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BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THERE is an unfortunate tendency on the part of unnumbered artists to achieve a popular picture, and having discovered its rich commercial possibilities to paint variants of the theme at short intervals until the attraction, *i.e.* salability, declines and they are forced to tap a new vein. Owing to this nefarious practise the tag or label is gradually attached to

certain artists in such manner that they grow accustomed to the part assigned to them by the dealer or public, or both, and unconsciously acquiesce in the unwritten law which necessitates their exhibiting a certain stamp of picture, and woe betide them if they deviate one jot or tittle from prescribed standards. This is fettered art with a vengeance and we must expect to encounter it as long as the artist is a dependent factor in the making of a market.

There are, however, anarchs in art as in other



SUN, SAND AND SEA

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

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## Theresa F. Bernstein

professions, for which may the Lord make us truly thankful. Just at present there are several artists who, whatever their private means may be, are entirely independent, and permit no considerations to step in and dictate to them what they shall paint and how they shall paint. Whether the academies bestow smiles or frowns, whether the public giggles or adulates, they paint because their particular Daimon guides their brain and hand. For some years we have watched with increasing interest the up-hill struggle of Theresa

a lonely furrow, painting her own quaint conceptions gathered from the life around her, meeting acceptance or rejection of her inspired work with perfect equanimity and an optimistic faith in the future. The juries that condemned her pictures or else skied them, which is only a minor form of condemnation, were not to blame, for, in spite of the talent revealed, there were obvious reasons for adverse criticism—poor draughtsmanship, constructive errors and a very low colour key in which the tones were often inclined to be muddy.



*Winner of the Agar Prize, National Association Women Painters and Sculptors, exhibited National Arts Club*  
**IN THE ELEVATED**

**BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN**

Bernstein, who from the start of her career practised a wayward and capricious art, with little likelihood of captivating crowds or pleasing more than a few observers who were able to discern the promise contained in her uncompromising offerings. Canvases tentatively offered to the scrutiny of juries a very few years ago were forthwith rejected, or occasionally found their way to the walls when there chanced to be a hole to be concealed, some unenviable corner, or a few feet of space to be decorated above a doorway. Nothing daunted, this ambitious girl—she is little more than a girl to-day—continued to plough

This was an excellent period of preparation, and steady improvement was discernible in many directions. Four years ago Mr. John Lane, happening to be in Chicago during an exhibition at the Art Institute, saw a small landscape brushed in with such assurance and virility, so entirely opposed to the suave and meaningless message of its neighbours, that he made immediate inquiry as to who the artist was and added it promptly to his collection in England. And Mr. Lane knows a good picture when he sees one. Out of uncertain beginnings is developing an artist to-day with an established position amongst



THE MUSIC LOVERS

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN



PROMENADE—A SKETCH

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

## Theresa F. Bernstein

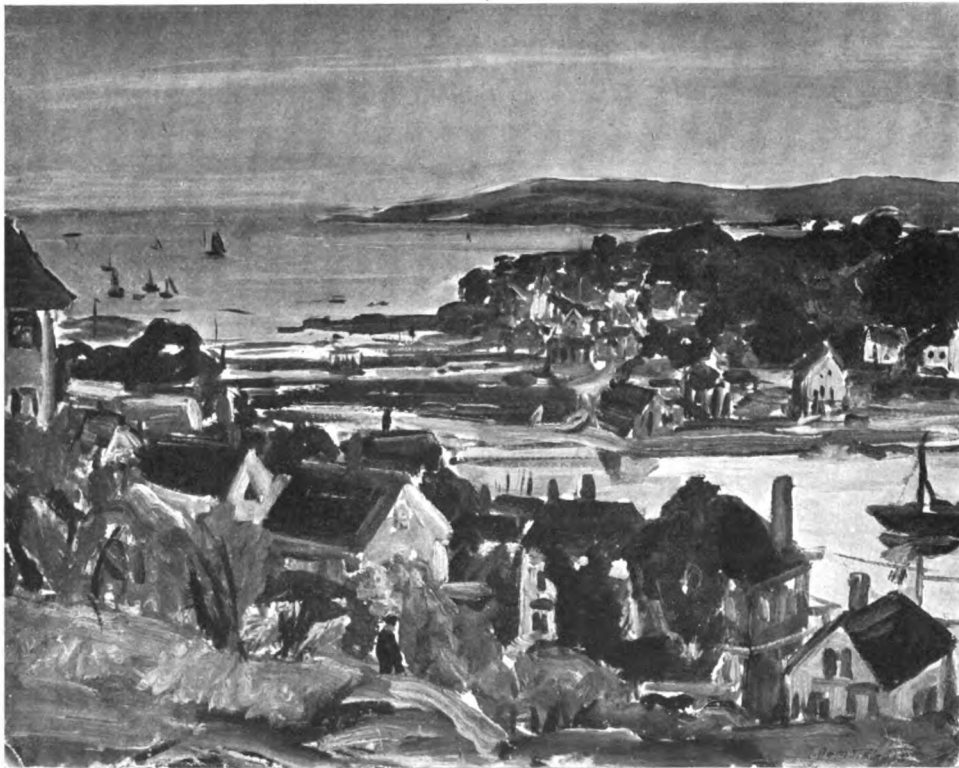
her competitors, a woman painter who paints like a man and whose pictures have ceased to adorn altitudes in galleries to which the eye unwillingly strains.

