

Christopher Marlowe's

Doctor Faustus:

Retellings

David Bruce

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Doctor Faustus writes a deed of gift of his soul to Lucifer in return for twenty-four years of having a demon to be his servant and do whatever he says. For twenty-four years, Faustus enjoys himself, playing tricks and enjoying the company of important rulers. But now the twenty-four years are coming to an end. A Good Angel tries to get Faustus to repent, but a Bad Angel tells Faustus that he cannot repent. At the stroke of twelve, Lucifer will carry Faustus' soul to Hell. The clock strikes one

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was printed in two versions: one in 1604 and one in 1616. This volume contains easy-to-read retellings of both versions.

Dedicated to Carl Eugene Bruce and Josephine Saturday Bruce

Educate Yourself

Read Like A Wolf Eats

Be Excellent to Each Other

Books Then, Books Now, Books Forever

In this retelling, as in all my retellings, I have tried to make the work of literature accessible to modern readers who may lack some of the knowledge about mythology, religion, and history that the literary work's contemporary audience had.

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DOCTOR FAUSTUS (1604 A-TEXT)

CAST OF CHARACTERS (1604 A-TEXT)

The Pope.

Cardinal of Lorraine.

Charles V, the Emperor of Germany, and Holy Roman Emperor.

Duke of Vanholt.

Duchess of Vanholt.

John Faustus, doctor of theology.

Valdes, friend to Faustus, and magician.

Cornelius, friend to Faustus, and magician.

Wagner, servant to Faustus.

Clown.

Robin, hostler at an inn. Hostlers looked after the horses of people staying at the inn.

Rafe, hostler at an inn, and friend to Robin.

Vintner.

Horse Trader.

A Knight.

An Old Man.

Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

Lucifer.

Belzebub.

Mephistophilis.

Good Angel.

Evil Angel.

Spirits in the shapes of the Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Covetousness, Wrath, Envy, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery.

Spirits in the shapes of Alexander the Great, of his Paramour, and of Helen.

Devils.

NOTES:

What are 2.1 and 2.3 in this retelling are in the A-text one long scene featuring Faustus and Mephistophilis. The text makes clear that this cannot be one scene because time must have passed so that famous ancient musicians would have been able to play for Faustus.

What are 2.2 and 3.2 in this retelling are in the A-text one scene featuring Robin and Rafe.

Many modern editors, following Bevington and Rasmussen (see next paragraph), use the first part of the scene featuring Robin and Rafe to break up the long scene featuring Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Doctor Faustus A- and B- texts (1604, 1616): Christopher Marlowe and his collaborator and revisers. Edited by David Bevington and Eric Rasmussen. Manchester; New York: Manchester University Press; New York, NY, USA: Distributed by St. Martin's Press, 1993.

The name "Rafe" is often modernized to "Ralph."

Some editors think that the Clown in 1.4 is Robin.

Some editors think that Wagner is the Chorus.

The A-Text is not divided into Acts and Scenes. Some editors divide it into Acts and Scenes; some editors divide it into Scenes only.

PROLOGUE (1604 A-TEXT)

[Chorus 1]

The Chorus now introduces this book to the audience:

“You will not find in this book soldiers marching now in the battlefield by Lake Thrasymenus, where Mars, god of war, allied himself with the Carthaginians, whose general, Hannibal, defeated the Romans.

“You will not find in this book lovers sporting in the frivolity of love, in courts of kings where government is overturned.

“You will not find in this book the pomp of proud audacious deeds.

“No, not for these themes does our Muse — the poet and playwright Christopher Marlowe — intend to control and caress his Heavenly verse: the high style of tragedy.

“You will find in this book only this, gentlemen and ladies: We must perform the form of Faustus’ fortunes, good or bad.

“To patient judgments we appeal for our applause and speak about Faustus in his infancy.

“Now is he born, his parents base of stock, in Germany, within a town called Stadtroda. When he is of riper years, to Wittenberg — the university of Hamlet and Martin Luther — he goes, where his kinsmen chiefly bring him up.

“So quickly he profits in theology and graces the fruitful plot of intellectual pursuits that shortly he is graced with a doctorate and called Doctor, excelling all who have found sweet delight in disputes concerning Heavenly matters of theology, until his head becomes swollen with misapplied knowledge. Then he with his waxen wings mounts above his reach like Icarus flying too near the Sun, and the Heavens that melted his wings conspire his overthrow, because having fallen into a devilish exercise, and having glutted himself more with learning’s golden gifts, he surfeits upon the cursed black magic of necromancy.

“Nothing is as sweet as magic to him, magic that he prefers before his chiefest bliss — his hope of Paradise after death — and this is the man, Doctor Faustus, who is sitting in his study.”

CHAPTER 1 (1604 A-TEXT)

— 1.1 —

[Scene 1]

Faustus, alone in his study, surrounded by books, said to himself, “Make a definite decision about your studies, Faustus, and begin to measure the depth of that which you will study in depth and teach.

“Having graduated, be a theologian in appearance, yet aim at the purpose of every discipline, and live and die in Aristotle’s works.

“Sweet *Analytics*, it is you who have ravished me!”

Aristotle wrote two volumes on logic: *Prior Analytics* and *Posterior Analytics*.

Faustus picked up a book and read out loud, “*Bene disserere est finis logices.*”

The book was *Dialecticae* by Petrus Ramus, a reformer and logician who was killed during the Saint Bartholomew’s Day Massacre in 1572 in Paris. The Latin means, “The end — the purpose — of logic is to dispute well.”

Faustus continued, “Is logic’s chiefest end to dispute well? Doesn’t this discipline have a greater miracle? Then read no more, for you have attained the end: You know how to dispute well.

“A greater subject will suit Faustus’ intelligence.

“Bid *on kai me on* farewell, and bid Galen welcome, seeing *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.*”

“*On kai me on*” is a transliteration of Greek words meaning “being and non-being” or “existence and non-existence.” The words come from a book by the philosopher Georgias of Leontini (c. 483-376 B.C.E.).

Galen was a famous ancient physician and writer of influential books about medicine.

“*Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus*” means “Where the philosopher stops, the doctor begins.” The quotation comes from Aristotle’s *De Sensu et Sensibili*, a book about sense perception.

By saying farewell to *on kai me on*, Faustus meant that he had mastered philosophy.

Faustus continued, “Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold, and become eternally famous for some wondrous cure: *Summum bonum medicinae sanitas*. Let me translate: ‘The end of the medical discipline is our body’s health.’”

Faustus’ translation into English of a Latin translation of Aristotle’s Greek *Nicomachian Ethics* was not entirely correct. The Latin mentions “health,” which can include mental health as well as bodily health. Faustus’ translation mentions only bodily health.

Faustus continued, “Why, Faustus, haven’t you attained that end? Isn’t your common talk sound aphorisms?”

“Sound aphorisms” are “well-thought-out medical maxims.” The ancient physician Hippocrates wrote a book titled *Aphorisms* about the discipline of medicine.

Faustus continued, “Are not your prescriptions hung up as commemorations, whereby whole cities have escaped the plague and a thousand desperate maladies been eased?”

“Yet you are still only Faustus, and a man. If you would be able to make men to live eternally, or if they were dead, raise them to life again, then medicine would be a discipline to be esteemed.

“Medicine, farewell! Where is Justinian?”

Justinian was a Byzantine Emperor who codified Roman law.

Finding the Justinian book, Faustus read out loud:

“Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem, rei, etc.”

This means, “If one and the same thing is willed to two men, then one man will get the thing, and the other will get the value of the thing, etc.”

Faustus said, “A pretty case of paltry legacies!”

He then read out loud:

“Exhereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.”

This means, “The father may not disinherit the son, unless, etc.”

Faustus continued, “Such is the subject of the institute and universal body of the Church.”

Much canon law was based on Byzantine Emperor Justinian’s codification of Roman law.

Faustus continued, “The study of Justinian befits a mercenary drudge who aims at nothing but external trash; it is too servile and illiberal for me.”

“External trash” is money and possessions.

Faustus continued, “When all is said and done, theology is best: Jerome’s Bible. Faustus, view it well.”

Saint Jerome translated the Bible into Latin; his translation is known as the Vulgate Bible.

Faustus read out loud:

“Stipendium peccati mors est.”

This means, “The wages of sin is death.”

Romans 6:23 states, *“For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord”* (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus had translated only part of the verse, leaving out the part about the gift and mercy of God.

Faustus said, “Ha! ‘*Stipendium,*’ etc. The reward of sin is death: that’s hard.”

He then read out loud:

“Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.”

The Latin passage is 1 John 1:8; Faustus did not read 1 John 1:9.

1 John 1:8-9 (1599 Geneva Bible) states this:

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and truth is not in us.

9 If we acknowledge our sins, he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Again, Faustus had left out the part about God’s mercy.

Faustus continued, “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there’s no truth in us. Why, then, in all likelihood we must sin, and so we must consequently die. Aye, we must die an everlasting death.”

The sound “Aye” has two applicable meanings: 1) Yes, and 2) I.

Faustus continued, “What doctrine do you call this? ‘*Che sera, sera.*’ Translation: ‘What will be, shall be.’”

“Theology, adieu!”

He then looked at several large volumes in his study and said, “The metaphysics and occult knowledge of magicians are Heavenly, and these necromantic books are Heavenly.”

Necromancy is the discipline of communicating with the dead.

Faustus continued, “Here are the lines, circles, signs, letters, and characters used in black magic.

“Yes, these are those things that Faustus most desires. Oh, what a world of profit and delight, of power, of honor, of omnipotence, is promised to the studious artisan who practices the occult!”

“All things that move between the quiet poles of the universe shall be at my command. Emperors and kings are obeyed only in their separate provinces, and they cannot raise the wind or rend the clouds, but the dominion of the man who excels in this black magic stretches as far as does the mind of man. A sound magician is a mighty god. Here, Faustus, test your brains and try to gain a deity.”

He then called his servant: “Wagner.”

Wagner entered the study.

Faustus ordered, “Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends, the German Valdes and Cornelius; request earnestly that they visit me.”

“I will, sir,” Wagner said.

He exited.

Faustus said, “Their conversation will be a greater help to me than all my labors, plod I never so fast.”

Faustus wanted an easy route to knowledge.

A Good Angel and an Evil Angel entered Faustus’ study.

The Good Angel pleaded, “Oh, Faustus, lay your damned book of black magic aside, and don’t gaze on it, lest it tempt your soul, and heap God’s heavy wrath upon your head! Read, read the Scriptures — that book you are holding is blasphemy.”

The Evil Angel said, “Go forward, Faustus, in that famous discipline in which all Nature’s treasure is contained. Be on Earth as Jove is in the sky — be the lord and commander of the four elements: earth, air, water, and fire.”

Jove is Jupiter, the chief Roman god who is king of the gods.

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel exited.

Faustus said to himself, “How I am gluttoned with the idea and conceit of this! Shall I make evil spirits fetch me what I please, resolve me of all ambiguities and answer all my questions, and perform whatever desperate enterprise I want them to perform?”

The word “desperate” means dangerous, but includes the idea of despair. Christian despair is lack of belief in Christian salvation.

Faustus continued, “I’ll have them fly to India for gold, ransack the ocean for lustrous pearls, and search all the corners of the newfound world — America — for pleasant fruits and Princely delicacies. I’ll have them teach me strange philosophy and tell me the secrets of all foreign kings. I’ll have them surround all Germany with brass walls and make the swift Rhine River circle fair Wittenberg. I’ll have them fill the universities with silk, with which the students shall be splendidly clad. I’ll levy soldiers with the money they bring me and chase the Prince of Parma from our land, and reign as sole king of all our provinces.”

The Prince of Parma was the Spanish governor-general of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

Faustus continued, “Yes, more ingenious weapons for the assault of war than was the fiery keel at Antwerp’s bridge, I’ll make my servile spirits invent.”

While besieging Antwerp, the Prince of Parma built a bridge across the Scheldt River. The defenders of Antwerp used a fireboat to destroy the bridge.

“Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, and make me blest with your sage conversation.”

Valdes and Cornelius entered Faustus’ study.

Faustus said, “Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius, know that your words have won me at last to practice magic and the concealed occult arts. Yet not your words only, but my own imagination that will think about nothing else, for my head ruminates only on the necromantic skill.

“Philosophy is odious and obscure. Both law and medicine are for people with petty intelligence. Divinity is the basest of these three groups: It is unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile.

“It is magic, magic, that has ravished me.

“So then, gentle friends, aid me in this endeavor, and I, who with concise, short, direct, and logical syllogisms have confounded the pastors of the German church, and made the flowering pride — the best students — of Wittenberg swarm to my discussions of theological problems, as the infernal spirits swarmed to the sweet poet Musaeus when he came to Hell, will be as cunning as the magician Cornelius Agrippa was, whose shadows — the spirits he raised — made all Europe honor him.”

Musaeus appears in Virgil’s *Aeneid*, where he is greatly respected in Elysium, the part of Hell where the good souls go.

Valdes said, “Faustus, these books, your intelligence, and our experience shall make all nations canonize us. As the dark-skinned Native Americans obey their Spanish lords, so shall the spirits we raise in bodily form be always serviceable to us three.

“They in the form of lions shall guard us when we please. Or in the form of German cavalymen with their horsemen’s lances. Or in the form of Lapland giants, trotting by our sides. Sometimes the spirits will assume the form of women, or unwedded maidens, encompassing in their airy brows more beauty than have the white breasts of Venus, the Queen of Love.

“From Venice they shall drag huge argosies — mercantile ships, and from America they shall drag the golden fleece — the piles of gold and treasure — that yearly stuffs old King Philip II of Spain’s treasury.

“Yes, all this will happen — if learned Faustus will be resolute.”

To get devils to obey your will required payment: one’s soul. If Faustus were resolute and bargained away his soul, then he, Valdes, and Cornelius, could benefit. Apparently, Valdes and Cornelius lacked this kind of resolution.

Faustus replied, “Valdes, I am as resolute in this as you are resolute to live; therefore, make no objections.”

Cornelius said, “The miracles that magic will perform will make you vow to study nothing else. He who is well schooled in astrology, enriched with knowledge of various languages, and knowledgeable about the properties of minerals has all the principal knowledge that magic requires.

“So then, don’t doubt, Faustus, that you will be renowned, and more sought out for your knowledge of this mystery than heretofore the Delphic oracle has been.”

An oracle is a priest or priestess who is able to foretell the future. The oracle at Delphi was renowned in ancient times.

Cornelius continued, “The spirits tell me they can dry the sea and fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks. Yes, they can fetch all the wealth that our forefathers hid within the massive entrails of the earth.

“With that in mind, tell me then, Faustus, what shall we three lack?”

“We shall lack nothing, Cornelius,” Faustus said. “Oh, this cheers my soul! Come, show me some magical demonstrations, so that I may conjure in some pleasant grove, and fully possess these joys.”

Valdes replied, “Then hasten to some solitary grove, and carry there wise Bacon’s and Abanus’ works, the Hebrew Psalter and New Testament, and whatever else is requisite that we shall inform you about before our conversation ceases.”

Roger Bacon and Pietro d’Abano were thought to be great magicians.

The Psalms and the beginning of John's Gospel were used in conjuring.

Cornelius said, "Valdes, first let him know the words of art, and then, after he has learned all the other ceremonies, Faustus may try his cunning by himself."

Valdes said to Faustus, "First I'll instruct you in the rudiments, and then you will be more perfect in conjuring than I am."

This sounds as if Valdes did not know more than the rudiments.

Faustus said, "Come and dine with me, and after we eat, we'll explore every detail of conjuring, for before I sleep, I'll try and see what I can do. This night I'll conjure, although I may die for it."

They went into the dining room.

— 1.2 —

[Scene 2]

Two scholars arrived to visit Faustus.

The first scholar said, "I wonder what's become of Faustus, who was accustomed to make our schools ring with '*sic probo*.'"

"*Sic probo*" is Latin for "Thus I prove it." Faustus used to engage in much debate in the university.

The second scholar said, "We shall learn what has become of him, for look, here comes his servant."

Wagner, Faustus' servant, arrived. He was carrying wine.

"Oh, sirrah!" the first scholar said. "Where's your master?"

The word "sirrah" was used to address a man of lower social status than the speaker.

Wagner replied, "God in Heaven knows."

Usually, this means, "*Only* God in Heaven knows."

The second scholar asked, "Why, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know," Wagner said, "but that does not follow."

He meant that from "God in Heaven knows," it did not follow that he, Wagner, did know.

The first scholar said impatiently, "Come on, sirrah! Stop your jesting, and tell us where Faustus is."

Wagner said, "My knowing where Faustus is does not follow necessarily by force of argument, as you, who have one degree and a license to pursue a higher degree, should understand; therefore, acknowledge your error, and be attentive."

Wagner meant that since his knowing Faustus' whereabouts had not been logically established, it did not logically follow that the first scholar could demand that Wagner tell him where Faustus is.

The second scholar asked, "Why, didn't you say you knew where Faustus is?"

"Have you any witness to it?" Wagner asked.

The first scholar said, "Yes, sirrah, he has. I heard you."

Wagner replied, "Ask my friend if I am a thief."

Friends will stick up for one another, and so according to Wagner, the first scholar's backing up the second scholar means little.

The second scholar asked, "Well, won't you tell us?"

"Yes, sir, I will tell you," Wagner replied, "yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question, for is not he *corpus naturale*? And is not that *mobile*? Then why therefore should you ask me such a question?"

A “*corpus naturale*” is a “natural body,” and natural bodies are “*mobile*,” or capable of movement and change. As a natural body, Faustus was capable of moving and so could be anywhere, according to Wagner.

Wagner continued, “But except that I am by nature calm, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery — oops, I meant to say, prone to love — it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged at the next court sessions.”

The deed being executed at this time was eating heartily. This execution was taking place in the dining room, where Faustus and his two guests were planning the execution of a deed of black magic. However, people convicted of using black magic could undergo another kind of execution. Wagner may have thought that the two scholars wanted to engage in black magic just like Valdes and Cornelius did.

Wagner continued, “Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a Precisian — a Puritan — and I will begin to speak like one:

“Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine I am holding, if it could speak, would inform your worships, and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren!”

Wagner exited to take the wine to Faustus and his two guests.

The first scholar said, “Then I fear that Faustus has fallen into that damned art for which Valdes and Cornelius are infamous throughout the world.”

The second scholar said, “Even if Faustus were a stranger, and not allied in friendship to me, I still would grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector — the head of the university — and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim Faustus.”

“Oh, but I fear nothing can reclaim him!” the first scholar said.

“Yet let us try and see what we can do,” the second scholar said.

— 1.3 —

[Scene 3]

Faustus was ready to conjure.

He said, “Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth, longing to view Orion’s drizzling look, leaps from the Antarctic world to the sky, and dims the sky with her pitchy breath, Faustus, begin your incantations.”

It was nighttime. According to Faustus, night was simply the time when the northern hemisphere was in the shadow of the Earth. The Sun would set in the West and go to the southern hemisphere (from the perspective of someone fairly high in the northern hemisphere), where it would shine and put the northern hemisphere in shadow.

The constellation Orion was associated with storms, and so Faustus called it “drizzling.”

Faustus continued, “Begin your incantations and test whether devils will obey your commands, seeing that you have prayed and sacrificed to them.”

He was standing in a circle, which was thought to protect the magician from the evil spirits he called up.

Faustus continued, “Within this circle is Jehovah’s name, forward and backward anagrammatized, the breviated names of holy saints, figures of every adjunct to the Heavens, and characters of signs and wandering planets, by which the spirits are forced to rise.”

Magicians would take the name “Jehovah” and make anagrams of it. They would also use such things as the signs of the Zodiac in their conjurations.

He continued, “So then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute, and try the uttermost magic can perform.”

He then said these Latin words:

“Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovahae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici spiritus, salvete! Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis.

“Quod tu moraris.

“Per Jehovaham, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!”

Translated, the Latin passage means this:

“May the gods of Acheron be favorable to me! Farewell to the threefold spirit of Jehovah — the Trinity! Welcome, you spirits of fire, air, and water! Prince of the East; Belzebub, monarch of burning Hell; and Demogorgon, we ask that Mephistophilis may appear and rise.

“Why do you delay?

“By Jehovah, Hell, and the holy water that I now sprinkle, and by the sign of the cross that now I make, and by our vows may Mephistophilis himself now rise, compelled to serve us.”

The Prince of the East is Lucifer; Belzebub is a fallen Angel; Demogorgon is a deity of the underworld.

Faustus referred to only three of the four elements. Apparently one element is associated with each of the three demons he called upon. Lucifer is associated with air, and Belzebub with fire, leaving water for Demogorgon. The fourth element — earth — may be associated with Mephistophilis.

Acheron is a river in Hell.

Gehenna is a name for the destination of the wicked: Hell.

To gain the favor of the demons of Hell, Faustus rejected Jehovah.

Mephistophilis arrived; he was ugly.

Seeing him, Faustus ordered, “I order thee to return, and change thy shape. Thou art too ugly to attend on me.”

He was using the words “thee,” “thy,” and “thou,” words that a master would use to refer to a servant.

He continued, “Go and return in the form of an old Franciscan friar. That holy shape becomes a devil best.”

Mephistophilis exited.

Faustus said, “I see there’s virtue in my Heavenly words.”

By “virtue,” he meant “power,” not “moral virtue.”

He continued, “Who would not be proficient in this art? How pliant is this Mephistophilis; he is full of obedience and humility! Such is the force of magic and my spells. Faustus, you are a conjuror laureate, a conjuror who deserves the laurel of excellence, because you can command great Mephistophilis.

“Quin redis Mephistophilis fratris imagine?”

The Latin means, “Mephistophilis, why don’t you return in the form of a Franciscan friar?”

Mephistophilis returned in the form of a Franciscan friar and asked, “Now, Faustus, what would you have me do?”

Mephistophilis’ question is the same question that Saul (later Saint Paul) asked the risen Jesus in Acts 9:6: “*He then both trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou that I do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus answered, "I order you to wait upon me while I live, to do whatever I, Faustus, shall command, be it to make the Moon drop from her sphere, or the ocean to overwhelm the world."

Mephistophilis said, "I am a servant to great Lucifer, and I may not follow you without his permission. No more than he commands must we perform."

Faustus had believed that he was Mephistophilis' master, but Mephistophilis told him straight-out that he follows Lucifer's orders.

Faustus now began asking questions to gain information: "Didn't Lucifer command you to appear to me?"

Mephistophilis answered, "No, I came here of my own accord."

Faustus asked, "Didn't my conjuring speeches raise you? Speak."

Mephistophilis answered, "That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*."

Yes, Mephistophilis had come to Faustus because of Faustus' conjuring, but not for the reason that Faustus supposed. Faustus thought that Mephistophilis had been forced to come to him because of Faustus' power as a conjuror, but as Mephistophilis will explain, he had come because he saw an opportunity to get Faustus' soul.

Mephistophilis continued, "For, when we hear one rack the name of God, as you did through rearranging the letters of His name, and when we hear him abjure the Scriptures and his Savior Christ, we fly in hope to get his glorious soul.

"Nor will we come, unless he use such means whereby he is in danger to be damned. Therefore, the shortest way for successful conjuring is to arrogantly abjure the Trinity, and devoutly pray to the Prince of Hell."

Faustus replied, "So Faustus has already done, and he believes this principle: There is no chief but only Belzebub, to whom Faustus does dedicate himself. This word 'damnation' does not terrify him, for he confounds Hell in Elysium. May his ghost be with the old philosophers!"

Faustus did not fear the damnation of Hell with all its tortures because he regarded the afterlife as being in Elysium, where the good pagans went and enjoyed lives much like the lives they had lived on Earth. At the end of Plato's *Apology*, Socrates, who has been condemned to die, says that he does not fear death because what follows death must be one of two things: 1) a long dreamless sleep, or 2) a life like this one, but one in which Socrates can seek out and converse with great people such as Homer, creator of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, who have died before him. Faustus did not believe in the Christian Hell in which unrepentant sinners are tortured.

One meaning of "confound" is "smash." Faustus was saying that he was smashing the idea of Hell as a place of torture, and that Hell is actually a rather nice place, as is Elysium. However, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, a then-current meaning of "confound" is this: "To mix up in idea, erroneously regard or treat as identical, fail to distinguish." Faustus was failing to distinguish between the Christian Inferno and the pagan Elysium. In Dante's *Inferno*, the good pagans go to Limbo, which is a place of sighs, not screams. The other circles of Hell are places of tortures.

Faustus continued, "But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls, tell me who is that Lucifer, your lord?"

Faustus also deviated from Christian theology in believing that his soul was only a vain trifle.

"Lucifer is arch-regent and commander of all spirits," Mephistophilis replied.

"Wasn't Lucifer an Angel once?"

"Yes, Faustus, and he was most dearly loved by God."

“How comes it, then, that he is the Prince of Devils?”

“Oh, because of his aspiring pride and insolence, for which God threw him from the face of Heaven.”

Isaiah 14:12-15 (1599 Geneva Bible) tells us this about Lucifer:

12 How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning? and cut down to the ground, which didst cast lots upon the nations?

13 Yet thou saidest in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven, and exalt my throne above beside the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the North.

14 I will ascend above the height of the clouds, and I will be like the most high.

15 But thou shalt be brought down to the grave, to the side of the pit.

Faustus is another being with “aspiring pride and insolence.”

“And what are you who live with Lucifer?” Faustus asked.

“We are unhappy spirits who fell with Lucifer, conspired against our God with Lucifer, and are forever damned with Lucifer.”

“Where are you damned?”

“In Hell.”

“How comes it, then, that you are out of Hell?”

“Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it,” Mephistophilis replied. “Do you think that I, who saw the face of God and tasted the eternal joys of Heaven, am not tormented with ten thousand Hells in being deprived of everlasting bliss?”

Saint John Chrysostom had written “*si decem mille gehennas quis dixerit, nihil tale est quale ab illa beata visione excidere.*”

The Latin means that knowing that one will never enjoy the everlasting bliss of the presence of God is worse than suffering ten thousand Hells.

Mephistophilis said, “Oh, Faustus, stop asking these frivolous questions, which strike a terror to my fainting soul!”

Such questions are not frivolous; frivolous questions do not strike terror in one’s fainting soul.

“Is great Mephistophilis so strongly emotional because he has been deprived of the joys of Heaven?” Faustus said scornfully. “Learn from Faustus manly fortitude, and scorn those joys you never shall possess.

“Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer. Seeing Faustus has incurred eternal death by desperate thoughts against Jove’s deity, say that he surrenders up to Lucifer his soul, provided that Lucifer will let him live in all voluptuousness for twenty-four years, with you to serve me always during that time, to give me whatsoever I shall ask, to answer any question whatsoever I ask you, to slay my enemies and aid my friends, and to always be obedient to my will.”

Faustus was calling God “Jove” — a name for the pagan god Jupiter, king of the gods. “Jove’s deity” means “Jupiter’s divine nature.”

Faustus continued, “Go and return to mighty Lucifer, and meet me in my study at midnight, and then inform me what your master’s answer is.”

Mephistophilis replied, “I will, Faustus.”

He exited.

Alone, Faustus said to himself, “If I had as many souls as there are stars, I’d give them all for Mephistophilis. With his help I’ll be great Emperor of the World, and make a bridge through the moving air in order to cross the ocean with a band of men. I’ll join the hills that enclose the African shore and join that land to Spain, closing the Strait of Gibraltar, and make

both lands subject to my crown. The Holy Roman Emperor Charles V shall not live except with my permission, nor will any potentate of Germany.

“Now that I have obtained what I want, I’ll spend my time in contemplation of this art until Mephistophilis returns again.”

— 1.4 —

[Scene 4]

Wagner and the Clown talked together.

Wagner ordered, “Sirrah boy, come here.”

The word “boy” meant “servant.”

The Clown said, “Do you call me ‘boy’? By God’s wounds, ‘boy’! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have. ‘Boy,’ did you say?”

A pickadevaunt is a pointed beard.

“Tell me, sirrah,” Wagner asked, “have you any comings in?”

By “comings in,” Wagner meant “income.”

“Yes,” the Clown replied, “and goings out, too, as you may see.”

He thrust his hand through a hole in his ragged clothing.

“Alas, the poor fellow,” Wagner said to you the reader. “See how poverty jests in his nakedness. The villain is bare, and out of a job, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, even if it were blood raw.”

“What!” the Clown said. “Sell my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton even if it were blood raw? That is not so, good friend. By the Virgin Mary, I must have it well roasted, and with a good sauce, if I pay so dearly for it.”

“Well, will you serve me?” Wagner asked. “If you do, I’ll make you go like *Qui mihi discipulus*.”

“*Qui mihi discipulus*” is Latin for “one who is my pupil.”

“How, in verse?” the Clown asked.

“No, sirrah, in beaten silk and stavesacre,” Wagner said.

Silk is an expensive fabric. “Beaten silk” is embroidered silk: Expensive metals such as gold and silver could be beaten with a hammer into silk clothing to form a metal embroidery. Of course, such clothing would be only for the very wealthy. As you may expect, Wagner was obliquely saying that he would beat the Clown if the Clown were his apprentice.

Stavesacre is a lotion made from certain kinds of seeds; it is used to kill vermin such as lice. Wagner was saying the Clown was infested with lice; he also was obliquely saying that he would beat the Clown. A stave is a staff that can be used to give aches, so it is a stave-ache-er.

“What!” the Clown said, addressing you the reader. “What! Knave’s acre? Yes, I thought that was all the land his father left him.”

The Clown then said to Wagner, “Listen to me, I would be sorry to rob you of your living.”

Wagner replied, “Sirrah, I say I will pay you in stavesacre.”

“Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Stavesacre,” the Clown said. “Why then, it is likely that, if I were your apprentice, I would be full of vermin. Anyone who inherits only an acre will have lice-infested servants due to lack of money for hiring good servants.”

“So you shall be, whether you work for me, or not, but sirrah, stop your jesting, and bind yourself immediately to me as an apprentice for seven years, or I’ll turn all the lice about you into familiars, and they shall tear you in pieces.”

Witches, who could be male or female, had familiar spirits that would obey their commands.

“Listen, sir,” the Clown said. “You may save yourself that labor; you need not worry about lice tearing me into pieces. They are too familiar with me already. By God’s wounds, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.”

The lice were already biting him and drinking his blood; it was as if they had bought a meal and a waiter had served them the Clown.

“Well, do you hear me, sirrah?” Wagner said. “Wait, take these guilders.”

The guilders were coins paid to a new apprentice to seal the bargain.

Guilders are Dutch gold and silver coins, but Wagner actually wanted to pay the Clown with French crowns, coins that at the time were usually counterfeit or debased. English citizens were legally encouraged to make holes in French crowns as a way to show their lack of worth. The French crowns Wagner wanted to give the Clown had holes and resembled gridirons. A gridiron is a grill used for cooking over a fire; it has holes for the fat to drip through.

“Gridirons,” the Clown said, taking and looking at the coins. “What are they?”

“Why, French crowns,” Wagner replied.

“By the Mass, but for the name of French crowns a man would be as well off to have as many English counters, and what would I do with these?”

English counters were tokens used in small financial transactions; they had no intrinsic value of the kind gold and silver coins did. The only reason to prefer French crowns to English counters was that “crowns” sounds fancier than “counters” — a counter is a prison, especially a prison for debtors.

“Why, now, sirrah, you are at an hour’s warning whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch you,” Wagner said.

Part of Revelation 18:10 states that “*in one hour is thy judgment come*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

The Clown said, “No, no, take your gridirons again.”

“Truly, I don’t want them,” Wagner said.

“Truly, but you shall take them,” the Clown said.

“Bear witness I gave them to him,” Wagner said to you the reader.

“Bear witness I give them to you again,” the Clown said to Wagner.

“Well, I will cause two devils to immediately fetch you away,” Wagner said. He called, “Baliol and Belcher!”

“Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, and I’ll so knock them about and so beat them that they were never so knocked about since they were devils,” the Clown said. “Let’s say that I kill one of them. What would folks say? They would say, ‘Do you see yonder splendid fellow in the baggy pants? He has killed the devil.’ And so I would be called ‘kill-devil’ all the parish over.”

A “kill-devil” is a man who is reckless and daring.

The two devils arrived, frightening the Clown.

Wagner ordered, “Baliol and Belcher — spirits, go away!”

The spirits exited.

“Are they gone?” the Clown said. “A vengeance on them. They have long vile nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil. I’ll tell you how you should know them: All he-devils have horns, and all she-devils have clefts and cloven feet.”

Not all the horns of horny he-devils grow on their head. The clefts of she-devils are also known as vulvas.

“Well, sirrah, follow me,” Wagner said.

“But listen to me,” the Clown said. “If I serve you and become your apprentice, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?”

“I will teach you to turn yourself into anything,” Wagner said. “I will teach you to turn yourself into a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.”

“What!” the Clown said. “Turn a Christian fellow into a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat?”

These are downward transformations; something good is transformed into something worse.

“No, no, sir,” the Clown added, “if you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a pretty frisking flea, so that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I’ll tickle the pretty wenches’ plackets, I’ll be among them, in faith.”

Comic songs of the time celebrated the flea’s freedom of movement anywhere on the body of a pretty young woman.

