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FAUSTUS

DAVID MAMET

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**DAVID MAMET**

## FAUSTUS

David Mamet was born in Chicago in 1947. He studied at Goddard College in Vermont and at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of Theater in New York. He has taught at Goddard College, the Yale School of Drama, and New York University, and lectures at the Atlantic Theater Company, of which he is a founding member. He is the author of the plays *The Cryptogram*, *Oleanna*, *Speed-the-Plow*, *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *American Buffalo*, and *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. He has also written screenplays for such films as *House of Games* and the Oscar-nominated *The Verdict*, as well as *The Spanish Prisoner*, *The Winslow Boy*, *Spartan*, and *Wag the Dog*. His plays have won the Pulitzer Prize and the Obie Award.

PLAYS

*Boston Marriage*  
*The Old Neighborhood*  
*The Cryptogram*  
*Oleanna*  
*Speed-the-Plow*  
*Bobby Gould in Hell*  
*The Woods*  
*The Shawl and Prairie du Chien*  
*Reunion and Dark Pony and The Sanctity of Marriage*  
*The Poet and the Rent*  
*Lakeboat*  
*Goldberg Street*  
*Glengarry Glen Ross*  
*The Frog Prince*  
*The Water Engine and Mr. Happiness*  
*Edmond*  
*American Buffalo*  
*A Life in the Theater*  
*Sexual Perversity in Chicago and The Duck Variations*

FICTION

*The Village*  
*The Old Religion*  
*Wilson*

NONFICTION

*Jafsie and John Henry*  
*True and False*

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*The Cabin*  
*On Directing Film*  
*Some Freaks*  
*Make-Believe Town*  
*Writing in Restaurants*  
*Three Uses of the Knife*  
*South of the Northeast Kingdom*  
*Five Cities of Refuge*(with Rabbi Lawrence Kushner)

SCREENPLAYS

*Oleanna*  
*Glengarry Glen Ross*  
*We're No Angels*  
*Things Change*(with Shel Silverstein)  
*Hoffa*  
*The Untouchables*  
*The Postman Always Rings Twice*  
*The Verdict*  
*House of Games*  
*Homicide*  
*Wag the Dog*  
*The Edge*  
*The Spanish Prisoner*  
*The Winslow Boy*  
*State and Main*  
*Heist*  
*Spartan*

# FAUSTUS

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DAVID MAMET



VINTAGE BOOKS

A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

NEW YORK

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*This play is dedicated  
to Colin Stinton*

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## PRODUCTION NOTES

*Faustus* received its world premiere on February 28, 2004, at The Magic Theatre, San Francisco. Chris Smith, Artistic Director; David Gluck, Managing Director.

Faustus David Rasche  
Magus Dominic Hoffman  
Wife Sandra Lindquist  
Friend Colin Stinton  
Boy Benjamin Beecroft; Nathan Wexler

Director David Mamet  
Set Designer Peter Larkin  
Lighting Designer Russell H. Champa  
Costume Designer Fumiko Bielefedt  
Assistant Director Emily Halpern  
Magic Consultant Deceptive Practices;  
Ricky Jay and  
Michael Weber



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# THE CHARACTERS

FAUSTUS  
HIS WIFE  
HIS FRIEND  
A MAGUS FAUSTUS'S SON

## ACT ONE

*Faustus's home, on the occasion of a party for his son*

## ACT TWO

*Variously, Earth, Heaven, and Hell*

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## ACT ONE



*At rise, we see the portico of FAUSTUS's home. Large double doors open onto a room hung with tins and streamers, a party scene gotten up as a fantasy.*

*FAUSTUS's WIFE is involved in decoration. FAUSTUS enters and looks around. Pause. He holds a sheaf of paper in his hand.*

FAUSTUS: It seems a very dream.

WIFE: It is a dream. Delightful, as it is temporary.

FAUSTUS: Temporary.

WIFE: How otherwise?

FAUSTUS: To what do you refer?

WIFE: Have I mistook you?

FAUSTUS: What is it you indict of transience?

WIFE: Of transience—the décor.

FAUSTUS: The décor, of course.

WIFE: Which, you remark, will serve but the day's brief turn ...

FAUSTUS: ... of course ...

WIFE: ... divert the child, and then ...

FAUSTUS: How is the boy?

WIFE: He would be thrilled to find you at this unaccustomed hour. What has released you ...

