

GOETHE'S FAUST

PART ONE

Abridged Prose Stage Version by

JACK DE LEON

*Adapted and edited by Diana Burgin with some lines
added/changed according to the translation by Peter
Salm, Faust Part I by Johann W. Goethe, Bantam
Books, revised edition, 1985*

De Leon's original version was first produced at the "Q" Theatre
on April 30th, 1948

FOREWORD

By Jack De Leon

The only claims I make for this free prose version of Part One of Goethe's great dramatic poem are:

- I believe it to be faithful to the spirit of the original and to express with reasonable clarity its metaphysical content.
- The text has not been mutilated by the exclusion of scenes for the purpose of simplification in production or with the object of reducing the boredom of the intelligent. Whatever cuts I have felt compelled to make have been made (except in the Hartz Mountain scene) with the object of reducing the time of performance on the stage.
- I believe the "production approach" and the inserted directions to be consistent with an interpretation of the play, in some respects original but on the whole inevitable if the play in performance is to be understood.
- Because I had the temerity to undertake the production of this version I know it to be essentially a version to be acted. I failed to discover any other version in English which I considered both actable and un mutilated.

Finally, the task of staging and casting this version is not as formidable as it may appear on first reading. With the enthusiasm and co-operation of a competent staff the play was more than satisfactorily mounted, dressed, lit and performed on a modestly-equipped stage. It has been my main endeavour to incorporate into this edition the experience of that production, in the hope that repertory audiences all over the country may be given the opportunity of at least discovering that Goethe's masterpiece must not be judged on a visit to Gounod's opera.

And now a private word to the producer who has the necessary enthusiasm to embark on a production of this play. Good luck to you! Add or subtract as your imagination is stimulated, but beware how you cut. Produce for the select few in your audience, and expect little or nothing from the others.

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As I felt a prose version of the Prologue in Heaven could never prove even adequate, I have included Shelley's verse translation.

Jack de Leon,

Richmond, Surrey, 1948.

THE SCENES

Prologue in Heaven

ACT I.

- Scene 1. Faust's Study
2. Before the Gate
 3. Faust's Study
 4. Auerbach's Tavern in Leipzig
 5. The Witch's Kitchen

ACT II.

- Scene 1. A Street—Margaret's Room—A Street.
2. Martha's Room—Garden and Summer House
 3. Forest and Cave—The Spinning Wheel—Martha's Garden—At the Well—Before the "Mater Dolorosa"
 4. Outside Margaret's House—The Cathedral
 5. Walpurgis Nacht; The Hartz Mountains—An Open Space
 6. A Dungeon

The Cast in the order in which they first speak :

Raphael

Gabriel

Michael

Mephistopheles

Voice of the Lord

Faust

Voice of the Earth Spirit

Wagner

First Working Man

Second Working Man

Third Working Man

Elderly Beggar

First Working Girl

Second Working Girl

First Soldier

Second Soldier

Old Hag

First Young Lady

Old Peasant

Middle-Aged Gentleman

Frosch
 Siebel
 Altmayer
 Brander
 The Witch
 Margaret
 Martha
 Lisbeth
 Valentine
 Citizens.

Note: The Walpurgis Night scene characters are not included in the above.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN ⁽¹⁾

	<i>The Lord and the Host of Heaven.</i> Raphael, Gabriel, Michael
Raphael:	The sun makes music as of old Amid the rival spheres of Heaven On its predestined circle roll'd With thunder speed : the Angels even Draw strength from gazing on its glance, Though none its meaning fathom may :— The world's unwithered countenance Is bright as at creation's day.

Gabriel:	<p>And swift and swift, with rapid lightness, The adorned Earth spins silently, Alternating Elysian brightness With deep and dreadful night; the sea Foams in broad billows from the deep Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean, Onward, with spheres which never sleep, Are hurried in eternal motion.</p>
Michael:	<p>And tempests in contention roar From land to sea, from sea to land; And, raging, weave a chain of power, Which girds the earth, as with a band. And flashing desolation there, Flames before the thunder's way; But thy servants, Lord, revere The gentle changes of thy day.</p>
(Chorus of Three:	<p>The Angels draw strength from thy glance, Though no one comprehend thee may; Thy world's unwither'd countenance Is bright as on creation's day.)</p>
	<p>[Enter Mephistopheles (2)</p>

Mephistopheles:	<p>As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough To interest thyself in our affairs— And ask, “How goes it with you there below?”</p> <p>And as indulgently at other times Thou tookedst not my visits in ill part, Thou seest me here once more among they household.</p> <p>Though I should scandalise this company, You will excuse me if I do not talk In the high style which they think fashionable; My pathos would certainly make you laugh too,</p> <p>Had you not long since given over laughing. Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds; I observe only how men plague themselves; The little god o’ the world keeps the same stamp,</p> <p>As wonderful as on creation’s day : A little better would he live, hadst thou Not given him a glimpse of heaven’s light, Which he calls reason, and employs it only, To live more beastlily than any beast.</p> <p>With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken, He’s like one of those long-legg’d grasshoppers, Who flits and jumps about and sings for ever The same old song i’ the grass. There let him lie.</p> <p>Burying his nose in every heap of dung.</p>
The Lord:	<p>Have you no more to say. Do you come here Always to scold, and cavil and complain? Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?</p>
Mephistopheles:	<p>No, Lord! I find all there, as ever, bad at best. Even I am sorry for man’s days of sorrow; I could myself almost give up the pleasure Of plaguing the poor things.</p>
The Lord:	Knowest thou Faust?
Mephistopheles:	The Doctor?
The Lord:	Ay; My servant Faust.

Mephistopheles:	<p>In truth He serves you in a fashion quite his own! And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth. His aspirations bear him on so far That he is half aware of his own folly, For he demands from Heaven its fairest star, And from the earth the highest joy it bears, Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain To calm the deep emotions of his breast.</p>
The Lord:	<p>Though he now serves me in a cloud of error, I will soon lead him forth to the clear day. When trees look green full well the gardener knows That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.</p>
Mephistopheles:	<p>What will you bet?—now I am sure of winning— Only, observe you give me full permission To lead him softly on my path.</p>
The Lord: (3)	<p>As long As he shall live upon the earth, so long Is nothing unto thee forbidden—Man Must err until he has ceased to struggle.</p>
Mephistopheles:	<p>Thanks. And that is all I ask; (for willingly I never make acquaintance with the dead. The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me, And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home. For I am like a catt—I like to play A little with the mouse before I eat it.)</p>
The Lord:	<p>Well, well! It is permitted thee. Draw thou His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power, Seize him and lead him on thy downward path; And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee That a good man, even in his darkest longings Is well aware of the right way.</p>

Mephistopheles:	<p>Well and good. I am not in much doubt about my bet, (And if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow; Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast) (4)</p> <p>Ay; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure, Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.</p>
The Lord:	<p>Pray come here when it suits you; for I never Had much dislike for people of your sort. And, among all the Spirits who rebell'd, The knave was ever the least tedious to me. The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon He seeks unbroken quiet; therefore I Have given him the Devil for a companion, Who may provoke him to some sort of work, And must create for ever. But ye, pure Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty; Let that which ever operates and lives Clasp you within the limits of its love; And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts The floating phantoms of its loveliness.</p>
	[<i>The lights fade on all except Mephistopheles</i>
Mephistopheles:	<p>From time to time I visit the Old Fellow, And I take care to keep on good terms with him. Civil enough is this same God Almighty, To talk so freely with the Devil himself.</p>
	[<i>End of the Prologue</i>

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE: NIGHT

Faust's STUDY. In a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic room, Faust *is seated at a table littered with manuscripts and large books, reading. After a moment He looks up and around restlessly.*

Faust: I've studied philosophy, law, medicine, and even theology. And I'm still just a poor fool and no wiser than when I started. For ten years I've been encouraging my

pupils to study and learn while knowing that we can never know anything truly. That burns away at my heart. Yet, I do know more than all the pretenders, doctors, lawyers, copyists and priests. I'm not troubled with conscience or doubts, I fear neither hell nor the devil, but in return, I have no joy. I don't pretend to know anything worth knowing or to be able to teach, improve, or convert my fellow men. And I have no wealth, no position, no worldly honor. Not even a dog would want to live like this.

So, that's why I've turned to magic, hoping that the power and voice of the spirit might disclose its secret, so that I'll never have to search for empty words to cover my ignorance, and I'll finally see how the world is really made, where its essential strength lies, and once I've seen the source of everything, I can get rid of words forever.

Looks out the window at the moon.

Oh, gentle moonlight, how I wish you could see the end of my misery. How often I've waited long into the night for you to creep over my desk, books, papers and me like a melancholy friend. If only I could roam mountain heights in your dear light, drift with spirits through caverns, and float over the meadows before dawn, I would expel the smoke of learning and be cleansed in your dew.

Alas! I'm still wedged in this prison cell. Yes, I'm hemmed in by worm-eaten, dust-covered books, sooty papers rising to the vaulted arches; I'm surrounded by beakers, boxes, pyramids of instruments, ancestral rubbish, and everywhere dust—dust. This is my world!

[Addresses himself as if he were two people]

And still you ask yourself why your heart remains in its prison? Why an inexplicable pain represses all your lust for life? You have enveloped yourself in smoke, rot, and dead bones, instead of living nature into which God created living Man. Fly! Up! Out into the open spaces!

Picks up a book by Nostradamus.

This guide to mystic signs by Nostradamus, this should be your sole companion. Then you will perceive the motion of the stars and with Nature's instruction your soul will be revealed in all its power, and you shall become a spirit able to commune with other spirits.

He opens the book and sees the sign of the macrocosm.

Ah! Suddenly, a rush of bliss flows through all my senses! I feel a glow of life which sets my veins and skin on fire. Was it a god who drew these signs which calm my inner turmoil, fill my heart with joy and mysterious strength, reveal the pulse of Nature all around me? ⁽⁵⁾ Am I a god? Light envelops me! In these pure numbers and signs I can see living Nature spread out before my soul.

He gazes at the sign.

How the parts combine into the whole, working, living in each other! How the celestial powers ascend, descend and press upon the earth—with harmonious sound. All as one—the ALL! What a spectacle! A spectacle? That's all it is! Where can I grasp *you*, infinite Nature, fountain of all life, nurturer of heaven and earth? My heart breathes for you, inhales you, but I'm still left yearning in vain.

He reluctantly turns the pages of the book and perceives the sign of the Earth Spirit.

How different this sign feels! Spirit of the Earth, you are nearer to me! I already feel a growing physical power, a glowing courage, as from wine, to adventure into the world; I already feel I can bear the pains and joys of the world, wrestle with the storms and not be affected by life's catastrophes.

Clouds are gathering—the light is fading. Red beams dart around my head. Horror floats down and takes possession of me ... You are around me, Spirit of the Earth. My prayers compelled you to float around me. Reveal yourself! It tears my heart. All my senses ache with new desires—I surrender myself to you, even at the cost of my life. Earth Spirit, reveal yourself!

[The room is now dark except for a purple glow which surrounds Faust and projects itself on to the wall farthest away from him. The voice of the Earth Spirit seems to come from the glow of light.]

Earth Spirit: Who calls?

Faust (*averts his face*). Terrifying vision!

Earth Spirit: I felt a mighty pull from you; you've been sucking at my sphere for a long time, and now -

Faust: No! I can't endure you!

Earth Spirit: You have sought me breathlessly, longed for my voice and countenance; I took pity on your pleadings. Now I am here! And look at you, you would-be superman – you're seized with terror! Where is the cry from your soul now? Where is the mind which created and nourished a world of its own? Where are you, Faust, whose voice rang, who forced himself on me with all his might? Are you he who at my very breath shivers to his depths like a scared, cringing worm?

[Faust rises, overcoming his fear, and speaks with almost arrogant bravado.]

Faust: Should I flinch before you, flaming apparition? I stand my ground as Faust, your equal!

Earth Spirit: In the tides of life and action, I rise, fall, and fling the shuttle back and forth. The cradle and the grave, a perennial sea, a flickering fabric, a glowing life, I toil at the whirring loom of time and weave the godhead's living garments.

Faust: You roam the wide world, my bustling spirit; how close I feel to you.

Earth Spirit: You're like the spirit you conceived of. You're not like me! (*The spirit vanishes*).

Faust: (*overwhelmed*) Not your equal? Then who do I resemble? I, the image of the godhead! And not your equal?

(*A knock at the door.*)

Oh, what bad luck! I know that knock, it's my assistant. So ends my happy time alone! Why has this shriveled worm destroyed the fullness of my vision?

(*Enter Wagner, dressed in his night shirt ⁽⁶⁾ and nightcap, lamp in hand. Faust, annoyed, turns to him.*)

Wagner: Excuse me, but I heard you declaiming. Was it a passage from Greek tragedy? I'd like to learn something about elocution, for nowadays it's a great help. I've often heard that an actor could give lessons to a preacher.

Faust: Yes, that's true whenever a preacher is also an actor, which happens now and then.

Wagner: Ah! When we're cooped up in our rooms and scarcely see the world even on holidays, and only from far away as through a telescope, how can we guide it by persuasion?

Faust: You'll never persuade or move anyone unless you communicate to the hearts of your listeners what you feel in your own heart.

Wagner: But surely the effect on your listeners must depend on your oratorical skills? I believe that's where I fail.

Faust: Go seek advancement honorably. Don't be a jingling fool! Clear thinking and honesty don't need art for their expression. If you have anything of real importance to say, you won't have to search for words. The glittering phrases with which one crimps shredded bits of thought are lifeless like a misty exhalation that blows through withered autumn leaves.

Wagner: But, as the saying goes, 'Art is long and life is short'. My head is dizzy with the strain of studying. It seems so hard to find the path to true knowledge. Before you've gone half way, your life is over!

Faust: Parchments! Books! Words! Can they quench your thirst forever? Only the

knowledge welling up from your own soul can revitalize you.

Wagner: But surely it's a great pleasure to understand the spirit of another age, to discover how our wisest ancestors thought and realize how gloriously we have advanced.

Faust: (*Ironically*) How gloriously we have advanced! To the very stars! My friend, the past is a closed book—sealed with seven seals. What you call the spirit of the times is nothing more than the spirit of those men in which their time's reflected. And what you see is mostly misery, which will make you want to run away.

Wagner: But what of the world? The human heart and intellect? One tries so hard to gain some knowledge of these things.

Faust: Oh, yes! What they *call* knowledge. Does anyone dare to call things by their right names? The few people through the ages who have really known something and dared reveal their knowledge were crucified or burned. Now, my friend, I beg you—it's very late—we must stop.

Wagner: I wish I could stay up all night to continue this conversation. Perhaps, since tomorrow is Easter, you'll allow me to ask a few more questions. I've studied very hard, and I do know a great deal, but I must know everything.

[*Exit Wagner*]

Faust: How can a man who clings to such trash still have any hope of salvation? A man who digs eagerly for treasure and rejoices when he unearths a worm. How dare the voice of such a man disturb my immortal vision? Yet, this once I thank you, poor Wagner. You snatched me from despair, which might well have driven me mad. The vision overpowered me, and transformed me into a puny mortal. I, whose bold spirit dared to course through the veins of nature, to create and live the life of a divinity, now I must do endless penance; one thunderous word simply swept me away.

I dare not claim to be the spirit's equal! Although I had enough power to draw it near, I didn't have enough to hold it close to me. In that moment of ecstasy, I felt so small—so great; the spirit thrust me away from itself cruelly into the uncertain destiny of a mere human being. Who will teach me? What must I shun? Shall I obey my inner yearning? Alas, our deeds, as much as our sorrows, cramp the course of our waking days.

No matter how glorious the conception of one's mind, some mundane material consideration will eventually get into it and spoil it. Whenever we achieve some good on our earth, the better things are labeled frauds and fantasies. The ecstasies that launched us on this life congeal in the muddled business of living. If, in spite of this, imagination expands courageously into the infinite, soon the great flight is arrested and crashes into the whirlpool of time. Every human action—every human problem—intrudes and strikes deep at the heart. Possessions, home, wife, child, are disguised disturbers of joy and rest. Man waits in fear for dangers he'll never face and constantly laments the things he'll

never lose.

I am not like the gods - I feel that deeply now. I am the worm that burrows in the dust, and, living and feeding on the dust, is crushed and buried by the heel of a passer-by. [...]

(Looking at a human skull) You, empty skull, why do you grin at me, except to show that once your brain, perplexed like mine, sought the light of day and lusted for the truth, and lost its way in heavy twilight gloom?

(Looking at the clutter of scientific instruments) You, instruments, you too are mocking me with your wheels and cogs, cylinders and levers! I stood at the gate. You were to be the key. Despite your intricate mechanisms, you could not turn Nature's lock. You could not lift her mysterious veil. *(Thinking aloud)* What Nature does not reveal to one's soul one will never wrench from her by force. *(Addressing the instruments)* You are only here because my father used you. Whatever Man can't use only impedes his progress. Whatever the moment creates, that alone can serve the moment's need.

(Suddenly shifting his eyes to a shelf above his desk) What force makes me turn my gaze in this direction? Why, suddenly, does everything seem to glow with a gentle radiance, as if moonlight were drifting through the forest gloom?