A placket was an opening in a woman’s petticoat; metaphorically, it was a certain opening in a woman’s body.

“Well, sirrah, come,” Wagner said.

“But, listen to me, Wagner —” the Clown began.

Wagner called, “Baliol and Belcher!”

“Oh, Lord!” the Clown said. “Please, sir, let Banio and Belcher go and sleep.”

“Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let your left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostrias insistere*.”

Wagner was imitating his master’s — Faustus’ — way of speaking, and so was using, or rather misusing, the “word” “diametarily.”

The Latin words — some of which were incorrect; *vestigias nostrias* ought to be *vestigiiis nostris* — mean “as if to tread in our footsteps.” Wagner was putting on airs, using the majestic plural to refer to his footsteps.

Wagner exited.

The Clown said to himself, “God forgive me. He — Wagner — speaks Dutch fustian.”

“Dutch fustian” is bombastic gibberish.

The Clown continued, “Well, I’ll follow him; I’ll serve him, that’s flat. Yes, that’s for sure.”

The Clown had agreed to serve Wagner as an apprentice in return for some lessons in magic and some debased French crowns — a bad bargain, especially after being promised guilders instead of French crowns. He also would never get the beaten silk that had been promised to him, although he would probably get the stavesacre, especially in the form of stave-ache-er. His agreement, however, had a time limit: seven years. At that time, he would again be free. In this sense, he had made a better bargain than Faustus would make.

CHAPTER 2 (1604 A-TEXT)

— 2.1 —

[Scene 5]

Faustus, alone in his study, was thinking about being damned. He said these words to himself:

“Now, Faustus, you must necessarily be damned, and you cannot be saved.”

He meant that he must be damned if he were to get what he wanted: the services of Mephistophilis for twenty-four years.

He continued, “What good is it, then, to think of God or Heaven? Away with such vain fancies, and despair. Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.

“Now do not go backward. No, Faustus, be resolute. Why are you wavering? Oh, something sounds in my ears, saying, ‘Abjure this magic, and turn to God again!’

“Yes, and Faustus will turn to God again.

“To God? He does not love you. The god you serve is your own appetite and desire, wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub. To him I’ll build an altar and a church, and I’ll offer to him the lukewarm blood of newborn babies.”

The lukewarm blood of newborn babies? Faustus was serious about selling his soul.

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel entered the study.

“Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art,” the Good Angel said.

Faustus said, “Contrition, prayer, repentance — what about them?”

“Oh, they are means to bring you to Heaven!” the Good Angel said.

“Rather, they are illusions, the fruits of lunacy that make foolish the men who trust them most,” the Evil Angel said.

“Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven and Heavenly things,” the Good Angel said.

“No, Faustus,” the Evil Angel said. “Think of honor and of wealth.”

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel exited.

“Think of wealth!” Faustus said. “Why, the governorship of Emden shall be mine.”

Emden was a prosperous German port.

Faustus continued, “When Mephistophilis shall stand by me, what god can hurt you, Faustus? You are safe. Have no more doubts.”

Part of Romans 8:31 states, “*If God be on our side, who can be against us?*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus continued, “Come, Mephistophilis, and bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.”

In Luke 2:10, an Angel tells shepherds the glad tidings that Christ has been born: “*Then the Angel said unto them, Be not afraid: for behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus continued, “Isn’t it midnight? Come, Mephistophilis. *Veni, veni, Mephistophile!*”

An important hymn that dates back to the ninth century is “*Veni, veni, Emmanuel*”: “O come, O come, Emmanuel.”

The word “Emmanuel” means “Messiah.”

Mephistophilis entered the study.

Faustus asked him, “Now tell me what does Lucifer, your lord, say?”

“That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives, as long as he will buy my service with his soul,” Mephistophilis replied.

“Already Faustus has hazarded that for you,” Faustus replied.

“But, Faustus, you must bequeath it solemnly, and write a deed of gift with your own blood, for great Lucifer craves that security. If you will not bequeath your soul in a deed of gift, I will go back to Hell.”

“Wait, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good my soul will do your lord?”

Mephistophilis answered, “It will enlarge his kingdom.”

“Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?” Faustus asked.

Mephistophilis answered, “*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*”

The Latin means, “It is a solace to the wretched to have had companions in misery.”

This is true. No one wants to feel alone in misery; however, Mephistophilis’ words are misleading. Notice the phrase “to have had.” Hell lasts forever; it will never end.

“Do you who torture others feel any pain?” Faustus asked.

“As great as have the human souls of men,” Mephistophilis said. “But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have your soul? If you give it to me, I will be your slave, and wait on you, and give you more than you have intelligence to ask for.”

Mephistophilis would give Faustus more than Faustus has intelligence to ask for; in other words, he would give Faustus things that a man of intelligence would not ask for.

“Yes, Mephistophilis, I give my soul to you.”

“Then, Faustus, stab your arm courageously,” Mephistophilis said, “and bind your soul in a contract saying that at some certain — specific and unavoidable — day great Lucifer may claim it as his own, and then you will be as great as Lucifer.”

The word “then” in the clause “then you will be as great as Lucifer” is ambiguous.

Faustus understood it to mean “after signing his name in blood to a deed of gift of his soul to Lucifer.” After signing the document, he would have great power not available to God-fearing mortals; however, he would not have all the power of Lucifer, but rather the use of one of the subordinate devils: Mephistophilis.

But Mephistophilis meant “then” to mean “after Lucifer claimed Faustus’ soul as his own.” After that happened, Faustus would be “as great as Lucifer” — as damned as Lucifer.

Faustus would have some of Lucifer’s powers for a few years, but then he would also be in the same situation as Lucifer — separated eternally from God.

Faustus stabbed his arm and said, “Look, Mephistophilis, for love of you, I cut my arm, and with my own blood I assure that my soul belongs to great Lucifer, the chief lord and regent of perpetual night! See here the blood that trickles from my arm, and let it be propitious for my wish.”

He collected some of his blood in a dish.

“But, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said, “you must write it in manner of a deed of gift.”

“Yes, so I will,” Faustus said, beginning to write a contract, using his own blood as ink.

He stopped and said, “But, Mephistophilis, my blood congeals, and I can write no more.”

Mephistophilis said, “I’ll fetch for you fire that will immediately dissolve your blood.”

He exited.

Such fire is not earthly fire, as no earthly fire will turn congealed blood to liquid form.

“What might the congealing of my blood portend?” Faustus asked. “Is it unwilling I should write this deed of gift? Why doesn’t it flow and stream, so that I may write afresh?”

He began to write, *Faustus gives to you his soul.*

Again, his blood congealed, and he said, “Ah, there it congealed! Why shouldn’t I write this? Isn’t your soul your own?”

Again he began to write, *Faustus gives to you his soul.*

Mephistophilis returned with a chafer of burning coals and said, “Here’s fire; come, Faustus, set the dish of your blood on it.”

Faustus did, and then he said, “So, now the blood begins to be liquid again. Now I will make an end immediately.”

He began to write.

Mephistophilis said to himself, “Oh, what won’t I do to obtain his soul!”

Faustus said, “*Consummatum est*. This deed of gift is ended.”

“*Consummatum est*” were Jesus’ last words on the cross (in the Vulgate translation), uttered just before he died: “It is completed.” The giving of his life and blood was propitious for Humankind.

John 19:30 states, “*Now when Jesus had received of the vinegar, he said, It is finished, and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus added, “And Faustus has bequeathed his soul to Lucifer. But what is this inscription on my arm? ‘*Homo, fuge.*’ Where should I flee?”

“*Homo, fuge*” means, “Man, flee.”

1 Timothy 6:11-12 states (1599 Geneva Bible):

11 “*But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, and meekness.*”

12 “*Fight the good fight of faith: lay hold of eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.*”

Faustus continued, “If I flee to God, he’ll throw me down to Hell.”

Faustus was wrong. According to Christian theology, a man (or woman) can come to Christ in the final moment of his (or her) life and be forgiven. All it takes is sincere repentance.

According to Christian theology, God is not bound by such things as deeds of gifts of one’s soul. Indeed, it can be argued that not even the Bible binds God, and that people who believe that the Bible binds God are guilty of Bibliolatry — they make the Bible into an idol. “Bibliolatry” is “Bible-idolatry” or “Bibliolatry.”

Faustus may have been thinking of predestination, a belief that some souls are damned from the beginning of time, regardless of how they use their free will. God, however, sees past, present, and future time. God may know from the beginning of time that a soul will be damned, but God can see that person making free-will choices that end up damning that person.

The deed of gift that Faustus just wrote and signed is not one that God is bound to respect. Sincere repentance would make the deed of gift void.

Faustus continued, “My senses are deceived; here’s nothing written — no, I plainly see it; here in this place is written ‘*Homo, fuge.*’ Yet Faustus shall not flee.”

Mephistophilis said to himself, “I’ll fetch him something to delight his mind.”

He exited and then returned with some devils that gave crowns and rich clothing to Faustus, danced, and then departed.

Faustus asked, “Tell me, Mephistophilis, what is the meaning of this show?”

“It has no meaning, Faustus, other than to delight your mind, and to show you what magic can perform.”

“But may I raise up spirits when I please?” Faustus asked.

“Yes, Faustus, and do greater things than that,” Mephistophilis replied.

“Then there’s enough reward for the sale of a thousand souls,” Faustus said.

He held up the deed of gift and said, “Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll, a deed of gift of body and of soul, but it is conditional — you must perform all articles prescribed between us both.”

“Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer to fulfill all promises made between us!”

Faustus said, “Then hear me read them.”

He read the deed of gift out loud:

“*On these conditions following.*

“*Firstly, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.*

“*Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and be at his command.*

“*Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires.*

“*Fourthly, that Mephistophilis shall be invisible in his chamber or house.*

“*Lastly, that Mephistophilis shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in whatsoever form or shape Faustus pleases.*

“*I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by this deed of gift, do give both body and soul to Lucifer Prince of the east, and his servant Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, after twenty-four years has expired and the above-written articles inviolate and fulfilled in full, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever.*

“*Signed by me, John Faustus.*”

“Answer, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said. “Do you deliver this as your deed of gift?”

“Yes, take it, and may the devil give you good on it!”

“Now, Faustus, ask me whatever you will.”

“First I will question you about Hell,” Faustus said. “Tell me, where is the place that men call Hell?”

“Under the Heavens,” Mephistophilis said.

“Yes, but whereabouts?” Faustus asked.

“Within the bowels of these elements, where we are tortured and remain forever. Hell has no limits, nor is it circumscribed in one place, for where we are is Hell, and where Hell is, there must we forever be, and, to conclude, when all the world dissolves, and every creature shall be purified, all places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.”

“Come, I think Hell’s a fable,” Faustus said.

“Continue to think so,” Mephistophilis said, “until your own experience changes your mind.”

“Why, do you think, then, that Faustus shall be damned?”

“Yes, of necessity, for here’s the scroll wherein you have given your soul to Lucifer.”

“Yes, and body, too, but what of that?” Faustus said. “Do you think that Faustus is so foolish as to imagine that, after this life, there is any pain? Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives’ tales.”

“But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,” Mephistophilis said, “for I am damned, and I am now in Hell.”

“What!” Faustus said. “Now in Hell! If this is Hell, I’ll willingly be damned here. We are walking, disputing, etc.

“But, setting this aside, let me have a wife, the most beautiful maiden in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious, and I cannot live without a wife.”

“A wife!” Mephistophilis said. “Please, Faustus, don’t talk about a wife.”

Marriage is a sacrament, and Mephistophilis did not want to talk about or observe sacraments.

“Sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me a wife, for I will have one.”

“Well, so you will have one? Sit there until I return. I’ll fetch you a wife in the devil’s name.”

Mephistophilis exited and returned with a devil dressed like a woman. Fireworks sounded.

“Tell me, Faustus, how do you like your wife?”

“A plague on her for a hot whore!” Faustus said.

Already, the contract Faustus and Mephistophilis had made was violated. Faustus had asked for a wife, whom Mephistophilis was supposed to give him, according to the contract, but Mephistophilis had brought him a devil dressed in women’s clothing.

“Tut, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said. “Marriage is only a ceremonial trifle. If you love and respect me, think no more about it. I’ll cull out the fairest courtesans for you, and bring them every morning to your bed. She whom your eye shall like, your heart shall have, be she as chaste as was Penelope, as wise as Saba, or as beautiful as was bright Lucifer before his fall.”

Penelope was the wife of Odysseus, who went to the Trojan War and spent twenty years away from home; during those twenty years, she stayed faithful to him.

Mephistophilis would ensure that even a woman as chaste as Penelope would sleep with Faustus. Either Mephistophilis would corrupt the woman, or Faustus would rape her.

Mephistophilis, however, said he would bring courtesans to Faustus to sleep with. Presumably, courtesans would be very willing to have sex with Faustus in return for money.

Saba is known in the Bible as the Queen of Sheba. She appears in 1 Kings 10, and she showed her wisdom by recognizing Solomon’s wisdom.

Mephistophilis gave Faustus a book and said, “Here, take this book; peruse it thoroughly.”

He pointed to various places in the book as he said, “The uttering of these lines brings gold.

“The marking of this circle on the ground brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning.

“Pronounce this thrice devoutly to yourself, and men in armor shall appear to you, ready to execute your orders.”

“Thanks, Mephistophilis,” Faustus said, “yet I would much like to have a book wherein I might see all spells and incantations so that I might raise up spirits when I please.”

“Here they are in this book,” Mephistophilis said, turning to them.

“Now I would like to have a book wherein I might see all characters and planets of the Heavens, so that I might know their motions and positions.”

“Here they are, too,” Mephistophilis said, turning to them.

“Let me have one more book, and then I have done. I want to have a book wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.”

“Here they are,” Mephistophilis said, turning to them.

“Oh, you are deceived,” Faustus said.

“Tut, I promise you that this one book holds all the knowledge that you have requested.”

Earlier, Valdes and Cornelius had thought that they would rule the world with Faustus, but Faustus has quite forgotten them.

— 2.2 —

[Scene 6]

Robin the hostler, who was holding a book in his hand, said to himself, “Oh, this is admirable! Here I have stolen one of Doctor Faustus’ conjuring books, and in faith, I mean to examine some circles for my own use. Now I will make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked, before me; and so by that means I shall see more than ever I felt or saw yet.”

The circles he meant were 1) conjurors’ circles, and 2) vaginas.

Rafe, another hostler, showed up, calling Robin: “Robin, please, come away; there’s a gentleman waiting to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean. He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has set me to find you; please, come away with me.”

To “have his things rubbed” meant 1) to have such things of his as a saddle polished, and 2) possibly, to have such things of his as a penis and scrotum massaged, something he presumably wanted the hostlers’ mistress — female boss — to do.

“Keep out, keep out,” Robin said, “or else you are blown up — you are dismembered, Rafe. Keep out, for I am setting about doing a roaring — dangerous — piece of work.”

“Come, what are you doing with that book?” Rafe said. “You cannot read.”

“Yes, I can read,” Robin said. “My master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study.”

Robin was planning to use the book to get his mistress — his female boss — to sleep with him. She was married, and because Robin would cuckold her husband, horns would grow on his forehead. Robin’s cuckolding of her husband would occur as he made a private study of her private parts.

He continued, “She’s born to bear with me, or else my art fails.”

According to Robin, she was born to bear his weight during sex, and to bear his children. In doing these things, she would also have to put up with him.

“Why, Robin, what book is that?” Rafe asked.

“What book is it?” Robin said. “Why, it is the most intolerable book for conjuring that ever was invented by any brimstone devil!”

“Intolerable” was a malapropism for “remarkable.”

“Can you conjure with it?” Rafe asked.

“I can do all these things easily with it,” Robin said. “First, I can make you drunk with the spiced wine known as hippocras at any tavern in Europe for nothing; that’s one of my conjuring works.”

“Our Master Parson says that’s nothing,” Rafe said.

Getting Rafe drunk is nothing to be proud of; in fact, it’s rather easy to do, especially when someone other than Rafe is paying for the alcohol.

“True, Rafe,” Robin said, “and what’s more, Rafe, if you have any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, then turn her and wind her to your own use, as often as you will, and at midnight.”

Robin had no compunctions about using magic to get sex for him and his friends.

“Oh, splendid, Robin!” Rafe said. “Shall I have Nan Spit, and for my own use? On that condition I’ll feed your devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, free of cost.”

Horse-bread was made of inexpensive ingredients such as bran and beans. Horses and very poor people ate it.

“No more, sweet Rafe,” Robin said. “Let’s go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then let’s go to our conjuring in the devil’s name.”

— 2.3 —

[Scene 7]

Faustus said, “When I behold the Heavens, then I repent, and I curse you, wicked Mephistophilis, because you have deprived me of those joys.”

Psalm 8:3-5 (1599 Geneva Bible) states this:

3 *When I behold thine heavens, even the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,*

4 *What is man, say I, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?*

5 *For thou hast made him a little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and worship.*

The 1599 Geneva Bible includes this introductory note for Psalm 8:

The Prophet considering the excellent liberality and Fatherly providence of God toward man, whom he made as it were a god over all his works, doth not only give great thanks, but is astonished with the admiration of the same, as one nothing able to compass such great mercies.

“Why, Faustus, do you think that Heaven is such a glorious thing?” Mephistophilis said. “I tell you that it is not half as fair as you, or any man who breathes on earth.”

“How do you prove that?” Faustus asked.

“It was made for man; therefore, man is more excellent,” Mephistophilis said.

“If it were made for man, then it was made for me,” Faustus said. “I will renounce this magic and repent.”

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel appeared.

“Faustus, repent,” the Good Angel said. “Even now God will pity you.”

“You are a spirit,” the Evil Angel said. “God cannot pity you.”

The Evil Angel was wrong when he called Faustus a spirit, and the Evil Angel was wrong when he said, “God cannot pity you.” Faustus had asked to be a spirit in form and substance in his deed of gift, yet he was still a man. Apparently, he had wanted to at times have some of the powers of a spirit such as Mephistophilis, such as being invisible. The word “spirit” as used by the Bad Angel and when applied to Mephistophilis means “demon,” and Faustus was still a human being and not a demon. God wants all human beings to sincerely repent their sins before they die.

Faustus asked, “Who buzzes in my ears that I am a spirit? Even if I were a devil, yet God may pity me. Yes, God will pity me, if I repent.”

The Evil Angel agreed: “Yes, but Faustus never shall repent.”

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel exited.

Faustus said, “My heart’s so hardened, I cannot repent.”

In Exodus 7:3, God says, “*But I will harden Pharaoh’s heart, and multiply my miracles, and my wonders in the land of Egypt*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

This certainly sounds as if Pharaoh lacked free will and that God was controlling Pharaoh’s decisions. Is that true?

No. God is the Creator of all that exists, including the universe, the laws of physics, and the laws of psychology. We are born with free will, but our freely made decisions can over time make it extremely difficult to use our free will. A person who smokes a first cigarette has the freedom to keep on smoking or to give smoking; however, if the person freely decides to keep on smoking, the person will acquire a bad habit and an addiction that make it extremely hard to quit. We even say that people become slaves to their bad habits. True, they still have free will, but their bad habits are such that to act differently requires an effort of the will that they are unwilling to make.

What is true of smoking is true of sinning. A person can become so habituated to sinning that to act virtuously requires an effort of the will that they are unwilling to make.

A free person is a person who works to acquire good habits. Is it almost impossible for a free person who habitually exercises to exercise regularly? No, because they have doing that

for years. Is it almost impossible for a free person who habitually acts virtuously to act virtuously? No, because they have doing that for years. Of course, a person who habitually exercises can sometimes take a day off, and a person who habitually acts virtuously can sometimes act sinfully.

Faustus has had enough time to go a long way toward forming the habit of always acting sinfully to satisfy his desires. The more time he spends acquiring this habit, the greater the effort of the will that will be needed to act otherwise. After twenty-four years of always satisfying his sinful desires, it may be almost impossible for him to sincerely repent.

Faustus continued, “Scarcely can I name salvation, faith, or Heaven, but fearful echoes thunder in my ears, ‘Faustus, you are damned!’ Then swords, and knives, poison, guns, hangmen’s nooses, and steel swords anointed with poison are laid before me to dispatch myself. And long before this I would have slain myself, had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.

“Haven’t I made blind Homer sing to me about Alexander’s love and Oenone’s death?”

Alexander is Paris, Prince of Troy, who ran away with Helen of Troy, thus starting the Trojan War. Before he ran away with Helen, his paramour was the nymph Oenone. When Paris was mortally wounded, he went to Oenone, who had the power to cure him. She refused, he died, and she then committed suicide.

Homer created the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but he didn’t tell the story of Oenone’s death in those epics, and in hearing Homer sing about those topics, Faustus had experienced something that no one alive now has ever experienced.

Faustus continued, “And hasn’t he who built the walls of Thebes with the ravishing sound of his melodious harp made music with my Mephistophilis?”

Amphion was such a skilled harpist that when he played, stones rose of their own accord and built the walls of the city of Thebes.

Faustus continued, “Why should I die, then, or basely despair! I am resolved: Faustus shall never repent.

“Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again, and argue about divine astrology and astronomy.

“Tell me, are there many Heavens above the Moon? Are all celestial bodies only one globe, as is the substance of this centric Earth?”

Mephistophilis replied, “As are the elements, such are the spheres, mutually folded in each other’s orb.”

According to Mephistophilis, or at least according to what he said, the planet Earth is composed of four elements. The element earth is at the center. Water covers the earth, with the continents and islands being bits of earth poking out of the water. Above the water is air. Above the air is a sphere of fire that separates the Earth from the Moon.

So the Earth is composed of parts that make up one whole. According to Mephistophilis, the same is true of the universe.

At the center of the universe is the Earth, but nine spheres surround it: the seven spheres of seven planets, the sphere of the firmament, and then the Primum Mobile. The firmament is where the constellations and fixed stars are embedded. (Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are called “wandering stars” or “erring stars” because they wander in the sky; the word “planet” comes from a Greek term and means “wandering star.” One meaning of “err” is “wander.”) Furthest away from the Earth is Heaven.

The seven planets, in order of distance from the centric Earth, are the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Yes, this culture called the Sun a planet.

Mephastophilis said, “And, Faustus, all the spheres jointly move upon one axletree, whose terminus — boundary — is termed the world’s wide pole. Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter feigned — they really are stars, but they are erring stars.”

Faustus asked, “But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore* — in direction and time?”

Mephastophilis said, “Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn — the wandering stars — jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.”

All the wandering stars move from the east to the west each day — think of the Sun. The wandering stars, however, have additional movements.

In his deed of gift, Faustus had required Mephastophilis to be his servant and at his command, but the contract was being violated. As Faustus’ servant, Mephastophilis should have given Faustus correct answers, but he was simply repeating the erroneous opinions of the time — things that any first-year student at a university would learn.

Mephastophilis did not even tell Faustus that the Earth is not the center of the solar system — or of the universe.

“Bah,” Faustus said. “These slender trifles Wagner can arrive to a conclusion about. Has Mephastophilis no greater skill and knowledge? Who doesn’t know about the double motion of the planets?”

“The first motion is finished in a natural day; the planet travels from east to west.

“The second takes longer. Saturn completes its second motion in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days.”

Mephastophilis did not bother to correct Faustus’ errors. Mars’ orbit (around the Sun, not the Earth, as Faustus thought) takes one year and eleven months (687 days), Venus’ orbit takes seven-and-a-half months (225 days), and Mercury’s orbit takes three months (88 days).

Faustus said, “Bah, these are freshmen’s suppositions. But tell me, has every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?”

The *intelligentia* is Angelic influence. According to one theory of the time, every sphere has an order of Angels as its dominion: Each order of Angels is associated with a Heavenly Sphere.

The following information about Angels is according to Dante’s *Paradise*:

The first Triad of Angels consists of the Seraphim, who are associated with the Primum Mobile (the First Mover, a sphere that Mephastophilis does not acknowledge); the Cherubim, who are associated with the Fixed Stars; and the Thrones, who are associated with Saturn and contemplation.

The second Triad of Angels consists of the Dominions, who are associated with Jupiter and justice; the Virtues, who are associated with Mars and courage; and the Powers, who are associated with the Sun and wisdom.

The third Triad of Angels consists of the Principalities, who are associated with Venus and love; the Archangels, who are associated with Mercury and hope; and the Angels, who are associated with the Moon and faith.

All of the orders of Angels look toward God.

Mephastophilis had no desire to talk about orders of Angels who had not fallen, so he answered Faustus’ question very briefly: “Yes.”

Faustus asked, “How many Heavens or spheres are there?”

“Nine; there are the seven planets, the firmament, and the Empyrean Heaven.”

“Well, resolve this question for me: Why don’t we have conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at consistent times, but in some years we have more and in some years less? Why

don't we have consistency in such astronomical positions and events?"

Two planets are in conjunction when they are very close together; they are in opposition when they are very far apart. Aspects are positions in between conjunction and opposition. These are things that astrologers concerned themselves about.

Mephistophilis answered, "*Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*"

The Latin means, "Through unequal motion in respect of the whole." In other words, the Heavenly bodies don't move at the same speed — some are faster, and some are slower.

Faustus said sarcastically, "I am answered well."

He was not acquiring new knowledge: The answer was one that Wagner would know.

New knowledge would have been that the Sun is at the center of the solar system and that the planets have elliptical — not circular — orbits. That knowledge would have made the observed facts fit with the correct deduced theory.

Faustus then asked, "Tell me Who made the world?"

"I will not."

"Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me."

"Don't try to persuade me," Mephistophilis said, "for I will not tell you."

Faustus said, "Villain, have I not bound you to tell me anything?"

"Yes," Mephistophilis said, "anything that is not against our kingdom, but this is."

The agreement stated that Mephistophilis would tell Faustus anything that he wanted to know; there were no restrictions.

Mephistophilis continued, "Think about Hell, Faustus, for you are damned."

Faustus replied, "Think, Faustus, upon God Who made the world."

"Remember this," Mephistophilis said.

He meant, *Remember that you are going to Hell.*

He exited.

Faustus said, "Yes, go, accursed spirit, to ugly Hell! It is you who have damned distressed Faustus' soul. Isn't it too late for me to repent?"

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel entered.

"It is too late," the Evil Angel said.

"It is never too late, if Faustus can repent," the Good Angel said.

"If you repent, devils shall tear you in pieces," the Evil Angel said.

"Repent, and they shall never scratch your skin," the Good Angel said.

The Good Angel and the Evil Angel exited.

Faustus said, "Ah, Christ, my Savior, seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!"

That help is available; to get it, one must sincerely repent one's sins.

Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis entered.

Lucifer said to Faustus, "Christ cannot save your soul, for He is just. There's none but I who has interest in your soul."

He meant that he had a business interest in Faustus' soul; he and Faustus had made a business agreement concerning Faustus' soul.

"Oh, who are you who looks so terrible?" Faustus asked.

"I am Lucifer, and this is my companion-Prince in Hell," Lucifer said, pointing to Belzebub.

"Oh, Faustus, they have come to fetch away your soul!" Faustus said.

"We have come to tell you that you injure us," Lucifer said. "You talk about Christ, contrary to your promise. You should not think about God; think of the devil, and of his dam, too."

Lucifer was capable of punning. "Dam" meant 1) woman, and 2) damn.

“I will not speak about Christ hereafter,” Faustus promised. “Pardon me in this, and Faustus vows never to look to Heaven, never to name God, or to pray to Him. He promises to burn His Scriptures, slay His ministers, and make my spirits pull His churches down.”

“Do so, and we will highly gratify you,” Lucifer said. “Faustus, we have come from Hell to show you some entertainment. Sit down, and you shall see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their own proper shapes.”

“That sight will be as pleasing to me as Paradise was to Adam, the first day of his creation,” Faustus replied.

“Don’t talk about Paradise or about creation, but pay attention to this show. Talk about the devil, and nothing else.”

He then ordered, “Come!”

The Seven Deadly Sins arrived.

Lucifer said, “Now, Faustus, ask them about their individual names and dispositions.”

Faustus asked, “What are you, the first?”

“I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents.”

Exodus 20:12 states, “*Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

By disdaining to have any parents, Pride need not honor them. Pride can also say that he is a self-made man.

Pride continued, “I am like Ovid’s flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench. Sometimes, like a wig, I sit upon her brow, or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. Indeed, I do — what don’t I do?”

A Latin poem incorrectly ascribed to the Roman poet Ovid was about a flea that had free access to any part of a woman’s body.

Pride continued, “But, damn, what a scent is here! I’ll not speak another word, unless the ground is perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.”

Cloth of arras is very fine fabric, so fine that it was used as a wall hanging, aka a tapestry. Only a very proud man would walk on such a fine fabric.

In Aeschylus’ *Agamemnon*, the title character walks on very fine fabric that his wife lays down for him.

Faustus asked, “What are you, the second?”

“I am Covetousness, begotten of an old miser, in an old leather moneybag, and if I could have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold so that I could lock you up in my good chest. Oh, my sweet gold!”

Faustus asked, “What are you, the third?”

“I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother. I leapt out of a lion’s mouth when I was scarcely half an hour old, and ever since I have run up and down the world with this pair of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight with.”

Wrath looked at you people who are reading this book and said, “I was born in Hell, and watch out, for some of you shall be my father.”

To be Wrath’s father, male readers would have to adopt Wrath.

Faustus asked, “What are you, the fourth?”

“I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife, and so I am dirty and stink. I cannot read, and therefore I wish that all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh, that there would come a famine throughout the entire world, so that all others would die, and I alone would live! Then you would see how fat I would be. But must you sit, and I stand?”

Envy was envious that Faustus was sitting while Envy stood.

Envy continued, “Come down from your high perch, with a vengeance! May God get vengeance against you!”

“Go away, envious rascal!” Faustus said.

He then asked, “What are you, the fifth?”

“Who am I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny — not a damn penny! — have they left me, but only a bare amount to pay my room and board, enough for thirty meals a day, and ten snacks — a small trifle to satisfy the appetite. Oh, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a gammon of bacon — a ham. My grandmother was a hogshead of claret wine. My godfathers were Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. Oh, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer.”

A gammon of bacon is a ham.

A hogshead is a barrel that holds sixty-three gallons.

Martlemas-beef comes from cattle that are slaughtered and salted around Martlemas, which is Saint Martin’s Day: November 11.

March-beer is strong beer that is made in March.

Gluttony continued, “Now, Faustus, you have heard all my ancestry; will you invite me to supper?”

“No, I’ll see you hanged first,” Faustus said. “You will eat up all my food.”

“Then may the devil choke you!” Gluttony said.

“Choke yourself, glutton!” Faustus said.

He then asked, “What are you, the sixth?”

“I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence. Let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I’ll not speak another word for a king’s ransom.”

“What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?” Faustus asked.

“Who am I, sir? I am one who loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stock-fish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.”

“Mutton” was a term used to refer to prostitutes; “stock-fish” was a term used to refer to impotent men. Lechery preferred a little sex (an inch) to lots of non-sex (an ell, or forty-five inches).

Faustus said, “Go away, to Hell, to Hell!”

The Seven Deadly Sins exited.

Of course, Lucifer had not shown Faustus the Seven Christian Virtues that are opposed to the Seven Deadly Sins.

Humility is opposed to Pride.

Charity (Generosity) is opposed to Covetousness (Greed).

Patience is opposed to Wrath.

Gratitude is opposed to Envy.

Temperance is opposed to Gluttony.

Diligence is opposed to Sloth.

Chastity is opposed to Lust. Chastity includes ethical sex — sex engaged in by a husband and a wife.

Lucifer asked, “Now, Faustus, how do you like this?”

“Oh, this feeds my soul!” Faustus said.

This was the wrong kind of feeding: entertainment rather than education.

Lucifer said, “Tut, Faustus, in Hell is all manner of delight.”

“Oh, I wish that I could see Hell, and return again — how happy would I be then!” Faustus said.

“You shall,” Lucifer said. “I will send for you at midnight.”

He gave Faustus a book and said, “In the meantime take this book; read it thoroughly, and with the knowledge you learn you shall turn yourself into whatever shape you want.”

“Great thanks, mighty Lucifer,” Faustus said. “This will I keep as chary — carefully — as I keep my life.”

Faustus may quite forget to take care of the book. After all, Faustus had said that he would take care of the book as carefully as he took care of his own life, and he had recently bargained away all his remaining years of life except for twenty-four. Another meaning of “chary” is “sorrowful.” Unless Faustus sincerely repents, he will spend eternity feeling sorrow in Hell.

“Farewell, Faustus, and think about the devil,” Lucifer said.

“Farewell, great Lucifer,” Faustus said.

Lucifer and Belzebub exited.

“Come, Mephistophilis,” Faustus said.

Faustus and Mephistophilis exited.

CHAPTER 3 (1604 A-TEXT)

— Chorus —

[Chorus 2]

Wagner appeared and said, “Learnéd Faustus, to learn the secrets of astronomy engraved in the book of Jove’s high firmament, did himself mount to scale Olympus’ top. Being seated in a chariot burning bright, drawn by the strength of yoked dragons’ necks, he now has gone to put to the test cosmography and see whether the maps of the cosmos are correct, and as I guess, he will first arrive in Rome, to see the Pope and the manner of his court, and to take part in holy Peter’s feast, that to this day is highly celebrated.”

