

*Documents of the 1913 Armory Show*

The Electrifying Moment  
of Modern Art's American Debut



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*Tucson, Arizona*

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*The Outlook*, March 29, 1913

## *A Layman's Views of an Art Exhibition*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

**T**he recent International Exhibition of Modern Art in New York was really noteworthy. Messrs. Davies, Kuhn, Gregg, and their fellow-members of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors have done a valuable work of very real value in... securing such an exhibition of the works of both foreign and native painters and sculptors. Primarily their purpose was to give the public a chance to see what has recently been going on abroad. No similar collection of the works of European "moderns" has ever been exhibited in this county. The exhibitors are quite right as to the need of showing to our people in this manner the art forces which of late have been at work in Europe, forces which cannot be ignored.

This does not mean that I in the least accept the view that these men take of the European extremists whose pictures are here exhibited. It is true, as the champions of these extremists say, that there can be no life without change, and that to be afraid of what is different or unfamiliar is to be afraid of life. It is no less true, however, that change may mean death and not life, and retrogression instead of development. Probably we err in treating most of these pictures seriously. It is likely

that many of them represent in the painters the astute appreciations of the power to make folly lucrative which the late P. T. Barnum showed with his faked mermaid. There are thousands of people who will pay small sums to look at a faked mermaid; and now and then one of this kind with enough money will buy a Cubist picture, or a picture of a misshapen nude woman, repellent from every standpoint.

In some ways it is the work of the American painters and sculptors which is of most interest in this collection, and a glance at this work must convince any one of the real good that is coming out of the new movements, fantastic though many of the developments of these new movements are. There was one note entirely absent from the exhibition, and that was the note of the commonplace. There was not a touch of simpering, self-satisfied conventionality anywhere in the exhibition. Any sculptor or painter who had in him something to express and the power of expressing it found the field open to him. He did not have to be afraid because his work was not along ordinary lines. There was no stunting or dwarfing, no requirement that a man whose gift lay in new directions should measure up or down to stereotyped and fossilized standards.

For all of this there can be only hearty praise. But this does not in the least mean that the extremists whose paintings and pictures were represented are entitled to any praise, save, perhaps, that they have helped to break fetters. Probably in any reform movement, in any field of life, the penalty for avoiding the commonplace is a liability to extravagance. It is vitally necessary to move forward and to shake off the dead hand, often the fossilized dead hand, of the reactionaries; and yet we have to face the fact that there is apt to be a lunatic fringe among the votaries of any forward movement. In this recent art exhibition the lunatic fringe was fully in evidence, especially in

the rooms devoted to the Cubists and the Futurists, or Near-Impressionists. I am not entirely certain which of the two latter terms should be used in connection with some of the various pictures and representations of plastic art—and quite frankly, it is not of the least consequence. The Cubists are entitled to the serious attention of all who find enjoyment in the colored puzzle pictures of the Sunday newspapers. Of course there is no reason for choosing the cube as a symbol, except that it is probably less fitted than any other mathematical expression for any but the most formal decorative art. There is no reason why people should not call themselves Cubists, or Octagonists, or Parallelopipedonists, or Knights of the Isosceles Triangle, or Brothers of the Cosine, if they so desire; as expressing anything serious and permanent, one term is as fatuous as another. Take the picture which for some reason is called “A naked man going down stairs.” There is in my bath-room a really good Navajo rug which, on any proper interpretation of the Cubist theory, is a far more satisfactory and decorative picture. Now if, for some inscrutable reason, it suited somebody to call this rug a picture of, say, “A well-dressed man going up a ladder,” the name would fit the facts just about as well as in the case of the Cubist picture of the “Naked man going down stairs.” From the standpoint of terminology, each name would have whatever merit inheres in a rather cheap straining after effect; and from the standpoint of decorative value, of sincerity, and of artistic merit, the Navajo rug is infinitely ahead of the picture.

