

# CLEOPATRA IN JUDAEA

ARTHUR SYMONS

*Cleopatra.* "That Herod's head I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone through whom I might command it?"

*Antony and Cleopatra, iii 3.*

## THE PERSONS:

HEROD: King of Judaea.

PHERORAS: His brother.

COSTOBARUS: His brother-in-law.

HYRCANUS: Formerly High Priest.

PHANUEL: A Priest.

SOHEMUS: Of Iturea.

MARDIAN: A Eunuch.

CLEOPATRA: Queen of Egypt.

IRAS: } Her Women.  
CHARMION: }

*A hall in the Palace of King Herod in Jerusalem. Herod is seated with his counsellors Hyrcanus, Pheroras, Costobarus, Phanuel, and Sohemus.*

### PHANUEL

This queen, this concubine, this idolatress,  
This white tenth plague of Egypt, brother's wife  
And sister-killer, this insatiate leech  
And whore of all the Cæsars, this outspewed,  
Unswallowable and deadly weed of God——

### HEROD

Peace; do not prophesy against the queen.  
My lords, this is the seventh day our guest,  
Cleopatra, came to us from Antony;  
Seven days we have done her honor, and today  
She will come here to take her leave of us.  
The guards are ready and the litters wait.  
Think well, my lords, counsel me: shall she go  
With state, such as we owe our enemies,  
And tribute, back to Egypt? or shall she go  
In the narrow balsamed litter of the dead,  
Tribute to Antony? Think well, my lords,

PHANUEL

Cry out, the maledictions of the hills,  
And dews of ague from the pools, cry out  
Against this woman that shall make Israel sin.

HEROD

We must have patience, Phanuel. My lords,  
All hangs upon a moment, which, once past  
Returns no more. Consider who she is  
Whom now I hold, whom now I hold or loose.  
She covets all Judaea, as a fog  
Sucks up the watery lifeblood of the earth  
She has sucked up the cities of the plain  
From Egypt to Eleutherus, save Tyre  
And Sidon, both free cities, and she seeks  
The freedom of these cities. Syria  
She has already, and Arabia  
She hopes for; and she comes from Antony  
Gone against Artabazes, to subdue  
Armenia, that he may give this woman  
A kingdom for a bracelet on her wrist.  
Do I not now already pay to her  
Dues for Arabia, revenues for the groves  
Of palm and balsam about Jericho?  
One morning, with her arm about his neck,  
Antony leans for kisses; which the queen  
Sadly puts by: "You love me not," she sighs.  
Whereat the fond fool Antony, with oaths  
By twenty several gods clamors "A test!"  
"Give me Judaea," sobs the queen in tears,  
And takes it for a kiss. O Antony  
Has kissed away the world, and now the queen  
Sets politic bounds to appetite, and stints  
Her choicest lusts, lest, for a bankrupt love,  
He snatch at no more kingdoms. Counsel me  
What I shall do with this wise enemy,  
Now my most perilous guest?

COSTOBARUS

Wisdom, my lord,

Were here one thing with honour: let the King  
Send back the queen to Egypt; being a queen  
She must have royal usage.

HEROD

What think you,

Hyrcanus?

HYRCANUS

O my son, stain not your hands  
 With any woman's blood; a woman's blood  
 Stains deeper than a man's, and hurts the soul.  
 This is a woman dear to Antony,  
 And you shall rather take the Nile from him  
 Than this mere toy of beauty. Men grown fond  
 Cling tighter to their toys than children do.

HEROD

You are old and wise, Hyrcanus, yet I know  
 Why you would pleasure Antony. He slew  
 Antigonus, who cut off both your ears,  
 To thrust you from the Priesthood. Poor old man,  
 You have been High Priest, and for a little time  
 You have been a King, and now, at fourscore years,  
 Are you so grateful still to Antony  
 Who lent you his revenge?

HYRCANUS

Phraates the King  
 Of Parthia gave me room in Babylon.  
 In Babylon were many Jews, and all  
 Reverenced me as if I still had been  
 High Priest and King. But I did ill to leave  
 Babylon, where all men reverenced me.  
 Here even Herod mocks me. [*He rises*]

HEROD [*putting him back in his seat*]

No, father,  
 I also reverence you, I set your place  
 Above the place of all men at the feast,  
 I do you honour before all men. Come,  
 Have patience with me. You have not spoken yet,  
 Pheroras; you are brother to me and share  
 My labours in the kingdom.