— 3.1 —

[Scene 8]

Faustus said, “We have now, my good Mephistophilis, passed with delight the stately town of Trier, which is surrounded with airy mountain-tops, with walls of flint, and with deep-entrenched lakes, and which is not to be won by any conquering Prince.

“From Paris next, exploring the realm of France, we saw the river Maine fall into the river Rhine, whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.

“Then we went up to Naples and rich Campania. The buildings of Naples are fair and gorgeous to the eye, the streets are straight and paved with finest brick, and the town is quartered into four similarly sized sections. There we saw the golden tomb of the learned Publius Virgilius Maro, author of the *Aeneid*, and we saw the passage he cut, an English mile in length, through a huge mass of stone, in one night’s space, with the use of magic.

“From thence we went to Venice, Padua, and the rest, in one of which a sumptuous temple stands that threatens the stars with her aspiring top.

“Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time. But tell me now what resting place is this? Have you, as earlier I commanded you, conducted me within the walls of Rome?”

“Faustus, I have,” Mephistophilis said, “and so that we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness’ personal chamber for our use.”

“I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome,” Faustus said.

“Tut, that doesn’t matter, man,” Mephistophilis said. “We’ll be bold with his good cheer. We’ll enjoy his hospitality whether or not he wants us to.

“And now, my Faustus, so that you may perceive what Rome contains to delight you with, know that this city stands upon seven hills that provide support for the groundwork of the same. Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber River’s stream with winding banks that cut it in two parts, over which four stately bridges lean that give safe passage to each part of Rome.

“On the bridge called Ponte Angelo is erected a surpassingly strong castle, within whose walls such store of ordnance are, and large-caliber cannon framed of carved brass, as match the days within one complete year — it has 365 cannon. In addition, it has gates, and it has a high obelisk that Julius Caesar brought from Africa.”

The Sistine Chapel was not among the delights of Rome that Mephistophilis enumerated.

“Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule, of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake of ever-burning Phlegethon,” Faustus said, “I swear that I long to see the monuments and layout of brightly resplendent Rome.”

Souls cross the Styx River to reach the Land of the Dead. The Acheron River is the river of woe in the Land of the Dead. The Phlegethon, which is often described as a river, is made of liquid fire.

Faustus said, "Come, therefore — let's go."

"No, Faustus, stay," Mephistophilis said. "I know you'd like to see the Pope and take some part of and in holy Peter's feast, where you shall see a troop of bald-pate — bald-headed — friars, whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer."

Saint Peter's feast day is June 29.

God is the Highest Good — the *Summum Bonum*. According to Mephistophilis, however, the highest good of these monks is a full belly.

"Well, I'm content to contrive then some entertainment, and by their folly make us merriment," Faustus said. "So then, charm me, so that I may be invisible, to do whatever I please, unseen by anyone while I stay in Rome."

Mephistophilis, who was invisible to everyone except Faustus and anyone else either he or Mephistophilis wanted to see him (of course, God could see him), cast a spell that made Faustus invisible, and then he said, "So, Faustus, now do whatever you will, you shall not be discerned."

A trumpet announced the arrival of important people. The Pope and the Cardinal of Lorraine arrived to partake of the banquet. Many friars were with them.

The Pope asked, "My lord of Lorraine, will it please you to draw near me?"

The invisible Faustus said, "Fall to, and may the devil choke you, if you don't eat your fill!"

The Pope said, "What is this? Who's that who spoke? Friars, look around and find him."

"Here's nobody, if it pleases your Holiness," the first friar said.

The Pope picked up a dish of food and said to the Cardinal of Lorraine, "My lord, here is a dainty dish that was sent to me by the Bishop of Milan."

The invisible Faustus snatched away the dish as he said, "I thank you, sir."

"What is this?" the Pope asked. "Who's that who snatched the food from me? Will no man look?"

He picked up another dish of food and said to the Cardinal of Lorraine, "My lord, this dish was sent to me from the Cardinal of Florence."

"You say the truth," the invisible Faustus said. "I'll take that."

He snatched away the dish of food.

"What, again!" the Pope said. "My lord, I'll drink to your grace."

The invisible Faustus said as he snatched away the cup of wine, "I'll pledge your grace."

"My lord," the Cardinal of Lorraine said, "it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness."

"It may be so," the Pope said.

He then ordered, "Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost to rest."

A dirge is a requiem mass — a mass for the repose of the souls of the dead.

The Pope then said to the Cardinal of Lorraine, "Once again, my lord, fall to."

The Pope crossed himself.

"Are you crossing yourself?" the invisible Faustus said. "Well, do that trick no more, I would advise you."

The Pope crossed himself again.

"Well, there's the second time," the invisible Faustus said. "Beware the third; I give you fair warning."

The Pope crossed himself again, the invisible Faustus hit him on his ear, and the Pope, Cardinal, and friars all ran away.

“Come on, Mephistophilis,” the invisible Faustus said. “What shall we do?”

“I don’t know,” Mephistophilis said. “We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.”

At the end of the ritual of excommunication, the bell is rung, the Bible is closed, and the candle is snuffed out.

“What!” the invisible Faustus said. “Bell, book, and candle — candle, book, and bell — forward and backward, to curse Faustus to Hell!

“Soon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray because it is Saint Peter’s holiday.”

Apparently, Faustus was comparing the sounds of the ritual of an excommunication performed on Saint Peter’s Feast Day to the sounds of a hog, a calf, and an ass.

All of the friars returned. Previously, the Pope had instructed them to sing a dirge, which is sung for the repose of souls, but apparently the Pope was very angry at the invisible Faustus because the friars sang a curse instead of a dirge.

The Pope had wanted to be merciful to Faustus, but Faustus’ actions had convinced the Pope to be not merciful.

“Come, brethren,” the first friar said. “Let’s go about our business with good devotion.”

They sang:

“Cursed be he who stole away his Holiness’ food from the table!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who struck his Holiness a blow on the face!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who struck Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate [head]!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who disturbs our holy ‘dirge’!”

The invisible Faustus was interfering with the friars’ singing.

The friars continued singing:

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who took away his Holiness’ wine!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Et omnes Sancti! Amen!”

“Maledicat Dominus” means “May the Lord curse him!”

“Et omnes Sancti!” means “May all the saints also [curse him]!”

Mephistophilis and the invisible Faustus beat the friars and flung firecrackers among them, and the friars all ran away.

— 3.2 —

[Scene 9]

Robin and Rafe talked together. Robin had a silver goblet that he had stolen from the innkeeper at whose inn they were staying. Since Robin had stolen Faustus’ conjuring book, they had come up (in a material sense) in the world.

Robin said, “Come, Rafe, didn’t I tell you, we were forever made — permanent successes — by using this Doctor Faustus’ book?”

He pointed to the silver goblet and said, “*Ecce, signum!*”

The Latin means, “Behold, the sign!” Or: “Here’s the evidence!”

Robin continued, "Here's a good haul for horse-keepers: Our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts."

Robin meant that their horses would eat well; however, horses are supposed to eat hay. Eating too much grain can be harmful for horses; it can give them colic. Good horse-keepers feed horses grain in small amounts.

"But, Robin, here comes the vintner," Rafe said.

A vintner is an innkeeper who sells wine.

"Hush!" Robin said. "I'll cheat him supernaturally."

The vintner walked over to them.

Robin said, "Drawer, I hope all is paid. May God be with you!"

A drawer was a bartender.

Robin then said, "Come, Rafe."

They attempted to leave.

"Wait, sir," the vintner said. "I must have a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid for from you, before you go."

"I, a goblet, Rafe! I, a goblet!" Robin said.

Then he said to the vintner, "I scorn you, and you are but an etc. I, a goblet! Search me."

"I mean to do so, sir, with your pardon," the vintner said.

Robin managed to secretly pass the goblet to Rafe, and then the vintner searched him.

"What do you say now?" Robin asked the vintner.

"I must say something to your friend," the vintner said.

He then said to Rafe, "You, sir!"

"Me, sir!" Rafe said. "Me, sir! Search your fill."

Rafe managed to secretly pass the goblet to Robin, and then the vintner searched him.

Rafe said to the vintner, "Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth."

"Well, one of you has this goblet about you," the vintner said.

Robin thought, *You lie, drawer; it is before me.*

He had hidden the goblet under the front of his jacket.

He then said to the vintner, "Sirrah, you, I'll teach you to accuse honest men."

He said to Rafe, "Stand back."

He said to the vintner, "I'll scour you for a goblet."

He said to Rafe, "You had best stand back a little."

He conjured, "I charge you in the name of Belzebub."

He managed to secretly pass the goblet to Rafe and whispered, "Look after the goblet, Rafe."

"What do you mean, sirrah?" the vintner asked Robin.

"I'll tell you what I mean," Robin said.

He read out loud from Faustus' conjuring book, "*Sanctobulorum Periphrastricon.*"

Apparently, he was mispronouncing the unfamiliar words both here and elsewhere, but the Latin "*periphrasis*" means "a roundabout way of speaking."

Robin said, "I'll tickle you, vintner. Yes, I'll beat you."

He whispered, "Look after the goblet, Rafe."

He read out loud from Faustus' conjuring book, "*Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephastophilis, etc.*"

The Greek "*polypragmon*" means "busybody."

Invisible, Mephastophilis entered and placed firecrackers on their backs, and then he exited. As the firecrackers went off, Robin, Rafe, and the vintner jumped.

The vintner said, “Oh, *nomine Domine!*”

He meant, “Oh, *nomine Domini!*” — “In the name of God!”

The vintner said, “What do you mean by this, Robin? You have no goblet.”

He was willing to give up the goblet because he was afraid.

Also frightened, Rafe said, “*Peccatum peccatorum!* Here’s your goblet, good vintner.”

“*Peccatum peccalorum!*” means “sin of sins!”

He gave the goblet to the vintner, who left.

Robin said to Mephistophilis, “*Misericordia pro nobis!*”

He meant, “*Miserere nobis!*” This means, “Have mercy on us!”

He added, “What shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I’ll never rob your library anymore.”

Who else but a devil would frighten them so?

Mephistophilis, now visible, returned and said, “Monarch of Hell, under whose black survey great potentates kneel with awed fear, upon whose altars a thousand souls lie, how I am vexed with these villains’ charms! From Constantinople have I come hither only for the pleasure of these damned slaves.”

Mephistophilis and Faustus had been doing much more traveling, but Mephistophilis had come in response to Robin’s summons. As usual, he hoped to get a soul, but Mephistophilis was an important demon and Robin’s soul was not worth his time. Faustus, on the other hand, had — or used to have — great potential to do good, and gaining Faustus’ soul was worth twenty-four years of servitude.

“What!” Robin said. “From Constantinople! You have had a great journey! Will you take sixpence in your wallet to pay for your supper, and be gone?”

Mephistophilis replied, “Well, villains, for your presumption, I will transform you into an ape, and you into a dog, and so be gone!”

“What!” Robin said. “Transform me into an ape! That’s splendid. I’ll have fine entertainment with the boys. I’ll get plenty of nuts and apples.”

“And I must be a dog,” Rafe said.

Robin said, “Indeed, your head will never be out of the porridge-pot.”

Dogs are known for sneaking people’s food.

CHAPTER 4 (1604 A-TEXT)

— Chorus —

[Chorus 3]

The Chorus arrived and said to you, the readers, “When Faustus had with pleasure taken the view of the most splendid things and the royal courts of kings, he ceased his journey, and so returned home, where such as had borne his absence only with grief, I mean his friends and closest companions, expressed joy at his safety with kind words, and in their conversation about what happened during his journey through the world and air, they put forth questions about astronomy that Faustus answered with such learned skill that they admired and wondered at his knowledge.

“Now his fame has spread forth in every land. Among these lands is the land of the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, at whose palace now Faustus is feasted among the Emperor’s noblemen.

“What he did there, in trial of his art, I leave untold; your eyes shall read what happened.”

— 4.1 —

[Scene 10]

The Emperor and Faustus talked together with a knight and attendants near them. Mephistophilis, who was invisible, was present.

“Master Doctor Faustus,” the Emperor said, “I have heard strange reports of your knowledge in the black art and how none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with you for the rare effects of magic. They say that you have a familiar spirit by whom you can accomplish whatever you wish.”

Witches were supposed to have a supernatural spirit — a familiar — that would serve them. Faustus’ familiar spirit, of course, was Mephistophilis.

The Emperor continued, “This, therefore, is my request, that you will let me see some proof of your skill, so that my eyes may be witnesses to confirm what my ears have heard reported, and here I swear to you, by the honor of my imperial crown, that whatever you do, you shall be in no ways prejudiced against or injured.”

The knight said to himself about Faustus, “Indeed, he looks ‘much’ like a conjurer.”

The knight did not believe in sorcery, and so he was sarcastically saying that Faustus looked like a conman.

Although the knight was speaking quietly to himself, Faustus heard him.

“My gracious sovereign,” Faustus said, “although I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and quite unequal to the honor of your imperial majesty, yet because love and duty bind me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.”

When Faustus had made a gift of deed of his soul to Lucifer, he believed that he would be Emperor of the World, and that Holy Roman Emperor Charles V would not live except with his permission, but now Faustus was servile to Charles V.

The Emperor said, “Then, Doctor Faustus, pay attention to what I shall say. As I was recently sitting solitary in my study, sundry thoughts arose about the honor of my ancestors, how they had won by prowess such exploits, got such riches, and subdued so many kingdoms. These accomplishments are such as we who do succeed, or they who shall hereafter possess

our throne, shall — I am afraid — never attain to that degree of high renown and great authority.

“Among these kings is Alexander the Great, chief spectacle of the world’s pre-eminent men; the bright shining of his glorious acts lightens the world with his reflecting beams, such that when I hear even just a mention made of him, it grieves my soul that I never saw the man.

“If, therefore, you, by the cunning of your art, can raise this man from the hollow vaults below, where this famous conqueror lies entombed, and bring with him his beauteous paramour, both in their right shapes, gestures, and attire that they used to wear during their time of life, you shall both satisfy my just desire, and give me cause to praise you while I live.”

The Emperor wanted to see both Alexander the Great and his paramour, by whom he meant Roxana, one of Alexander’s wives.

Raising the dead is black magic, but the Emperor was careful to say that his desire to see Alexander the Great and his paramour was a “just desire.” The Emperor was willing to benefit from Faustus’ magic, but the Emperor did not want to risk losing his own soul.

In Canto 27 of Dante’s *Inferno*, Guido da Montefeltro was a scammer while he was alive, but in the story he tells Dante, he is scammed by Pope Boniface VIII, who tells him that if he sins by giving advice that is unethical, “Don’t worry about the fate of your soul. I am the Pope, and I have two keys. These keys will unlock the gates of Heaven. I tell you now that the sin you will commit by answering my question is forgiven.” Guido da Montefeltro does give Pope Boniface VIII unethical advice, and after Guido da Montefeltro dies, he is punished in the *Inferno*. Only God can forgive sins: God can and will forgive sins that are sincerely repented. Neither Pope Boniface VIII nor Holy Roman Emperor Charles V can forgive sins.

Faustus replied, “My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, as far as by skill and power of my spirit I am able to perform it.”

The knight said to himself, “Indeed, you are able to perform nothing at all.”

Faustus continued, “But, if it pleases your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased Princes, who long since have been consumed to dust.”

A “Prince” could be either a male or a female.

The knight said to himself, “Yes, indeed, Master Doctor, now there’s a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth.”

The knight was correct. By confessing his limitations, Faustus was doing the right thing. Even now, if Faustus were to sincerely repent his sins, God would forgive him for committing them.

Faustus continued, “But such spirits that can realistically resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate. I don’t doubt that this shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.”

“Go to, Master Doctor,” the Emperor said, “let me see them immediately.”

“Go to” was a mild expression of impatience. The Emperor was accustomed to being obeyed and being obeyed immediately.

“Do you hear, Master Doctor?” the knight said. “You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!”

The knight smirked, implying that Faustus had said that he could do this, but he was unable to do this.

“What, sir?” Faustus asked.

“Indeed, that’s as true as Diana turned me into a stag,” the knight said.

“No, sir, but when Actaeon died, he left the horns for you,” Faustus said.

Actaeon was an ancient hunter who accidentally saw the virgin goddess Diana bathing nude in a stream. She noticed him, and she punished him by turning him into a stag; he had the body of a male deer with horns, but he kept his human mind. His own dogs caught his scent and they ran him down and tore him to pieces.

Faustus was threatening to give the knight horns on his forehead. A common joke of the time was that unfaithful wives gave their husbands horns.

Faustus ordered, "Mephastophilis, be gone."

Mephastophilis exited to recruit two spirits to impersonate Alexander the Great and Roxana.

The knight said, "If you go to conjuring, I'll be gone."

He exited.

Faustus said to the departing knight, "I'll be even with you soon for interrupting me so."

He then said to the Emperor, "Here they are, my gracious lord."

Mephastophilis returned with spirits impersonating Alexander the Great and Roxana.

The Emperor said, "Master Doctor, I heard that this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole on her neck. How shall I know whether it is so or not?"

"Your highness may boldly go and see," Faustus replied.

The spirits stayed in character. Alexander the Great would have been too proud to allow the Emperor to inspect Roxana, and the spirits exited before the Emperor could see whether the spirit impersonating Roxana had a mole.

The Emperor, shocked at not having his wishes respected, said, "Surely, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased Princes."

Faustus asked, "Will it please your highness now to send for the knight who was so insulting to me here recently?"

The Emperor ordered his attendants, "One of you call him forth."

The attendant exited and immediately returned with the knight, who now had a pair of horns on his head.

The Emperor said, "How are you now, Sir Knight! Why, I had thought you had been a bachelor, but now I see you have a wife, who not only gives you horns, but makes you wear them. Feel your head."

Knight Bachelor is the lowest order of knights.

The knight felt the horns and said to Faustus, "You damned wretch and execrable dog, bred in the hollow of some monstrous rock, how dare you thus abuse a gentleman? Villain, I say, undo what you have done!"

When Faustus had written a deed of gift of his soul to Lucifer, he had thought he would become Emperor of the World, but now this member of the lowest order of knights did not respect him.

"Oh, not so fast, sir!" Faustus said. "There's no haste, but good sir, do you remember how you crossed me during my conversation with the Emperor? I think I have gotten even with you for it."

"Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him," the Emperor said. "He has done sufficient penance."

The Emperor was now treating Faustus with more respect than he had previously.

"My gracious lord," Faustus said, "not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, has Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight. Since that is all I desire, I am content to release him from his horns."

He then said, "And, Sir Knight, hereafter speak well of scholars."

He then ordered, "Mephastophilis, transform him immediately."

Mephistophilis removed the horns.

Faustus said to the Emperor, "Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave."

"Farewell, Master Doctor," the Emperor said. "Yet, before you go, expect from me a bounteous reward."

The Emperor, knight, and attendants exited.

Faustus said, "Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course that time runs with calm and silent foot, shortening my days and my thread of vital life, calls for the payment of my late years — the years I won't live because I have bargained them away. Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us make haste to Wittenberg."

Faustus' final twenty-four years of life were coming to an end.

Mephistophilis asked, "Will you go on horseback or on foot?"

"Until I'm past this fair and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot," Faustus replied.

A horse trader, aka horse-courser, arrived and said to himself, "I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian."

Fustian is a coarse kind of cloth used to make the kind of clothing the horse trader would wear. The word "fustian" also means bombastic language.

Horse traders had much the same kind of stereotype that used-car dealers have: They will lie and cheat in order to make money.

The horse trader then said, "By the Mass, I see where he is!"

He said out loud, "May God save you, Master Doctor!"

Faustus said, "Oh, the horse trader! You are well met. It's good to see you."

"Listen, sir," the horse trader said. "I have brought you forty dollars for your horse."

"I cannot sell him for that price," Faustus said. "If you like him enough to pay fifty dollars, take him."

"Alas, sir, I have no more!" the horse trader said.

He then said to Mephistophilis, whom he thought to be Faustus' servant, as in a way he was, "Please, speak up for me."

Mephistophilis said to Faustus, "Please, let him have the horse. He is an honest fellow, and he has great expenses, and neither wife nor child."

"Well, come, give me your money," Faustus said.

The horse trader gave Faustus the money.

Faustus then said, "My boy will deliver him to you."

By "my boy," he meant his servant: Mephistophilis.

"But I must tell you one thing before you have him," Faustus said. "Don't ride him into the water, for any reason."

"Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?" the horse trader asked.

"Drink of all waters" means "go anywhere."

"Oh, yes, he will drink of all waters," Faustus replied, "but don't ride him into the water. Ride him over hedge or ditch, or wherever you will, but not into the water."

"I understand, sir," the horse trader said.

He thought, *Now I am a made man forever. I have made a very good deal. I'll not leave my horse for forty dollars. If he had only the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I'd make a brave living out of him: He has a buttock as slick as an eel.*

"Hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding" was a song refrain; often it referred to sex.

Apparently, the horse trader had bought a gelding, not a stallion, and he was thinking that if the horse were a stallion, he could make a lot of money using it as a stud. A slick buttock is a sign of potency.

The horse trader said, “Well, may God be with you, sir. Your boy will deliver it to me, but listen, sir; if my horse becomes sick or ill at ease, then if I bring his urine to you, you’ll tell me what’s wrong with it?”

“Go away, you villain!” Faustus said. “What do you think I am? A horse-doctor?”

The horse trader exited.

Faustus said, “What are you, Faustus, but a man condemned to die? Your time of death draws closer to its final end. Despair drives distrust into my thoughts. I will allay these strong emotions with a quiet sleep. Tush, Christ called the thief upon the Cross, so then rest yourself, Faustus, quiet in mind.”

Faustus was comforting himself with a Biblical story of a man who was saved from damnation at the end of his life: Jesus was crucified between two thieves, one of whom asked to be remembered when Jesus came into his kingdom. Luke 23:39-43 states (1599 Geneva Bible):

39 And one of the evildoers, which were hanged, railed on him, saying, If thou be that Christ, save thyself and us.

40 But the other answered, and rebuked him, saying, Fearest thou not God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

41 We are indeed righteously here: for we receive things worthy of that we have done: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

42 And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom.

43 Then Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

Faustus fell asleep in a chair.

The horse trader returned, wet and crying.

“Damn! Damn!” he said. “Doctor Fustian, said he? By the Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor; Doctor Fustian has given me a purgation — he has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them anymore.”

Doctor Roderigo Lopez was executed after being convicted of plotting to poison Queen Elizabeth I. The horse trader had gotten the name wrong.

The horse trader continued, “But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he told me I should ride the horse into no water, but because I thought my horse had some rare quality that Doctor Fustian would not have me know about, I, like a venturesome youth, rode him into the deep pond at the town’s end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bundle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I’ll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I’ll make it the dearest horse!”

He was making a threat — he would make the horse very expensive for Faustus unless Faustus gave back his forty dollars.

The horse trader said to himself, “Oh, yonder is his snipper-snapper.”

A snipper-snapper is a presumptuous young fellow.

He then said out loud, “Do you hear? You, hey-pass — you, juggler. Where’s your master?”

A juggler is a trickster, aka a cheater.

“Why, sir, what do you want?” Mephistophilis said. “You cannot speak with him.”

“But I will speak with him,” the horse trader said.

“Why, he’s fast asleep. Come some other time.”

“I’ll speak with him now, or I’ll break his glass-windows — his eyeglasses — about his ears.”

“I tell you that he has not slept these past eight nights,” Mephistophilis said.

“Even if he has not slept these past eight weeks, I’ll still speak with him,” the horse trader said.

“Look,” Mephistophilis said, pointing, “there he is, fast asleep.”

“Yes, this is he,” the horse trader said.

He said loudly, “May God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bundle of hay!”

“Why, you see that he doesn’t hear you,” Mephistophilis said.

“So-ho, ho! So-ho, ho!” the horse trader said loudly in Faustus’ ear. “Won’t you wake up? I’ll make you wake up before I go.”

He pulled Faustus by the leg, and Faustus’ leg came off in his hands.

He shouted, “Oh, no! I am ruined! What shall I do?”

He could be tried and convicted for maiming Faustus. The penalty would likely be death.

“Oh, my leg! My leg!” Faustus shouted. “Help, Mephistophilis! Call the police! My leg! My leg!”

Mephistophilis said to the horse trader, “Come, villain, you’re going to the constable.”

“Oh, Lord, sir, let me go,” the horse trader said, “and I’ll give you forty dollars more!”

“Where is the money?” Mephistophilis asked.

“I have none on me,” the horse trader said. “Come to my inn, and I’ll give it to you.”

The horse trader had lied to Faustus when he said that he had only forty dollars to pay for the horse.

“Leave quickly,” Mephistophilis said.

The horse trader ran away.

“Is he gone?” Faustus said. “Farewell to him! Faustus’ leg has magically already grown back, and the horse trader, I take it, has a bundle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.”

Before he had made his bargain with Mephistophilis to give his soul to Lucifer, Faustus had said about the spirits that would serve him, “I’ll have them fly to India for gold, ransack the ocean for oriental pearls”

Now, he was defrauding a horse trader for eighty dollars.

Wagner, Faustus’ servant, arrived.

“How are you now, Wagner?” Faustus asked. “What’s the news you bring?”

“Sir, the Duke of Vanholt earnestly requests your company.”

“The Duke of Vanholt!” Faustus said. “He is an honorable gentleman, to whom I must not be sparing with my magical conjuring. Come, Mephistophilis, let’s go to him.”

Previously, Faustus had entertained an Emperor; now, he was going to entertain a Duke.

— 4.2 —

[Scene 11]

The Duke of Vanholt, the Duchess of Vanholt, and Faustus talked together. They had been watching an entertainment. Mephistophilis was also present, but he was invisible to everyone except Faustus.

“Believe me, Master Doctor,” the Duke of Vanholt said. “This entertainment has much pleased me.”

“My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well,” Faustus replied.

He then said to the Duchess of Vanholt, who was visibly pregnant, “But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women long for some dainties or

other. What is it you long for, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.”

“Thanks, good Master Doctor,” she replied, “and because I see your courteous intention is to make me happy, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires. If it were now summer, instead of being January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better food than a dish of ripe grapes.”

“Ah, madam, that’s nothing!” Faustus said.

He then ordered, “Mephastophilis, be gone.”

Mephastophilis exited.

“If you want a greater thing than ripe grapes, as long as it would make you happy, you will have it,” Faustus said to the Duchess of Vanholt.

Mephastophilis returned, holding ripe grapes.

“Here they are, madam,” Faustus said. “Will it please you to taste them?”

As his wife ate a few grapes, the Duke of Vanholt said, “Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder more than the rest of the things you have done: It is now the month of January — the dead time of winter — so how could you come by these grapes?”

“If it pleases your grace,” Faustus said, “the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, so that when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Sheba, and farther countries in the east, and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.

India and Sheba (now called Yemen) are in the northern hemisphere, but as usual Mephastophilis did not correct Faustus.

“How do you like the grapes, madam?” Faustus asked. “Are they good?”

“Believe me, Master Doctor,” the Duchess of Vanholt replied, “they are the best grapes that I have ever tasted in my life.”

“I am glad they content you so, madam,” Faustus said.

“Come, madam,” the Duke of Vanholt said, “let us go in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he has shown to you.”

“And so I will, my lord and husband, and as long as I live, I will remain beholden to him for this courtesy.”

“I humbly thank your grace,” Faustus said.

“Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward,” the Duke of Vanholt said.

When he had made his bargain with Lucifer, Faustus had wanted to be the Emperor of the World. Now he was merely a court entertainer.

CHAPTER 5 (1604 A-TEXT)

— 5.1 —

[Scene 12]

Wagner said about Faustus to you the readers, “I think my master intends to die soon because he has given me all his goods, and yet, I think, if his death were near, he would not banquet and carouse and swill among the students, as even now he does. They are at supper with such belly-cheer as I, Wagner, never beheld in all my life.”

Earlier, Mephistophilis had said that some friars’ *summum bonum* was belly-cheer.

Wagner continued, “See, where they come! Most likely, the feast has ended.”

Wagner exited as Faustus entered with three tipsy scholars. Mephistophilis was present, but he was invisible to everyone except Faustus.

“Master Doctor Faustus,” the first scholar said, “since our conversation about fair ladies, and who was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined among ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady who ever lived; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us the favor of letting us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholden to you.”

“Gentlemen,” Faustus replied, “because I know that your friendship is unfeigned, and because Faustus’ custom is not to deny the just requests of those who wish him well, you shall behold that peerless dame of Greece, no different in pomp and majesty than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her and brought the spoils to rich Dardania.”

Actually, it is clearer to say that Paris took Helen to Troy. Dardanus founded the kingdom of Dardania and the city of Dardanus (sometimes called Dardania or Dardanum) long before Troy was founded. Dardanus and Troy were both located in the Troad, located in the northwest corner on Turkey. As usual, the invisible Mephistophilis did not clarify Faustus’ assertion.

Faustus referred to “unfeigned friendship,” but the scholar was asking him to do something that would be a cause of getting him damned.

He also said that the scholars would see Helen of Troy, implying that they would see the real Helen of Troy rather than a demon that had assumed her shape.

Faustus then said, “Be silent, then, for danger is in words.”

Conjuring required silence.

Music sounded, and a demon that had assumed Helen of Troy’s shape passed in front of them and then exited.

In ancient times, Paris, a Prince of Troy, ran away with Helen, the legitimate wife of Menelaus of Sparta, Greece, and took her back to Troy with him, thus starting the famous Trojan War, which lasted for ten years. Helen was known as the most beautiful woman in the world.

The second scholar said, “Too simple is my intelligence to tell her praise. She is the woman whom all the world admires for her majesty.”

The third scholar said, “It’s no wonder that the angry Greeks avenged with ten years of war the forcible carrying away of such a queen, whose Heavenly beauty surpasses all comparison.”

“Since we have seen the pride of Nature’s works, and the only paragon of excellence,” the first scholar said, “let us depart; and for this glorious deed may Faustus be happy and blest forevermore!”

Ironically, it was deeds such as this that put Faustus at risk of damnation.

“Gentlemen, farewell,” Faustus said. “I wish the same to you.”

The scholars exited.

An old man arrived and said, “Ah, Doctor Faustus, I wish that I might prevail and guide your steps to the way of life, by which sweet path you may attain the goal that shall conduct you to celestial rest!

“Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears — tears falling from repentant heaviness of your most vile and loathsome filthiness, the stench whereof corrupts the inward soul with such extremely wicked crimes of heinous sin as no commiseration may expel except the mercy, Faustus, of your sweet Savior, Whose blood alone can wash away your guilt.”

Faustus said, “Where are you, Faustus? Wretch, what have you done?”

Genesis 3:9 states, “*But the Lord God called to the man [Adam, who had sinned], and said unto him, Where art thou?*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus said, “You are damned, Faustus, damned; despair and die! Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice says, ‘Faustus, come; your hour is almost come,’ and Faustus now will come to do you right and pay to you what is due.”

1 Peter 5:8 states, “*Be sober, and watch: for your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

John 13:1 states, “*Now before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come, that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, forasmuch as he loved his own which were in the world, unto the end he loved them*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Mephistophilis gave Faustus a dagger, tempting him to commit suicide.

The old man said, “Ah, stop, good Faustus, stop your desperate steps! I see an Angel who hovers over your head, holding a vial full of precious grace and offering to pour it into your soul. So then call for mercy, and avoid despair.”

People commit suicide out of despair, which can be defined as the loss of all hope.

Faustus said to the old man, “Ah, my sweet friend, I feel your words you have spoken to comfort my distressed soul! Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.”

“I go, sweet Faustus,” the old man said, “but with heavy sorrow because I fear the ruin of your without-hope soul.”

The old man exited.

Faustus said to himself, “Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now? I do repent, and yet I do despair. Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast. What shall I do to shun the snares of death?”

Mephistophilis said, “You traitor, Faustus, I arrest your soul for disobedience to my sovereign lord. Revolt, or I’ll tear your flesh into pieces.”

By “revolt” he meant, “Revolt against God, and return to the vow you made to Lucifer.”

“Sweet Mephistophilis,” Faustus said, “entreat your lord to pardon my unjust presumption, and with my blood I will again confirm my former vow I made to Lucifer.”

“Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,” Mephistophilis said, “lest greater danger attends your drifting away from Lucifer.”

Faustus cut his arm and began writing with his blood.

“Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age — that old man who dared to dissuade me from following your Lucifer,” Faustus said to Mephistophilis. “Torment the old man with the greatest torments that our Hell affords.”

“His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul,” Mephistophilis said. “But what I may afflict his body with, I will attempt, which is but little worth.”

What “little worth” refers to is ambiguous. It can mean 1) the old man’s body is of little worth compared to the worth of his soul, 2) Mephistophilis’ attempt to torment the old man’s

body is of little worth and effectiveness because the old man is protected by God, or 3) both #1 and #2.

(Earlier, the Good Angel had said to Faustus, “Repent, and they [demons from Hell] shall never scratch your skin.”)

“One thing, good servant, let me crave from you, to glut the longing of my heart’s desire,” Faustus said. “Let me have as my paramour that Heavenly Helen whom I saw just now, whose sweet embracings may extinguish completely those thoughts that dissuade me from my vow. That will help me keep the oath I made to Lucifer.”

