

furniture, china, fine linen, and the like." Dimly, intuitively, these wreckers saw into the future and knew, subconsciously, that this creative faculty *must* function if man's organism was to be healthy, otherwise it became almost as some foreign body in that organism giving rise to insanity, nervous diseases and all those ills about which one of your new Councillors here to-night could tell you very much more than I can.

And then perhaps your President here would point to a dreary-looking place like a great barn; the sort of place that would not attract much attention as a rule. A woman is there carrying a lamp—but men kiss her shadow as she passes and the gods are whispering of hospitals, for the science and art of healing over the wide wide world.

And so we go on. We see the divine imaginations of an Angelo and a Da Vinci, the delicate loveliness of the painting of a Fra Angelico and the wonderful work of a Raphael; when you see those pictures of Raphael you wonder why men cross the world to look at them, why they are so beautiful, for the people he painted are just the people you might see anywhere. The beauty of these paintings of Raphael lies in the fact that he never saw the "Everyday" in any human face.

And you would see, too, those whom we may call the artists of evolution, men and women with pickaxes, but they are not using them to scale the heights of Olympus. No, they work on in their own lands trying to carve a way to the cities of their dreams, to Utopias, never for themselves but for mankind, and they pick patiently, often wearily, at the hard rocks of prejudice, hatred, jealousy, and the like and sometimes the crags of reaction and prejudice fall upon them, and the earth and humanity become an altar for their blood.

So we go on over the great pageant of Time, until at last, against a grey-blue sky we see the snow-capped Thessalian Mountain, and later get in touch with the wonderful poetry and art of ancient Greece, and still later with Aristotle, with his tremendous urge for the development of the intellect.

With the fifteenth century you have the beginning of the great trend towards a very materialistic age. To see the culmination of this you have merely to look into the London streets where everyone is rushing as though he were driven like a machine. But always alongside this materialistic development there has been that other stream—a people chosen to serve in the temple of the most high—Beauty—and to this generation our guests of to-night belong. This chosen people of the gods have created and cherished throughout the centuries an indescribable heritage of beauty.

My friends, criticism is very often levelled against nurses that they are narrow, their outlook is circumscribed. We admit this, but we plead extenuating circumstances, for our lives are spent more or less in a long routine of everyday professional duties spent inside the walls of a sick-room and, while others may go to the mountains and the wide spaces, too often it is our lot to look down into the valley of the shadow; this is why it was suggested that to-night we should give our thoughts to those wonderful gifts of the gods—Art, Music, Drama, Literature, Poetry and Science.

"Art creates, and conjures the spiritual into a physical reality." Thus our great heritage of beauty has been created, the myriad doors of its temples stand always open to those who can enter, in a spirit of understanding, appreciation, wonder and surrender. And from that other stream, that more materialistic stream of which I spoke, there comes the handmaid, science, to teach us to understand something of the intricate workings of the Artist of all the Ages—the Divine Architect of the Universe.

PAINTING.

Sir Charles Holmes, K.C.V.O., who most kindly consented to speak at short notice in the place of Mr. J. B. Manson, Director of the National Gallery, Millbank, who had met with a severe accident, responding to the Toast, said that in these days of social strife and what seemed almost like economic collapse, people were somewhat dubious as to the real place which the artist occupied, and wondered whether or not he was a kind of parasite upon the social order with whom an up-to-date country could dispense. But this was a mistake (hear, hear), because painting in common with the other arts had several quite useful functions. It was only through the arts that we had any record of civilisations. The great nations which we remembered were those which had left artistic and literary memorials, and the artist was a more valuable member of the community than the politician.

Nurses had chosen a strenuous career, and it was essential that they should have relaxation and refreshment. In art they would easily find that relaxation, for, speaking of painting alone, the great works were easily accessible in the public galleries, and excellent copies could now be obtained owing to the facilities for reproduction.

But when we came to the artists of to-day we were up against a different proposition.

But we should do well to restrain our judgment for a time. Art passed through phases which alternated like the systole and diastole of a patient's heart and indicated its pulsation.

These phases occurred in every active people, and if they did not do so it would be dead; they formed part of an intellectual process all over the world.

MUSIC.

Dr. John B. McEwen, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, said that he wished he was as optimistic about modern music as Sir Charles Holmes was about painting. Painting had been domesticated for quite a long time, but music was like the cat who walked by himself in Kipling's story—perhaps that was the explanation of the vagaries of modern music. Life, beginning with barbarism, went in cycles, and in his view modern art and modern music were a throw back.

There was much in modern life difficult to understand but modern girls faced life courageously, and Dr. McEwen believed that they were on the way to making a generation which would at least look across the Jordan to the Promised Land. In conclusion he asked why it was every man who went into a nursing home fell in love with his nurse.

SCULPTURE.

Mr. Allan Wyon, in a most amusing speech, exemplified the different ways in which a doctor, a nurse and a sculptor viewed the human body: the doctor and the nurse treated it as a machine, the sculptor as a thing of unspeakable beauty—a sheer delight. He spoke of the statues in London of General Gordon and Oliver Cromwell as each conveying to the beholder, splendidly expressed, the characteristic energy and fineness of each man, and advised those who saw no beauty in works of art which others counted good to look at well, go away, return and take another look, and in time, if they persevered, one day the significance and beauty would be revealed to them.

Mr. Wyon went on to say that we were living in a time of revolution; it began before the war, indeed the war was part of its urge, and we were now in a kind of chaos. This was according to precedent. In the eighteenth-century there was the French Revolution, followed by the Romantic Movement which the French Revolution expedited; then Classicism came back again with a difference. He looked forward hopefully to the future. We were coming back to the finest expression of classic beauty with all the ardour of Romanticism.

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