PHERORAS

Herod, first  
 Be friends with Antony, and for his sake  
 Seem friend to Cleopatra.

HEROD

But is she not  
 A poison in his bones to Antony?  
 Shall I not rid him of his mortal hurt  
 In ridding him of Cleopatra?

PHERORAS

Brother,  
Does not a man love better than all springs  
Of living water in his neighbour's fields  
The poison that is sweet to his own bones?

COSTOBARUS

That you know best, Pheroras. Twice you have spurned  
Herod, and his two daughters you have spurned,  
And for a handmaid. Truly you cleave close  
To your own poison.

PHERORAS

He who speaks to me  
Speaks from a better knowledge. As a man  
Puts by a woman, so your wife put by  
Her husband, being the daughter of a King.  
I would not for the Kings of the earth put by  
My wife that was a handmaid.

HEROD

Peace, no more.  
Is it a time to speak of these things now  
Or of the thing now present? You are all  
Wranglers among yourselves, each for his own  
And no man for the kingdom. Shall I find  
Counsel in you or put my trust in you?  
For I would make an end now suddenly  
Of Cleopatra, and in one stroke rid  
Antony of his most unfaithful friend,  
Who will one day, when he has need of her,  
Sell him for love or safety; and myself  
Of this sly enemy, this running flame  
That would lick up Judaea like a field  
Of windy corn.

PHANUEL

The fire of heaven lick up  
The Nile and all its vermin; winds of draught  
Suck dry the Egyptian cisterns; may the dust  
Of all the desert be heaped over her,  
Because of whom Israel shall surely sin.

SOHEMUS

Phanuel speaks truth.

HEROD

How so?

SOHEMUS

Beware of her.

HEROD

Why, so I would.

SOHEMUS

Let her not come to you;

They say she cast a spell on Antony.

HEROD

I have no fear of any woman's spell.

SOHEMUS

That's not well said, my lord. Antony said

He would not fear a woman.

HEROD

If she should die,

It were well for me and well for Antony.

SOHEMUS

If she should die, what man is there of us  
Shall say to Antony: It is for your good  
That this your leman, the chief woman now  
At this time in the world, has suffered death  
For Herod's pleasure? Have a care, my lord;  
Send her alive out of the land; but look  
Upon her face no more.

HEROD

You have all spoken;

You have said wisely; yet is it my will  
To follow out my will, whether it be  
Wisdom or folly. This Egyptian plague  
Has cumbered the sound earth too long. She is  
The idol of the world's idolatry;  
No heathen can resist her, for she has  
The witchcraft of their gods; but as for me,  
My trust is in the Lord God; He is the God  
Of my own people, He is the Lord of Hosts.  
I will rise up in the young strength of God  
And smite this ancient evil, that has wrought  
So much of all evil of the world.

*[The doors are thrown open, and an Attendant  
appears]*

ATTENDANT

The Queen of Egypt and the Queen of Queens,  
Empress and daughter of the Ptolemies,  
Regent of Isis, Cleopatra!

*[All rise. Cleopatra enters, attended by Charmion, Iras, Mardian, etc. Herod moves forward]*

*to receive her, but before he has reached her,  
Phanuel comes forward with a pointing finger,  
and cries out at her]*

PHANUEL

See,  
The leprosy of beauty, the white sin!  
Her idols are upon her, Astaroth  
Points with the horns of the white poisonous moon  
Upon her forehead, Baal is in her eyes.  
Beware of the accursed beauty!

*[Cleopatra gazes at him with a tranquil and  
mocking smile]*

CLEOPATRA

Sir,  
Mardian my eunuch shall attend on you.  
Go, Mardian, comfort him; speak to him kindly, Mardian.  
*[Phanuel rushes out past her with uplifted arms.  
She turns to Herod]*  
Your counsellors are women, by these tears?

HEROD

Pardon, immortal queen: this is a voice  
Which cries some sacred madness like a bird,  
Not knowing what it speaks. Think it no more  
Than a grey handful of the dust which rose  
Against you in the desert.

CLEOPATRA

Why, so be it:  
My eyes remember that, and my ears this.  
These lords are courteous to me, by their looks.  
Why do they stand apart?

HEROD

They do but wait  
To give you homage.