“Faustus, this, or whatever else you shall desire, shall be performed in the twinkling of an eye,” Mephistophilis said.

“Helen of Troy” returned and stood in front of Faustus, who said these words:

“Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,

“And burnt the topless towers of Ilium [Troy]?”

“Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.”

He kissed “Helen,” and then he continued:

“Her lips suck forth my soul: See, where it flies!

“Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.”

He kissed “Helen,” and then he continued:

“Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,

“And all is dross that is not Helena.”

The old man entered and stood, listening.

Faustus continued:

“I will be Paris, and for love of you,

“Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked;

“And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

“And wear your colors on my plumed crest [helmet];

“Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

“And then return to Helen for a kiss.

“Oh, you are fairer than the evening air

“Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

“Brighter are you than flaming Jupiter

“When he appeared to hapless Semele;

“More lovely than the monarch of the sky

“In wanton Arethusa’s azured arms;

“And none but you shall be my paramour!”

What is the answer to the question “Was this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless [very high] towers of Troy?”

The best answer is, No. This is not Helen of Troy. This is a demon from Hell. Twenty-four years ago, Faustus had asked for a wife, and Mephistophilis had brought him a demon that had assumed the form and face of a beautiful woman. Faustus had called the demon dressed in women’s clothing “a hot whore.” Now, he was willing to have sex with a demon.

Can “Helen” make him immortal with a kiss?

Faustus’ soul is already immortal; the question that should be asked is where will his soul reside for all eternity. A kiss from “Helen” makes it more likely that Faustus’ soul will reside in Hell.

When Faustus was considering selling his soul to Lucifer, he thought that he would do good things for Wittenberg, but now he was willing for Wittenberg to be sacked, just like Troy was at the end of the Trojan War.

Faustus said that he will be Paris and he will combat “weak” Menelaus. In the *Iliad*, Paris and Menelaus met in single combat, and Menelaus defeated Paris; in fact, Menelaus would have killed Paris except that Aphrodite, goddess of sexual passion, helped Paris escape from him.

Faustus said that he would wound Achilles in the heel. Although this is not recounted in the *Iliad*, Paris, with the help of the archer god Apollo, did wound Achilles in the heel — a wound that killed him. Achilles was a much greater person and warrior than Paris.

Faustus said this about “Helen”: “Brighter are you than flaming Jupiter / When he appeared to hapless Semele.”

Semele was one of the many mortal women with whom Jupiter, king of the gods, had an affair. Jupiter made an inviolable oath to give Semele whatever she asked for, and she asked to see him in his true form. Because he had made an oath that he could not violate, Jupiter did as she asked, and the sight of Jupiter in his true form killed her.

Apollo the Sun-god is the monarch of the sky, and Arethusa is a nymph who bathed in a stream of blue — azured — water. Possibly, Faustus is saying that “Helen” is more beautiful than a scene of the Sun shining down on a blue stream of water.

Faustus and “Helen” left in order to go somewhere they could have sex.

The old man said to himself, “Accursed Faustus, miserable man, from your soul you exclude the grace of Heaven, and flee from the throne of his tribunal-seat!”

Some devils entered.

The old man said, “Satan begins to sift me with his pride.”

Luke 22:31 states, “*And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired you, to winnow you as wheat*” (1599 Geneva Bible). Other Bibles, such as the Coverdale Bible of 1535, use the word “sift” instead of “winnow.”

The old man continued, “As in this furnace God shall try my faith, my faith shall triumph over you, vile Hell.”

He was referring to the Book of Daniel, chapter 6. God protected Daniel after he was thrown in the den of lions.

The old man continued, “Ambitious fiends, see how the Heavens smile at your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!”

Psalm 2:4 states, “*But he that dwelleth in the heaven shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision*” (1599 Geneva Bible). The Bishops Bible (1568, revised in 1572) states, “*He that dwellest in heaven will laugh them to scorn.*”

The old man continued, “Hence, devils! Go to Hell! For from here I flee to my God.”

The old man exited in one direction, and the devils exited in another direction.

— 5.2 —

[Scene 13]

Faustus was in his study in Wittenberg with the three scholars.

“Ah, gentlemen!” Faustus said.

A glance at Faustus showed that he was not well. His “ah” was a sound of mourning.

“What ails you, Faustus?” the first scholar asked.

“Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, if I had lived with you, then I would have lived always!” Faustus said.

Students at the university shared quarters.

Faustus continued, “But now I die eternally. Look, isn’t he coming? Isn’t he coming?”

The students thought that Faustus was ill and hallucinating.

The second scholar asked, "What does Faustus mean?"

"Perhaps he has acquired some sickness by being over-solitary," the third scholar said.

"If that is so, we'll have physicians in to cure him," the first scholar said. "It is only a surfeit; never fear, man."

A surfeit is an excess, often of food and drink.

Faustus said, "It is a surfeit of deadly sin, which has damned both body and soul."

"Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven," the second scholar said. "Remember that God's mercies are infinite."

The second scholar was correct.

"But Faustus' offence can never be pardoned," Faustus said. "The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus."

Faustus was suffering from pride. He believed that he had committed sins so evil that they were unpardonable. But God can pardon any sin as long as it is sincerely repented. The only sin that is unpardonable is sin that makes the sinner unable to sincerely repent. A sinner who has continually sinned can grow hard-hearted and be unable to sincerely repent.

Faustus' sins of commission may seem paltry. He has slept with women whom Mephistophilis has brought to him. He has defrauded a horse trader. He has pranked the Pope.

He has sold his soul to Lucifer, but the contract will be nullified if he sincerely repents.

Faustus' sins of omission are great. He could have saved many cities from plague. He could have used his intellect to make advances in logic, law, and medicine. Instead, he became a practical joker and a court entertainer.

Faustus continued, "Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and don't tremble at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, I wish that I had never seen Wittenberg and never read a book!"

Books are not evil in themselves. A book of magic can be read for other purposes than summoning demons from Hell. Faustus had been a great scholar and had delighted in pursuing knowledge, but he had made a choice to pursue knowledge the wrong way.

One way to pursue knowledge is through hard study: reading (and writing) the relevant books, thinking hard, and debating with others, including teachers, who can be good guides to knowledge but who are only guides. Teachers can't learn for the student — they can only try to help the student learn. Another way to pursue "knowledge" is to take the easy way: Let someone tell you stuff without investigating whether that stuff is true or false.

Faustus had made a deal with Mephistophilis: Faustus would give Lucifer his soul, and Mephistophilis would tell Faustus stuff and would give Faustus books that would tell him stuff.

Although Faustus had written the deed of gift to give Lucifer his soul, Mephistophilis had not given Faustus the knowledge that Faustus had wanted. Instead, Mephistophilis had given Faustus answers that any first-year university student could give, and then he had distracted Faustus with frivolous entertainments so that Faustus would not pursue knowledge. In addition, Mephistophilis had not corrected Faustus' erroneous "knowledge."

Acquiring real knowledge and especially discovering new real knowledge often takes great effort, although yes, learning can often be pleasurable. In order for Isaac Newton to make many of his most important discoveries, he had to invent the calculus, which in itself is one of his most important discoveries.

Faustus had been choosing between Heaven and Hell, yes, but he had also been choosing between astronomy and astrology and choosing between chemistry and alchemy and choosing between science and magic and choosing between the hard way and the easy way.

Faustus continued, “And what wonders I have done, all Germany — and yes, all the world — can witness.”

Faustus had thought that he would use his knowledge and powers to become Emperor of the World; instead, he had become an entertainer for the Holy Roman Emperor and then for the Duke and Duchess of Vanholt.

Faustus continued, “And for these wonders Faustus has lost both Germany and the world — and yes, Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy — and Faustus must remain in Hell forever, Hell, ah, Hell, forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in Hell forever?”

“Yet, Faustus, call on God,” the third scholar said.

“On God, whom Faustus has abjured!” Faustus said. “On God, whom Faustus has blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! But the devil draws in my tears so that I cannot weep. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! Yes, gush forth life and soul! Oh, he stops my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them — they hold them!”

“Who, Faustus?” the scholars asked.

“Lucifer and Mephistophilis,” Faustus said. “Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my magical cunning!”

“God forbid!” the scholars said.

“God forbade it, indeed,” Faustus said, “but Faustus has done it. For the vain pleasure of twenty-four years has Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I wrote them a deed of gift of my soul with my own blood. The twenty-four years have almost expired; the final time will soon come, and he — Lucifer — will fetch me.”

The first scholar asked, “Why didn’t Faustus tell us about this before, so that divines might have prayed for you?”

“Often have I thought to have done so,” Faustus said, “but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God and to fetch me, body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity.”

Anytime he was threatened with bodily pain from a devil, he backed off and backed down.

He added, “And now it is too late.”

No, he was wrong. He still had time to repent.

Faustus said, “Gentlemen, go away, lest you perish with me.”

This showed that some goodness remained still within Faustus.

The second scholar asked, “Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?”

“Don’t talk about me, but save yourselves, and depart,” Faustus said.

This showed that some goodness remained still within Faustus.

The third scholar said, “God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.”

“Tempt not God, sweet friend,” the first scholar said, “but let us go into the next room, and there pray for him.”

“Yes, pray for me, pray for me,” Faustus said, “and whatsoever noise you hear, don’t come to me.”

This showed that some goodness remained still within Faustus.

He added, “Nothing can rescue me.”

He was despairing; he had lost all hope that he could be saved. This is the sin that can keep someone from Heaven by making it extremely difficult for that person to sincerely repent his or her sins.

The second scholar advised Faustus, “Pray, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon you.”

Prayer by other people helps, but what wins God’s forgiveness of sins is sincere repentance by the sinner.

“Gentlemen, farewell,” Faustus said. “If I live until morning, I’ll visit you; if not, Faustus has gone to Hell.”

“Faustus, farewell,” the scholars said as they exited.

The clock struck eleven. At midnight Faustus’ twenty-four years would be over.

Part of Revelation 18:10 states that “in one hour is thy judgment come” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus made a sound of mourning again: “Ah.”

He then said to himself, “Faustus, now you have only one bare hour to live, and then you must be damned perpetually!

“Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven, so that time may cease, and midnight never come. Fair Nature’s eye — the Sun — rise, rise again, and make perpetual day; or let this hour be only a year, a month, a week, a natural day, so that Faustus may repent and save his soul!”

Sincerely repenting one’s sins can take only a moment. Sometimes that moment is the last moment of one’s life. It was as if Faustus were asking to be saved — but not yet!

Faustus said, “*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*”

The Latin means, “Oh, run slowly, slowly, horses of the night.”

Ovid’s *Amore* (Liber I, XIII, line 40) states, “*Lente currite noctis equi.*” This is the prayer of a man who wishes to spend more time in the arms of his lover.

Faustus continued, “The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, the devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

“Oh, I’ll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?”

“See, see, where Christ’s blood streams in the firmament! One drop would save my soul, half a drop.”

He added, “Ah, my Christ!”

Was his “Christ” Jesus or Lucifer?

Then he added, “Ah, rend not my heart because of the naming of my Christ!”

Was his “Christ” Jesus or Lucifer?

Faustus continued, “Yet will I call on him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!

“Where is it now? Christ’s blood is gone, and look, where God stretches out His arm, and bends His ireful brows! Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me, and hide me from the heavy wrath of God! No! No!”

Luke 23:30 states, “*Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us: and to the hills, Cover us*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Revelation 6:16 states, “*And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the presence of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus continued, “Then will I headlong run into the earth: Earth, gape! Oh, no, it will not harbor me!

“You stars that reigned at my nativity, it is your influence that has allotted death and Hell to me.”

Faustus wanted to blame his stars for his damnation: He believed — or wanted to believe — that the stars that reigned when he was born were responsible for his death and for his punishment in Hell.

Many people of the time believed in astrology, but they also believed in free will. The stars could influence a person’s character, making that person wise or courageous, for example, but nevertheless that person still has free will and will make the decisions that lead to that person’s salvation or damnation. Today, many people believe both in genetics and in free will. Genetics

may give a person certain characteristics, but nevertheless that person still has free will and will make the decisions that lead to that person's salvation or damnation.

Faustus continued to address the stars: "Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist, into the entrails of yon laboring clouds, so that, when you clouds vomit forth into the air, my limbs may issue from your smoky mouths, so that my soul may then ascend to Heaven!"

He wanted the stars to draw him up into the clouds, which would form a thunderstone from his grosser parts. The thunderstone would be ejected when lightning flashed, leaving behind Faustus' purer part — his soul — which would ascend into Heaven.

The clock stuck the half-hour.

Faustus said, "Ah, half the hour is past! All the hour will be past soon.

"Oh, God, if you will not have mercy on my soul, yet for Christ's sake, whose blood has ransomed me, impose some end to my incessant pain in Hell. Let Faustus live in Hell a thousand years, a hundred thousand, and at last be saved."

This was a prayer, but it was not the right kind of prayer. Faustus was not sincerely repenting his sins; he was praying to escape some of the punishment for committing his sins.

Faustus said, "Oh, there is no end to pain suffered by damned souls in Hell!

"Why weren't you, Faustus, born a creature that lacks a soul? Why is this soul that you have immortal?

"Ah, if Pythagoras' metempsychosis — his transmigration of souls — were true, this soul would fly from me, and I would be changed into some brutish beast!

"All beasts are happy, for when they die, their souls are soon dissolved into the elements, but my soul must live always to be plagued in Hell.

"Cursed be the parents who engendered me!"

He gained some possession of himself and said, "No, Faustus, curse yourself, curse Lucifer who has deprived you of the joys of Heaven."

1 John 1:9 states, "*If we acknowledge our sins, he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Even now, Faustus' soul could be saved. All it would take is sincere repentance of his sins. He would have to take responsibility for his sins, instead of blaming Lucifer, if he were to be able to repent them.

The clock began to strike twelve.

"Oh, it strikes! It strikes!" Faustus said. "Now, body, turn to air, or Lucifer will bear you quickly to Hell!"

Thunder sounded and lightning flashed.

Faustus said, "Oh soul, be changed into little drops of water, and fall into the ocean, never be found!"

Devils, including Lucifer and Mephistophilis, entered Faustus' study.

Faustus said, "My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!"

Faustus' "God" was Lucifer.

Faustus said, "Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while! Ugly Hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!

"I'll burn my books!"

Those were the books that Mephistophilis had given him.

He uttered the sorrowful cry "Ah."

The clock struck the eleventh of twelve strokes.

This was the last moment of Faustus' life.

Even now, Faustus can be saved. According to Christian theology, a man (or woman) can come to Christ in the final moment of his (or her) life and be forgiven. All it takes is sincere

repentance. In his *Purgatory*, Dante writes about meeting on the Mountain of Purgatory sinners who sincerely repented in their last moment of life. One such sinner was Buonconte of Montefeltro, who repented and in the last moment of his life uttered this word:

“M-M-M—

“Mary!”

In the last moment of his life, Faustus uttered this word:

“M-M-M—

“Mephistophilis!”

The clock struck twelve, and the devils carried Faustus off to Hell.

EPILOGUE (1604 A-TEXT)

[Chorus 4]

The Chorus said these words:

“Cut is the branch that might have grown full [completely] straight,

“And burned is Apollo’s laurel-bough [mark of excellence],

“That sometime [formerly] grew within this learned man.

“Faustus is gone: Regard his Hellish fall,

“Whose fiendful fortune [diabolical end] may exhort the wise,

“Only to wonder [To be content with only wondering] at unlawful things,

“Whose deepness does entice such forward wits [eager thinkers]

“To practice more than Heavenly power permits.”

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

Translation: The hour ends the day; the author ends the work.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS (1616 B-TEXT)

CAST OF CHARACTERS (1616 B-TEXT)

Chorus.

Dr. John Faustus.

Wagner, his servant.

Valdes, magician.

Cornelius, magician.

Three Scholars.

Old Man.

The Good Angel.

The Bad Angel.

Mephistophilis.

Lucifer.

Beelzebub.

Robin (the Clown), hostler at an inn. A hostler takes care of horses.

Dick, hostler at an inn. Dick is Robin's friend.

Vintner.

Horse Dealer.

Carter.

Hostess.

Pope Adrian.

Raymond, King of Hungary.

Bruno, the rival Pope.

Cardinal of France.

Cardinal of Padua.

Archbishop of Rheims.

Charles V, Emperor of Germany and Holy Roman Emperor.

Martino, gentleman at Charles V's court.

Frederick, gentleman at Charles V's court.

Benvolio, gentleman at Charles V's court. "*Bene volio*" means "I wish well" in Latin, but Benvolio is ill-tempered.

Duke of Saxony.

Duke of Vanholt.

Duchess of Vanholt.

Spirits presenting:

- The Seven Deadly Sins (Pride, Covetousness, Envy, Wrath, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery).
- Alexander the Great, and his Paramour.
- Darius, King of Persia.
- Helen of Troy.

Devils, Cupids, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Attendants, a Piper.

NOTE:

The B-Text is not divided into Acts and Scenes. Some editors divide it into Acts and Scenes; some editors divide it into Scenes only

PROLOGUE (1616 B-TEXT)

— Chorus —

[Chorus 1]

The Chorus says this to you the reader:

“This book is not about marching in the fields of Thrasimene, where Mars did ally himself to the warlike Carthaginians, resulting in their major victory over the Romans.

“This book is not about sporting in the frivolity and dalliance of love, in courts of Kings where government is overturned.

“This book is not about the pomp of proud audacious deeds.

“Our Muse — who inspires the playwright Christopher Marlowe — does not intend to show off her heavenly verse on such topics.

“Only this, gentles, is intended — we characters in this book must now perform the representation of Faustus’ fortunes, good or bad.

“And now to patient judgments we characters appeal, and I speak for all of us when I tell you about Faustus in his infancy and young days.

“He was born of parents base of stock in a town called Stadtroda in Germany.

“When he achieved riper years, he went to Wittenberg, home of the university of Martin Luther and of Hamlet. This is where his kinsmen chiefly brought Faustus up.

“He succeeded so much in his study of theology that quickly he was graced with the title of Doctor.

“He excelled all other scholars, and he sweetly disputed in the heavenly matters of theology; however, he became swollen with conceit and pride in his knowledge and cunning, and with his waxen wings he mounted above his reach.”

Faustus is like Icarus, for whom his father, Daedalus, created wings made of wax and feathers. Daedalus warned Icarus not to fly too near the Sun, but Icarus did not heed the warning. The Sun’s heat melted the wax in his wings, causing the feathers to fall out. Icarus plunged into the sea and drowned.

The Chorus continued:

“Melting his waxen wings, the heavens conspired Faustus’ overthrow. For, falling to a devilish exercise, and glutted now with learning’s golden gifts, Faustus surfeits upon cursed necromancy.

“Nothing is as sweet as magic is to him. He even prefers magic to his chiefest bliss: his salvation and eternal life in Paradise.”

What does it mean for the heavens to “conspire Faustus’ overthrow”?

If the heavens are the planets and stars, then in this age, which believes in astrology, the planets and stars gave Faustus some elements of his character, including a high intelligence. Our age would use the word “genetics” instead of “astrology” in describing how we acquire some of our characteristics. Possibly, Faustus’ environment gave him a tendency toward pride.

But whether you use the word “astrology” or the phrases “genetics and environment” or “nature and nurture,” you can have a belief in free will. At times in our lives, we have to make important decisions, and we make them of our free will.

This is true even if the word “heavens” refers to spirits. Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis are fallen Angels that can tempt and manipulate Faustus, but Faustus still uses his free will to decide whether to give in to temptation or to allow himself to be manipulated. As it happens, Faustus himself initiates his first contact with the devils.

The Chorus continued:

“Faustus is the man who now sits in his study.”

CHAPTER 1 (1616 B-TEXT)

— 1.1 —

[Scene 1]

Faustus, alone in his study, surrounded by books, said to himself, “Make a decision about your studies, Faustus, and begin to sound the depth of that subject that you will profess. Having graduated from the university, be a theologian in outward appearance, yet aim at the purpose and end result of every discipline and live and die in Aristotle’s works.

“Sweet *Analytics*, it is you who have ravished me.”

Aristotle wrote two volumes on logic: *Prior Analytics* and *Posterior Analytics*.

Faustus opened a book and said, “*Bene disserere est finis logicis*.”

The book was *Dialecticae* by Petrus Ramus, a reformer and logician who was killed during the Saint Bartholomew’s Day Massacre in 1572 in Paris. The Latin means, “The end — the purpose — of logic is to dispute well.”

Faustus said, “Is to dispute well logic’s chiefest end? Affords this discipline no greater miracle? Then read no more; you have attained that end. You know how to dispute well. A greater subject befits Faustus’ intelligence. Bid *on-kai-me-on* farewell, and Galen come.”

“*On-kai-me-on*” is a transliteration of Greek words meaning “being and non-being” or “existence and non-existence.” The words come from a book by the philosopher Georgias of Leontini (c. 483-376 B.C.E.).

Galen was a famous ancient physician and writer of influential books about medicine.

Faustus continued, “Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold and be eternally famous for some wondrous cure. *Summum bonum medicinae sanitas*. Let me translate: The end of medicine is our body’s health.”

Faustus’ translation into English of a Latin translation of Aristotle’s Greek *Nicomachian Ethics* was not entirely correct. The Latin mentions “health,” which can include mental health as well as bodily health. Faustus’ translation mentions only bodily health.

He continued, “Why, Faustus, haven’t you attained that end? Aren’t your prescriptions hung up as records of remarkable achievements, whereby whole cities have escaped the plague and a thousand desperate maladies have been cured? Yet you are still only Faustus and a man. If you could make men live eternally, or if the men were dead, if you could raise them to life again, then this profession of medicine would be one to be esteemed.

“Medicine, farewell. Where is Justinian?”

Justinian was a Byzantine Emperor who codified Roman law.

Finding the Justinian book, Faustus said, “*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, etc.*”

This means, “If one and the same thing is willed to two men, then one man will get the thing, and the other will get the value of the thing, etc.”

Faustus said, “A petty case of paltry legacies!”

He then said, “*Exhereditari filium non potest pater nisi...*”

This means, “The father may not disinherit the son, unless ...”

Faustus said, “Such is the subject of the institute and the universal body of the law.”

Much canon law was based on Byzantine Emperor Justinian’s codification of Roman law.

He continued, “This study befits a mercenary drudge, who aims at nothing but external trash.”

“External trash” is money and possessions.

He continued, "This is too servile and illiberal for me. When all is said and done, theology is best. Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well."

Saint Jerome translated the Bible into Latin; his translation is known as the Vulgate Bible.

Faustus said, "*Stipendium peccati mors est.*"

This means, "The wages of sin is death."

Romans 6:23 states, "*For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus had translated only part of the verse, leaving out the part about the gift of God.

He said, "Ha!" and then repeated the Latin words before saying, "The reward of sin is death? That's hard.

"*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.*"

The Latin passage is 1 John 1:8; Faustus did not read 1 John 1:9.

1 John 1:8-9 states this (1599 Geneva Bible):

8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and truth is not in us.

9 If we acknowledge our sins, he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Faustus had left out the part about God's forgiveness.

Faustus continued, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us. Why, then perhaps we must sin, and so consequently die. Aye, we must die an everlasting death."

The sound "Aye" has two applicable meanings: 1) Yes, and 2) I.

Faustus said, "What doctrine do you call this? *Che sera, sera.* Let me translate: What will be, shall be.

"Theology, adieu. These metaphysics of magicians and necromantic books are heavenly."

Necromancy is the discipline of communicating with the dead.

He continued, "Lines, circles, letters, and characters. Aye, these are those things that Faustus most desires."

Lines, circles, letters, and characters are used in magic.

Faustus said, "Oh, what a world of profit and delight, of power, of honor, and of omnipotence is promised to the studious artisan of the occult arts! All things that move between the quiet poles shall be at my command. Emperors and Kings are obeyed only in their own provinces, but the dominion of an artisan who excels in the occult arts, stretches as far as does the mind of man. A sound magician is a demi-god. Here I will work and tire my brains to get a deity. I want god-like power."

He called, "Wagner."

Wagner, Faustus' servant, entered the room.

Faustus ordered, "Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends, the German Valdes and Cornelius. Request them earnestly to come and visit me."

"I will, sir," Wagner said, and then he exited.

Faustus said, "Their conversation will be a greater help to me than all my labors, plod I never so fast."

He was seeking a quick way to knowledge. Rather than finding out new knowledge for himself, he was asking for help from people who could teach him.

This can be a good thing, *if* the teachers are wise.

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel entered Faustus' study.

The Good Angel said, "Oh, Faustus, lay that damned book of black magic aside, and don't gaze on it lest it tempt your soul and heap God's heavy wrath upon your head. Read, read the scriptures: That book is blasphemy."

The Bad Angel said, "Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art wherein all nature's treasure is contained. Be you on Earth as Jove is in the sky: Lord and Commander of these elements."

Jove is the King of the pagan gods.

This society believed that the world was composed of four elements: earth, air, fire, and water.

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel exited.

Faustus said, "How I am gluttled with the idea of this! Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please, resolve me of all ambiguities by answering my questions, and perform whatever desperate enterprise I want them to perform?"

The word "desperate" means dangerous, but it includes the idea of despair. Christian despair is lack of belief in Christian salvation.

Faustus continued, "I'll have them fly to India for gold, ransack the ocean for pearls from the orient, and search all corners of the newfound world of the Americas for pleasant fruits, and Princely delicacies.

"I'll have them teach me strange philosophy and tell me the secrets of all foreign kings.

"I'll have them wall all Germany with brass and make the swift Rhine River encircle fair Wittenberg.

"I'll have them fill the universities with silk, wherewith the students shall be splendidly clad.

"I'll levy soldiers with the money they bring me, and chase the Prince of Parma from our land, and reign as sole king of all the provinces."

The Prince of Parma was the Spanish governor-general of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

Faustus continued, "Yes, I'll make my servile spirits invent stranger engines for the brunt of war than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge."

While besieging Antwerp, the Prince of Parma built a bridge across the Scheldt River. The defenders of Antwerp used a fireboat to destroy the bridge.

Faustus said, "Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, and make me blest with your sage conversation."

Valdes and Cornelius entered Faustus' study.

Faustus said, "Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius! Know that your words have won me over at last! I will practice magic and the concealed occult arts.

"Philosophy is odious and obscure. Both law and medicine are for petty wits.

"It is magic, magic that has ravished me.

"So then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt, and I, who have with subtle syllogisms confounded the pastors of the German Church and made the flowering pride — the best scholars — of Wittenberg swarm to my academic discussions, as the infernal spirits swarmed to the sweet musician Musaeus when he came to Hell, will be as cunning as the magician Cornelius Agrippa was, whose familiar spirit made all Europe honor him."

Valdes replied, "Faustus, these books, your intelligence, and our experience shall make all nations canonize us. As dark-skinned Native Americans obey their Spanish lords, so shall the spirits we raise in bodily form be always serviceable to us three.

"They shall guard us when we please, in the forms of lions, or of German cavalrymen with their horsemen's staves, or of Lapland giants trotting by our sides.

"Sometimes they shall have the form of women or unwedded maidens, encompassing more beauty in their airy brows than have the white breasts of Venus, the queen of love.

"From Venice they shall drag huge argosies — merchant ships — and from America they shall bring us the golden fleece that yearly stuffed King Philip II of Spain's treasury, if learned

Faustus will be resolute.”

To get devils to obey your will required payment: one’s soul. If Faustus were resolute and bargained away his soul, then he, Valdes, and Cornelius could benefit. Apparently, Valdes and Cornelius lacked this kind of resolution.

Faustus replied, “Valdes, I am as resolute in this as you are to live, so therefore make no objections.”

Cornelius said, “The miracles that magic will perform will make you vow to study nothing else. He who is grounded in astrology, enriched with the knowledge of various languages, and very knowledgeable about minerals, has all the principal knowledge that magic requires.

“So then don’t doubt, Faustus, that you will be renowned and more sought after on account of this mystery than was the Delphic oracle.”

An oracle is a priest or priestess who is able to foretell the future. The oracle at Delphi was renowned in ancient times.

Cornelius said, “The spirits tell me they can dry the sea, and fetch the treasure of all foreign shipwrecks — yes, and all the wealth that our forefathers hid within the massy entrails of the earth.

“So then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three lack?”

Faustus answered, “Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul.”

He then said to Valdes and Cornelius, “Come, show me some magical demonstrations, so that I may conjure in some bushy grove, and have in full possession these joys we have discussed.”

Valdes said, “Then hasten to some solitary grove, and carry there wise Bacon’s and Albanus’ works, the Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament, and whatsoever else is necessary that we will inform you about before our conversation ends.”

Roger Bacon and Pietro d’Abano were reputed to be great magicians.

The Psalms and the beginning of John’s Gospel were used in conjuring.

Cornelius said, “Valdes, first let him know the words of art, and then after he has learned all other ceremonies Faustus may try and test his cunning by himself.”

Valdes said to Faustus, “First I’ll instruct you in the rudiments, and then you will be more perfect in magic than I am.”

This sounds as if Valdes did not know more than the rudiments.

“Then come and dine with me,” Faustus said, “and after we eat we’ll discuss every detail of conjuring, for before I sleep, I’ll see what I can do. This night I’ll conjure even if I die because of it.”

Yes, he could die because of his conjuring; he could die and be condemned to spend eternity in Hell.

— 1.2 —

[Scene 2]

Two scholars arrived at Faustus’ residence.

The first scholar said, “I wonder what’s become of Faustus, who was accustomed to make our schools ring with cries of ‘*sic probo*.’”

“*Sic probo*” is Latin for “Thus I prove it.” Faustus used to engage in much debate in the university.

Wagner, Faustus’ servant, arrived. He was carrying wine.

The second scholar said, “That shall we soon know, since here comes Faustus’ servant.”

“Oh, sirrah!” the first scholar said. “Where’s your master?”

The word “sirrah” was used to address a man of lower social status than the speaker.

Wagner replied, “God in Heaven knows.”

Usually, this means, “*Only* God in Heaven knows.”

“Why, don’t you know where he is, then?” the second scholar asked.

“Yes, I do know, but my knowing where he is does not follow,” Wagner said.

He meant that from “God in Heaven knows,” it did not follow that he, Wagner, did know.

“Bah, sirrah,” the first scholar said. “Stop your jesting and tell us where he is.”

“That does not follow by force of argument, which you two scholars, being licentiates, aka degree holders, should stand upon,” Wagner said. “Therefore, acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Wagner meant that since his knowing Faustus’ whereabouts had not been logically established, it did not logically follow that the first scholar could demand that Wagner tell him where Faustus is.

“Then you will not tell us?” the second scholar asked.

“You are deceived, for I will tell you,” Wagner replied. “Yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question. For isn’t Faustus *corpus naturale*? And is not that *mobile*? Then why should you ask me such a question?”

A “*corpus naturale*” is a “natural body,” and natural bodies are “*mobile*,” or capable of movement and change. As a natural body, Faustus was capable of moving and so could be anywhere, according to Wagner.

He continued, “But except that I am by nature calm, slow to anger, and prone to lechery — oops, I meant to say, love — it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next court sessions.”

The deed being executed at this time was eating heartily. This execution was taking place in the dining room, where Faustus and his two guests were planning the execution of a deed of black magic. However, people convicted of using black magic could undergo another kind of execution. Wagner may have thought that the two scholars wanted to engage in black magic just like Valdes and Cornelius did.

Wagner continued, “Thus, having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a Precision — a Puritan — and begin to speak like one:

“Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine I am holding, if it could speak, would inform your worships. And so may the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren.”

Wagner exited to take the wine to Faustus and his two guests.

The first scholar said, “Oh, Faustus, then I fear that which I have long suspected: You have fallen into that damned art for which Valdes and Cornelius are infamous throughout the world.”

The second scholar said, “If Faustus were a stranger to me, and not allied to me through friendship, the danger to his soul would make me mourn.

“But come, let us go and inform the Rector — the head of the university. Perhaps the Rector’s grave counsel may reclaim Faustus.”

“I am afraid that nothing will reclaim him now,” the first scholar said.

“Yet let us see what we can do,” the second scholar said.

[Scene 3]

Thunder sounded. Lucifer and four devils, all of whom were invisible, arrived and spied on Faustus.

Faustus said, “Now the gloomy shadow of the night, longing to view the constellation Orion’s drizzling look, leaps from the Antarctic world to the sky and dims it with her pitchy breath.”

It was nighttime. According to Faustus, night was simply the time when the northern hemisphere was in the shadow of the Earth. The Sun would set in the West and go to the southern hemisphere (from the perspective of someone fairly high in the northern hemisphere), where it would shine and put the northern hemisphere in shadow.

The constellation Orion was associated with storms, and so Faustus called it “drizzling.”

He continued, “Faustus, begin your incantations and test whether devils will obey your commands, seeing that you have prayed and sacrificed to them.”

He was standing in a circle, which was thought to protect the magician from the evil spirits he called up.

Faustus continued, “Within this circle is Jehovah’s name, forward and backward anagrammatized. Also here are the abbreviated names of holy saints, figures of every adjunct to the Heavens, and characters of signs, and evening stars, by which the spirits are forced to rise.”