FAUSTUS: ... and where is Fabian ... ?

WIFE: I believe he marshals the festivities. I beg your pardon, are you anxious for his news?

FAUSTUS: What news?

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WIFE: Today is Friday ...

FAUSTUS: Yes ...

WIFE: He generally brings the gazette. Are you cold, Faustus? The day is cold.

FAUSTUS: The chill livens the mind. Life grows in the cold. Does it not?

WIFE: It grows however you should bid.

FAUSTUS: My bidding cannot alter its growth.

WIFE: But it shall affect how I perceive it.

FAUSTUS: I believe I have completed my work. (*Of the paper in his hand*)

WIFE: What... ?

FAUSTUS: I believe I have completed it.

WIFE: Your most sanguine of expectations could not put the end sooner than years.

FAUSTUS: So indeed I thought.

WIFE: Then how ... ?

FAUSTUS: It rests in the rendition of the false. Which, like a bridal veil, could not be lifted by force—solely through devotion. (*He hands her the paper.*)

WIFE: I cannot follow it. The argument's beyond me.

FAUSTUS: Then take me on faith, and pardon me.

WIFE: ... for what conceivable sin?

FAUSTUS: ... to leach attention from another's feast. How is the child?

WIFE: He loves you. You repeat yourself.

FAUSTUS: Then you may claim a forfeit.

WIFE: Your soul.

FAUSTUS: Have I not given it?

WIFE: How can you live without your soul?

FAUSTUS: It flourishes without me. While within it was bound by my vice, and vanity each ste  
for its supposed cultivation only brought it blight. Since consecrated, I observe it to grow  
strong. Its reproofs are of the most gentle, and its instructions delight.

WIFE: What has it taught you?

FAUSTUS: To yield, to wait, to hope, to believe. In fine, it has taught gratitude.

WIFE: Smile, then, on your faults, as those do who love you. For all must wax and wane.

FAUSTUS: Indeed?

WIFE: Must I quote you the Moon?

FAUSTUS: Oh, simple and good soul, are you not my salvation?

WIFE: As you are mine.

FAUSTUS: Who counted himself honored merely to be your support.

WIFE: Do we not profit, nay, thrive, nay, delight in your wisdom?

FAUSTUS: It is derivative.

WIFE: Must not all wisdom be?

FAUSTUS: Must it?

WIFE: As it derives from God. Our excellence is not in Creation, which is the Lord's, but in our  
humble wonderment.

FAUSTUS: Which you indict me of?

WIFE: I do.

FAUSTUS: You honor me.

WIFE: I must see to the boy.

FAUSTUS: Stay.

WIFE: He is somewhat overborne by the excitement.

FAUSTUS: Stay. This one moment. Anchor me.

WIFE: This may suffice. (*Hands him a sheet of paper*)

FAUSTUS: What is it?

WIFE: His gift to you.

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FAUSTUS: 'Tis his day for gifts.

WIFE: Does he not long to pace you in all things? Who are his god? You fret, he frets; you work, he mimics you, you prepare a gift, so must he ... and his mind, formed like yours, revolves, ever on the one planetary theme.

FAUSTUS: Whose name is?

WIFE: He pines for you.

FAUSTUS: ... you give him to understand ... my work ...

WIFE: Which names his enemy, but cannot diminish his longing.

FAUSTUS: My sweet son.

WIFE: We have all fretted.

FAUSTUS: Fretted for me?

WIFE: *With* you, say, rather— *with* you—in your seclusion.

FAUSTUS: Yes, I know.

WIFE: Now know the extent. His poem to you. (*She gestures at her sheet of paper.*)

FAUSTUS: (*Reads*)

*“Heavy heavy the hired man  
Weary, how weary the willing hand  
One for the Heart, One for the Head  
One for the Lad who tarries abed...”  
He stays abed ...?*

WIFE: ...'tis but the figure.

FAUSTUS: (*Reads*)

*“Three swift swallows in the summer sky ...  
Gone in the Twinkling of an eye.  
What mystic light, illumes the night  
A father's care ...”*

(*Pause*) This is the Son's love. Full-grown man cannot compass it. But in nostalgia for the infant state ... that hopeless love of the omnipotent. Sad, savage longing.

WIFE: Sad?

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FAUSTUS: Is it not?

WIFE: It turns joyful. Read to the end ...

