A Protest Against Fear

It seems to me that fear has got hold of all this land. Each one has a great fear of himself, a fear to believe, to think, to do, to be, to act.

Who dares to do anything without fear of what some other will think or say? How can a country have a living, growing art when it is so bound down by fear, the most dreadful of all evils?

This marvelous, great country, big in all its feeling and full of energy, and yet producing almost no freedom of thought or work!

You, younger students, who are entering this garden of toil, where flowers are grown by love and patience, why do you not try to be true to your better selves, why do you not try to see the finer, bigger things that are all about you, and to kill in your garden those mawkish weeds of sugar-sweet sentimentality and shallow feeling. Try to feel truly one thought, one scene, and make others feel it as keenly as you do—thus is art born.

—Pamela Colman Smith.
A RUSTIC ARBOR, HOME MADE, TWINED WITH Vining ROSES AND Honeysuckle; A FRAGRANT WELCOME ERE YOU REACH THE DOORWAY