CHAPTER-IV

HAPPY DAYS

An intense commitment to the theme of an aborted, irrational and purposeless existential impasse and the artistic integrity to embody it in concrete on-stage dramaturgic shapes; can hardly be expected to have any enthusiasm for life, much less consider it full of the ecstasies of joy, prayer and gratitude. In Waiting for Godot sheer repetition used almost as ritual, had bereft the word ‘happy’ of all its meaning, reducing it to a grotesque voice-sound---

Vladimir: You must be happy, too, deep down, if you only knew it.
Estragon: Happy about what?
Vladimir: To be back with me again.
Estragon: Would you say so?
Vladimir: Say you are, even if it’s not true.
Estragon: What am I to say?
Vladimir: Say, I am happy.
Estragon: I am happy.
Vladimir: So am I.
Estragon: So am I.
Vladimir: We are happy.
Estragon: We are happy. (Silence.) (Act II, p.60)

Beckett does not stop after the stage-direction for Silence because there was an insistent pressure on the dramaturgic shape,¹ which the Non-ent theme² takes, and vice-
versa, that is, on the theme itself to add one more beat to the rhythm generated. It comes as a culmination and takes the form of a short Estragon-Vladimir exchange. This exchange dramatically sucks the articulation 'happy' of all its innocent joy, the play having sufficiently progressed to make both Godot and Waiting, already overwhelming on - stage concretizations——

Estragon: What do we do now, now that we are happy?

Vladimir: Wait for Godot. (Estragon groans). (Silence)

(Act II, p.60)

At another place in the same play, Vladimir stifles a hearty laugh and substitutes it with the grotesqurie of an ear to ear smile, as quick to vanish, as it was to appear. In Endgame also, laughter is graded, and, on three occasions comes after much reflection. At yet another place in the same play the stage-direction scales laughter down from hearty to less hearty, to still less hearty. There is talk too of the last time Hamm had had a hearty laugh! Therefore, the title of Happy Days may be a little intriguing, more so because the curtain rises on a half buried Winnie, aged 50 who is 'embedded to above her waist' in an 'expanse of scorched grass rising centre to a low mound'. This time, a whole play is made to act out the ritual of happiness. Like Waiting, Godot, Ending, and Time in the Godot-play, Endgame and Krapp's Last Tape respectively, one more abstraction is put into the dramaturgic sieve and is literally seen to disintegrate, even as the play's theatric exercise continues relentlessly till the very end. In Waiting for Godot, illusions of a Vision, Story, Dream and even Grace and Redemption are rinsed of their meaning. In Happy Days, an entire play with its own specific technique is set the task of an operation demolish, to destroy the illusion of
happiness, gratitude and prayer, and of an absent-presence constantly a-watch over its creatures and creation.

The play is also another fresh and original treatment of language and human corporeality. However, the language used is just not a Vladimir -- Estragon 'banal' cross-talk. Neither is it a schizophrenic's word - salad like Lucky's, with almost a method in its madness. Nor, is it either a telescoping of tapes recorded at earlier birth-days and heard by the old decrepit at the late age of 69. Once again it is a new experience of the phenomenon that is language with a fresh dramaturgy of its own. Its dramaturgic de-structurings are more in the *Endgame* tradition of extended speech deliveries, particularly of Hamm's page-length or more soliloquies, though Winnie's pages-spread long speeches always have a dialogic content, because of the constant though silent Willie-presence in the background. Also, even as in *Endgame*, the same human voice is very often modulated and even fragmented repeatedly into normal or narrative tones, and very often with the help of dramatically appropriate Pause-punctuations. Of course, there is variety here also, in the sense that the voice modulations may be many but they are not as various as in *Endgame*. Thus, in the latter play, Nagg's tailor's story required five different voice-modulations, and one very small Hamm speech was de-constructed to accommodate a rational being's voice also. Not that all this was not done in drama ever before, but if anything, it evidences Beckett's interest in the potentiality inherent in the creative manipulation of even a metaphor-bereft work-a-day language. It is this that makes his entire ouevre logo-centric and the playwright himself, a classic long before his death. For sure, it was just not because he often used what is generally described as 'banal, work-a-day cross-talk'. His plays are logo-centric, and his language of cliche and collapse, carries very lightly the
heavy burden of the profound simplicity that an aborted existential plight reduces itself to. Pauses, Long Pauses, Maximum Pauses, and, Silences and Long Silences are also used to dramaturgically break-up human speech. Of course, the dramatist does not limit himself to only these, because often a yawn, or a blow of the nose, or, the turn of a newspaper-page proves a sufficient dramaturgic device. In fact, a 'language-dynamic' and the drama inherent in human existence as a 'physical theme' were his technique's two primary characteristics. Therefore, it would not be far wrong to suggest that his imagination was fine-tuned to the vagaries of drama generally, and the existential drama in particular. Beckett had control over both English and French as mother-tongues, although he was Irish. The obligation to express was his bane. It was indeed an obsession, for he also knew that there was nothing to express and nothing in which to do so. It was while he was at his novels that he really discovered language, and the possibility of cancelling out a preceding statement by words that immediately succeeded it, erasing a verb by another verb and a noun by yet another noun, inventing profound language games that eliminated meaning out all together. Happy Days is one new, and very successful experiment in exploring the drama inherent in language as well as in existence, even when each is reduced to the basic banalities and shows that the human predicament was completely shorn of meaning. Now, no Beckett play repeats the technique of an earlier drama by the play-wright in its entirety, because each play has its own fresh and original dramaturgic experience to offer. In fact, it is this dramaturgic variety consequent to the constant thematic variations in each play of the theme of a Non-ent which keeps interest in Beckett drama alive. Ultimately the theme is always that of an empty and meaningless existential irrationality, with only enough variation to make it appear different and by changing the technique to suit the thematic change.
Happy Days is a play in two Acts covering 38 pages. Of this, Act I extends over about 27, and Act II over 11 pages. Viewed perfunctorily, the two Acts would appear to contain only an extended monologue of the 50-year old, half-embedded Winnie, because her speech deliveries take-up almost 34, of the 38 pages, of the play. However, Beckettian control over the play’s dramaturgy not only subtly converts what would otherwise be monotonous soliloquy not only into a veritable dialogue between Winnie and her partner Willie, but also, between the stage and its audience. This is because the human being is actually ‘there’ on-stage in both her and his constricted existential bind. And, the wonder of it all is, that Willie is scarcely ever wholly present, on stage, as a visible performer. But that, Willie is the other, in this characteristic Beckettian two-some, is never in doubt. Earlier, in Waiting for Godot, Beckett had successfully concretized, on stage, an absent-presence, Godot, and along with Godot, yet another abstraction, Waiting. Therefore, it would have been a lot easier for the playwright to contextualize a Willie-presence, while actually keeping him almost always away, and out of sight. However, in Happy Days, the change is that Beckett chooses to keep Willie out of sight behind Winnie’s mound. Therefore though Willie is not on stage, there is never any doubt that he is not there, and his presence is manipulated dramatically. Of this, a minor example would be the rarely-speaking Willie’s important ‘It’, sounded all alone between two very extended Winnie’s speech-deliveries. Willie’s ‘It’ is sandwiched between Winnie’s Second and Third Speeches, the former about 5 pages long and the latter extending over 3 page lengths. Willie’s ‘It’ is an answer to a Winnie question about the pronoun to be used for ‘hair’. Was the pronoun to be ‘it’ or ‘them’? And the play being in English, Willie lends authority to the first of the two, by just saying ‘It’, whereafter the 3-page Third Speech by
Winnie immediately starts. Of course this may sound both unusual and comic, yet in the context in which it is spoken, it does not, because the Second and Third Winnie Speeches carry a heavy burden of the usual Beckettian themes. Looked at from this perspective the sounded 'It', could be tragic as well as grotesque, and also, a dramaturgic device to create an appropriate interval between two long Winnie utterances. This also evidences the dramatist's particular fondness for the dramatic potential of single-worded articulations, particularly pronouns, and how these voice-sounds can construct, as well as de-construct speech dramaturgically. This fondness to deal with pronouns to create subtle, dramatic nuances, as part of his 'language theme' will also be considered in the analysis of Play.

Out of deliberate choice then, Willie is put behind the low mound, at the epi-centre of which 50 year-old Winnie is shown buried waist high. Beckett-technique concerns itself with 'physical theme' Willie is not only out of sight, though always a presence in Winnie's mind, he is also supposed to speak rarely or almost not at all. Through out the play, and more particularly, through Winnie's constant address or allusion to Willie, in her first three speeches, Beckett transforms the otherwise long Winnie monologues, which on occasion cover 9 and even 10 pages, into profound exchanges between a typical Beckettian two-some, in this case Winnie and Willie. But of this a little later, because let us now look at the play's dramaturgy from the very beginning.

