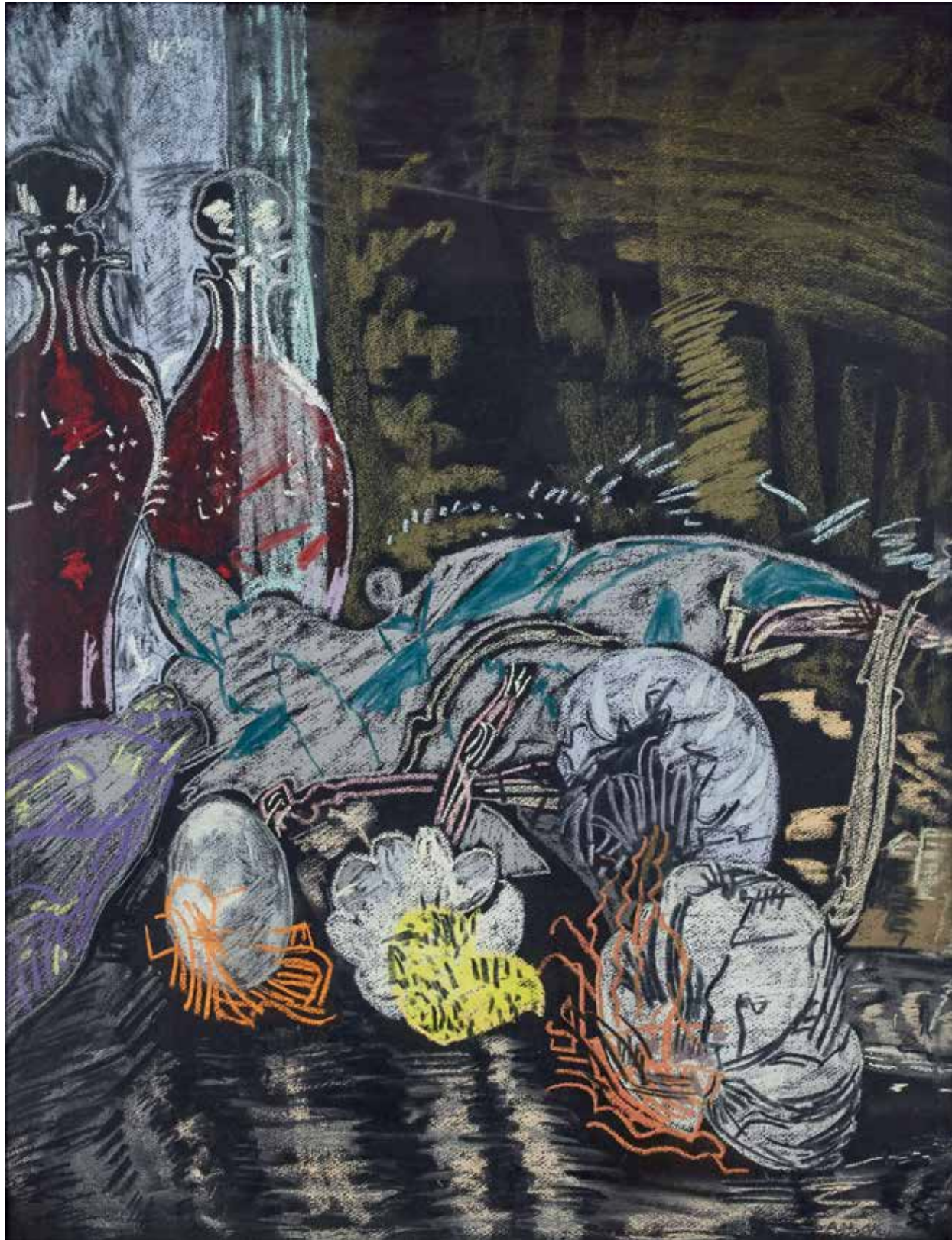


ABOVE:  
Anne Harvey  
*Rooftops*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 20 in



RIGHT:  
Anne Harvey  
*Fireplace*  
oil on linen, 29 x 23½ in





**RIGHT:**  
 Anne Harvey  
*Garlic, Wine, and Loaf of Bread*  
 oil on canvas  
 Collection of the Calder Foundation

**OPPOSITE:**  
 Anne Harvey  
*Wine Decanter and Garlic*  
 pastel on paper, 25 x 19 in



*...I have always liked Annie's painting—it has a dry quality which knits everything together. In 1946, Annie had a painting mostly of garlic, which I liked very much.*

