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Synapsia

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GOETHE'S FAUST An Abridged Version



- In Memoriam: Tony Buzan
- Article: The People are Sovereign
- Phil Chambers of One Hour Cards
- REGULAR ARTICLES
Art, Poetry, Mind Maps, Captured Moments,
and Jigsaw Puzzles.



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MOMENTS, MIND MAPS AND
SYNAPSIA JIGSAW PUZZLE







Editor in Chief: Marek Kasperski





From the Editor in Chief

During the creation of this issue, we observed the birthday of our much loved Tony Buzan. I still miss our weekly video sessions, sometimes lasting hours, talking about Synapsia Magazine, poetry, intelligence, MindMaps and life in general. How lucky I was to have those years with Tony. Ray Keene OBE, a long time friend of Tony, writes In Memoriam on page 8.

It was on my way to our Local Coffee Shop that the enormity and significance of the feature article, Goethe's Faust by Raymond Keene.

For those unfamiliar with the story of Faust, it is, to put it simply, a story about a German astrologer who sells his soul to the devil. The motivation is to exchange his soul for knowledge and power. As with most brilliant works such as Faust, there are lessons to be learned. Especially during turbulent times. Anarchist Emma Goldman once coined the phrase, "Politicians promised you heaven before an election, and give you

hell after". It struck me that Faust is as relevant today as it was in 1808, thriving in our culture of instant gratification.

Read Ray Keene's abridged version and decide for yourself. It is a great read.

A new contributor to Synapsia Magazine is Michael Basman. His first contribution is called "The People are Sovereign", and provides us with another thought provoking article. Michael's talented writing will continue in the next issue of Synapsia Magazine.



Regular readers of Synapsia Magazine will know our next contributor, Phil Chambers, who regularly holds free Facebook video sessions covering a variety of subjects, such as Mind Mapping, Speed Reading and Memory. A Chief Arbiter of many World Memory Championships, Phil has a unique perspective of memory and in particular, tips for maximising performance at the championships.

In this issue, Phil discusses the tactics for the discipline of the marathon "One Hour Cards". For competitors, this is a "must read" article, but for others like me, the article serves to open our eyes to the enormous skills of the memory athlete.

I do hope Phil will contribute on a regular basis. The article can be found on page 60.

The next group of contributions from Synapsia readers fall into the category of "Regular Contributions". These regular contributions will appear in every issue, and are an opportunity for our Synapsia readers to contribute to the magazine.

ART

"Fine Art" artist and regular contributor to Synapsia Magazine is Lorraine Gill.

Tony Buzan was quotes as saying"

Lorraine Gill's prime interest for her life was and is Art - the creation of beauty from inside the mind. Lorraine would find beauty in Nature and would be inspired to create a highly intellectual puzzle/problem to solve. Like many artists and many other people who dream

of being an artist, Lorraine loved the galleries that were designed to allow the public, viewers, collectors, and art lovers to meet the artist and the entire gallery achieving main goal of putting great art in touch with the minds of humanity.

Lorraine's article can be found on page 62.

Also appearing in our "regular" section is poetry. Starting with a poem from Tony Buzan, I am pleased to announce the other two poems are from the Chinese poet, 张艳萍, and the very talented poet from Poland, Marek Kasperski. No, it is not me, but we do share the same name. I am so delighted that Marek has given permission to publish three poems. One poem will grace our pages for each issue to the end of the year. I hope we can persuade Marek to continue contributing.

Another regular section that will continue in Synapsia is the Mind Map section. It is a change for you, the readers, to send me your Mind Maps, which will be considered for publication. I will need a good copy of your Mind Map, a photo of you, and a short description of your Mind Map. You can write in any language.

When you navigate to synapsia.net, you will be encouraged to leave your details. In this way, you can be notified of new issues of Synapsia Magazine, and other Brain Trust offers that may interest you.

Marek Kasperski
marek@synapsia.net



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TOTAL HITS
from April 2015
to June 2020

1,286,682



IN MEMORIAM

TONY BUZAN



1942 - 2019



by Raymond Keene 2020

Tony Buzan, who died of (complications following a heart attack) last April (13) in John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, was originally motivated by the question of “who is intelligent?” During his time at junior school the young Tony was struck by the anomaly that one boy, who had a tremendous knowledge of nature, repeatedly failed in school tests on his favourite topic, because of an inability to express himself. Unsurprisingly the nature expert was consigned to the bottom of the class, in spite of the fact that Tony knew that this boy’s knowledge was far superior to his own. The authorities had decided who was intelligent and who was not. Tony experienced this as grotesquely unfair and it eventually led him to three beliefs.

The first was that an operations manual was needed for the human brain, not its medical functions, but the way it works. The next was that every human has a spark of genius within, but the problem was to ignite it. Tony’s third and final insight was his invention of the Mind Map, a tool for recording thoughts, plans and general creativity, which bypassed conventional academic norms. The Mind Map was predicated on radiant thinking, spreading out from a dominant

central concept, utilising colour, dimension and association. The Mind Map also revealed itself as a powerful memory aid.

Tony went on to write over 140 books, translated into 40 languages, as well as lecturing around the world and making numerous TV programmes about his ideas. He was an enthusiastic player of mental games, such as chess and go, and a near Olympic standard rower on his favourite stretch of The Thames at Marlow, where he often sculled with Sir Steve Redgrave.

The perception that the Mind Map also promoted memory, drew Tony towards the foundation of the world memory championship at London in 1991. This was won (for the first of eight times) by the dyslexic Dominic O Brien. Growing from just eight entrants in 1991 to over three hundred entrants, the 2018 world championship was won by a 14-year-old Chinese girl, Wei Qinrun. Both victors exemplified Tony’s belief that everyone possesses that immortal spark of genius, which merely awaits the right flame to set it in motion. Interestingly the 2019 WMC was also won by a teenage girl, this time from North Korea.



Goethe's Faust

An Abridged Version



by Raymond Keene

Faust by Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe
translated and adapted by Raymond Keene OBE

Dramatis Personae (Characters)

The Principal Characters in order of appearance:

The Author
Theatre Director
God
Mephisto (Horny Devil, sometimes disguised as Poodle, or Old Woman)
Faust (Crusty University Professor at first, then transformed into a young man, eventually old and blind)
Earth Spirit
Wagner (Faust's assistant)
Student

Margarete (also known as Gretchen, Faust's beloved)
Valentin (her brother)
Evil Spirit
The Kaiser (Emperor of Germany)
Imperial Treasurer
Helen of Troy
Paris (Prince of Troy)
Menelaos (King of Sparta)
Homunculus (a minute human created by Wagner)
Thales (Greek philosopher)
Anaxagoras (another Greek philosopher)
Euphorion (son of Faust and Helen-Likes flying but has no wings)

Minor characters:

Choir of Angels
Peasants
Army of Demons





Design by Julian Simpole



Covens of Witches

Mythical Creatures, Proteus, Arimaspians, Gryphons
etc...

Mediaeval Teutonic Knights

Friend of Gretchen

Drunken students in the beer cellar

Townpeople

Courtiers

Hermits/Anchorites/Holy Men

Monkeys, Lemurs, Bats, Black Cats

Characters mentioned but not appearing:

Faust's dead father

Barbara (Gretchen's other friend who is not seen)

Gretchen's Mother (also not seen)

Goethe's Faust is based on the German mediaeval legend of the learned academic, teacher and alchemist who sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for earthly pleasures and superhuman knowledge. The most accomplished version of the legend had



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previously been composed by English dramatist, Christopher Marlowe, in the 16th century.

Goethe, writing at the end of the 18th and first third of the 19th century, was aware of Marlowe's verse drama, having read it in German translation. Goethe's works helped ignite the desire to rediscover German identity which became prevalent at that time. Profoundly aware that he was reclaiming a German legend for a German audience, Goethe's plans for Faust were quite different from, and vastly more ambitious than merely retelling the traditional story. The Faust legend tells of a man who bartered his immortal soul in exchange for magical knowledge and an extra twenty-five years of life, with Mephistopheles as his servant. Goethe's ambition was not limited to writing a play on this theme, he had resolved to make history!

Goethe commences with a call to action, addressed to the audience from the stage.

PROLOGUE

Dear Sirs, to hesitate's a mortal sin.

Boldness has genius, magic, power.

If you don't strike at once, your prospect's thin.

By wasting time, you miss the vital hour.

Decide, and do it now, your action's clear as day.

When you advance, then others flock your way.

Without resolve, a million projects fail.

Commit right now, and let's carve history's trail.

Goethe was the theatre director of Weimar, as well as being poet in residence, Minister of Public Works and ultimately also Prime Minister. He now explains in clear, ringing and truthful tones, the subject of the drama. At the same time, he aims a satirical sideswipe at what he dismisses as the poor fare so far served up to German audiences.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE THEATRE DIRECTOR

Then let it rip, you writers, and producers too.

But please don't bore me with your standard gruel.

What I need's colour: crimson, purple, blue,

A story which combusts, like rocket fuel.

I have an audience to grab, and feed it well,

With deeds which sweep, from Heaven, via earth, to Hell.

The scene shifts to Heaven, where the angels have gathered to pay tribute to God and all his works.



THE ANGELS PRAISE THE LORD

An assembly of thin, ascetic-looking, rather monk-like, white-robed, winged angels appear. They prepare to chant their solemn praise of God and His Creation:

Choir of Angels:

That glorious flame, the Sun, strikes thunderous tones,

In concert with all harmonies and spheres.

Celestial bodies circulate in zones,

Determined from the start through countless years.

Although His vision dwarfs our mental span,

It proves our faith in His eternal plan.

MEPHISTO'S DAY TRIP TO HEAVEN

Mephisto steps forward out of the awe-struck, adoring throng, offers his opinion about humanity, and proceeds to converse with God Himself:

Mephisto:

Of stars and planets, I refrain from comment.
Down there, I see just self-inflicted torment.

This puny 'lord of earth', man, stays the same

As on Day One: horrific, blind and lame.

He might improve his lot a tiny bit,

Had You not damned him with Your "heavenly wit."

What light You gave him, (known as 'reason') dawns

To drag him lower than the beasts he scorns.

To me he's just a grasshopper in shit,

He jumps around, chirps songs and lands in it...

Again, the same old song, the same old jump.

He ends up scrabbling in a rubbish dump.

God :

Do you know Faust?

Mephisto: The Doctor?

God: He serves ME!

Mephisto: If he serves YOU, then Hell's the Holy See!

Mephisto believes Faust to be an easy target for temptation, so sardonically requests permission to lure Faust from God and damn his soul to eternal



perdition:
So have I leave to tempt him, Mighty Lord?

I think his soul is one You can afford.
God:

Agreed, Faust serves me in some curious ways.

In fact, he's stuck in quite a complex daze.

But give him time, I'll lead him from his maze.
I've never hated you lot in the Pit,

And least of all, you, with your 'Hellish wit.'

You're free to tempt him, every night and day,

But I'm convinced I'll never have to pay.

Those humans, tangled in the darkest wood,



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Can choose the path of right, know ill from good.