The curtain rises on an expanse of scorched grass rising centre to a low mound. Behind the mound extends a plain, with the sky receding, to meet it in the distance. It is once more a sparse stage. The range and spread is again from Man to the Cosmos. Embedded to above the waist, and
in the exact centre of the mound, under blazing light is
Winnie, a 50 year old blonde, plump of arms, with bare
shoulders, and a big bosom. She wears a pearl necklace. To
her left is a capacious black bag. To her right is a
collapsible parasol. Lying asleep on the ground, but hidden
by the mound is Willie. Winnie is also discovered sleeping,
with her head on her arms, and her arms on the ground before
her. This is the first concrete stage - image in the play.
It is of a trapped and constricted human condition in a
Universe, reduced to its simplicities of a scorched earth,
sky, plain, a receding horizon and blazing light. Soon,
sound-effects take over. After a Long Pause, a bell rings
piercingly for 10 seconds. However, Winnie does not move.
After a Pause the bell rings more piercingly, this time only
for 5 seconds. Winnie raises her head and 'gazes front'.
There is a second Long Pause, and also the second concrete
stage - image to hold the audience and the reader's
attention alike. Winnie straightens up, lays her hands flat
on the ground, throws back her head and gazes at the zenith.
The third Long Pause ensues, and without question, the
audience receive the third striking stage - image to hold
their imaginations by. But who trapped Winnie there? Who rang
the piercing bells? Who cast the blazing light? These remain
mysteries. There is only this intense, strangely constricted,
on stage, 'there' human presence, between earth and sky,
under a blazing light, and controlled by a piercing bell.
Shorn of the woolly trappings of defunct illusions, such is
the supposed nature of an existential Non-ent just
physically 'there', entrapped, and perpetually confined.
However, very unusually, Winnie appears happy! Infact, she
begins with a prayer, and, follows it up with an addendum,
which, because of the sharp contrast with her constricted
condition, beget irony. Beckettian technique is particular
about the relevant dramaturgic detail ---
Winnie: (gazing at zenith). Another heavenly day. (Pause.) (Act I, p.9)

Her head is back-level. She clasps hands to breasts and closes her eyes. Her lips move in inaudible prayer for about 10 seconds. Then her lips become still, hands remaining clasped. And she is heard to say---

For Jesus Christ sake. Amen. (Act I, pp.9-10)

Winnie’s eyes open, hands unclasp and return to the mound. A Pause ensues. Then she clasps hands to breasts again, and her eyes close, and lips move once more in an inaudible addendum, this time for five seconds, and she is heard to say---

World without end Amen. (Act I, p.10)

Winnie’s eyes open again, hands unclasp and return to the mound. There is a Pause. The prayer and its addendum in the context of the three successive stage - images, contextualized as on - stage grotesqueries, throw up the manifest incongruity of the situation with the play’s title. The theatric detail underscores the sham that the devotion could be. Or, was it simple obduracy, or, even plain naivete, an obvious example of Man, the Simpleton. In either case, the situation was tragically grotesque. It is a Beckettian personae, embedded till her waist in scorched - grass earth, and yet gazing devotedly at the heavens, mumbling an inaudible prayer, and pleading it to be granted for the sake of Christ, and, adding an addendum also, and concluding with a low---

World without end. Amen. (Act I p.10)
Krapp when at middle-age would have called it a yelping to providence. A Hamm would have blurted down-right abuse. A Pozzo would have seen in the decrepit, a God; for Man, Pozzo said, was in the image of God. Beckett's dramaturgy appears obsessed with the idea of a divinity, and does not ever miss the least opportunity to let all its haloed associations have a sound dramatic drubbing. Winnie's existential state, is too incongruous with her ecstasy of prayer, and therefore engenders from the very start the irony that is the perpetual undercurrent in what ever she later says, does or believes. Add to this the prayer for a world without end! And add also the irony of visualizing another happy day! The technique contextualizes on stage, the Beckettian theme of a meaningless and constricted existential bind, trying unsuccessfully to prop itself up through the drama of ecstatic devotion and prayer! That all is not quite well is plain, because very strangely, after so much religiosity, it is only a hesitant Winnie who prods herself to begin her day---

Begin, Winnie. (Pause.) Begin your day Winnie. (Pause.). (Act I p.10)

Woken up by a piercing bell and under blazing light, as also embedded till her waist in a scorched-earth mound, between an expanse of plain and sky, Winnie had to have her sceptic hic-cups. Beckett takes particular care to ensure that. Three Pauses and the addition of 'your day' to 'Begin Winnie' makes the cajole more manifest. This apart, there are at least 30 stage-directions in the play for 'Smile-on/Smile off' and 'Smile/Smile broader/Smile off' and quite a few for 'gaze front' and 'arrested gestures'. Also, 44 Long Pauses and 460 odd Pauses, situate, on-stage a profoundly intense existential condition, with stubborn returns to blessful enthusiasms and joyous exultation. Quite
a few times, the head is put down in despair to be propped up either by a self-prod, cliche, or, blatant recalcitrance. The predicament is bad. To sing also is soon thought fatal, and Winnie even remembers the sadness after a song. Later, when Willie does sing, the delivery is hoarse, and he refuses to respond to Winnie’s encore. And despite Winnie’s umpteen repetitions of it being a happy and wonderful day, and therefore a matter of great mercy, the Winnie - Willie condition is sad and pathetic. The stage - directions help dramatically situate on stage, accretion after accretion which expose the irrationality of human existence. As always in Beckett, the drama of a predicament is reduced to its least modicum, be it as the dramaturgy of a ‘collapsed’ language, or, as sheer banal torso activity, which remains the ‘physical theme’.10

The first Act has 6 extended Winnie speeches that cover almost 24 of the play’s 27 pages. The speech-lengths vary; the First and Second Speeches are of almost 4 pages each, while the Third covers about 2. The Fourth and Fifth are 2-1/2 pages each, and the Sixth Speech which is also the last of Act I, spreads over 9 pages almost. The 12 pages of Act II also have Winnie speaking most of the time. It is a single speech and spans about 10 pages. Thus, a play that is only 39 pages long, has Winnie speaking in it for about 34 pages. The play also has 4 Winnie - Willie Conversations. Each Willie Speech and each Winnie - Willie Conversation is a different exercise in characteristic Beckettian dramaturgy.

Now, how could a performer, who keeps speaking alone most of the time for almost the entire length of the play, hold audience attention! Dramatic de-construction of speech characteristic to the play helps do this, as does the constant awareness of a Willie-presence behind Winnie’s mound. The impression that the long speeches are not extended
monologues is checked from the very start, because the Beckettian two-some is established as a pair from the First Winnie Speech, giving it an implied dialogic thrust, though Willie is prone to speaking very rarely.

An out-of-sight, or behind-the-mound Willie-presence, a physical theme as body corporeality, and, dramatic de-constructions of spoken speech, are the preliminary characteristics of the first three extended Winnie deliveries. But, to repeat, each speech is a different dramatic exercise and carries the burden of its own Beckettian themes.

Let us begin with the drama of the out-of-sight Willie-presence, as also the use of Winnie’s corporeal movements and language de-constructions in the First Winnie Speech. During the entire 4 page delivery, Willie puts in no physical appearance. Only parts of his body participate in the dramaturgic exercise. However, the entire speech is Willie-aware, in the sense that it keeps referring or alluding to him. Beginning her day after a rummage into her big black bag for a tooth brush and paste, Winnie cranes her neck, further and further right, to call out to Willie—

Hoo-oo! (Pause. Louder) Hoo-oo (Act. I, p.10)

Winnie smiles, but it is soon ‘off’, though it was indeed tender. She herself is in the Beckettian tradition; half her human form was in earth’s grip. She was under blazing light, between sky and plain. She was woken up by a piercing bell to prod and cajole herself to begin a new day! But her words, as the speech starts again betray awareness of an absent Willie-presence—

Poor Willie - (examines tube, smile off) - running out - (Looks for cap) - ah well - (finds cap)—can’t be
helped - (screws on cap) - just one of those old things - (lays down tube) - another of those old things - (turns towards bag) - just can't be cured - (rummages in the bag) - cannot be cured - (brings out small mirror, turns back front) - ah yes - (inspects teeth in mirror) - poor dear Willie (Act I, p.10)

And later again, a little below Willie is still not out of her mind---

---ah yes - (turns towards bag) - poor Willie - (rummages in bag) - no zest - (rummages) - for anything - (brings out spectacles in case) - no interest - (turns back front) - in life - (takes spectacles from case) - poor dear Willie - (lays down case) - sleep for ever - (open spectacles) - marvelous gift - (put on spectacles) - nothing to touch it - (looks for toothbrush) - in my opinion - (takes up toothbrush) - always said so - examines handle of brush - wish I had it (Act I, p.11).

Winnie repeatedly reminisces in disjuncted speech Willie's marvellous gift for sleep and wishes she had it. As her monodrone prolongs, addressed more often to Willie, and, inspite of her smiles, which too are soon off, and, despite the fact that she finds the day 'wonderful', and herself 'happy', it being 'great mercies', the situation gradually concretizes, as it should, into a fresh Beckettian grotesque.

The truth of the human being is an embedded, entrapped existential condition. Winnie's predicament, her front gazes and arrested gestures the ridicule of a 'smile off', and the regret at Willie's marvellous gift of perpetual sleep, together contextualize a discomfiting situation. The existential truth, after all, was not as happy as it was projected to be either through 'wonderful lines'. or in 'the old style', or, through the cliche - ridden expression of content and joy, or, even as an ecstasy of prayer and its addendum. The dramaturgy of the First Winnie Speech establishes this beyond doubt, for it is in fact, an unhappy,
irrational, trapped human predicament which is propped up by
cliche - ridden dramaturgic abuse. It is altogether
discomfiting, for 'complacent' states of mind, and could
shock and startle them into a dialogue with the stage.