*Later, when I had a little more money, (she had sold that one in the meantime) I asked her to make me a painting of garlic, and she did it for me. But she did more than that for she put in a decanter of wine, and a loaf of bread...*

*—Alexander Calder  
 From invitation to exhibition  
 at Robert Schoelkopf Gallery*



*In her work one can truly sense what the privacy of the expression “travailler après la nature” can mean to an artist as withdrawn and secretive as she was. The act of trying to draw the grain of a board on the studio floor—her studio was wherever she was, indoors or out—unfailingy triggered imaginative responses. She saw patterns inside other patterns, and these hair-like patterns became quirky fine ink lines or in paintings, paint: meandering, eddying, dissolving, disappearing, then coming into focus elsewhere, as though the wood grain pushed her ever deeper into a world she could see as well as invent at the same time. For someone as addicted to drawing as she was, it is astonishing how broadly she was able to paint. But it was always back to the textures which never quite repeat themselves, to the leaf which edges into a wall and a painting hanging on it, from there into a piano, into a tiled floor, into a jungle of line and hatching. No painter was ever freer from the clichés of modern French art (although she invented a few of her own) or of style (which she had in abundance, but it was entirely her own). Her drawings and paintings are filled with half-open doors and windows, but one can escape just as easily through her brick walls or wooden floors.*

—Lawrence Campbell  
ArtNews, 1971



Anne Harvey  
*Interior*  
pastel on paper, 19½ x 25½ in





Anne Harvey  
*Avacado Plant*  
 oil on canvas, 25 x 19 in  
 Fondation Giacometti

*...the most important American figurative painters in Paris have been completely cut off from the tradition of neo-figurative painting that has flourished in New York in recent years... One such painter is Anne Harvey, whose curious metaphysical still lifes and interiors are admired by Giacometti and Héliou, among others....Despite appearances, her paintings are unrealistic: leaves and stems twist unnaturally away, shadows are wrongly placed; everything directs the eye into the inner reaches of the being of the objects painted.*

—John Ashbery  
 from "American Sanctuary  
 in Paris," *ArtNews*, 1965



*In “Two Trees and a River,” the two trees are in the foreground, cropped by the painting’s bottom edge, of an elevated view of the Seine. Done largely in browns, gray-blues, pale blues, and ocher, the artist has made a series of different-sized abstract marks, which we might initially read as waves and reflections of sunlight, but that impression soon gives way to the pleasure proffered by the marks themselves, which seem to be floating slightly in front of the painting.*

*Harvey’s interest in the dance between mark-making and surface isn’t expressionist (Lucian Freud) or morbid (Ivan Albright). Vincent Van Gogh may have inspired the marks in the river views, but she does something different. Her marks are lighter and thinner, and quicker, making the scene more airy. Van Gogh’s turbulence becomes, in Harvey’s hands, odd and inexplicable. The marks are like accents whose necessary presence you cannot explain.*

—John Yau  
*Hyperallergic.com, June 4, 2017*



Anne Harvey  
*Two Trees and a River*  
oil on canvas, 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> in





