



## Dr. Faustus Review

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Review

Dr. Faustus  
Scene Productions  
Diss Corn Hall

The rumbustiousness of the Edinburgh Fringe meets the terrible momentum of Marlowe's play in this hour-long production.

From the start the dabbling doctor has a taste of things to come, as grabbing hands draw him into hell.

Any fears that the original would be lost in clowning are dispelled by the sound of famous lines: "Why this is hell... Was this the face?...I'll burn my books..."

We miss, however, the final rhetoric: "See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament..."

There is plenty of clowning as well, with puppets and student humour. The good and bad angels have portable seaside peek-throughs, so you see just a face and tiny wings.

The seven deadly sins (well three of them) are also depicted in clever, out-of-the-box ways.

The short duration of the show gives an even greater sense of the implacable devil's bargain.

It also highlights the paltry worldly rewards for selling your soul.

A woman friend who wrote her thesis on Marlowe's plays came out well satisfied.

Basil Abbott