

**MR. FAUST: AN ENTIRELY
NEW VERSION,
RECONSTRUCTED FOR
STAGE PRODUCTION**

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Mr. Faust: An Entirely New Version, Reconstructed for Stage Production by Arthur Davison Ficke

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ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

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MR. FAUST

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By **ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE**

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TWELVE JAPANESE PAINTERS

MR. FAUST

By

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

*An Entirely New Version,
Reconstructed for Stage Production*

Library of
California

NEW YORK
FRANK SHAY
1922

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TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
THEATRE

**No performance of this play, either amateur or
professional, may be given except by special
arrangement with the author.**

NOTE:

THE original version of MR. FAUST was written by me in 1912 and published by Mitchell Kennerly in 1913. At that time Maurice Browne insisted that the work, though I had conceived it as a poem, could be acted as a play; and the result of nine years of his insistence was that in 1921 I entirely remodeled the text, for production by the Repertory Company of Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg. In this remodeling, the suggestions of Maurice Browne, Ellen Van Volkenburg and Moroni Olsen were of an importance than can hardly be exaggerated. The result, which appears in this volume, entirely supplants the earlier edition; and I hope this is the only form in which the play will ever again be read by anyone.

A. D. F.

New York, 1922.

Produced at the Provincetown Players Theatre

New York

January 30, 1922,

with the following cast:

MR. FAUST	<i>Maurice Browne</i>
OLDHAM	<i>Robert Bell</i>
BRANDER	<i>Byron Foulger</i>
SATAN	<i>Moroni Olsen</i>
THE HOLY ONE.....	<i>Henry O'Neill</i>
MIDGE.....	<i>Janet Young</i>
THE BUTLER.....	<i>Jack Gude</i>
THE DOCTOR.....	<i>Harold McGee</i>

Produced by Ellen Van Volkenburg

The first production of the play was at the Cornish Theatre, Seattle, on September 22, 1921, with the same cast and direction as above, except that the part of the Butler was taken by Roy Middleton, the part of the Doctor by Norman Goldstone, and the part of the Holy One by Evan E. Goldsmith.

MR. FAUST

ACT I.

The scene is the library of John Faust, a large handsome room in a New York house, panelled with rows of books in open book-shelves. On the right is a carved stone fireplace, with deep chairs before it. The furniture looks as if it were, and probably is, plunder from the palace of some prince of the Renaissance.

A fire is burning in the fireplace; it, and several shaded lights, make a subdued brilliancy in the room. Before the fire sit Faust, Brander, and Oldham, all in evening dress. All three are smoking, and tall highball glasses stand within their reach.

Oldham is staring fixedly at the fire, in the attitude of one who has withdrawn his soul from all contact with a rasping world. Brander is fidgeting on the edge of his chair, as if about to speak or about to rise, but too uncertain to do either. Faust, with interested detachment, watches them both, and smokes.

The curtain rises on a long silence.

. . . Oldham sinks deeper into his reverie; Brander trembles more and more on the brink of an explosion; Faust continues to watch, interested, serious, but aloof.

Suddenly Brander looks at his glass—and with a violent gesture drinks down its contents at a swallow. He pauses, rigid. Then he springs to his feet, crosses the room, and bangs the glass down on the table. Wheeling, he confronts the others. Faust has followed him with his eyes, but now quickly averts his glance; and Brander pauses, on the edge of speech, but finding no one to speak to. He looks a moment at the two aloof figures, then laughs loudly and raspingly.