

Margēris Zariņš “Viltotais Fausts jeb Pārlabota un papildināta pavārgrāmata” [The Counterfeit Faust or a Corrected and Expanded Cookbook]

Excerpt

Translated by Kaija Straumanis

Biography: Writer Margēris Zariņš (1910–1993) was a bright personality in the Latvian cultural world. Before he gained fame as a writer, he was already a respected composer, working as the musical director for one of Latvia’s largest theatres – the Daile Theatre – as well as composing the score for 16 films. Zariņš’s literary debut came in 1969 with a magazine publication, while his first story collection *Saulrietu violetās ērģeles* [The Violet Strings of the Sunset] was published in 1970. These stories were primarily about musicians and music. He gained more recognition for his later works, which are characterised by wry wit and light-heartedness, playing with themes found in other literary texts and genres. Zariņš often employed a compilation method and combined texts with different styles and functions within a single book. For example, his novel *Kapelmeistara Kociņa kalendārs* [Conductor Kociņš’s Calendar; 1982] is structured like the titular calendar, consisting of various seemingly-unrelated literary, historical, and journalistic text fragments. This work is extremely reminiscent of Milorad Pavić’s famous work *Dictionary of the Khazars*. A similar principle is used in the short adventure novel *Didriķa Taizeļa brīnišķīgie piedzīvojumi* (The Marvellous Adventures of Didriķis Taizelis; 1978).

Synopsis: The novel *The Counterfeit Faust or a Corrected and Expanded Cookbook* gained great popularity and almost cult status among Latvian intellectuals and artists at the time. In it, the author plays with literary traditions and possibilities to an extent not seen before in Latvian literature. As in most of Zariņš’s other literary works, this novel contains elements of Postmodernism, which was also extremely important in Western literature at that time. These elements include breaking down the divide between “high” and “low” culture, playing with cultural heritage, and undisguised quoting/rephrasing/parody. The novel takes place in the 1930s and during the Second World War in Rīga, mostly among a mix of artists and intellectuals. The central character is a young writer and composer named Kristofers Mārlovs who goes to meet Trampedahs, a chef who is past his prime, to secure publication rights for his new cookbook in exchange for the elixir of youth. As in Goethe’s story, the beautiful Margarēta also appears in the novel, though later the author switches the roles of the characters around,

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turning Trampedahs-Faust into the villain while Mārlovs-Mephistopheles becomes a fragile victim. The novel contains a great deal of parody and self-parody, as well as actual historical figures and places which are merged with fiction. Real recipes are given an important position in the text. These and other features make it possible to call *Viltotais Fausts* a genuine example of Postmodern literature, though it is not known whether the author knew about this artistic movement when he was writing his novel.

Excerpt

In 1880, Master of Science Jānis Vridriķis Trampedahs—*candidatus pharmaciae*, honorable and judicious pharmacist of the town of Cēsis, and *bon vivant*—sent his notable literary work, *The Corrected and Complemented Cookbook (The C. C. C.)* to Jelgava to be printed by Ķimels & Pīpers in the Latvian language. And as many years have passed, and since there now exist various new dishes, as well as beverages, and new customs in general, as well as new toasts and cheers, I—knowing full well that Jānis Vridriķis Trampedahs has expressed countless sound sentiments in his *C. C. C.*, all of them in a rather pleasing language and flowery style, and that he’d added many wise lessons in table settings, banquets, health advice, and illustrations of various cooking and baking tools—have made an effort to retain them, especially recipes for pot-roast, ginger-asparagus soups, grilled cockerel kebabs with stewed mushrooms in clove gravy and others—though now I forget what—and meringue made of six or seven whipped egg whites. Few will remain who will know how to prepare veal chops with chestnuts, how to prepare veal-kidney stuffing, or how delicious a ragout can be when prepared with roast pigeon, beestings, morels, and artichokes sautéed in *lardo* and white wine.

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For my part, I'll will add some things about dining-room furnishings and wall hangings, or still lifes, table-music, and porcelain, as well suggest some remedies for warts and rhinophyma in the chapter on intimate matters and skin care. To make the reading experience more enjoyable, I've presented all of this through a fictional lens, formatted as a conversation between Jānis Vridriķis, myself, and a few other notable gentlemen; I've also written about matters of joy and love, terrifying events, nearly unbelievable supernatural happenings, and, at the very end, the pharmacists own sad demise.