(His eyes rest on a glass vial on the shelf and he reaches for it.) Hello, rare and precious vial. In you I honor human wit and skill. You liquid which I have extracted from all the subtle and deadly juices, now I, the man who concocted you, require your services! I look at you and my pain is soothed, my struggles are diminished; slowly the flood-tide of my soul's upheaval ebbs away. I am called out into the boundless ocean; as in a mirror its dazzling splendor is reflected before me. Another day! Another shore!

(Addresses himself) Turn resolutely away from the earth's kindly sun! Burst through the gates while others fearfully steal by! This is the moment to prove by your action that man is unafraid of the imagined torments of eternal damnation and can plunge through the narrow flaming way of hell. Now is the moment to resolve calmly on this act, even at the peril of plunging into nothingness.

You, crystal goblet, who bring me memories of my youth, come down from your shelf! Here is syrup which swiftly intoxicates with the sleep of death. Now its brown stream dulls your brilliance. The last drink I shall ever prepare! The last I shall ever desire! The last I shall ever drink, I drink solemnly, with all my soul. To greet you, the New Dawn.

[He lifts the goblet to his lips, then as if some unseen force had stayed his hand, slowly withdraws it, standing rigid, listening.]

Chorus of Angels: Christ is arisen! Joy to mortal man, entwined in corrupting, insidious, inherited failings.

[The voices seem to float around his head and about the room.]

Faust: What is that deep whispering, those divine sounds which impel me to draw this goblet away from my mouth?

[There is a muffled peal of church bells.]

Are you, hollow-sounding bells, already ringing in the first glad hour of Easter? Pledge of a new covenant.

Chorus of Women: We tended Him with spices. We, the faithful, laid Him to rest. We clothed Him in His burial clothes. Alas! Now we find Christ is not here.

Chorus of Angels: Christ is arisen! Blessed is the Lover, withstanding the distressing, salutary, recurring temptations. ⁽⁷⁾

Faust: Whispering voices, mighty yet gentle, why do you come to me here in the dust? Why don't you speak to those who believe in you?

[The church bells can now be more clearly heard.]

I hear your message, but I no longer aspire to tread the heights from where the joyful message sounds. Miracle is the dearest child of faith, and I have no faith. And yet all my life I have heard these sounds. Even now they call me back to life. In the stillness of the Sabbath they used to fill my being with the warmth of divine love, and the promise of salvation. Then, I could pray, joyfully, with all my soul. Now the memory of those childhood feelings restrains me like a child, from taking this grave and final step. My tears flow, the Earth has me back again.

Chorus of Angels: Christ is arisen—out of the belly of corruption! Joyfully break free from your fetters! To you—who praise Him, imitate Him, recognize Him—preach of Him—promising joy. To you, the Master is near! To you, He is here.

[The lights fade.]

END OF SCENE ONE

SCENE TWO: BEFORE THE GATE.

The Easter morning crowd passes in and out, while nearby young people are dancing and music can be heard.

Second Working Man: Come on.

First Working Man: Why that way?

Second Working Man: We're going to the River Tavern.

First Working Man: I'd rather go on the river. Where do you want to go?

Third Working Man: What about the beer garden? Good beer, lovely girls, and a lot of noise. What more can a man want?

Elderly Beggar: Good gentlemen, give to the poor.

First Servant Girl: I'd rather go back to town.

Elderly Beggar: Don't let me beg in vain. Today is a holiday, make it my harvest day.

Second Servant Girl: No! I'm sure we'll find him waiting by the poplars.

First Servant Girl: What good is that to me? He'll only dance with you.

Elderly Beggar: Kind ladies, give to the poor. Don't let me beg in vain. Today is a holiday, make it my harvest day.

First Soldier: There they are; nearly gave us the slip.

Second Soldier: Hold on! I like the two in back. Smart, eh? Very sedate and ladylike, but they'll join us if we don't rush 'em.

Old Hag: Pretty ladies—make a wish and it will be granted.

First Young Lady: Just look at him. It's pathetic, running after servant girls!

Old Hag: Pretty ladies—make a wish and it will be granted.

First Young Lady: Come along. We mustn't be seen talking to witches.

Old Hag: Proud—oh, so proud.

Elderly Beggar: Good gentlemen—kind ladies. Give to the poor. Don't let me beg in vain. Today is a holiday, make it my harvest day.

[Enter Faust and Wagner.]

Faust: Today everyone is walking in the sun, celebrating the resurrection, for they themselves have risen from their slum dwellings, their drudgery, their mean streets, their gloomy churches, out into the sunlight. The gardens and fields, the river banks and mountain paths are brightened with gay colored dresses and the happy bustle of people. Here is their true paradise. Here I'm just another human being, here I can be.

Wagner: It's a privilege to walk and talk with you, Master, but I certainly would not have

come out and mixed with all these people on my own.

Old Peasant (*To Faust*): Doctor, it's good of you, a great scholar, to come out among us to-day. Would you also drink with us from this fine jug of the best wine we can offer? May it not only quench your thirst, but may every drop add another day to your life.

[*Faust takes the jug.*]

Faust: To all of you—good health and thank you.

Old Peasant: You truly deserve to share our day of happiness, for in the bad days you proved you were our friend. Many of us alive today your father saved from fever and plague, snatching us from the jaws of death. Although you were a very young man, you also went from house to house. Many a corpse was borne away, but you came through alive and well. The Helper above aided the helper below.

[*Faust drinks from the jug.*]

Some of the Crowd: Good health, Doctor—

Old Hag: Good health—

Old Peasant: Health to the man who is our friend.

Old Hag: May he live long—to help and guide us.

Faust: Bow down to Him who teaches and guides the helper.

[*Faust and Wagner move further away from the Gates. The Crowd disperses.*]

Middle-Aged Gentleman: Personally, I really detest the new Mayor. Since he came into power he's become more dictatorial every day. And what is he doing for the city? Aren't things getting worse every day? Higher and higher taxes, more and more restrictions?

[*Exit Middle-Aged Gentleman.*]

Wagner: How proud you must feel at the veneration of the crowd! How happy you must be to derive so much advantage from your learning! When you pass among the people, they almost fall down and worship you as if you were the Sacred Host.

Faust: (*Ignoring Wagner's exclamations*). Let's stop and rest here. During the plague, I often sat here alone in silent meditation, praying and fasting, rich in hope, strong in faith. I believed my tears and sighs and wringing of hands would compel the Lord of Heaven to put an end to the plague. The applause of the crowd now sounds only like mockery and scorn. If they could see deep down into my soul, they would know how unworthy both my father and me are of their praise. My father was a sincere, but rather strange man, who brooded over the mysteries of Nature. He was an alchemist like others who shut himself in his gloomy laboratory and worked haphazardly with countless recipes to

combine antagonistic substances. The royal lion was mated with the lily, and both were compelled under the open flame to pass from one bridal chamber to another. If an offspring of this union appeared in the glass retort—a multi-colored princess—he knew he had distilled a medicine.⁽⁸⁾ Treated with this “medicine,” every one of his patients died. So, with this devil’s brew we brought more evil to these valleys and mountains than the plague did. I myself administered the poison to thousands; thousands died, yet I must live to hear people acclaim their reckless murderers.

Wagner: How can you yield to such depression! Isn’t it enough for an honorable man to practice conscientiously the arts which have been transmitted to him? Since you, in your youth, honored your father, you accepted his ideas. If in your manhood you add to that knowledge, your son, in his turn, may be able to supplement yours and reach a higher goal.

Faust: He is a lucky man who can still hope to emerge from the sea of error that engulfs us! What we don’t know is really what we need, and what we know is of no use to us at all. But let’s not mar the beauty of this hour with such melancholy thoughts. Look how the green encircled cottages gleam in the glow of the setting sun! The day is spent. The sun yields and hastens to bestow its vital force elsewhere. Oh, if only wings could lift me from the ground to follow, struggling, on and on! In the eternal evening rays I should see the still world below; the glowing heights and tranquil valleys, the silver brooks flowing into golden rivers. Not even the wild mountain range with all its dark and menacing ravines could arrest my divine flight. Already the ocean with its sun-warmed bays spreads out before my astonished eyes. Even when the sun fades away, a newborn urge awakens in me and I hasten on, to drink the everlasting light, ever before me the light of day, behind me the darkness of the night: the heavens above me, the surging waves below.

It’s a beautiful dream that quickly vanishes with the vanishing sun. Alas, the spirit can soar on wings of light, but no wings can raise man’s body from the earth. And yet, every human being yearns to press upward and onward. We hear the trilling song of the lark, lost in the blue expanse over our heads; we see the eagle hovering over rugged pine-clad heights, the crane’s strong flight over plain and sea towards its home.

Wagner: I myself have often had my whimsical moments, but I’ve never yet experienced an urge like that. One soon tires of gazing at woods and fields. I shall never envy the wings of a bird. Man’s intellectual pleasures—that’s another matter entirely! They carry us from book to book, from page to page.

Faust: You’re conscious of the one impulse only. Never strive to know the other. Alas, two souls live in me, perpetually in conflict with each other. The one, vigorously, passionately, clings to the world; the other lifts itself mightily up from the dust toward the dwelling place of its divine ancestors.⁽⁹⁾

(Looking upward) If you are there, guiding spirits, hovering between heaven and

earth, come down from your shining heights and guide me to a new life of romance and adventure. If I had a magic cloak which would transport me to any corner of the globe I would not change it for the richest robes or an emperor's crown.

[He stands motionless, looking down at the fields below. His attention is arrested by the strange antics of a black dog, and He is not listening to Wagner.]

Wagner: Do not invoke the notorious spirits streaming in every direction through the atmosphere. They hold a thousand evils ready to spread over mankind. They are always alert, waiting for the call, ready to obey; they like to deceive us, to pretend they are ambassadors from Heaven. And they tell lies with the whispering voices of angels. ⁽¹⁰⁾ Let's go home now. It's getting dark and cold. Why do you stand like that with such a look of amazement on your face? What can you see in the twilight that captures your attention so completely?

Faust: Do you see that black dog, running through the corn and stubble?

Wagner: I saw him long ago. It didn't seem to me of any importance.

Faust: Look at him well. What kind of dog do you think he is?

Wagner: A poodle! Sniffing his way along his master's tracks, like any other poodle.

Faust: Don't you notice how he spirals back and forth, while still coming nearer. Unless I'm mistaken, a fiery whirlpool follows in his path.

Wagner: I see nothing but a black poodle. It's some optical illusion.

Faust: He seems to be preparing a cunning trap—magical circles of fire—to ensnare us.

Wagner: He seems to me uncertain and timid, because instead of his master, he sees two strangers.

Faust: The circle is narrowing. He is nearer.

Wagner: And now you see, he's just a dog and no ghostly apparition. A very ordinary dog.

Faust: *(To the dog)* Come, boy, come along with us. *(To Wagner)* You're right—this is no ghostly apparition, but just a well-trained dog.

Wagner: A well-trained dog can gain the affection even of a wise man. Yes, he has earned your favor. He is an admirable model for your students.

[The lights fade.]

END OF SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE: Faust's STUDY.

Faust *enters with the poodle.*

Faust: The profound darkness enveloping the fields and meadows outside awakens the upward striving soul with a sense of holy awe. The fierce impulse to live adventurously sleeps, now the love of God animates my being. *[To the dog]* Be quiet—and don't run around. What are you sniffing at on the threshold? Go and lie down behind the stove. Now, be quiet.

How clear everything becomes when a man is in the peaceful atmosphere of his own little room. The voice of reason speaks and hope revives in the heart that knows itself. How I long to flow with the stream of life!

[To the dog] Stop that growling. Your animal noises are out of harmony with the sublime tones which now fill my soul.

Already I feel a sense of uneasiness, of discontent. Why must the stream run dry so soon and leave me thirsting. Always the same! Always the same! Yet there is some compensation; it teaches us to appreciate things of the spirit more fully. We long for revelation, and nowhere does the light of revealed truth burn more beautifully and with greater dignity than in the New Testament.

(Picks up the New Testament in Greek and finds the beginning of the Gospel of John) Something prompts me to look at this original text and for once, with absolute faithfulness, to translate it into my own beloved language.

"In the beginning was ... the Word." The Word? What does that mean? I'm in doubt already! Who will help me? I can't attach such tremendous value to the "Word." If the spirit is inspiring me truly, I must find another translation.

"In the beginning was the Idea." Is it the Idea that creates and makes creation work? Maybe it should be "In the beginning was the Power." No! Something already tells me that's not the word I want.

The whispering voices help me—now I have it—I can write confidently: "In the beginning was the Deed."

[To the dog] Stop that growling! If you want to share this room with me, stop barking! You're too rowdy to be my companion; one of us will have to get out of here. Regretfully, I withdraw my offer of hospitality. You're free to go out the way you came

in.

But what am I seeing? Is this possible? Is it some ghostly shadow? Is it real? This is no dog. What evil spirit have I brought into the house? It's like a hippopotamus with glowing eyes and vicious teeth. Yes, now I know what you are! To exorcise you I must utter Solomon's formula. First, the names of the four elements. Salamander, Spirit of Fire, vanish in flames! Undine, Spirit of Water, flow thunderously together! Sylph, Spirit of Air, send forth your meteor rays! Incubus, Spirit of Earth, bring your homely aid! Incubus, come forth and put an end to this.

None of the four elements is in the monster. It remains, silent, grinning. Are you a fugitive from Hell? Then look on this sign. (*Shows him the crucifix.*) All the black legions of Hell bow down before this symbol. You vile thing. Do you now know the meaning of this sign? Do you not know of Him, uncreated, inexpressible, permeating the Heavens, wantonly crucified?

It's filling the whole room! Stop! Don't rise to the ceiling! At my feet! Down! Down at your master's feet! Down before I scorch you with holy fire, before I use the full strength of my art. Down, before I confront you with the glowing light! The light of the Three in One!

[*Almost frantic, Faust holds the Bible above his head, the Cross facing the stove.*

[*Mephistopheles appears, dressed like a traveling scholar.* ⁽¹¹⁾

So the roving poodle was only a traveling scholar.

Mephistopheles: Why all this hullabaloo? I'm at your service, sir.

Faust: This is really amusing.

Mephistopheles: You certainly made it hot for me.

Faust: What's your name?

Mephistopheles: Now that strikes me as a very petty question, unworthy of someone who so despises the Word; someone so far removed from the world of illusion, whose sole concern is to probe the depths of reality.

Faust: I won't have to probe very deeply with you. The essential you is only thinly disguised in names like Lord of Flies, Destroyer, Liar. ⁽¹²⁾ All right, who are you then?

Mephistopheles: A part of that power which forever wills Evil—and forever does Good.

Faust: What is the meaning of that riddle?

Mephistopheles: I am the spirit that forever negates. And rightly so, for there is nothing

in existence worthy of survival. How much better if nothing had ever come into existence. I am all you call sin and destruction. In a word, Evil. That's me.

Faust: You called yourself a part, and yet there you stand—a complete whole.

Mephistopheles: I'll let you into a little secret. Although every man, living in his fools' paradise, thinks of *himself* as complete, I am part of the part that once was everything. I am part of the darkness that gave birth to light, that haughty light that now struggles with his mother darkness for precedence. I assure you light will never succeed. Its progress is blocked by every physical body. Light may radiate from the body—beautify it—but it will never penetrate the darkness inside. I hope it won't be long before the body and the light are both annihilated together.

Faust: Now I understand your worthy function. You failed to destroy on a grand scale so you are now attacking in a small way.

Mephistopheles: To be quite frank, I haven't made much progress even in my reduced field of operations. Whatever exists in this ridiculous world strenuously opposes being put out of existence. Despite my attempts with tidal waves, tempests, earthquakes and conflagrations, the earth and the sea have remained intact. And as for the brood of the damned—the animals and the human animals—I bury them in their millions and more millions appear to madden me. I'm almost tempted to give up. Their seeds germinate not only in the earth, but in the air and water. Dry or wet—hot or cold—they breed everywhere—under every condition. Except in the flames! At least I managed to reserve fire for my exclusive use.

Faust: You dare match your impotent, cold and callous Devil's strength with the eternal and sublime force of Creation? What will you try next, wonderful son of Chaos?

Mephistopheles: I'll give that my serious consideration. We'll discuss the matter next time we meet. With your permission I'd like to leave now.

Faust: Why do you ask permission? Now we have met, call on me whenever you feel like it. Door, window, chimney—take your choice.

Mephistopheles: I'll let you into another little secret. A slight obstacle prevents my exit from this room. The magician's symbol on your threshold.

Faust: So the pentagram hinders you? ⁽¹³⁾ If this magical sign prevents you from going out, how, son of Hades, did you get in?

Mephistopheles: Look more carefully. As you see, the two lines nearest the passage don't meet. They leave that angle slightly open.

Faust: A lucky accident! Does this mean you are my prisoner? A most amusing accident!

Mephistopheles: The poodle didn't notice when he jumped in from outside. But, from this side, it's an entirely different matter. The Devil can't get out.

Faust: Why not slip out through the window?

Mephistopheles: It's a hellish law for us that we must go out the same way we came in. We are free to slip in where we like; our code requires us to slip out the same way.

Faust: So even Hell has its legalities. That suits me fine, for I suppose one could make a pact with you people.

Mephistopheles: Any promises we make are fulfilled to the letter. That's another matter for discussion at our next meeting. And now, if I may have your permission to withdraw—I would be most grateful.

Faust: You came here of your own free will. I set no trap for you. When a man gets hold of the devil he holds on to him. He won't capture him so easily a second time.