Descartean pineals being absent\textsuperscript{11} all that exists of a
human being is a meaningless corporeality 'there', that must
wake up, and, go to sleep, and in between indulge in banal,
torso movements.\textsuperscript{12} The stage directions in the very first
Winnie 'monologue - dialogue', abundantly underscore such an
effective corporeal drama. Whether Winnie is at prayer; or,
while she is rummaging in the big black bag for a cap,
mirror, or spectacles; or, brushing teeth; or, craning her
neck for Willie; or, extinguishing a tender smile; or,
clasping or unclasping hands at her breasts; or, closing and
opening eyes in ecstasies of prayer; or, gazing at the zenith
head back; or, inspecting teeth and gums by putting away a
corner of the mouth; or, plucking fingers on grass; or,
examining a tooth - brush handle to read what was written on
it, and, putting it down to rummage for spectacles; or,
taking up spectacles, turning back front, or laying the
spectacles down, opening them, putting them on, and looking
again for the tooth - brush to read the writing on its
handle, the constricted physical condition is the theme. This
is corporeal drama and much more. To continue to enumerate
her action which the stage-directions situate on stage,\textsuperscript{13} she
lays down the spectacles to take out a handkerchief, with
which she first wipes one eye and then the other; then she
looks for the spectacles, and polishes one lens with the
handkerchief, and, then the other, all in an effort to better
her vision the better to 'see', and be 'sure'. And what could
be more corporeal than human breath! For, Winnie even
breathes on her lenses and polishes them with her
handkerchief, first one lens, and then the other, again, the
better able to 'see'. Accompanying the physical gesture is the vital statement of having 'seen' enough——

Genuine ---pure --- what ? --- blind next --- ah well --- seen enough --- I suppose --- by now ---
(Act I, p.11)

An irony is added to this direct statement, for she just cannot get out of her trap - habit of---

what are those wonderful lines (Act I, p.11)

The greater irony is in the words---

--- Woe woe is me --- to see what I see --- ah yes --- woudn't miss it --- or would I ? (Act I, p.11)

The topsy-turvy of her wandering mind continues for she stops polishing the spectacle lens to mutter -

Holy light (Act I, p.11)

Yet again, the harsh dramaturgic mental fluctuation is there when she resumes polishing the spectacles, and stops again and says---

blaze of hellish light (Act I, p.11)

Next, Winnie cranes her neck right, to call Willie again. Again, the Beckettian thrust is on the physical theme, for it is body corporeality all through, the half-buried torso 'there' exerting itself to its maximum. Descartean pineals being non-existent, the Mind and body do not link at any state of consistency. It is at best a Cartesean Centaur, disjunct, aborted and futile. Winnie could not even sleep
away existence, for that was a marvellous gift which only Willie had. However, the turmoil of her mind when at one extreme, makes her take-up the position that she could not complain, because there was so much to be thankful for! There was no pain, for example, infact Winnie shocks when half-embedded though she is, she insists that there was hardly any pain. And so it was wonderful, there being nothing like it. Yet, the disjuncted pathos of a terrible Mind-Body mismatch is reflected because she cannot help mention a slight head-ache! And yet, again, the pathetically uncertain mind settles on the brush handle guarantee which intervenes dramatically:

Guaranteed --- genuine --- pure --- what? (Act I, p.12)

But the re-iterated guarantee cannot prevent an undercurrent of scepticism from interfering---

It comes --- then goes --- (Act I, p.12)

Still once again, her mind swings to the gratitude of 'great mercies' though she cannot stop herself from looking at the audience with a fixed gaze, but once more, brokenly utters that a prayer should be the 'first thing... last thing'.

It is dramatic technique all through, with repeated assertions, alternately, of the habit - traps of guarantee, hope, prayer, as well as those of scepticsisms, hopelessness, and despair, the latter more effective because they are punctuated with the appropriate drama pauses, front gazes, arrested-gestures, voice breaks, and two piercing screams. Beckett, as usual is at the 'physical theme' once more. However, the disjunct mentality compulsively intervenes also. And once again the thought is of a 'holy light' though it is
immediately countered by the utterance, 'hellish light'. The wonder of the 'wonderful line' was its mention of the word 'Woe'. Would that, Winnie had Willie's marvellous gift of sleep! However, the dramaturgic disjunction of thought and speech is pathetic and is at its extreme. She remembers again that she could not complain. In fact, to repeat, she must not complain, for there was no pain, 'hardly any', and it was 'so wonderful'. There was 'nothing like it'. But yet again, the reverse swing had in it the caveat of the 'slight head-ache' and 'the occasional migrain'. And yet still, were not there the guarantees of genuineness and purity? It is in this fashion that the dramatic technique makes the drama fluctuate between the cliches of hope, guarantee, gratitude and prayer, on the one hand, and the forthright expression of absolute despair and hopelessness on the other. And, to repeat, the Pauses and Long Pauses, the voice-breaks, and, the gazes-front and arrested gestures, further intensify and concretize, on stage, Beckett's profound commitment to a Being 'there' as a Non-ent, or Nothing-is. The commedia dell'arte traditions were very well there, and so were there the music halls and vaudevilles. However, Beckett's themes and dramaturgic technique, because of his deep commitment to them were characteristically his own. It would therefore not be out of place to repeat the earlier hazard that thematically and dramatically, Beckett had little to benefit from these extant dramaturgic conventions. Beckettian themes could afford to take no other dramaturgic forms than were singularly Beckett's own. The dramaturgy of each play is different because the theme is always only a slight variation of typical Beckettian concerns. Thus, though corporeality is a constant thematic concern, each play displays it as a fresh dramaturgic grotesquerie of that 'gross' manifestation. Infact, Happy Days literally goes in for lips, palms, necks, teeth, gums, fingers, heads, breasts, noses, and even breath. Such a specific use of individual parts of the human anatomy
was not at all there in the dramaturgy of the three plays considered so far in this thesis.

Two particular dramatic thrusts in Winnie's First Speech still remain, because some ordinary articles of everyday use are also theatrically exploited for profound discomfitting effect. To begin with, there is the writing on the tooth-brush handle. Winnie attempts to read it four times in the First Speech. The first time, only the word 'pure' is picked up and the twice repeated pungent interrogative takes dramaturgic care of its sanctity---

...pure... what? .... what? (Act I, p.11)

Thereafter, there is a repeat approval, through set de-structured speech of Willie's marvellous gift of sleep---

poor dear Willie - sleep for ever - a marvellous gift - nothing to touch it - in my opinion - always said so - wish I had it -- (Act I, p.11)

Of course, as usual, a caveat had immediately before qualified this approval---

-- ah yes - poor Willie - no zest - for any thing - no interest - in life . (Act I, p.11)

Next follows the second dramatic reading of the writing on the tooth-brush handle---

genuine --- pure --- what? (Act I, p.11)

The pungent interrogative 'what' had first questioned 'purity' and now it counter's the word 'genuine'. After
this, a variation in the language drama turns 'genuine ---
pure --- what?' into---

guaranteed --- genuine --- pure --- what? ---
genuine pure --- ah yes --- (Act I, p.12)

Later, in the same speech there is one more dramaturgic
variation on the same theme, with language de-construction
shaping the thought as it proceeds---

fully guaranteed --- genuine pure --- genuine pure
(Act I, p.12)

Every time the earth-trapped Winnie voices disjunctions
of the writing on the toothbrush handle, there is theatric
corporeal accompaniment, either of a fixed gaze, or, a look
closer, or, a wipe of the eyes, or, even a whole series of
dramatic actions with the spectacles. And also, there is that
perpetual irony of a tooth-brush handle as a medium of 'the
pure, the genuine and the guaranteed'. Pauses and Long Pauses
add to this dramaturgic exercise. All this reflects on the
repetitive use of Winnie's habit-trap expressions, like
'happy', 'wonderful', 'great mercies'. In short, a kind of
senility takes hold of Winnie's mind again, and again, and
compels her to mouth repetitiously, cliches of assurance and
hope! To counter this, next, there is that bottle of tonic
from which the half-embedded Winnie needs to gulp down even
the last dregs, because she notices her palms slightly off-
colour. The label on the bottle had announced it a remedy for
infants, children and adults alike. It was a tonic for---

Loss of spirits - lack of keenness - want of appetite--
(Act I, p.13)
Just a few table spoons daily, before and after meals, and the improvement was to be instantaneous! Winnie heeds the much needed advice and in satisfaction announces:

- Ah! that’s better (Act I, p.13)

How happy and wonderful indeed, if there was this perpetual need of a tonic! Of course this was a statement in prose, while Beckett chooses to give dramatic shape to the same theme as a Non-ent.

The First Winnie Speech, to acquire dialogic content, concludes with a Willie ‘presence’, once again dramatically brought to the fore, although he himself remains behind the low mound and out of sight! But before that, the half-embedded Winnie again re-iterates a language of wonderful lines about life, though she does her lips while recapitulating them:

Oh fleeting joys - (lips) - Oh some thing lasting woe - (Lips) - (Act I, p.13)

Just then Willie interrupts, though only his bold skull shows. Blood trickles from it. Winnie cranes her neck to look. There is yet another Pause. This not only re-inforces a Willie-presence to help the long Winnie speech maintain its dialogic nature, but also to sustain the entrapped Winnie that she was not, after all alone. Infact, she becomes happy---

Oh this is going to be another happy day! (Pause.) (Act I, p.14)
However, very soon, and as usual, the happy expression is off. Winnie does her lips and inspects herself in a mirror and says---

Ensign crimson. (Act 1, p.14)

Just then Willie turns a page of his newspaper, and repeats the movement each time Winnie does or says anything significant. She rummages in the bag for a hat, puts it on and gazes front, whereupon Willie turns another page of his newspaper. This concludes the first speech of the half-encrusted Winnie. To fragment speech, or Being, into deconstruction, Hamm’s Yawn, or the Godot-play Silences have the turn of a newspaper page, the show of a post-card or of the hand, or the blow of his nose, as Willie’s own theatric replacements.

The remaining Six Winnie Speeches in Act I, vary in length as well as in dramaturgy, and bear the burden of the Beckettian themes they shape and dramatically carry. Thus the themes in the Second Winnie speech are Truth, Guarantee, Purity, Sight, Loneliness, Silence, Knowledge, and the Futility of action, as also of Man the brute beast. The constant affirmations of happiness and the undercurrent of irony that reduce them to habit-traps are also abundant. The Third Speech is shorter and covers only about 2-1/2 pages. Its primary Beckettian concerns include the Collapse of Language, and, Human Mobility manifested in Willie’s Crawl. The ‘legend’ of Loneliness is repeated again with the last guest gone; and so is that of ‘happiness’ and the ‘old style’ in which it was expressed. Both the Second and Third Winnie Speeches have a noticeable Willie-presence, though the half-encrusted Winnie does all the talking. The Fourth Winnie Speech has the Quiviva theme with a re-iteration of Sight as ‘see’ and ‘seeing’; it also finds Winnie noticing the Earth’s
grip was lighter. Finally, there is its scare at Life manifested as an Emmet, which in French is the word for truth! This Speech also has a pronounced Willie-presence which as usual extends to the disjuncted mono - deliveries of the earth-gripped Winnie, a dialogic colour. The Fifth Winnie Speech becomes quite long. It starts with a 'laugh - dramaturgy', and has in it the Beckettian obsession with 'a faulted divinity'. The other themes of this Speech include that of 'a singing too soon'; and, of being overwhelmed by 'things', like the big black bag; and, again, of the 'failure of words'; and also, whether the now entrapped Winnie, was ever lovable! The Sixth Winnie Speech is the longest, and extends over 8 pages almost. Its Beckettian commitments, and the dramaturgic shapes they take will be considered in detail later. For the moment, let us treat en bloc the dramaturgy of the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Winnie Speeches.