Theresa Bernstein turns to crowds for her inspirations. The movement of a crowd, the swaying of dark masses of humanity against a blaze of light where the silhouette makes interesting pattern, is a favorite subject, but not for repetition, each picture is like the potter's design where the mould is broken and a new model invoked. Just as Rembrandt turned to the Judengasse in Amsterdam for his types, Theresa Bernstein haunts democratic parks, unfashionable chapels, the five-cent subway or any place where Demos betrays gesture of body. The aristocrat who reveals his passion by a mere flutter of the eyelid has little to offer the artist, who must perforce go to the people, for they express more with their bodies than with their faces.

When it comes to depicting a crowd there can be only two methods of approach, that by synthesis and that by impressionism. Miss Bernstein inclines to the former method, as many of the heads are characterized in a manner suggestive

of types. The impressionist cannot with a *coup d'œil* detect any faces or individual forms, but must seek universal pattern and movement of sufficiently convincing quality so as to suggest all the hidden elements of the scene. When therefore the artist, abandoning this general envelope of colour which signalizes a crowd, specializes in types, a synthetic principle is at once evolved, and the success of the picture then depends upon the interest aroused by the several types portrayed. Keen and searching analysis is their requisite, such as we see in a picture, for instance, by that great satirist, Guy Pène du Bois, who, however, avoids crowds and usually bestows his unquestionable talent upon two or mostly three personages. Horace, with his *odi profanum vulgus*, finds no reincarnation in Theresa Bernstein. She and the crowd are one. Military camps, golf courses, polo meets, theatre lobbies and Fifth Avenue processions bring grist to her mill.

To most artists, excepting George Luks in his splendid rendering of the Blue Devils marching along Fifth Avenue, the usual procedure is to make capital out of the build-



THE HARBOUR, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—A SKETCH

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN





THE POLISH CHURCH, EASTER MORNING  
BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN



A SUFFRAGE MEETING

BY THERESA F. BERNSTEIN

ings with their balconies, awnings and floating array of flags and standards. To Theresa Bernstein humanity is the leading actor; all else is chorus.

Incidentally Gloucester has attracted her brush and has been seen in a big and spirited way—contours of hill and harbour, dramatic lighting of sky and water, always the dark mass in contrast with a strongly lighted area. Picturesque bits such as rotting piers, quaint wharves, fishing boats and the like, make vain appeal. Whilst the 101 men and women laden with their implements of art are daily recording the things which have made Gloucester famous, Theresa Bernstein is strolling about idling for weeks with her thoughts, but when the moment arrives that sky and land present some irresistible problem in colour, sketching materials are quickly assembled and utilized. The result may lack subtlety and beauty of surface but there are certain elements that it will never be deficient in: virile conception, solidity, strong contrasts and

fundamental truths banishing anything superficial or trivial.

Theresa Bernstein is a true product of American precepts and ideals. Her art training in Philadelphia cost nothing, all expense being defrayed by prizes and scholarships, including a traveling scholarship of three years' duration, previously won by Lillian Genth, but discontinued owing to the founder's death.

Consequently further study in America took the place of European travel, and unlike most of the artists Theresa Bernstein has never had her visions impaired or improved by residence abroad.

She is a member of a small group that has banded together under the somewhat misleading title of Eclectics, to whose interesting shows at the Folsom Galleries her canvases contribute a gallant proportion of the success accompanying these exhibitions. If we are to have a real American art unmixed with foreign elements, Theresa Bernstein is qualified to contribute her quota.