Mephistopheles: If you are quite determined—I am prepared to keep you company, providing I may employ my arts for your edification.

Faust: *And my pleasure.* On that condition I accept gladly.

Mephistopheles: My friend, your senses will experience more pleasure from this lesson than a whole year of monotonous study. You will hear songs which will not be just empty magic words. The gentle whispering spirits will conjure up fair images to satisfy all your senses. Your sense of smell will be delightfully regaled. Your sense of taste gloriously gratified, and finally your sense of touch will be—divinely ravished. No preparation is necessary—we are—here together. Listen.

[Gentle music seems to float around the room. Spirits whisper. Faust, at first immobile, gradually relaxes. He closes his eyes, sighs, and in a moment falls asleep, smiling—a smile of sensuous joy.]

Spirits: Vanish, dark vaults above and within. Fly out under the blue skies, cloudless, now starlit, now sunlit. Now, desire—desire the wine. From the clusters of luscious grapes! From the overflowing containers. Now desire—desire desire! Dream now of love—dream of desire! Pledge yourself! Give yourself. Go out in the open. Shouting, rejoicing! Dance over the meadows—delight in your pleasure. Swim in the lake. Climb up the mountains. To Life, Adventure, The Stars, and Bliss. To the Stars and Bliss. (14)

Mephistopheles: *(To the sleeping Faust)* You are not yet the man to hold on to the devil. You spirits, stay and keep sweet dream-pictures hovering around him. Stay and sink him into a sea of illusion! *(Turns to the sign over the door)*. Now to break the spell of this ... thing. You rats and mice—flies, frogs, bugs and lice—your master summons you to his assistance. Come—boldly—quickly to your work. Gnaw away the marks that prevent my passing. The lines meeting in this direction. Once more and the ... thing will no

longer repel me. It is done! Now, Faust—dream on—until we meet again.

[Mephistopheles *disappears*. Faust *awakens*.

Faust: Have I once again been deceived? Can the spiritual impulse pass away so quickly, and was the devil here only in a dream or in my lying imagination? Was it a poodle that escaped?

[*The lights fade. The lights fade in again. It is daylight.*

Did someone knock? Come in! Who's plaguing me again?

Mephistopheles: (*outside*) It's me.

Faust: Come in.

Mephistopheles: (*outside*) You must say it a third time.

Faust: Very well. Come in.

[Mephistopheles *appears*.

Mephistopheles: That's what I like to hear. I hope you and I will get along now. I'm here disguised as a young nobleman who hopes to drive away your depression. For a start, I suggest you get rid of your heavy old scholar's gown and dress like me. Then, free and unrestrained, you can discover what life is really like.

Faust: No change of clothes will release me from the misery and frustration of earthly life. I'm too old to play the fool and too young to lack a desire for adventure. What else can the world offer me?

Renounce! Renounce! That's the eternal song monotonously ringing in our ears, every hour, every day, all through our lives. I wake up each morning only to experience the same feeling of horror, the same heartbreaking consciousness that another day will pass without bringing fulfillment of one single desire. Even the anticipation of any pleasure is lessened by my own perverse, capricious nature. The impulse to create is thwarted by the thousand ugly commonplace problems of life. The god in me can stir my inner consciousness, he can operate through the spiritual forces in me, but he can't move a single thing outside me. And so, existence is merely a burden, I hate my life and want to die.

Mephistopheles: Yet, death is never a wholly welcome guest. Didn't someone on a certain night fail to drink a certain dark brown potion? I'm not omniscient, but many things are known to me.

Faust: That was because the singing voices silenced my dark thoughts with echoes of the happy days of my youth. I curse the illusory fascination of the soul and the insidious forces which confine it in this wretched body. I curse the great significance attached to

things of the spirit! The blinding light of appearances which press on our senses! The lying dreams which create the desire for glory, the illusion of immortality! I curse the pride in possessions, like wife and child, servant and plow! A curse on the soothing juice of the grape! A curse on sex, on hope, on faith. Above all—a curse on patience![...]

Mephistopheles: Stop wallowing in your grief. It's like a vulture tearing your body in pieces. The lowest company will still make you feel like a man among men. But there's no need for you to associate with the rabble. I'm not a great nobleman, but if you care to join up with me, to venture on a new life, I'll be happy, right now, to place my services at your disposal. I'll be your companion. And if I prove satisfactory, you can count me your servant, your slave.

Faust: And what must I do for you in return?

Mephistopheles: Nothing. At least, not for a very long time.

Faust: No, no, the devil is an egoist, and doesn't give his services for the love of God. Out with it—state your conditions clearly. A servant like you spells danger.

Mephistopheles: I'll promise to serve you—*here*, to be at your beck and call, without rest or respite, if you'll do the same for me—when we meet on the—"other side."

Faust: I'm not concerned about the "other side." Once we smash this world in pieces, the other can emerge for all I care. This world provides my means of happiness; this sun shines on my misery. If I can once escape from this happiness and misery, let whatever must be, be.

Mephistopheles: That's the spirit. Now you can try anything. Commit yourself! And for the rest of your life you'll see what I can do for you. I'll give you what no man has ever had before.

Faust: You miserable devil—what can you offer? Was a man's great spiritual need ever satisfied by you? Yes—you can provide food that never satisfies; gold, as slippery as quicksilver; a game no one ever wins; a girl, who even while she's lying in my arms is already thinking of her next conquest. You can provide the exquisite pleasures which result from honor, rank, reputation, and then vanish like a meteor. Show me the fruit that rots before you pluck it, and the tree that grows greener every day. (15)

Mephistopheles: That's no problem for me. I can provide such treasures. But my good friend—the time will come when we may want to feast on the good things of life in peace and quiet.

Faust: If ever my desires are curbed and my senses lie dormant, that's when I'll be ready to finish with life. If ever the day comes when you can delude me with flattery or a surfeit of pleasure into being satisfied with myself, may that day be my last. That's the bet I offer you.

Mephistopheles: Done.

Faust: Here's my hand on it. If ever I say to the passing moment, 'Oh, stop and stay, you are so beautiful,' you can clap me in chains. I will gladly perish; the death-knell may sound, and you are free from your service. The hands of the clock may stop moving. Time, for me, will no longer exist.

Mephistopheles: Perhaps you should give all that further consideration. We never forget anything.

Faust: You will be perfectly entitled to remember. I'm already a slave; yours or someone else's—what does it matter?

Mephistopheles: Very well! I'll start on my duties this very day. But just one little formality! As this matter of living or dying is outside my province, I must trouble you for a line or two in writing.

Faust: You pedant. Must you have it in writing? Have you never known a man who keeps his word? Isn't it enough that I have verbally committed myself to you forever? What do you want from me, you devil! Bronze, marble, parchment, paper—? Shall I write with graver, chisel, pen? You can take your choice.

Mephistopheles: There's no need to get so excited. Any slip of paper will do—signed with a drop of blood.

Faust: If that will give you satisfaction, then by all means, we'll play out this farce to the end.

Mephistopheles: Blood is a special fluid.

Faust: Don't fear that I'll break this pact. I'm promising nothing more than what I myself desire with all my strength. I have thought too much of myself. My level is your level! The mighty spirit has despised and rejected me. My convictions have been shattered. For a long time I have been disgusted with all human knowledge. Let's descend to the very depths of sensuality to satisfy our burning passions. ⁽¹⁷⁾ Let's hurl ourselves through rushing time on the revolving wheels of chance. There, pain and joy, success and failure can replace each other at random. Man only manifests himself in restless activity.

Mephistopheles: There is neither limit, nor goal, set on your activity. Whatever gives you pleasure you may taste in secret; seize in passing; or take openly.

Faust: Listen to me. I'm not doing this for the sake of mere *pleasure*. I want it all, the deadening pain of self-gratification, the passion-distorted pain of hate, the vital pain of remorse. Whatever Man can experience, I want to experience completely. With my mind and spirit I will infuse into myself the highest and lowest. I will pile upon myself the joy

and pain of all mankind; and in the end, like every other human, I also will perish.

Mephistopheles: Believe me, that's not what you want. As someone who's sustained himself on that kind of indigestible fare, I can tell you, the totality of experience was designed for a god alone, one who dwells in the eternal light above and has relegated my kind to darkness below. And you humans must be content in the middle, with a little light and a little dark.

Faust: ⁽¹⁸⁾ You can't dissuade me. I alone will attain the whole.

[FAUST signs a piece of parchment with a drop of blood and flings it at Mephistopheles *The pact is now concluded. The tension relaxes.*

How do we begin?

Mephistopheles: We just—go. Rely on my wits. Now, go and get dressed and ready for the wonderful journey.

[Faust *goes out. Mephistopheles addresses him in his wake.*

Keep on despising man's greatest virtue and strength, the power to reason, the ability to learn. Keep on letting the lying Spirit blind you with his deceptive illusions; and you'll be mine unconditionally. [To the audience] His unrestrained spirit is forever pressing forward; his rash impulses lift him above the pleasures of the earth. I will trail him through a life of noise, through a life of dull trivialities. He will flounder, gape, and hold on to it. And his insatiable longing will never be satisfied with food and drink which will hover before his craving lips, he will beg vainly for refreshment. Even if he had not made a pact with the devil, he would still be lost. ⁽¹⁹⁾

[Faust *re-enters dressed as a nobleman.*

Faust: Now, where do we go?

Mephistopheles: Anywhere you please. We'll visit the small world and the great. You'll sponge off the journey to your profit and pleasure.

Faust: But this long beard of mine is all wrong for an easy-going nobleman. It's no good, this experiment won't succeed. I've never been able to adapt myself to the world. In the presence of others I feel very unimportant. People disconcert and embarrass me.

Mephistopheles: My good friend, give yourself a chance. The problem of living will solve itself as soon as you get some self-confidence.

Faust: But how can we start on a journey without horses, or servants, or a coach of some kind?

Mephistopheles: We just spread out this cloak. It will carry us through the air. We shall

travel quickly—very quickly. Congratulations on your new adventure.

[They are so close—enfolded in the cloak—that the two figures might be one—double headed—the double soul of Faust stands—as the lights fade.]

END OF SCENE THREE

SCENE FOUR

Auerbach's TAVERN IN LEIPZIG. *A lively drinking party is in progress. Frosch, Brander, Altmayer and Siebel are lounging around a drink laden table.*

Frosch: *(singing)* Fly away—Fly away—

Siebel: All together. Let the rafters ring.

Frosch, Siebel and Brander *(singing)* Fly away.—Fly away.

Altmayer: Hi—Oy—you're splitting my ear drums.

Frosch: If you don't like our singing, you can leave.

Altmayer: All right—all right. Start again—but not so loud.

Frosch: *(singing)* Fly away—Fly away.

All: *(singing)* Fly away—Fly away.

Frosch*(singing)*: Sweet bird of song ,To my love—to my love, take my greetings along.

Siebel: No love songs. No love greetings.

Frosch:*(singing)* To my love—to my love,—take my greetings along.

Siebel: I don't want to hear anything about love. I've had it with love.

Brander: Let's hear the greetings. Nightingale, take his greetings along.

Frosch: *(singing)* Unbolt the door in the silent night. Unbolt the door, 'tis your lover's right. Bolt the door fast ... now the night has passed ...

Siebel: Go on—go on! Send her messages—! Sing her praises—! I'll have the last laugh. She'll cheat on you as she cheated on me.

Frosch: Throw him out. Hey, boys, throw the bastard into the street.

Brander: Silence—let him finish. Let's hear his tale of woe.

Siebel: You may all laugh. I tell you, she's only fit to have a goblin disguised as an old goat for a lover. Let him bleat his greetings as he gallops down from the mountain. A man—good and strong—of flesh and blood is too good for that whore.

Frosch: Throw him out—throw the bastard into the street—

Altmayer: Leave him alone.

Siebel: Toss a stone through her window for greetings.

Brander: Shut up. Listen to me. You'll all admit I'm the man of the world in this group.

Altmayer: We've heard about your experiences!

Brander: Here we have two fully grown men moaning about love. I'll provide just the song to suit their mood.

Frosch: Sing away. Go on. Let's have it.

Altmayer: Let's hear it.

Brander: The last for to-night. Everyone join in the chorus. Ready—! *(Sings)*

Once in a cellar there lived a she rat
Who ate and lived on the very best butter
Until she developed a stomach as fat
As fat as Martin, the Doctor Luther.
On the butter a cook some poison threw,
The rat's world more narrow and tighter grew
As if she had love in her belly.

All: As if she had love in her belly.

Brander: The rat she scuttled, around, about,
Drunkenly drinking at every puddle;
Gnawing and scratching the house throughout
In passionate, frenzied and futile struggle.
The leaps, the bounds, the labor and pain
Soon led to surrender from all the strain.
As if she had love in her belly.

All: As if she had love in her belly.

[Faust and Mephistopheles appear. They stand—exactly as They stood before commencing the journey in the previous scene. Brander, not noticing the

intrusion of two strangers, continues his song.

Brander: To the kitchen she came, compelled to ignore
The streaming, the gleaming, exposing light,
And lay, palpitating full stretched on the floor
Despairing, pathetic and pitiful sight.
The poisoner stood smiling, then laughed outright
At the she rat's great gasps in her final plight
As if she had love in her belly.

All: As if she had love in her belly.

Siebel: How this sort of thing delights you vulgar youngsters! I suppose you all think poisoning an unfortunate rat is good fun.

Brander: Poor little rat—poor little rat—my esteemed comrade.

Altmayer: Stop—Stop. You're forgetting that Siebel's fat belly and bald head create a fellow feeling. Poor, timid, unlucky fellow ...

Mephistopheles: (*To Faust*) Before anything else I must bring you into merry and lighthearted company so you'll realize how pleasantly one can pass away the time. To these people every day is a day of revelry.)

Brander: Travelers! Eccentric pair! They haven't been in Leipzig more than an hour!

Frosch: It doesn't look like it.

Mephistopheles: (*To Faust*) You'll see how little wit or sense they need to get great satisfaction from twisting and turning round and round a narrow circle—like young kittens after their tails. They are happy and carefree—while their heads remain clear and their credit lasts.

Siebel: Who do you think they are?

Frosch: Leave it to me. A couple of drinks and I'll worm it out of them as easily as pulling a child's tooth. Noblemen—I should think. I can tell by that air of arrogance and discontent.

Brander: Noblemen. Mountebanks—that's my bet.

Altmayer: Perhaps—

Frosch: Watch me!

Mephistopheles: These petty gentlemen would never recognize the devil—even if he had them by the throat.

Faust: We greet you, gentlemen.

Siebel: We thank you—and return your greetings.

Mephistopheles: May we join you? As it seems impossible to obtain a decent drink we can at least enjoy good company. Unless I am very much mistaken we heard you all singing. A chorus of well-trained voices.

Frosch: Are you possibly an artist?

Mephistopheles: Not at all! My art is weak—but my desire is great.

Altmayer: Give us a song.

Mephistopheles: If you want. As many as you like.

Siebel: Nothing we've heard before—

Mephistopheles: We've just returned from Spain, the beautiful land of wine and song.

Siebel: It'll be brand new then.

Mephistopheles: (*sings*) Once there lived a certain king
Who owned a great big flea.
The king adored the silly thing,
As any courtier could see.
One day the king a message sent,
And soon the royal tailor came
To take the flea's true measurement
For coat and hose to match the same.

Frosch: Go on with the nonsense. A flea indeed. Confound the thing.

Brander: Let's hope the king warned his tailor he'd lose his head on the first sign of a crease in the flea's breeches.

Mephistopheles: Soon in clothes of velvet dressed
With ribbons be it noted
From which there hung on this flea's breast
The signs he'd been promoted;
A cross and yet a great big star
Shone for all the world to see,
His kith and kin from near and far
To court quite soon had access free.

The lords and ladies round the king
Quite soon were sore from abrasions;
The queen herself had many a sting

And cursed the flea and his relations.
Nor lords, nor ladies, nor reigning queen
Dared squash or crack, to kill them.
But now, as soon as one's been seen
We—squash or crack, to kill them.

All: But now as soon as one's been seen
We—squash or crack, to kill them.

Frosch: Bravo! Right on!

Siebel: (*Proposes a toast*) To every kind of flea.

Brander: To every kind of parasite—crush 'em—

Altmayer: Long live our right—to crush the parasite.

Frosch: Long live our right—to drink, be merry and bright.

Altmayer: Let's drink to liberty and wine.

Mephistopheles: I'd love to drink a toast with you, but please, not with this rotgut wine.

Siebel: You've already slandered our wine. That's enough.

Mephistopheles: If I weren't afraid of offending the good landlord, I'd invite you and your friends to taste something really good from our cellar.

Siebel: Let's have it, man. I'll take the blame for it.

Frosch: We accept your offer gladly. Only don't let it be just a taste. In order to judge the quality of wine, I need a good deal more than a taste.

Mephistopheles: Find me a corkscrew.

Brander: What do you want with that?

Altmayer: There's one out here ... Yes ...

Mephistopheles: What kind of wine would you like?

Frosch: How do you mean? Have you many different kinds?

Mephistopheles: You can all take your choice.

Frosch: Well! If I may choose, I'll have a Rhine wine. The best wines in the world come from the Rhine.

Mephistopheles: (*bores a hole into the edge of the table in front of Frosch*) Get me some

wax to stop the flow.