The dramaturgy of the Second Winnie Speech has no Long Pause, no gazes-front and no arrested gestures either. It does have its Pauses though. It has one 'Smile on' and 'Smile off' sequence, and a single reference to 'old style'. It does have a 'hand dramaturgy' and a theatric play of eyes. This Speech begins with the brush-handle writing, read out in newer disjuncted dramaturgy. To this is added the drama of Willie's newspaper fanning. The newspaper is just visible behind the mound, and its fanning stops and resumes at appropriate dramatic junctures. Also, Winnie takes a closer look at the brush-handle, and even uses a magnifying glass to ensure that she reads correctly---

Fully guaranteed.... (Act I, p.15)
The newspaper that had started fanning at the Pause indicated above stops movement, and the earth-gripped Winnie reads, again---

Genuine pure.... (Act I, p.15)

Then, Winnie pauses and Willie resumes fanning. Winnie puts the magnifying glass down and taking a handkerchief out of her bodice polishes her spectacles. Putting on the spectacles she looks for the magnifying glass. She polishes the glass and looks for the brush to wipe its handle. The brush is now put down and the handkerchief is put away. Next, the glass is looked for, and then the brush. After all this prolonged and seemingly wasteful work-a-day banal procedure the guarantee announcement is again read out. Possibly sheer corporeality as the existential condition, and as a reiteration of the playwright’s commitment to ‘physical themes’ needed encouragement and support---

Fully guaranteed --- (Act I, p.15)

However, Beckettian scepticism comes in tow also, and once more Willie stops fanning the newspaper as the half embedded Winnie starts reading---

...genuine pure... (Act I, p.15)

She pauses again and again Willie resumes the fanning. When Winnie starts to read again she is puzzled at the word--

... hog... (Act I, p.16)
She pauses and Willie stops fanning too. Next the dramatic situation on stage, the theme, and the language technique makes Winnie read only---

... setae.... (Act I, p.16)

She pauses again, and this time lays down the glass and brush. The newspaper too disappears, and then Winnie removes her spectacles and gazes front. That was grotesquerie alright but as part of an overwhelming tragic - comedy it also drama debunks the complacent comforts of a guarantee, as also of purity. It leaves little that can be given the appellation 'genuine', and, through the very dramaturgy of the effort at polishing spectacles and magnifying glasses, and, wiping the tooth-brush handle, demolishes the meaning - content of all Truth, and all Guarantee, and, all Purity, and Genuineness! That the announcement was on a tooth - brush handle, and that it turned out to be about hog's setae, adds to the success of the dramatic erasure of these haloed and sacred illusions. This was an example from the Second Winnie Speech illustrating Beckett's effective control over the dramaturgic projection and shaping, on stage, of his characteristic concerns. However, the example will not be complete without mentioning the dramaturgic state of Winnie's mind and words that follow. For, notwithstanding the obvious discomfiture that results in witnessing so effective a dramatic on-slaught on illusions of Guarantee and Truth, the half-embedded Winnie chooses to be happy! And if nothing, she is now happy at the addition of the piece of information about 'hog's setae' to her knowledge. And yet, once again, Beckettian dramaturgy will not leave Winnie to all the 'joy' of her new found 'happiness', and both with its overt and covert ironic shifts leads to significant audience discomfiture. This is because the way the 'joy' is dramatically concretized, on stage. It is, of course always, part of the Beckettian theme.
in *Happy Days*. Thus, just after destroying the comforts of Guarantee and Truth as ‘hog’s setae’, Winnie expresses her satisfaction about this addition to her knowledge---

That is what I find so wonderful, that not a day goes by - (Smile) - to speak in the old style - (Smile off) - hardly a day, without some addition to one’s knowledge however, trifling, the addition I mean, provided one takes the pains (Act I, p.16)

The trifling, or, was it an overwhelmingly discomfitting addition to Winnie’s knowledge! Beckettian technique often takes care to rub discomfiture in, because immediately after Willie’s hand re-appears with a post card which he seems to be reading very closely, putting a temporary end to Winnie’s enthusiasm about her new found knowledge. Not that the knowledge was very pleasant! But then, Winnie’s speech is not deterred by her enthusiasm reversals, because ‘if for some strange reasons no further pains are possible, why then,’ one could ‘just close the eyes’!?

Therefore, happiness is not only at so many removes from the irrational existential predicament, it has to be ‘in despite of’! And what is found still more discomfitting is Winnie’s obdurate assertion, each time, of comfort, wonder, joy, and also gratitude! But that is the dramaturgic scheme of *Happy Days*. It is almost a nauseating repetition of contentment and prayer in the face of the acute despair at the sorry and constricted human condition! At such excruciating odds, to lose heart would amount to, not being the brute beast that the human being was, because only brute beasts could remain complacently confident and content, even in a state of utter futility and meaninglessness! And, Beckett does not stop there. Against Winnie’s optimism, Willie’s hand flutters a post - card with filth written on
it. Even the entrapped Winnie is shocked, but while she reads the post-card, Willie's fingers flutter impatiently. A Long Pause ensues. Winnie gives a last long look after a shocked pronouncement:

Oh, no really! (Act I, p.17)

Winnie recoils at the filth in the post-card. 'Pah!' she says and asks Willie to take the post-card away. Would this have ended Beckettian relish at the deprecations of an obdurate enthusiasm for life! But it does not, for the playwright takes Winnie back to 'Hog's setae', and makes her question what a hog was? The thematic point theatrically scored, is when Winnie says what does it matter if she was not certain what a hog was. For it was this that she found so wonderful! And as to certainty, it would always come! She could become sure later! There is a Pause, and she even becomes ecstatic. 'All?', that is, 'all' would come back! However, the question mark on 'All', is obvious and she says 'No, not all', and smiles, to realize immediately after that 'all' will not be certain ever, and therefore the smile is very soon off. She degenerates to a 'Not quite' and falls still further to 'A part', though that too has undercurrents of her obdurate enthusiasms.

But this time, the entire dramatic exercise has taken enough out of the comfort of a certainty, and, the confidence of a recall. But for Winnie the fact that even a part could be recalled replaces the temporary onslaughts of scepticism by---

Floats up, one fine day, out of the blue--- (Pause.) (Act I, p.17)
And happily, or, is it obstinately, Winnie is back to square one—

That is what I find so wonderful (Act I, p.17)

There is a Pause. The half-embedded Winnie rummages in the bag and an arrested gesture ensues, and in an effort to recover she says—

No (she turns back. Smile) No, no (Smile off) Gently Winnie. (Act I, p.17)

Winnie, already in earth till her waist, prods herself, and gazes front at the audience. Meanwhile Willie is made to contribute his share to the pathetic grotesquerie. His hand appears and takes off his hat, but Winnie keeps talking on, for she is not as sure, and says—

What then? (Act I, p.17)

Willie’s hand re-appears. It covers his skull with a handkerchief. That was dramatic commentary on Winnie’s mental condition. However, Winnie is too engrossed, and remonstrates herself sharply—

Winnie! (Act I, p.17)

At this Willie’s head bows out though Winnie continues—

What is the alternative? (Act I, p.17)

There is a Pause and she repeats—

What is the al— (Act I, p.17)
At this, Willie blows his nose loud and long, and all alternatives are blown off and away. Such characteristic Beckettian dramaturgy often becomes ruthless in its through, and all the optimisms get-qualified. Consequently, the Beckettian repertory of 'physical' and 'language' themes hardly seems to exhaust itself. In the example just given, before the literal erasure of optimisms and alternatives finally sets in, let us consider the journey of certitude on the language scale and follow it also as body-expression. It begins with an uncertain 'No' and travels to an ambiguous 'No, no'. From there it picks up encouragement from 'Gently Winnie' and reaches out to a climax of a shouted 'Winnie'. The uncertainty having taken firmer hold, the head gets bowed to the despair of 'What is the alternative?' A Pause accentuated the uncertainty, till alternatives get sacrificed at the wrench of the word 'alternative' itself in Winnie's 'What is the al---'. The blow of Willie’s nose brings this entire dramaturgic exercise to a final close both thematically as well as theatrically.

Now, a little more about the awareness of Willie’s presence behind the grass-scorched mound as a permanent feature of the earth - entrapped Winnie’s long drawn language de-constructions and the waist-above corporeal gestures. Infact, though sucked up in the earth upto her waist, it is the awareness of the Willie-presence that sustains life in her. For, as she is made to state with the help of Pause-punctuations, she could not bear to be alone. Willie should be there. He may remain asleep, and need not hear or answer, or even understand or disagree with her, but he should be there. The half-embedded Winnie, who repeatedly pushed herself into alternating dramaturgic states of scepticisms, and even of cynicism on the one hand, and, of prayer, gratitude, happiness, joy, enthusiasm, and optimism on the other, could not at all afford to keep herself talking in the
wilderness. She also needed somebody's presence to sustain her obdurate enthusiasms, even for the least length of time. Were Willie to die or to go away, just what would happen to her, between the bell for wakening and the bell for sleep; she dreaded even to imagine she would then simply gaze and stare---

Simply gaze before me with compressed lips. (Long Silence) (Act I, p.18)

For, she would even refuse to speak another word as long she drew breath---

Save possibly, now and then, every now and then, a sigh into my looking glass. (Pause.) Or a brief.... gale of laughter, should I happen to see the old joke again. (Pause.) (Act I, p.18)

However, the mercurial swings of her mentality make a smile appear on Winnie's face, though it is immediately replaced by an anxious expression and she exclaims--

My hair! (Act I, p.18)

Beckett next has the 'hair-care' theatrics show on stage 'there', the futility of all actions---

My hair! (Pause.) Did I brush and comb my hair? (Pause.) I may have done. (Pause.) Normally I do. (Pause.) There is so little one can do. (Pause.) One does it all. (Pause.) All one can. (Pause.)'Tis only human. (Pause.) Human nature. (Act I, p. ).

