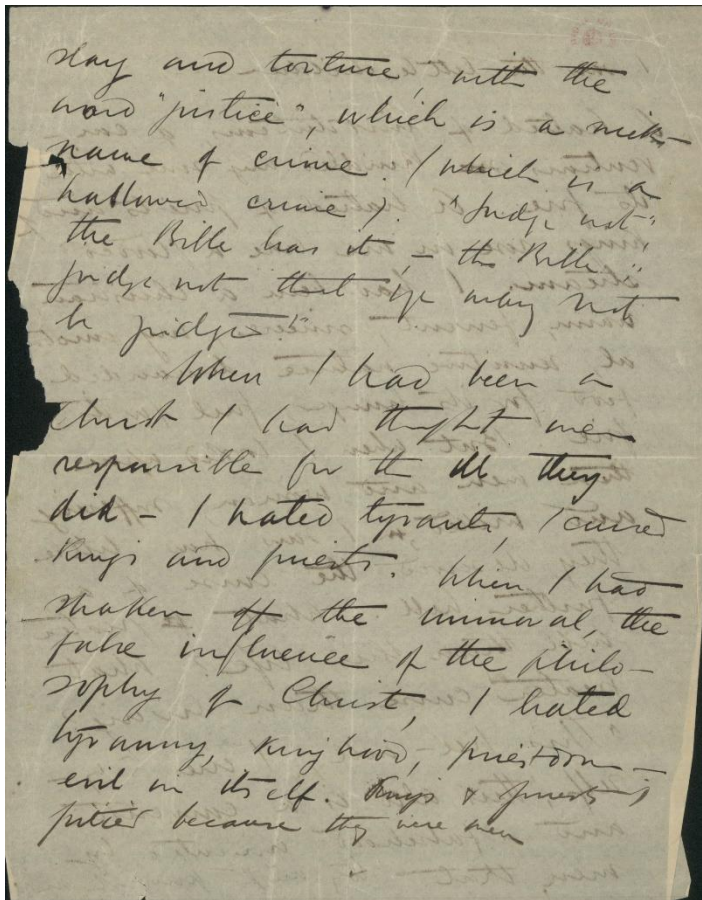


I saw the little children...
A hatred of institutions, of conventions ~~and~~
kindled my soul with its fire. A hatred of
priests and kings rose in me like a flooded
stream. I had been a Christian, warm,
fervent, sincere; my emotional, sensitive
nature demanded food for its hunger, fuel
for its fire. But when I looked upon these
men and women, suffering and wicked, ~~and~~ I
saw how little they deserved the curse of a
further hell. What ~~is~~ greater hell than this
life? What ~~is~~ greater curse than living? "This
free-will," I cried to myself, "this also is
a convention and a falsehood invented by men
that they might punish and



slay and torture, with the hard "justice", which is a nickname of crime. (Which is a hallowed crime). "Judge not", the Bible has it - the Bible, "judge not that ye may not be judged!"

When I had been a Christ I had thought men responsible for the ill they did - I hated tyrants, I cursed kings and priests. When I had shaken off the immoral, the false influence of the philosophy of Christ, I hated tyranny, kinghood, priestdom - evil in itself. Kings and priests is pitier because they were men {...}

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