Magicians would take the name “Jehovah” and make anagrams of it. They would also use such things as the signs of the Zodiac in their conjurations.

Faustus continued, “So then don’t be afraid, Faustus, to be resolute and try the utmost that magic can perform.”

Thunder sounded.

Faustus conjured, “*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovahae! Ignei, aerii, aquatici spiritus, salvete! Orientis Princeps Beelzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat, Mephistophilis.*

“*Quod tu moraris?*

“*Per Jehovaham, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis!*”

Translated, the Latin passage means this:

“*May the gods of Acheron be favorable to me! Farewell to the threefold spirit of Jehovah — the Trinity! Welcome, you spirits of fire, air, and water! Prince of the East; Beelzebub, monarch of burning Hell; and Demogorgon, we ask that Mephistophilis may appear and rise.*

“*Why do you delay?*

“*By Jehovah, Hell, and the holy water that I now sprinkle, and by the sign of the cross that now I make, and by our vows may Mephistophilis himself now rise, compelled to serve us.*”

The Prince of the East is Lucifer; Beelzebub is a fallen Angel; Demogorgon is a deity of the underworld.

Faustus referred to only three of the four elements. Apparently one element is associated with each of the three demons he called upon. Lucifer is associated with air, and Beelzebub with fire, leaving water for Demogorgon. The fourth element — earth — may be associated with Mephistophilis.

Acheron is a river in Hell.

Gehenna is a name for the destination of the wicked: Hell.

To gain the favor of the demons of Hell, Faustus rejected Jehovah.

The devil Mephistophilis arrived in the form of a dragon.

Seeing him, Faustus told him, "I order thee to return and change thy shape. Thou art too ugly to attend on me."

He was using the words "thee," "thy," and "thou," words that a master would use to refer to a servant. In other circumstances, they were used by intimate friends and by husbands and wives.

He continued, "Go and return in the form of an old Franciscan Friar. That holy shape becomes a devil best."

Mephistophilis exited.

Faustus said, "I see there's virtue in my heavenly words."

By "virtue," he meant "power," not "moral virtue."

He continued, "Who would not be proficient in this art? How pliant is this Mephistophilis! He is full of obedience and humility. Such is the force of magic and my spells."

Mephistophilis returned in the form of a Franciscan Friar and asked, "Now, Faustus, what would thou have me do?"

He did not need Faustus to tell him his name.

Mephistophilis' question is the same question that Saul (later Saint Paul) asked the risen Jesus in Acts 9:6: "*He then both trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou that I do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus replied, "I order thee to wait upon me while I live and do whatever Faustus shall command, whether it be to make the Moon drop from her sphere, or to make the ocean overwhelm the world."

"I am a servant to great Lucifer," Mephistophilis said, "and I may not follow thee without his permission. No more than he commands must we perform."

Faustus had believed that he was Mephistophilis' master, but Mephistophilis told him straight-out that he follows Lucifer's orders.

Faustus asked, "Didn't he order thee to appear to me?"

Mephistophilis replied, "No, I came here now of my own accord."

"Didn't my conjuring raise thee?" Faustus asked. "Answer me."

"That was the cause," Mephistophilis answered, "but yet *per accidens*."

Yes, Mephistophilis had come to Faustus because of Faustus' conjuring, but not for the reason that Faustus supposed. Faustus thought that Mephistophilis had been forced to come to him because of Faustus' power as a conjuror, but as Mephistophilis will explain, he had come because he saw an opportunity to get Faustus' soul.

Mephistophilis continued, "For when we hear one rack the name of God, abjure the scriptures and his Savior Christ, we fly in hope to get his glorious soul. Nor will we come, unless he use such means whereby he is in danger to be damned. Therefore, the shortest cut for conjuring is stoutly to abjure all godliness and pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell."

Faustus said, "So Faustus has already done, and Faustus holds this principle: There is no chief but only Beelzebub, to whom Faustus does dedicate himself. This word 'damnation' does not terrify me, for I confound Hell in Elysium. May my ghost be with the old philosophers."

Faustus did not fear the damnation of Hell with all its tortures because he regarded the afterlife as being in Elysium, where the good pagans went and enjoyed lives much like the lives they had lived on Earth. At the end of Plato's *Apology*, Socrates, who has been condemned to die, says that he does not fear death because what follows death must be one of

two things: 1) a long dreamless sleep, or 2) a life like this one, but one in which Socrates can seek out and converse with great people such as Homer, creator of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, who have died before him. Faustus did not believe in the Christian Hell in which unrepentant sinners are tortured.

One meaning of “confound” is “smash.” Faustus was saying that he was smashing the idea of Hell as a place of torture, and that Hell is actually a rather nice place, as is Elysium. However, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, a then-current meaning of “confound” is this: “To mix up in idea, erroneously regard or treat as identical, fail to distinguish.” Faustus was failing to distinguish between the Christian Inferno and the pagan Elysium. In Dante’s *Inferno*, the good pagans go to Limbo, which is a place of sighs, not screams.

Faustus continued, “But leaving these vain trifles of men’s souls, tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?”

Faustus also deviated from Christian theology in believing that his soul was only a vain trifle.

Mephistophilis replied, “Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.”

Faustus asked, “Wasn’t Lucifer an Angel once?”

“Yes, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said, “and he was most dearly loved by God.”

Faustus asked, “How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?”

“Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence,” Mephistophilis said, “for which God threw him from the face of Heaven.”

Isaiah 14:12-15 (1599 Geneva Bible) tells us this about Lucifer:

12 How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning? and cut down to the ground, which didst cast lots upon the nations?

13 Yet thou saidest in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven, and exalt my throne above beside the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the North.

14 I will ascend above the height of the clouds, and I will be like the most high.

15 But thou shalt be brought down to the grave, to the side of the pit.

Faustus is another being with “aspiring pride and insolence.”

“And what are you that live with Lucifer?” Faustus asked.

“Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer, conspired against our God with Lucifer, and are forever damned with Lucifer,” Mephistophilis replied.

“Where are you damned?”

“In Hell.”

“How comes it then that thou are out of Hell?”

“Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it,” Mephistophilis replied. “Do you think that I who saw the face of God and tasted the eternal joys of Heaven am not tormented with ten thousand Hells in being deprived of everlasting bliss?”

Saint John Chrysostom had written “*si decem mille gehennas quis dixerit, nihil tale est quale ab illa beata visione excidere.*”

The Latin means that knowing that one will never enjoy the everlasting bliss of the presence of God is worse than suffering ten thousand Hells.

Mephistophilis pleaded, “Oh, Faustus, stop asking these frivolous questions, which strike a terror to my fainting soul.”

Such questions are not frivolous; frivolous questions do not strike terror in one’s fainting soul.

Faustus said, “Is great Mephistophilis so passionate and deeply emotional because of being deprived of the joys of Heaven? Learn from Faustus’ manly fortitude, and scorn those joys

thou never shall possess.

“Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer, seeing that Faustus has incurred eternal death by desperate thoughts against Jove’s deity. Say that Faustus surrenders up to Lucifer his soul, provided that he will spare him for twenty-four years, letting him live in all voluptuousness, having thee always to attend on me, to give me whatsoever I shall ask, to tell me whatsoever I ask, to slay my enemies and to aid my friends, and always to be obedient to my will.”

Faustus was calling God “Jove” — a name for the pagan god Jupiter, king of the gods. “Jove’s deity” means “Jupiter’s divine nature.”

He continued, “Go and speak to mighty Lucifer, and meet me in my study at midnight, and then tell me what thy master answers.”

“I will, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said.

He exited.

“Had I as many souls as there are stars, I’d give them all for Mephistophilis,” Faustus said. “By use of him, I’ll be the great Emperor of the World, and make a bridge through the moving air to cross the ocean. With a band of men I’ll join the hills that bind the African shore and join that country to Spain, closing the Strait of Gibraltar, and make both pay tribute to my crown. The Holy Roman Emperor Charles V shall not live except but by my permission, nor shall any potentate of Germany.”

The Holy Roman Emperor Charles V was also Emperor of Germany.

Faustus concluded, “Now that I have obtained what I desired, I’ll live in contemplation of this art until Mephistophilis returns again.”

— 1.4 —

[Scene 4]

Wagner, Faustus’ servant, saw the Clown, who had a beard, and said, “Come here, sirrah boy.”

“Boy?” the Clown said. “Oh, what an insult to my person. By God’s wounds! I say ‘Boy’ in your face! You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.”

“Sirrah, have you no comings in?” Wagner asked.

By “comings in,” he meant “income.”

“Yes, and goings out, too,” the Clown said, “as you may see, sir.”

He thrust his hand through a hole in his ragged clothing.

“Alas, poor slave,” Wagner said. “See how poverty jests in his nakedness. I know the villain’s out of service — out of work — and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, even if it were blood raw.”

“That’s not so, neither,” the Clown said. “I must have the mutton well roasted, and a good sauce to go with it, if I pay so expensive a price, I can tell you.”

“Sirrah, will you be my servant and wait on me?” Wagner asked. “If you do, I will make you go like *qui mihi discipulus*.”

“*Qui mihi discipulus*” is Latin for “one who is my pupil.”

“What, in verse?” the Clown asked.

“No, slave,” Wagner said, “in beaten silk, and stavesacre.”

Silk is an expensive fabric. “Beaten silk” is embroidered silk: Expensive metals such as gold and silver could be beaten with a hammer into silk clothing to form a metal embroidery. Of course, such clothing would be only for the very wealthy. As you may expect, Wagner was obliquely saying that he would beat the Clown if the Clown were his apprentice.

Stavesacre is a lotion made from certain kinds of seeds; it is used to kill vermin such as lice. Wagner was saying that the Clown was infested with lice; he also was obliquely saying that he would beat the Clown. A stave is a staff that can be used to give aches, so it is a stave-ache-er.

“Stavesacre?” the Clown said. “That’s good to kill vermin. So then probably if I serve you I shall be lousy.”

Two meanings of “lousy” are “inferior” and “infested with lice.”

“Why, so you shall be, whether or not you serve me,” Wagner said. “For, sirrah, if you do not immediately bind yourself to me for seven years, I’ll turn all the lice about you into familiar spirits, and make them tear you into pieces.”

Witches, who could be male or female, had familiar spirits that would obey their commands.

“No, sir, you may save yourself the trouble,” the Clown said, “for lice are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.”

The lice were already biting him and drinking his blood; it was as if they had bought a meal and a waiter had served them the Clown.

“Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders,” Wagner said.

The guilders were coins paid to a new apprentice to seal the bargain.

“Yes, indeed, sir, and I thank you, too,” the Clown said.

“So, now you are to be at an hour’s warning, whenever and wherever the devil shall fetch you,” Wagner said.

Part of Revelation 18:10 states that “*in one hour is thy judgment come*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

“Here, take your guilders,” the Clown said. “I’ll have nothing to do with them.”

“I won’t take them,” Wagner said. “You are pressed — drafted — into service as my servant. Prepare yourself to accept this, for I will immediately raise up two devils to carry you away.”

He called the spirits: “Banio! Belcher!”

“Belcher? If Belcher comes here, I’ll belch him,” the Clown said. “I am not afraid of a devil.”

The two devils appeared.

Although the Clown may not be afraid of a devil, his actions and reactions showed that he is definitely afraid of two devils.

“How about now, sir?” Wagner asked. “Will you serve me now?”

“Yes, good Wagner,” the Clown said. “Take away the devil then.”

“Spirits, away!” Wagner ordered.

The two devils exited.

“Now, sirrah, follow me,” Wagner said to the Clown.

“I will, sir, but listen, master,” the Clown said. “Will you teach me this conjuring occupation?”

“Yes, sirrah,” Wagner said. “I’ll teach you to turn yourself into a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.”

“A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat?” the Clown said. “Oh, brave, splendid Wagner!”

“Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel, so that you may *quasi vestigias nostras insistere*.”

The Latin words — some of which were incorrect; *vestigias nostras* ought to be *vestigiiis nostris* — mean “as if to tread in our footsteps.” Wagner was putting on airs, using the majestic

plural to refer to his footsteps.

“Well, sir, I promise that I will do as you say.”

They exited, with the Clown following Wagner.

The Clown had agreed to serve Wagner as an apprentice in return for some lessons in magic and some guilders. He would never get the beaten silk that had been promised to him, although he would probably get the stavesacre, especially in the form of stave-ache-er. His agreement, however, had a time limit: seven years. At that time, he would again be free. In this sense, he had made a better bargain than Faustus would make.

CHAPTER 2 (1616 B-TEXT)

— 2.1 —

[Scene 5]

Faustus, alone in his study, was thinking about being damned. He said, “Now, Faustus, must you necessarily be damned? Can’t you be saved?”

He knew that he must agree to be damned if he were to get what he wanted: the services of Mephistophilis for twenty-four years.

“What good is it then to think about God or Heaven? Away with such vain fancies and despair! Despair in God and trust in Beelzebub.

“Do not go backward now, Faustus; be resolute.

“Why are you wavering? Oh, something sounds in my ear: *Abjure this magic, turn to God again.*

“Why, God doesn’t love you. The god you serve is your own appetite wherein is fixed the love of Beelzebub.”

If the “God” who doesn’t love him is the “god” who is his own appetite, then Faustus had spoken the truth. But if “God” meant the Christian God, then God did love him.

Faustus continued, “To him, I’ll build an altar and a church and offer him the lukewarm blood of newborn babes.”

The lukewarm blood of newborn babes? Faustus was serious about selling his soul.

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel entered his study.

The Bad Angel said, “Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art.”

The Good Angel said, “Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.”

Faustus said, “Contrition, prayer, repentance? What of these?”

The Good Angel said, “Oh, they are means to bring you to Heaven.”

The Bad Angel said, “Rather, they are illusions, fruits of lunacy, that make foolish those who do use them most.”

“Sweet Faustus,” the Good Angel said, “think of Heaven and Heavenly things.”

“No, Faustus,” the Bad Angel said, “think of honor and of wealth.”

“Wealth?” Faustus said. “Why, the seigniorship — the governorship — of Emden shall be mine.”

Emden was a prosperous German port.

Faustus continued, “When Mephistophilis shall stand by me, what power can hurt me? Faustus, you are safe. Have no more doubts.”

Part of Romans 8:31 states, “*If God be on our side, who can be against us?*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

He continued, “Mephistophilis, come and bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.”

In Luke 2:10, an Angel tells shepherds the glad tidings that Christ has been born: “*Then the Angel said unto them, Be not afraid: for behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus continued, “Isn’t it midnight? Come, Mephistophilis. *Veni, veni, Mephistophile.*”

An important hymn that dates back to the ninth century is “*Veni, veni, Emmanuel*”: “O come, O come, Emmanuel.”

The word “Emmanuel” means “Messiah.”

Mephistophilis entered Faustus’ study.

Faustus said, “Now tell me, what does Lucifer, your Lord, say?”

“That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives, if he will buy my service with his soul,” Mephistophilis answered.

Faustus said, “Already Faustus has hazarded that for you.”

“Hazard” was a gambling term. Faustus’ soul was his gambling stake.

Mephistophilis said, “But now you must bequeath it solemnly and ceremoniously, and write a deed of gift with your own blood, for Lucifer craves that security and assurance. If you will not do it, I must go back to Hell.”

“Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me what good my soul will do your Lord,” Faustus said.

Mephistophilis replied, “Your soul will enlarge his Kingdom.”

“Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?” Faustus asked.

Mephistophilis replied, “*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*”

The Latin means, “It is a solace to the wretched to have had companions in misery.”

This is true. No one wants to feel alone in misery; however, Mephistophilis’ words are misleading. Notice the phrase “to have had.” Hell lasts forever; it will never end.

Faustus asked, “Do you devils who torture others have any pain?”

Mephistophilis answered, “As great as have the human souls of men.”

He added, “But tell me, Faustus, shall I have your soul? If you give it to me, I will be your slave and wait on you, and give you more than you have intelligence to ask for.”

Mephistophilis would give Faustus more than Faustus has intelligence to ask for; in other words, he would give Faustus things that a man of intelligence would not ask for.

Faustus said, “Yes, Mephistophilis, I’ll give my soul to Lucifer.”

Mephistophilis said, “Then, Faustus, stab your arm courageously, and bind your soul so that at some certain — specific and unavoidable — day great Lucifer may claim it as his own, and then you will be as great as Lucifer.”

The word “then” in the clause “then you will be as great as Lucifer” is ambiguous.

Faustus understood it to mean “after signing his name in blood to a deed of gift of his soul to Lucifer.” After signing the document, he would have great power not available to God-fearing mortals.

Faustus, however, would not have all the power of Lucifer, but rather the use of one of the subordinate devils: Mephistophilis.

But Mephistophilis meant “then” to mean “after Lucifer claimed Faustus’ soul as his own.” After that happened, Faustus would be “as great as Lucifer” — as damned as Lucifer.

Faustus would have some of Lucifer’s powers for a few years, but then he would also be in the same situation as Lucifer — separated eternally from God.

Faustus said, “Look, Mephistophilis. For love of you Faustus has cut his arm, and with his own proper blood he assures his soul to belong to great Lucifer, Chief Lord and Regent of perpetual night. View here this blood that trickles from my arm, and let it be propitious for my wish.”

“But, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said, “write it in the manner of a deed of gift.”

“Yes, so I do, but Mephistophilis, my blood congeals, and I can write no more,” Faustus said.

“I’ll fetch for you fire to dissolve it immediately,” Mephistophilis said.

He exited to get the fire.

Such fire is not earthly fire, as no earthly fire will turn congealed blood to liquid form.

“What might the congealing of my blood portend?” Faustus said to himself. “Is it unwilling I should write this deed of gift? Why doesn’t it stream so that I may write afresh?”

He started writing: “*Faustus gives to you his soul.*”

He stopped and said, “Oh, there my blood congealed. Why shouldn’t I write this? Isn’t your soul your own?”

“Then write again: *Faustus gives to you his soul.*”

Mephistophilis returned, carrying the chafer of fire.

He said, “See, Faustus, here is fire; set the dish of your blood on it.”

Faustus did, and then he said, “So, now the blood begins to become liquid again. Now will I make an end immediately.”

Mephistophilis said quietly to himself, “What won’t I do to obtain his soul!”

Faustus finished writing and then he said, “*Consummatum est.*”

“*Consummatum est*” were Jesus’ last words on the cross (in the Vulgate translation), uttered just before he died: “It is completed.” The giving of his life and blood was propitious for Humankind.

John 19:30 states, “*Now when Jesus had received of the vinegar, he said, It is finished, and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus added, “This deed of gift is finished, and Faustus has bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

“But what is this inscription on my arm? ‘*Homo, fuge!*’”

The Latin means, “Man, flee!”

1 Timothy 6:11-12 (1599 Geneva Bible) states this:

11 “*But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, and meekness.*”

12 “*Fight the good fight of faith: lay hold of eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.*”

Faustus said, “Whither should I flee? If I flee to Heaven, God will throw me down to Hell.”

Faustus was wrong. According to Christian theology, a man (or woman) can come to Christ in the final moment of his (or her) life and be forgiven. All it takes is sincere repentance.

According to Christian theology, God is not bound by such things as deeds of gifts of one’s soul. Indeed, it can be argued that not even the Bible binds God, and that people who believe that the Bible binds God are guilty of Bibliolatry — they make the Bible into an idol. “Bibliolatry” is “Bible-idolatry” or “Biblidolatry.”

Faustus may have been thinking of predestination, a belief that some souls are damned from the beginning of time, regardless of how they use their free will. God, however, sees past, present, and future time. God may know from the beginning of time that a soul will be damned, but God can see that person making free-will choices that end up damning that person.

The deed of gift that Faustus just wrote and signed is not one that God is bound to respect. Sincere repentance would make the deed of gift void.

Faustus continued, “My senses are deceived; here’s nothing written — oh, yes, I see it plainly. Written here is ‘*Homo, fuge,*’ yet Faustus shall not flee.”

Mephistophilis said to himself, “I’ll fetch him something to delight his mind.”

He wanted to distract Faustus from serious considerations. He would do that with something trivial.

He exited.

Some devils arrived who gave crowns and rich apparel to Faustus. They danced and then departed.

Mephistophilis returned and Faustus asked him, “What is the meaning of this show? Tell me, Mephistophilis.”

Mephistophilis replied, "Nothing, Faustus, other than to delight your mind, and let you see what magic can perform."

"But may I raise such spirits when I please?" Faustus asked.

"Yes, Faustus," Mephistophilis replied, "and you may do greater things than these."

Faustus gave Mephistophilis the deed of gift of his soul and said, "Then, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll, a deed of gift of body and of soul. But yet it is conditional — you must perform all covenants and articles between us both."

Mephistophilis replied, "Faustus, I swear by Hell and Lucifer to effect all promises between us both."

Faustus said, "Then hear me read it, Mephistophilis."

He read the deed of gift out loud:

"On these conditions following.

"Firstly, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.

"Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command.

"Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires.

"Fourthly, that Mephistophilis shall be invisible in his chamber or house.

"Lastly, that Mephistophilis shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in whatsoever form or shape Faustus pleases.

"I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by this deed of gift, do give both body and soul to Lucifer Prince of the east, and his servant Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, after twenty-four years has expired and the above-written articles inviolate and fulfilled in full, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, into their habitation wheresoever.

"Signed by me, John Faustus."

Mephistophilis said, "Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed of gift of your soul?"

"Yes, take it," Faustus said, "and may the devil give you good of it."

"So, Faustus, now ask me whatever you will," Mephistophilis said.

Faustus said, "First, I will question you about Hell. Tell me, where is the place that men call Hell?"

"Under the heavens," Mephistophilis answered.

"Yes, so are all things else, but whereabouts is Hell?" Faustus said.

"Within the bowels of these elements, where we are tortured, and remain forever," Mephistophilis answered. "Hell has no limits, nor is Hell circumscribed in one selfsame place, but where we are is Hell, and where Hell is there must we forever be. And to be short, when all the world dissolves, and every creature shall be purified, all places shall be Hell that are not Heaven."

On the Day of Judgment, all souls shall be purified: They shall become purely good or purely evil.

"I think Hell's a fable," Faustus said.

"Continue always to think so, until experience changes your mind," Mephistophilis replied.

"Why, do you think that Faustus shall be damned?" Faustus asked.

"Yes, of necessity, for here's the scroll in which you have given your soul to Lucifer," Mephistophilis answered.

"Yes, and body, too, but what of that?" Faustus said. "Do you think that Faustus is so foolish as to imagine that after this life there is any pain? No, these are trifles, and mere old wives tales."

“But I am an instance to prove the contrary,” Mephistophilis said, “for I tell you I am damned and I am now in Hell.”

“If this is Hell, I’ll willingly be damned,” Faustus said. “What! Sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?”

“But leaving this topic of discussion, let me have a wife, the most beautiful maiden in Germany, for I am wanton and lascivious and cannot live without a wife.”

Marriage is a sacrament, and Mephistophilis did not want to talk about or observe sacraments, but he said, “Well, Faustus, you shall have a wife.”

He brought Faustus a female devil.

Faustus said, “What is this!”

“Now, Faustus, will you have a wife?” Mephistophilis said.

“Here’s a hot whore indeed,” Faustus said, looking at the female devil. “No, I’ll have no wife.”

Already, the contract Faustus and Mephistophilis had made was violated. Faustus had asked for a wife, the most beautiful maiden in Germany, whom Mephistophilis was supposed to give him, according to the contract, but Mephistophilis had brought him a female devil.

Mephistophilis said, “Marriage is only a ceremonial trifle, and if you love and respect me, think no more of it. I’ll cull out for you the most beautiful courtesans, and bring them every morning to your bed. She whom your eye shall like, your heart shall have, even if she is as chaste as was Penelope, as wise as was Saba, or as beautiful as was bright Lucifer before his fall.”

Penelope was the wife of Odysseus, who went to the Trojan War and spent twenty years away from home; during those twenty years, she stayed faithful to him.

Mephistophilis would ensure that even a woman as chaste as Penelope would sleep with Faustus. Either Mephistophilis would corrupt the woman, or Faustus would rape her.

Mephistophilis, however, said he would bring courtesans to Faustus to sleep with. Presumably, courtesans would be very willing to have sex with Faustus in return for money.

Saba is known in the Bible as the Queen of Sheba. She appears in 1 Kings 10, and she showed her wisdom by recognizing Solomon’s wisdom.

Mephistophilis gave Faustus a book and said, “Here, take this book, and peruse it well.”

Pointing to various places in it, he said, “The recitation of these lines brings gold. The inscribing of this circle on the ground brings thunder, whirlwinds, storm, and lightning. Pronounce this three times devoutly to yourself, and men in armor shall appear to you, ready to execute whatever you command.”

“Thanks, Mephistophilis, for this sweet book,” Faustus said. “This will I keep as chary — carefully — as I keep my life.”

Faustus may quite forget to take care of the book, as the Clown, whose name is Robin, quickly steals one of Faustus’ conjuring books. After all, Faustus had said that he would take care of the book as carefully as he took care of his own life, and he had recently bargained away all his remaining years of life except for twenty-four. Another meaning of “chary” is “sorrowful.” Unless Faustus sincerely repents, he will spend eternity feeling sorrow in Hell.

By the way, Valdes and Cornelius had thought that they would rule the world with Faustus, but Faustus has quite forgotten them.

The Clown called to his friend, "Hey, Dick, look after the horses there until I come again. I have gotten one of Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery as beats everything."

Dick walked over to the Clown and said, "Robin, you must come away and walk the horses."

The Clown, hereafter referred to as Robin, and Dick were hostlers; they took care of the horses at an inn.

Robin said, "I walk the horses! I scorn doing that, indeed. I have other matters in hand; let the horses walk themselves if they will."

He looked at the conjuring book and tried to read it out loud:

"A means *a*."

"T H E means *the*."

"O mean *o*."

"Deny orgon, gorgon."

Apparently, he was trying to read the name of a demon: Demogorgon.

Robin said to Dick, "Keep further away from me, you illiterate and unlearned hostler."

"By God's fingernails, what have you got there: a book?" Dick said. "Why, you cannot understand even a word of it."

"You shall quickly see whether I can," Robin said.

Standing in a conjuror's circle he had drawn, he said, "Keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the hostelry with a vengeance."

"That's likely, indeed," a disbelieving Dick said. "You had best leave your foolery, for if my master comes, he'll conjure you, indeed."

"My master conjure me?" Robin said. "I'll tell you what, if my master comes here, I'll clap as fair a pair of horns on his head as ever you saw in your life."

"You don't need to do that, for our female boss — his wife — has already done it," Dick said.

A joke of the time was that a cuckolded husband — a husband with an unfaithful wife — had an invisible pair of horns growing on his forehead.

"Yes," Robin said, "there are some of us here who have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk."

He was hinting that he himself was one of those men who slept with other men's wives.

"May a plague take you!" Dick said. "I thought you didn't sneak up and down after her for nothing. But please tell me, seriously, Robin, is that a conjuring book?"

"Do but speak what you would have me do, and I'll do it," Robin said. "If you would dance naked, take off your clothes, and I'll conjure you around. Or if you would just go to the tavern with me, I'll give you white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muscadine wine, malmsey, and whippincrust — all the alcohol your belly can hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it."

"Oh, splendid," Dick said. "Please, let's go and do it right now, for I am as dry as a dog."

"Come on, then," Robin said. "Let's go."

— 2.3 —

[Scene 7]

Faustus and Mephistophilis were in Faustus' study.

Faustus said, "When I behold the heavens, then I repent and curse you, wicked Mephistophilis, because you have deprived me of those joys."

Psalm 8:3-5 (1599 Geneva Bible) states this:

3 *When I behold thine heavens, even the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained,*

4 *What is man, say I, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?*

5 *For thou hast made him a little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and worship.*

The 1599 Geneva Bible includes this introductory note for Psalm 8:

The Prophet considering the excellent liberality and Fatherly providence of God toward man, whom he made as it were a god over all his works, doth not only give great thanks, but is astonished with the admiration of the same, as one nothing able to compass such great mercies.

"It was your own seeking, Faustus, so thank yourself," Mephistophilis replied. "But do you think that Heaven is such a glorious thing? I tell you, Faustus, that it is not half as fair as you, or any man who breathes on Earth."

Faustus asked, "How do you prove that?"

"It was made for man," Mephistophilis answered, "and so then man's more excellent."

"If Heaven was made for man, then it was made for me," Faustus said. "I will renounce this magic and repent."

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel entered Faustus' study.

The Good Angel said, "Faustus, repent! God will yet pity you."

The Bad Angel said, "You are a spirit; God cannot pity you."

The Bad Angel was wrong when he called Faustus a spirit, and the Good Angel was wrong when he said, "God cannot pity you." Faustus had asked to be a spirit in form and substance in his deed of gift, yet he was still a man. Apparently, he had wanted to at times have some of the powers of a spirit such as Mephistophilis, such as being invisible. The word "spirit" as used by the Bad Angel and when applied to Mephistophilis means "demon," and Faustus was still a human being and not a demon. God wants all human beings to sincerely repent their sins before they die.

Faustus said, "Who buzzes in my ears that I am a spirit? Be I a devil, yet God may pity me. Yes, God will pity me if I repent."

"Yes, but Faustus never shall repent," the Bad Angel said.

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel exited.

"My heart is hardened," Faustus said. "I cannot repent."

In Exodus 7:3, God says, "*But I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my miracles, and my wonders in the land of Egypt*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

This certainly sounds as if Pharaoh lacked free will and that God was controlling Pharaoh's decisions. Is that true?

No. God is the Creator of all that exists, including the universe, the laws of physics, and the laws of psychology. We are born with free will, but our freely made decisions can over time make it extremely difficult to use our free will. A person who smokes a first cigarette has the freedom to keep on smoking or to give up smoking; however, if the person freely decides to keep on smoking, the person will acquire a bad habit and an addiction that make it extremely hard to quit. We even say that people become slaves to their bad habits. True, they still have free will, but their bad habits are such that to act differently requires an effort of the will that they are unwilling and perhaps unable to make.

What is true of smoking is true of sinning. A person can become so habituated to sinning that to act virtuously requires an effort of the will that the person is unwilling or unable to make.

A free person is a person who works to acquire good habits. Is it almost impossible for a free person who habitually exercises to exercise regularly? No, because they have doing that for years. Is it almost impossible for a free person who habitually acts virtuously to act virtuously? No, because they have doing that for years. Of course, a person who habitually exercises can sometimes take a day off, and a person who habitually acts virtuously can sometimes act sinfully.

Faustus has had enough time to go a long way toward forming the habit of always acting sinfully to satisfy his desires. The more time he spends acquiring this habit, the greater the effort of the will that will be needed to act otherwise. After twenty-four years of always satisfying his sinful desires, it may be almost impossible for him to sincerely repent.

Faustus continued, "Scarcely can I name salvation, faith, or Heaven. Swords, poison, nooses, and steel swords anointed with poison are laid before me to dispatch myself, and long before this, I should have done the deed of suicide, had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.

"Haven't I made blind Homer sing to me of Alexander's love, and Oenone's death?"

Alexander is Paris, Prince of Troy, who ran away with Helen of Troy, thus starting the Trojan War. Before he ran away with Helen, his paramour was the nymph Oenone. When Paris was mortally wounded, he went to Oenone, who had the power to cure him. She refused, he died, and she then committed suicide.

Homer created the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but he didn't tell the story of Oenone's death in those epics, and in hearing Homer sing about those topics, Faustus had experienced something that no one alive now has ever experienced.

Faustus continued, "And hasn't he who built the walls of Thebes with the ravishing sound of his melodious harp made music with my Mephistophilis?"

Amphion was such a skilled harpist that when he played, stones rose of their own accord and built the walls of the city of Thebes.

Faustus continued, "Why should I die then, or basely despair? I am resolved: Faustus shall not repent.

"Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again and reason about divine astrology.

"Tell me, are there many spheres above the Moon? Are all celestial bodies only one globe, as is the substance of this centric Earth?"

Mephistophilis replied, "As are the elements, such are the heavens, even from the Moon to the Empyrean orb."

According to Mephistophilis, or at least according to what he said, the planet Earth is composed of four elements. The element earth is at the center. Water covers the earth, with the continents and islands being bits of earth poking out of the water. Above the water is air. Some people of the time believed that above the air is a sphere of fire that separates the Earth from the Moon.

So the Earth is composed of parts that make up one whole. According to Mephistophilis, the same is true of the universe.

At the center of the universe is the Earth, but nine spheres surround it: the seven spheres of seven planets, the sphere of the firmament, and then the Empyrean Heaven. The firmament is where the constellations and fixed stars are embedded. (Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are called "wandering stars" or "erring stars" because they wander in the sky; the word

“planet” comes from a Greek term and means “wandering star.” One meaning of “err” is “wander.”) Furthest away from the Earth is Heaven.

The seven planets, in order of distance from the centric Earth, are the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Yes, this culture called the Sun a planet.

Mephistophilis continued, “And, Faustus, they are mutually folded in each other’s spheres, and jointly move upon one axle-tree, whose terminus — boundary — is termed the world’s wide pole. Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter feigned — they really are stars, but they are erring stars.”

Faustus asked, “But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore* — in direction and time?”

Mephistophilis replied, “All move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world, but they differ in their motions upon the poles of the zodiac.”