Mephisto fires a parting shot, before he descends from God's presence, with the intention of tempting Faust to earthly death and perpetual damnation of his soul:

I like to meet the 'Boss' from time to time,

And swap old stories of our former days.

For such a Grand Lord, it is quite sublime,

To host the Devil, in these cordial ways.

And, as for corpses, aren't they rather boring?

Its tedious shackled up with those stiffs 'downstairs.'

I much prefer to venture out a-whoring,

With earthly flesh to hunt down when I pop 'upstairs'.

When legions of the dead roll up, I quit the house.

This horny devil yearns for cat and mouse.

FAUST'S STUDY

Back on earth for the very first time we meet Faust in person, sitting in his study alone at night. An old, grey, bent man, he realises that over his long and distinguished academic career, he has learnt everything, but, in fact, understands nothing:

Faust:

I've spent my life in studying what's best:

Through love of wisdom, law and medicine chest.

Although my knowledge outshines all the rest,
I comprehend that now it fails the test.

What drives the world? Which forces are at work?

All answers flee me with a mocking smirk.

My lack of real insight is so tragic,

To reach the truth, I'll bend my mind to magic.

I'll summon spirits from the vastly deep,

And wrench, by force, the secrets which they keep.

Into life's wellsprings, I shall clearly look

And nature's source shall be my open book.

Disillusioned by the fact that all the knowledge he has won during his University tenure in the Faculties of Philosophy, Jurisprudence and The Healing Arts, derive second-hand from his vast collection of dusty old books, Faust summons the Earth Spirit. He hopes to gain first-hand experience of what really lies at the root of life's forces.

Oh Great Earth Spirit, source of all creation.

I call upon you, come before me here!

Shaped in God's image, I'm your close relation.



Appear before your heaven-appointed peer.
The Earth Spirit appears and addresses Faust.

Earth Spirit:

In waves of space and time and mighty storm,

I range the universe in cosmic form.

There's little that's between us which unites.

Our natures are as opposite as days and nights.

Who craves me from the void, where I am free?

You're like the "spirit" whom you understand-not me!

Annoyingly for Faust, the being who symbolises the opposite of Faust's ambitions and whom the Earth Spirit had mockingly described as being within Faust's ability to "understand," now knocks on Faust's study door, then enters. It is Wagner, stooping and bespectacled, Faust's assistant lecturer at Wittenberg University. In German "Wagner" means "Taker of risks." At this stage of his career, Faust's assistant is anything but!



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PAGE

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Wagner:

Oh, learned Master, my joy overflows,

To find you working in your inner sanctum.

With books stacked high, your knowledge truly shows.

Why, this one's on the origins of plankton.

And this one on hieratic symbols' birth.

All wisdom's sum, but for you, no conundra.

You surely are the happiest man on earth,

Amidst your texts, scrolls and antique kabala.

Wagner departs, overjoyed at having seen his Master surrounded by so many heaps of crumpled, decaying



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and dusty books. Meanwhile, ultimately frustrated by his failure to discover the absolute truths, Faust resolves to abolish life's restrictions by taking poison. Faust believes he knows everything that man can know from existing books and therefore needs to break through to a new dimension of knowledge. The only question is, how to achieve this breakthrough. Suicide is a tempting option.

Faust:

My spirit strives to break through earthly bounds.

I've learnt all things that men can gain from books.

As I stand on the brink, my heart now pounds.

My sole solution: embrace poison's hooks.

Although I risk annihilation,

The potion may bring exultation.

This crystal glass will free me from my pains.

One sip will smash all clinging human chains.

Faust is on the point of draining the crystal glass filled with poison, when he hears bells celebrating God's creation and Christ's sacrifice.

What heavenly source peals out its healing tones?

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.

I feel my soul approaching safety zones.

My life revives, there's no impediment.

OUTSIDE THE TOWN WALLS OF WITTENBERG

Faust, having, for the moment at least, overcome his desire to do away with himself, now leaves his study to go out into nature first he meets the peasants, who express their extreme admiration for him and his doctor father, long since dead.

Peasants:

Dear Sir, our gratitude to you is boundless.

Your father's cures were miracle enough.

Before his days our remedies were groundless.

First he, then you, delivered the right stuff.

Faust:

These peasants flock to praise me with one breath,

Because they think I cured them of their ills.

They have no concept that the Plague, Black Death, did far less damage than my bogus pills.



The peasants depart and Faust watches the sun set
outside the town of Wittenberg.

The sun's rays fade, the cranes steer home by night.

The world's become a dark mysterious place.

At times like these, my spirit soars in flight,

But earth traps all my senses in a locked embrace.

Faust sees something weird weaving towards him.

A strange light flickers in that distant field.

It zigzags left to right and back, I see.

What hidden message might those flashes yield?

Yet now it's clear -a black dog heading straight for me.

Faust and Wagner return to the University, but the
black dog silently pursues...

FAUST'S STUDY

The black dog turns out to be a poodle which has
followed Faust back to his chambers and curls up

asleep by the log fire. Ensnared in his study at night,
Faust, true to his striving nature, decides on some
ambitious schemes, both biological and spiritual-
the creation of human life and the simultaneous
translation of the Gospels.

Faust:

I'm starting on a plan to create life,

Without the interplay of man and wife.

Most alchemists direct their quest to gold.

I might well say, my project's far more bold.

With retorts, test tubes and a special vial,

Some storms plus lightning would be helpful too,

My schemes to bypass babes, the infantile,

To make an adult from my vital stew.

"Homunculus" I'll call my micro-man.

I want him brewed by Easter, and I can.

While his test tubes bubble and his retorts effervesce,





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Faust simultaneously decides to turn his hand to translating the Gospel of St John, The Evangelist, from the New Testament. The Gospel starts: 'In the beginning was the Word...' Mephistopheles, now crept into Faust's study cell, disguised as a black poodle, begins to stir.

Faust thinks out loud, addressing himself:

That's hard to bear. We started with a word?

Sounds don't make worlds, instead they're to be heard.

It must be "Mind". "Mind" predicates what is.

But yet it lacks a certain spritely fizz.

No, no its "Power" which gets us off the ground.

But power's so furious, somewhat close to 'sound.'

Eureka! Got it. All things start with 'Action.'

"Action" it is! That gives us real traction.

Mephisto-as poodle-starts to whine. Although he himself is, of course, very much a Biblical figure, Mephisto hates being in the presence of a man who is translating the word of God in such a way that common people will be empowered to understand its message.

Now shut up poodle, if you share my cell,

You mustn't snarl and growl as though from Hell.

I welcome guests, but, if you howl like that,

Be sure, I'll trade you for a house-trained cat.

Mephisto introduces himself to Faust, abandoning the shape of a poodle.

Mephisto:

I see you're asking: what the Hell is here?

It's me, the spirit who denies creation.

The goal I yearn for may well now be near,

All that exists, deserves annihilation.

And if you're wondering why I'm not in Hell,

You must remember that my mind's the Pit,

The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

So, this is Hell. Nor am I out of it.



MEPHISTO'S COMPLAINT

The thought flashes briefly across Mephisto's mind
that he is being used!

Of course, it's clear, I lead the Devil's crew,

It's ill we plan... but, sadly, good we do.

What you call: evil, devastation, sin,

From where I'm standing, that's all win-win- win.

MEPHISTO'S CONTRACT

I've brought to you a hallowed proposition,

The terms are always pretty much the same.

I'll make you happy, based on one condition,

That in due course, you'll have to play my game.

Faust:

You clueless Devil, think you know it all,

Deluded that your tricks can satisfy me.

But if I say, "that's great, just wonderful,"

My time is up, to Lethe you can haul me.

Faust and Mephisto now conclude their wager, with
Faust's soul as the prize. It's traditional to sign such
pacts in blood, a very special ink. Faust then explains
the terms of the bet:

If I should lay me on a bed of sloth

And say: I'm satisfied, I've now done quite enough,

If I should be seduced by momentary froth,

And claim I've fully drained life's copious trough,

Then that's the moment when I will have lost.

The clock will stop the wager, to my cost.

The pendulum will stall, my life will terminate.

Then gladly can you drag me to your realm of hate.

Mephisto:

I now commit to serve Faust to the end.

He'll bark commands, and I'll jump to attention.

But when we meet once more round Styx's bend,

The time will come, when he'll be in detention.

Faust leaves the study, preparing to depart from the
University with Mephisto, to embark on a journey



of discovery, during which he will seek ultimate satisfaction. Mephisto mistakenly believes that introducing Faust to the unaccustomed pleasures of feasting, drinking and whoring will be enough to win him the bet. Meanwhile, a student enters, and mistakes Mephisto for Faust. The student wants advice as to which course he should study at University: Logic, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, or....

Mephisto advises him:

All theory's grey, my friend, but life's a golden, green temptation.

My cunning plan: just choose the path of Medication.

With blameless access to the fairer sex,

Your course then qualifies as less complex.

Once you're a doctor, they hold you in thrall,

In safety they'll shed clothing, one and all.

The student becomes highly enthusiastic about this advice and leaves promptly to apply for study to the Faculty of Medicine. Faust returns to his study, unaware of the recent deception practised on the student. They depart and Mephisto introduces Faust to a new life of sensual gratification, kicking off with a student drinking bout in a local tavern. This scene is archetypal and highly significant for understanding the relationship between Faust and Mephisto. The

Devil believes erroneously that Faust has been locked away in the turrets of Academe for so long that even the most juvenile of drinking bouts will turn him towards earthly pleasures-a few drinks, some student songs and his bet is won. In fact, the drunken students disgust Faust and Mephisto gradually comprehends that a radical change is required!

A LOCAL BEER KELLER

Mephisto:

I've introduced the Doctor to some bright new forces,
But drinking with pissed students offered little charm.

I had to hold him back from doing harm,

To drunks who'd scored Z minus in his lecture courses.

A key moment! Mephisto realises that Faust cannot continue on this voyage of temptation while he remains a very old man. Therefore, Mephisto takes Faust to a place where he can be magically rejuvenated.

THE WITCH'S KITCHEN

In the Witch's Kitchen: aphrodisiac rejuvenation is on the menu

Mephisto:





"Designed by Ajipebriana / Freepik"





photograph "Designed by Freepik"

There's nothing for it, Faust must get a life.

He's far too erudite and old and rusty.

I know a useful witch (who was once my "wife")

Who boils a special potion, then he'll be less crusty.

Mephisto leads Faust to the den of an ancient witch, populated by black cats, bats, monkeys and lesser crones than herself. The chief witch brews an appalling potion, mumbles some magic formulae, administers the draught to Faust (in a parodistic reversal of his failed suicide scene) and with an explosive blast, Faust is reborn as a youthful male.

MEETING GRETCHEN

Faust, rejuvenated and now a young man again, after his transformation in the witch's kitchen, meets Margarete, also known as Gretchen, the diminutive of her first name. She is a naive local beauty who lives together with her aged mother.

Faust:

My noble lady, let me guide you home.

You're much too beautiful to go alone.

Gretchen:

I'm not a lady, am in fact quite plain.

And unaccompanied my home can gain.

Faust (aside to Mephisto):

Must have her.