Altmayer: Ah, that's just a magician's trick!

Mephistopheles: (*To Brander*) And for you?

Brander: Champagne for me, and make it sparkle.

[Mephistopheles bores holes around the table; one of the others has meanwhile made wax stoppers and started plugging the holes.]

Siebel: I must confess, I never liked it sour. Give me something sweet and mellow.

Mephistopheles: In a moment, Tokay shall flow for you.

Altmayer: Hey, wait! This is going too far. You're making fools of us.

Mephistopheles: Come, come. Would we risk making fools of such high-minded and noble guests? Come along now, what's your choice? What wine may I give you?

Altmayer: Whatever you like. Only hurry up about it.

[Mephistopheles bores. One of them in the meanwhile has collected the wax. After all the holes have been stopped Mephistopheles, intones with strange gestures]

Mephistopheles: The vine bears grapes, the billy goat horns. Wine is a luscious liquid. The vine is solid wood. The table made of wood can also produce wine.

[The incantation now ended, He looks smilingly at the four men.]

Here you have a deep glance into nature. Here you see a miracle. Have faith, believe! Now remove the stoppers.

[The four men, hypnotized into faith, remove the stoppers, holding their goblets in position.]

All: Oh wonderful fountain. You flow for me.

Mephistopheles: Be careful not to spill a single drop.

All: Delicious. The best wine I've ever drunk. Amazing. Flow on, fountain of wine. We're as happy as cannibals. As happy as five hundred hogs.

Mephistopheles: The people are free. Look how they're enjoying themselves.

Faust: Get me out of here!

Mephistopheles: In a few moments. You haven't yet seen the climax of their bestiality.

[Siebel in his anxiety to drink as much as possible before the fountain ceases to flow, begins pouring the contents of his goblet down his throat. Brander, concentrating on his own drinking, knocks against Siebel, and the contents of Siebel's goblet spill all over his face and the floor. He leaps aside, shouting.]

Siebel: Help! Fire! I'm burning in Hellfire!

Mephistopheles: Out—friendly flame. That was only a very low-grade flame from purgatory.

Siebel: What's the meaning of this? You don't seem to know the kind of fellows we are? You'll pay dearly for this.

Frosch: You'd better not try any of your tricks again.

Altmayer: I think we might ask him to leave—quietly.

Siebel: How dare you, sir, how dare you play your tricks on us.

Mephistopheles: Shut up, you tub of wine.

Siebel: Broomstick!

Brander: Just wait, we'll knock you black and blue.

Altmayer: Fire! I'm on fire—I'm on fire!

Siebel: It's magic! Witchcraft. Get out your knives. Knife the outlaw.

[The others draw their knives and move closer to Mephistopheles, who raises his right arm. They stop dead.]

Mephistopheles: Illusion, release these eyes from error! Mark how the devil plays his game!

[He disappears with Faust. The students scatter.]

Siebel: What happened?

Altmayer: I don't understand.

Frosch: It was your nose—the grapes—

Brander: The vineyard and the grapes. I held a bunch of grapes in my hand—

Altmayer: I'm going to faint. Someone get me a chair.

Frosch: Someone tell me—what happened—?

Siebel: Where is the villain? I'll beat the life out of him.

Altmayer: I saw him—just now, when I thought I was going to faint—he was riding away on a barrel. Some wine. Give me some wine. Is the wine still flowing from the table—?

Siebel: The whole thing was a cheating, lying illusion.

Frosch: But I'm sure I was drinking wine—wonderful wine.

Brander: And the grapes—What about the grapes—?

Altmayer: Now tell me that we mustn't believe in miracles!

[*The lights fade quickly.*] (20)

END OF SCENE FOUR

SCENE FIVE

THE WITCH'S KITCHEN. *A great cauldron stands on the fire over a low hearth. Various grotesque figures can be seen through the rising smoke. A female ape sits by the cauldron, stirring it. A male ape with his young ones sits nearby. Walls and ceilings are decorated with bizarre household implements.*

Faust: This magic paraphernalia disgusts me. Are you sure I can find a cure in all this mayhem? Do I have to ask an old hag for help? Can all these filthy concoctions make me feel and look thirty years younger? It's a great pity you can't find a better way. I don't really believe in this sort of thing. Hasn't some high-minded person working with Nature discovered a better way?

Mephistopheles: My friend—that's the first sensible question you've asked. Nature has provided a way of restoring youth, but that's a whole other thing—a strange and wonderful thing!

Faust: I'd like to know it.

Mephistopheles: Very well! It costs nothing—requires no medicines and no sorcery. Just take yourself into the field outside. Start hacking and digging. Devote your life and your thoughts to hacking and digging! Eat only the food you grow. Live among the animals as one of them. Return to the field as manure whatever you take from it. That's the way to make yourself young again—and to keep yourself young until you are eighty.

Faust: I'm not used to that kind of life. I'd never get used to it.

Mephistopheles: Exactly. The alternative is magic.

Faust: But why the old woman? Can't you brew the drink yourself?

Mephistopheles: That would be a pretty pastime for me! Only time gives potency to the delicate fermentation. The devil certainly taught her, but the devil can't brew the stuff himself. (*Turning to the ape*). I presume your mistress is not at home.

Ape: Slipped away to carouse, flew from the house, out through the chimney.

Mephistopheles: And when do her carouses usually end?

Ape: Enough time. When our paws feel warm and cozy.

[*Mephistopheles picks up the broom and sits. Faust is gazing into a mirror—a faint glow discloses a nude figure.* (21)]

Faust: I see a form of boundless beauty reflected in this magic glass.

[*He moves nearer, the light on the image fades.*]

[*He steps back and the image again appears.*]

Is it possible that a woman could be so beautiful? I see all the beauty in the heavens reflected in her lovely, graceful form. Such beauty can surely not exist on earth!

Mephistopheles: Do you imagine that after a god has slaved for six days the result would be anything but highly satisfactory! For the time being, feast your eyes on the shadow. I know where to find the substance, an adorable creature!

[*Faust glances at him, then looks back at the image.*]

He'd be a lucky man who could pass his wedding night with her.

[*Mephistopheles, still sitting, raises the broom like a scepter.*]

Ah me!—Here I sit, like a king on his throne, with my sceptre—only a crown is missing.

Animals: (*who until now have been moving about in all kinds of curious ways, bring Mephistopheles a crown, chattering and shrieking*). Oh, be a clown and paste the crown with blood and sweat.

[*Faust in front of the mirror*]

Faust: This will drive me crazy.

[Mephistopheles, *pointing to the animals*].

Mephistopheles: My own head is reeling.

Monkey: Stick it together ... Stick it with sweat ... Stick it with blood.

[Faust *turns passionately to Mephistopheles. The image fades.*

Faust: Let's get out of here—quickly.

Witch: Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Damned beast! Dirty swine! You've neglected the pot, scorched my butt. You filthy beast. (*She notices Faust and Mephistopheles*) What's this? Who are you? What do you want? How did you get in? Fire and flame consume your frame.

[The Witch *makes a gesture to fling fire at Mephistopheles. Mephistopheles sweeps the bottles and glass from the table on to the floor. The Witch steps back with a cry of rage.*

Mephistopheles: Bang! Crash! That's my answer, you bag of jingling bones! And that's only child's play. Don't you know who I am? You hag! You abomination! You don't recognize your lord and master? I shouldn't be so good natured about it. I should smash you in pieces—you and your horde of monkeys. Have you no more respect for the red cloak? Can't you even recognize the feather in my hat? Have I hidden my face? Do you expect me to tell you my name?

Witch: Forgive my rude greeting, master! But I can't see your cloven hoof, and your two ravens – where are they?

Mephistopheles: This once I won't punish you, for it's been a long time since we've seen each other. And the world is now a cultured place, and the devil has evolved to keep pace. The Nordic spirit is totally out of date, he's shed his horns, and tail, and crooked fingers. As for the hoof, I really can't get along without it, but since the sight of that would prejudice me with the people, for several years I've disguised it—like many young gentlemen!

Witch (*dancing*): I'm shrieking with glee to see my Squire Satan here again.

Mephistopheles: That name, hag, is not permitted.

Witch: Why? Why? Why shouldn't I call you by your name?

Mephistopheles: That's now a name for fables and fairy tales. Man has relegated the—Evil One—to his books of fables and tales of make-believe. People are as miserable as ever; the Evil One is gone, the evil ones remain. You can call me baron for now. I am a nobleman—like any other nobleman.

Witch: (*Laughing*) That's my little devil! Same old rascal.

Mephistopheles: (*To Faust*) That, my friend, is how we deal with witches.

Witch: Now—gentlemen—what can I do for you?

Mephistopheles: Get me a glass of your famous brew. But please, the strongest and oldest you can find.

Witch: With pleasure! Here ... Sometimes I sip from this myself—now and then—only now and then. The stink has gone from it completely. I'll gladly let you have a whole glassful. (*Softly*) If this man drinks without preparation—you know quite well—he won't live an hour.

Mephistopheles: He's a good friend of mine. He'll thrive on it. Go on, complete your circle ... Make your speech, and fill the glass, right up to the brim.

[The Witch, *collecting from the floor, bones, skulls and a number of unidentifiable objects, places them in a circle around Faust, who backs away in disgust.*

Faust: No-no ... What good do you think can come of all this? I've seen it all before, and I loathe and despise it.

Mephistopheles: Nonsense, you ought to know that the hocus-pocus isn't to be treated seriously. Laugh it off. Doctors are always expected to perform some hocus-pocus.

[The Witch *reads from her book.*

Witch: Learn then—

From one make ten,
And two you take
Three equal make
So you'll be rich
Four you can bitch
From five and six,
Says the witch,
Make seven and eight.
So it is straight
And nine is one
And ten is none
That is the witches' one times one.

Faust: I think the witch is raving mad.

Mephistopheles: You've barely heard the half of it. I know the whole book very well. I've wasted many an hour studying it. A perfect contradiction is as mysterious to a wise

man as to a fool. My friend, this art—this skill in devising a perfect contradiction—is old and new. Three in One—One in Three. That has been the means of spreading error instead of truth all through the ages. People preach and teach it everywhere—without fear of contradiction. Who listens to such fools? Since Man hears only words, he usually assumes the words must also express some thought.

Witch: The force terrific
Of learning scientific
Is hidden from Mankind.
He who shuts his mind
Will the answer find
And leave doubts behind. (22)

Faust: What kind of nonsense is she reciting now? I'll get a splitting headache if I go on listening to this crazy chatter.

Mephistopheles: Enough! Enough! Fill the glass up. My friend will suffer no ill effects. He is a man who has many degrees—a man of great knowledge and experience. He has swallowed a great deal in his time.

[The Witch *ceremoniously hands Faust the glass. He hesitates—as it reaches his lips—we can almost hear the “whispering voices.”*

Drink it down quickly. Every drop. You'll feel a lightness around your heart right away. You are hand in glove with the Devil.—There's no need to be nervous of a fiery brew.

[Faust *swallows the contents of the goblet—in one long draught.*

Witch: May the little draught do you much good.

Mephistopheles: Now we must hurry. You dare not rest. (*To the witch*) If I can be of any service to you, you have only to mention it to me on Walpurgis Night. (*To Faust*) Come along—quickly. Place yourself in my hands, and soon you will be overjoyed to feel the stirring of Cupid's darts.

Faust: Let me have one more quick look in the mirror—at that lovely image.

Mephistopheles: No—No! Wait and you will see the paragon of women—in the flesh.

[Faust *straightens himself—smiles—looks younger—and walks briskly out of the circle, straight to the opening.*

With that drink inside you, you will soon see in every woman—Beauty Incarnate.

[The Witch *chuckles, Mephistopheles follows Faust. The lights fade. The Curtain falls.*

END OF SCENE FIVE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

A STREET.

[After a moment, Margaret, carrying her Bible, comes out of the church.]

Faust: (23) Beautiful lady, may I offer you my arm to escort you wherever you are going
—

Margaret: I am neither a lady, nor beautiful, and I know my way home.

[Margaret goes out.]

Faust: By heaven—that child is lovely. Unspoiled, modest and virtuous—just a little pert. I shall never forget her gentle, demure expression—the charming blush on her cheeks ... Even the way she put me in my place was quite enchanting.

[Enter Mephistopheles.]

That girl! You must get her for me.

Mephistopheles: Oh! Which girl?

Faust: She just walked past—there—!

Mephistopheles: Oh! That girl! She has just received absolution. I was near the confessional. The poor little innocent had nothing to confess. I have no power over her.

Faust: But she's past fourteen already.

Mephistopheles: Really! You talk like a libertine who imagines that any sweet flower he covets can be plucked just like that—! But there are times when that's not the case.

Faust: My worthy teacher, don't give me any sermons. Unless that lovely creature lies in my arms tonight our pact comes to an end; you and I will be quits at midnight.

Mephistopheles: Don't ask for the impossible. I have to wait for an opportunity. I need at least two weeks or more.

Faust: If I had seven hours alone with a girl like that, I wouldn't need the Devil's help to seduce her.

Mephistopheles: You're talking almost like a Frenchman now. There's no need to get

upset. Why all this hurry? Your enjoyment will be much greater if you delay the moment of consummation until you have molded and shaped the model to your liking.

Faust: My desire is strong enough already. There's no need for any molding or shaping.

Mephistopheles: No, seriously. You can't hurry matters with an innocent child like that. You won't succeed if you try to gain your ends by direct assault. You must approach the problem with cunning and strategy.

Faust: Get me something that belongs to the sweet angel. A kerchief that has touched her breast. I can press it to my lips, my heart, and give vent to my ardor. Take me to her home.

Mephistopheles: To prove that I'd like to ease the torment of your desire, I will take you there at once, into the room where she sleeps.

Faust: And I shall see her? Make love to her?

Mephistopheles: No. She will have gone to visit a neighbor. You will be able to sit alone in the room in which she has breathed and slept. You may absorb the atmosphere and sate yourself on the thrilling anticipation of joys to come.

Faust: Let's go now.

Mephistopheles: It's too early.

Faust: Well—find me a present to take her.

Mephistopheles: Presents already! Splendid! That's the right approach. I'll go have a look at my valuable collections of jewelry which have remained buried and unused for such a long time—

[The lights fade.]

[The lights fade in on Margaret's room.]

[Enter Mephistopheles.]

Mephistopheles: Come in—quietly. Come on in.

[Enter Faust.]

Faust: Please—leave me alone.

Mephistopheles: *(looking around)* Not every young lady keeps her room as neat and tidy as this.

[*Exit Mephistopheles.*

Faust: Welcome sweet twilight filling this holy place with your gentle glow. Oh, sweet torment of love, take possession of my heart; sweet torment that lives, stimulated by my languishing hope! Peace, order, and contentment permeate the room! Riches in poverty! Heavenly bliss in a prison cell. (*Sits down*) How often have her father and grandfather sat in this chair— in joy or sorrow? Oh, my dearest girl—I can feel your orderly and generous spirit whispering around me. The same spirit which every day guides you in your household duties; that prompts you to spread the cloth on your table—so tidily; and with your dear hands to sprinkle sand on the floor. Your divine hands! You have transformed this cottage into the whole kingdom of heaven. And here! (*He lifts a bed curtain*) What raptures come over me! Here I could while away the sweetest hours! Oh, Nature! Here you shaped in airy dreams your very own angelic child. Here the child lay, breathing, alive, growing, and here, on Nature's looms was fashioned the semblance of divinity.

(*Addressing himself*) And you! What brought you here? How deeply you are moved? What do you want here? You feel so heavy and out of place? ⁽²⁴⁾ Wretched Faust! Who are you anyway? Is there some enchantment in this air—? I was impatient to satisfy my lust and now my lust has given way to gentle dreams of purest love! Does a man's emotion change and drift with the changing pressure of the air? And if she came in at this moment, how would you beg forgiveness for your offence? The insolent braggart—the great nobleman—would crumple up, and lie at her feet—humble and silent.

[*Mephistopheles enters, carrying an ebony jewel box.*

Mephistopheles: Quickly. I see her coming.

Faust: I must get away. I'll never come back.

Mephistopheles: I found this jewel box, not very heavy, which I acquired somewhere or other. Slow down, and put it in the wardrobe there. She'll be overjoyed to find it. I put a few trinkets inside which were meant for someone else. After all, girls will be girls—and they do like their little fun.

Faust: I don't know if I ought to leave this?

Mephistopheles: Are you proposing to keep it yourself? Then I advise you not to spend another day in lustful yearning—and spare me any further trouble. I assume you are not greedy for trinkets like these! Ah me—I scratch my head—and rub my hands.

[*Mephistopheles takes the box from Faust and places it in a drawer.*

Now we must hurry. But look at you—after all this trouble to bend the sweet child to your will; to secure the desire of your—heart, you might be in a lecture room, grappling with some cold and dull problem in physics or metaphysics. Enough of this—Come.

[They *disappear*.

[*Enter* Margaret.

Margaret: I'd give a lot to know who that gentleman was. He was very handsome, and must surely be a nobleman. I guessed that from his noble brow—and anyway, only a nobleman could have been so impudent. It's very sultry in here—and yet, not at all warm outside. I wish my mother were back ... Why am I so nervous tonight? O dear—I'm trembling all over.

[She *finds the box*.