CLEOPATRA *[to Hyrcanus]*

You may kiss my hand,  
Old man. Ah, Costobarus, this is well.  
I was your friend, and better than you thought.  
Brother of Herod, also my good friend;  
And you, Sohemus, be it well with you.

*[They all salute her and go out]*

Go, Iras, Charmion, go; be not far off.  
Take Mardian and the others, wait without;

*[Aside]*

And look you, Iras, if you find a friend,  
Sound him of Herod's purpose.

[*They all go out*]

My kind lord,

I have been your guest; I leave you; this last time  
We speak together; be the lips of each  
Naked as truth.

HEROD

God be my witness, lady,

I have no guile within my heart or mouth.

CLEOPATRA

Which of the gods, Herod?

HEROD

The Lord of Hosts.

CLEOPATRA

We call him Mars: a serviceable oath;  
Antony swears by Bacchus, who, they say,  
Repents in his own wine. He swears by him  
That men may cry "The God!" They're very like;  
There is an image somewhere, you would say,  
'Tis Antony's big smile, and lips curled back,  
And cheeks that pout and dimple to the eyes,  
But still the eyes watch and the lips stand firm.

HEROD

Antony chooses well.

CLEOPATRA

You smile, my lord?

Indeed, he feasts past reason. 'Tis a fault.

HEROD

I thought of no such thing.

CLEOPATRA

'Tis very true.

I left him by Euphrates, all his mimes  
Supping beside him: certain singing men  
And certain dancing women. If Antony  
Forgets to be a King, all's over. Hark,  
There is a thing I have not told you yet:  
I tire of him a little.

HEROD

This cannot be.

CLEOPATRA

Why, not so much but I'd have Antony  
Rather than Cæsar; yet Octavius stands  
To be the stronger; but no matter.

HEROD

Madam,

Antony loves you better than the world.

CLEOPATRA

Is not that why I begged the world of him?  
He parcels me the world, scrap after scrap,  
But slowly, slowly.

HEROD

He has not promised you

Judaea yet?

CLEOPATRA

I swear I never thought  
To ask it of him; no, by Isis; no,  
I will not ask Judaea, on my life,  
Of any man but Herod!

HEROD

Yet even this

Antony gave me, when I fled to Rome,  
Scarcely escaped from Malchus.

CLEOPATRA

On your way

You came to Alexandria, and you fled  
Into a storm from Alexandria,  
Because you feared the sea and Antony  
Less than a woman.

HEROD

Did I wisely?

CLEOPATRA

If

I ask of you Judaea, have I then  
Nothing to give? You do not answer me.  
Are you his servant?

HEROD

Antony is my lord,

I am as faithful servant to him as  
I hope for faithful servants.

CLEOPATRA

Antony

Is my lord also; I have no other slave  
So faithful to me as this Antony.  
By Isis, I have whipped him from his throne  
For having frowned upon me. You hold Antony  
By serving Cleopatra.



HEROD

To his hurt?

CLEOPATRA

To his hurt chiefly. Octavia medicines him,  
I serve him for his pleasure, not his good;  
And thus I keep him.

HEROD

Shall I also keep him,  
Who am no woman, nor, as women are,  
Naturally inconstant, if I wrong  
The trust that holds a man bound to a man?

CLEOPATRA

Listen, Herod. I am not, as you think,  
The thing that cries and kisses, may be bought  
For kisses and for honey in the words.  
I am a woman: women are that thing,  
But not a queen, and not a Ptolemy,  
Herod; and not, though all the world turned lover,  
The woman Cleopatra. I have played  
At kisses for the world; not with the world  
For kisses.

*[There is a pause. Herod looks at her  
intently without speaking]*

Once you willed to be a King;  
You are a King now, Herod. Are you content?  
There is a fiery craft within your eyes  
That marks you for a King of more than Jews.

HEROD

So much suffices me.

CLEOPATRA

If you would bend  
So low as to allow a woman's aid!  
Antony does, but Mariamne . . .

HEROD

No,  
Nothing of Mariamne!

CLEOPATRA

How you cry  
Nothing of Mariamne! Do my lips  
Blacken her name, Mariamne, saying it?

HEROD

A small poor private matter of my own,  
So please you, madam. Pray you, let it pass.

CLEOPATRA

Because you love her?

HEROD

For so slight a cause!

CLEOPATRA

Answer me, Herod. You, who are a King,  
Prouder than any king, and in your land  
You hold your wives as we our mistresses,  
Are you so sure this woman whom you love  
Loves you again and loves no other man?

