

preserved—irrespective of their appeal as literature', one begins to feel uneasy. It is depressing to find such a large proportion of literary junk embalmed in scholarly annotations, and one feels that the reader who is prepared to spend eighteen shillings on an anthology of poetry ought to be spared the inclusion of such gems as,

Thirti dayes hath nouembir
April, iune, and septembir . . .

Scholarship for scholarship's sake is an amusement which ought to be confined to the academic journals.

J. V. CURRAN

THE FORTUNES OF FAUST. By E. M. Butler. (Cambridge University Press; 30s.)

This is by far the most pleasing volume of Professor Butler's trilogy on the Faust legend. She traces the development of the 'Faustian organism' from the sixteenth-century Lutheran chapbook, via Marlowe, the puppet plays, on to Goethe, Lenau, and thence to Thomas Mann. Each work is analysed on its own poetic merits and set against the wider background of contemporary literature, the tracing of affinities being specially interesting. Great learning is carried lightly. The style is vivid, sometimes indeed lurid, but always entertaining. The verse translations are most readable, the pictures delightful. Typographical errors are rare, but somehow Albertus Magnus has slipped in as 'Albertus Magus'.

It is not altogether easy to discover a consistent theme behind this gallery of Faust portraits. Perhaps one might put it like this. The author finds that apart from Goethe's drama which is a special case here searchingly analysed, only the tragic 'Fausts' have survived, for Faust's ethical salvation seems to spell his poetical downfall. The theme of the doomed magician loses dramatic power in an age which believes neither in hell nor in heaven. Goethe's *Prologue in Heaven* denies the reality of the devil's power, and Faust's spectacular redemption begs the whole question. It was left to Thomas Mann in his novel, *Dr Faustus*, written during the war which unleashed the first atom bomb, to rediscover—still not without ambiguity—the grim reality of the powers of evil which also dominated the original chapbook. But the atomic age has also rediscovered the metaphysical yearning expressed in the words of a puppet-play Mephisto, words still hauntingly alive on the stage of the 'Marionettentheater' at the Salzburg Festival last summer, and with which this trilogy ends:

'Ah, Faustus, if there were a ladder stretching from earth to heaven, made of swords instead of rungs, so that I should be cut into a thousand pieces with every step I took, yet would I still strive to reach the summit, so that I might behold the face of God but once more, after which I would willingly be damned again to all eternity.'

ELIZABETH STOPP