How did this beautiful box get in here? I wonder what's in it? Here is the key—I have a good mind to open it. Oh God! Jewels ... I've never seen such jewels like these in my life before. A whole collection of jewels. These could be worn by a queen at a great festival! I wonder how I would look wearing this chain. Oh—! Oh—! Who could own all these magnificent things? If only the earrings were mine! How different they make me look—! Beauty and youth alone don't mean much. Of course, it's good to be pretty and young, but after a little while people don't even notice that you're pretty and young. They're just sorry for you. In the end it's gold that counts ... Everything in the end depends on gold. Oh dear—we poor people!

[*The lights fade on* Margaret.

[*The lights fade in on* A Street. Faust *stands in deep thought*.

[*Enter* Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles: By all despised love—! By the fires of Hell—! By—By—I wish I knew something worse to swear by!

Faust: What's the matter—! Are you in pain? The expression on your face! I've never seen anything like it in my life.

Mephistopheles: I'd give myself to the Devil without a moment's hesitation—if only I weren't the Devil myself.

Faust: Are you going insane? It suits you—raving like a madman.

Mephistopheles: A priest has sneaked off with the jewels I provided for Gretchen—Just think of it ... A priest! Her mother discovered them and suspected the worst. That woman can smell if a thing is holy or profane. Every piece of furniture ... sniff! Every prayer book ... sniff! She sniffed out the jewels in a moment. "My child," she screamed, "Unrighteous wealth is bad for the soul and saps up the blood. We will consecrate them to the Mother of God. She will shower blessings on us in return." Poor Gretchen looked pained and thought beggars shouldn't examine their gifts too closely. Anyway, the man who brought such a handsome gift could hardly be godless! Her mother sent for a priest.

“You were right to send for me. He who triumphs over temptation gains most in the end. The Church has a good stomach. She has swallowed whole countries and has never yet had indigestion. My good woman, the Church alone can digest unrighteous wealth.” With that he swept the brooches, chains, and rings—into his pouch—thanked them as if for a basketful of nuts, promised them great heavenly reward and left them much edified.

Faust: And Gretchen?

Mephistopheles: Gretchen is restless. Now she doesn’t know what she wants—or what to do. She can’t stop thinking of the ... trinkets—and of the man who left them for her.

Faust: Get her another collection immediately. The first one wasn’t that great anyway.

Mephistopheles: Get her another collection! The first one wasn’t that great! It’s all child’s play to the gentleman!

Faust: Maybe—but you’ll do as I say. And hang around that neighbor of hers. No nonsense. Just bring another collection of jewelry.

Mephistopheles: Most noble sir—at your service!

[Exit Faust.

So a lovesick fool will burn up the air and blot out the sun and moon and all the stars for the amusement of his little darling!

[The lights fade.

END OF SCENE ONE

SCENE TWO

Martha’s ROOM.

Martha: God forgive my dear husband. He hasn’t treated me at all well. Leaving me alone in this poverty, and travelling all over the world. I was never really a trouble to him. God knows how much I loved him. He might even be dead—and the trouble is—I may never be able to register his death.

[Enter Margaret.

Margaret: Martha!

Martha: Gretchen! What’s happened—?

Margaret: I’m so frightened. Look—I found another ebony box—just like the first one.

Only the jewels are more beautiful—much more costly.

[Martha *looks at the jewels in the box.*

Martha: You mustn't tell your mother about these. She'd hand them over to the priest again.

Margaret: Just look ... Oh—oh ... Look at this!

Martha: You lucky girl.

Margaret: I won't be able to wear them in the street—or in church.

Martha: You can put them on here—and walk about in front of the mirror. We will enjoy them. And whenever there's a chance, on holidays, you'll go out—wearing one piece at a time—first the necklace—then the pearl earrings—then—your mother won't notice. And if she does, well, we'll invent some explanation.

Margaret: Who could possibly have brought me two jewel boxes—? There's something very strange about it.

[*A knock.*

Oh God! That's my mother—

Martha: No—it's a stranger. A gentleman. Come in.

[*Enter Mephistopheles.*

Mephistopheles: I beg your pardon—ladies! I am looking for a Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein.

Martha: That's me.

Mephistopheles: Now I have met you—I won't disturb you while you have so distinguished a visitor. Please forgive the liberty. I'll come back again this afternoon.

Martha: The gentleman thinks you are a great lady—just think of that ...

Margaret: The gentleman is too kind. I'm just a poor and simple person. These jewels are not mine.

Mephistopheles: It's not only the jewels—! She has poise and dignity ... a penetrating glance! It's very kind of you to allow me to stay.

Martha: You have some news for me? Please tell me—

Mephistopheles: Forgive me—I would like it to have been happy news ... Your husband

is dead and sends you his greetings.

Martha: Dead ... My dear husband ... Oh—oh! My husband is dead!

Margaret: Dear Martha—! Don't—don't—Martha!

Martha: Let me die too!

Mephistopheles: Would you like me to tell you the sad story?

Margaret: Don't ... Martha ... dear Martha—I hope I shall never love—I would die of grief if I loved—and lost my love.

Mephistopheles: There is no joy without sorrow—no sorrow without joy.

Martha: Tell me ... How did he die?

Mephistopheles: He is buried in Padua. Near the holy St. Anthony—a cool and consecrated spot for an eternal resting place.

Martha: Have you nothing else to tell me?

Mephistopheles: Yes. A most important request. He wanted you to be sure to have three hundred Masses sung for him. Nothing else.

Martha: Nothing? Nothing belonging to him—? No little piece of jewelry—or a coin—?

Mephistopheles: Madam—I'm very sorry! I assure you he did not squander his money. Also, he repented his sins—and bewailed his bad luck.

Margaret: I'll pray for him. Poor—poor unlucky man.

Mephistopheles: You are very kind. A young lady worthy of any man's love. You should get married.

Margaret: Oh no—! I can't marry—not for a long time.

Mephistopheles: No? Love is one of heaven's greatest gifts. If you cannot have a husband—then in the meanwhile, why not a lover?

Margaret: It's not the custom in this country.

Mephistopheles: Custom or not ... it just happens.

Martha: Please—tell me—how he died.

Mephistopheles: I was at his deathbed. Not much better than a dung heap. On a bed of filthy straw he died like a Christian and so paid his debt to heaven. He cried out ... "How

I must despise myself ... I who ran away from my work and deserted my wife! The thought of it kills me! If she could only forgive me before I die.”

Martha: My dear good husband. I forgave him long ago.

[Mephistopheles *continues, ignoring the interruption.*

Mephistopheles: “But God knows—how much more she was to blame than I.”

Martha: That was a lie! How could he lie on his deathbed?

Mephistopheles: If I’m anything of a judge ... he lied with his last breath. “What time did I have for pleasure—? I was a slave to my wife and children ... Not even allowed to eat my food in peace.”

Martha: Did he forget all my loyalty—all my love—all my drudgery—day and night?

Mephistopheles: If I were in your position, I should go into mourning for one chaste year—but keep your eyes open for—someone to replace him.

Martha: Oh God! However bad he was, I won’t easily find another as good, not in this world. Such a dear, kind-hearted fool. Although he loved roaming round the world, and foreign women and foreign wine—and the cursed gambling.

Mephistopheles: Well—well ... All that would have been highly satisfactory—if he’d allowed you to travel the same road. I swear to you, on those conditions—I’d exchange rings with you myself.

Martha: It pleases you to joke—Sir—!

Mephistopheles: (*to Margaret*) How do things stand with your heart?

Margaret: I don’t know what you mean by that.

Mephistopheles: The dear innocent! Good-day ladies.

Margaret: Good-day!

Martha: Before you go—I’d like to have a signed certificate of my dear husband’s death. I’ve always been a very methodical person. I’d also like to announce his death in the paper.

Mephistopheles: Certainly, dear lady. Two witnesses will be necessary. A statement made by two witnesses is accepted as the truth everywhere. My companion—a very distinguished gentleman—will go with us to testify before the judge. I’ll bring him here.

Martha: You won’t forget!

Mephistopheles: The young lady will still be here? He is such a handsome fellow! A great traveler and a great favorite with the ladies.

Margaret: I blush and stammer in the presence of young gentlemen.

Mephistopheles: You don't need to be shy before any king on earth.

Martha: We'll be waiting to-night, for you both, in my garden behind the house.

[The lights fade on Martha's ROOM.]

[The lights fade in on THE GARDEN. Margaret and Faust enter, talking.]

Margaret: Although we only have a small house, there's a lot of work. We have no servant.

[She sits on the bench.]

I cook, knit, sew, and keep going from morning 'till night. My mother is very particular and she likes to save money ... more than she needs to. My father left us a little money and a small house and garden just outside the town. But now there isn't quite so much to do, because my brother is away—he's a soldier. And my little sister is dead. I looked after her—I loved her very much. She was born after my father died—my mother nearly died too—she was ill for a long time. That's why I had to take charge of the baby—feed her with milk and water ... She became my baby. She grew in my arms, happy and strong.

[Faust sits beside her.]

Faust: You have experienced the purest and truest happiness.

Margaret: Yes. I've also spent many hard and anxious hours. The baby slept in a cradle in my room. Her slightest movement woke me. Then I had to give her a drink, take her into my bed, or jump out of bed and walk her up and down to keep her quiet. Then early in the morning I used to bathe her. Then every morning to the market and back home to do the cooking. Every day the same. You see, sir, things are not always easy ... one can't always be cheerful ... I know very well that my poor talk can't interest a man of your experience.

Faust: A glance, a word from you gives me greater pleasure than all the wisdom in the world.

[He takes her hand and kisses it.]

Margaret: Oh, please! How can you kiss my hand?! The kind of work I have to do has made it rough and coarse. My mother is very exacting ... It's so easy for you to be polite. But you must have many friends who are wiser than me.

Faust: Believe me, what people call wisdom is often no more than vanity and narrow-mindedness.

Margaret: Really?

Faust: The simple and innocent of heart never know their worth; never recognize that their simplicity and humility are kindly Nature's highest gifts ... Nature dispenses bounteous ...

Margaret: No, please, don't go on. Just think of me once in a while. I'll have plenty of time to think of you.

Faust: And you've forgiven my impudence this morning—outside the church?

Margaret: Something like that never happened to me before. I was confused. I wondered whether you had seen anything bold or unmaidenly in my behavior—to make you think you could approach me ... well ... in so off-hand a manner. Yet, I confess, my heart gave a pleasant flutter ... I liked you right away. But I was very angry with myself for not being angry with you.

[Margaret *has picked a flower and now begins to pluck the petals.*

Faust: Why are you doing that?

Margaret: It's only a game ...

Faust: A game?

Margaret: You'll only laugh at me! ... "He loves me, He loves me not" ...

Faust: My sweetest angel!

Margaret: "Loves me, loves me not, loves me ... not ... He loves me."

Faust: Yes, my child. Let the message of the flower be like a voice from heaven to you. He loves you. Do you understand what that means? He loves you.

[She *looks into his eyes.* He *takes both her hands in his.*

Margaret: I'm frightened.

Faust: No—! Don't be frightened—don't tremble. Doesn't the touch of my hand say the un-sayable, doesn't it say we could surrender ourselves completely ... and experience a joy which must last forever?

[Mephistopheles *appears.* Margaret, *conscious of his presence, runs from Faust, who quickly follows.* Martha *joins* Mephistopheles.

Martha: And you, sir. You are always travelling?

Mephistopheles: Alas! Business and duty compel us always to be on the move. Sometimes it's very painful to drag oneself away ... And yet so it must be. We can't stay.

Martha: It's all very well to roam freely all over the world in the wild days of youth. But then the evil day comes ... and for a man to crawl to the grave, a lonely old bachelor—that's never a good thing for any man.

Mephistopheles: I shudder in anticipation of such a fate.

Martha: It's not easy to convert a confirmed old bachelor.

Mephistopheles: A woman like you might succeed!

Martha: Tell me, sir. Have you never found anyone you could ... have you never been attracted ... Your heart ...?

Mephistopheles: There is a proverb which says, "A hearth of one's own—a good wife—are worth more than pearls and gold."

Martha: I mean—have you never thought ... have you never met ...?

Mephistopheles: Everywhere I have met people who have treated me with the utmost courtesy.

Martha: I meant—your heart—has your heart never been seriously affected ...?

Mephistopheles: I never venture to joke with ladies.

Martha: Oh ... you don't understand me!

Mephistopheles: For that I'm deeply sorry. But I do understand—that you are—most kind. It's getting late ... we ought to be going.

Martha: I would ask you to stay longer—but this is a very dangerous garden. People have nothing better to do than spy on their neighbors. One gets talked about—everything one does is gossiped about. And the young couple—where have they gone?

Mephistopheles: The butterflies have flown.

Martha: He seems to be attracted to her.

Mephistopheles: And she to him. So it goes.

[Margaret *enters the Summer House.*

Margaret: He comes ...

[Faust *follows her in.*

Faust: Now I have caught you!

Margaret: Oh ... best of men! I love you with all my heart.

Mephistopheles: Ahem!

Faust: Who's there?

Mephistopheles: A friend.

Faust: A brute ...

[Mephistopheles *speaking to* Faust —

Mephistopheles: I think it's time to say goodbye.

Faust: May I see you home?

Margaret: My mother would ... Good-night.

Faust: I must really go? Good-night.

Martha: Goodbye.

Margaret: Until we meet again—

[Faust *and* Mephistopheles *go out.*

Dear God. A man like that can think and talk of so many things. I'm ashamed in his presence—and say yes to everything. I'm such a poor foolish girl. I can't understand what he sees in me.

[*The lights fade.*

END OF SCENE TWO SCENE THREE

FOREST AND CAVE. Faust *is seen in solitary contemplation.*

Faust: Sublime Spirit! You gave me everything I longed for. It was not in vain that you appeared to me in the flame. You gave me glorious Nature for my kingdom; and the power to perceive and enjoy my kingdom. You've allowed me to gaze deeply into her heart, and not merely with cold superficial glances. You have brought the full range of living things before me, and taught me to know my brothers in the silent woods, in the air, and in the water. And when the storm rages and the hillside thunders with great pines

uprooted and bearing down on their neighbors, then—oh, sublime Spirit of the Earth, you lead me to the safety of some cave and there reveal me to myself. And the deep, secret wonders of my being are laid bare. Then the clear moon rises and from the walls of rock and the moist bushes hazy images of the past rise and float around me. They temper the stern delight of contemplation. Now I know that Man can never attain perfection.

[A red glow faintly discloses Mephistopheles below.]

With all this joy—drawing me closer and closer to the gods, you gave me the menacing companion whom I can no longer do without. His cold insolence degrades me in my own eyes. With a single whispered word he can turn all your gifts to nothing. So he would have me reel from desire to gratification and in gratification languish for desire.

Mephistopheles: Haven't you had enough of this kind of life? How can you find pleasure in your own company for any length of time? Now and then, of course, that's all right, but then you must move on to something different.

Faust: I wish you had something better to do than plague me when I am content.

Mephistopheles: Well—well! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure. I assure you to lose an ungracious, peevish, and crazy companion is no great loss. I have my hands full the whole day! I can never discover from the gentleman's face what I should do or leave undone.

Faust: That's exactly as it should be. You expect thanks for boring me.

Mephistopheles: You poor mortal! What would have become of you without me? You would have continued to wallow in the confused nonsense of your imagination. I have saved you from that, for some time to come, and had it not been for me, you would have already done away with yourself. Now what do you think you're doing sitting around like an owl in caves and on rocky ledges? How can you draw sustenance from saturated moss and rocks—like a toad? A delightful pastime! A sweet occupation! Fit only for a learned Doctor—!

Faust: Don't you understand what a sense of exhilaration and power this wandering in the wilderness gives me? Yes, if you could even vaguely guess, you would be Devil enough to envy me my happiness.

Mephistopheles: A supernatural happiness! To lie enveloped in the dewy night on a mountain rock and blissfully embrace the earth and heaven! To make yourself think you're a god! To turn the whole world inside out for confirmation of your prophetic impulse! In your presumptuous arrogance to feel yourself at one with the whole six days' work of creation. To enjoy ... something ... What ... I don't know! This merging ecstatically into the All? And the man—the human being—vanished. And then—how does this high and mighty visionary experience end—I ⁽²⁶⁾ She is not lying in your arms!

Faust: Shame!

Mephistopheles: You don't like that! It is right and proper that you should cry "Shame." One ought not to mention in the presence of the chaste and pure that which the chaste and pure can't renounce. In short, I don't grudge you the pleasure of deceiving yourself, when the occasion requires it. But you won't be able to keep it up for long. You're already exhausted, and if you go on like this, you'll lash yourself into a state of frenzied anguish and remorse.

Enough of this! Your darling is sitting all alone ... becoming more and more depressed. She can't stop thinking about you. She is overwhelmed with love for you. First, your passion overflowed like a torrent of melting ice; it engulfed her; now the stream is shallow. I think, instead of just sitting enthroned in the forest, your majesty might find it good to reward the young monkey for her love. The days seem miserably long to her. She just stands gazing out of the window, watching the clouds drifting past over the old walls of the town. For a few moments she is quite cheerful, but more often she is sad and depressed. Some of the time she cries until she can't cry anymore, and then she seems to be calm and at peace. But all the time, she's sick with love and longing for you.

[Faust, *never looking at Mephistopheles, hisses the words—*

Faust: Serpent—serpent—

Mephistopheles: Correct! That's how I ensnare you!