HEROD

I could not be more sure.

CLEOPATRA

Why, that's well said,  
That's bravely said, said like a man! That's said  
As Antony might say it when he speaks  
To praise Octavia.

HEROD

Has Octavia, madam,  
Done Antony more wrong' than to be chaste,  
A keeper of his children and her house?

CLEOPATRA

That's wrong enough: she does him hurt with it,  
To make all Rome his hater.

HEROD

I am content

To suffer so much hate.

CLEOPATRA

She is his wife.

Antony tempts her not. I say, think twice  
Before you trust a woman once. Think thrice  
Before you trust a woman while the world  
Holds Antony. No, let me speak. I say  
That there is not a woman born of woman  
He lusts not after, and not a woman born  
That would not serve his pleasure for her own,  
If I were not more instant and more strong  
Than Antony to content Antony.

HEROD

Then let me speak, if you will have it so.  
I say there is one woman, and my wife,  
Not to be tempted, not by Antony,  
Not with all Rome. I have thought twice and thrice.

CLEOPATRA

You say it.

HEROD

Who should speak for me?

CLEOPATRA

Your pride:

Antony even now burns after her.

HEROD [*rising*]

He has not seen her face.

CLEOPATRA

Why do you rise?

HEROD

You test my patience, not my loyalty.

CLEOPATRA

With Antony, when women are the talk,  
A word suffices.

HEROD

Words I do not fear.

CLEOPATRA

Many have praised Mariamne.

HEROD

They did well.

CLEOPATRA

He doats upon her picture: is that well?

HEROD

Her picture? he, her picture?

CLEOPATRA

Prays to it,  
Bears it about with him, calls his friends to see,  
Acquaints them with the name, who sent it him . . .

HEROD

You lie, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

Do I lie, my lord?  
[*She takes out the picture, unrolls it, and  
shows it to him*]

Do you deny the hand?

HEROD [*snatching it from her, reads*]

"To Antony

From Mariamne."

CLEOPATRA

Is it her hand or no?

HEROD

Where had you this?

CLEOPATRA

Of Antony sleeping.

HEROD [*walking to and fro*]

Why,

God, of my fathers, why must Mariamne  
 Be now at Cæsaraea? I would look  
 Into her eyes until I found the truth  
 Naked. I would set this name that does commit  
 Adultery with this name before her face,  
 As here they kiss together. I would shame  
 Her mother in her eyes. But I must wait,  
 But I must wait.

CLEOPATRA

Some of her messengers  
 I gave to lions, some to snakes; my beasts  
 Love dearly a man's flesh: they do my will  
 When a man's justice lingers.

HEROD [*walking to and fro*]

Always now

The mother, with her rage against my throne;  
 She threats me with her graveyard lineage, thrusts  
 Her withered ancientness between my sight  
 And Mariamne. And Mariamne hears  
 Her voice crying against me; and now . . .

CLEOPATRA

Now

She perils you with Antony, she plays  
 More than her honour; it is with your life  
 She plays. But, Herod, I will be your friend.

HEROD [*holding out the picture*]

Do you not bring me bonds from Antony?  
 Is not this picture for a sign of it,  
 These names for seals upon it? You are wise,  
 You work to pleasure Antony: are we friends?

CLEOPATRA

Herod, I stand between your death and you;  
 I am more your friend than you can think of me.  
 Let me but speak. Antony seeks your death  
 In seeking Mariamne: yet in her  
 Seeks but a moment's woman: while I live  
 Antony dares not leave me; while I live  
 He never shall have Mariamne . . .

HEROD

Ah!

Not while you live, Cleopatra! It is true:  
How strangely we forget!

CLEOPATRA

But that's not all:

Does not Mariamne long for Antony?  
We stand between them; Herod, what shall we do  
For one another? I only am your friend,  
Herod, in this; if you will be my friend  
In all things!

HEROD

Surely I will be your friend;  
I had not thought to be so much your friend.

CLEOPATRA

There have been kings have knelt to me for that  
You would not for the taking. Here is my hand:  
I would not that you kissed it.

HEROD

The queen's hand

I kiss; and so I seal myself your friend  
In all things.

CLEOPATRA

Why, that's well. Hark in your ear:

No man was ever yet a friend to me,  
But I will be a friend to you as no man  
Was ever yet my friend.

HEROD

How shall that be?