FAUSTUS: I recollect, now, for the one half-instant—that brief, child mind, when all good dwe  
in self-consuming worship. How might a man deserve it?

WIFE: One may but treasure it. Come to him.

FAUSTUS: In the one moment. My hand to my heart—

WIFE: Then I must go.

FAUSTUS: Again, is he unwell?

WIFE: But overtaxed, anxious for the celebration.

FAUSTUS: Go then, be thou my emissary. Relate my delight at his composition, and offer th'  
appropriate salutations, as fitting one scribe to his brother upon this festive, so on ... Bid  
him allow me to compose myself, after my labor, and I come to him complete.

WIFE: Complete, and abandoned to the festivities.

FAUSTUS: Like a newly convinced addict.

WIFE: And our profound congratulations on the completion of your work. I lack the words ...  
might you take them for said?

FAUSTUS: And put so prettily.

WIFE: Where?

FAUSTUS: In your visage—see to the child.

*(She exits. FAUSTUS looks at the paper.)*

FAUSTUS: “One for the heart, one for the head, one for the lad who tarries abed ...” Poor child  
His work now complete, he, like his father, is cursed to begin again. For, as much as the  
work partakes of divine afflatus. To that same extreme one must again tempt, cajole,  
entreat, and importune the gods. The artist weathercock now ratifying north, now  
northwest, and we serially nod delight at each fresh revelation. Hush, he is working; hush  
he is done. See: our poor petted Sisyphus, watch his labor now devolve from him. Both  
fame and failure apportioning but self-revulsion. The mind is a mill which can incessant  
turn, ’til its mere operation focus the stress inward and the stones grind themselves to dust

*(Enter the* FRIEND)

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FRIEND: This is a curious greeting for an anniversary.

FAUSTUS: Fabian.

FRIEND: How is the boy?

FAUSTUS: I was to go to him—I have forgotten. Lord, hear my plea. My sin is great, pardon me  
self-absorption.

FRIEND: So may we indict any man.

FAUSTUS: And myself the chief malefactor.

FRIEND: Why?

FAUSTUS: The greater the gift the greater the shame in malfeasance, e'en here I sin in pride,  
how can you stomach me?

FRIEND: Doth not contrition mitigate your pride?

FAUSTUS: It is a counterfeit. Like the rich, I trust to the soft brush of rhetoric, to rasp from me  
the stench of crime.

FRIEND: Shall nothing cleanse you?

FAUSTUS: Mine is the Sin of the Confessional. Of one whose depth of contrition, howe'er  
impersonated, nay, howe'er felt, may never plumb the depth of his duplicity. I am a fraud  
Whose prayer is not thanks, but anxiety: let me be played off, e'er I am discovered.

FRIEND: Not today, not today, good Master, which is a Feast day, when we are bid to drink, to  
rest, to celebrate.

FAUSTUS: What of philosophy?

FRIEND: And let philosophy succor itself, in whate'er it may consist.

FAUSTUS: While we?

FRIEND: Grope blindly, as your Honor knows, in hope of that good morsel, heady liquor, or  
compliant wench.

FAUSTUS: Do we then, like the beasts, live solely for repletion?

FRIEND: On the which note might I dare importune you for refreshment?

FAUSTUS: Do I construe you to mean, you find philosophy less than a noble task?

FRIEND: I've seen, these many years, that you enjoy when, at close of day, you have matched this word to that emotion.

FAUSTUS: You find it an unworthy pastime?

FRIEND: Who am I to balk another of his freak? I knew a villain, said he lived to count the stars. Each darkness found him, with his pen and ledger, out of the house, happy as a grig

FAUSTUS: ... it pleased him.

FRIEND: He called it his life's work.

FAUSTUS: To number the stars.

FRIEND: So he said. Until that day he wandered out of bounds into a neighbor's copse, and was killed by the gamekeeper.

FAUSTUS: The gamekeeper mistook the fellow's errand.

FRIEND: Oh no, he reckoned it aright.

FAUSTUS: How so?

FRIEND: Each night, my friend took up his ledger and trod out, it was in fact to lie with the gamekeeper's wife.

FAUSTUS: Aha.

FRIEND: *And* daughter.

FAUSTUS: I see your man was a prodigy.

FRIEND: Sir, you don't know the half of it.

FAUSTUS: Which distinguishes me from the gamekeeper's wife.