Mephisto:

Not a problem sir.

Faust:

She's young, she's modest, she's a virgin too.

Mephisto:

The potion worked. He'll soon be in a stew.

Faust's youth's restored, his thoughts will turn to love.

Young Gretchen is both virginal and vacant.

Ensnared by lust, he'll find his turtle dove,

And, with some luck, she'll quickly end up pregnant.

Gretchen has fallen deeply for Faust, whom she refers to as 'Heinrich', even though the manner of their initial meeting was rather abrupt. But something tells her, that all is not well. They spend much time walking together in the garden of a neighbour, to avoid the gaze of Gretchen's mother. As they walk every day, Gretchen falls ever more deeply in love, but still something troubles her.

Margarete:

My Heinrich is a gentle, proper youth,

Yet his companion seems a bit uncouth.



My neighbour's garden shades our loving walks.

He strolls with me, and charms me as he talks.

I love him so, he's gallant and he tries

To shield my honour, from his eager eyes.

But yet, I ask myself, each time we part,

If faith in God, is truly in his heart.

Mephisto:

It's all the same, with these pert country girls.

They snare poor guys, with all their frills and curls.

But just when he's all ready for their bed,

These temptresses reveal their secret dread.

Before they pour their treasure in his lap,

They go religious on the lust-torn sap.

'Ah, yes, I'm yours, but not until we're wed.'

He thinks he strolls the garden, but, in fact, he's led.

Faust:

You filthy demon. All you see is lust.

My love for Gretchen is both fair and just.

My feelings holy, my respect complete..

Mephisto:

And when you get her knickers round her feet?

If you respect your holy virgin then,

I'll blow my brains out, then I'll count to ten!

FAUST'S QUALMS

Faust begins to regret having chosen the Devil as his constant companion.

Faust:

I know that nothing's perfect on this earth.

There's always some damned worm in every fruit.

My bliss would be divine, if I could shoot

This bloody Devil, who corrupts my mirth.

He drives me to extremes of wild desire,

Then stokes the blaze with bellows from Hell's fire.

I stagger on with love for beauty's form,



But failed fulfilment is this demon's norm.
Belittling, insolent and cold,
One jibe, and my self-loathing's at the brim.
He thinks our pleasures are just bought and sold.
My problem is, I just can't do without him.

GRETCHEN'S MOTHER IS MURDERED

Faust desires Gretchen, but she lives with her aged mother, who acts as her chaperone. Mephisto must devise a way to circumvent this barrier to Faust's sexual gratification. Faust wants an assignation that night and the mother must be sidelined in some way.

Mephisto:
Just as I planned, Faust's overwhelmed by lust.
Our next step is to penetrate her dwelling.
The problem is, her antique mother's sussed
Faust's subject to a give-away gland swelling.
The middle ages chose tights as their fashion.
They're useless, though, at hiding men's real passion.

Faust:
My true love's guarded by an ancient dragon.
Her mother watches her by day and night.
Mephisto's answer is this potent flagon.
One draught from this will overcome my plight.

Mephisto:
Faust's offered Gretchen's mum my potions bottle.
I've told him it just sends old girls to sleep.
Instead, its deadly herbs her ma' will throttle,
And make her subject to a grim and sudden reap.

Gretchen administers the so-called 'sleeping draught', provided by Mephisto, to her mother, so that she can spend a night of undisturbed passion with Faust. Next morning Faust has gone and Gretchen awakes to discover that her mother is dead, poisoned by Mephisto's lethal concoction of noxious plants and devilish spells.

THE DEATH OF GRETCHEN'S BROTHER

Valentin, Gretchen's soldier brother, returns from the wars, having heard rumours of his sister's seduction and their mother's unexpected death. He encounters



Faust and Mephisto at night, lurking in the street outside his sister's cottage. Valentin is fuming with resentment and anger. He is definitely spoiling for a fight.

Valentin:

I've found the rogues, who stalk my sister's house.

A travelling scholar and his human louse.

I've fought in wars, from Kiel to Samarkand.

Surrender, scum, or face my fatal hand.

Mephisto:

This meddling braggart's not within my plan.

But let's just treat him as an also-ran.

I'll parry his fierce blows, while you, Faust, slash his side.

Whip out your blade, and through his guts you'll glide. Mephisto blocks Valentin's thrusts, while Faust draws his sword and kills Gretchen's brother. The commotion attracts first general attention, then a vast milling crowd. Meanwhile, Mephisto and Faust flee the scene.

Gretchen realises that she is both unmarried and pregnant. Faust, however, is nowhere to be seen,

having skipped town, after unintentionally poisoning her mother and murderously running her brother through. There follow three brief scenes which show Gretchen alone at home, Gretchen in a social milieu and Gretchen in the Cathedral seeking a solace, which she does not get. Pregnant herself, without Faust by her side, and bereft of relatives, she becomes increasingly desperate.

Gretchen (at her spinning wheel):

My peace of heart has flown,

My love's fled town.

I only see a universal frown.

My mother's dead, my brother sliced in two.

My plight seems hopeless, there's nought that I can do.

Gretchen at the water well. She meets a girl friend from the village.

Friend:

Our playmate Barbara, she's had her fun.

What's in her oven, was a great big bun.

At night she killed it; they saw through her lie.





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The punishment for that, is hang her high.

Gretchen in the Cathedral, kneeling, trying to pray.
The subliminal music is the Dies Irae from the
Symphonie Fantastique by Berlioz. A huge, dark Evil
Spirit hovers over her hunched frame.

Evil Spirit (one of The Devil's crew):

Despair, you sinner, you must meet your death.

You flout God's laws with every living breath.

You've tasted sex, without religious rite.

What wait you now, are pain and endless night.

Gretchen, spiritually, emotionally and psychologically
crushed, flees the cathedral.

THE WITCHES' SABBATH-WALPURGISNIGHT

The Witches' Sabbath takes place on Halloween every
year at the summit of the Brocken Mountain in the
Harz Forest. Mephisto's devious plan is to distract
Faust from his thoughts of Gretchen, with an orgy of
naked, gyrating, nubile young witches, precisely at the
time when Margarete has most urgent need of him.
Drums beat wildly, frenzied, cacophonous music and
screams come from all directions.

Mephisto:

The time has come, true love must be deserted.

I'll lead Faust to a wild entrancing feast.

My witches' Sabbath's wonderfully perverted.

It's bound to coax out all his inner beast.

Faust at the witches Sabbath on the Brocken
Mountain

This mountain's packed with females in cone hats,

Astride their broomsticks, plus familiar cats.

My favourite team is ready for the dance.

Faust thinks he loves his Gretchen, but he stands no
chance.

Faust's floozie's pregnant, but was never wed.

To solve this problem, she preferred it dead.

In Middle Ages, that's a serious crime.
Disposing of your kid, spells gallows every time.

Abandoned by Faust, Margarete gives birth and then
drowns her illegitimate child.

Faust:

These naked witches stiffen my sinews.



My rising interest puts at risk my bet.

But wait-what spectre from the darkness spews?

It's Gretchen's image, snared in evil's net.

FAUST RIDES TO THE RESCUE OF GRETCHEN

Realising that Gretchen is in mortal danger, Faust insists on speeding to her rescue. Mephisto conjures up two six legged steeds of diabolical pace. They gallop to Gretchen's condemned cell in the thick of night, past hanged men dangling from the gallows, attended by flocks of crows.

Faust: rounds angrily on Mephisto, as together they ride to Gretchen's rescue.

Devil, you knew that Gretchen's on the brink.

You stood apart and let my true love sink.

Could I wield lightning, I'd strike her jailers dead,

And free poor Gretchen from her mortal dread.

Mephisto:

You've hit the reason why the Gent up there

Reserves the thunderbolts for his own use.

Could you lot activate such lethal fare,

You'd wipe out earth, once you'd all let loose.

Faust and Mephisto arrive just in time at the prison cell where Gretchen is chained. Faust begs her to escape with him, but she is crazed by fear and the horrors which have been inflicted on her.

Faust:

My love, we're here, just in the Nick of time,

To save you from the consequence of crime.

Come flee with us to live another day.

With my friend's help you'll never have to pay.

Gretchen:

I flee Hell's jaws, not justice here on earth.

I see no saviour, just diabolic mirth.

Death here and now is better far than "bliss",

A bliss enabled by a Devil's hiss.

Mephisto:

Faust sought her rescue, but my Devil's claw,



Scarce dragged him from the slamming prison door.

"She is condemned," I was at pains to gloat,

Then: "She is saved" I heard a distant note.

Gretchen refuses to be saved by diabolic means, Faust and Mephisto flee. Gretchen faces her fate and offstage she is executed for infanticide.

IN NATURE

Faust is found recovering from the trauma of failing to save Gretchen from hanging. Faust heals by immersing himself in nature, near a sparkling waterfall on a high mountain peak.

Mephisto:

Faust's suffered shock, his sweetheart's just been strangled.

For most men, this might signify a setback,

But Faust's a tough nut, he's restored, newfangled;
Deep sleep, fresh air and he's right back on track.

Faust has restored himself from the disaster of Gretchen's execution and now continues his journey with Mephisto. Faust's Odyssey has taken him and will continue to take him through various epic stages of a man's life-such stages include: drinking with students, tempestuous young love, the quest for knowledge,

creativity, art and magic, mature love, warfare and eventually building a society. Having experienced the lower end of the social strata, their next stop is the upper end of the spectrum, government and the Imperial Court.

THE KAISER'S COURT.

The Empire faces bankruptcy. Faust arrives with Mephisto, promising that his magician's arts can cure the imploding imperial finances.

Imperial Treasurer:

Our state now totters. Everything's run out.

Our armies mutiny, our navy's up the spout.

The coffer's empty. We don't have a bean.

Our money crisis is far worse than mere obscene.

Kaiser:

Fear not, my loyal friend, salvation is at hand.

A wonderful new wizard's visiting our land.

This conjuror, named Faust, has just arrived at court.

My spies all claim his alchemy will bring our woes to nought.



The Kaiser evidently stakes his expectations on the possibility that Faust, who now enjoys a reputation as a conjuror or magician, possesses a highly prized Philosophers' stone. Such a stone, according to legend, has the power to convert all base metal to gold.

Faust:

Hail mighty Kaiser! I have come to serve.

My magic arts, Sire, I'll deploy with verve.

I know your Empire faces cash relapse.

I'll use my knowledge to avert collapse.

Mephisto:

The Kaiser thinks we wield the mystic stones,



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Which turn to gold, all dross the Empire owns.

In fact, we advocate a new resource,

It's based on finding natural wealth, of course.

Faust:

Mephisto's right (for once!) our model's clear.

We're going to utilise organic matter.

But it's not gold we plan to access here,

What comes from trees, will make the Empire fatter.

Faust advises the Kaiser directly, who listens with growing enthusiasm:

Print paper money in abundance, Sire.

Sign notes of twenty, thirty thousand marks.

Just get your presses racing like a fire.

Then riches will explode with brilliant sparks.