Human activity is at first called a human weakness, and then, a natural weakness; that is, 'to do all one can', which is then scaled-down to 'so little that one can do!' And this is made the crux of the entire hair-related drama. It is turned into a matter of a 'Do? What? Your hair?' But once more, her obstinate enthusiasm just cannot be got over,
and she must smile, though the smile being soon off, offers its own commentary. However, as usual her mental-pendulum has its swings, and the 'old style' was next remembered as 'sweet'. She gets into that frame of mind in which one opts to a solace of, 'What does it matter?' How would it matter? For, it was just a question of combing hair, which, in any case could be combed and brushed later. However, the catch was that this was all she could do. She soon gets caught up in the problem of an 'it' or 'them' to use for hair, giving way to the dramatist's tendency to play with common-place words, particularly the pronouns. Also Willie's 'It' is a handy interval between two long Winnie Speeches. Besides, it also gives opportunity to Willie to 'throw in' the 'It', and announce that he was present. Consequently, after the dramatic 'It', Winnie goes to the Beckettian themes that are the subject of her Third Speech, which is the shortest delivery of Winnie, half-buried at the centre of the grass-scorched mound. The Beckettian themes, to repeat, include the Collapse of Language, and, the Human Crawl. It also has the legend of Loneliness with the party over, and, the last guest gone. For its theme of Futility of action, there is a hat-and-hair-drama. However, the Third Speech has no front gazes, arrested gestures, or, Long Pauses. There is just one voice-break, from normal to narrator's, and back to the normal. The 'Smile on', and 'Smile off' posturing is also only one. Hands, eyes, hair and hat, play important dramatic roles. The obdurate flow of her words, and a disposition not to distinguish between a stump and a large-pole, inspite of her own scepticism and entrapped strait, has Winnie once again start by calling the day 'happy'. Combing and brushing hair and doffing a hat may appear banal and work-a-day futile actions. However, as the drama of existence as a work-a-day banality they are potent dramaturgic concretizations. The half-entrapped Winnie, in
complete grip of the scorched earth had therefore work to do---

... I have my --- (raises hands to hat)--- Yes, on, my hat on (lowers hands) -- I cannot take it off now (Pause.). To think there are times one cannot take off one's hat, not if one's life were at stake. Times one cannot put it on, times one cannot take it off (Pause.). How often I have said, put on your hat now, Winnie, there is nothing else for it, take off your hat now, Winnie, like a good girl, it will do you good and did not (Pause.). Could not. (Pause.) (Act I, p.20)

Being was just a put-on and take-off of hats! Did this do Winnie any good? It did not, because it just could not. However, the playwright’s technique is able to dramatize these prose statements with more intensity. One consequence is that Winnie’s voice breaks. For, the hat led Winnie to think of her hair, which Willie had once called golden, when a party was over, and the last guest had left. The situation is discomfittingly grotesque. When was the party?. The answer to this is, ‘That day?’ to which the question put is ‘What day?’, and the possibility that words also fail, and language even collapses. Being and actions then become banal. But why then even brush and comb hair, or, doff a hat, or, file nails! A trapped condition entraps corporeal actions also, which become few, limited, and even futile, because nothing that ‘can be done’ can release the entrapped from the irrational impasse. When the earth did loosen its grip, Winnie was not released, but, infact, was sucked in further! In Act II she is shown buried neck-deep inside the earth-scorched mound. However, the swing of mentality restored her obduracy of enthusiasm about life? Very quickly Winnie resorts to ‘the old style’ once again. The smile is on, but it is soon off and gone. The being-sucked-in Winnie would have ‘trimming’ and ‘filing’ nails help her ‘tide over things’. That was the wonder of it; indeed both for Winnie and her audience, though in different
ways. The climax to the Third Winnie Speech comes when, herself half-embedded in the earth scorched mound, she directs Willie's crawl back into his hole---

Not head first, stupid, how are you going to turn? (Act I, p.21)

Winnie lacked mobility. She was trapped in earth's grip, though it was loose that day, and for that very reason, had sucked her in. On the other hand Willie lived inside a hole, which he could only enter backwards! He spoke very little and was most of the time asleep. These were two, on-stage, constricted human states, and yet Winnie displayed the enthusiasm of one more happy day! That was the wonder of it, and that was what Beckett found incongruous about human attitudes. It was a terrible mis-match and was deeply tragic. It was also pathetically grotesque to its core, and helped shape the theme of a Non-ent all the more.

The Fourth Winnie Speech, to repeat, has for its Qui viva drama, three voice-breaks, a gnawing doubt and an Emmet. The big black bag, that was thoroughly rummaged by now, has its presence given significance also. In this Speech, Winnie realizes that if Willie was leaving, she must learn to talk alone and to herself! Winnie must learn 'to see' also. This was her traumatic tragic existential condition. She clung to the Willie -presence, as a to a last straw. An awareness, even in theory, that Willie was within earshot was sufficiently satisfying---

...Just to feel you there within earshot and conceivably on the qui viva is all I ask. (Act I, p.22)

It is pathetic. Willie need not even hear Winnie, but he must be there giving the impression that he is a party to
all her babble. It is once again the grotesquity of a two-
some, one out of which exists only to transform an otherwise
lonesome, disjuncted narrative into a dialogue. Being one of
a couple was what sustained her. It saved her from a life-
long monologue of a ‘talking I’ with something perpetually
‘gnawing’ at her. The gnawing is made a live on-stage
experience through use of speech sound and rhythm,
characteristic feature of the playwright’s dramatic
technique. In this case it is of Doubt/Here/Abouts---

Doubt. (Places index and second finger on heart area,
enters them about, brings them to rest). Here. (Moves
them slightly) Abouts. (Act I, p.22)

Therefore, the half-in-earth Winnie must make sure that
Willie, on the other side of the mound heard her, though the
tragedy remains that ‘Come another time’, she must learn to
talk to herself---

... I must learn to talk to myself a thing I could
never bear to do such wilderness (Pause.). Or gaze
before me with compressed lips. (Act I, p.22)

As she compresses her lips and gazes in the distance,
the stage accumulates concretizations on to the already
profound, on stage, experience of an existential Non-ent.
However, Winnie’s mentality, perpetually at a swing, falls
again and again into the inveterate habit-trap of a smile.
The stage-directions call it a ‘Smile-on’, and quickly
announce a ‘Smile off’, because Winnie’s scepticism
repeatedly set in also. Consequently, despite the obstinate
habit-trap returns to conventional grooves of solace, peace,
happiness, and joy, they fail to satisfy the questioning
hanker grounded in on perpetual scepticisms.
As the Speech proceeds, Winne's disenchantments prod her to imagine the prospect of Willie leaving her. She calls out to him 'can you see me from there I wonder, I still wonder', which takes us to the problematic of 'seeing', including the Berkeleyian surveillance by a watchful divinity^{17} ---

... Oh I know it does not follow when two are gathered together -- (faltering) -- in this way --- (normal) -- that because one sees the other, the other sees the one, life has taught me that .... too. (Pause.) (Act I, pp.22-23)

Winnie feels the earth's grip rather tight that day. Could it be that she had put on flesh? It is a pathetically grotesque situation. Absently she lowers her eyes. She thinks it to be the heat possibly. Heat makes all things expand; some more, some less. At this point the beckoning to Willie is all the more touching---

Oh I can well imagine what is passing through your mind, it is not enough to have to listen to the woman, now I must look at her as well . (Act I, p.23)

And she pauses, all the time patting and stroking the scroched-grass ground that holds her evermore tightly that day. Language and physical 'themes' intensify the situation further, because the desire to have somebody to talk to, has one more wish accompany it: that, there must be a companion to look at your condition, whatever be your existential predicament. Therefore, the entrapped Winnie, with the earth felt firmer around her waist very apologetically would have Willie see it. The way she speaks it is pathetic, for all the while she keeps stroking and patting the scorched ground around her---

Well it is very understandable. (Pause. Do.) Most understandable. (Pause. Do.) One does not appear to be
asking a great deal, indeed at times it would seem
hardly possible - (Voice breaks, falls to a murmer) --
to ask less -- of a fellow -- creature -- to put it
mildly -- whereas actually -- when you think about it -
- look into your heart -- see the other -- what he
needs -- peace -- to be left in peace -- then perhaps
the moon -- all this time -- asking for the moon.
(Pause.) (Act I, p.23)

However, as was her vogue, the drama of her mentality
swayed her immediately to the other extreme. She became
lively, and even put on her spectacles for closer look,
because, as if by coincidence and as is the wont in Beckett’s
plays, there is a shrill recoil at evidence of life on this
planet! The occasion for the Winnie recoil is an emmet, the
French word for ‘truth’---

An emmet! (Recoils. Shrill) Willie, an emmet, a live,
emmet! (Seizes magnifying glass, bends to ground
again, inspects through glass). Where’s it gone?
(Inspects) Ah! (Follows sits progress through grass).
Has like a little white ball in its arms. (Follows
progress. Hand still. (Pause.) It’s gone in. (Act I,
pp.23-24)

Startled, Winnie continues to gaze at the spot through
a magnifying glass, and then slowly strainghtens up. Then she
removes her spectacles and gazes before her, spectacles in
hand, and mutters---

Like a little white ball. (Act I, p.24)

A Long Pause ensues. There is a gesture to lay down
spectacles. The playwright cannot resist yet another
opportunity, similarly exploited in Endgame, to hurl
ridicule at pro creation and heredity. If Nagg was once an
‘accursed progenitor’, and immediately after an ‘accursed
fornicator’, the emmet’s egg also had all the potential of
re-starting the irrational process of an aborted creation.
And therefore, the rarely articulating Willie must first identify the 'white ball' as an egg, and, answer Winnie's repeated pungent interrogative, 'What?' by a single word, 'Formication', which rhymes readily with 'Fornication'.