Faust: Reprobate! Get away from me—and don't mention that lovely woman. I'm already almost distracted—don't set fire again to the smoldering flame of my desire for her lovely body.

Mephistopheles: What will happen to her? She thinks you have deserted her! And in a way, that's exactly what you have done.

Faust: I am near her. Wherever I am, I can't forget her. I can't lose her. Yes ... I even envy the Cross when her lips touch it. ⁽²⁷⁾

Mephistopheles: Good—that's good! And I have often envied you the feel of her soft fragrant breasts.

Faust: Get away—you pimp!

Mephistopheles: Wonderful! You rage and I laugh. The God who created male and female also recognized the noble profession of—the one who creates the opportunity. What a tragedy! You're going to your darling's bedroom, not to your death!

Faust: What is the divine ecstasy I can experience in her arms? Let the warmth of her body bring me back to life. My need is the same as hers. Am I not a homeless fugitive?

A monster without aim ... never at peace; like a cataract crashing from rock to rock, with devouring fury, towards the abyss. And she—in her cottage on the mountain slope, confining all her thoughts and cares to her homely duties—her own little world—an unawakened child. I am cursed—with God's hate! It was not enough for me to grasp and shatter the rocks into fragments! I had to destroy her peace. Hell demands that sacrifice. Help me, Devil—to shorten the period of anguish. Whatever must be, let it happen quickly. Let her fate fall on me, too, and hurl us together down to destruction.

Mephistopheles: How it seethes and burns again! You fool—go—go to her room and comfort her. A blind fool can't see the way out and imagines there is none. He lives who lives dangerously. Up to now your Devil has behaved most fittingly. There is nothing in worse taste than a Devil who gives up in despair.

[The lights fade on Faust and Mephistopheles. At the same time another glow appears and discloses Margaret AT THE SPINNING WHEEL. She is looking out over the Spinning Wheel through the window of her room and expresses, almost in a whisper, the yearnings of her soul.]

Margaret:

My peace is gone
My heart is sore,
Never returning
Oh, never more!

Where he is not
My grave is there,
In all the world
Is just despair!

And my poor head
Is so disturbed,
My poor senses
Are all perturbed!

My peace is gone
My heart is sore,
Never returning
Oh, never more!

At the window
I sit all day,
Only for him
I move away.

His dignified
And noble ways

His smiling mouth
And fearless gaze!

His flow of words
That just bewitch
His gentle hand
And, oh, his kiss!

My peace is gone
My heart is sore,
Never returning
Oh, never more!

My heart cries out
To see him here
Oh, could I clasp
And hold him near,

And kiss and kiss
And never tire
'Till on his kisses
I—expire.

*[The lights fade on Margaret. The lights fade in disclosing Margaret with Faust,
in Martha's GARDEN.]*

Margaret: Tell me, Heinrich—

Faust: Anything I can.

Margaret: What is your religion? You are a really good man, yet I don't think you believe in religion.

Faust: Not that, child—! You know I love you. I would give my life's blood for those I love. I'd never destroy anyone's beliefs or religion.

Margaret: But it's not right. One must believe in the church.

Faust: Must one?

Margaret: Oh, if only I had some influence over you. You don't even honor the Holy Sacraments.

Faust: I do!

Margaret: Yes, without desiring them. It's a long time since you went to mass or confession. Do you believe in God?

Faust: My darling, who dares say—"I believe in God"? Ask any priest or philosopher and his answer will only shirk the question.

Margaret: So you don't believe?

Faust: My sweetest one—don't misunderstand me. Who dares call Him by a name or affirm belief in Him? Who, seeing and feeling, dares deny His existence. The one all-embracing, all-sustaining; embracing, sustaining, you, me Himself. Is not the vast dome of heaven above us? And the firm earth below? And do not the eternal stars with their kindly twinkling appear on high? Do I not gaze into your eyes and feel the All, invisibly—visibly—around your whole being? Around your head and heart it surges in eternal mystery. However great it is, let it fill your heart, and when you are conscious of the blessedness of heaven, call it what you will: Fate, Spirit, Love, God. I have no name for it. The sensation—the feeling is All. The Name is sound and smoke, a cloud obscuring the fire in heaven. (28)

Margaret: That may be all very fine and good; the priest says pretty much the same, but in slightly different words.

Faust: In moments of divine inspiration, every heart, everywhere, says the same thing—in its own way. Why should I not say it, in my way.

Margaret: It sounds all right—when you put it like that, but there's something wrong about it, because you don't believe in the Christian Church.

Faust: Dear child!

Margaret: And for a long time I've been very unhappy about the company I see you in.

Faust: The company?

Margaret: Deep in my soul I hate the man who is always with you. The very sight of him makes me shudder. He is the only person in the whole world for whom I have no kindly feeling.

Faust: There must be some weird people in the world, as well—

[Mephistopheles *is now just visible on the other side of the house.* Margaret *uneasily moves away from* Faust.

Margaret: He has only to come inside the door with his half-enraged, mocking expression, for anyone to see that he has no sympathy with anything. It is written clearly in his face that he cannot love a soul. When your arms are around me, I feel free and happy and can lose myself in you. But when he is with you, my heart just freezes.

Faust: You are a sweet angel—full of misgivings.

Margaret: They are so strong that even his approach makes me feel I don't love you any longer. Besides, when he is here—I can't pray—and that breaks my heart. It must be the same with you, Heinrich. It must be!

Faust: All because you are entirely out of sympathy with him.

Margaret: I must go now.

Faust: Shall I never be able to lie close to you—for one short hour? My heart beating against yours—our souls merging into one.

Margaret: If I only slept alone in the house—I would gladly leave the door unlocked to-night. But my mother is a very light sleeper; if she found us together I should just die.

Faust: My angel, you need have no fear of that. Here is a phial. If you put three drops in her drink, she will fall into a deep and pleasant sleep.

Margaret: There's nothing I would not do for your sake. You're sure it will not harm her?

Faust: Darling—would I suggest it otherwise?

Margaret: My best and dearest man. When I look at you, I have no will of my own. What is it that compels me to do your will—in everything? I have done so much for you already—there's almost nothing left for me to do.

[Margaret *goes out*.

Mephistopheles: So the little monkey has gone?

Faust: You've been spying again!

Mephistopheles: I heard every word. The learned Doctor was soundly catechized. Much good may it do you! Apparently, girls nowadays are very interested to know whether their prospective lovers believe in the ancient, simple creed. They assume if he can be led by the priest, he can also be led by them.

Faust: You can't understand how completely this dear honest soul believes that there is no salvation except through her faith. How she can suffer anguish in the feeling that the man she loves is damned.

Mephistopheles: You super sensualist. This chit of a girl is leading you by the nose.

Faust: You vile abortion of filth and fire!

Mephistopheles: And she has a masterly understanding of physiognomy. "The very sight of him makes me shudder—" In my presence she feels ... something, she doesn't understand. This little mask of mine creates a sense of foreboding. Most assuredly she

feels I am—a man of infinite capacity—perhaps even the Devil himself! Well then—to-night?

Faust: That's no business of yours.

Mephistopheles: Yes, it is—I get my pleasure from it, too.

(Time has passed before the next scene. Faust and Margaret spent the night together and by the time Margaret appears in the next scene, she is pregnant. This important development is not mentioned directly in the play, but is conveyed indirectly in the next scene when Margaret overhears gossip about another girl in the town (Barbara) who has become pregnant out of wedlock.)

[The lights fade quickly. A mournful bell tolls three times. The lights fade in disclosing Lisbeth AT THE WELL. Margaret enters.]

Lisbeth: Have you heard about Barbara?

Margaret: No—! I don't go out very much.

Lisbeth: Sybil told me to-day. It's quite true. At last she's made a fool of herself.

Margaret: In what way?

Lisbeth: Everybody knows. She's feeding two when she eats and drinks.

Margaret: Oh—!

Lisbeth: Serves her right. She's been carrying on long enough with the fellow. Always pushing herself forward—hanging on to him wherever she went. Going to the village with him, dancing, accepting presents, hugging, and kissing. Well, now the virgin flower is lost.

Margaret: Poor thing.

Lisbeth: How can you feel sorry for her? When you and I sat in the evenings at our spinning wheels, with our mothers keeping an eye on us, she was out in the dark, sitting on a bench or walking about with her sweet lover, for hours at a time. Now she can wear the sinner's shirt and do penance in church.

Margaret: Surely he'll marry her!

Lisbeth: He'd be a fool if he did. A smart fellow like that can get along very well without her. He's already left town.

Margaret: That's not fair.

Lisbeth: If she does catch him—she'll have a rough time. The boys will tear off her

bridal wreath and cover her head with straw. Everyone in town will know what she is.

[Lisbeth *goes out*.

Margaret: Whenever a poor girl got herself into trouble in the past, how strongly I would abuse her. I couldn't find words bad enough to name the sins of others. How black they seemed to me. And I was proud and carried my head high. Now I myself have sinned in the same way. Yet, oh God, before my sin everything was so good—so dear!

[*The lights fade. The lights fade in disclosing Margaret kneeling BEFORE THE ALTAR OF THE "MATER DOLOROSA."* She places flowers before the Shrine.

Margaret: Oh, Thou, rich in sorrow. Look down on me graciously in my distress. Thou who lookest up, in agony—a Sword through Thy heart—at Thy Son's death. Thou who lookest up to Thy Father, sighing for Thy Son's and Thy own distress. Who can feel how the pain rages through my whole body? How my poor heart fears, and trembles and yearns? Only Thou canst know, only Thou. Where ever I go the pain stays here—here in my heart! Alas, I am hardly ever alone—my heart cries and cries and cries—it is breaking within me. Alas, I water the flowers before my window with my tears, when I plucked them this morning for Thee. When the sun rose and shone upwards into my room, I was still awake with my misery. Help! Save me from shame and death. Oh, Thou rich in sorrow—look down on me graciously, in my distress.

[*The lights fade.*

END OF SCENE THREE

SCENE FOUR

OUTSIDE MARGARET'S HOUSE. Valentine *enters*.

Valentine: When I used to sit around drinking and listening to the fellows bragging about their sweethearts and loudly toasting their virtues, I would just smile and wait my opportunity. Then I would stroke my beard, raise my glass, and say: "They're good enough in their way, but there isn't a girl in the whole country to equal my Gretchen—none to be compared with my sister." And now—they can all sneer and jeer and insult me as much as they like. I can only sit like a bankrupt debtor, frightened of every casual word. I might hit back, but I can no longer call them liars. But, look, there's someone coming—slinking along! Two men! ⁽²⁹⁾ If it's him, he won't leave here alive.

[He backs into the shadow of Margaret's House as Faust and Mephistopheles appear.

Faust: The glow from the ever-burning taper leaps up through the chancel window—and grows weaker and weaker as it spreads outward into the darkness. Darkness also envelops my heart and mind.

Mephistopheles: As for me, I feel like a languishing tom cat slinking up the fire ladder and prowling around the wall, with the most virtuous intentions; some mild thieving and a spot of lustful love-making. Anticipation of glorious Walpurgis Night is already haunting and thrilling me. *(To Faust)* One more night and the next and it will be glorious Walpurgis Night. Then you shall learn something worth learning—see something worth seeing.

Faust: I don't like going to her without a present.

Mephistopheles: Why should you worry if you can get your enjoyment for nothing? Now that the glowing stars fill the heavens, you shall hear a masterpiece—a most moral song, a song to confuse and delude her more completely. Listen!

[Accompanying himself on a guitar, He sings beneath Margaret's window.]

Pray what are you doing, Katrina,
Before the dawn arises,
Here at your lover's door?
Let it alone, oh, let it alone.
He'll let you in, as a virgin,
But not as a virgin, you'll leave.
Look out for yourself, Katrina!
If the deed is already done
Then good-night little thing,
You poor little thing.
If you love yourself, don't give in to the thief,
Except for a wedding ring.

[Valentine emerges from the shadows, grasps the guitar and flings it away.]

Valentine: What are you doing here? Who are you trying to seduce with your cursed serenade? To the Devil with that thing. *(He smashes the guitar on the ground)*. To the Devil with you.

Mephistopheles: That's the end of my guitar.

Valentine: And this will be the end of you.

[Valentine draws his sword.] (30)

Mephistopheles: *(To Faust)* Out with your sword. On guard, Doctor.

[Faust *and* Mephistopheles *draw their swords.*

Just do as I tell you. I'll parry—you thrust.

Valentine: Parry that—

Mephistopheles: Why not—

Valentine: Now that—

Mephistopheles: With pleasure—

Valentine: I must be fighting the Devil himself—

[*Suddenly Valentine's hand goes limp.*

My hand--! Something has happened to my hand.

[*From the shadows the figure of an Old Woman appears. Catching sight of the fighters, she turns, shouting, "Murder—murder!"*].

Mephistopheles: (*To Faust*) Now let him have it.

[Faust *thrusts home.* Valentine *falls wounded.*

He's done for.

Old Woman: Help! Murder!?

Mephistopheles: Come, we must vanish at once. Someone has already raised an outcry. I'm on good terms with the police, but not so good with the courts of justice.

Old Woman: Help—!

[Faust *and* Mephistopheles *disappear into the darkness as the crowd gathers.* Martha *appears at the window.*

Martha: Help—

[Margaret *looks for a moment through the window, then moves into the house calling to* Martha.

Margaret: There's a crowd gathering.

Martha: Stop the murderers—

Soldier: Stop the murderers—

Elderly Man: The murderer has gone.

Old Woman: There were two of them.

Soldier: They have vanished—vanished—

Old Woman: He's dying. He's dying.

[Martha *enters*. (31)]

Martha: Have the murderers gotten away?

Soldier: They've vanished—vanished—

[Margaret *enters*.]

Margaret: Who is he?

Soldier: Your mother's son.

Old Woman: Valentine—your own brother—!

Margaret: Almighty God—!

[*She stands silent. Then suddenly breaks into a pitiful wail. Valentine, with an effort, raises himself slightly and looks straight at Margaret, who has been joined by Martha.*]

Valentine: I'm dying. I'll soon be dead. Don't stand there wailing and howling. Just listen to me. My Gretchen, you are still young and not yet clever enough. You've done the job badly. I'll give you some confidential advice. Now that you're once and for all time a whore—be a real one.

Margaret: Oh, God. My own brother, to say that to me.

Valentine: Leave God out of this. Alas, what's done is done, and what will follow, will follow. You began with one man—secretly. Other men will follow. And when you've given yourself to a dozen, you'll be there for any man in the town—openly. I swear, I can already see the time will come when every decent man will turn away as you pass, as from a rotting corpse. You whore! When decent people look in your eyes they will flinch, and your heart will cry out in despair. Never again will you be able to wear the cross on a chain around your neck; never again will you stand before the altar; never again will you dance, gaily and happily. For the rest of your life you'll hide yourself in dark wretched corners among beggars and cripples. Even if God forgives you—for the rest of your life in this world, you'll be accursed.

[*His exertion has been too great—exhausted he now sinks back. Margaret is*]

sobbing.

Martha: Instead of spending your last breath in slandering your sister, pray God to have mercy on your soul.

[Valentine speaks with a tremendous effort.]

Valentine: You vile procuress—if I could get my hands on you—then I might hope to find pardon for all my sins.

Margaret: My brother—oh, Valentine—you break my heart—

Valentine: Stop crying. Your dishonor not only broke my heart, but caused my death. In the sleep of death I go to God—a soldier—an honest soldier.

[He dies. The lights fade.]

[The lights fade in disclosing Margaret kneeling in THE CATHEDRAL.]

Evil Spirit: Gretchen! Gretchen! How different it was when you came here to the altar—an innocent child, and read your prayers haltingly, from your well-worn little book. Like a child at play—like a child with God in your heart. Gretchen—what's in your brain? What crime is in your heart? Are you praying for your mother's soul? Your mother who, because of you, has passed into the pain of eternal sleep, whose death is at your door. And deep in your mind are you not already aware of a growing sense of foreboding?

Margaret: Oh, God—if I could only shut out the thoughts which keep coming into my head—accusing me!

Choir:

Dies irae, dies illa,

Solvat Saeculum in favilla! (32)

Evil Spirit: It is the wrath of God! The trumpet is sounding. You can feel and think again. Your mind is awakened to go through fiery torments.

Margaret: If only I could get out of here. The sound of the organ seems to stifle me. The hymn breaks my heart.

Choir:

Judex ergo cum sedebit,

Quidquid latet, adparebit,

Nil inultum remanebit. (33)

Margaret: I can hardly breathe. The walls are pressing in on me. Air! I must have air!

Evil Spirit: Hide yourself! You cannot hide your sin and shame. Air? Light? Woe unto you.

Choir:

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix Justus sit securus? (34)

Evil Spirit: The Celestial Spirits turn away from you. They shudder at giving you aid. Woe—woe unto you—

Margaret: Someone—Please—!

[*She swoons. The lights fade.*]

END OF SCENE FOUR

SCENE FIVE

WALPURGIS NIGHT. THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS. (36) Faust and Mephistopheles appear to be flying through the air. A storm rages. They are breathless.

Faust: How the storm rages. The fierce wind cuts through me like a knife.

Mephistopheles: Hold tightly to the rocky ledges or you'll be hurled down into the abyss. Listen to the trees in the woods, like pillars in an eternal green palace, shivering and crashing.