There's bound to be gold underneath the earth,

You sign the promise, and there'll be no dearth.
The economic crisis is solved overnight. The Kaiser orders vast quantities of paper money to be printed as quickly as possible, with his signature, guaranteeing the value against gold, which presumably exists somewhere, to be exploited

at some, as yet, undetermined date in the future. Everyone at court is a millionaire again, thanks to Faust's 'magic' solution. Here Goethe, with strange prescience, appears to predict the hyper-inflation which struck the Weimar Republic after the First World War. Goethe, a century before, was in fact Prime Minister of that self same Weimar!

THE KAISER'S PALACE

As reward for "solving" the economic crisis, Faust is provided with a fully equipped Imperial laboratory, so that he can turn to his new goal of meeting Helen of Troy, the most beautiful and desirable woman of all time. Mephisto tries to arrange their assignation. In line with his striving for the maximal experience possible, Faust naturally selects Helen as the woman he absolutely must meet. Helen, of course, poses a particular danger for Faust, given the terms of his bet with the Devil. If Faust encounters Helen and is fully satisfied by that experience, then he automatically loses his wager with Mephisto. Faust is now on tricky ground!

Mephisto:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?

A fan of mine once wrote that it was so.

I travel time, and could fetch back some clips,
But, just for Faust, I'll stage a real show.

MEPHISTO CREATES A VISION OF HELEN OF TROY

Faust:

Fair Helen let me save you from this war,





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Then make me immortal with a kiss.
For you I'd voyage back to Troy, and more.
Yet, Faust, take care lest you your wager miss.
The image of Helen begins to become fuzzy.
Mephisto:

My charms begin to weaken by the hour.
I'm more at home with Dante, Milton, Blake.
Blind Homer is a tad beyond my power.
Old Testament and New are more my piece of cake.
Helen vanishes in a puff of smoke!
In the lab, Faust, now assisted by Mephisto, decides to



use his own powers to summon Helen. Tripods blaze, emitting fumes of incense and other aromatic and magical herbs and substances.

Faust:

My devil's pretty hopeless with the Greeks.

The Holy Land's his patch. Not Athens, Sparta, Troy.

Therefore, my incantation is what speaks

The magic charms to bring my greatest joy.

Mephisto:

I just went back in time, to fetch his flame,

But truth to tell, those Greeks had no respect.

Achilles, Hector, Paris (he's to blame)

Lacked sexual morals, that's what I detect.

The problem is, they don't believe in me.

It's highly awkward for a fiend, you see.

Faust's spells conjure up a new and more tangible vision of Helen with Paris, the Prince of Troy who stole her from Menelaos, King of Sparta. Faust lunges forward to seize Helen, but this causes an explosion, Helen vanishes and the laboratory is destroyed. Faust

falls to the ground, unconscious.

FAUST'S STUDY BACK IN THE UNIVERSITY AT WITTENBERG

Very dimly lit. Cobwebs, dust, spiders and insects, but in a corner, signs of activity.

Mephisto, by his normal devilish means, has returned Faust to his old study cell, where Faust's assistant Wagner awaits them. He has been proceeding, during Faust's absence, with the grand scheme to create artificial life by alchemical means. They must also restore Faust to consciousness.

Mephisto:

What madcap venture do I see before us?

This fellow's taken leave of all his wits.

Retorts, smoke, vials, the mystic eye of Horus.

Just one mistake, he'll blow us all to bits.

Wagner:

Stand back, my friends, the moment is at hand,

When reason, logic (and this magic band)

Will break through nature's bounds, and make a man.

I'll light the fuse, and all will go to plan.



Mephisto:

You want to make a man, I hear you say.

Are lovers up the chimney, tucked away?

Wagner:

Dear sir, the building's empty, as you see.

Before I make a fourth, it's just us three.

Mephisto:

I know that Him upstairs did this before.

In just six days, He cooked up the Creation.

In fact, that's what kicked off our little war.

It set me on the path to devastation.

Wagner produces a glass sphere containing various minerals, essences and alchemical substances. He balances the sphere over a chemical burner, lights the fire and everyone retreats to a safe distance. After a flash of flame, a diminutive human appears inside the sphere. The sphere arises from its burner and floats above them.

Homunculus: speaking from inside the sphere.

Good evening gents, I guess you're all surprised,

To see yours truly in a floating bubble.

But just to let you know, what's been devised,

Intends to cause you not one whit of trouble.

Instead I'll stage a fun-filled entertainment.
I'm taking you to somewhere warm and bright.

I know Faust fancied Helen, as his payment.

So off we go to Classical Walpurgisnight.

Faust regains consciousness. Now, just as Helen previously travelled forward in time to meet Faust, he travels back in time to meet her.

Mephisto:

Oh no, not bloody Greeks, again a glitch.

Those guys indulged themselves. No sense of sin.

Their statues didn't even wear a stitch.

They had no fear of guilt, my powers wear thin.

There's nothing for it, I must don a mask,

A thick disguise will ease my devil's task.



CLASSICAL WALPURGISNIGHT

Mephisto has disguised himself as Phorkyas, one of the three grey witches, known as “Dread” “Horror” and “Alarm”, sisters to the Gorgon Medusa. This role is in character for Mephisto, and at least the Greeks, whom he now encounters, believe in his new incarnation, which they had difficulty doing, when he appears as a Biblically authenticated devil, alien to their culture.

Through the special powers of Homunculus, Faust and Mephisto are able to voyage back in time with the diminutive sphere-dweller to Ancient Greece. There, on the shores of the Aegean, they encounter the two pre-Socratic philosophers: Anaxagoras and Thales, as well as a host of mythical creatures, largely taken from the Histories of Herodotus. Anaxagoras was the propounder of the theory that all matter consists of atoms, while Thales proposed that all life comes from water.

The creatures include the Sphinx, the Gryphon, the Giant Gold Gathering Ants (also mentioned in Milton’s Paradise Lost) and the Arimaspians, who make their living by stealing the Ants’ gold.

Homunculus:

Confined in glass, I crave to feel what’s real.

Now we’re in Greece, it’s time to set the seal.
These men of wisdom can advise what’s right,

My object is to gain full life this night.

The Greek Philosophers proceed to explain to Homunculus how he can achieve genuine life, rather than being perpetually imprisoned in his glass bubble.

Anaxagoras:

All starts with chaos, atoms next in line.

The rule of order follows in the grand design.

What guides the whole, there can be no dispute,

The driving force: intelligence that’s absolute.

Thales:

My learned friend, as usual you know best.

Let me supply the key to all the rest.





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Life, here on earth, begins with H₂O.

Just plunge in waves, to launch your vital flow.

Homunculus, with the assistance of the shape-shifter, Proteus, floats his sphere above the waters of the Aegean, then dives into the sea. The luminous glow emitted by his glass sphere can be seen beneath the encroaching surf. It becomes clear that Homunculus has achieved his aim. He is not seen again.

Faust and Mephisto (in disguise, of course) now proceed to meet Helen in the forecourt of The Palace of Menelaos.

PALACE OF MENELAOS

Helen has been retrieved from Troy by her lawful husband, Menelaos, King of Sparta. She has come from her beached ship to the fortress of the King, from whom Paris seized her, ten years beforehand. Is King Menelaos vengeful at her loss, or grateful for her return?

Helen:

From Troy I land, once more, on Sparta's shores.

A decade's war was fought, with me as cause.

I know not yet my fate, the King decides.

A Queen's, a victim's, or once more a bride.

Faust arrives, accoutred in the armour of a mediaeval Teutonic knight, supported by an appropriate band of warriors. He is resolved to protect Helen from being sacrificed, in the same way as was Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, the supreme Greek commander at Troy and elder brother to Menelaos. Iphigenia was ruthlessly sacrificed by her father to ensure favourable winds to transport the becalmed Greek fleet to Troy. Evidently another human sacrifice is on the menu, given the alarming family record in this regard.

Faust:

Most noble lady, fairest of your race,

My arms serve you alone, as you must know.

I'm blinded by the glory of your face,

And vow to guard you from the the fatal blow.

My faithful knights secure the Castle wall.

With me at hand, you're safe from any fall.

Mephisto:

Faust's in grave danger of becoming happy.

His striving nature might run out of gas.



This classy wench he fancies forms a trap he

Will not escape, before I bite his ass.

My wager's looking good, Faust seems content.

Once he's in clover, then we're Hades bent.

Is Faust finished? He is in a perilously benign and satisfied frame of mind, having finally encountered Helen in person. Will the terms of the wager now lock into action and drag him down to Hell? What can save Faust now?

Still less than one hundred percent satisfied, Faust decides that the perfect union of German Mediaeval Romanticism, with Greek Classical beauty, can only be consummated by creating a child born of himself and Helen. Faust's new ambition, if achieved, may yet, however, tip him irrevocably into the danger zone of complete satisfaction and the consequent termination of his efforts to know and experience life, the cosmos and the spirit world to the maximum..

Helen's entrance into the grand bedchamber of the castle. Mephisto continues disguised as the ancient crone, Phorkyas.

Traditionally Faust's encounter with Helen of Troy represents the high point of Faust's experience. In Marlowe's: Tragicall Historie of Dr Faustus, Faust sees a vision of Helen, but does not risk touching her.

Goethe, however, is far more ambitious with their relationship, creating a physical union between Faust and Helen, which results in the birth of their son, Euphorion (meaning of course, joy).

At this moment, Faust reaches the apogee of contentment so far, and is thus in danger of losing his wager. Mephisto, though, is at his weakest in the Greek Classical world, an intellectual and religious environment which does not believe in him. He, therefore, speaks, but fails to act. Contrary to most religions, there is no Manichean force in Greek Classical myth (in fact their religion) which acts as a destructive power, opposing the supreme Deity on a permanent basis. The gods in Greek Classical Myth, acted well ,or badly, more or less randomly and according to the whim of the moment. There was no duality of Good v Evil.

Mephisto:

We devils know a bit about high art.

Our policy, of course, is 'burn it all.'

But, in my travels, I have met the tart,

Who posed as Eve, before her 'tragic' fall.

That hack called Botticelli used her too.

She's naked Venus, surfing from the waves.

Old Titian also knew a thing or few.



His Danae greets the shower of gold she craves.

That Greek girl's charms have no effect on me,

But Faust's emotions are now all at sea.

He's striving to attain the pure erotic.

My stance on this will be, at best, ironic.

Helen appears in the persona of Venus, her tutelary goddess, guided by spirits, emerging from the spume-flecked foam. She is tall, athletic and slender, with cascading tresses. The ancient crone (Mephisto) removes her garments and Helen assumes the receptive position of Danae on the opulent bed, in myth, enticing and inviting down her divine lover, Zeus, but in this case, extending her charms to Faust.

THE BIRTH OF EUPHORION

The outcome of Faust's conjunction with Helen is a beautiful golden-haired boy, Euphorion. Goethe frequently speeds up time, and accordingly, Euphorion makes his entrance, not long after he has been conceived. The resplendent youth speedily exhibits an overmastering desire for unassisted flight.

Euphorion:

My mum's the greatest beauty of all time.

My dad's a paragon of chivalric might.

Agreed, their dodgy pal's a ball of slime,

But, all in all, I'm thirsting for a flight.