All the wandering stars move from the east to the west each day — think of the Sun. The wandering stars, however, have additional movements.

In his deed of gift, Faustus had required Mephistophilis to be his servant and at his command, but the contract was being violated. As Faustus’ servant, Mephistophilis should have given Faustus correct answers, but he was simply repeating the erroneous opinions of the time — things that any first-year student at a university would learn.

Mephistophilis did not even tell Faustus that the Earth is not the center of the solar system — or of the universe.

“Bah,” Faustus said. “These slender trifles Wagner can arrive to a conclusion about. Has Mephistophilis no greater skill and knowledge? Who doesn’t know about the double motion of the planets?”

“The first motion is finished in a natural day; the planet travels from east to west.

“The second takes longer. Saturn completes its second motion in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days.”

Mephistophilis did not bother to correct Faustus’ errors. Mars’ orbit (around the Sun, not the Earth, as Faustus thought) takes one year and eleven months (687 days), Venus’ orbit takes seven-and-a-half months (225 days), and Mercury’s orbit takes three months (88 days).

Faustus said, “These are freshmen’s topics of discussion. But tell me, does every sphere have a dominion, or *intelligentia*?”

The *intelligentia* is Angelic influence. According to one theory of the time, every sphere has an order of Angels as its dominion: Each order of Angels is associated with a Heavenly Sphere.

The following information about Angels is according to Dante’s *Paradise*:

The first Triad of Angels consists of the Seraphim, who are associated with the Primum Mobile (the First Mover, a sphere that Mephistophilis does not acknowledge); the Cherubim, who are associated with the Fixed Stars; and the Thrones, who are associated with Saturn and contemplation.

The second Triad of Angels consists of the Dominions, who are associated with Jupiter and justice; the Virtues, who are associated with Mars and courage; and the Powers, who are associated with the Sun and wisdom.

The third Triad of Angels consists of the Principalities, who are associated with Venus and love; the Archangels, who are associated with Mercury and hope; and the Angels, who are associated with the Moon and faith.

All of the orders of Angels look toward God.

Mephistophilis had no desire to talk about orders of Angels who had not fallen, so he answered Faustus’ question very briefly: “Yes.”

Faustus asked, “How many heavens, or spheres, are there?”

Mephistophilis replied, “Nine, the seven planets, the firmament, and the Empyrean Heaven.”

Faustus asked, “But is there not *coelum igneum, et crystallinum* — the sphere of fire, and the sphere of crystal?”

Some scholars believed that a sphere of fire existed between the Earth and the Moon; other scholars disagreed. Some scholars believed that a sphere of crystal existed between the fixed stars and the Primum Mobile; other scholars disagreed.

The Oxford Dictionary of Phrase and Fable defines “crystalline sphere” in this way: “in ancient and medieval astronomy, a transparent sphere of the heavens postulated to lie between the fixed stars and the primum mobile and to account for the precession of the equinox and other motions.”

“No, Faustus,” Mephistophilis answered. “They are only fables.”

“Well, resolve this question for me: Why don’t we have conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at consistent times, but in some years we have more and in some years fewer?” Faustus asked. “Why don’t we have consistency in such astronomical positions and events?”

Two planets are in conjunction when they are very close together; they are in opposition when they are very far apart. Aspects are positions in between conjunction and opposition. These are things that astrologers concerned themselves about.

Mephistophilis replied, “*Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.*”

The Latin means, “Through unequal motion in respect of the whole.” In other words, the Heavenly bodies don’t move at the same speed — some are faster, and some are slower.

Faustus said sarcastically, “I am answered well.”

He was not acquiring new knowledge: The answer was one that Wagner would know.

New knowledge would have been that the Sun is at the center of the solar system and that the planets have elliptical — not circular — orbits. That knowledge would have made the observed facts fit with the correct deduced theory.

Faustus then asked, “Tell me Who made the world?”

Mephistophilis replied, “I will not.”

“Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me,” Faustus requested.

“Don’t make me angry, Faustus,” Mephistophilis said.

“Villain, haven’t I bound you to tell me anything?” Faustus replied.

“Yes, anything that is not against our kingdom,” Mephistophilis said. “This is.”

Their agreement stated that Mephistophilis would serve Faustus. This would include telling Faustus anything that he wanted to know: There were no restrictions.

Mephistophilis continued, “Think about Hell, Faustus, for you are damned.”

Faustus replied, “Think, Faustus, upon God Who made the world.”

“Remember this,” Mephistophilis said.

He meant, *Remember that you are going to Hell.*

He exited.

“Yes, go, accursed spirit, to ugly Hell,” Faustus said. “It is you who has damned distressed Faustus’ soul. Isn’t it too late?”

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel entered Faustus’ study.

“Too late,” the Bad Angel said.

“Never too late, if Faustus will repent,” the Good Angel said.

“If you repent, devils will tear you in pieces,” the Bad Angel said.

“Repent and they shall never scratch your skin,” the Good Angel said.

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel exited.

“Oh, Christ my Savior, my Savior, help to save distressed Faustus’ soul,” Faustus prayed. That help is available: To get it, one must sincerely repent one’s sins.

Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis entered Faustus’ study.

“Christ cannot save your soul, for he is just,” Lucifer said. “There’s none but I who has interest in the same.”

He meant that he had a business interest in Faustus’ soul; he and Faustus had made a business agreement concerning Faustus’ soul.

Faustus said, “Oh, what are you who looks so terribly?”

“I am Lucifer.”

He motioned toward Beelzebub and added, “And this is my companion Prince in Hell.”

“Oh, Faustus, they have come to fetch your soul,” Faustus cried.

“We have come to tell you that you injure us,” Beelzebub said.

Lucifer said, “You call on Christ contrary to your promise.”

The contract that Faustus had written did not say this was forbidden.

Beelzebub said, “You should not think about God.”

Lucifer said, “Think about the devil.”

“And his dam, too,” Beelzebub said.

Beelzebub was capable of punning. “Dam” meant 1) woman, and 2) damn.

Faustus promised not to think about God: “Nor will Faustus henceforth. Pardon him for this, and Faustus vows never to look to Heaven.”

Lucifer said, “Show that you are an obedient servant, and we will highly reward you for it.”

Beelzebub said, “Faustus, we have come from Hell in person to show you some entertainment. Sit down and you shall see the Seven Deadly Sins appear to you in their own proper shapes and likeness.”

“That sight will be as pleasant to me as Paradise was to Adam the first day of his creation,” Faustus replied.

“Don’t talk about Paradise or creation,” Lucifer said, “but watch the show.”

He ordered, “Go, Mephistophilis, fetch them in.”

The Seven Deadly Sins entered.

Beelzebub said, “Now, Faustus, ask them about their names and dispositions.”

Faustus replied, “That shall I soon.”

He then asked, “What are you, the first?”

“I am Pride; I disdain to have any parents.”

Exodus 20:12 states, “*Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

By disdaining to have any parents, Pride need not honor them. Pride can also say that he is a self-made man.

Pride continued, “I am like Ovid’s flea: I can creep into every corner of a wench. Sometimes, like a wig, I sit upon her brow. Next, like a necklace, I hang about her neck. Then, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her, and then turning myself to a wrought smock I do whatever I wish.”

A Latin poem incorrectly ascribed to the Roman poet Ovid was about a flea that had free access to any part of a woman’s body.

Pride continued, “But bah, what a smell is here? I’ll not speak a word more for a King’s ransom, unless the ground is perfumed and covered with cloth of arras.”

Cloth of arras is very fine fabric, so fine that it was used as a wall hanging, aka a tapestry. Only a very proud man would walk on such a fine fabric.

In Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, the title character walks on very fine fabric that his wife lays down for him.

Faustus said, "You are a proud knave indeed."

He then asked, "What are you, the second?"

"I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in a leather bag, and if I might now obtain my wish, this house, you yourself, and everything else would turn to gold, so that I might lock you safe into my chest. Oh, my sweet gold!"

Faustus asked, "And what are you, the third?"

"I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife, and so I am dirty and stink. I cannot read, and therefore I wish all books to be burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh, I wish that there would come a famine over all the world, so that all might die, and I live alone — then you would see how fat I'd be. But must you sit, and I stand? Come down off that chair with a vengeance."

Envy was envious that Faustus was sitting while Envy stood.

"Leave, envious wretch," Faustus ordered.

He then asked, "But what are you, the fourth?"

"I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother; I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarcely an hour old, and ever since I have run up and down the world with this pair of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get no one to fight with."

Wrath looked at you people who are reading this book and said, "I was born in Hell, and watch out, for some of you shall be my father."

To be Wrath's father, male readers would have to adopt Wrath.

Faustus asked, "And what are you, the fifth?"

"I am Gluttony; my parents are all dead, and not a damned penny have they left me but only a bare amount to pay my room and board — that buys me thirty meals a day, and ten snacks: a small trifle to satisfy the appetite. I come from a royal pedigree: My father was a gammon of bacon, and my mother was a hogshead of claret wine. My godfathers were these: Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. But my godmother — she was an ancient gentlewoman. Her name was Margery March-beer."

A gammon of bacon is a ham.

A hogshead is a barrel that holds sixty-three gallons.

Martlemas-beef comes from cattle that are slaughtered and salted around Martlemas, which is Saint Martin's Day: November 11.

March-beer is strong beer that is made in March.

Gluttony said, "Now, Faustus, you have heard all my ancestry; will you invite me to supper?"

"Not I," Faustus said.

"Then may the devil choke you," Gluttony said.

"Choke yourself, glutton," Faustus said.

He then asked, "What are you, the sixth?"

"Hey-ho, I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank. Hey-ho, I'll not speak a word more for a King's ransom."

"Hey-ho" was a sigh.

"And what are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?" Faustus asked.

"Who, I, sir? I am one who loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish, and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery."

"Mutton" was a term used to refer to prostitutes; "stock-fish" was a term used to refer to impotent men. Lechery preferred a little sex (an inch) to lots of non-sex (an ell, or forty-five

inches).

“Go away to Hell!” Lucifer ordered. “Go away! Onward, piper!”

The Seven Deadly Sins exited. One of them played a pipe as they marched out.

Of course, Lucifer had not shown Faustus the Seven Christian Virtues that are opposed to the Seven Deadly Sins.

Humility is opposed to Pride.

Charity (Generosity) is opposed to Covetousness (Greed).

Patience is opposed to Wrath.

Gratitude is opposed to Envy.

Temperance is opposed to Gluttony.

Diligence is opposed to Sloth.

Chastity is opposed to Lust. Chastity includes ethical sex — sex engaged in by a husband and a wife.

“Oh, how this sight delights my soul,” Faustus said.

This was the wrong kind of delight: entertainment rather than education.

Lucifer said, “But, Faustus, there is all manner of delight in Hell.”

“Oh, I wish I might see Hell, and return again safely,” Faustus said. “How happy would I be then!”

Dante saw Hell and returned safely; he sincerely repented his sins and enjoys eternal happiness in Paradise.

“Faustus, you shall,” Lucifer said. “At midnight I will send for you. Meanwhile, peruse this book, and view it thoroughly, and you shall turn yourself into whatever shape you will.”

“Thanks, mighty Lucifer,” Faustus said. “This will I keep as chary — carefully — as my life.”

As before, Faustus may quite forget to take care of the book. After all, Faustus had said that he would take care of the book as carefully as he took care of his own life, and he had bargained away all his remaining years of life except for twenty-four. Another meaning of “chary” is “sorrowful.” Unless Faustus sincerely repents, he will spend eternity feeling sorrow in Hell.

“Now, Faustus, farewell,” Lucifer said.

“Farewell, great Lucifer,” Faustus said. “Come, Mephistophilis.”

Faustus and Mephistophilis exited in one direction; Lucifer and Beelzebub exited in another direction.

CHAPTER 3 (1616 B-TEXT)

— Chorus —

[Chorus 2]

The Chorus says this to you, the reader: “Learnéd Faustus, in order to find the secrets of astronomy, which are engraved in the book of Jove’s high firmament, scaled the top of Olympus mountain, where sitting in a burning bright chariot, drawn by the strength of yoked dragons’ necks, he viewed the clouds, the planets, and the stars, and the tropics, zones, and quarters of the sky, from the bright circle of the horned Moon, even to the height of the Primum Mobile.”

Unlike Dante, Faustus was unable to go past the Primum Mobile and view the Empyrean Heaven — the dwelling place of God.

The Chorus continued, “And whirling round with this circumference, within the concave compass of the pole, from east to west his dragons swiftly glide, and in eight days brought him home again.

“Not long did he stay within his quiet house to rest his bones after his weary toil, but new exploits haled him out again and he mounted then upon the back of a dragon, which parted with its wings the subtle, thin, and delicate air.

“He now has gone to test cosmography and see whether the maps of the cosmos are correct, and as I guess will first arrive at Rome to see Pope Adrian and the manner of his court and to take some part in and of holy Peter’s feast, the which this day is highly solemnized.”

Saint Peter’s feast day is June 29.

— 3.1 —

[Scene 8]

Faustus and Mephistophilis talked together.

Faustus recounted his travels:

“My good Mephistophilis, we have now passed with delight the stately German town of Trier, which is environed round with airy mountain tops, with walls of flint and with deep entrenched lake-like moats, and which is not to be won by any conquering Prince.

“From Paris next, exploring the realm of France, we saw the Main River fall into the Rhine River, whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.

“Then up to rich Campania and Naples, whose buildings are fair and gorgeous to the eye, and whose streets are straight and paved with the finest brick. There we saw learnéd Virgil’s golden tomb and the passage he cut an English mile in length through a huge mass of stone in one night’s space, with the use of magic.

“From thence to Venice, Padua, and the east, in one city of which a sumptuous temple stands that threatens the stars with her aspiring top, whose frame is paved with sundry colored stones, and which is roofed aloft with curious work in gold.

“Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time.

“But tell me now, what resting place is this? Have you, as previously I commanded you to do, conducted me within the walls of Rome?”

“I have, my Faustus,” Mephistophilis said, “and for proof thereof, this is the goodly palace of Pope Adrian, and because we are no common guests, I choose his private chambers for our use.”

“I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome,” Faustus said.

“All’s one,” Mephistophilis said. “Whether he does or not, we’ll be bold with his venison.

“But now, my Faustus, so that you may perceive what Rome contains that will delight your eyes, know that this city stands upon seven hills that support the foundation of the city.

“Just through the midst runs the flowing Tiber River with winding banks that cut it into two parts over which two stately bridges lean that provide safe passage to each part of Rome.

“Upon the bridge called Ponto Angelo is erected a castle surpassingly strong, where you shall see such store of ordinance, as for example the large-caliber cannons forged of brass that match the number of the days contained within the compass of one complete year — there are 365 cannon. In addition, it has gates and it has a high obelisk that Julius Caesar brought from Africa.”

The Sistine Chapel was not among the delights of Rome that Mephistophilis enumerated.

Faustus said, “Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule, of Styx, of Acheron, and of the fiery lake of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear that I long to see the monuments and layout of brightly resplendent Rome.”

Souls cross the Styx River to reach the Land of the Dead. The Acheron River is the river of woe in the Land of the Dead. The Phlegethon, which is often described as a river, is made of liquid fire. It also is in the Land of the Dead.

“Come, therefore,” Faustus said. “Let’s go.”

“No,” Mephistophilis said. “Stay, my Faustus. I know you’d like to see the Pope and take some part in and of holy Peter’s feast, the which with high solemnity this day is held throughout Rome and Italy, in honor of the Pope’s triumphant victory.”

Pope Adrian had recently achieved a notable victory, capturing a rival Pope named Bruno.

“Sweet Mephistophilis, you please me,” Faustus said. “While I am here on Earth, let me be cloyed — satiated to excess — with all things that delight the heart of Man.

“My twenty-four years of liberty I’ll spend in pleasure and in dalliance so that Faustus’ name, while this bright frame stands, may be admired throughout the furthest land.”

Mephistophilis replied, “That is well said, Faustus. Come, then, stand by me and you shall see them come very soon.”

“Wait, my gentle Mephistophilis, and grant me my request, and then I will go,” Faustus said. “You know that within the compass of eight days, we viewed the face of Heaven, the face of Earth, and Hell.

“So high our dragons soared into the air that as I looked down the Earth appeared to me to be no bigger than my hand in quantity. There we viewed the kingdoms of the world, and whatever might please my eye, I there beheld.

“So then in this show let me be an actor, so that this proud Pope may see Faustus’ cunning.”

“Let it be so, my Faustus,” Mephistophilis replied, “but first stay and view their triumphs as they pass this way. You can then devise what will best content your mind and make you happy.

“You can use your art to cross the Pope, or dash the pride of this ceremonious occasion.

“You can make his monks and abbots stand like apes, and point like clowns at his triple-crown — the diadem of the papacy.

“You can beat the beads about the Friars’ heads, or clap huge horns upon the Cardinals’ heads, or do any other villainy you can think of.

“Whatever it is, I’ll perform it, Faustus.

“Pay attention, here they come.

“This day shall make you be marveled at in Rome.”

The Cardinals and Bishops, some bearing crosiers and some bearing pillars, entered.

Crosiers resemble shepherds' staffs.

Pillars are ornamental staffs.

Next the Monks and Friars, singing in their religious procession, entered. Then came Pope Adrian, and Raymond, King of Hungary, with Bruno the schismatic Pope led in chains.

Pope Adrian ordered, "Cast down our footstool."

Raymond, King of Hungary, ordered, "Saxon Bruno, stoop while on your back his Holiness ascends Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical."

The state pontifical is the papal throne.

Bruno replied as he knelt, "Proud Lucifer, that state pontifical belongs to me. But thus I fall to Peter, not to you."

Pope Adrian said, "To me and to Peter, you shall groveling lie and crouch before the papal dignity."

He then ordered, "Sound the trumpets, for thus Saint Peter's heir, from Bruno's back, ascends Saint Peter's chair."

The trumpets sounded while Pope Adrian stepped on Bruno's back and ascended the papal throne.

Pope Adrian said to Bruno, "Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool, long before with iron hands they punish men, so shall our sleeping vengeance now arise, and smite with death your hated enterprise."

He then ordered, "Lord Cardinals of France and Padua, go without delay to our holy consistory, and read among the statutes decretal what by the holy council held at Trent, the sacred synod has decreed for him — Bruno — who assumes the papal government without election and without a true consent. Leave, and bring back this information to us speedily."

The consistory is an ecclesiastical council. Statutes decretal are papal decrees. The Council of Trent had, among other things, condemned some Protestant ideas as heretical.

The first Cardinal replied, "We go, my Lord."

The Lord Cardinals of France and Padua exited.

Pope Adrian said, "Lord Raymond."

The two men talked together quietly.

"Go quickly, gentle Mephistophilis," Faustus said. "Follow the two Cardinals to the consistory, and as they turn the pages of their superstitious books, strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness, and make them sleep so soundly that we can assume their shapes and parley with this Pope, this proud confronter of the Emperor, and in despite of all his Holiness restore this Bruno to his liberty, and bear him to the states of Germany."

Mephistophilis replied, "Faustus, I go."

"Dispatch it quickly," Faustus said. "Pope Adrian shall curse that Faustus came to Rome."

Faustus and Mephistophilis exited.

"Pope Adrian, let me have some right of law," Bruno said. "I was elected by the Emperor."

"We will depose the Emperor for that deed, and curse — excommunicate — the people who submit to him," Pope Adrian said. "Both he and you shall stand excommunicate, and interdict — debarred — from Church's privilege, and all society of holy men."

The main Church's privilege that they would be debarred from was receiving the Holy Sacrament in the Mass.

Pope Adrian continued, "The Emperor grows too proud in his authority, lifting his lofty head above the clouds, and like a steeple overpeering the church. But we'll pull down his haughty insolence, and as Pope Alexander III, our progenitor, trod on the neck of the German Holy Roman Emperor Frederick I, adding this golden sentence to our praise, that Peter's heirs

should tread on Emperors, and walk upon the dreadful adder's back, treading the lion and the dragon down, and fearless spurn the killing basilisk, so will we quell that haughty schismatic, and by apostolic authority depose him from his regal government."

In 1165, Pope Alexander III had excommunicated Holy Roman Emperor Frederick I. Now, Pope Adrian was engaged in a power struggle with Holy Roman Emperor Charles V.

Bruno said, "Pope Julius III swore to Princely Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund to regard the Holy Roman Emperors as the lawful lords for him and the succeeding Popes of Rome."

"Pope Julius III abused the Church's rites, and therefore none of his decrees can stand," Pope Adrian replied. "Isn't all power on earth bestowed on us? And therefore even if we were to wish to err we cannot."

He was referring to the doctrine of papal infallibility, but he had just said that Pope Julius III had made mistakes.

Pope Adrian continued, "Behold this silver belt to which are fixed seven golden keys fast sealed with seven seals, in token of our seven-fold power from Heaven: to bind or loose, lock fast, condemn, or judge, unseal, or seal, or whatsoever pleases us. So then he and you and all the world shall stoop, or be assured of our dreadful curse, which will alight as heavily as the pains of Hell."

Faustus and Mephistophilis entered. They were wearing the clothing and had assumed the forms of the two Cardinals who had left to carry out Pope Adrian's orders.

Mephistophilis said, "Now tell me, Faustus, aren't we outfitted well?"

"Yes, Mephistophilis, and two such Cardinals have never served a holy Pope as we shall do," Faustus said.

They intended to "serve" the Pope badly.

He continued, "But while the two real Cardinals sleep within the consistory, let us salute his reverend Fatherhood."

Raymond, King of Hungary, saw them and said, "Behold, my Lord, the two Cardinals have returned."

Pope Adrian said, "Welcome, grave Fathers, answer immediately: What have our holy council there decreed concerning Bruno and the Holy Roman Emperor, in quittance of their late conspiracy against our state and papal dignity?"

The disguised Faustus replied, "Most sacred patron of the Church of Rome, by full consent of all the synod of priests and prelates, it is thus decreed that Bruno and the German Emperor be regarded as Lollards and bold schismatics, and proud disturbers of the Church's peace."

Lollards are followers of the Protestant John Wycliff, some of whose ideas were condemned as heresies by Pope Gregory VII in 1377. Schismatics are people who cause a division in the church; for example, by setting up a rival Pope.

The disguised Faustus continued, "And if Bruno by his own assent, without being forced by the German peers, sought to wear the triple-crown, and by your death to climb up to Saint Peter's chair, the statutes decretal have decreed thus: He shall be immediately condemned as guilty of heresy, and on a pile of faggots burnt to death."

"It is enough," Pope Adrian said. "Here, take Bruno into your custody, and bear him immediately to Ponto Angelo, and in the strongest tower enclose him fast. Tomorrow, sitting in our consistory with all our college of grave Cardinals, we will determine whether he shall live or die.

"Here, take along with you the triple-crown he falsely wore, and leave it in the Church's treasury. Make haste and return back here again, my good lord Cardinals, and take with you our apostolic blessing."

Mephistophilis said quietly to Faustus, "Never was a devil thus blessed before."

Faustus said, "Leave, sweet Mephistophilis, be gone. The two Cardinals will be plagued for this very soon."

Faustus and Mephistophilis exited.

"Go immediately," Pope Adrian ordered, "and bring a banquet forth so that we may celebrate Saint Peter's feast, and with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary, drink to our recent and happy victory."

All exited.

— 3.2 —

[Scene 9]

Servants brought in the banquet and exited, and then Faustus and Mephistophilis entered in their own shapes.

Mephistophilis said, "Now, Faustus, come prepare yourself for mirth. The sleepy Cardinals are close at hand to censure Bruno, who is riding away from here and on a proud-paced steed as swiftly as thought flies over the Alps to fruitful Germany, there to salute the woeful Emperor."

The Emperor was woeful because Bruno had been captured.

Faustus said, "The Pope will curse the two Cardinals for their sloth today — they slept while both Bruno and his triple-crown got away. But so that Faustus may now delight his mind, and by their folly make some merriment, sweet Mephistophilis, so charm me here that I may walk invisible to all, and do whatever I please, unseen by anyone."

"Faustus, you shall be invisible and do whatever you want," Mephistophilis said. "Kneel down while on your head I lay my hand, and charm you with this magic wand. Before kneeling put on this belt, and after I charm you, you will appear invisible to all who are here."

Mephistophilis then said the charm:

"The planets seven, the gloomy air,

"Hell and the Furies' forked hair,

"Pluto's blue fire, and Hecate's tree,

"With magic spells so encompass thee,

"That no eye may thy body see."

The Furies are avenging spirits of ancient Greece; they have snakes for hair.

Pluto is the ancient god of the Land of the Dead, a place where sulphur burns with a blue flame.

Hecate is the goddess of crossroads. Criminals were hung at crossroads, and a gallows was known as a Hecate-tree.

Mephistophilis then said, "So, Faustus, now for all these men's holiness, do whatever you will; you shall not be seen."

"Thanks, Mephistophilis," Faustus said.

He then said, "Now, Friars, take heed, lest Faustus make your shaven crowns bleed."

"Faustus, say no more," Mephistophilis said. "See where the Cardinals come."

Although Faustus could not be seen, yet he could be heard.

Pope Adrian and many Lords, including King Raymond of Hungary and the Archbishop of Rheims, entered.

The two Cardinals — the first Cardinal and the second Cardinal, whose forms Faustus and Mephistophilis had assumed — then entered, one of them carrying a book.

“Welcome, Lord Cardinals,” Pope Adrian said. “Come sit down. Lord Raymond, take your seat. Friars, wait on us and see that all things are in readiness, as best befits this ceremonious festival.”

The first Cardinal said, “May it first please your sacred Holiness to view the reverend synod sentence concerning Bruno and the Emperor?”

“Why do you need to ask this question?” Pope Adrian said. “Didn’t I tell you that tomorrow we would sit in the consistory and there determine Bruno’s punishment? You two Cardinals brought us word just now that it was decreed that Bruno and the cursed Holy Roman Emperor Charles V were by the holy council both condemned as loathed Lollards and base schismatics. Why, therefore, would you have me view that book?”

The first Cardinal said, “Your Grace is mistaken; we gave you and you gave us no such information.”

Raymond, King of Hungary, said, “Don’t deny it. We all are witnesses that Bruno here was recently handed over to you and his rich triple-crown was given to you to be set aside and put into the Church’s treasury.”

The two Cardinals said, “By holy Paul, we haven’t seen them.”

“By Peter, you shall die unless you bring them forth immediately,” Pope Adrian said.

He ordered, “Take them to prison, and load their limbs with fetters.”

He then told the two Cardinals, “False prelates, for this hateful treachery, may your souls be cursed to Hellish misery.”

Some attendants took away the two Cardinals.

The invisible Faustus said to himself, “So, they are safely out of the way. Now, Faustus, to the feast. The Pope has never had such a frolicsome guest, one so full of pranks.”

Pope Adrian said, “Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.”

The Lord Archbishop of Rheims replied, “I thank your Holiness.”

The invisible Faustus said, “Fall to eating, and may the devil choke you if you eat sparingly.”

“Who’s that who spoke?” Pope Adrian said. “Friars, look around.”

He then said, “Lord Raymond, please fall to eating; I am beholden to the Bishop of Milan for this so rare a present.”

He lifted a plate holding a delicacy.

“I thank you, sir,” the invisible Faustus said as he snatched away the food.

“What!” Pope Adrian said. “Who snatched the food away from me? Villains, why don’t you speak?”

Calming down, he said, “My good Lord Archbishop, here’s a most dainty dish, which was sent me from a Cardinal in France.”

The invisible Faustus said, “I’ll have that, too.” He snatched away the food.

Pope Adrian said, “What heretics attend our Holiness that we receive such great indignity? Fetch me some wine.”

The invisible Faustus said, “Yes, please do, for Faustus is thirsty.”

“Lord Raymond, I drink to your grace,” Pope Adrian said.

The invisible Faustus snatched away the wine and said, “I pledge your grace,” and then he drank the wine.

“My wine gone, too?” Pope Adrian said. “You clumsy, stupid lubbers! Look around and find the man who is doing this villainy, or by our sanctitude you all shall die.”

He then said to his invited guests, “I ask my Lords to please have patience at this troublesome banquet.”

The Lord Archbishop of Rheims said, “May it please your holiness, I think some ghost has crept out of Purgatory, and now has come to your Holiness for his forgiveness of sins.”

“It may be so,” Pope Adrian said.

He ordered some attendants, “Go and command our priests to sing a dirge to allay the fury of this troublesome ghost.”

A dirge is a requiem mass — a mass for the repose of the souls of the dead.

Pope Adrian crossed himself.

“What!” the invisible Faustus said. “Must every mouthful of food be spiced with a cross?”

He hit Pope Adrian and said, “So, then, take that!”

Pope said, “Oh, I am slain; help me, my lords. Oh, come and help to bear my body away from here. Damned be this soul forever for this deed.”

Pope Adrian and his train of attendants exited.

Mephistophilis said, “Faustus, what will you do now, for I can tell you that you’ll be cursed with bell, book, and candle?”

Unperturbed, Faustus replied, “Bell, book, and candle. Candle, book, and bell. Forward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell.”

All of the Friars returned. One carried a bell, another a book (a Bible), and a third a candle. Previously, the Pope had instructed them to sing a dirge, which is sung for the repose of souls, but apparently the Pope was very angry at the invisible Faustus because the Friars sang a curse instead of a dirge.

The Pope had wanted to be merciful to the “ghost,” but Faustus’ actions had convinced the Pope to be not merciful.

“Come, brethren,” the first Friar said. “Let’s go about our business with good devotion.”

They sang:

“Cursed be he who stole away his Holiness’ food from the table!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who struck his Holiness a blow on the face!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who struck Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate [head]!

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who disturbs our holy ‘dirge’!”

The invisible Faustus was interfering with the Friars’ singing.

The Friars continued singing:

“Maledicat Dominus!

“Cursed be he who took away his Holiness’ wine!

“Maledicat Dominus!”

“Maledicat Dominus!” means “May the Lord curse him!”

Mephistophilis and the invisible Faustus beat the Friars and flung firecrackers among them, and the Friars all ran away.

— 3.3 —

[Scene 10]

Robin and Dick talked together. Dick was holding a cup.

Dick said, “Sirrah Robin, it would be best that we make sure your devil can answer the charge of stealing this cup, for the Vintner’s boy is following us hard at our heels.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Robin replied. “Let him come. If he follows us, I’ll so conjure him as he was never conjured in his life, I promise you. Let me see the cup.”

Dick gave Robin the cup and said, “Here it is.”

The Vintner arrived; not just the Vintner’s servant had been searching for the thieves.

Seeing the Vintner coming toward them, Dick said, “Yonder he comes. Now, Robin, now or never, show your cunning.”

“Oh, are you here?” the Vintner said. “I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine fellows. Please tell me where the cup is that you stole from the tavern.”

“What! What!” Robin said, pretending to be outraged. “We steal a cup? Take heed what you say; we don’t look like cup-stealers, I can tell you.”

“Never deny it, for I know you have it, and I’ll search you,” the Vintner said.

“Search me?” Robin said. “Go ahead and search me thoroughly.”

He secretly passed the cup to Dick and said quietly, “Hold the cup, Dick.”

Robin then said to the Vintner, “Come, come. Search me, search me.”

The Vintner searched Robin and did not find the cup, so he turned to Dick and said, “Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.”

“Yes, yes,” Dick said. “Do, do.”

He secretly passed the cup to Robin and said quietly, “Hold the cup, Robin.”

Dick said to the Vintner, “I don’t fear your searching me; we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you.”

“Don’t try to outface me in this matter,” the Vintner said, “for I am sure the cup is between you two.”

“No, there you lie,” Robin said. “It is not in between us; it is beyond us both.”

He held the cup out to the side furthest from Dick and showed the Vintner the cup.

“A plague take you,” the Vintner said. “I thought it was your knavery to take it away. Come, give it back to me.”

“Yeah, sure,” Robin said sarcastically. “When will I give it to you, can you tell? How about never?”

“Dick, make a circle for me, and stand close at my back, and don’t move for your life.

“Vintner, you shall have your cup ‘soon.’

“Say nothing, Dick.”

Robin then chanted some demons’ names: “‘O’ per se ‘o,’ Demogorgon! Belcher and Mephistophilis!”

Mephistophilis appeared and complained, “You Princely legions of infernal rule, how I am vexed by these villains’ charms! From Constantinople have their charms brought me now, only for the pleasure of these damned slaves.”

Mephistophilis and Faustus had been doing much more traveling, but Mephistophilis had come in response to Robin’s summons. As usual, he hoped to get a soul, but Mephistophilis was an important demon and Robin’s soul was not worth his time. Faustus, on the other hand, had — or used to have — great potential to do good, and gaining Faustus’ soul was worth twenty-four years of servitude.

Frightened, but not frightened enough not to grab his cup first, the Vintner ran away.

Robin said, “By Our Lady — Mary — sir, you have had a vexatious journey of it. Will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a sixpence in your purse, and go back again?”

“Yes, I ask you heartily to leave, sir,” Dick said, “for we called you but in jest, I promise you.”

Mephistophilis replied, "To purge the rashness of this cursed deed, first you will be turned to this ugly shape — for apish deeds, you will be transformed into an ape."

