

Indra

By August Strindberg

DOWN to the sand-covered earth.
Straw from the harvested fields soiled our feet;
Dust from the high-roads,
Smoke from the cities,
Foul-smelling breaths,
Fumes from cellars and kitchens,
All we endured.
Then to the open sea we fled,
Filling our lungs with air,
Shaking our wings,
And laving our feet.

Indra, Lord of the Heavens,
Hear us!
Hear our sighing!
Unclean is the earth;
Evil is life;
Neither good nor bad
Can men be deemed.
As they can, they live,
One day at a time.
Sons of dust, through dust they journey;
Born out of dust, to dust they return.
Given they were, for trudging,
Feet, not wings for flying.
Dusty they grow--
Lies the fault then with them,
Or with Thee?

Biography written by Moldoveanu Andrei

Colegiul National Alexandru Ioan Cuza, Galati, Romania

Biography Research

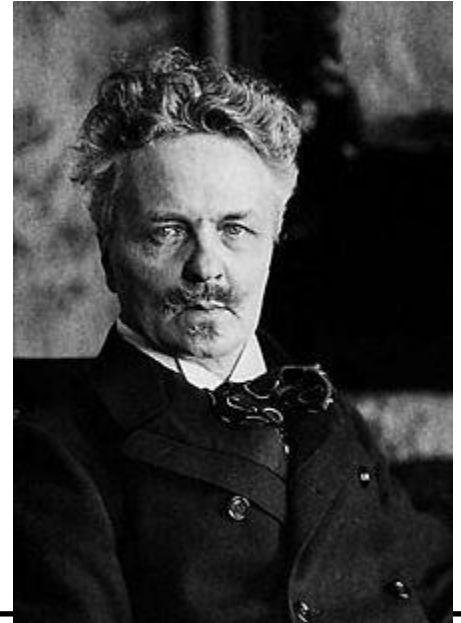
Sources : https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/August_Strindberg

August Strindberg

Early Life:

22 January 1849 – 14 May 1912

Uppsala University in January 1870 to study aesthetics and modern



Family Life

Strindberg was married three times

Siri von Essen 77-91

Frida Uhl 93-95

He had 5 daughters and 1 son

Interesting Facts:

Alchemy, occultism, Swedenborgianism, and various other eccentric interests were pursued by Strindberg with some intensity for periods of his life.

Works

In his plays *The Father* (1887), *Miss Julie* (1888), and *Creditors* (1889), he created naturalistic dramas

After his disenchantment with naturalism, Strindberg had a growing interest in transcendental matters. Debit and Credit (1892), *Facing Death* (1892), *Motherly Love* (1892), and *The First Warning* (1893)

End of life: Strindberg became sick with pneumonia and he never recovered completely. He also started to suffer from a stomach cancer. He died on 14 May 1912 at the age of 63.