CLEOPATRA

I have learned love in Egypt. All I know  
I have not taught even to Antony;  
And I know all things. Have I not learned love  
In Egypt? there the wise old mud of the Nile  
Breeds the dark sacred lotus, and the moon  
Brims up its cup with wisdom; I have learned  
The seven charms of Isis, each a charm  
To draw the stars out of the sky with love;  
The seven names of Apis, each a name  
To stroke the madness out of cruel beasts;  
And I have looked into the heart of death  
And death has told me all things, and I know  
How to make every hour of life as great,  
Terrible, and delicious, as the hour

When death tells all things. Can Mariamne love  
As I can love, Herod?

HEROD

No, not as you

Can love, Cleopatra!

CLEOPATRA

Kings have cast their crowns

Into the dust, and kings that are my foes  
I can take up into my hand and cast  
Into the dust, for love of me. I am a woman,  
But I have power greater than any man's.

HEROD

Though you have greater power than any man,  
How should it profit me?

CLEOPATRA

If you are a man,

Why do you ask? Is there not heat enough  
In these chill suns that would not warm our winter  
To thaw the holy courses of your veins?  
How shall it profit? how if it be but  
That I shall take your foes into my hands,  
And bind them with the girdles of my hair,  
And set them blind and bound into your hands?

HEROD

Will you bind Antony for me?

CLEOPATRA

My lord,

You gird at me with Antony. Men forget  
The women whom they love; but when I love  
No man forgets me. When Mark Antony  
Saw me the first time, I was a child at play  
In Egypt, a young child; the second time  
I came to meet him into Asia,  
A queen, and like a goddess. Thirteen years  
Had made me and had unmade Antony,  
But when he stepped between the silver oars  
Into the music and the purple cloud,  
His eyes remembered. Herod, since that day  
He has not left me. He has a Roman wife,  
A wedding-ring, and not a woman; I,  
I alone hold the man who holds the world;  
And Herod, I will give you Antony.

HEROD

Why should you do a greater thing for me  
Than you have done for Antony?

CLEOPATRA

Because

Herod shall be . . . greater than Antony!  
Am I not Cleopatra? are not you  
King, yet a king whose neck takes on the yoke,  
Antony sets upon it, and his brow  
The sorer stain a woman's lightness sets  
For Antony upon it? Break the yoke,  
Wipe out the stain, be lord of Antony,  
And lord of Cleopatra!

HEROD

For what price?

CLEOPATRA

Herod, when you have given me the world,  
I will give you more than I gave Antony.

HEROD

I am not rich enough to pay the price,  
And the reward is greater than my hopes.

CLEOPATRA

Greater shall the reward be than your hopes:  
As great as your deserving.

HEROD

Humbly, madam,  
And gratefully, and in all things honourably,  
I crave your leave to answer. As for me,  
I am an Idumean, and here King  
Over the Jews; I owe to Antony  
My kingdom, and my honour binds me his.  
Also I am the husband of a queen,  
Whom I hold fast from all men, as you hold  
Antony from all women; in this thing  
I take you for ally; it profits you,  
And I am profited by it: while you live  
I know you never will lose Antony:  
May the Queen live forever! As for me,  
What I may do to honour you I will;  
What honour I shall do you presently  
You shall not wait to hear. May the Queen live  
Forever; let there be between us two  
Peace, and a long farewell.

CLEOPATRA

My prudent Herod!

[*He goes out. Charmion and Mardian enter*]

Charmion, I add an altar to the God  
Of Herod where the altars of my gods  
Smoke not in Egypt.

CHARMION

Madam, is all well?

CLEOPATRA

All's well enough, Charmion.

[*She starts up*]

But this dog,  
This Herod swine and carrion of a Jew,  
This puppet plucked by Antony, this King  
Antony would unking for me, if I begged  
At the right wine-warmed moment of the feast,  
Or under some cool moon upon the Nile;  
This husband of a woman, whom he holds  
As I hold asps in Alexandria,  
For pretty, intimate deaths! a biting thing,  
Most cold and biting! I have failed Charmion,  
And with this Jew!

CHARMION

Lady!

CLEOPATRA

When Antony  
Made laws for Rome, and all the senators  
Sat round him in the Forum, I do think  
That, passing in my litter, I have seen  
Antony rise and run to me.

CHARMION

His seat  
Is empty, madam, before an eye but his  
So much as sees the litter!