I turned twenty-one in May 1930. I was a thin young man with a red goatee, sharp tongue, a bit oddly but brightly dressed, and already in love with a woman with whom I was not yet acquainted as I'd merely seen her once at a summer dance, so I called her Beatrice, my darling Beatrice, and did so until the day I got married—at which time I redacted the dedication to her on the title page.

And the title page . . . That's as far as I've gotten.

In order to begin my work, I had to find the old pharmacist and get his permission and consent, as it was my unfortunate luck that Jānis Vridriķis was still living at the time—again, I'm speaking of May 1930. He turned seventy that year—and who could know whether he'd live another ten or twenty years and take me to court for copyright infringement, slander, and plagiarism? But I couldn't wait around for him to die, and since I didn't know of any way to hasten his departure,

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I found myself in a terribly complicated situation. But I found no respite from the crazy idea that had planted itself in my mind: the C. C. C. was going to be my life’s work, my spiritual release. So what if I’d borrowed a few things here and there for the content? What real writer doesn’t recycle plots? Haven’t Pumpurs’s *Lāčplēsis*, or Gay and Pepusch’s *The Beggar’s Opera* inspired new works of art that have far outshone their predecessors? Would not my cookbook be the one to outdo Trampedahs’s cookbook, or all the cookbooks ever written in the world? Oh, youthful folly, oh, bitter naivete!

I became quite obsessed. My soul was overwhelmed by clouds of ambition that had languished in me since childhood. The book would be a philosophically gastronomic treatise, nearly analogous to a Culinary and Dietary Medicine doctoral student’s dissertation, served with a gravy of contemporary mores with a side salad of emotions.

The book would come to be . . . it would.

I digress! Where could I find Jānis Vīdriķis Trampedahs?

In the town of Cēsis there was only a sign that read “MSc Trampedahs’s Pharmacy,” but he wasn’t there anymore since the district physician, Džonsons, had taken Trampedahs to court on allegations of witch-doctoring and elixir-concocting—he had the authorities intervene! As far as I understood, though, the law had been invoked because the lousy charlatan and outsider had not only poached the honest doctor’s patients and illnesses, but also his income—that

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apothecary didn't deserve any of it! The distressed fugitive left town, no one knows where to, and the pharmacy was bought by a young Jewish man. It was from him, after swearing me to secrecy, that I obtained Trampedahs's address. Jānis Vridriķis had opened a pharmaceutical laboratory in the southern Courland region, in a small town by the Venta River, where he lived quietly and inconspicuously. I thanked the young man for this information, once again promising to tell no one, and left to prepare for my journey.

And so, on a mild evening toward the end of May 1930, after an exhausting train ride and a walk along the dusty white highway over a red-brick bridge, I entered a small town that, at first glance, surprised me: some of the streets were instead canals of dirty water; the ruins of castles loomed among the trees, and chickens and pigs wandered the curiously winding, narrow streets.

I. THE HOME OF JĀNIS TRAMPEDAHS, MASTER OF SCIENCE

Jānis Vridriķis was about to go into the dusky, but lavish apartment fixed up next to the laboratory, when he stopped short: he thought he heard unfamiliar footsteps come down the quiet street and stop by the front door. The old man was plagued by paranoia: he believed Doctor Džonsons had sent out spies and snoops throughout the world to find him and attempt to steal the recipes for his tinctures, mixtures, and the odd beverage and cultivated food recipes. It was with these that Trampedahs had become famous in Cēsis, had cured and

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delighted patients, meanwhile earning the hatred of the medical fraternity. As a result, the master had grown incredibly distrustful. For example, yesterday he'd thought that a suspicious-looking figure in a bowler-hat was following him as he about to cross the bridge over the Venta River. Jānis Vridriķis had immediately hurried back and locked himself inside his home, closed all the shutters, and sat silently until midnight, even though the figure had been none other than the miller of Gaiķi, who, with a head swimming with wine, was sneaking out to visit the girls at the brothel across the river. Upon spotting the pharmacist, he himself had received quite a fright. Then, this morning the miller's mother-in-law had come to complain about it to Vridriķis's housekeeper, Caroline. She'd tearfully begged for the pharmacist to give her some kind of medicine that she could slip her son-in-law, so he'd calm down and stay home with his wife, instead of traipsing about on the far side of the Venta like some horny boar.