As for many of the human figures in the pictures of the Futurists, they show that the school would be better entitled to the name of the “Past-ists.” I was interested to find that a man of scientific attainments who had likewise looked at pictures had been struck, as I was, by their resemblance to the later work of the paleolithic artists of the French and Spanish caves. There

are interesting samples of the strivings for the representation of the human form among artists of many different countries and times, all in the same stage of paleolithic culture, to be found in recent number of the *Revue d'Ethnographique*. The paleolithic artist was able to portray the bison, the mammoth, the reindeer, and the horse with spirit and success, while he stumbled painfully in the effort to portray man. This stumbling effort in his case represented progress, and he was entitled to a great credit for it. Forty thousand years later, when entered into artificially and deliberately, it represents only a smirking pose of retrogression, and is not praise-worthy. So with much of the sculpture. A family group of precisely the merit that inheres in a structure made of the wooden blocks in a nursery is not entitled to be reproduced in marble. Admirers speak of the kneeling female figure by Lehmbrock—I use “female” advisedly, for although obviously mammalian it is not especially human—as “full of lyric grace,” as “tremendously sincere,” and “of a jewel-like preciousness.” I am not competent to say whether these words themselves represent sincerity or merely conventional jargon; it is just as easy to be conventional about the fantastic as about the commonplace. In any event one might as well speak of the “lyric grace” of a praying mantis, which adopts much the same attitude; and why a deformed pelvis should be called “sincere,” or a tibia of giraffe-like length “precious,” is a question of pathological rather than artistic significance. This figure and the absurd portrait head of some young lady have the merit that inheres in extravagant caricature. It is a merit, but it is not a high merit. It entitles these pieces to stand in sculpture where nonsense rhymes stand in literature and the sketches of Aubrey Beardsley in pictorial art. These modern sculptured caricatures in no way approach the gargoyles of Gothic cathedrals, probably because the modern artists are too self-conscious and make

themselves ridiculous by pretentiousness. The makers of the gargoyles knew very well that the gargoyles did not represent what was most important in the Gothic cathedrals. They stood for just a little pint of grotesque reaction against, and relief from, the tremendous elemental vastness and grandeur of the House of God. They were imps, sinister and comic, grim yet futile, and they fitted admirably into the framework of the theology that found its expression in the towering and wonderful piles which they ornamented.

Very little of the work of the extremists among the European “moderns” seems to be good in and for itself; nevertheless it has certainly helped any number of American artists to do work that is original and serious; and this not only in painting but in sculpture. I wish the exhibition had contained some of the work of the late Marcius Symonds; very few people knew or cared for it while he lived; but not since Turner has there been another man on whose canvas glowed so much of the unearthly “light that never was on land or sea.” But the exhibition contained so much of extraordinary merit that it is ungrateful even to mention an omission. To name the pictures one would like to possess—and the bronzes and tanagras and plasters—would mean to make a catalogue of indefinite length. One of the most striking pictures was the *Terminal Yards*—the seeing eye was there, and the cunning hand. I should like to mention all the pictures of the President of the associations, Arthur B. Davies. As first-class decorative work of an entirely new type, the very unexpected pictures of Sheriff Bob Chandler have merit all their own. The *Arizona Desert*, the *Canadian Night*, the group of girls on the roof of a New York tenement-house, the studies in the Bronx Zoo, the *Heracles*, the studies for the Utah monument, the little group called *Gossip*, which has something of the quality of the famous Fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus, the *Pelf*,

*A Layman's Views of an Art Exhibition*

with its grim suggestiveness—these, and a hundred others, are worthy of study, each of them; I am naming at random those which at the moment I happen to recall. I am not speaking of the acknowledged masters, of Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, Monet; nor of John's children; nor of Cézanne's old woman with a rosary; nor of Redon's marvelous color pieces—a worthy critic should speak of these. All I am trying to do is to point out why a layman is grateful to those who arranged this exhibition.