FRIEND: ... *and* daughter ...

FAUSTUS: ... as you said.

FRIEND: ... *and* son, for all we know.

FAUSTUS: ... so much is hidden from us ... (*Pause*) You balk me of my prerogative melancholy

FRIEND: You have enrolled me as your foil. Permit me my turn. Again, might you supply a drink, to a traveler, come from the cold unfeeling world?

FAUSTUS: Ah, have you brought the journal?



FRIEND: The journal, no.

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FAUSTUS: You have not?

FRIEND: But is it Friday?

FAUSTUS: Returned, with its noted regularity.

FRIEND: I do not have the journal, no.

FAUSTUS: Oh, my friend, you are damned to Hell. Heaven must shun you, as you use its gifts so ill.

FRIEND: What gift?

FAUSTUS: Mendacity Give me the gazette.

FRIEND: I do not have it.

FAUSTUS: Give it in any case.

FRIEND: I would not vex you on this party day.

FAUSTUS: I warrant you I shall survive what your reluctance indicates as their displeasure.

FRIEND: They have, we must note, historically praised you.

FAUSTUS: They praise me, as they praise the mother of the bride, to mask their own concupiscence. What is their praise, they are, as dolt schoolchildren bent over their sums, they round their inclusivities, into the most proximate low error. Their censure and applause are one. But th' extorted approbation of the mob. Crowds who cry up this slaughterer, that thief as great? Give me sufficient ink and paper, I'll make a dog's bone beloved of the world.

FRIEND: Do you shun fame?

FAUSTUS: I accept it. I pursue knowledge.

FRIEND: Would you then publish your work anonymously?

FAUSTUS: Discovered, I confess. Am I a libertine? A thief? A murderer? I covet fame. And, like the criminal I plead first, what have I done, and next, who suffered? Yes. I would have fame. For my works, and fame surpassing them, til Faustus's renown shines free of accomplishment. Read me the journal.

FRIEND: Read it to you?

FAUSTUS: The honest man—must in good modesty avert his gaze. It is a disgraceful proclivity.

## The journals.

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FRIEND: To write them?

FAUSTUS: To *read* them. To write them is a crime against nature. What do they say of me?

FRIEND: Pray, delay it past this festive time. How is the boy?

FAUSTUS: He has a cold upon the chest. Read the report to me.

FRIEND: (*Takes out a newspaper and reads*)... that...

FAUSTUS: ... please ...

FRIEND: ... my eyes as you know are weak.

FAUSTUS: ... supply the lack with concentration.

FRIEND: "Our celebrated polymath, our local champion ..."

FAUSTUS: Now we enlarge the epigram: even a dead pig finds a truffle. Read on ...

FRIEND: "Faustus: our premier: physician, philosopher, savant-scientist..."

FAUSTUS: A linguistic supererogation ...

FRIEND: "... having labored for," et cetera ...

FAUSTUS: ... I shall respond to them.

FRIEND: "Proceeds, our sources inform us ..."

FAUSTUS: ... who might these sources be?

FRIEND: Friends of yourself, and friends of knowledge?

FAUSTUS: Ah yes, the hopeful constituency of the seekers-after-light, the talented who worship genius, the mediocre, who doubt its existence. Whom do I lack?

FRIEND: The Average Man. You omit that creature.

FAUSTUS: Has he, then, heard of me?

FRIEND: Does he not read the journal?

FAUSTUS: As the mariner rivets his gaze to the lighthouse.

FRIEND: What must he make of you—Faustus?

FAUSTUS: Please ... ?

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FRIEND: In truth, accomplished, celebrated, wealthy, loved ... how may he compass it? This average man?

FAUSTUS: How can we know? Our Biblia Sacra treats not of him, but of ourself. Say on ...

FRIEND: Are you immune?

FAUSTUS: Let's make the trial. (*Pause*)

FRIEND: "... that we have tired of the oft-reiterated phrase that we may expect, momentarily, the completion of the long awaited ..." I had rather not continue.

FAUSTUS: Does it turn combative? (*Pause*) Does it suggest I have been o'erpraised? And that a new, unsentimental day, judge between merit and nostalgia? Does it suggest "brief Comet in the firmament, and long-deferred hope of its return ..."?

FRIEND: Are you, then, clairvoyant, to read the hidden page?