That brings us to the Fifth Winnie Speech, in which also Beckettian concerns are shaped into the Speech's own specific drama. It begins with a 'laugh dramaturgy', at divinity. In Endgame the disparage had taken the form of an abuse. In the present context, the half-buried, terribly disturbed Winnie, desperately trying to fall back into the habit-trap of traditional cliches of joys and gratitude murmurs--

God (Act I, p.24)

There is a Pause. After which Willie laughs quietly, and a little later Winnie also joins in. At first they laugh quietly together, and then, Willie stops, and for a moment the entrapped Winnie laughs alone. Willie again joins in, and the two then laugh together once more. This time Winnie stops and Willie laughs alone for sometime and then stops. The laughter was Beckett's, at the creator of a World, who cared less for his creation than a tailor did for a pair of pants he was ordered to stitch. In a hurry, an aborted Universe was all that could be created.

As if to say that the playwright did not find this debunk of divinity debunk enough, he has Winnie approve the operation-glee---

Ah well what a joy in any case to hear your laugh again, Willie, I was convinced that I never would, you never would. (Pause.) (Act I, p.24)
In a state of despair, a hearty laugh must indeed be rare, but then when the occasion was abegging, Beckett’s seizure of it was prompt, and he had the duo literally laugh divinity off its divine, with Winnie expressing little regret about it---

I suppose some people might think us trifle irreverent, but I doubt it. (Pause.) (Act I, p.24)

She continues immediately after--

How can one better magnify the Almighty than by sniggering with him at his little jokes, particularly the poorer ones. (Pause.) (Act I, p.24)

Alfred Jarry and Antonin Artaud would not have done one better. The Almighty sniggers. Let us snigger with him. The Diety is poor at jokes also. Winnie was sure Willie would back her on this score. Beckett is relentless.

The religiously disposed would call that worse and worse. However, the playwright was strongly committed to his theme of an existential Non-ent, and equally committed to give it theatric shape. Infact, it was the 'shape of thought' that fascinated him. He quoted Augustine once to show how thought could take attractive shape. But then, Beckett appears obsessed with the idea of the Divine, and did not lose the least occasion to hurl imprecation at it. He had the middle-aged Krapp yelp at providence and Hamm even abuse it. Vladimir and Estragon do it in meticulous detail when their banal conversation demolishes Christianity, and its Logic of Redemption, the Bible, Saviour and the Evangelists. *Happy Days* is itself an extended version of the playwright’s attitude to a divine, all-seeing, and all-knowing absent-presence, and, response to which is repeatedly shown a matter of falling into a habit-trap of ecstasy, prayer and gratitude. Winnie's irreverence to divinity, therefore is quite in Beckettian tradition, be it as a
snigger, or, an off-hand dismissal, not worth serious attention---

Oh well, what does it matter, that is what I always say... (Act I, p.24)

Matter it did not, for the existential impasse was so meaningless that one literally starved for a laugh, because Being for Beckett, was a grotesque tragedy. To extend the lines just quoted---

Oh well, what does it matter, that is what, I always say, so long as... you know.... what is that wonderful line... laughing wild.... something something... laughing wild amidst severest woe. (Pause.) And now? (Long Pause.) (Act I, pp.24-25).

The laugh infact was 'a laughing wild: amidst severest woe'. It was pathetic, to say the least, and the drama of Happy Days shapes the pathos of this tragedy. Human existence is constricted, irrational and meaningless. It is grotesque to the core. And the terrible woe that it is, it deserves the wildest of all wild laughs. That is how Winnie responded, because the fact of the matter was that her mind was in a state of hopeless despair and trauma. This is Absurd Theatre suffering its metaphysical anguish, shorn as it is of all illusions.

The constricted-up-to-the-waist Winnie now asks Willie if he remembers that she was ever lovable! The question was a teaser. No? Willie could not remember. But then, that was not the point, because Willie had done his bit after all, and had now only to be within hearing, at 'semi-alert'. Even that would be 'paradise enow'. Winnie falls once again into the conventional grotesquerie of a 'Smile on' which soon enough becomes a 'Smile off' posture. She speaks too of 'the old
style', though immediately after finds it too early for a song---

To sing too soon is a great mistake, I find. (Act I, p.25)

However, as usual, the despair is only temporarily put away. And, irony has the combing and brushing of hair, and, the doffing of a hat, as well as rummages in the big black bag projected as life's comforting features. The bag in particular had such a treasure in it that its contents could hardly ever be enumerated. And, therefore, it was such a comfort always to rummage its depths! Pauses, placed appropriately, offer their own commentary, and very soon scepticism about the bag sets in---

But something tells me, Do not overdo the bag, Winnie, make use of it of course, let it help you... along, when stuck, by all means, but cast your mind forward, something tells me, cast your mind forward, Winnie, to the time when words must fail -- (she closes eyes, pauses, opens eyes) -- and do not overdo the bag -- (Pause.) (Act I, p.25)

The existential imbroglio could be tidied over by just 'doing the bag!' It was very much like combing and brushing hair, or doffing a hat. But what if words fail? To meet that eventuality, Winnie fetches her Brownie out of the big black bag. The revolver makes manifest the undercurrent that the aborted existential quandary could be quite suicide prone. However, the coincidence was that Brownie, and Browning were almost similar sounding, though Browning was reputed for his optimism and enthusiasm for life, and Brownie was a weapon that could be lethal! But was Browning right? The
half-embedded Winnie remembers how Willie had the Brownie always kept away from him---

Take it away, Winnie, take it away, before I put myself out of my misery? (Act I, p.26)

But, what exactly was 'misery' for Willie? In any case, it often is a mere matter of change and emphasis. Winnie places the Brownie close by, for the sight of the Brownie was a comfort to her even as was the thought that Willie was within ear shot! An uncanny coincidence that was! And once more Winnie smiled and was in the habit-trap and yet again thought also of the 'old style', though, the smile as usual was soon off. The 'happy' Winnie often desired a release from the earth's grip and is poignant about the float to the blue---

Yet the feeling more and more that if I were not held -- (gesture) -- in this way, I would simply float up in the blue. (Pause.) (Act I, p.26)

However, that wish was not ever to be fulfilled, for never is there to be a release from the trapped and constricted human condition. Infact, that the half-embedded Winnie even dreamt of a release is pathetic---

And that perhaps someday the earth will yield and let me go, the pull is so great, yes, crack all around me and let me out. (Pause.) (Act I, p.26)

Winnie longed for freedom but felt sucked in by the earth. She enquires how Willie felt. His answer too is a---

Sucked up (Act I, p.26)

That concludes the drama of the Fifth Speech, the call to Willie to answer her question giving Beckett, four
opportunities: first, is to conclusively end the extended delivery; second, to announce the Willie-presence; third, to provide an iteration to the Winnie feeling of being sucked up; and, finally, by extending the Winnie predicament to Willie, transform the existential condition, from the two-some, to a generally felt trapped situation of being 'sucked up' too. In any case, Willie's terse phrasal-verb, is so final, that it not only concludes Winnie Fifth Speech, it also gives free rein to Winnie's Sixth Speech, to run its full course covering almost the nine remaining pages of Act I.

But, before we consider this last Winnie Speech of Act I, let us turn our attention temporarily to the drama of the few very short conversations that Winnie has with the rarely-articulate Willie. Of course, each Winnie speech has its drama manipulated to a full Willie-presence throughout, and thereby colours the extended Winnie-monologues with profound dialogic content. However, Beckett chooses to have a few small Winnie-Willie exchanges also. Of these, three have already been considered. Two being single articulations, in between two, long, Winnie speech deliveries. The case of 'Sucked up', a phrasal verb, has just been considered. A similar instance, earlier, was the use of the pronoun 'It', between the Second and Third Winnie Speeches. Once again, it had come by way of an answer to Winnie's persistent question on whether she should use 'It' or 'Them' for hair. Like Shakespeare, who is nothing if not serious even in the most hilarious of his plays, Beckett is also always scoring thematic and dramatic points, shaping the theme through the drama and directing drama to take the course of his thematic concerns. 'It' is a singular, 'them' a plural, and 'hair', a singular, is used as plural. That much for just a pass at grammar. Of course, the break at 'It' concludes the Second Speech, and is final. A small two-lettered articulation,
lends, end and finality, to a two-and-a-half page long Winnie Speech! Not only that, it also becomes sufficient reason for Winnie’s Third Speech to run its full dramatic course! The small Willie-Winnie Conversation on the white ball an emmet carried has also been considered earlier. It provides an effective opportunity to Beckett to draw attention to Willie’s, presence and along with this to Beckett’s own dismay at a potential source of procreation, that is, an emmet’s egg, re-starting the aborted cycle of life, to perpetuate the ignominy of an irrational Non-ent. Winnie’s shrill recoil at sight of the ‘White ball’, the emmet carried, adds drama. She is made to spot it through her magnifying glass, and a Long Pause follows, after which she puts down her spectacles and Willie interjects—

Eggs (Act I, p.24)

The dramatic challenge comes as an arrested Winnie gesture, a pungent interrogative, and a Pause. That is Beckettian drama expressing dismay at a perpetual source of procreation, along the line of evolution, given what the aborted human condition turned out to be! Willie repeats ‘Eggs’ and after a Pause adds, ‘Formication’ which rhymes well with ‘fornication’. Another arrested Winnie gesture, one more pungent interrogative ‘What?’, and a Pause confirm that re-production is fornication and little else. Willie re-iterates with single-worded repetitions of ‘Formication’, which is answered by Winnie with a dramatic put down of her spectacles, and a gaze in front. That completes the little exchange between Willie and Winnie.