CLEOPATRA

Antony,  
Antony's known, reckoned with: let that be.  
But you have known Cæsarion's father, speak,  
Mardian, if you heard Cæsar answer No  
To my most idle word?

MARDIAN

I have seen Cæsar



Kneel to you, madam, and not take your Yes  
So easily as a Kingdom.

CHARMION

They say, madam,  
The young Octavius, though his speech is stern,  
Dreams but of Egypt.

CLEOPATRA

I am worth a Cæsar,  
Charmion; the gods have made what they have made;  
We'll not dispraise them. This fierce woman here  
Is not ill-mated: let him keep her close;  
That's well enough: she's not for Antony.  
[*Iras rushes in*]

IRAS

Madam, a plot, a plot!

CLEOPATRA

What's this?

IRAS

Beware!

They plot your death.

CLEOPATRA

Who?

IRAS

Herod.

CLEOPATRA [*with a slow smile*]

No, not Herod.

IRAS

It is from Costobarus, and I wormed  
Into his heart, and he is most your friend.

CLEOPATRA

Well, what said he?

IRAS

He said, and not for nothing,  
And secretly, that Herod seeks your life,  
And means to kill you, and has ready now  
A litter for your body, and a guard  
To follow it to Egypt, for a gift,  
Back to Antony, dead. O who shall save us?  
He said he had pleaded for you.

CLEOPATRA

Now this is strange,  
Wonderful more than wonderful, most strange,  
That not an hour, a little hour ago,

This may have been: his eyes were cold to me  
 With thinking of me dead. And now the guard  
 Is ready, and the litter waits for me,  
 That is to take me living. I have done well;  
 I have done wisely, wiser than I knew.

IRAS

O madam, must we die?

CHARMION

What shall we do?

CLEOPATRA

Tremble not, foolish child, the fear is past,  
 My life is more to Herod than my death;  
 I have saved myself; Mariamne, whom I hate,  
 Has saved me, and I have not wholly failed.

*[A knocking is heard at the door]*

CHARMION

Hark, what is that?

IRAS

They are coming.

MARDIAN *[dropping on his knee]*

Spare my life!

CLEOPATRA

They shall not harm you, Mardian, courage, girls,  
 And bid them enter.

*[Charmion opens the door, and an armed man is seen, with other armed men behind him]*

OFFICER

In the name of the King,  
 To the most excellent Queen! To Cleopatra,  
 Herod! The captains of the royal guard,  
 An hundred horseman of the royal guard,  
 Captains with chosen spearmen, camels charged,  
 With five of the King's litters, wait the queen's  
 Most royal leisure to attend the queen  
 As far as Egypt.

CLEOPATRA

The King honours me,  
 Even so will I one day honour the King.

# AUGUST STRINDBERG

FRANCES GREGG AND JOHN COWPER POWYS

THE comparatively late arrival of August Strindberg and the immediate recognition of his place among European writers is of considerable psychological importance. He came late not only to our queer verge of civilization, but to Europe in general. European civilization is now feeling its way, not without misgiving, along the shores of a new "terra incognita"—the perplexing dreams and experiences of Strindberg the hyperborean.

This instant recognition is not, however, in itself sufficient proof of genius. Many have come and gone whose brilliant gifts have been mistaken for that general high level of sensitiveness that is genius. Strindberg, in his instability, his mad self-infatuation, his mental discord, his tortured sensibility, his derangement of growth, suggests rather the unique vision of deformity than the clear vision of harmonious development.

Two books, "Legends" and "The Inferno," are devoted to his adventures in the occult. Much of these two volumes is mystical hypochondria; trifling symptoms are distorted out of all relation to their original value and interpreted according to the time-worn tradition of such things; but from time to time a point of flame leaps from these embers. ". . . *The period of the prophets seems to have come to an end. The Powers want to have nothing more to do with priests, and have taken the direct government of souls upon themselves.*" A dark and troubled beauty pervades these books, and there sounds that mournful note that is dominant in Strindberg. "*All happiness, all peace is illusion, as landscapes look all golden or flecked with silver discs after looking at the sun.*"

This newly discovered, yet not new, writer is not easy to estimate, not easy to drain of his formula, of his essential secret. Strindberg is "modern." That word, with its double implication of weakness and power, is applicable to the author of "The Confessions of a Fool" and "Marriage."

He was opposed to the intellectual advancement of women—