FAUSTUS: They are a newspaper. How may continued praise be news? It may not. Read on, though I could have writ it.

FRIEND: (*Reads*) "... as an uncontracted burden, upon our intellectual establishment; the tax of continued praise for this juvenilia, of long-deferred hope for completion of a notional magnum opus. The repeated postponement of which must call to doubt its very existence ... Our praise of Faustus ..."

FAUSTUS: I have completed my work.

FRIEND: Say again.

FAUSTUS: I have completed it.

FRIEND: When?

FAUSTUS: (*Passing him the paper*) Smudge the fresh ink with your finger, and add your mark to the colophon.

FRIEND: Would it were so ...

FAUSTUS: You'd wish it?

FRIEND: You speak from Parnassus, to him the gods delight to ignore. Will you license me, Faustus, to express my deep honor, and my profound sense of occasion?

FAUSTUS: Equally my friend, who have supported me. For in my doubt I treasured your belief

FRIEND: You doubted, Faustus ... ?

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FAUSTUS: How could I but doubt? Who played with this or that prideful manipulation. Til I found not the piece I sought, but an inversion of the paradigm. I have been a fool occupied with toys. I have misused the gifts vouchsafed to me.

FRIEND: How possibly?

FAUSTUS: Through the very conjectural disclaimers of worth, each calculated or to increase my fame, or to propitiate nemesis. You wish to ruin a man, praise him for his self-known hypocrisies. For gold's ever fresh-minted in delight, but its worth is untied to the form, but part of the earth's primal store. *(Pause)* In fine, praise God, and let them say this of me: He was rewarded for his brute persistence. Not for an act but for a submission.

FRIEND: A submission?

FAUSTUS: For is not the answer constantly before us ...

FRIEND: And your work treats of the Answer?

FAUSTUS: ... as you say.

FRIEND: And may you capsule it?

FAUSTUS: Read ... Read. Here: it is a mathematic formula. That is all. It is a numeric reduction.

FRIEND: *(Takes the paper)* Surely its study requires diligence.

FAUSTUS: Indeed.

FRIEND: The computation is abstruse, the equation beyond my mathematic skills.

FAUSTUS: Here is the coda ...

FRIEND: How shall I grasp it absent the foundation?

FAUSTUS: Attend:

*(The WIFE enters)*

WIFE: Fabian.

FRIEND: My dear, I understand that I am doubly to felicitate you.

WIFE: Fabian, welcome. Faustus ...

FAUSTUS: In the one moment... will it hold?

WIFE: For the one moment, of course ...

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FRIEND: (*TO WIFE*) Will you hear my speech? I shall extemporize th' addition ...

WIFE: With thanks, but presently, I must see to the boy. (*She exits.*)

FRIEND: Is he unwell?

FAUSTUS: Children, like the Mass, act in the responsive state, they quaver to the air, the moon  
a drop in the glass, the helictic motion of the spheres. How could he otherwise than  
resonate at my discovery? See, now the very humors in the sway of periodic power.

FRIEND: Of periodic Power.

FAUSTUS: (*Of his manuscript page*) See, see here. Read:

FRIEND: It is beyond me.

FAUSTUS: Read the preamble. See. That Number. That all is reducible to periodicity To cipher,  
to a formula, expressed in number; and that number signifies not quantity ... not quantity  
But a progression. (*Pause*)

FRIEND: ... I am at a loss, my friend.

FAUSTUS: No—stay—I shall parcel it slowly.

FRIEND: Fit your description to my limits.

FAUSTUS: Consider the boy.

FRIEND: For which my felicitations.

FAUSTUS: Many thanks. Now see him age.

FRIEND: Which, may God in his beneficence permit.

FAUSTUS: Amen, with all my heart. Now we admit him as a youth, surprised, by first love,  
later by betrothal, marriage, and conception. Each, to his eye, a personal, nay idiosyncratic  
ebullition. Yet, from our remove, inevitable, universal.

FRIEND: Thus?

FAUSTUS: And thus predictable. There is a generalized periodicity ... Which, once revealed's  
encountered everywhere. I instance: the recurrence of drought, famine, fire, and, by  
extension, those eruptions we, untutored, understand, as acts of will: war, civic growth,  
invention, and decay ... Had one sufficient remove, one could plot the concordance.

FRIEND: Of?