*Noa-Noa*

PAUL GAUGUIN

**T**he Princess entered my chamber, where I lay upon the bed, attired only in a Paréo, surely not the way to receive a lady of rank. “Ja orana (I greet thee) Gauguin” said she, “You are ill, I come to see you.”

“—And your name?”

“—Vaïtúa.”

Vaïtúa was a veritable princess, if there still are any such, since the Europeans have lowered everything to their level. In truth she came as a simple mortal with naked feet, clad in a black dress and a fragrant flower worn behind her ear. She wore mourning for King Pomare, whose niece she was.

Her father, Tamatoa, in spite of the unavoidable contact with officers and officials, in spite of the receptions of the admiral, never wanted to be anything but a royal Maorie, a gigantic roisterer in moments of anger, and a famous drinker in the orgies of the evenings—he had died; one said that Vaïtúa resembled him greatly.

With a sceptical smile upon my lips, I looked upon this fallen princess, with the impudence of a freshly landed European. But I wanted to be polite.

“It is kind of you Vaitūa that you came—shall we drink an absinthe together?” and with my finger I point to a bottle which I have just purchased.

Without expressing either unwillingness or pleasure she went and stooped to get the bottle.

This movement stretched her light transparent dress across her thighs, thighs which could have carried a world! Oh verily she was a princess! Her ancestors? proud and brave giants. Solidly her proud wild head sat upon her broad shoulders.

At first I only saw her cannibalistic jaw, her teeth prepared to tear asunder, the lowering look of a cruel cunning animal, and found in spite of her beautiful and noble brow, that she was ugly. I feared that she would get a notion to sit upon the bed! Such a weak frame could not hold us both—

But that is just what she did. The bed groaned but held us after all.

We exchange a few words while drinking. However the conversation will not become animated.

Finally she tires and silence reigns. I watch the princess intently, she watches me furtively from a corner of her eye, time passes and the bottle grows empty.

Vaitiia drinks bravely. She rolls a Tahitian cigarette and stretches herself upon the bed to smoke—Her feet mechanically and continually stroke the wooden foot of the bed—her breathing grows quieter, and visibly softer, her eyes gleam and an even whistling escapes her lips. I seemed to hear the purring of a cat which thinks of bloody pleasures.

As I am changeable, I now find her quite beautiful, and as she said with a voice full of emotion “I like you,” a feeling of great unrest overcame me.—The princess was without a doubt, delicious—

To please me, no doubt, she began to recite a fable of La Fontaine’s “The Cricket and the Ant.”

A memory of her childhood among the nuns who had taught her.

The entire cigarette was aflame. “Do you know, Gauguin,” said the princess, as she rose, “I do not like your La Fontaine.”

“What? Our good La Fontaine?”

“Maybe he is good, but his moral is ugly—”

“Ants!”...(and her mouth expressed disgust).

“Yes, crickets, they, yes—singing, singing, always singing!”

And proud, without glancing at me, with lighted eyes looking into the distance she added—

“How beautiful was our domain before anything was sold! our song through the entire year—”

“Singing always! always giving!—”

And she went.

I lay back again upon my pillow—and long sounded flatteringly within me, the words “Ja orana, Gauguin.”

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My decision was soon taken. I decided to leave Papeete, to remove myself from the European centre.

I felt that if I fully shared the life of the natives in the bush, I would gradually win the confidence of the Maorie—I would learn to know them.

And one morning I set forth in a wagon put at my disposal by an amiable officer, to find “my hut.”

My Vahina, by name of Titi accompanied me—Half English, half Tahitian extraction, she spoke a little French—for the trip she had put on her most beautiful dress, Tiaré behind the ear, her hat trimmed on top with a ribbon, and underneath with straw flowers and a festoon of orange colored shells, her long black hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. She was proud to ride in a wagon, proud to be the Vahina of a man whom she held to be influential and rich—and she was really pretty in her pride which contained nothing ridiculous. So well does the majestic mien fit to this race, whose memory of its ancient



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