Jānis Vridriķis had listened to the exchange in secret; incredibly embarrassed by his error, he'd promised himself to no longer fall prey to any deranged suspicions, which in and of themselves were distinct harbingers of schizophrenia.

And so it was, though at this moment the master was certain someone was standing at the front door. He couldn't force himself to not think of this trifle, despite the fact he was busy with important matters, i.e. his distillation apparatus—a device with coils, knobs, and shiny copper alembic—in which he'd placed three pounds of crushed and fermented juniper berries, ten ounces dried *arthemisia absinthum* or common wormwood, ten ounces dried sweet-flag root, five ounces sweet mustard powder, a pinch of red and blue thistle—*centaurea benedicta*—and ten ounces of mixed lungwort (*pulmonaria*) with *iris florentina* roots, and was currently

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producing the unrivaled spirit that is gin (Old Dry Gin), which the old Dutch had prescribed to nervous seamen who trembled at the mention of pirates, or who couldn't withstand the harsh southern gales.

It was with this medicine that, when still in Cēsis, Jānis Vridriķis had saved the hopeless drunkard Mārcis Bumburis, whose reckless behavior had resulted in *delirium tremens*. And after just a taste of this juniper tincture, Mārcis fell fast asleep, woke twenty-four hours later, and from that time hasn't had touched any alcohol but Old Dry Gin.

The first clear, greenish drops had started to drip through the cooling tube into the porcelain receiving flask, filling the room with the aroma of volatile acids and esters which, if breathed in, could alone set one's mind at ease. But the majority of the mash was still bubbling in the copper alembic, and it would take at least another hour until he could run the second batch . . .

Strange . . . The mysterious pedestrian had stopped at the front door and was quiet. This kind of behavior awoke a fear, nay, a silent terror in the master. Who was the person outside? A beggar? An officer of the law? A neighbor?

It couldn't be a neighbor; Trampedahs hadn't made any friends here. He lived in solitude, and the household was managed by Caroline, a British woman in her fifties. She had been sent to him by his daughter, who had gotten married and now lived in Scotland. Vridriķis's wife had died years ago; his son had disappeared without a trace during the war.

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Caroline had arrived by ship from Ayrshire in May 1928—exactly two years ago—sent like a piece of registered mail “So Papa doesn’t start to mold, living on his own.” The townsfolk, and the children in particular, said Caroline was a witch, and she truly looked like one, with her hair pinned into a high top-knot, black hairs on her upper lip, and the voice of a drill sergeant. But Caroline was a marvelous cook, and prepared everything precisely according to Jānis Vridriķis’s recipes; she also meticulously tended the medicinal herb, root, and flower gardens, watered the dills, parsley, asparagus, artichokes, hilled up the rosemary bushes, and used horse manure to cultivate delicious mushrooms in the shade by edge of the yard.

Plump geese and turkeys grazed in the grass all the way to where the yard met the river by the mill; Caroline had also set up a roost in the attic for pigeons, and what’s more, she collected the money the patients owed for their medicine and treatment, managed the laboratory’s books, and knew how to keep a secret, and so the master was very attached to and grateful for Caroline, and as such could devote his time entirely to science, gastronomy, and literature.

Yes, and also writing! If he had wanted to, he could have celebrated his 50th authorial birthday, as his first and still-incomparable cookbook—*The C. C. C.*—had been published fifty years ago, in May 1880, by Ķimelis & Pīpers.

Having waited in vain these fifty years for some kind of critical article or review, or at least some synopsis in a Russian, German, or even Latvian newspaper, monthly, or scientific publication, and, all hard feelings aside, Jānis Vridriķis Trampedahs was convinced that the day would come when they would laud him, write about him, erect a monument to him in Cēsis—

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the city where he'd grown up and given life to his remarkable C. C. C.—or at the very, very least,

stick a placard on the wall of the room where Jānis Vridriķis had come into the world . . .

He was calmed by hopes and dreams for the future. If only those villainous spies, damn them . . .

. those spies who wanted to steal his recipes, publish them, and claim them as their own . . .

“I feel like there really is someone standing out front,” the master whispered, quietly locking the door, turning down the flame that heated the copper bowl, and tiptoed into his study, which was furnished with a large pearwood desk, piled high with papers and books, and matching high-backed chairs.

The master slumped into one of the chairs and held his breath, listening . . . The pigeons cooed in their roost, but the street was quiet as a tomb . . . Jānis Vridriķis stared in despair at the yellow-brown leather bindings of his books . . .