FAUSTUS: Of acts of nature, and supposed acts of will. In short, of human movement. *(Pause)*  
There is a consonance. It is a code. It is called periodicity. It is the secret engine of the world.

FRIEND: You here profess to comprehend it?

FAUSTUS: Read. *(Pause)*

FRIEND: Is it not blasphemy?

FAUSTUS: Blasphemy and prayer are one. Both assert the existence of a superior power. The first, however, with conviction.

FRIEND: But should one stray too far ... ?

FAUSTUS: How might one stray too far?

FRIEND: Permit me, if I may, to counsel respect for the jocular proclivities we know to be the gods. Were it not better to refrain? Do not tempt fate.

FAUSTUS: What is my charge but to tempt fate? Each time I commence and each conclude?

FRIEND: Until?

FAUSTUS: Until God recoil at the impertinence? *(Pause)* He bids the farmer find delight in the pristine, the entrepreneur in the ruined, the philosopher in the occluded. As sentries on the battlement, shall we not be drawn to the edge?

FRIEND: And cautioned to refrain.

FAUSTUS: Yet incited to leap.

FRIEND: By?

FAUSTUS: An echo of forgotten power, as in the life of birds.

FRIEND: Do we descend from birds? Say angels.

FAUSTUS: Both, you remark, can fly.

FRIEND: You frighten me.

FAUSTUS: Is it not my duty? Hand me the journal—I will respond to them.

FRIEND: Would I were more intelligent, or to dispute or second your conclusions.

FAUSTUS: Each trade must bear its occupation mark. The ploughman's gnarled hands, the blacksmith's seared forearm.

FRIEND: And the philosopher?

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FAUSTUS: A certain melancholy—the dual conviction of futility and prescience. A cook with but two spices, ever attempting to amend with one, his error with the other. (*Pause*) Enough. I have transgressed, not the prerogatives of the gods, but the more comprehensible strictures of good manners. Today's the boy's.

FRIEND: Indeed.

FAUSTUS: He wrote to me.

FRIEND: He did?

FAUSTUS: A poem. (FAUSTUS *hands the poem to his* FRIEND.)

(*The* FRIEND *reads the poem*)

FRIEND: "What mystic light illumines the night. A father's care ..." This is a sign of grace.

FAUSTUS: Is that a scientific term?

FRIEND: Never a cynic but concealed acolyte *in potentia*.

FAUSTUS: And what brave man divulged the theory?

FRIEND: You did.

FAUSTUS: Your learning does you credit. "A father's care." Perhaps it is grace.

FRIEND: What a concession.

FAUSTUS: Yes, why should I be chosen?

FRIEND: All are chosen.

FAUSTUS: All are chosen? Then what possible meaning has the term?

FRIEND: We are all subject to God's grace.

FAUSTUS: Bless me, he treads damn near the theological.

FRIEND: You say you seek a greater power.

FAUSTUS: A greater power than *that*, certainly.

FRIEND: Than what?

FAUSTUS: Than *religion*.

FRIEND: There is no greater power.

---

FAUSTUS: Then why does one find, under its aegis, nay, in its name, more progressed misery, murder, and starvation than exists in an unbeneficed state of nature? Answer me that and go free.

FRIEND: Many find it a source of strength.

FAUSTUS: The leaf of the camomile, parboiled in water, conduces to calm. And yet I do not worship it.

FRIEND: You spoke of a greater power—

FAUSTUS: I spoke of *number*.

FRIEND: Number.

FAUSTUS: Yes. Not religion, which to the scientific mind cannot be quantified.

FRIEND: Is it, then, worthless?

FAUSTUS: To the scientist.

FRIEND: Then how comes religion to cleanse?

FAUSTUS: A candle gains in power as we still warring illumination. Were we to flood the room with light, the object of our interest, of our longing, of our worship is forgot. For it is nothing. (*Pause*)

FRIEND: It is salvation.

FAUSTUS: Then seek it. As each man seeks himself, in all things. This is the law of life.

FRIEND: I understand, of course, your enthusiasm.

FAUSTUS: ... your mitigating clause?

FRIEND: I simply suggest reserve of speech.

FAUSTUS: Speech cannot alter the unfolding of the natural order.

FRIEND: And what of miracle?

FAUSTUS: Instance it—

FRIEND: Many invoke Salvation.

FAUSTUS: And many believe in war, yet remark that they do not fight.



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