Three more conversations between Winnie and Willie remain, one at p.14 in Act I, between the First and the Second Winnie Speeches; the next on p.21, between the Third
and Fifth Winnie Speeches; and, the last at the very conclusion of Act I, on p.36. All three as usual, have both thematic as well as dramatic relevance. The Winnie-Willie Conversation on p.14 has Beckettian drama play with the half-embedded Winnie's reminiscences and score thematic points through its well-co-ordinated drama. Willie first reads three small news-items out of his newspaper. Each item sets off Winnie on a memory-spree. When Willie reads the first news-item, Winnie arrests gesture with her hat half-way to her head. The news-item reads---

His Grace and Most Reverend Father in God Dr. Carolus Hunter dead in tub. (Pause.) (Act I, p.14)

The phrasing of the report itself suits the playwright's thematic concerns. 'Father in God' and 'dead in tub' go together and are commentary on each other for the Beckettian remonstrance on ideas associating Man and God. In Waiting for Godot, Pozzo saw Vladimir and Estragon as Man in the Image of God. In Happy Days, the priest is 'Father in God', and unfortunately he dies in a tub. As repeatedly asserted through this thesis, Beckett out-does Jarry and Artaud in the slights at a diety, in his divinity-related drama, be it in Waiting for Godot, Endgame, Krapp's Last Tape, or as now, in Happy Days, or, later, in Play which is to be analysed immediately after.

Now, the Dr Hunter-related news-item had the priest, God, and death, treated with irreverence. It also put Winnie into a memory-ferment---

She gazed in front, hat in hand---

Charlie Hunter. (Act I, p.14)
She imagined herself sitting on his knees in the back garden at Borough Green—

Oh the happy memories. (Act I, p.14)

However, as Winnie reminisces, Willie turns a page, which is Beckett's theatric comment on the past and its memories. For, what could be the past of a meaningless, aborted existence, apart from a grotesquerie of hopeless tragedy and despair. Anyway, there comes a teaser and Willie reads out another bit of news from his newspaper, while once again Winnie is about to doff her hat and arrests gesture as Willie reads—

Opening for smart youth. (Act I, p.14)

This sets Winnie's memories off at another gallop, and with hat in one hand and spectacles in another she remembers—


That is tender nostalgia, put through the sieve of drama, and getting itself, as well as youth, thoroughly imprecated, the dismissal got done by just a turn of Willie's newspaper page. The dramatist could be ruthless, once he gets started. Was the young man of Winnie's earliest youthful dreams a Johnson, Johnston or a Johnstone. She settles for the Johnstone name, emphasising its 'stone' part. The tool-shed detail follows, with its drama carried along by 3 Pauses; once again Winnie has her hat half-way to
her head, and arrests gesture when Willie reads one more small news-item from his newspaper---

Wanted a bright boy  (Act I, p.15)

Beckettian interest in 'physical themes' takes over and corporeal drama ensues. Winnie hurriedly doffs her hat and looks for a mirror, while as theatric comment, Willie turns one more newspaper page. In the mirror, Winnie inspects her hat. Then, just when she lays down the mirror, and turns to the big black bag, Willie's newspaper disappears. The rummage in the bag was for a magnifying glass and tooth-brush. The newspaper re-appears. It is now folded and fans Willie's face, while Winnie examines the writing on the tooth-brush handle under her magnifying glass. The writing has already been considered in some detail earlier, and is about the guarantee that the brush had pure hog-setae, with which Winnie's Third Speech begins.

That leaves two more Winnie-Willie Conversations. One is on p.21 in Act I. It's main dramaturgic thrust is to assure a Willie-presence. It is spaced between the Third and Fourth Winnie Speeches, and is immediately after Winnie had almost literally directed Willie's backward crawl into his hole---

I tell you! (Pause.) More to the right. (Pause.) (Act I, p.21)

If this puts, on stage, the holed-up nature of the existential human predicament, it also contains what Winnie will later comment on as the curse of mobility. Of course, Winnie was waist-deep in earth's grip and had no mobility, while Willie stayed constricted in a holed abode, which he entered backwards, needing direction at each movement of his
torso, in his effort to fit in. To add to this was the comment of the small Winnie-Willie Conversation, which for convenience, let us call the 'Can you hear me?' piece. The Conversation shows how words are only voiced articulations, and little more, which people invest with a halo of meaning. This Conversation picks up from where Winnie's Third Speech ends, because the end of this speech and the small Conversation that follows, are both on the theme of a word as only a voiced sound---

Can you hear me? (Pause.) I beseech you, Willie, just yes or no, can you hear me, just yes or nothing. (Act I, p. 21)

Willie's repeated single-word affirmations get only a low-sounded query from Winnie---

--- And now:/Yes
--- (less loud) And now./Yes.
--- (still less loud) And now/(violently.) Yes. (Act I, p. 21)

Each time Willie's irritation mounts, till once he becomes violent in his answers. Just then, Winnie makes sheer utterance carry a heavy load of meaning---'Fear no more the heat O'the sun', and challenges it herself with repeated variations on the pungent interrogative, 'What?'---

Winnie: (same voice) What? (Pause.) What?
Winnie: (more irritated) Fear no more! (Pause.)
Winnie: (same voice) No more what? (Pause.) Fear no more what?
Willie: (Violently) Fear no more! (Act I, p. 21)
But of course, the 'loud/less loud/still less loud' Winnie queries were also made to restore her confidence that when she spoke she did not speak in a wilderness; that at least, she had human company; that, even if Willie did not in fact hear her, in theory at least he could! This has already been touched upon earlier while considering the themes and dramaturgy of the Fourth Speech of Winnie.

That brings us to the last Winnie-Willie Conversation which is at the very end of Act I. However, before its themes and their drama are analysed as an appropriate conclusion to Act I, let us consider Winnie’s Sixth Speech which is the last Speech in Act I. Some of the more significant Beckettian concerns which control and shape the drama in it are the Curse that Mobility Was, and, the Strange Feeling of being Watched. Also, that there was Little to Say, and 'still less to be done', and, that it was a Blessing that Nothing Grew; that Man adapts; that Winnie was 'in tongue' that day; that Things, like the big black bag, the parasol, the comb, hair, hat, mirror, took more attention. The trapped Winnie also remembers her Last Visitors, and mentions the Blazing Sun, Natural Laws, the Bell, the Dream, and also Thought, the Old Style, and, the Hog. The drama of the Sixth Speech of the earth-gripped Winnie, is noticeable for its 7 'Smile on/off' postures, 3 front gazes, 6 Long Pauses, 5 voice changes, and, its 2 references to 'old style'. It also has back-fronts, and innumerable head-ups and head-downs, hiccups, and a filing of nails, first of the right hand and then the left. It has the filing done both in silence, as well as in speech. It has claps, sniffs, and a hoarse song. The speech has ample arms gestures, repeated bells, and numerous Pauses, including a new kind called the Maximum Pause. Patently, its set of 'physical themes' has dramaturgic variety.
The following is a quotation on 'natural laws' from this speech---

Ah well, natural laws, natural laws, I suppose it's like everything else, it all depends on the creature you happen to be. All I can say is for my part is that for me they are not what they were when I was young and... foolish and... (faltering, head down)... beautiful... possibly,... lovely... in a way... to look at. (Pause. Head up) (Act I, pp.26-27)

This is not prose statement. It is drama and effectively demolishes 'natural laws', or, whatever they are. The faltering, and the Pause, and, Winnie's apology to Willie for not being able to keep sorrow out, are enough comment on so-called 'natural laws'---

Forgive me, Willie, sorrow keeps breaking in. (Act I, p.27)

However, as usual, she recovers her normal voice, and from the sorrow to the joy of the realization that Willie was there and therefore it is a happy day for Winnie. But then, the conjecture in the future perfect and the caution of a 'so far' keep undercurrents active---

...it will have been. (Pause.) So far (Pause.) (Act I, p.27)

This cautious undercurrent takes possession of her mentality repeatedly, and once that happens, growth itself is almost dreaded. She cannot even imagine it taking place---

What a blessing nothing grows, imagine if all this stuff were to start growing (Pause.) Imagine. (Pause.) (Act I, p.27)
The swing of her tormented mentality never stops, and she is more often than not at extremes. The shift from 'dread' to 'great mercies' is easy and unpredictable. Therefore the Long Pause that ensues or the posture of 'Smile on/off', and, the fact that she 'could say no more', are each a question mark on the assertion or action that immediately precede the three dramaturgic movements. Thus, the Long Pause is commentary on 'great mercies', even as 'Smile on' is on the Long Pause, and, 'Smile off' is on 'Smile on'. Of course, the comment that she 'could say no more' is pathetic and a sum up of the futility of the existential exercise. And this futility is concretized on stage as a failure to put the parasol up, at all, that day---

...the day goes by -- quite by --- without one's having put up --- at all. (Parasol now fully open...) (Act I, p.27)

The playwright drubs in staccato fashion. The dramatic movement begins with 'the day goes by--', and is mounted up to 'So little to say---', and re-worked in with 'little or nothing to do--'. To pick this up from the middle, the fact of the matter was that there was---

...so little to say, so little to do, and the fear so great, certain days, of finding oneself... left, with hours still to run before the bell for sleep, and nothing more to say, nothing more to do... (Act I, p.27)

With 'nothing more to say' and 'nothing more to do', the day went 'quite by' and the bell too rang for sleep, and still there was---