There was a bookcase against one brown oak-paneled wall of the study—it was full of expensive and valuable volumes. The books were in Greek, Latin, Russian, French, German, English—and, yes, he even had volumes of Latvian folk verses—there were dictionaries, and various housekeeping magazines: *A Woman's World*, *Van de Velde's Ideal Marriage*, *Its Physiology and Technique*, cooking brochures on national cuisine—grey pea and potato mash, kvass, scrambles, barley and smoked-pork porridge, sour porridge, bacon and buttermilk dumplings; linguistic lexicon charts with toasts and cheers from various nations, their entomology, origins, and how they characterize individual peoples, for example, *prozīt, skol, na zdorovje; žmiudz vasals*; knock one back; down the hatch; to us, etc.

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A massive oil lamp hung from the ceiling; it had a large white lampshade, and a heavy, shiny counterweight, so the lamp could be lowered, raised, or pulled all the way down to the tabletop.

The master silently pushed closed the swinging doors that led to the dining room, since whoever was outside could look in through the dining room window, and from there see into the study.

The dining room was a small, but cluttered room. In its center stood a round table covered with a starched, snow-white cloth. It was already set with dishes and silverware.

"Damn! Dinner will be served soon," the master thought. "Yet someone has been standing at the front door for over a minute now . . ." the old man felt his appetite wane . . . he was accustomed to being psychologically prepared for his meals. They ate together—Caroline and Vridriķis. They ate in silence, but meals were still solemn and ceremonial, just as the master wanted.

The candles were ready to be lit, the silverware sparkled, the napkins fluttered like white doves, the china—both Rosenthal and Meissen—glistened, and was used depending on the food and drink served, as each dish had its respective dinnerware and flatware, a fact that was strictly regulated.

Broth was best served in a simple and modest Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin tureen, along with matching, shallow gold-rimmed bowls. Consommé was to be served on the Sèvres plates with

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the blue, double-line design shared by the matching tureen, which had a daintier build because all consommés were heavier than any broth—which is why the spoon one lifts to one’s lips (and not the spoon one *lowers* one’s lips *to*, as was the unforgivable style northwest of La Rouchefoucauld in the Dordogne department of France) becomes, in turn, heavier, causing more strain on the muscles of the palm and the respective individual’s posture and movements to be more stilted and awkward. This can be avoided by using soup spoons not made of solid silver—the Antwerp-based Meier & Sons manufactures silver-plated, tungsten soup spoons with ornately curved handles.

Jānis Vridriķis Trampedahs was adamant about having roasts served on a large shallow dish manufactured by Kuznetsov Porcelain in Riga, while fricassees were to be served in oblong platters—also from Kuznetsov—and larks with grapes and mushrooms were to be baked in earthenware pots over hickory coals, to which would be added shallots and a splash of cooking wine, and, once ready, the pots would be wiped down and set on the table and covered with a clean napkin.

In the case of earthenware pots, the best were those made in the Latvian region of Latgale, and could be used for any dish no matter how international—the only exception being they were never to be used for sour porridge with dumplings.

Meanwhile, cheese stuffed with partridge pate was required to be served only in shells harvested in the Balearic Islands shortly before a typhoon . . .

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Jānis Vridriķis glanced at the clock: three and a half minutes had passed . . . Very well!

Then he would also remain, sitting still . . . Something about this wasn't quite right . . . Caroline would enter the dining room soon with the dessert tray . . .

The most extensive assortment of serveware was reserved for dessert: these were displayed in a large, glass-paned sideboard, reflected and gleaming in the round mirror adjacent. Crystal, Secessionist-style fruit bowls, hammered silver, and, of course, glasses upon glasses . . .

This legion of glasses lined the top shelf of the sideboard: there were cordial glasses for sherry and Cointreau, a liqueur made from orange blossoms—before drinking, the glass was to be warmed in the palm of one's hand in order to release the aroma. There were also small snifters for Bisquit and Courvoisier V.V.O. (Very Very Old) cognac, medium snifters for Camus, Martell, and Gournay S.O.P. (Superior Old Pale) cognac, and large snifters for the Armenian Five Star and X.O. (Very Old) brandies of the world, the latter of which could, on certain occasions, even be served in a teacup—entirely permissible by etiquette—as the Caucasus hospitality would be sorely offended were we to ask them to serve us cognac in a shot glass. Old Trampedahs drinks from the smallest snifters, although frequently and without toasting. But who was he supposed to make a toast to—Caroline?