Faust and Helen:

Take care, dear son, please try to stay on land.

To soar in air, it helps to have some wings.

At least, let one of us extend a hand,

To give us comfort, during your wild springs.
Euphorion leaps higher and higher into the air, then vaults directly upwards towards the sun. He is consumed by the same fate as Icarus and crashes down to earth, dead at their feet.

Helen:

Fortune and beauty rarely are aligned.

Both life and love are shattered with one blow.
Persephone is calling from below.

Your plans, dear Faust, must now be re-designed.

Helen, as happened before, vanishes in a puff of smoke, leaving only her robes behind, which Faust seizes. The robes dissolve into clouds and drift away, carrying Faust with them.



HIGH MOUNTAINS.

Faust emerges and steps down from the clouds. In a direct parallel to what had occurred after Gretchen's execution, Faust has again been transported into a wild, natural environment. In this wilderness, he can recover from the psychic trauma of the loss of Helen. His physical youth had been restored by the interlude in the Witch's Kitchen, then he was renewed spiritually by nature after Gretchen's execution. After the explosion during the appearance of Helen, he had to be revived once more. For this fourth rejuvenation, however, the trick is becoming harder to pull off. The years and mileage are showing and Faust is becoming distinctly older once more.

Two seven-league boots appear in the distance. They stride up, Mephisto hops out and the seven league boots march rapidly away, under their own power. Having dismounted from his spectacular mode of transport, Mephisto proceeds to give Faust a masterclass in his lavatorial version of how the landscape was formed. But first Faust expresses his desolation at the loss of Helen and Euphorion:

Faust:

These tortured mountains, heaped in barren stack,

Reflect my mood, despond, despair and black.

No waters here, reveal their healing course...

It's down, you see, to great volcanic force.

Faust is already beginning to revive the old

professorial tone has suddenly entered his voice.

Mephisto:

When Smartass, upstairs, hurled us in the pit,

He quite forgot, that we still had to shit.

The stink and gas of our demonic farts,

Defeated even God's custodial arts.

The sweat, the stench, the crap befouled our slammer.

So we drained sewage, thanks to Moloch's hammer.
He smashed some vents in Hell's encircling walls,

And hacked this landscape, which, of course, appalls.

You may think such terrain fits God's great word.

Not so, it's just a case of: shovelling merde.

Faust:

You dare to cast aspersions on His might..

Mephisto:

I'd cast a fishing net, to clear that shite.

Devils are notoriously uneasy about fish, since they represent a symbol of Christ, as in Christ's reference to "Fishers of men". The Bishop's Mitre is based on this, the split in the episcopal headgear signifying a fish tail. Mephisto's reference to "fishing" is, therefore, quite a concession to the other side. Meanwhile, since



they are in a place of desolation, Mephisto harks back
to the diabolic temptation of Christ in the wilderness
from the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke.

Mephisto:

This twisted landscape's born from Hellish fire.

Up here you see the kingdoms of the world.

Fortune and glory wait at your desire.

Just give the word, and all will be unfurled.

Faust:

I see for once, your showing interest.

But how can you perceive the human soul?

I yearn to conquer nature, that's the test,

From highest peaks, to where the waves do roll.



"Designed by Marek Kasperski"



Mephisto:
He wants to reclaim land, now there's a thought,

But in the distance, wars are being fought.

FAUST'S MILITARY CAMPAIGN

Sound drums and trumpets...the Kaiser's going to war. Faust is now drawn to military triumph as part of his total experience of the rich tapestry of life's possibilities. This is Faust's second opportunity to serve the Kaiser. First, literally, as a hedge fund manager, printing paper money from trees, now as Generalissimo of the Imperial Armies.

Mephisto:

Thank Lethe, I'll forget that dumb disguise,

I start once more, as Lord of all the Flies.

Meanwhile, the Kaiser's coming in for flak.

His court's a shambles and his generals slow.

An anti-Kaiser's riding to attack.

Let's seize this chance, your martial skills to show.

You'll lead a pack of demons into battle,

Then earn great titles, riches and rewards.

With rivals vanquished, just a faint death rattle,
Is all we'll hear of their once threatening hordes.

Faust reviews his demon army before the battle starts against the anti-Kaiser.

Faust:

My spectral forces have three mighty chiefs.

'Bold Theft' 'Quick Gain' and " Hold on Tight" they're called.

Apart from ransack, they have no beliefs.

They smash our foes' morale, and leave them crushed, appalled.

The Kaiser's foes are duly overrun by Faust's Hounds of Hell. The Kaiser, rescued by Faust for the second time, lavishly recompenses Faust for his annihilating victory over the rival claimant to the Empire.

FAUST THE LANDOWNER ON HIS VAST NEW ESTATES

Mephisto:

The Kaiser's granted you great tracts of lands.

Some snags: there are parts under flood and water.

The rest's the home of dimwit peasant bands.



No problem, though, just offer them no quarter.

Faust decides to drain the land and clear the hovels to build something more magnificent.

Faust:

This pack won't stick around, they're not that dumb,

Then I'll progress my City of the Future.

It won't take long to clear this low class scum

And re-invent town planning with some urban suture.

To view things clearly, with my fading sight,

A telescope would help me, or maybe "more light."

At last I've done it, though my eyes are strained,

My mighty city stretches out before me.

If satisfaction ever could be gained,

I would describe this moment as my crowning glory.

The years have passed, and Faust is for the second time, a very old man. He has almost said that he is satisfied, but hedges his bets by cunning use of the conditional subjunctive. Mephisto jumps in, thinking he has, at long last, won.

Mephisto:

He's old, he's blind, he can't see it's a scam.

He thinks he's satisfied, but everything's a sham.

THE CONDITIONS FOR MEPHISTO WINNING THE BET
APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN FULFILLED.

FAUST-STONE BLIND AND VERY OLD-DROPS DEAD.

MEPHISTO SUMS UP:

HIS CONCLUSION BEING THAT IT IS BETTER NOT TO
HAVE EXISTED AT ALL!

Faust's dead and gone. What shall we make of that?

It's just the same, as if he'd never been here;

Just thrashing round in circles, like a drowning rat,

I'd much prefer pure nothingness, far cleaner!

THE JAWS OF HELL OPEN

But God gets the last laugh. As the jaws of Hell open, and an assorted crew of phantasmagorical monkeys, lemurs and demons pour out to capture Faust's soul, a stunning choir of heavenly angels flutters down to earth...

Mephisto:



Right, devils, let's get this one stored below.

But wait, who are these charming, nearly naked cuties?

They're flocking down, to give a tasty striptease show.

Some girls, some boys, some in-between: all beauties.

I must say, when on duty, they look stern and thin,

Now, minus all their uniforms, they tempt even ME to sin.

Distracted by what he finds to be an increasingly erotic display, Mephisto fails to spot that this is God's subterfuge.

GOD SPEAKS

The Almighty speaks, getting in not just the last laugh, but the last word as well:

God:

For those who strive, I save a get-out clause.

Stupidity and torpor I just can't abide.

Faust's deeds on earth might well provoke some pause,

But, tasting life to its explosive cores,

Grants Faust his entry pass and upward ride.

FAUST'S SOUL ASCENDS

God, Faust and the Heavenly Host sweep upwards, past Hermits, Anchorites, Stylites, assorted Holy Men and-most importantly- the Eternally Feminine, redemptive spirit of Margarete. As this spectacle unfolds, we hear the magnificent and grandiose strains of the first movement of Gustav Mahler's 8th Symphony, the Symphony of a Thousand...Come spirit of Creation-Veni Creator Spiritus...

Below, Mephisto is left empty-clawed, gnashing his fangs. Deep down, he always suspected he was being used. And he was right. He doesn't even manage to grab one of the hovering nude angels as a consolation prize. The Divine equation is complete and God has won!

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM





"Designed by Robert Parsons"



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The People are Sovereign



by Michael Basman

THE PEOPLE ARE SOVEREIGN

This is the watchword of our democracies; our rulers, our governments, are meant to be our servants; we elect them to parliament, and parliament is answerable to the people.

The modern world has brought many benefits; clean water, abundant food, technology and machines that work to a high standard. There are advanced communication networks; educational standards; healthier people with a longer life span. Yet behind this lurks instability. The majority of countries are teetering near bankruptcy, exacerbated by the coronavirus pandemic; but even without this, the world presents a frantic scenario of people rushing round desperately working or seeking work to just about pay their debts.

And herein lies the problem; in a world of abundance, our financial system has landed us in a pit of indebtedness from which few can ever escape.

THE FLIP-SIDE OF DEBT

People often forget – or are encouraged to forget – that there is a reverse side to debt. For every debt incurred there is a creditor. Of course, there is a chain of command. I may owe a debt to my landlord, he may owe money to others. At the top of the chain of debt pushers, who is the “Mr Big”, the equivalent of the master drug dealer? In the TV movies and films, the police are always searching for this person and trying to unmask him. Although the movie cops sometimes get their man, in real life, it never seems



to happen. So we have a world of 8 billion people in debt or desperation, and maybe half a billion (if that) calling the shots and calling in the debts.

Certainly, you cannot altogether blame the rulers. In the recent book by Acemoglu and Robinson, "Why Nations Fail", they demonstrated that government is necessary to organise society and avoid anarchy; and the seventeenth century work by Thomas Hobbs also tackled this problem: his solution was a Leviathan – a monster government to keep people in check, since otherwise the life of man would be "nasty, brutish and short".

Yet we continually come up against a fundamental problem of government, as enunciated by my own law: "People in power tend to arrange matters to benefit themselves". This idea was first expressed by Lord Acton, in his memorable phrase, "Power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely". Up to now, however, there has not been a serious attempts to measure this important factor quantitatively.

Rulers are almost invariably better paid and have more secure jobs than their subjects; but beyond them we have vast networks of advisers, lobbyists, lawyers, quangos and think-tanks, not to mention the financial world with its ruthless loan sharks, usury and debt collectors; plus a tax system which abuses human rights, weaponises the bankruptcy laws and rides rough-shod over the business population with its 20,000 pages of impenetrable tax laws; and a legal system which invariably favours the authorities over debtors.

All this makes a mockery of the title of this essay, THE PEOPLE ARE SOVEREIGN. If the people are sovereign, why are so many cast down?

David Graeber, the distinguished anthropologist from the London School of Economics wrote a landmark book in 2011, called "Debt: the first 5,000 years". Of course he could have written a companion book – "Creditors: the first 5,000 years". But he might have found this quite hard to write; the last thing that the great creditors of the world want is for people to know their names.

Homing in on the latest financial scandal of 2008, he shows how the system works. Through financiers recklessly loaning money to people who had no possibility of repaying, and in collusion with the legal, auditing and political communities, the banks managed to incur debts considerably in excess of the gross domestic products of entire countries. Were any of these miscreants hung, drawn and quartered and their heads stuck on Tower Bridge? No, of course not. Through a process of legerdemain (trickery for those readers educationally challenged), coupled with the usual linguistic double dealing, governments simply created money out of thin air (magnificently called "quantitative easing") and paid off the bank debts. Meanwhile, as Graeber points out on page 381 of his book, those who were the victims of these incredible scams were punished severely, "Mortgage holders were, overwhelmingly, left to the tender mercies of the courts, under a bankruptcy law that Congress had a year before (presciently) ... made far more exacting against debtors."