"Oh, splendid!" Robin said. "An ape! Please, sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks."

Mephistophilis replied, "And so you shall be transformed into a dog, and carry him upon your back. Go away! Be gone."

"A dog? That's excellent!" Robin said. "Let the maids look well after their porridge pots, for I'll go into the kitchen right away. Come, Dick, come."

Robin carried Dick away on his back.

Mephistophilis said, "Now with the flames of ever-burning fire, I'll give myself wings and immediately fly at full speed to my Faustus, who is in the great Turk's court in Constantinople."

CHAPTER 4 (1616 B-TEXT)

— 4.1 —

[Scene 11]

Martino and Frederick, two gentlemen who served the Roman Emperor Charles V, met each other. Some officers and gentlemen were present.

Martino said, “What ho, officers, gentlemen! Hurry to the presence chamber to attend the Emperor.”

He then said, “Good Frederick, see that the rooms are cleared immediately. His majesty is coming to the hall. Go back and see that the throne is in readiness.”

Frederick asked, “But where is Bruno, our elected pope, who on a Fury’s back came posthaste from Rome?”

A Fury is an avenging goddess from Hell.

He continued, “Won’t his grace — Bruno — accompany the Emperor?”

“Oh, yes,” Martino said, “and with him comes the German conjuror: the learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg, the wonder of the world for the art of magic.

“Faustus intends to show great Charles V the race of all his brave progenitors — predecessors and ancestors — and bring into the presence of his majesty the royal shapes and warlike semblances of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.”

Frederick asked, “Where is Benvolio?”

Benvolio was another gentleman at the court.

“Fast asleep, I assure you,” Martino said. “Last night, he drank his fill with goblets of Rhenish wine so kindly to Bruno’s health that all this day the sluggard stays in bed.”

Frederick said, “Look! See, his window’s open. We’ll call to him.”

Martino called, “What ho, Benvolio!”

Benvolio appeared at a second-story window, still wearing his nightcap and buttoning his clothing.

Benvolio said, “What the devil is the matter with you two?”

“Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you,” Martino said, “for Doctor Faustus has recently arrived at the court, and at his heels a thousand Furies wait to accomplish whatsoever the Doctor wants.”

Benvolio replied, “So what?”

Martino said, “Come and leave your chamber first, and you shall see this conjuror perform such splendid exploits before Pope Bruno and royal Holy Roman Emperor Charles V as were never yet seen in Germany.”

“Hasn’t Pope Bruno enough of conjuring yet?” Benvolio said. “He was upon the devil’s back recently enough, and if he is so much in love with him, I wish he would ride on him back to Rome again.”

Frederick said, “Tell us, will you come and see this entertainment?”

“Not I,” Benvolio replied.

“Will you stand in your window and see it then?” Martino asked.

“Yes, if I don’t fall asleep in the meantime,” Benvolio replied.

“The Emperor is close at hand,” Martino said. “He has come to see what wonders black spells may perform.”

Benvolio said, “Well, you go and attend the Emperor.”

Frederick and Martino exited.

Benvolio said to himself, "I am content for this once to thrust my head out at a window, for they say that if a man has been drunk overnight, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning. If that is true, I have a charm in my head that shall control him as well as the conjuror can control him, I promise you."

Trumpets sounded, and the German Emperor Charles V, Bruno, the Duke of Saxony, Faustus, the invisible Mephistophilis, Frederick, Martino, and some attendants arrived.

Holy Roman Emperor Charles V said to Faustus, "Wonder of men, renowned magician, thrice-learnéd Faustus, welcome to our court. This deed of yours in setting Bruno free from his and our professed enemy shall add more excellence to your art than if by powerful necromantic spells you could command the world's obedience.

"Forever be beloved by me: Carolus."

Carolus is medieval Latin for Charles.

He continued, "And And if this Bruno you have recently rescued should possess the triple-crown in peace and sit in Saint Peter's chair, in spite of fortune, you shall be famous throughout all Italy, and honored by me, the German Emperor."

Faustus replied, "These gracious words, most royal Carolus, shall make poor Faustus to his utmost power both love and serve the German Emperor and lay his life at holy Bruno's feet. For proof whereof, if your Grace will be so pleased, I the Doctor stand prepared, by power of art, to cast my magic charms that shall pierce through the ebony gates of ever-burning Hell, and hail the stubborn Furies from their caves to do whatsoever your grace commands."

When Faustus had made a gift of deed of his soul to Lucifer, he believed that he would be Emperor of the World, and that Holy Roman Emperor Charles V would not live except with his permission, but now Faustus was servile to Charles V.

Benvolio, standing at a second-floor window, said, "By God's blood, he speaks terribly, but for all that, I do not greatly believe him; he looks as much like a conjuror as the Pope looks like a costermonger."

A costermonger is a fruit seller.

Emperor Charles V said, "Now, Faustus, as you recently promised us, we would like to behold that famous conqueror Alexander the Great and his paramour, in their true shapes and majestic state, so that we may wonder at their excellence."

"Your majesty shall see them very soon," Faustus promised.

He ordered, "Mephistophilis, leave, and with a solemn sound of trumpets, present before this royal Emperor, great Alexander and his beauteous paramour."

Mephistophilis replied, "Faustus, I will."

Benvolio said, "Well, Master Doctor, if your devils don't come back quickly, you will make me fall asleep quickly. By God's wounds, I could eat my anger to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing."

By "the devil's governor," Benvolio meant Faustus. The devil's governor is one who can command the devil.

Benvolio was speaking loudly enough for Faustus to hear him.

Faustus said quietly to himself about Benvolio, "I'll make you feel something soon, if my art does not fail me."

He then said to Emperor Charles V, "My Lord, I must forewarn your majesty that when my spirits present the royal shapes of Alexander the Great and his paramour, your grace will ask no questions of King Alexander, but in silence let the spirits come and go."

Using the royal plural, Emperor Charles V said, "Be it as Faustus pleases; we are content."

"Yes, yes," Benvolio said, "and I am content, too. If you really do bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Actaeon, and turn myself to a stag."

Overhearing Benvolio, Faustus said quietly to himself, "And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns very soon."

Actaeon was an ancient hunter who accidentally saw the virgin goddess Diana bathing nude in a stream. She noticed him, and she punished him by turning him into a stag; he had the body of a male deer with horns, but he kept his human mind. His own dogs caught his scent and they ran him down and tore him to pieces.

Faustus was threatening to give the knight horns on his forehead. A common joke of the time was that unfaithful wives gave their husbands horns.

Trumpets sounded as the spirits arrived.

A spirit portraying Alexander the Great and another spirit portraying Darius, King of Persia, arrived. Alexander had defeated Darius in 333 B.C.E.

The two spirits met and performed a dumbshow (a short, silent play): Alexander threw down Darius, killed him, and took off his crown. As he started to leave, his paramour met him. He embraced her and set Darius' crown upon her head. They then saluted Emperor Charles V.

Impressed by the dumbshow, Emperor Charles V left his throne and went to the spirits and wanted to embrace them, but Faustus quickly stopped him.

The trumpets stopped and music began.

"My gracious lord, you forget yourself," Faustus said to Emperor Charles V. "These are only shadows; they are not substantial."

"Oh, pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished with the sight of this renowned Emperor Alexander that in my arms I would have hugged him," Emperor Charles V said. "But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them, to satisfy my longing thoughts fully, let me tell you this: I have heard it said that this fair lady, while she lived on earth, had on her neck a little wart or mole. How may I prove that saying to be true?"

Faustus replied, "Your Majesty may boldly go and see."

Emperor Charles V went to the spirit portraying Alexander the Great's paramour, looked, and said, "Faustus, I see it plainly, and in this sight you have better pleased me than if I had gained another monarchy."

Faustus said to the spirits, "Away! Be gone!"

The spirits exited.

Faustus then said, "Look, look, my gracious lord, what strange beast is yonder that thrusts his head out the window."

Emperor Charles V looked up and saw the sleeping Benvolio, who now had horns growing from his head, which was outside his window.

He said, "Oh, what a wondrous sight! Look, Duke of Saxony, two widely spreading horns are most strangely fastened upon the head of young Benvolio!"

The Duke of Saxony asked, "Is he asleep? Or dead?"

Faustus said, "He is sleeping, my lord, but he doesn't dream that he has horns."

"This entertainment is excellent," Emperor Charles V said. "We'll call and wake him. What ho, Benvolio!"

Benvolio woke up, and not realizing that the Emperor was the one calling him, said, "A plague upon you! Let me sleep a while."

Emperor Charles V said, "I don't blame you for sleeping so much, considering that you have such a head."

"Look up, Benvolio," the Duke of Saxony said. "It is the Emperor who is calling you."

"The Emperor?" Benvolio said. "Where?"

He lifted his head and hit his horns on the window lintel (beam at the top of the window) and stiles (sides of the window sash) and said, "Oh, by God's wounds, my head!"

Emperor Charles V said, “No, don’t worry about your head because it is very well armed.”
Faustus asked Benvolio, “Why, how are you now, Sir Knight? What, hanged by the horns? This is most horrible! Pull your head in the window for shame; don’t let all the world wonder at you.”

Benvolio’s horns were so big that he couldn’t pull his head back through the window.

Feeling his head, Benvolio said, “By God’s wounds, Doctor Faustus, is this your villainy?”

Faustus replied, “Oh, don’t say so, sir. Remember what you said: Doctor Faustus has no skill, no art, no cunning, to present these lords or to bring before this royal Emperor the mighty monarch known as warlike Alexander. If Faustus does do it, you said that you are immediately resolved to do as bold Actaeon did and turn into a stag.”

He then said to Emperor Charles V, “And therefore, my lord, if it will please your majesty, I’ll raise a kennel of hounds that shall hunt him so as all his footmanship and skill in running shall scarcely prevail to keep his carcass from their bloody fangs.”

Faustus then began to summon demons that would assume the shape of hunting dogs: “Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.”

“Wait! Wait!” Benvolio said. “By God’s wounds, he’ll raise up a kennel of devils, I think, soon.”

He then entreated Emperor Charles V, “My good lord, entreat for me.”

The devils Faustus had raised attacked Benvolio.

“By God’s blood,” Benvolio said. “I am completely unable to endure these torments!”

Emperor Charles V said, “Good Master Doctor Faustus, let me entreat you to remove his horns. He has sufficiently done penance now.”

Faustus replied, “My gracious Lord, not so much for injury done to me as to delight your majesty with some mirth has Faustus justly requited this injurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns.”

He ordered, “Mephistophilis, transform him and remove his horns.

Mephistophilis did, and the devils exited.

Faustus said to Benvolio, “And hereafter, sir, make sure that you speak well of scholars.”

“Speak well of you?” Benvolio said. “By God’s blood, if scholars be such cuckold-makers as to clap horns on honest men’s heads in this fashion, I’ll never trust the smooth faces and small ruffs of scholars any more. But if I am not revenged for this, I wish that I might be turned into a gaping oyster and drink nothing but salt water.”

Scholars of the time wore a small ruff — a type of collar.

Emperor Charles V said, “Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives, in recompense of this your high desert, you shall command the state of Germany, and live beloved by me, mighty Carolus.”

— 4.2 —

[Scene 12]

Benvolio, Martino, Frederick, and some soldiers assembled.

Martino said, “No, sweet Benvolio, let us sway your thoughts away from this attempt at getting revenge against the conjuror.”

“Go away,” Benvolio replied. “You don’t respect me if you urge me to do that. Shall I let pass so great an injury, when every servile low fellow jests at my wrongs, and in their rustic goings-on proudly say that Benvolio’s head was graced with horns today?”

“Oh, may these eyelids never close again until with my sword I have slain that conjuror. If you will aid me in this enterprise, then draw your weapons and be resolute. If not, depart. Here Benvolio will die unless Faustus’ death repays my infamy.”

Frederick said, “We will stay with you, let happen what may, and kill that Doctor Faustus if he comes this way.”

Benvolio said, “Then, nobly born Frederick, hasten to the grove, and place our servants and our followers secretly hidden in an ambush there behind the trees.

“I know the conjuror is near by this time. I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor’s hand, and take his leave, laden with rich rewards.

“So then, soldiers, boldly fight. If Faustus dies, you can have the wealth; leave us the victory.”

“Come on, soldiers,” Frederick said. “Follow me into the grove. Whoever kills Faustus shall have gold and endless love.”

Frederick exited with the soldiers.

Benvolio said, “My head is lighter than it was by the horns, but yet my heart’s more ponderous than my head, and it pants until I see that conjuror dead.”

Martino asked, “Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?”

“Here we will stay to wait for the first assault,” Benvolio said. “Oh, if that damned Hell-hound were here now, you soon would see me get revenge for my foul disgrace.”

Frederick, who had hidden the soldiers, came back and said, “Hide! Hide! The conjuror is close at hand, and all alone comes walking in his gown. Be ready, then, and strike the peasant down.”

“Mine will be that honor then,” Benvolio said. “Now, sword, strike home. For the horns he gave me, I’ll have his head soon.”

Faustus arrived and walked close to the hidden Benvolio and his friends.

Martino said, “Look, look, he comes.”

“No words,” Benvolio said. “This blow ends all. May Hell take his soul; his body thus must fall.”

He struck Faustus, who fell and groaned.

“Are you groaning, Master Doctor?” Frederick asked.

“May his heart break with groans,” Benvolio said. “Dear Frederick, watch. Thus will I end his griefs immediately.”

“Strike with a willing hand,” Martino said.

Benvolio struck Faustus.

Martino said about Faustus, “His head is off.”

“The devil’s dead,” Benvolio said. “The Furies now may laugh.”

Because the Furies were avenging goddesses from Hell, Benvolio thought that they would applaud his getting revenge on Faustus.

Looking at Faustus’ severed head, Frederick said, “Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown that made the grim monarch of infernal spirits tremble and quake at his commanding charms?”

Martino said, “Was this that damned head, whose heart conspired to make Benvolio feel shame before the Emperor?”

“Yes, that’s the head and here the body lies, justly rewarded for his villainies,” Benvolio said.

“Come, let’s devise how we may add more shame to the black scandal of his hated name,” Frederick said.

Benvolio said, "First, on his head, in repayment for the wrongs he did me, I'll nail huge forked horns and let them hang within the window where he yoked me first, so that all the world may see my just revenge."

He had been yoked with horns that were so big that his head could not get back through the window.

Martino asked, "What use shall we put his beard to?"

"We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper," Benvolio said. "It will wear out ten birch brooms, I promise you."

"What shall his eyes do?" Frederick asked.

"We'll put out his eyes," Benvolio said, "and they shall serve for buttons to his lips to keep his tongue from catching cold."

"An excellent plan," Martino said. "And now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do?"

Faustus stood up.

Benvolio said, "By God's wounds, the devil's alive again!"

"Give him his head, for God's sake," Frederick said.

"No, keep it," Faustus said. "Faustus will have heads and hands, yes, and all your hearts to recompense this deed. Didn't you know, traitors, that I was given a span of twenty-four years to breathe on Earth? And if you had cut my body with your swords, or hewed this flesh and bones into pieces as small as grains of sand, yet in a minute my spirit would return and I would breathe as a man made free from harm.

"But why do I delay my revenge?"

He shouted the names of demons: "Asteroth! Belimoth! Mephistophilis!"

Mephistophilis and the other devils arrived.

Faustus ordered, "Go put these traitors on your fiery backs, and mount aloft with them as high as Heaven. From thence pitch them headlong to the lowest Hell.

"Yet wait, for the world shall see their misery, and Hell shall afterward plague their treachery.

"Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff Martino hence, and hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt.

"Asteroth, take this one — Frederick — and drag him through the woods among the pricking thorns and sharpest briars.

"Meanwhile, this traitor — Benvolio — will fly with my gentle Mephistophilis to some steep rock, from which Benvolio may roll down and the villain break his bones, just as he intended to dismember me.

"Fly hence, obey my orders immediately."

Frederick pleaded, "Pity us, gentle Faustus; save our lives."

Faustus said, "Away with you!"

Frederick said, "He must needs go whom the devil drives."

The spirits exited, carrying the knights on their backs.

The soldiers who had been lying in ambush arrived.

The first soldier said, "Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness. Make haste to help these noble gentlemen. I heard them talking with the conjuror."

The second soldier said, "See where the conjuror comes! Let's follow our orders at once, and kill the wretch."

"What's here?" Faustus said. "An ambush to betray my life! So then, Faustus, test your skill.

“Base peasants, come to a halt, for look, these trees move at my command, and stand as bulwarks between yourselves and me to shield me from your hated treachery. Yet to encounter this your weak attempt against my life, behold an army that comes instantly.”

Faustus struck the ground with a staff, and the ground opened and several devils came out. One devil was playing on a drum. Behind him came another devil bearing a battle flag, and several devils with weapons. Mephistophilis also showed up, carrying fireworks. The devils set upon the soldiers and drove them out.

— 4.3 —

[Scene 13]

Benvolio, Frederick, and Martino, their heads and faces bloody and besmeared with mud and dirt, and all having horns on their heads, were searching for each other.

Martino called, “What ho, Benvolio!”

Benvolio called, “Here I am! What ho, Frederick!”

Frederick called, “Oh, help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?”

Martino called, “Dear Frederick, here I am, half smothered in a lake of mud and dirt, through which the Furies dragged me by the heels.”

They met and Frederick looked at Benvolio.

Frederick said, “Martino, look! Benvolio has horns again!”

“Oh, misery!” Martino said. “How are you now, Benvolio?”

Benvolio saw the horns on his friends’ heads and said, “Defend me, Heaven. Shall I be haunted still?”

Martino said, “No, don’t be afraid, man; we have no power to kill.”

He meant that they weren’t devils and would not harm him.

Benvolio looked at Frederick’s horns and Martino’s horns and said, “My friends transformed thus! Oh, hellish spite! Your heads are all set with horns.”

Frederick said, “You hit it right, but it is your own head you mean. Feel on your head.”

Benvolio felt the horns on his head and said, “By God’s wounds, horns again!”

Frederick and Martino looked at each other and saw horns, and then each man felt his own head.

Martino said to Benvolio, “Don’t chafe, man; we are all in the same boat.”

Benvolio said, “What devil attends this damned magician, who, in spite of all that we can do, doubles the wrongs he does us?”

“What may we do so that we may hide our shames?” Frederick asked.

“If we should follow him to work revenge, he’d join asses’ long ears to these huge horns,” Benvolio said, “and make us laughingstocks to all the world.”

“What shall we do then, dear Benvolio?” Martino asked.

“I have a castle nearby, adjoining these woods,” Benvolio said. “Thither we’ll go and live obscure lives until time shall alter our brutish shapes. Since black disgrace has thus eclipsed our fame and reputations, we will rather die with grief than live with shame.”

— 4.4 —

[Scene 14]

Faustus and a Horse Dealer were bargaining about a horse that Faustus had for sale. Mephistophilis, invisible, was present.

The Horse Dealer said, "I beseech your worship to accept these forty dollars as payment for your horse."

"Friend, you cannot buy so good a horse for so small a price," Faustus said. "I have no great need to sell him, but if you like him enough to pay ten dollars more for him, take him, because I see you have a good mind to have him."

"I beseech you, sir, accept this," the Horse Dealer said. "I am a very poor man, and I have lost very much recently by trading in horse flesh, and this bargain will set me up again."

"Well, I will not haggle with you," Faustus said. "Give me the money."

The Horse Dealer gave him forty dollars.

Faustus continued, "Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him over hedge and ditch without sparing him, but listen carefully — no matter what, don't ride him into the water."

"What, sir, not into the water?" the Horse Dealer asked. "Why, will he not drink of all waters?"

"Drink of all waters" means "go anywhere."

Faustus replied, "Yes, he will drink of all waters, but don't ride him into the water. Ride him over hedge and ditch, or wherever you will, but not into the water. Go tell the Hostler to deliver him to you and remember what I told you."

"I promise you I will, sir," the Horse Dealer said.

He then said quietly to himself, "Oh, joyful day, now am I a made man forever."

The Horse Dealer exited.

Faustus said to himself, "What are you, Faustus, but a man condemned to die? Your fatal time — your day of death and damnation — draws to a final end. Despair drives distrust into my thoughts. I will allay these passions with a quiet sleep. Tush, Christ called the thief upon the cross. So then rest yourself, Faustus, quiet in mind."

Faustus was comforting himself with a Biblical story of a man who was saved from damnation at the end of his life: Jesus was crucified between two thieves, one of whom asked to be remembered when Jesus came into his kingdom.

Luke 23:39-43 states (1599 Geneva Bible):

39 And one of the evildoers, which were hanged, railed on him, saying, If thou be that Christ, save thyself and us.

40 But the other answered, and rebuked him, saying, Fearest thou not God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

41 We are indeed righteously here: for we receive things worthy of that we have done: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

42 And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom.

43 Then Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

Faustus sat in a chair to go to sleep.

The Horse Dealer, wet, came back and said, "Oh, what a cheating Doctor is this! Riding my horse into the water because I thought some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I found that I had nothing under me but a little straw, and I had much trouble to escape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again.

"Ho, sirrah Doctor, you cheating scab! Master Doctor, awaken and rise and give me my money again, for your horse is turned into a bundle of hay, Master Doctor."

The Horse Dealer grabbed Faustus' leg and pulled on it to wake Faustus up. He pulled off the leg.

"Alas, I am ruined," the Horse Dealer said. "What shall I do? I have pulled off his leg!"

Faustus shouted, "Oh, help! Help! The villain has murdered me!"

"Murder or no murder, now he has only one leg," the Horse Dealer said. "I'll out-run him, and throw his leg into some ditch or other."

He ran away.

Faustus shouted, "Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!"

Then he laughed and said, "Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse Dealer has a bundle of hay for his forty dollars."

Wagner, Faustus' servant, entered Faustus' study.

"Hello, Wagner," Faustus said. "What is the news with you?"

"If it pleases you, the Duke of Vanholt does earnestly entreat your company, and he has sent some of his men to attend you with all the provisions needed for your journey."

Faustus said, "The Duke of Vanholt's an honorable gentleman, and one to whom I must not be sparing with my magical conjuring.

"Let's go."

— 4.5 —

[Scene 15]

Robin, Dick, the Horse Dealer, and a Carter — a man who transported goods by cart, talked together.

"Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe," the Carter said.

He called, "What ho, Hostess! Where be these whores?"

The Hostess of the tavern appeared and asked, "How are you now? What do you lack? What can I bring you? My old guests, welcome."

Robin said quietly to Dick, "Sirrah Dick, do you know why I stand so mute?"

"No, Robin, why do you?"

"I am eighteen pence in debt here at the tavern, but say nothing," Robin said. "Let's see if she has forgotten me."

"Who's this, who stands so solemnly by himself?" the Hostess asked, looking at Robin. Recognizing him, she said, "My old guest!"

"Oh, Hostess, how do you do?" Robin said. "I hope my tab stands still."

He meant that he hoped his credit was still good, but the Hostess took his words as meaning that he still owed her.

"Yes, there's no doubt of that," the Hostess said, "for I think you are in no haste to pay off your tab and wipe it out."

Dick said, "Why, Hostess, I say, fetch us some beer."

The Hostess said, "You shall have it immediately."

She called to an employee, "Look up into the hall there, ho!"

Then she exited.

"Come, sirs," Dick said. "What shall we do now until my Hostess comes back?"

"Indeed, sir," the Carter said, "I'll tell you the most splendid tale about how a conjuror served me. You know of Doctor Faustus?"

"Yes, may a plague take him," the Horse Dealer said. "Here's some of us have reason to know him. Did he conjure you, too?"

"I'll tell you how he served me," the Carter said. "As I was going to Wittenberg the other day, with a load of hay, he met me and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat. Now, sir, I, thinking that a little would serve his turn, bade him eat as much as he

would for three farthings. So he immediately gave me my money and fell to eating, and as I am a Cursen man, he never stopped eating until he had eaten up all my load of hay.”

“Cursen” was a dialectical form of “Christian,” but the word “cursed” is relevant here.

“Oh, monstrous!” the others said. “Eat a whole load of hay!”

“Yes, yes, that may be the truth,” Robin said, “for I have heard of someone who has eaten a load of logs.”

A log is a Hebrew measure that is mentioned in the Tyndale Bible: It is about three-quarters of a pint. Wine and ale were often served in wooden vessels.

The Horse Dealer said, “Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me. I went to him yesterday to buy a horse from him, and he would by no means sell him for under forty dollars. So, sir, because I knew the horse for sale to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money. So when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bade me ride him night and day, and spare him at no time. But, said he, no matter what, don’t ride him into the water. Now, sir, thinking the horse had some quality that Doctor Faustus would not have me know of, what did I do but ride him into a great river, and when I came just in the midst of the river my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling a bundle of hay.”

“Oh, brave Doctor!” the others said.

“But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it,” the Horse Dealer said. “I went to his house, and there I found him asleep. I kept a hallowing and whooping in his ears, but all I could do could not wake him. I, seeing that, took him by the leg and never stopped pulling until I had pulled his leg quite off, and now it is at home in my inn.”

“And has the Doctor only one leg then?” Robin said. “That’s excellent, for one of his devils turned me into the likeness of an ape’s face.”

“Bring some more drink, Hostess,” the Carter called.

“Listen,” Robin said. “We’ll go into another room and drink a while, and then we’ll go and seek out the Doctor.”

— 4.6 —

[Scene 16]

The Duke of Vanholt, his pregnant Duchess, Faustus, and the invisible Mephistophilis stood together.

The Duke of Vanholt said, “Thanks, Master Doctor, for these pleasant sights. I don’t know how I can sufficiently recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air, the sight of which so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.”

Faustus replied, “I think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed, in that it pleases your grace to think only well of that which Faustus has performed.”

He then said to the pregnant Duchess of Vanholt, “But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights. Therefore, I ask you to tell me what is the thing you most desire to have? If it is in the world, it shall be yours. I have heard that great-bellied women long for things that are rare and dainty.”

“True, Master Doctor,” the Duchess of Vanholt said, “and since I find you so kind, I will make known to you what my heart desires to have. If it were now summer instead of January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better food than a dish of ripe grapes.”

“This is only a small matter,” Faustus said.

He ordered, “Go, Mephistophilis. Away.”

The invisible Mephistophilis exited.

Faustus then said, "Madam, I will do more than this for your contentment and happiness."

The invisible Mephistophilis returned with the grapes.

Faustus gave the grapes to the Duchess and said, "Here, now taste these. They should be good for they come from a far country, I can tell you."

The Duke of Vanholt said, "This makes me wonder more than all the rest of the wonders you have performed. At this time of the year, when every tree is barren of its fruit, from whence have you gotten these ripe grapes?"

"If it pleases your grace," Faustus replied, "the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, so that when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a year, from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought, as you see."

India and Saba (now called Yemen) are in the northern hemisphere, but as usual Mephistophilis did not correct Faustus.

"And trust me," the Duchess of Vanholt said, "they are the sweetest grapes that I ever tasted."

Robin, Dick, the Horse Dealer, and the Carter — all of them drunk — knocked loudly at the gate.

"What rude disturbers have we at the gate?" the Duke of Vanholt asked.

He ordered a servant, "Go, pacify their fury. Open the gate, and then ask them what they want."

Robin, Dick, the Horse Dealer, and the Carter knocked again and called out that they wanted to talk with Faustus.

A servant opened the gate and said, "Why, how are you now, masters? What a disturbance you are making! What is the reason you disturb the Duke?"

Dick said, "We have no reason for it; therefore, a fig for him."

He made a fig in his hand: his thumb thrust between two fingers. This is an obscene gesture.

The servant said, "Saucy varlets, do you dare to be so bold?"

"I hope, sir," the Horse Dealer said, "that we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome."

They were not welcome, and so they were definitely more bold than they were welcome.

"It appears so," the servant said. "Please be bold elsewhere, and don't trouble the Duke."

"What do they want?" the Duke of Vanholt asked.

"They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus," the servant replied.

"Yes," the Carter said, "and we will speak with him."

"Will you, sir?" the Duke of Vanholt said.

He then ordered, "Commit the rascals."

He meant to commit the rascals to prison, but Dick made a reply, using the word "commit" with another meaning: "commit sex."

"Commit with us!" Dick said. "He would be as well off to commit with his father as commit with us."

Faustus said to the Duke, "I beseech your grace to let them come in. They are good subjects for merriment."

"Do as you will, Faustus," the Duke of Vanholt said. "I give you permission."

"I thank your grace," Faustus replied.

Robin, Dick, the Carter, and the Horse Dealer walked through the gate.

Faustus greeted them: "Why, how are you now, my good friends? Indeed, you are too outrageous, but come near. I have procured your pardons. The Duke will not punish you."

He charmed them and made them think that they were still in the Hostess' tavern, and he made them not recognize the Duke and Duchess although they still recognized him, and then he said, "Welcome to you all."

Robin said, "No, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take. What ho! Give us half a dozen beers here, and be hanged."

"Listen," Faustus said, "can you tell me where you are?"

"Yes, indeed I can," the Carter said. "We are under Heaven."

The underside of the cover over the stage in Marlowe's day was called Heaven; the underside was painted like the sky.

The servant asked, "Yes, but, Sir Sauce-box, do you know in what place?"

They were behaving wildly inappropriately in the Duke and Duchess' home.

"Yes, yes," the Horse Dealer said. "The house is good enough to drink in. By God's wounds, fill our glasses with some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles."

He was treating Faustus like he would treat a bartender.

"Don't be so furious," Faustus said. "Come, you shall have beer."

He then said to the Duke, "My lord, I ask you to give me permission to continue with this joke for awhile. I'll stake my reputation that this will entertain your grace."

"With all my heart, kind Doctor, please yourself," the Duke of Vanholt said. "Our servants are and our court is at your command."

"I humbly thank your grace," Faustus said.

He ordered the servant, "Fetch some beer."

"Yes, indeed," the Horse Dealer said. "There spoke a Doctor indeed, and indeed I'll drink a health to your wooden leg for that word."

The Horse Dealer had pulled off Faustus' leg, and so he thought that it must have been replaced with a wooden leg.

"My wooden leg?" Faustus asked. "What do you mean by that?"

The Carter laughed and said, "Do you hear him, Dick? He has forgotten his leg."

"Yes, yes," the Horse Dealer said. "He does not stand much upon that."

"No, indeed," Faustus said. "I do not stand much upon a wooden leg."

"Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship," the Carter said.

He meant this: Good Lord, that you could forget such a thing as that your leg was pulled off, and Good Lord, that your leg could be pulled off.

The Carter continued, "Don't you remember a Horse Dealer you sold a horse to?"

"Yes, I remember I sold one a horse," Faustus said.

"And do you remember that you told him he should not ride into the water?" the Carter asked.

"Yes, I do very well remember that," Faustus replied.

"And do you remember nothing of your leg?" the Carter asked.

"No, indeed," Faustus said.

"Then I ask you to please remember your courtesy and your curtesy," the Carter said.

"I thank you, sir," Faustus replied.

"It is not worth so much," the Carter said.

The male curtesy was a bow with a bent knee — something it would be difficult for a man with a wooden leg to perform.

The Carter then requested, "Please, tell me one thing."

"What's that?" Faustus replied.

"Are both your legs bedfellows together every night?" the Carter asked.

Since he believed that one of Faustus' legs was wooden, he did not believe that it would be in bed with the flesh-and-blood leg.

Faustus replied, "Would you make a Colossus of me, you who ask me such questions?"

The Colossal of Rhodes was a huge statue. Some people believed that it straddled the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes, a Greek island. To do that, its feet would have to be very far apart.

"No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would like to know that," the Carter said.

As they talked, the Hostess entered, carrying beer. She was also charmed.

Faustus said, "Then I assure you my legs certainly are bedfellows."

"I thank you," the Carter said. "I am fully satisfied."

He clearly did not believe Faustus, who asked, "But for what reason did you ask me that?"

"For no reason, sir," the Carter said, "but I think you should have a wooden bedfellow of one of them."

"Why, do you hear, sir?" the Horse Dealer said to Faustus. "Didn't I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?"

"But I have it again now I am awake," Faustus said.

He pulled up both pants legs and said, "Look here, sir."

The Carter, Horse Dealer, Robin, and Dick all cried, "Oh, horrible! Did the Doctor have three legs?"

The Carter complained, "Do you remember, sir, how you cheated me and ate up my load of ___"

Faustus charmed him so that he could speak no more.

Dick complained, "Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's —"

Faustus charmed him so that he could speak no more.

The Horse Dealer complained, "You whoreson conjuring scab, do you remember how you cheated me with a ho—"

Faustus charmed him so that he could speak no more.

Robin complained, "Have you forgotten me? Do you think to carry it away with your 'hey-presto' and 'abracadabra'? Do you remember the dog's fa—"

Faustus charmed him so that he could speak no more.

The Carter, the Horse Dealer, Robin, and Dick exited.

The Hostess said, "Who pays for the ale? Listen, Master Doctor, now you have sent away my guests, I ask who shall pay me for my a—"

Faustus charmed her so that she could speak no more.

The Hostess exited.

The Duchess said to her husband, "My Lord, we are much beholden to this learned man."

"So we are, madam," the Duke of Vanholt said. "We will recompense him with all the love and kindness that we may. His artful entertainment drives all sad thoughts away."

