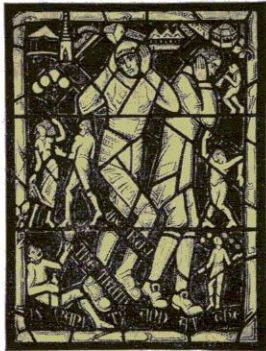


## EXHIBITIONS—EXHIBITORS, AND EXHIBITIONISTS

**T**HE lot of the Exhibitor, like that of Gilbert's Policeman, is not a happy one; nor is the lot of the exhibition manager necessarily any happier. But there are degrees of dissatisfaction.



VANITY FAIR

An architectural show with its corps of volunteer workers, who are usually greatly overworked, is surely to be considered with some sympathy even when the attitude is critical. When every exhibitor, from the plumber and shingle-stain man to the sculptor and decorator and glass man, are all clamoring for attention and place, who is to speak for the tired hanging committees?

It has been said that the bedlam typical of the closing days of an architectural show is very much like the clamorings of vested interests when a tariff bill is being passed in the United States Congress. Wherever there is a harsh and strident demand for favors, there is naturally enough a suspicion that aesthetic motives are not the only ones seeking expression.

A sensitive glass man hesitates to say anything about the placing of his stuff in an architectural show. He is used to being treated like a step-child, and when he recalls the confusion and botheration to which those in charge are subjected, he usually pockets whatever grievances he may have and subsides into silence.

But, of late years he has sensed a change in his public. He has seen a very slow but steady growth of genuine appreciation on the part of intelligent folks who have learned to look at stained glass windows. He is still surprised and grate-



ful, and perhaps a little bewildered to discover that there are those who really do take the glass man seriously. He has found that within the past two years individuals among the throngs visiting great exhibitions have known when medallions were wrong side up,—even when they were badly lighted.



A MAN KNOCKED OFF A STEPLADDER BY A FALLING STONE, WHILE HANGING A STRIPED TAPESTRY. ST. WILLIAM WINDOW, YORK MINSTER. CIRCA 1421.

This discovery has probably influenced his attitude more than he himself realizes.

Long ago he had said,—“Well, after all, people are not interested in stained glass in exhibitions. The most you can hope for is a spot of color that may brighten some corner, and so recall the lyrical ministrations of Brother Rodehever who sang ‘Brighten the corner where you are’.”

He feels differently when he is reminded by an observer with taste that his beautiful blue medallion was shown next



to a lurid red panel that turned it a sickly lavender. He is also agitated when another reminds him that his remarkable color photograph of a great window has been entirely lost in a group of actual stained glass panels.

He slowly comes to realize that the old tradition of a "lost art" is still alive and functioning. He sees that what he really wants to clamor for is not for this space or that space, —for one light or another,—or even for one room or another. He wants to ask quietly for a real understanding of his craft as an artist's medium. Is this too much to ask for just now? It would seem to be.

Certainly a man who exhibits bathroom fixtures, bathtubs, or furniture is not usually agitated by the fear that bathtubs and chairs and couches should be shown upside down, or on their sides.

The glass man has long suffered such indignities in silence, but that is not the worst thing that could be done to his work. Bad lighting, shifting surface lights, and the juxtaposition of hostile colors and varying scales are all worse than mere wrong positions.

The stained glass man's first consideration is light. His medium is really color-in-light, and if he knows his job, everything he designs and makes is wrought in sympathy with some definite position in light. Ordinarily it is also in sympathy with definite shadows.

In other words, the glass man designs architectural units that function as honestly as do doors or chimneys. Therefore, if his work is really taken seriously by managers of exhibitions, he will be asked to design and make something for a specific place and a specified quality of light.

It is a great mistake to assume that windows or portions of windows may be hung together like pictures on a wall, regardless of scale, or light, or color scheme. But, there is ample precedent even in some of our great art museums for just that sort of treatment. So why should we quarrel with tired men who have had hundreds of other exacting things to take care of. Let us rather be sympathetic with them if they

have not the time to be sympathetic with us. In other words, let us send them colorful little things that may be put anywhere and with any neighbor, against almost any kind of light. This would mean, to become "exhibitionists" and to make sprightly affairs which would really grace exhibitions, and which would make few or no demands on those who are to place them.

We have assumed too much. We have prepared elaborate photographs of cartoons. We have submitted original designs,—color photographic transparencies of great windows that present with amazing honesty windows in miniature. We have supplemented these elaborate exhibits with single panels from different windows to give scale and verisimilitude. (That word!)

Perhaps we have been served jolly-well-right when our things were measured in the dark, so to speak, and placed without regard to the scale, light, distance from the eye, or any other consideration that brought forth all the glass man's skill concentrated to the solution of a definite problem.

Wouldn't it be much better to let our work in place represent the really worthy characteristics for which the ancient craft is famous? Then we could be happy little exhibitionists with piquant and snappy patternings that could be turned upside down,—or inside out without appreciable harm. Then we need not join the clamorous hosts that want consideration and place. Then we needn't bother very much even about that element that usually concerns us most,—light.

C. J. C.