The whole episode bore out the truth of my law, "People in power tend to arrange matters to their own benefit". The perpetrators of the crime were unpunished, and the poor and the ruled had to pay the bills.

THE SOLUTION

Readers might expect me to call for a mass uprising to overthrow the tyrants and hang them from lamp posts. However, this solution would unfortunately run up against my own law referred to above. Once in power, we would no doubt behave just as badly as our predecessors. "Trust nobody – most of all do not trust yourself", is a valuable maxim and a useful rule of life.

What is needed is a clear understanding of the problems, so we can create systems and arrangements which overcome the difficulties, taking into account human nature.

As an anthropologist, Graeber brings our attention to some of the most successful solutions of the past 5,000 years, which may have been side-lined or misunderstood in present times. Some of these were the Babylonian and Biblical debt cancellations or "Jubilees". He quotes from the Bible, Deuteronomy Ch15: "Every seventh year you shall make a cancellation. The cancellation shall be as follows: every creditor is to release the debts that he has owing to him by his neighbours". He also quotes from Leviticus Ch29, "Those held in debt bondage were also freed. Every 49 years came the Jubilee, when all family land was to be returned to the original owners, and even family members who had been sold

as slaves, set free".

But Graeber does not just refer to the laws established by Moses. He also draws attention to the examples of Ezra and Nehemiah, who several years later, re-established Jerusalem after the Babylonian captivity and also introduced similar reforms, based on Moses' original laws.

How these reforms could be enacted in the modern world would be a matter for debate and careful analysis; but if we start from the basis that, "The People are Sovereign", we should be trying to organise a world for the 8 billion debtors, not the 5 hundred million creditors. Each country could pursue its own arrangements, and we could learn from the best examples.

To take an analogy, if you played a game of chess, you wouldn't restart the next game with the same pieces that were left at the end of the first game. You'd reset all 32 pieces, the armies would be level and a new battle could begin. The same could apply after a 50 year "Jubilee". All the money and property could be divided up and redistributed equally; or depending on how well you had done in the preceding period you could be given a bonus. If you had done particularly badly in the previous period, at least you could begin again with basic resources.

We could learn from these ancient civilisations, how they tackled these problems, possibly by first reading the books of Moses. But we can also learn from more recent teachers. In the Lord's Prayer, Jesus Christ asks God to "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Graeber mentions that the wording was



later changed in the 1559 Book of Common Prayer, to "Forgive us our trespasses". The successor to Christ, Mohammed, also attempted to establish a viable method of organising society which is still followed today in many countries. Many people are unaware that Mohammed began life as a tradesman and was very critical of the practice of usury which is often the cause of many a ruin. In Graeber's book, he refers to a few periods in history where the trading and financial systems seemed to work extremely well. One of these occurred in China during the Ming Dynasty. Also there was a very effective seaborne and land trade between the Muslim west and the

Indian and Chinese east from the centuries from 900 to 1400 AD. One of the reasons for this was that governments were not over powerful and this did not allow opportunities for excessive exploitation.

From the current crisis, one thing is clear. We cannot continue as before. That will just lead to mass impoverishment and slave conditions, where we are beholden to people and forces we cannot see or understand.

Let us remember: THE PEOPLE ARE SOVEREIGN



"Designed by mindandi / Freepik"



World Memory Championships

The Hour Cards Discipline



by Phil Chambers

*Edited transcript –
Facebook Live by Phil Chambers, 26th April 2020*

Welcome to the 'Hour Cards' discipline in the World Memory Championships. The Hour Cards is one of the marathon disciplines. The remarkable achievements people are making nowadays is staggering. The World record is 48 decks in one hour with perfect recall.

Compare that to just a few years ago, Dominic O'Brien set a Guinness World Record with 54 decks. But this was unlimited time and took him many, many hours to memorise 54. It is slightly different in that this was inter-shuffled cards, so it's not single decks, but all the cards shuffled together and single sighting so he was only able to see each card once. After turning the second card, he wasn't allowed to

turn back to the first. It's interesting how this inter-shuffled idea came about. It started when Creighton Carvello, one of the pioneers of memory, was trying a World Record attempt on Japanese television. All the cards were laid out on the desk ready to memorise, and just before he started on live TV, someone knocked over the table, or it collapsed. All the cards fell on the floor. Because there was no time to sort them back into individual decks, they just gathered them up off the floor, put into piles of 52 and then he memorised those. Of course, having set the record in this particular set of conditions that was perpetuated. That's how it came to be the inter shuffled-record, rather than just individual decks

In the World Championships, you do have individual decks, which means that you can check your recall. On the recall sheets, there are the cards from 1 to 52



listed down the left-hand side, and you can tick those off after you memorise just to make sure you haven't left any gaps or made any mistakes by repeating the same card, or something like that. You've got a suitable checking method. Of course, you don't need to memorise or recall 51. Because the 52nd card is the one that's left after you've ticked off all the rest, you can get away with one error of memory and still score a perfect deck.

One of the issues, though, is if you forget two cards. If you only memorise 50 cards, then you've got a choice. You know the two cards that are missing, but you don't know which way round they went. It could be the first card in the first position and the second in the second position, or it could be the other way around. So, there are two possibilities: One gives you 52 points. The other one, because you've got two errors, gives you zero. You're faced with a 50:50 chance of whether you get 52 or zero, so it's a flip of a coin chance.

However, if you're not confident and don't like to gamble, you can write the same card twice, which means you're guaranteed one right and one error. You have a guaranteed 26 points. It's your choice. When you recall in that situation, do you go for a definite 26 in the bank as it were, or take the chance of 52 or zero? You have to decide on the best strategy depending on how lucky you feel and your position in the competition at the time.

It's a real challenge of memory to do 52 cards multiple times, so 52 cards x 48 times in the competition. The way they do it, is they start off memorising the first

deck, second deck, third deck, and then go back to the first deck after that to review. Dominic describes it like spinning plates at the circus. You have sticks with plates on top. You start spinning the first. Start the next one, start the third one. Then, as the first one starts to wobble and about to come off, you must give it a nudge to keep it going. The same thing happens with your recall of the cards. You have to go back to review the early ones so when you get to the end, you're not starting to forget those decks.

I hope it's been of interest to you.



Synapsia Art
featuring artist, Lorraine Gill



Musical Warp
by Lorriane Gill



The Circus & Abstraction

by Lorraine K Gill

Imagine the colours of a circus; the rhythms; co-ordinations and geometries; the overall noise and meaningful silences; the complex shapes.

The skill, finely tuned, of circus people; disciplined, perceptive and sharp with each act; superbly alert. All a co-ordinated 'whole' of disparate events. All managed by the circus manager.

The manager is the artist.

Imagine the circus as frequencies of colour; all meaningful; all having a place in space; all interacting with each other to complete a balanced whole.

As in the circus, no one act supersedes another; instead they relate and interact; a balancing of all components to create harmony. It is the same with painting. Each colour; shape; line; no matter how loud (e.g. red or black) must be optically in a state to co-ordinate with all colours; it is a perceptual juggling act!

A set of optical equations, although seemingly passive on a canvas, actually relates to the circus.

The line of geometries is in the high wire act; the swinging swings of trapeze artists; the horizontal net; the circles of the tent; curves; shapes; and colours which fundamentally help beings interact.

The grammar of it all.

The grammar lies in our perception of the world about us; the circus is an illustration within a confined space of all elements we see about us finely tuned; the circus is a metaphor for human interaction.

The Music of the Spheres. Colour has frequencies whether about us or on a canvas or the environment. An artist will try to balance these frequencies in the same way as a circus: order; management; balance; perception for the eye.

Look at a Picasso with the same language - lines - colours - geometries; within the circus tent lies a pantry - within the canvas lies all of the same equations.

Leonardo da Vinci managed light and shade as a balancing act. Monet managed colours as a balancing act. Children perceptually balance in their minds' eye what they understand within their environment. Art and painting are the brains' way of co-ordinating the environment on a two dimensional sphere; as perceived by an individual directly influenced by surroundings.

The circus is an ultimate metaphor of our place on this planet.

Risky; balanced; interactions; politics; the manager; shelter; co-ordination; life and death.



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 梅艳艳



Mind Map by: Megan Mei

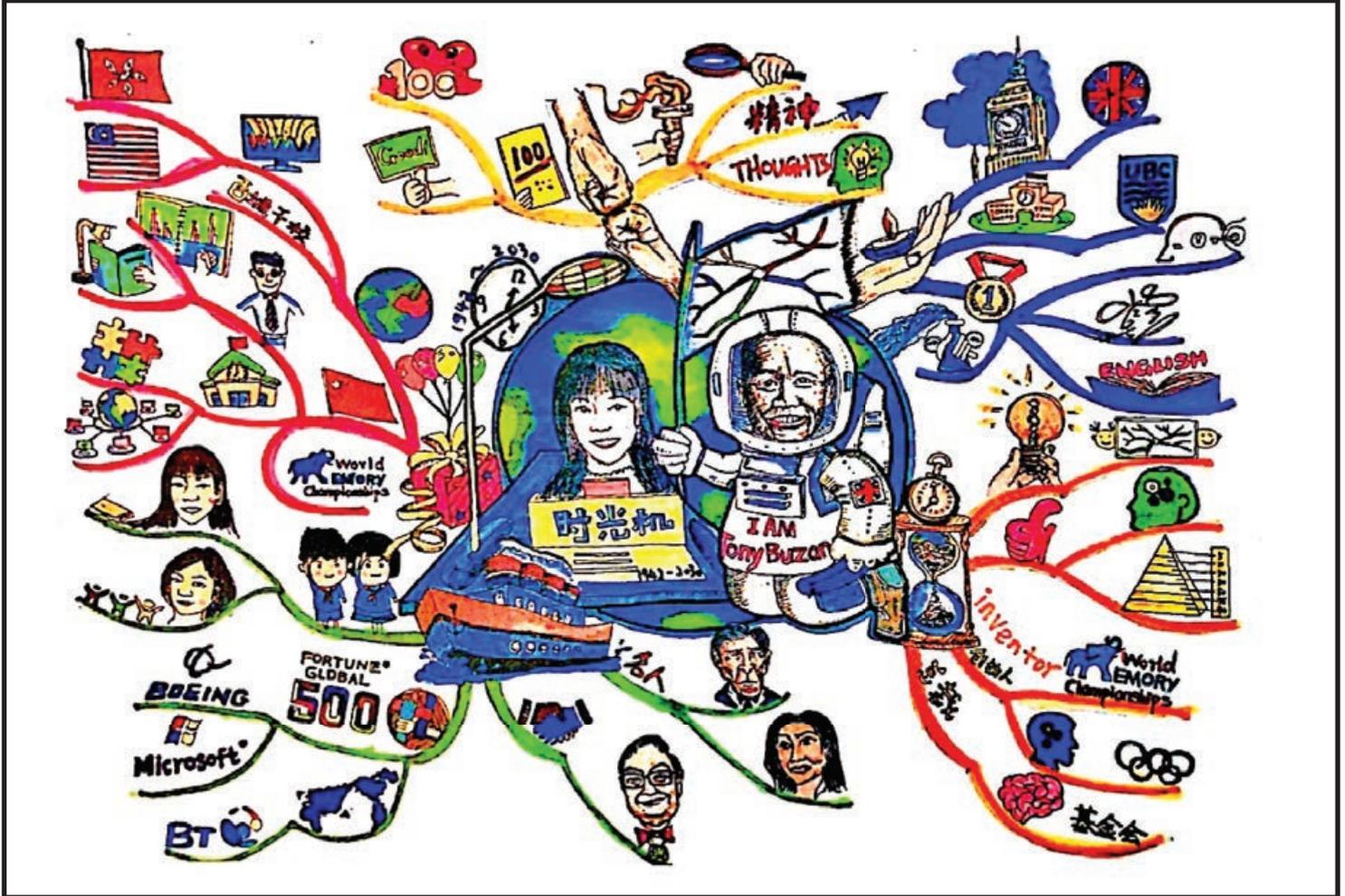
- Executive Chairman of the Organizing Committee of the 12th World Mind Map Championship
- World Mind Map Championship Tournament China Referee
- Head of the Project of mind map (Hundred City, Thousand Schools)
- The Thinking Guide Mentor of the General Administration of Sports of China
- China's media special education experts