The most complex system of glassware was that for wines—few are those who can navigate it without error.

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The slender, textured, cone-shaped crystal glasses are for white wine; the smooth, rounded

glasses for red wine; the tall, narrow flutes for champagnes like Sparkling Hak and Sparkling

Moselle; the wide coupe glasses for champagnes like Fleur de Sillery, Grand Vin Brut, and Extra

Dry. Martinis are served in small, curved goblets, as long as they aren't mixed with other

ingredients, in which case the beverage is served in the glasses meant for orangeade.

And there were hundreds of other types of simpler wine glasses, which would be listed in the

newest edition of the *C. C. C.*, along with which wines are to go with which cuisines—but more

on that later . . . Jānis Vridriķis Trampedahs already knew all this, which is why he never

relented, never compromised where it regarded his dining room, his dinner table . . .

“I'm imagining things . . . Yet another hallucination . . . My god, my god, what will become of me if this keeps happening! Someone walked down the street and past the house, nothing more . .

.” Trampedahs tries to think of something else, turning his attention to the painting on the

wall—a still-life by Pieter Claesz (in actuality just a store-bought print). A cracked-open

watermelon, its juice like freshly spilled blood . . . Blood! My god, my god . . . Why this, of all

paintings . . .

The atmosphere of food and drink in the dining room was heightened by the paintings lining its

walls: portraits and still-lives, a stylistically eclectic collection that shared by a unified theme:

wine, wild game, fruits, famous eaters and drinkers.

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We'll begin with the painting on the left. The beret-wearing alchemist portrayed there is

Arnaud de Villeneuve, who, in 1250, was the first person to distill wine to get “firewater” —later called “silver-water,” then “l’eau-de-vie,” and finally simply as “spirits.”

Next is a man in a monk’s habit, Lemery. In 1701, he lived in Cognac, a village near Segonzac in the French region of Charente. He had hidden his eau-de-vie from his nephew by pouring and sealing the liquid in an oak barrel, the staves of which are porous and which contain—as do all oak boards—cellulose, hemicellulose, polyuronides, and lignin. The eau-de-vie soaks into the pores, dissolves a portion of the chemical compounds within the wood; then the surrounding oxygen oxidizes the substance, creates fragrant notes and scents, volatile acids and esters, and, the longer it’s aged, the more valuable the resulting liquid became. Cognac starts to deteriorate after thirty years, but Lemery found a way to prevent this. Lemery was a monk of the Dominican Order; the color of his nose in his portrait is indicative of the fact that he truly was the one who invented *Fin de Champagne*, the most famous, most divine of all French beverages. The next portrait—a copper etching—is of a slightly tipsy Alfred de Vigny and is accompanied by his enthusiastic autograph and the following inscription:

“En 1857 Monsieur Alfred de Vigny avait dans sa cave les récoltes de 1856 et de 1857, on tout pres de 65 hectolitres de Cognac, de cette liqueur des Dieux, comme l’apelle Victor Hugo.”¹

¹ In 1857, Alfred de Vigny had casks stored in his basement containing a total of 65 hectoliters of cognac—which Victor Hugo called “the liquor of the gods”—from the 1856 and 1857 harvests.

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The fourth portrait is of Gambrinus—also known as King John I of Flanders—the man who first added hops to beer, even though it is known that the ancient Egyptians drank beer, though their beer contained neither hops nor alcohol; it was more like a child’s drink.

It is common knowledge that wine was invented by the god Bacchus, and that the greatest drinker of wine was the poet Anacreon—and so both appear together in the fifth portrait.

Though, the Arabic world had a grape beverage, *al kogol*, long before, but the Koran forbids alcohol, and so to this day only one sect uses it—the *Alkogolists*, who can now be found all over the world.

Then come the Dutch still-life paintings, which portray a stunning amount of naturally deceased prairie hens, black grouse, wood duck, partridge, and hares surrounded with grapes, apples, and pears.

In contrast, the Latvian still-life paintings are dominated by sliced lemons, open bottles of vodka, half-eaten pickles, set out on blue-checked linen tablecloths next to candlesticks and a loaf of bread—with or without a knife.

The Cubists were left with a few scraps of chopped-up guitars and empty, rectangular flasks.

The Expressionists showed nothing but the resulting hangover.