**ABOVE:**

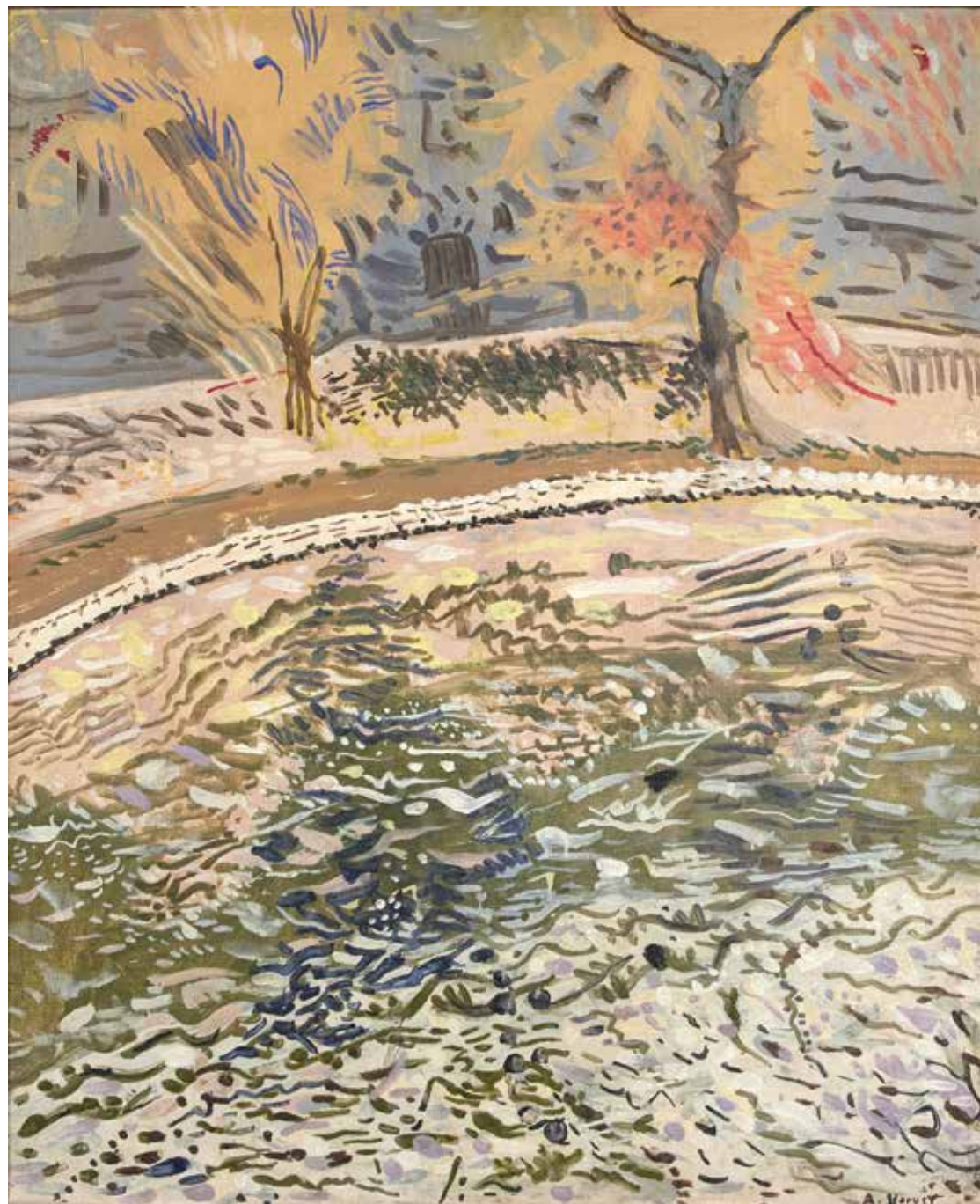
Anne Harvey  
*Jason and Jane Harvey, Paris*  
 1950, pastel on paper, 19 x 25 in

**RIGHT:**

*Photograph of Anne and Jason Harvey, c. 1950*







Anne Harvey  
*Seine and Two Trees*  
 oil on canvas board, 18 1/4 x 15 in



Anne Harvey  
*Purple Cloth and Firewood*  
 c.1960s, oil on canvas, 30 1/2 x 24 in



Anne Harvey  
*Kindling and Open Window*  
oil on canvas, 29 7/8 x 39 1/8 in







**LEFT:**  
Anne Harvey  
*Firewood*  
ink on paper, 17 ½ x 25 ½ in

**RIGHT:**  
Anne Harvey  
*Flowers (detail)*  
oil on panel, 16¼ x 13 in  
*Fondation Giacometti*  
*Former collection Annette Giacometti*

**BACK COVER:**  
Walker Evans  
*Anne Harvey (detail)*  
1937, black and white  
photograph, 4 x 5 in  
*Walker Evans Archive*  
*The Metropolitan Museum of Art*

Anne Harvey  
*Roses (detail)*  
ink on paper, 12½ x 9¼ in



## Anne Harvey exhibitions

- 1938 Galerie de Beaune (with text by Brancusi)
- 1943 "31 Women" group show, Peggy Guggenheim's  
Art of the Century Gallery
- 1945 "The Women" group show, Peggy Guggenheim's  
Art of the Century Gallery
- 1945 Albert Roullier Art Galleries, Chicago  
(Andre Masson text)
- 1954 Galerie Nina Dausset, Paris (Patrick Waldberg text)
- 1961 Galerie Jeanine Hao, Paris (Raymond Mason text)
- 1971 Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, New York  
(memorial show with Calder text)