第12届世界思维导图锦标赛组委会执行主席
世界思维导图锦标赛中国区裁判长
思维导图【百城千校】项目负责人
中国体育总局思维导图导师
中国多家媒体特聘教育专家



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 梅艳艳



Mind Map by: Megan Mei

This mind map tells the story of me and Tony Buzan. Yan Yan hopes to travel to the future in a time machine for 10 years. At that time, mind mapping will popularise more people in the promotion of mind mapping warriors all over the world. This is the wish of Tony Buzan, and also the wish of all board members.

这幅思维导图讲述了她和博赞的故事，艳艳希望可以乘坐时光机穿越到未来的10年，那个时候思维导图将在全世界思维导图勇士的推广中普及更多人，这是博赞老师的心愿，也是所有理事会成员的心愿。



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 杜康儿



Mind Map by: DuKanger

- Mind Map (Hundred City, Thousand School)
- Mentor Buzan Thought Guide
- Certified TBLI Instructor

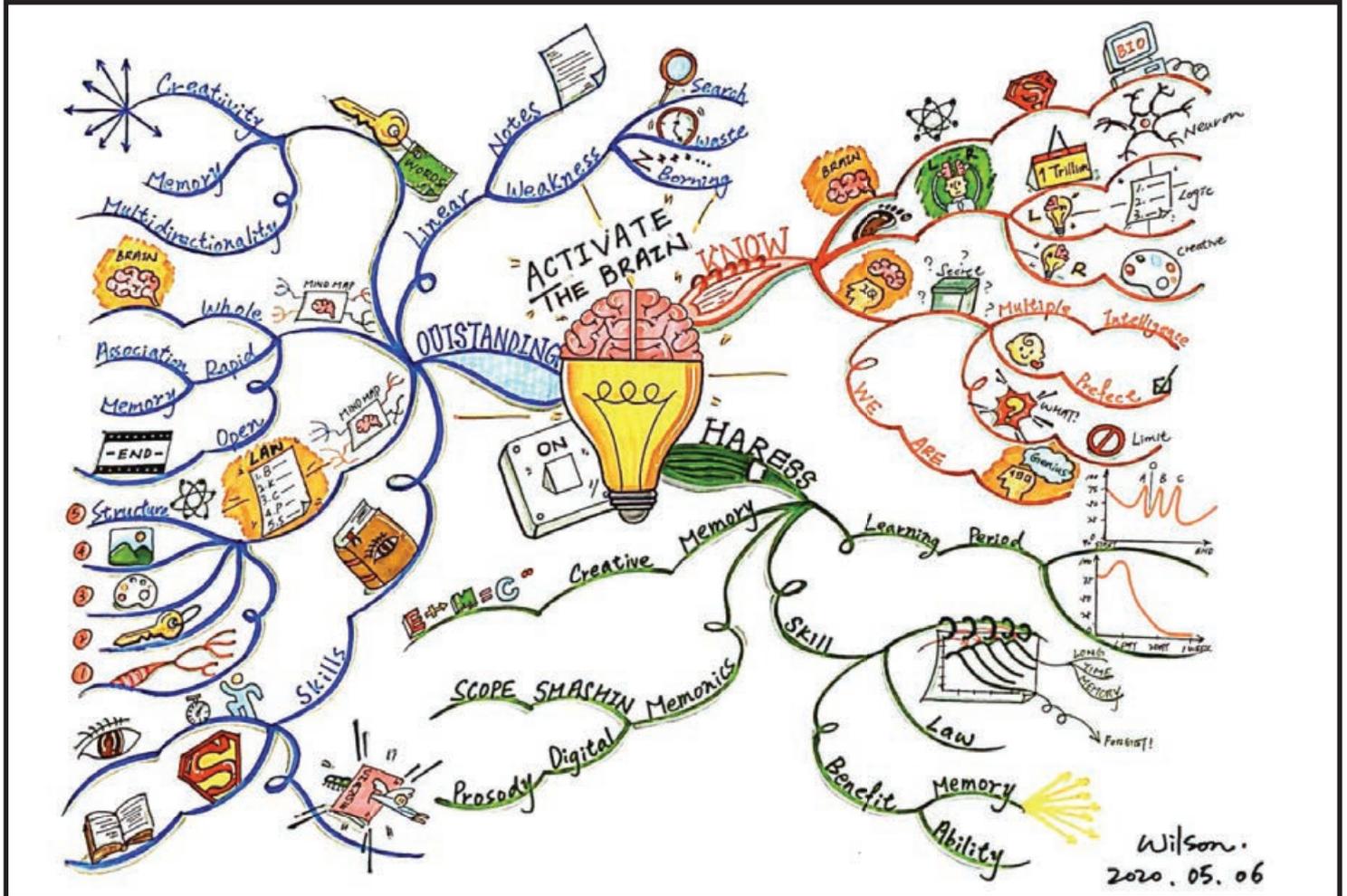
思维导图【百城千校】导师

博赞思维导图认证TBLI讲师



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 杜康儿



Mind Map by: DuKanger

Everyone's brain has unlimited power. Do you know how to turn on your brain?

I gave an important answer after reading the book "Brain Activation" written by Tony Buzan.

每个人的大脑都拥有无穷的能力，那么你知道如何开启你的大脑能力吗？杜康儿在阅读了博赞老师《启动大脑》一书后，给出了重要的解答。



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 刘琳



Mind Map by: Liu Lin

- Mind Map (Hundred City, Thousand School)
- Mentor Buzan Thought Guide
- Certified TBLI Instructor

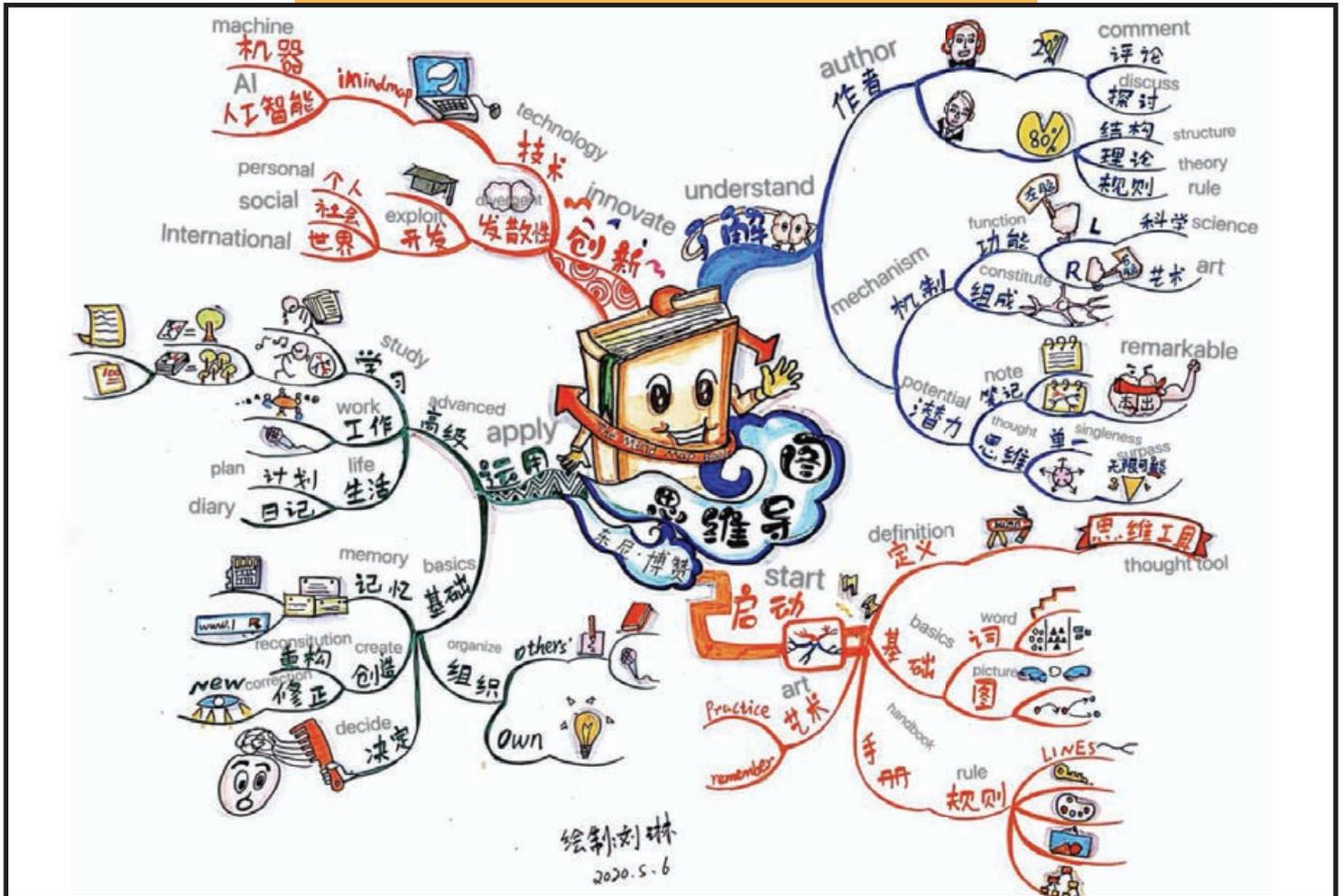
思维导图【百城千校】导师

博赞思维导图认证TBLI讲师



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 刘琳



Mind Map by: Liu Lin

This is my mind map after reading Mr. Buzan's book "mind map". I fully and completely interpret the principles of mind mapping and how it can be used.

It is a very efficient way to read mind mapping.