[*The wind wails, and in the wailing, at first hardly discernible, sounds the chant of female voices.*]

Can you hear the magic chant? It flows from everywhere—above and around us. The frantic ravings of the witches. Louder—nearer—it streams along the whole mountain side.

Witches: The witches are gathering—the witches are scrambling, flying, crowding up on the Brocken—

The witches are crushing on to the Brocken. The stubble is yellow—the young corn is green. The great multitude is assembling. The Devil sits high up in the air. On and on they go—over stocks and stones. The witches and the wizards are on holiday—witches

—wizards—holiday.

First Witch: Which way did you come—

Second Witch: Over the great rock on the Brocken. I peeped into an owl's nest. The owl stared with frightened eyes.

Third Witch: Why are you riding so fast? You'll end up in Hell.

First Witch: She wounded me in passing—wounded me—wounded me.

Four Witches: There's plenty of room for us all—

Eight Witches: Plenty of room. It's a wide road—it's a long road. Don't push—don't push.

Two Witches: A crazy crowd—a crazy crowd—

Two Other Witches: The prongs stab—

Two Other Witches: The broom scratches—

Eight Witches: Stabs—scratches—stabs—scratches—in the crush—in the mad stampede ... stabs—scratches—

Four Witches: The child in the Mother's womb will be stifled.

Four Witches: Burst open—Break in pieces—

[A wave of laughter fills the stage, and the Witches all disappear.]

Four Wizards: We crawl like snails—like snails loaded with their houses.

Four Other Wizards: All the women are ahead—women are ahead ... Always the women are ahead—

Eight Wizards: On the way to the Devil's home—

Four Wizards: On the way to the Devil the women are always ahead—a thousand steps in front—

Four Other Wizards: We don't agree—don't agree. The woman takes a thousand steps—the man takes one. Man goes to the Devil in a single leap—a single leap.

Voices of Four Witches: Come with us—come with us, all you from the lake down there —

Two Wizards (from below): We want to come up—we want to come up—We've washed

and made ourselves ready. However we toil—it's in vain. All our toil is in vain.

Witches and Wizards: The wind is still—stars and moon have disappeared. All is ready—for our holiday—come along—come along—

A Wizard (from below): Wait for me—wait for me—

A Wizard (from below): Who is calling—from the rock below—

A Wizard (from below): Take me with you—take me with you. I've been climbing and climbing for three hundred years, and I can't reach the top. I want to be among people like myself.

Full Chorus:

Ride the broom
Ride the stick
Ride the fork
If you can't rise to the top on
Walpurgis Night
You are lost forever—lost forever—

Mephistopheles: What crowding—jostling—bustling—and clattering. What whizzing—whirling—tugging and chattering. What glittering—sparkling—stinking and burning. They are in their element. Stay close to me—we'll lose each other—

[Mephistopheles *becomes aware that Faust is no longer beside him.*

Where are you—?

[Faust *is just visible—below.*

Faust: Here—

Mephistopheles: What! Have you already been enticed so far away? I must exert my authority among these people. Make way there—make way for the Squire.

[He *seems to float down and, forcing his way through the swirling Witches and Wizards, joins* Faust.

Make way—sweet rabble—make way—! Now, Doctor—hold on to me. With one leap we'll escape from the crowd. They're too crazy even for me. Just over there—by those bushes—there's a strange light. We'll slip over and see what it is. Come—

Faust: You're always hankering for something different. Very well—go on. You can be my guide. (*Ironically*) No doubt it was very clever of you to bring me up here of all places on Walpurgis Night to get away from the crowds.

Mephistopheles: We can never be alone. Look, there's a group around the flame.

Faust: I'd prefer to be right at the top. I can see the swirling smoke—the glow of fires. There the crowds rush onward to meet the forces of Evil; there I could solve many riddles.

Mephistopheles: And discover many more. We can never be alone. I can see some beautiful young witches—dancing almost naked. The older ones very wisely are fully clothed. Now, be friendly, for my sake. It's not so difficult and we'll have a lot of fun. I'll introduce you to some of these people, and you'll be more grateful to me than ever. What do you think of all this, my friend? This dancing, chattering, cooking, drinking, love-making; where can you see a more festive gathering—?

Faust: Are you proposing to introduce yourself as Wizard or Devil?

Mephistopheles: To tell you the truth I usually go about incognito, but on festive occasions like this one I'm obliged to wear my orders—the Cloven Hoof is an honorable symbol around here. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't remain incognito here. But come, we will go among them. I'll be the pimp, and you'll make love.

Peddler Witch: Gentlemen. Don't pass by. Don't miss this opportunity. Look at my wares. I offer a great variety. Nowhere on earth can you find a collection to equal this. Here is a dagger—it has dripped with blood; a goblet—healthy people have been poisoned by drinking from it; trinkets—every one of these has been used to seduce some innocent young woman; swords—that have broken friendships or been used to stab enemies in the back. Every article has been the means of bringing pain and suffering to mankind and evil to the whole world.

Mephistopheles: My dear cousin—you don't understand the way of the modern world. Those relics are no use now—they've had their day. Deal in new technology. Man is only interested in the most cutting-edge technology.

[Faust's *attention is held by the sight of Lilith dancing with an old witch.*

Faust: Who's that?

Mephistopheles: Gaze your fill—she is Lilith.

Faust: Who?

Mephistopheles: Adam's first wife. You must be careful that she doesn't entrap you in her lovely hair. She's famous for her hair. She captures young men with it, and keeps them captive for a long time.

Faust: There's an old witch with her. I've been watching them whirling around furiously —

Mephistopheles: They can't rest to-day. Another dance is beginning. Come on—let's join in—

[Lilith *entices Faust to join her. As They dance He speaks.*

Faust: Once I dreamed a lovely dream—I saw an apple-tree; on it were two beautiful apples gleaming in the sun. They tempted me and I climbed up the tree—

Lilith: After all this time you still crave for those apples—just as you did in Paradise. I'm overjoyed that my garden also bears such fruit.

Mephistopheles: Once I dreamed a bawdy dream—I saw an old tree cleft in two. It had a ... ⁽³⁷⁾ I was quite delighted. I still am.

Old Witch: My respects to the Knight of the Cloven Hoof. If he is not afraid of ... ⁽³⁷⁾
You'd better let him have your ... ⁽³⁷⁾

[She *whispers to Mephistopheles again and shrieks with laughter. A great wave of laughter echoes across the mountains. The Witches and Wizards disappear. Faust sees the pale and ghostly face of Margaret, with a red streak across her throat.*

Faust: Mephisto, ⁽³⁸⁾ do you see that pale, fair child standing there alone? She is shuffling along slowly as if her feet were in chains. She looks like—my good Gretchen.

Mephistopheles: Leave that alone. No purpose will be served by your following. It's an enchanted image—lifeless. A phantom. You must not go near. If any man looks closely into her eyes his blood will run cold. He might easily turn into a block of stone. Haven't you heard of Medusa?

Faust: Her eyes are the eyes of a corpse. Eyes which have remained open, staring, because no loving hand was there to close them. Gretchen! On your breasts I laid my head; that is the sweet body I enjoyed.

Mephistopheles: Enchantment! You can't recognize witchcraft. You poor, deluded fool. She appears to everyone as she appears to you. She is everyone's beloved.

Faust: What joy! What pain! I can't tear myself away from that pitiful gaze. What is that strange red line, as thin as the edge of a knife, around her lovely neck?

Mephistopheles: What is it! I see it too! She can also carry her head under her arm. Perseus cut off that head. I'm afraid you're still hankering after your world of illusion! Come—let's go.

Faust: In misery—in despair!

[*The image of Margaret fades.* (39) *There is a crash of thunder; a moment of darkness and Faust and Mephistopheles are disclosed in AN OPEN SPACE.*

Faust: She's in misery, in despair. All this time she's been wandering about. Now she's in prison. Shut up like a criminal in a dungeon, enduring the most horrible torture. That lovely, ill-fated child. It's come to that, it's come to that. (*To Mephistopheles*) You treacherous, contemptible demon. And you kept all this from me. Stand and defy me with your unendurable presence. She's in prison! In hopeless despair. Delivered up to the Evil Spirits, and in the hands of merciless men! And while all this was happening you lulled my senses with senseless loathsome dissipations and hid from me her growing anguish. You left her to perish without help.

Mephistopheles: She's not the first.

Faust: Dog! Monster! Oh, Infinite Spirit, turn this reptile again into the dog whose form he was often so pleased to adopt. Turn this depraved monster again into his favorite shape so that I may trample on him and grind him into the dust at my feet. Not the first! I cry out in pain, in pity! The human mind cannot conceive that more than one living creature has ever sunk to such depths of misery! Is it possible that the first who writhed in agony did not suffer enough in the eyes of the All Merciful to atone for the guilt of all the rest? The agony of this single human being weighs me down and crushes my very life. And you—you can smile cynically at the fate of thousands.

Mephistopheles: The same old, same old. You've already lost all power of logical thought. You human beings so easily overstrain your mental faculties. Why did you enter into a pact with me if you were unequal to the strain? You want to fly before you've learned to deal with dizziness. Did we come to you or you to us?

Faust: Don't snarl at me. It only fills me with loathing. Oh, great and glorious Earth Spirit! You who deigned to appear before me; you who know my innermost heart and soul, why have you chained me to this vile companion who thrives on suffering and revels in destruction?

Mephistopheles: Have you finished?

Faust: Save her—! May the vilest curse fall upon you for thousands of years if you do not save her.

Mephistopheles: I have no power to remove the Avenger's hand or loosen her shackles. Save her! Who hurled her to ruin and corruption? I, or you?

Faust: Take me to her. She shall be free.

Mephistopheles: And the danger to yourself? Don't you know that the murder you committed makes the whole town guilty? The avenging spirits are waiting for your return. Waiting to have their revenge.

Faust: You, atrocious monster, are guilty of the murder and death of a whole world. I demand that you take me to her, and set her free.

Mephistopheles: I will take you to her. But I'm not omnipotent. I'll do what I can. I'll distract the jailor's attention while you use his keys and lead her out with your own hands. I'll take you there on magic horses. And wait for you. That much is in my power.

Faust: Let's go—quickly—

[The lights fade.]

END OF SCENE FIVE (40)

SCENE SIX

A DUNGEON. Faust *before an iron door*.

Faust: It's been a long time since I've felt such terror and awe. The pitiful cry of all mankind overwhelms me. Here she lives behind these damp walls and her crime was her faith in a beautiful illusion! (*To himself*) You hesitate to go in to her! You're afraid to see her again! Go now, your fear and hesitation only invite Death to linger in her cell.)

[INSIDE THE DUNGEON.]

Margaret: (*Singing, out of her mind*)

My mother—the whore, who killed me!
My father—the villain, who ate me!
My little sister hid my bones, in a cool place
And I was transformed into a beautiful little birdie,
Of the woods—of the woods.
Fly away—Fly away.

[Faust *unlocks the door and enters*.]

Oh, no—no—! They've come to take me to my death. A bitter death!

Faust: Quiet—quiet! I've come to free you.

Margaret: You are a man, you will have pity, in my misery.

Faust: If you cry out, you'll wake the guard.

Margaret: Why have you come for me at midnight? Isn't tomorrow at dawn soon

enough? Executioner! Who gave you the power—? Tomorrow is soon enough. Have mercy! Let me live. He was near me—now he is far away. My wedding wreath is torn in pieces, and the flowers—they are all scattered. Spare me. Don't seize me with such violence! What have I done to you? I have never even seen you before in my life.

Faust: How can I bear this agony?

Margaret: Now I'm in your power. Just let me feed my baby first. All night I held it closely against my heart. They took my baby from me—to annoy me. And now they say I killed my baby. I shall never be happy again. They sing songs about me. The people—wicked people. It's an old song, an old story that ended that way. Who told them to sing it about me?

Faust: The man who loves you is at your feet, to unlock your chains, to free you from this misery.

Margaret: Oh, let us kneel and call on the saints above. Down below—under the stairs—under the threshold, Hell is seething. The Devil is in a rage—he is making a terrible noise.

Faust: Gretchen—! Gretchen—!

Margaret: That was my lover's voice. Where is he? I heard him call. Nobody shall stop me. I will fly to his arms; lie on his bosom. He called "Gretchen." He is standing just outside. I recognized his gentle voice, through the shrieking and howling of Hell. Against all the ugly, devilish scoffing, I knew his loving voice.

Faust: It's me.

Margaret: You! Oh, say it again. He's here. He's here—! Now where is all my misery? Where is the anguish of the prison? Of the chains? It's you. You have come to save me. I—am saved. Already I can see the street where I first saw you. And the pleasant garden where Martha and I waited for you.

Faust: Come with me— Come with me—

Margaret: Oh, no—now that you're here we'll stay together. I always wanted to stay where you were.

Faust: Hurry. If you don't hurry we'll regret it.

Margaret: My lover, after being away so short a time, has forgotten how to kiss. Why do I feel so sad with my arms around you? Once, all heaven descended on me when you spoke, when you looked at me. And you used to suffocate me with your kisses. Kiss me! If you won't kiss me, I will kiss you. Oh, oh! Your lips are cold, and silent! Where is your love now? Who has stolen your love from me?

Faust: Come, follow me. Darling, have courage. I'll hold you close to my heart. Only come with me—I beg you.

Margaret: Is it you? Is it really you?

Faust: Yes, it's me—

Margaret: You have removed my chains—you will take me to your heart again? How is it that you do not shrink from me? Do you know, my friend, whom you are setting free?

Faust: Come—come. It's already nearly dawn.

Margaret: I murdered my mother. I drowned my child. The child given to you and me. To you as well, my child's father! I can hardly believe it. Let me hold your hand. It isn't a dream. Your dear hand. Your hand is wet. Wipe it off. There's blood on your hand. Oh God—what have you done? Your sword—put it away—please, please put it away.

Faust: Unless you forget the past, you will kill me.

Margaret: No. You must go on living. You must tend their graves first thing in the morning. I will tell you about the graves. My mother must have the best place—then my brother, he must be close to her. And me—a little away—not too far—and the baby must be on my right breast! No one else will ever be beside me. It was a sweet and lovely joy to nestle beside you. But never again. I should be forcing myself on you—and I should feel you thrusting me away. And yet it is you—and your expression is so kind, so gentle.

Faust: If you believe I am kind and gentle—then come.

Margaret: Out there?

Faust: To freedom.

Margaret: To death and the grave. Come—I'll go with you from here to the eternal resting place. Not one step farther. Are you going? Oh, Heinrich, if I could only go with you!

Faust: You can, if you will. The door is open.

Margaret: I dare not go out. There is no hope for me. If I escaped, how would it help me? They are waiting for me. It's awful to be forced to beg. And worse still with an evil conscience. It's awful to wander in strange places. And in the end they would catch me.

Faust: I will be with you.

Margaret: Go quickly, Heinrich. Save the poor child—Go—follow the path by the brook, over the hedge, into the wood. On the left, there's a plank—in the pond! Seize hold of the child—It wants to get out of the water. Rescue the child. Save my child.

Faust: Hush! Keep calm. Only a few steps and you're free.

Margaret: If we were over the hill ⁽⁴¹⁾—My mother is sitting there on a rock. There's a cold hand grasping my hair. My mother is sitting there on a rock. She's shaking her head. She's not nodding, she's not beckoning. Her head is heavy. She has been sleeping such a long time. She will never wake. She slept so that we—might enjoy each other.

Faust: If all my words and entreaties are no use—I must risk carrying you away.

Margaret: Let me go. No—You mustn't force me. I can't stand your violence. You know—in the past—I did everything to please you.

Faust: The sun is rising. My love—my love—

[Mephistopheles *appears in the doorway*.

Margaret: The day—! Yes, the day is dawning. The last day is dawning. It might have been my wedding day. Don't tell anyone that you have already been with Gretchen. Alas, my wreath is torn in pieces—and the flowers are all scattered. It's all over now. We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd is growing. No one can hear them. They overflow from the square, the streets. The bell tolls—and the signal is given—the staff is broken. ⁽⁴⁷⁾ They seize me and bind me. I am already sitting on the seat of execution. My neck—and every neck—is quivering—as the blade is quivering to strike my neck. The world is silent as the grave.

Faust: Oh God—I wish I had never been born.

Mephistopheles: Come—or you are lost. This hesitation—loitering and babbling, is useless. My horses are shuddering as the sun rises.

Margaret: What has risen from the ground? (*Recognizing Mephistopheles*) It is he—He—! Send him away. What does he want in this holy place? He wants me—He wants me—!

Faust: You shall live—

Margaret: Judgment of God. To Thee I surrender!

Mephistopheles: Come now! Come! Or I will desert you both.

Margaret: Save me, Father! I am Thine! Angels! Sacred hosts! Gather about and keep me! Heinrich, I shudder to look at you!

Mephistopheles: She is condemned.

Voice From Above: She is saved.

Mephistopheles (*to Faust*): You come with me—!

[Mephistopheles *vanishes with Faust*.