Listen! Jānis Vridriķis hears the crash of glass and something like a thud coming from the foyer.

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A thief! Sweat beads on his forehead and he throws a frightened glance at the window and sees

Caroline out in the yard feeding the geese . . . Should he open the window and yell for her? But

if it truly is a burglar, it will be too late.

Quietly, Trampedahs goes to his desk and takes out his dueling pistol—a holdover from his university days—and, his entire body trembling, opens the door to the foyer . . . The window is open (the master remembers now that he’d opened it after lunch to air out the laboratory, and had forgotten to close it).

A young man is standing by the window; he has a smart, Don Quixote-esque goatee, a deep scar on one cheek that runs from his eye to the corner of his mouth, and smooth hair that is parted down the middle. He’s dressed in the latest style: narrow, stove-pipe trousers, a colorful spencer jacket, and shoes dirtied with road dust. But the stranger doesn’t look like a burglar; Trampedahs lowers his pistol, but remains speechless, his fear replaced by outrage at this shameless young man and his dirty shoes.

The young man carefully closes the window, latches it, and leisurely dusts a piece of straw off his sleeve. Then he clears his throat and says:

– Good evening!

Jānis Vridriķis is shocked, he can’t find the words to put this whelp in his place—it would come to him eventually, though by then it would be too late, as had happened to him before, for

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example, like the night he came up with the perfect speech with which he could finally destroy that damnable Doctor Džonsons in a debate.

– devening . . .

That is all the old master is able to reply. The intruder is in control of the situation.

“I’m catching the divine scent of gin in the air,” the intruder says. “So I am not mistaken. Do I have the pleasure of speaking to Master of Science, *candidatus pharmaciae*, Jānis Vridriķis Trampedahs?

It’s a good start. The young man flatters him with the use of Master of Science in his address, though the apothecary conferred the title on himself once he’d taken up astrology. In truth, he was just a pharmacist.

“Who gave you permission to come in here? Just as soon as I try to relax, suddenly there’s a scoundrel climbing through my windows. Out, I say, out!”

– *Silentium!* I waited outside for a quarter of an hour, ringing the doorbell, but no one answered. I heard someone moving around inside, locking the door, and not letting me in. Then I spotted the low windowsill and the open window, and it all made sense—in this town people must walk through windows and look out doors.

At this Trampedahs blushes: he had squinting through the keyhole for a good while, but hadn’t been able to see anyone . . .

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“I really did try the doorbell, sir!”

“The electricity in our town has gone out. There’s no water to turn the mill. But once it rains, it’ll be back on. That much should have been self-evident, young man . . .”

“Then, sir, you should have written that in chalk on your front door,” the young man protests.

“Hah! Should I have? Perhaps I should also write, ‘Be back soon, feel free to burgle.’? I can see right through you, you’ve been sent by Doctor Džonsons to threaten me, to extort me, I know all his games . . . You can tell him that I showed you the door and told you to go to hell! My pistol is loaded so I suggest you leave while you can. Otherwise your options are the Ēdole Hospital or the Tadaikī Cemetery.”

“Sir, why so are you so upset? Why are you swearing at me, threatening to shoot me? I swear to you, I don’t know any Doctor Džonsons, and what’s more I could care less about doctors, as well as about your antique firearm, which would only discharge if you lit an oil-soaked rag next to the fuse. Besides, I’m an Aquarius, so no bullet will hit me. You should have thought of that before you—the honorable pharmaceutical occultist, master of alchemy, *praemissis praemittendis*—started to threaten me . . .

“You know who I am?” Trampedahs said, surprised. The old man suddenly thought he had glimpsed two small horn-like growths on either side of the young man’s forehead—now obscured by his carefully combed hair. This unsettled Trampedahs somewhat. But then the young man continued:

Mārgēris Zariņš "Viltotais Fausts jeb Pārlabota un papildināta pavārgrāmata" [The Counterfeit Faust or a Corrected and Expanded Cookbook]

Excerpt

Translated by Kaija Straumanis

"I read the 1880 edition of your C. C. C. I believe it is the best cookbook ever written, a true masterpiece. Do I have the pleasure of speaking with its unrivaled author?"

"Yes!"

"You're the famous Jānis Vīdriķis Trampedahs?"

"The same!"

"The same! Thank god, finally! After several months of fruitless searching, doubting, hoping, and wandering, I've finally found you!"