这是刘琳在阅读了博赞先生《思维导图》这本书籍后完成的思维导图，她完整而全面的解读了思维导图在原理和使用上能带给人们的启发，这是非常高效的阅读思维导图。



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 吴文峰



Mind Map by: Wu Wenfeng

- Mind Map (Hundred City, Thousand School)
- Mentor Buzan Thought Guide
- Certified TBLI Instructor

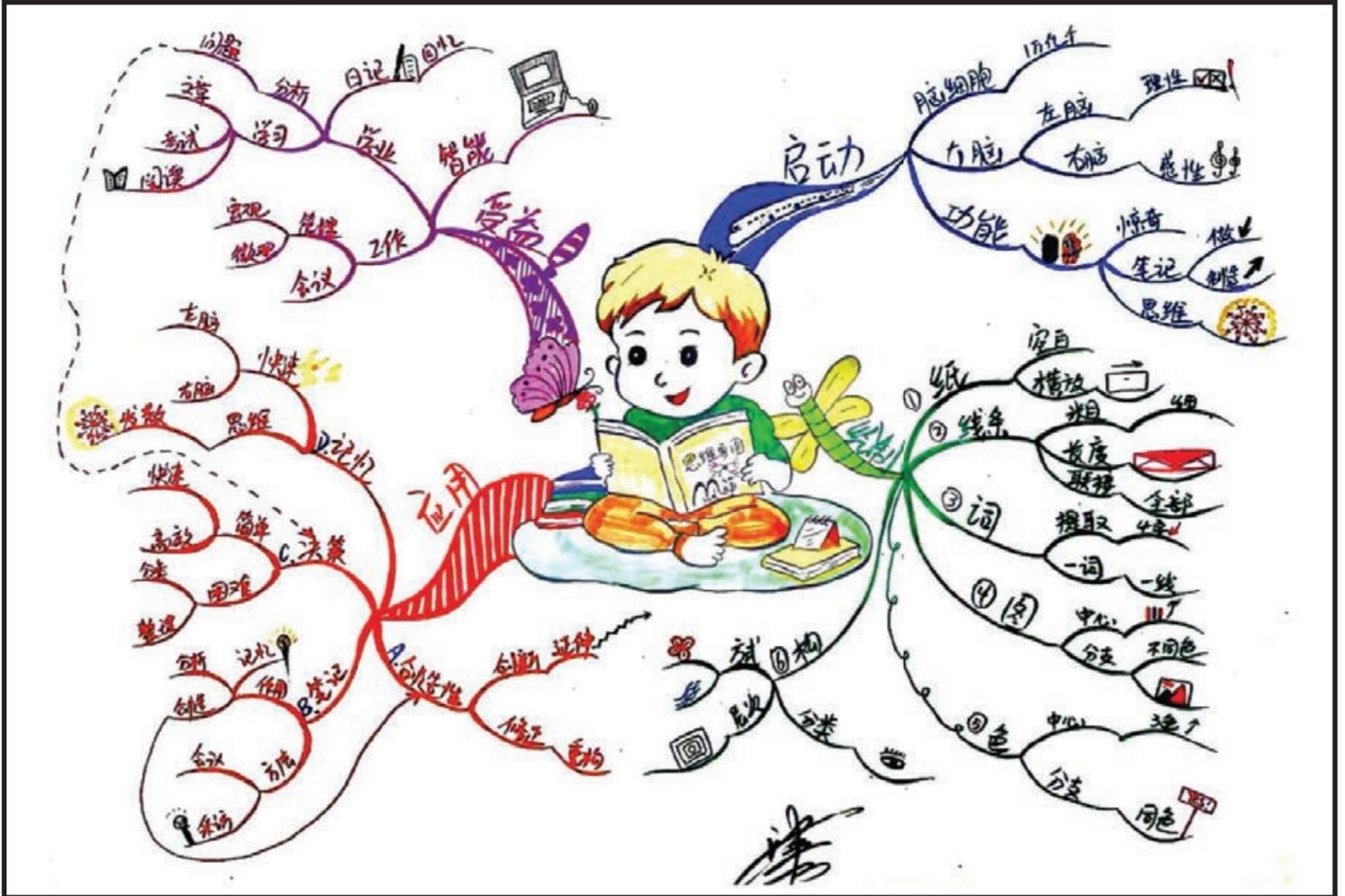
思维导图【百城千校】导师

博赞思维导图认证TBLI讲师



Synapsia Mind Maps

Mind Map by: 吴文峰



Mind Map by: Wu Wenfeng

This mind map tells the story of my personal experience of learning mind maps, and the high efficiency of mind maps which enables children to benefit from adults.

Master the mind map will lead to a more exciting life.

这幅思维导图讲述了他个人学习思维导图的感受，思维导图的高效能力让儿童到成人都受益匪浅。掌握了思维导图的伙伴将走出更加精彩的人生。



Poetry Corner

Tony Buzan



The Tunnel & the Light at the End of the Tunnel

Viewed from the Mountains, Hills, and Plains,
The Escapees and Refugees from the Prison-Schools
of Thought,
Scanned the Horizon,
Searching for the Vanishing Point
The Point which is a Black Hole of Hope.

Hordes Surged across the Plains
Shrinking the Distance.
The Vanishing Point Did Not Vanish
It Gorged,
And Grew,
And Transformed Into a Tunnel
At the End of Which There was Light.
The Light of Hope.

The Hope was Utopia.

Utopia was a New Vanishing Point
And Always Was
And Will Always Be
Hunting,
Rummaging for It,
Always Before It
Never Beyond It
Never Yet In It.

The Tunnel Allowed Solitary Pilgrims Single-File
Through to the Light.
The Light Beckoning
The Tunnel Interior Presumed to be Smooth,
Eventless,
A Bland Journey.

Ha Ha!
Tripped
And Trapped Again.
Unsuspicious, Unsuspected
The Tunnel was Not Pristine.

From Above
From Below
From Every Side Erupted
Attack,
Poison,
Darts,
Insects,
Evil Thoughts,
Torment,
Plagues,
Pain,
Sub-Atomic Assault,
Blindness,
Blackness,
Darkness,
Coals to Burn the Soul.

The Light at the End of the Tunnel:
A Black Hole
Disguised as Light.

Filthy, Banal
A Head-Case
A Spiked Head-Mask
A Body Spiked
Dungeon-Case of Torture
Concealed Spikes Revealed
When One is Blind to this Kind of Kindness
That is Unkind.

Copyright 2019 Tony Buzan



Poetry Corner

Marek Kasperski (Poland)



Most

tym mostem nie dojdiesz do mnie
nie ta rzeka nie ten brzeg
ale spróbuj iść dalej
warto pomału przed siebie
może spotkamy się w świecie
bez mostów rzek i brzegów
na pewno jest takie miejsce
pełne czułości oraz zrozumienia
gdzie możemy być razem
ty na chwilę ja na wieczność

Prawa autorskie 2020 Marek Kasperski

Bridge

you can't reach me along this bridge
not this river, not this shore
but try to keep going
it is worth moving forward
maybe we'll meet in the world
without river and river bridges
there is definitely such a place
full of tenderness and understanding
where we can be together
you for a moment me forever

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Poetry Corner
张艳萍



牵着你的手

我牵着你的手
走过似水流年
春天杨柳依依
秋天黄叶飞飞

你牵着我的手
走过流年似水
夏日花开灼灼
冬日风霜冽冽

日出呼你偕行
日落唤我同归
一天一月一季
已然一十八年

四时无常，两心同欢
景物已非，行人如旧
一边是我，哼着歌儿
一边是你，微笑着

Holding Your Hand

Holding your hand
Walking through the time that goes by like water
Spring, willows swaying
Autumn, leaves dancing

Holding my hand
Walking through the time that goes by like water
Summer, flowers blooming
Winter, winds blowing

Sunrise, I beckon you onward
Sunset, you call me home
Time goes by like water
Eighteen years has passed

Change of four seasons, pleasure of two hearts
Landscape changes, pedestrians remain
One side is me, humming a song
One side is you, smiling



Captured Moments

Ancient Architecture



Stare Miasto (Old Town),
Krakow, Poland

Photograph by Marek Kasperski



Captured Moments

Ancient Architecture



Twilight Spring 暮春
Photograph by Wu Haimeng 吴海萌



The Synapsia Jigsaw Puzzle

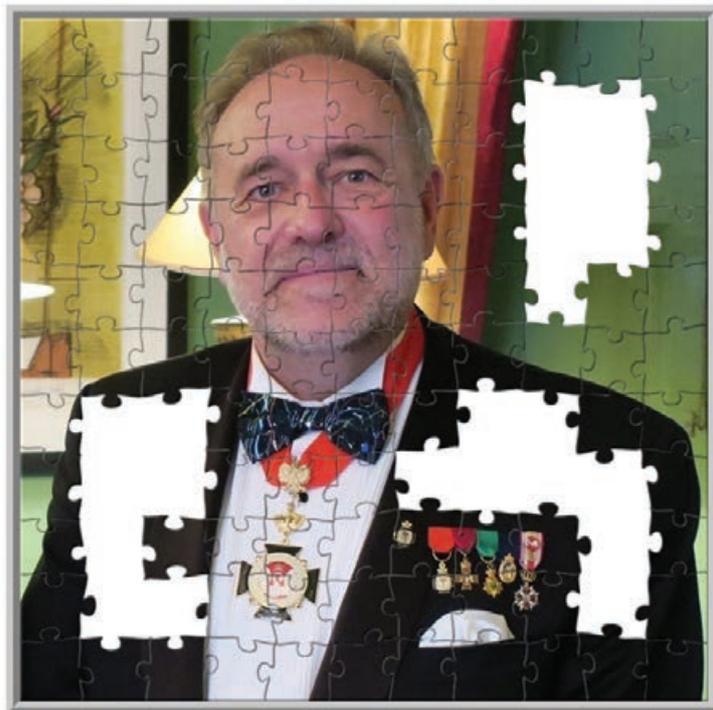
New to Synapsia Magazine will be the Synapsia Jigsaw Puzzle.

There are three ability levels, hard, medium and easy,
which are detailed in the following pages.

For this issue, I have chosen photographs from the
World Memory Championships 2019.

To solve the puzzle, click and drag a piece into the position that
you think is correct. If the choice is wrong, it will not click
together, but if it is correct, the two pieces will click.

Good luck!



by Marek Kasperski



The Synapsia Jigsaw Puzzle



photograph by Marek Kasperski

WMC Trophies: Ability - Hard

Copy the link and paste in a browser.

https://im-a-puzzle.com/synapsia_hard_7nR8RkUc.puzzle



The Synapsia Jigsaw Puzzle



photograph by Wu Haimeng

WMC Compertitors: Ability - Medium

Copy the link and paste in a browser.

https://im-a-puzzle.com/synapsia_puzzle_medium_75NMPFHK.puzzle



The Synapsia Jigsaw Puzzle



photograph by Marek Kasperski

WMC Arbiters:

Ability - Easy

Copy the link and paste in a browser.

https://im-a-puzzle.com/synapsia_puzzle_easy_7JhekOhr.puzzle



The next Synapsia Magazine

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21st September 2020

www.synapsia.net