Voice (from within, dying away): Heinrich! Heinrich!

the curtain falls

THE END of Part of One of Goethe's "FAUST"

Appendix I

Readers' Notes

- The Dedication and "Prologue for the Theatre" are omitted. Shelley's translation.
- Mephistopheles is not the conventional Devil or Satan. In both adaptation and production I have underlined my interpretation of Goethe's intention. He is "part of the whole": an aspect of Deity: a symbolical figure representing that aspect operating in Man. He is the other soul to which Faust refers, perpetually in conflict with his spiritual aspirations. He is the "urge to action," necessary for Man's survival as man. Goethe has given him an ironical sense of humor and a perpetual restlessness. He is himself incapable of doing anything, but is the motive force compelling every act performed by Faust.
- It is interesting to note that this speech, which is in fact the authority under which Mephistopheles operates, limits his power in this instance specifically in relation to Faust, "as long as he shall live upon the earth." It cannot be an oversight that Goethe permits Mephistopheles, in entering into his pact, to demand his recompense from Faust after Faust's death. The pact is invalid from the moment it is made.
- These four lines of Shelley's really do not convey Goethe's meaning. In spite of this I have not felt justified in altering Shelley's lines. A more accurate translation would have been: "Quite true, but it does not last long, and if I succeed let my triumph be complete."
- Goethe indicates that the sign at which Faust is looking is the sign of the Macrocosm. There is a difference of opinion as to the significance of this sign as used by Goethe. Dr. Hinrichs says: "It signifies Nature as such, and is opposed to Microcosm as Man." Hayward says it means: "The universe and the spirit of the earth, the earth generally." I take it to be a symbol of the universe in embryo. It proves beyond the grasp of Faust. He turns from it and concentrates on another sign, the symbol of the spirit of the earth.
- Wagner is described by Faust as "my famulus." This is an untranslatable word. It

signifies a combination of student and servant. I have made Faust refer to Wagner as his assistant. This is, of course, not entirely accurate.

- The symbolism of the resurrection is perfectly clear.
- The whole of the preceding passage gives in a few lines a vivid picture of Faust's father and the background of his youth. I have found some difficulty in conveying the full meaning of the remarkable simile. Some commentators suggest that Goethe intended "the red lion" (the original reads Red, not Royal) to imply literally red mercury or cinnabar, and "the lily" to imply a preparation of antimony, called lilium. I have accepted a much wider interpretation. The powerful menacing royal lion mating and reproducing with the gentle lily is a perfect picture of fantastic union. Whatever chemical substances they represent, their incongruity could not be more apparent. Together these substances are placed in a glass retort, their bridal bed, and the Alchemist's "open flame" tortures them into producing some offspring, the "multi-colored Princess." It is because Goethe so describes "the offspring" that I felt justified in substituting the word "Royal" for "Red." Is it not very clear that a "medicine" obtained by such methods was more likely to kill than to cure?
- This is the first clear-cut expression justifying the symbolic interpretation of the figure of Mephistopheles. Goethe, in placing it immediately before the invocation has underlined his purpose.
- A literal translation would read: "They feign to be sent from Heaven and lisp like angels when they lie." The line is important as it explains the much disputed "spirits" Mephistopheles conjures up on his first meeting with Faust. (See note 14).
- Mephistopheles is dressed as a roving scholar. His limp is apparent on his first move. This is the key to Faust's recognition. The meaning of this name has been the subject of much discussion. Duntzer suggests a Greek derivation: "Not loving the light." Bayard Taylor accepts this as correct. I think there is more significance in his dress than the name. There is an ironic humor in Faust's "other self" appearing in the garb of a roving (vagabond) scholar. Even the humorless Faust sees the humor.
- The Hebrew word for Satan and the Greek word for Devil can be translated as Destroyer and Liar respectively. Faust is therefore saying that no probing is necessary with such a thin disguise. He has already guessed the identity of his visitor.
- The pentagram was supposed to possess special potency against evil spirits. It is a five-pointed star, made up of three isosceles triangles, and can be drawn without lifting the pencil. It is a triple symbol and in its effect on evil spirits has relation to the symbol of the Trinity. No commentator has suggested why the design should be on Faust's threshold, but I assume it to have been one of his experiments in his study of Magic.
- This "spirit song" is a loose paraphrase of the 32-line original. No one has satisfactorily explained these Spirits. Are they infernal or heavenly? What authority would

Mephistopheles have to call up the services of heavenly spirits? Why should infernal spirits encourage a life so well balanced between the sensuous and the spiritual? The answer, I believe, is to be found in Wagner's phrase: "They lisp like angels when they lie." (See note 10). The subtle preparation for his next visit is apparent in this approach of Mephistopheles, and the reason for it is stated in his next lines.

- Faust is aware that sensual pleasures are transitory. The fruit rots as it is plucked. The leaves decay and fall. He is asking for the physically impossible—the satisfaction of his spiritual yearning—and is deceived into believing it can be attained by experiencing the sum of human joy and pain.
- Faust's first reaction to the suggestion of a blood pact is one of shocked surprise, and his subsequent acceptance has something about it of the Professor humoring his pupil.
- "Let *us* descend." This identifies Mephistopheles with Faust. The symbolic significance is inescapable. Faust is inviting the upward striving soul to unite with the other clinging to the world, in order that he may, as a complete individual, infuse into himself what he describes later as the joy and pain of all mankind. This attitude is still consistent with his first request to Mephistopheles at the outset of the discussion. Another point to be noted is that his growing anger and over emphasis result from his inability entirely to get rid of a sense of uneasiness.
- English translations of the German: "Allein ich will" vary considerably. The three monosyllabic words: "No—I—will" do not in themselves convey the finality of the German text. Faust is saying to Mephistopheles: "Despite your statement that this totality of experience exists only for a God, I will experience All. I am not content with a little light and a little dark." The line is given its full significance because it is accepted as the climax of the scene and the moment at which the blood pact is actually completed. There is no indication in the German text or directions as to where or how Goethe intended this blood bond to be forged. I have no doubt that this is the moment, despite the fact that Goethe permits a further few moments of vacillation before Faust enquires of Mephistopheles how they can begin. The lines omitted from this version disclose the subtlety of Mephistopheles who, by sensuous insinuations, diverts Faust at the very outset of his adventure, from the higher motives which up to this moment have been predominant in Faust's attitude.
- At this point in the original a student enters, and Mephistopheles, in the guise of Faust the Professor, cynically advises him on sex and life.
- Goethe has based this episode on the Faust tradition, with one major alteration. The magical production of wine from the table was supposed to have been effected by Dr. Faustus himself. In using Mephistopheles as the instrument of the manifestation Goethe has again underlined the symbolical unity of the two characters. Superficially here is Mephistopheles performing an action, which seems to contradict the point I emphasized in note (2). This, however, is not really so when the situation is viewed as the production intends, as a purely subjective experience. Nothing has actually

happened. Nothing has been *done* by Mephistopheles. The isolation of Faust throughout seems to serve two purposes. Firstly it establishes the submerging of the spiritual soul, the momentary domination of the other soul with its earth pull. Secondly it demonstrates visibly a characteristic of Faust, the man, who has never been able to adapt himself to the world and feels unimportant in the presence of others, disconcerted and embarrassed.

- This nude figure has been erroneously interpreted as representing that of Margaret. It is clear from the last line of the scene that Goethe meant it to be the Grecian Helen, symbol of the female form in its utmost perfection, with the fullest sensuous implication. I cannot accept Bayard Taylor's view that it is purely an aesthetic symbol. On the assumption that Goethe intended the figure to represent a vision of Helen, it would have considerable additional significance in relation to Part Two of the poem. This point cannot be elaborated here.
- This apparent nonsense contains a profound philosophical truth. Intellectually, man can never attain more than a theoretical understanding of "reality." Mystical awareness or consciousness of God, has never been experienced except by self-elimination and consequently intellectual (the process of reason) annihilation. The incantation can be literally taken as being the true answer to Faust's (and Mankind's) problem. Naturally Faust, the Professor, dismisses it as nonsense and crazy chatter.
- Faust no longer looks or feels like an old man. His rejuvenation had been brought about more by his state of mind than the Witch's concoction. A man in his forties is a young man or an old man. The urge to be "up and doing," the domination, for the time being, of the earthward dragging soul (Mephistopheles) has so transformed Faust that he is now physically and mentally alert for the sex adventure which he imagines to be the first stage in the "experiencing of the sum total of human experience." It is in fact the first stage of his journey through purgatory to redemption.
- The transitions of thought which follow are difficult. He first addresses the upward striving soul, which had no part in the motive for his visit. But the carnal desire has given place to "gentle dreams of purest love." Now addressing the other soul—as Faust—he is disgusted at his own inconsistency and attributes the transformation to the "atmosphere." Still the upward striving soul dominates his thinking, and the absence of Mephistopheles from the stage (and Faust's consciousness) is confirmation of Goethe's intention. The reader will realise that the key line, which could be read to reverse this interpretation, is: "You miserable creature. I don't know you any more." On the reappearance of Mephistopheles Faust vacillates, but only passively acquiesces in the next step.
- A short scene in the Street is omitted at this point. Goethe's purpose in its introduction, I take to be the first compromise with truth which Mephistopheles succeeds in inducing Faust to make. Mephistopheles returns to Faust, tells him that he has arranged a meeting with Margaret for that very night, but informs him that he must be prepared to sign a document stating that he was a witness in Padua to the death of Martha's husband. The Garden scene follows. I have taken considerable liberties with this scene in order to

surmount serious staging problems; four duologues have been concentrated into two, and the Summer House dialogue has been made to form part of the scene. In the original it clearly takes place at another meeting.

- Goethe adds the direction: “With a gesture.” The significance of the gesture is implied, first by Faust’s attitude, and then in Mephistopheles’ next speech. It is clearly intended to have an obscene implication. For the purposes of stage presentation I have added what seemed to me an explanatory line, and because it so nearly approaches the truth in relation to Faust’s subconscious, his reaction on its sudden emergence into his consciousness is one of horror and humiliation.
- The correct translation of this line is: “I even envy the Host when her lips touch it before the altar.” I had originally translated it as: “I even envy the Body of Christ when her lips touch the bread before the altar.” The Lord Chamberlain would not permit either translation to be spoken on the stage. In consequence the line was modified for performance as it appears here.
- Spinoza, in his Ethics, “proves” mathematically the existence of one Substance. In these few lines Goethe expresses an identical conception. In a sense this version has underlined the Spinoza influence to a greater extent than any other, and most markedly in the identification of Mephistopheles as an aspect of Faust, and of both Faust and Mephistopheles as an aspect of Deity.
- The apparent contradiction in these two lines of Valentine’s can only be explained if the symbolical unity of Faust and Mephistopheles is accepted. Valentine first says: “There is *someone* coming.” (Literally: “*What* draws near? *What* is slinking hither?”). Then, as the figures draw nearer, he apparently sees *two* men and says so, (literally: “If I mistake not, there are *two* of them.”) Finally, he reverts to the original visual impression: “If it is *he*, *he* won’t leave here alive.” (Literally: “If it is *he*, I will collar *him* at once. *He* shall not go alive from the spot”).
- If any fuller elucidation were needed of Goethe’s intention, his approach to the murder of Valentine would provide it. It is clear that Valentine, in first challenging Mephistopheles then attacking Faust, treats the two figures as one. Valentine is entirely unaware of the intervention of Mephistopheles, but attributes the sudden limpness of his hand to devil’s magic. It is also to be noted that although Mephistopheles *acts* negatively in the protection of Faust, every positive *act* (every thrust), and the actual killing, is performed by Faust.
- What is Martha doing in Margaret’s house at this time of night? Should not the reader expect Margaret’s mother to appear? Goethe subtly adopts this method to pose the very question. It will be remembered that Margaret’s mother has only been referred to twice, in Margaret’s conversation with Faust at their first meeting, and later when he gives her the sleeping draught. The reader’s curiosity is further aroused when later in this scene Valentine is referred to as: “Your mother’s son.” The position is only partially elucidated in “The Cathedral” when the reader learns for the first time of the mother’s death: “Your

mother, who through you has passed into the pain of eternal sleep; whose death is at your door.” Goethe, with subtlety and a powerful sense of drama leaves the final explanation to be given by the mentally deranged Margaret in the last scene of Part One, and by so doing creates not only a vivid mental picture, but brings home the torture and remorse through which Margaret has gone in the interregnum. What appears at first to be an unnecessarily delayed explanation ultimately reveals itself as an “inspired postponement” of genius.

- The translation is: “Day of wrath and doom impending, heaven and earth in ashes ending.” As the *Dies Irae* is sung on Good Friday and at the Requiem Mass only, its introduction may imply that the Service in progress has bearing on, and follows immediately after, the death of Valentine.
- The translation is: “When the Judge his seat attaineth, and each hidden deed arraigneth, nothing unavenged remaineth.”
- The translation is: “What shall I, frail man be pleading? Who for man is interceding, when the just are mercy needing?”
- I have deliberately changed the meaning of this line in translation. It has been variously translated as: “Neighbor, your smelling bottle,” “Neighbor, your cordial,” and “Neighbor, your smelling salts!”
- Bayard Taylor, the most profuse commentator among the English translators of “FAUST,” says: “The title and character of the Witches’ Sabbath on the summit of the Brocken on the night between April 30th and May 1st, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis was the sister of Saints Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the Eighth Century. She died as abbess of a convent in Heidenheim, in Franconia, and after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The 1st of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of the conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken—or Blocksberg—naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary. The superstition probably grew from the circumstance that the Druidic rites were celebrated by night, and secretly, as their followers became few.”

He then proceeds to describe the Hartz Mountains and his climb to their central and highest peak—the Brocken.

Nowhere does Bayard Taylor, or as far as I can discover any English commentator, attempt to generalize as to the significance of the scene as a whole, or to guess at Goethe’s purpose in including it at this stage in the poem.

Any attempt at a detailed analysis is doomed to failure. My appreciation of the scene is colored by my personal interpretation. Denuded of its contemporary satire, the allegory expresses a phase in the sense experiences of Faust. It fills the gap symbolically and is the culmination of Faust's sensual experiences before embarking on "the outer journey," (Part Two). It replaces the whole range of physical experiences promised by Mephistopheles and demanded by Faust on the making of the pact. "Action," frenzied and sensual, is represented as fundamentally evil. Individually the Witches and Wizards are entities isolated from, and apparently completely unaware of, the "upward striving soul." The whole effect of the scene, therefore, is a representation of life denuded of God. The sudden and dramatic vision of human suffering, in the form of Margaret's face appearing to Faust, I take to follow a period of satiation, culminating in despair, and the re-asserting of Faust's upward striving soul. It serves dramatically as the bridge to lead back to Margaret and to the finalising of this representative episode in Faust's attempt to infuse into himself the sum total of human experience.

This scene has been more freely adapted than any other in the play. Passages have been reversed, and several speeches entirely omitted, including the whole of the Intermezzo, or Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding.

- The three missing words are also omitted in the original. The vulgarity of the joke is apparent without any attempt to fill in the gaps. Of the English translators, John Anster appears to be the only one who has attempted, with lamentable results, to complete the lines. The reader will judge for himself whether it is not wiser to follow Goethe's reticence. This is Anster's translation:

Mephistopheles:	I had a troubled dream, and it Was haggard as a nightmare fit. I saw an old oak tree torn and split, And yet it pleased me, I admit.
His Partner:	With lowest curtsey I salute The gay knight of the horse's foot; The tree of knowledge, trunk and root, Is his—and his must be the fruit.

- This the one occasion throughout the play when Goethe makes Faust address Mephistopheles in an abbreviated form. The only explanation I can offer is that the abbreviation implies a closer familiarity, and so presumes for the moment the temporary suspension by Faust of the struggle between the "upward striving and down dragging souls." This treatment would heighten the sudden change in Faust's attitude the moment he recognizes the face as that of Margaret.
- At this point Goethe introduces a "stage manager" (Servibilis) who tells Faust and Mephistopheles that he is about to ring up the curtain on the play. "The Walpurgis-Night's Dream, or Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding" follows. The scene is invariably omitted even in German productions. In this version I have attempted, by the repetition of the words "Misery, Despair," to introduce a dramatic climax and continuity of action into the next scene, described in the German text as "A Gloomy Day—A Plain."

- A six line scene is omitted at this point. It is described by Goethe as “Night—Open Country.” Faust and Mephistopheles are galloping by on black horses, and a gibbet is being constructed.
- “Over the hill,” “The other side,” “Death.” This is her answer to Faust’s suggestion that freedom awaits her outside the prison. The rest of the speech is the vivid picture of her mother’s death to which I referred in note (31).
- I have prefaced the line, “The staff is broken” with a line not in Goethe’s work, “The signal is given.” I do not think a theatre audience could be expected to appreciate the full implication of Margaret’s vision without some explanation of the fact that the breaking of the staff was the signal for the executioner to strike.
- This direction indicating the re-entry of Faust into the Dungeon is not in Goethe’s poem. The implied “salvation” of Faust is a deliberate attempt to anticipate the conclusion of Part Two. If such an interpolation is unjustified in a text for reading I would refer the reader to the Foreword as a reminder that this version was prepared for stage presentation and is specifically designated “Stage Version.” I am conscious that this fact in itself would be an insufficient reason for what at first sight might be considered a flagrant reversal of Goethe’s intention. But what of Part Two? The culmination of Faust’s spiritual struggles is not reached until the *end of the play*. An audience seeing this “FAUST” without the interpolated implied salvation would be left with a completely false impression of the purpose of the poem as a whole. Faust, one hundred years old, and *blind*, attains spiritual light. The moment of supreme happiness comes with the recognition of his joy in service to humanity. The Prologue is in Heaven, the Epilogue is in Heaven. The play begins and ends in God.