When he had made his bargain with Lucifer, Faustus had wanted to be the Emperor of the World. Now he was merely a court entertainer.

CHAPTER 5 (1616 B-TEXT)

— 5.1 —

[Scene 17]

Thunder sounded and lightning flashed. Mephistophilis led some devils carrying covered dishes into Faustus' study.

Wagner entered and addressed you the readers:

"I think my master intends to die very soon. He has made his will and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and his store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready coined. I wonder what he intends. If his death were near, he would not frolic like this. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such belly-cheer as Wagner in his life never saw the like. And see where they come; probably the feast is done."

Wagner exited as Faustus, Mephistophilis, and three tipsy scholars arrived.

The first scholar said, "Master Doctor Faustus, since our conversation about fair ladies and which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady who ever lived. Therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us so much favor as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholden to you."

"Gentlemen," Faustus said, "because I know your friendship is unfeigned, and because it is not Faustus' custom to deny the just request of those who wish him well, you shall behold that peerless dame of Greece, no otherwise for pomp or majesty than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her and brought the spoils to rich Dardania."

Actually, Paris took Helen to Troy. Dardania was a city near Troy. As usual, the invisible Mephistophilis, who was watching, did not correct Faustus' mistake.

Faustus referred to "unfeigned friendship," but the scholar was asking him to do something that could be a cause of getting him damned.

Faustus also said that the scholars would see Helen of Troy, implying that they would see the real Helen of Troy rather than a demon that had assumed her shape.

He continued, "Be silent then, for danger is in words."

Conjuring required silence.

Music sounded, and Mephistophilis brought in a demon that had assumed Helen of Troy's shape. The demon passed in front of them, and then exited.

In ancient times, Paris, a Prince of Troy, ran away with Helen, the legitimate wife of Menelaus of Sparta, Greece, and took her back to Troy with him, thus starting the famous Trojan War, which lasted for ten years. Helen was known as the most beautiful woman in the world.

The second scholar asked, "Was this the fair Helen whose admired worth made Greece afflict poor Troy with ten years of war?"

"Too simple is my wit to tell her worth," the third scholar said, "All the world admires her for her majesty."

"Now that we have seen the pride of nature's work," the first scholar said, "we'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight may Faustus be happy and blest forevermore."

As the scholars exited, Faustus said, "Gentlemen, farewell. I wish the same to you."

Ironically, it was deeds such as summoning "Helen of Troy" that put Faustus at risk of damnation and so could keep him from being happy and blest forevermore.

An old man entered and said, "Oh, gentle Faustus, leave this damned art, this magic, that will charm your soul to Hell, and quite bereave you of salvation. Though you have now offended like a man, do not persevere in it like a devil.

"Still, still, you have an amiable — worthy of being loved — soul, if sin by custom does not grow into nature.

"If that happens, Faustus, repentance will come too late, and then you will be banished from the sight of Heaven. No mortal can express the pains of Hell.

"It may be that this my exhortation seems harsh, and entirely unpleasant; let it not be perceived that way. For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath or out of malice toward you but in tender love, and in pity of your future misery.

"And so I have hope that this my kind rebuke, by checking your body, may amend your soul."

Faustus said, "Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what have you done?"

Genesis 3:9 states, "*But the Lord God called to the man [Adam, who had sinned], and said unto him, Where art thou?*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus continued, "Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice says, 'Faustus, come, your hour is almost come, and Faustus now will come to do you right.'"

1 Peter 5:8 states, "*Be sober, and watch: for your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

John 13:1 states, "*Now before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come, that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, forasmuch as he loved his own which were in the world, unto the end he loved them*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Mephistophilis gave Faustus a dagger, tempting him to commit suicide.

The old man said, "Oh, stop, good Faustus. Stop your desperate steps.

"I see an Angel hovering over your head, and with a vial full of precious grace, the Angel offers to pour the same into your soul, so then, Faustus, call for mercy, and avoid despair."

People commit suicide out of despair, which can be defined as the loss of all hope.

Faustus said to the old man, "Oh, friend, I feel your words comfort my distressed soul. Leave me a while to ponder on my sins."

"Faustus, I leave you," the old man said, "but with grief of heart, fearing the enemy of your hapless soul."

The old man exited.

Faustus said, "Accursed Faustus, wretch, what have you done? I do repent, and yet I do despair. Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast. What shall I do to shun the snares of death?"

Mephistophilis said to him, "You traitor, Faustus, I arrest your soul for disobedience to my sovereign lord. Revolt or I'll tear your flesh into pieces."

By "revolt" he meant, "Revolt against God, and return to the vow you made to Lucifer."

Faustus said, "I repent that I ever offended him."

Unfortunately, he was referring to Lucifer.

He continued, "Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat your lord to pardon my unjust presumption, and with my blood again I will confirm the former vow I made to Lucifer."

"Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart," Mephistophilis said, "lest greater dangers attend the way you are heading."

By "greater dangers," Mephistophilis meant various forms of bodily pain, but the old man knew that the soul's damnation was a much greater danger than those.

Faustus cut his arm and began writing with his blood.

He said to Mephistophilis, "Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man who dared dissuade me from your Lucifer, with the greatest torment that our Hell affords."

"His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul," Mephistophilis said. "But what I may afflict his body with, I will attempt, which is but little worth."

What "little worth" refers to is ambiguous. It can mean 1) the old man's body is of little worth compared to the worth of his soul, 2) Mephistophilis' attempt to torment the old man's body is of little worth and effectiveness because the old man is protected by God, or 3) both #1 and #2.

(Earlier, the Good Angel had said to Faustus, "Repent, and they [demons from Hell] shall never scratch your skin.")

Faustus continued, "One thing, good servant, let me crave of you to glut the longing of my heart's desire: that I may have for my paramour that heavenly Helen, whom I saw just now, whose sweet embraces may extinguish entirely those thoughts that dissuade me from my vow. This will help me keep my vow I made to Lucifer."

Mephistophilis replied, "This, or whatever else my Faustus shall desire, shall be performed in the twinkling of an eye."

Mephistophilis brought back "Helen of Troy," accompanied by two spirits portraying Cupids. "Helen" stood in front of Faustus, who said these words:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,

"And burnt the topless towers of Ilium [Troy]?"

"Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss."

He kissed "Helen," and then he continued:

"Her lips suck forth my soul: See, where it flies!

"Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again."

He kissed "Helen," and then he continued:

"Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,

"And all is dross that is not Helena.

"I will be Paris, and for love of you,

"Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked;

"And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

"And wear your colors on my plumed crest [helmet];

"Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

"And then return to Helen for a kiss.

"Oh, you are fairer than the evening's air

"Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

"Brighter are you than flaming Jupiter

"When he appeared to hapless Semele;

"More lovely than the monarch of the sky

"In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;

"And none but you shall be my paramour!"

What is the answer to the question "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless [very high] towers of Troy?"

The best answer is, No. This is not Helen of Troy. This is a demon from Hell. Twenty-four years ago, Faustus had asked for a wife, and Mephistophilis had brought him a female demon. Faustus had called the female demon "a hot whore" and rejected it. Now, he was willing to have sex with a demon.

Can "Helen" make him immortal with a kiss?

Faustus' soul is already immortal; the question that should be asked is where will his soul reside for all eternity. A kiss from "Helen" makes it more likely that Faustus' soul will reside in Hell.

When Faustus was considering selling his soul to Lucifer, he thought that he would do good things for Wittenberg, but now he was willing for Wittenberg to be sacked, just like Troy was at the end of the Trojan War.

Faustus said that he will be Paris and he will combat "weak" Menelaus. In the *Iliad*, Paris and Menelaus met in single combat, and Menelaus defeated Paris; in fact, Menelaus would have killed Paris if Aphrodite, goddess of sexual passion, hadn't helped Paris escape from him.

Faustus said that he would wound Achilles in the heel. Although this is not recounted in the *Iliad*, Paris, with the help of the archer god Apollo, did wound Achilles in the heel — a wound that killed him.

Faustus said this about "Helen": "Brighter are you than flaming Jupiter / When he appeared to hapless Semele."

Semele was one of the many mortal women with whom Jupiter, King of the gods, had an affair. Jupiter made an inviolable oath to give Semele whatever she asked for, and she asked to see him in his true form. Because he had made an oath that he could not violate, Jupiter did as she asked, and the sight of Jupiter in his true form killed her.

Apollo the Sun-god is the monarch of the sky, and Arethusa is a nymph who bathed in a stream of blue — azure — water. Possibly, Faustus is saying that "Helen" is more beautiful than a scene of the Sun shining down on a blue stream of water.

Faustus and "Helen" left in order to go somewhere they could have sex.

— 5.2 —

[Scene 18]

Thunder sounded. Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis arrived.

Lucifer said, "Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend to view the subjects of our monarchy, those souls that sin seals the black sons of Hell, among which as chief, Faustus, we come to you, bringing with us lasting damnation, to lie in wait for your soul. The time has come that makes your soul forfeit to Hell."

Mephistophilis said, "And this gloomy night, here in this room will wretched Faustus be."

Beelzebub said, "And here we'll stay, to see how he conducts and demeans himself."

"How should he conduct himself, but in desperate lunacy?" Mephistophilis said. "Now that foolish worldling's heart's blood dries with grief; his conscience kills it, and his laboring brain begets a world of idle fantasies about how to get the better of the devil, but all in vain. His store of pleasures must be spiced with pain."

"He and his servant Wagner are nearby. Both come from drawing Faustus' last will. See where they come."

Faustus and Wagner entered.

Faustus said, "Tell me, Wagner, you have perused my will. How do you like it?"

"Sir, so wondrously well that in all humble duty, I yield my life and lasting service for your love," Wagner answered.

The three scholars entered.

Faustus said, "Thanks, Wagner."

Then he greeted his guests: "Welcome, gentlemen."

The first scholar said, "Now, worthy Faustus, I think that your looks are changed."

Faustus, who felt and looked ill, said, "Oh, gentlemen."

"What ails Faustus?" the second scholar asked.

"Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow," Faustus said, "if I had lived with you, sharing with you a chamber at this university, then I would have lived always, but now I must die eternally."

Possibly hallucinating, and afraid, he said, "Look, sirs, isn't he coming? Isn't he coming?"

"Oh, my dear Faustus, what is the meaning of this fear?" the first scholar asked.

"Has all our pleasure turned to melancholy?" the second scholar asked.

"He is not well because he has been excessively solitary," the third scholar said to the other scholars.

"If that is so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured," the second scholar said.

"It is only a surfeit from over-eating and -drinking, sir," the third scholar said to Faustus. "Don't be afraid."

Faustus said, "It is a surfeit of deadly sin that has damned both body and soul."

"Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven, and remember that God's mercy is infinite," the second scholar said.

Faustus replied, "But Faustus' offense can never be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus."

Faustus was suffering from pride. He believed that he had committed sins so evil that they were unpardonable. But God can pardon any sin as long as it is sincerely repented. The only sin that is unpardonable is sin that makes the sinner unable to sincerely repent. A sinner who has continually sinned can grow hard-hearted and be unable to sincerely repent. And a sinner who has committed very many bad sins can be so terrified of Hell that he or she is unable to sincerely repent.

Faustus' sins of commission may seem paltry. He has slept with women whom Mephistophilis has brought to him. He has defrauded a horse trader. He has pranked the Pope.

He has sold his soul to Lucifer, but the contract will be nullified if he sincerely repents.

Faustus' sins of omission are great. He could have saved many cities from plague. He could have used his intellect to make advances in logic, law, and medicine. Instead, he became a practical joker and a court entertainer.

Faustus continued, "Oh, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and do not tremble at my speeches. Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, I wish that I had never seen Wittenberg, never read a book!"

Books are not evil in themselves. A book of magic can be read for other purposes than summoning demons from Hell. Faustus had been a great scholar and had delighted in pursuing knowledge, but he had made a choice to pursue knowledge the wrong way.

One way to pursue knowledge is through hard study: reading (and writing) the relevant books, thinking hard, and debating with others, including teachers, who can be good guides to knowledge but who are only guides. Teachers can't learn for the student — they can only try to help the student learn. Another way to pursue "knowledge" is to take the easy way: Let someone tell you stuff without investigating whether that stuff is true or false.

Faustus had made a deal with Mephistophilis: Faustus would give Lucifer his soul, and Mephistophilis would tell Faustus stuff and would give Faustus books that would tell him stuff.

Although Faustus had written the deed of gift to give Lucifer his soul, Mephistophilis had not given Faustus the knowledge that Faustus had wanted. Instead, Mephistophilis had given Faustus answers that any first-year university student could give, and then he had distracted Faustus with frivolous entertainments so that Faustus would not pursue knowledge. In addition, Mephistophilis had not corrected Faustus' erroneous "knowledge."

Acquiring real knowledge and especially discovering new real knowledge often takes great effort, although yes, learning can often be pleasurable. In order for Isaac Newton to make many of his most important discoveries, he had to invent the calculus, which in itself is one of his most important discoveries.

Faustus had been choosing between Heaven and Hell, yes, but he had also been choosing between astronomy and astrology and choosing between chemistry and alchemy and choosing between science and magic and choosing between the hard way and the easy way.

Faustus continued, "And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness. Yes, and all the world can witness."

Faustus had thought that he would use his knowledge and powers to become Emperor of the World; instead, he had become an entertainer for the Holy Roman Emperor and for the Duke and Duchess of Vanholt.

Faustus continued, "And for these wonders, for which Faustus has lost both Germany and the world, and yes, he has lost Heaven itself — Heaven, the seat of God, the Throne of the Blessed, the Kingdom of Joy — and he must remain in Hell forever. Hell! Oh, Hell forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in Hell forever?"

"Yet, Faustus, call on God," the second scholar said.

"On God, Whom Faustus has abjured?" Faustus replied. "On God, Whom Faustus has blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yes, gush forth life and soul. Oh, he stops my tongue. I would lift up my hands, but see! They hold them! They hold them!"

"Who, Faustus?" the scholars asked.

"Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis," Faustus replied. "Oh, gentlemen, I gave them my soul in return for my magical cunning."

"Oh, God forbid!" the scholars said.

"God forbade it indeed, but Faustus has done it," Faustus said. "For the vain pleasure of four and twenty years has Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I wrote them a deed of gift with my own blood; the date my soul is due has come: This is the time, and he — the devil — will fetch me."

"Why didn't Faustus tell us about this before, so that divines might have prayed for you?" the first scholar asked.

"Often have I thought to have done so," Faustus said, "but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God and to fetch me, body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity."

Anytime he was threatened with bodily pain from a devil, he backed off and backed down.

He added, "And now it is too late."

No, he was wrong. He still had time to repent.

Faustus said, "Gentlemen, leave, lest you perish with me."

This showed that some goodness remained still within Faustus.

"Oh, what may we do to save Faustus?" the second scholar asked.

"Don't talk about me, but save yourselves and depart," Faustus said.

This showed that some goodness remained still within Faustus.

The third scholar said, "God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus."

The first scholar replied, "Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us go into the next room, and pray for Faustus."

"Yes, pray for me," Faustus said. "Pray for me. And whatever noise you hear, don't come to me."

This showed that some goodness remained still within Faustus.

He added, "Nothing can rescue me."

He was despairing; he had lost all hope that he could be saved. This is the sin that can keep someone from Heaven by making it extremely difficult for that person to sincerely repent his or her sins.

The second scholar said, "Pray, Faustus, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon you."

Prayer by other people helps, but what wins God's forgiveness of sins is sincere repentance by the sinner.

"Gentlemen, farewell," Faustus said. "If I live until morning, I'll visit you. If not, Faustus has gone to Hell."

"Faustus, farewell," the scholars said as they went into the next room to pray for him.

Mephistophilis said, "Yes, Faustus, now you have no hope of Heaven. Therefore, despair; think only upon Hell, for Hell must be the mansion in which you will dwell."

"Oh, you bewitching fiend," Faustus said, "it was your temptation that has robbed me of eternal happiness."

"I do confess it, Faustus, and I rejoice," Mephistophilis said. "It was I who, when you were on the right path to Heaven, damned up your passageway. When you picked up the holy book in order to view the scriptures, I turned the leaves and led your eye.

"What? Are you weeping? It is too late; despair. Farewell. Fools who will laugh on Earth must weep in Hell."

Mephistophilis exited and rejoined the other devils.

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel entered Faustus' study.

The Good Angel said, "Oh, Faustus, if you had given ear to me, innumerable joys would have followed you, but you loved the world."

The Bad Angel said, "You gave ear to me, and now you must taste Hell's pains perpetually."

The Good Angel said, "Oh, what will all your riches, pleasures, pomps, avail you now? What good are they?"

The Bad Angel said, "They will do nothing but vex you more, because you lack them in Hell, you who had on Earth such store."

Music played while a throne descended.

The Good Angel said, "Oh, you have lost celestial happiness, unspeakable pleasures, bliss without end. If you had affected sweet divinity, then Hell, or the devil, would have had no power over you. If you had kept on that way, Faustus, you would have resided forever in Paradise. See in what resplendent glory you would have sat in yonder throne, like those bright shining Saints, and would have triumphed over Hell. You have lost that, and now, poor soul, your Good Angel must leave you."

Because Faustus had behaved badly for twenty-four years, his heart had hardened. It is true that if he were to sincerely repent, God would forgive his sins, but a hard heart makes that extremely difficult and even almost impossible. Few people are capable of sincerely repenting at this point.

The Good Angel was correct in saying that Faustus had lost — it was true as of this moment — celestial happiness: Right now, Faustus was an unrepentant sinner, and he was far from being happy.

Still, some unrepentant sinners sincerely repent with their last breath.

The Good Angel had spoken about Faustus not following the path to Heaven. This is true: Faustus had lost the opportunity of serving God for twenty-four years. If he had done that, his faith would have grown and the devils could not harm him in any significant way.

Still, some unrepentant sinners sincerely repent with their last breath.

The mouth of Hell opened.

The Good Angel said, “The jaws of Hell are open to receive you.”

This is true: If Faustus died right now, he would go to Hell.

Still, some unrepentant sinners sincerely repent with their last breath.

The Good Angel exited.

To be honest, the Good Angel was too negative. Even if Faustus’ heart had hardened, the Good Angel could have encouraged Faustus to sincerely repent his sins. Damnation does not occur until after death occurs. Telling Faustus before his death that he has “lost celestial happiness, pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end” can be regarded as offensive. Is there a reason — bad or good — for this?

Is it possible that in this one case the “Good Angel” is actually a Bad Angel in disguise, trying to get Faustus to despair and not repent his sins?

It is possible, but not probable.

Another possibility is that God is setting up a final chance for Faustus to truly repent his sins. Repenting one’s sins because one is afraid of Hell is not true repentance. Repenting one’s sins because they are sins is true repentance. God could be giving Faustus a final chance to repent his sins at a time when he believes that he will be damned to Hell even if he repents. That would be true repentance, not repentance to scam God into giving you a Get-Out-of-Hell-Free card.

Because the mouth of Hell was open, Faustus could see into Hell.

The Bad Angel said, “Now, Faustus, let your eyes with horror stare into that vast perpetual torture-house.”

The Bad Angel described some of what Faustus was seeing:

“There are the Furies tossing damned souls on burning forks; their bodies broil in lead.

“There are live quarters broiling on the coals; those quarters can never die.”

The quarters were human bodies divided into four pieces: Each piece had an arm or a leg. Each quarter was still capable of feeling pain.

The Bad Angel continued, “This forever-burning chair is for over-tortured souls to rest themselves in.”

“Over-tortured” souls are souls that have been tortured past the point of endurance.

The Bad Angel continued, “These damned souls, who are fed with sops of flaming fire, were gluttons, and loved only delicacies, and laughed to see the poor starve at their gates.

“But yet all these are nothing; you shall see ten thousand tortures that are more horrid.”

Faustus said, “Oh, I have seen enough to torture me.”

The Bad Angel said, “Seeing is not enough. You must feel them; you must taste the smart of all. He who loves pleasure must for pleasure fall. And so I leave you, Faustus, for a short time. Then you will tumble into perdition.”

The Bad Angel exited.

The clock struck eleven. At midnight Faustus’ twenty-four years would be over.

Part of Revelation 18:10 states that “in one hour is thy judgment come” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Faustus said to himself, “Oh, Faustus, now you have only one bare hour to live, and then you must be damned perpetually!

“Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven, so that time may cease, and midnight never come. Fair Nature’s eye, the Sun, rise again, and make perpetual day; or let this hour be only a year, a month, a week, a natural day, so that Faustus may repent and save his soul!”

Sincerely repenting one’s sins can take only a moment. Sometimes that moment is the last moment of one’s life. It was as if Faustus were asking to be saved — but not yet!

Faustus said, "*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*"

The Latin means, "Oh, run slowly, slowly, horses of the night."

Ovid's *Amore* (Liber I, XIII, line 40) states, "*Lente currite noctis equi.*" This is the prayer of a man who wishes to spend more time in the arms of his lover.

Faustus continued, "The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, the devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

"Oh, I'll leap up to Heaven! Who pulls me down? One drop of blood will save me. Oh, my Christ!"

One drop of Christ's blood would save him — if he sincerely repented his sins.

Faustus continued, "Rend not my heart, for naming of my Christ."

Was his "Christ" Jesus or Lucifer?

Faustus continued, "Yet will I call on him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!"

Faustus continued, "Where is it now? It is gone."

"It" was a drop of Christ's — Jesus' — blood. Faustus had called on the wrong "Christ."

Faustus continued, "And I see a threatening arm, an angry brow.

"Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me, and hide me from the heavy wrath of God!"

Luke 23:30 states, "*Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us: and to the hills, Cover us*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Revelation 6:16 states, "*And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the presence of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb*" (1599 Geneva Bible).

Afraid of the wrath of God, Faustus shouted, "No! No!"

He then said, "You stars that reigned at my nativity, it is your influence that has allotted death and Hell to me."

Faustus wanted to blame his stars for his damnation: He believed — or wanted to believe — that the stars that reigned when he was born were responsible for his death and for his punishment in Hell.

Many people of the time believed in astrology, but they also believed in free will. The stars could influence a person's character, making that person wise or courageous, for example, but nevertheless that person still has free will and will make the decisions that lead to that person's salvation or damnation. Today, many people believe both in genetics and in free will. Genetics may give a person certain characteristics, but nevertheless that person still has free will and will make the decisions that lead to that person's salvation or damnation.

Faustus continued to address the stars: "Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist into the entrails of yonder laboring clouds, so that when you clouds vomit forth into the air, my limbs may issue from your smoky mouths, but let my soul mount and ascend to Heaven!"

He wanted the stars to draw him up into the clouds, which would form a thunderstone from his grosser parts. The thunderstone would be ejected when lightning flashed, leaving behind Faustus' purer part — his soul — that would ascend into Heaven.

The clock stuck the half-hour.

Faustus said, "Oh, half the hour is past! It will all be past soon."

He prayed, "Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin, impose some end to my incessant pain. Let Faustus live in Hell a thousand years, a hundred thousand, and at last be saved."

This is a prayer, but it is not the right kind of prayer. Faustus was not sincerely repenting his sins; he was praying to escape some of the punishment for committing his sins.

Faustus said, "Oh, there is no end to pain suffered by damned souls in Hell!"

“Why weren’t you, Faustus, born a creature that lacks a soul? Why is this soul that you have immortal?”

“Oh, if Pythagoras’ metempsychosis — his transmigration of souls — were true, this soul would fly from me, and I would be changed into some brutish beast!

“All beasts are happy, for when they die, their souls are soon dissolved into the elements, but my soul must live always to be plagued in Hell.

“Cursed be the parents who engendered me!”

He gained some possession of himself and said, “No, Faustus, curse yourself, curse Lucifer who has deprived you of the joys of Heaven.”

1 John 1:9 states, “*If we acknowledge our sins, he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness*” (1599 Geneva Bible).

Even now, Faustus’ soul could be saved. All it would take is sincere repentance of his sins. He would have to take responsibility for his sins, instead of blaming Lucifer.

The clock began to strike twelve.

“Oh, it strikes! It strikes!” Faustus said. “Now, body, turn to air, or Lucifer will bear you quickly to Hell!”

Thunder sounded and lightning flashed.

Faustus said, “Oh, soul, be changed into small waterdrops, and fall into the ocean never to be found.”

Thunder sounded, and Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Mephistophilis revealed themselves to Faustus.

Faustus screamed, “Oh, mercy, Heaven!”

“Look not so fierce on me! Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile. Ugly Hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!”

“I’ll burn my books!”

Those were the books that Mephistophilis had given him.

The clock finished striking twelve.

Faustus’ promised twenty-four years were over.

He screamed.

Nothing happened.

Faustus looked at Mephistophilis and Lucifer, both of whom were smiling at him.

Faustus felt his pulse, and he touched his head with both hands.

He took a sip of wine.

He felt fine.

Faustus was still alive, and so he could choose whether or not to sincerely repent his sins. At this particular time, he could repent his sins without fearing Hell.

He shook Lucifer’s hand and then he said, “Oh, Mephistophilis!”

He opened his arms wide and started to hug Mephistophilis like a brother.

Mephistophilis stabbed him in the belly, Lucifer stabbed him in the back, and as Faustus screamed the devils ripped his body to pieces and carried his soul to Hell.

Faustus had asked for more time to repent, and he had gotten it. This would have been a perfect time to repent. Repenting because of being afraid of spending eternity being tormented in Hell is not sincere repentance. Repenting to get into Heaven and to stay out of Hell is not sincere repentance. Sincere repentance is repenting your sins because they are sins.

Faustus could have repented by mourning that he had not used his life for good. Before making his bargain with Lucifer, he had been successful at curing diseases. He could have saved many, many lives. Instead, he had used his life to pursue pleasure and become a celebrity.

Before he died, Faustus had not sincerely repented his sins.

— 5.3 —

[Scene 19]

The scholars entered Faustus' study.

The first scholar said, "Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus, for such a dreadful night was never seen since first the world's creation did begin. Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard. Pray to Heaven that Doctor Faustus has escaped the danger."

He looked around the study and then said, "Oh, help us, Heaven! See, here are Faustus' limbs, all torn asunder by the hand of death."

The third scholar said, "The devils whom Faustus served have torn him thus, for between the hours of twelve and one, I thought I heard him shriek and call aloud for help, and at the same time the house seemed all on fire with the dreadful horror of these damned fiends."

The second scholar said, "Well, gentlemen, although Faustus' end is such as every Christian heart laments to think on, yet because he was a scholar, once admired for wondrous knowledge in our German schools, we'll give his mangled limbs due burial and all the students clothed in mourning black shall attend his sorrowful funeral."

EPILOGUE (1616 B-TEXT)

— Chorus —

[Chorus 3]

The Chorus said these words:

“Cut is the branch that might have grown full [completely] straight,

“And burned is Apollo’s laurel-bough [mark of excellence],

“That sometime [formerly] grew within this learned man.

“Faustus is gone: Regard his Hellish fall,

“Whose fiendful fortune [diabolical end] may exhort the wise,

“Only to wonder [To be content with only wondering] at unlawful things,

“Whose deepness does entice such forward wits [eager thinkers]

“To practice more than Heavenly power permits.”

Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.

Translation: The hour ends the day; the author ends the work.

APPENDIX A: ABOUT THE AUTHOR

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a cry rang out, and on a hot summer night in 1954, Josephine, wife of Carl Bruce, gave birth to a boy — me. Unfortunately, this young married couple allowed Reuben Saturday, Josephine's brother, to name their first-born. Reuben, aka "The Joker," decided that Bruce was a nice name, so he decided to name me Bruce Bruce. I have gone by my middle name — David — ever since.

Being named Bruce David Bruce hasn't been all bad. Bank tellers remember me very quickly, so I don't often have to show an ID. It can be fun in charades, also. When I was a counselor as a teenager at Camp Echoing Hills in Warsaw, Ohio, a fellow counselor gave the signs for "sounds like" and "two words," then she pointed to a bruise on her leg twice. Bruise Bruise? Oh yeah, Bruce Bruce is the answer!

Uncle Reuben, by the way, gave me a haircut when I was in kindergarten. He cut my hair short and shaved a small bald spot on the back of my head. My mother wouldn't let me go to school until the bald spot grew out again.

Of all my brothers and sisters (six in all), I am the only transplant to Athens, Ohio. I was born in Newark, Ohio, and have lived all around Southeastern Ohio. However, I moved to Athens to go to Ohio University and have never left.

At Ohio U, I never could make up my mind whether to major in English or Philosophy, so I got a bachelor's degree with a double major in both areas, then I added a Master of Arts degree in English and a Master of Arts degree in Philosophy. Yes, I have my MAMA degree.

Currently, and for a long time to come (I eat fruits and veggies), I am spending my retirement writing books such as *Nadia Comaneci: Perfect 10*, *The Funniest People in Dance*, *Homer's Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*, and *William Shakespeare's Othello: A Retelling in Prose*.

By the way, my sister Brenda Kennedy writes romances such as *A New Beginning* and *Shattered Dreams*.

APPENDIX B: SOME BOOKS BY DAVID BRUCE

Retellings of a Classic Work of Literature

Arden of Faversham: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Alchemist: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Arraignment, or Poetaster: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Case is Altered: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Catiline's Conspiracy: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Devil is an Ass: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Epicene: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Every Man Out of His Humor: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Fountain of Self-Love, or Cynthia's Revels: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Magnetic Lady, or Humors Reconciled: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The New Inn, or The Light Heart: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Sejanus' Fall: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's The Staple of News: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's A Tale of a Tub: A Retelling

Ben Jonson's Volpone, or the Fox: A Retelling

Christopher Marlowe's Complete Plays: Retellings

Christopher Marlowe's Dido, Queen of Carthage: A Retelling

Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus: Retellings of the 1604 A-Text and of the 1616 B-Text

Christopher Marlowe's Edward II: A Retelling

Christopher Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris: A Retelling

Christopher Marlowe's The Rich Jew of Malta: A Retelling

Christopher Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Parts 1 and 2: Retellings

Dante's Divine Comedy: A Retelling in Prose

Dante's Inferno: A Retelling in Prose

Dante's Purgatory: A Retelling in Prose

Dante's Paradise: A Retelling in Prose

The Famous Victories of Henry V: A Retelling

From the Iliad to the Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose of Quintus of Smyrna's Posthomerica

George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston's Eastward Ho! A Retelling
George Peele's The Arraignment of Paris: A Retelling
George Peele's The Battle of Alcazar: A Retelling
George Peele's David and Bathsheba, and the Tragedy of Absalom: A Retelling
George Peele's Edward I: A Retelling
George Peele's The Old Wives' Tale: A Retelling
George-a-Greene: A Retelling
The History of King Leir: A Retelling
Homer's Iliad: A Retelling in Prose
Homer's Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose
J.W. Gent.'s The Valiant Scot: A Retelling
Jason and the Argonauts: A Retelling in Prose of Apollonius of Rhodes' Argonautica
John Ford: Eight Plays Translated into Modern English
John Ford's The Broken Heart: A Retelling
John Ford's The Fancies, Chaste and Noble: A Retelling
John Ford's The Lady's Trial: A Retelling
John Ford's The Lover's Melancholy: A Retelling
John Ford's Love's Sacrifice: A Retelling
John Ford's Perkin Warbeck: A Retelling
John Ford's The Queen: A Retelling
John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore: A Retelling
John Lyly's Campaspe: A Retelling
John Lyly's Endymion, The Man in the Moon: A Retelling
John Lyly's Galatea: A Retelling
John Lyly's Love's Metamorphosis: A Retelling
John Lyly's Midas: A Retelling
John Lyly's Mother Bombie: A Retelling
John Lyly's Sappho and Phao: A Retelling
John Lyly's The Woman in the Moon: A Retelling
John Webster's The White Devil: A Retelling
King Edward III: A Retelling
Mankind: A Medieval Morality Play (A Retelling)

Margaret Cavendish's The Unnatural Tragedy: A Retelling

The Merry Devil of Edmonton: A Retelling

The Summoning of Everyman: A Medieval Morality Play (A Retelling)

Robert Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay: A Retelling

The Taming of a Shrew: A Retelling

Tarlton's Jests: A Retelling

Thomas Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside: A Retelling

Thomas Middleton's Women Beware Women: A Retelling

Thomas Middleton and Thomas Dekker's The Roaring Girl: A Retelling

Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's The Changeling: A Retelling

The Trojan War and Its Aftermath: Four Ancient Epic Poems

Virgil's Aeneid: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's 5 Late Romances: Retellings in Prose

William Shakespeare's 10 Histories: Retellings in Prose

William Shakespeare's 11 Tragedies: Retellings in Prose

William Shakespeare's 12 Comedies: Retellings in Prose

William Shakespeare's 38 Plays: Retellings in Prose

William Shakespeare's 1 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's 1 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's 3 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 3: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's As You Like It: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Coriolanus: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Cymbeline: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Hamlet: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Henry V: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Henry VIII: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's King John: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's King Lear: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Macbeth: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Measure for Measure: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Merry Wives of Windsor: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Othello: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Pericles, Prince of Tyre: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Richard II: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Richard III: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Taming of the Shrew: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Tempest: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Timon of Athens: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's Twelfth Night: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Two Noble Kinsmen: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale: A Retelling in Prose