Little or nothing said, little or nothing done (Raising parasol). This is the danger. (Act I, p.27)
A Maximum Pause puts the seal of perpetuity on this existential futility. This Maximum Pause is a new kind of duration in Beckettian drama, for till now, there were Pauses, Long Pauses and Silences only. After the Pause the mentality of the half-encrusted Winnie is restored to its obstinacy of 'the wonderful'. There was a time when Winnie would perspire but now she did not, the 'wonderful' part of which was how human beings adapt themselves, though the counter to this optimism is the 'parasol' dramaturgy that follows—

I am weary, holding it up, and I cannot put it down. (Pause.) I am worse off with it up than with it down, and I cannot put it down. (Act I, p.28)

The ritual of the work-a-day could be grotesquely pathetic, and Winnie's deep involvement with the parasol, as example of one such ritual, can as well be tragic grotesquerie, and deserves quoted entire to show its effectiveness—

Reason says, Put it down, Winnie, it is not helping you, put the thing down and get on with something else. (Pause.) (Act I, p.28)

Winnie felt that a desperate change was necessary—

No, something must happen, in the world, take place, some change, I cannot, if I am to move again. (Act I, p.28)

Her desire to move was a fitful dream, because the earth's grip was getting tighter and she was already in it till her waist. Infact she needed help—

Willie - (Mildly.) Help. (Pause.) No? (Pause.) (Act I, p.28)
The tragic trauma was that she thought that she needed Willie to bid her put her parasol down—

Bid me put this down, Willie, I would obey you instantly, as I have always done, honoured and obeyed. (Pause.) Please, Willie. (Mildly). For pity’s sake. (Pause.) No? (Pause.) You can’t? (Pause.) (Act I, p.28)

It is a grotesque existential condition because Willie just could not help! He could not even so much as bid her put the parasol down, for he spoke only rarely—

Well I don’t blame you, no, it would ill become me, who cannot move, to blame, my Willie because he cannot speak. (Pause.) (Act I, p.28)

Beckett is however relentless, and, if with Willie, speech was scarce, Winnie found herself in tongue again—

Fortunately I am in tongue again. (Act I, p.28)

And this, once again she found ‘wonderful’, and indeed a matter of ‘great mercies’. It becomes obvious by now that, she kept up ‘being in tongue’ in order to ward-off the eerie silence of an irrational existential impasse, she being immobile and restricted to her waist, in the earth, and, he practically dumb, and constricted to stay in a hole, into which he could just about crawl backwards! It was ‘the something itself’, the No-ent, because a Beckett play is never about something. 19

Just then, the parasol Winnie could not put down catches fire. She throws it behind the mound, and cranes her neck to watch it burn, commenting—

Ah earth you old extinguisher. (Act I, p.28)
Indeed the earth does extinguish multitudinous individual fires because a constricted irrationality is the ultimate state of the existential condition.

A Willie-presence is so very necessary for Winnie, and she is so apprehensive that the Sixth Speech also finds it quite in order to show her re-assure herself that Willie was, after all, still there, and had not 'gone off'. For, otherwise, the loneliness as well as the silence would be excruciating for her. It is pathetic indeed because to re-assure Winnie that he was still there, Willie need raise only a finger. Willie raises all five, and the tragic grotesquerie becomes cruelly manifest. By then, the sun above blazed excruciatingly hot, and was getting fiercer by the hour. Winnie felt herself melt---

Shall I myself not melt.... (Act I, p.29)

She would char, she thought---

Just little by little be charred to a black cinder, all this-- (ample gesture of arms) --- visible flesh . (Pause.) (Act I, p.29)

Infact, 'temperate times' and 'torrid times' were empty words---

It is no hotter today than yesterday, it will be no hotter tomorrow than today, how could it, and so on back into the far past, forward into the far future'. (Pause.) (Act I, pp.29-30)

Beckettian drama takes all Time in its range and sweep. It never was just an individual predicament. The aborted existential irrationality was forever there, and the
desperately needed change, had never occurred because no one could ever do anything—

No, one can do nothing. (Pause.) (Act I, p.30)

The topsy-turvy of Winnie's 'mentality' now takes the other extreme. That 'No, one can do nothing', she found 'wonderful'. However, in the process, drama has her voice break and her head is down. She turns to rummage for the umpteenth time in her big black bag, and brings out unidentifiable odds and ends, and stuffs them back. Then she fumbles deeper, and finally brings out a musical-box. It is wound, and Winnie listens huddled over the box, and gradually takes on a happy expression. She even sways to the rhythm. When the music stops, there is a Pause, and Willie is heard to burst into a brief hoarse song. The happy expression on Winnie's face increases. It would be a happy day she exclaims and even claps her hands. But, as usual, the comment makes Willie refuse to respond to an encore and the happy expression on Winnie's face is off. Obviously, it is not always easy to sing, particularly when the trapped and constricted human quandary is a burden on the heart. Winnie knew it, and thought it very understandable—

Well it is very understandable, very understandable. One cannot sing just to please someone, however much one loves them, no, song must come from the heart, that is what I always say, pour out from the inmost, like a thrush. (Pause.) (Act I, p.31)

She had often prodded herself to sing, and even despite the prevailing burden—some futility—

How often I have, said, in evil hours, Sing now, Winnie, sing your song, there is nothing else for it. (Pause.) (Act I, p.31)
But to have sung like the carefree thrush, who sang with no thought of benefit whatever, was impossible not only for Winnie, but for all human species—

Could not. (Pause.) No, like the thrush, or the bird of dawning, with no thought of benefit, to oneself or anyone else. (Pause.) (Act I, p.31)

In any case, for Winnie, it was different now, now that the irrationality of a futile condition held her in its firm grip, even as did the earth’s trap. She was ‘there’ as a predicament, the existential Non-ent itself—

‘And now? (Long Pause.) (Act I, p.31)

The playwright is again relentless. He now takes up that strange feeling of being watched by a divinity. This is always a strange feeling, though religion has had it as a staple feature of divine experience even without the good Bishop’s graceful nod. Beckett has drama make mince-meat out of this time-old religious norm about an Omniscient deity. Consequently, after a Long Pause Winnie says in a low voice—

Strange feeling that someone is looking at me. I am clear, then dim, then gone, them dim again, then clear again, and so on, back and forth, in and out of someone’s eye. (Act I, p.31)

Omniscience is transformed into a grotesque. A Pause ensues and Winnie continues in a low voice—

Strange. (Pause. Dq) No, here all is strange. (Pause.) (Act I, p.31)
Next there is that urge to act and Winnie tells herself—

Do something! (Act I, p.31)

But she recoils when after the urge to act she looks at her hands and reacts at sight of the parts of the human torso, that are traditionally first instruments of action—

What claws! (Act I, p.31)

That was a dramatic comment on the futility of action in an irrational world, as well as on the ungainly and inefficient nature of the human body. There is a recoil at the long nails which need to be regularly filed. Winnie files her nails in silence for sometime, and, one more banal, work-a-day action is added to the earlier repertory of brushing and combing hair, doing lips, doffing a hat rummaging a bag, or holding up a parasol. While Winnie is filing nails, memory reminds her of the Showers, or, was it the Cooker-couple who happened to be her last chance visitors! The fact that they were a Showers or Cookers, renders who they were immaterial, though what they did, as also the fact that they were the last, strikes the troubled mind of the entrapped Winnie. Memory and filing of nails, between them, end the dramaturgy of Winnie’s Sixth Speech, with the Willie-presence helping to make the Beckettian themes more dramatically manipulable. Did the names mean anything to Willie? Did they evoke any reality for him? Such questions and her comment on the brittleness of nails that day, add to the pathos of the fact, that the visitors, whoever they were, were the ‘last’ and ‘chance’ passers by! Did Cooker strike a chord? Did Cooker ring a bell for Willie? Cooker! Or, was it Shower! To pathos is added poignancy, when along with the filing of nails, Willie’s
personal hygiene is also attended to with a craned neck. Did Willie have no hankerchief? Had he no delicacy? Earlier, she had to caution herself also---

Keep yourself nice, Winnie, that's what, I always say, come what may, keep yourself nice. (Pause.) (Act I, p.32)

However, the situation was hopeless. Winnie's voice breaks. What was one to do? All day long, day after day, the predicament was the same. She calms herself, talks of the 'old style', and resumes filing nails. Memory again brings the last chance visitors to the fore of her tormented 'mentality', though the reminiscence is punctuated by Pauses, nail filing, and addresses to Willie. The visitors are remembered gaping at her, half-embedded as she was in earth's crust. The male of the couple had many queries addressed to his female partner. He was coarse, and also full of amazement, asking, 'What's the idea?', 'What does it mean?' 'What's it meant to mean?'; Winnie calls it the 'usual drivel'. The female of the two was not at all pleased at her male partner's enquiries. Did he have so many questions to ask of her, about the half-embedded woman there in front, because he was still 'on his two flat feet', 'with his old ditty full of muck and changes of under-wear'? What business had he to drag his protesting partner up and down that 'fornicating wilderness'? And, with this, the female partner had violently drawn away her hand from her partner's. As, on-stage drama, this was severe enough to discomfit even the most complacent member of the Happy Days audience! Of course Winnie continues filing her nails as she recalls the male of the two visitors, persist with his questions. Why does not Winnie's man dig Winnie out? What good is she to him like that? What good is he to her like that? And so went his 'usual tosh'. At this, the female partner would have her male dig Winnie out, to which the answer was what was she
to be dug out with, though there was no sense in her 'like that'. The female insists that she would have dug Winnie out with her bare hands. The male thinks Winnie and Willie to have been man and wife. Those then were Winnie's last, chance visitors, and that was their comment on her entrapped condition. For a while Winnie kept at the file on her nails in silence. The Cookers and the Showers among the audience also would not have imagined why Winnie was 'there', half-embedded in the grass-scorched mound. Nor would the reader! Infact the mystery is allowed to remain a mystery even by Beckett. It adds accretion to the concretization on stage, 'there'\(^{21}\) of the human predicament itself, irrational, absurd, futile, constricted, and meaningless! The visitors' intrusion also adds spice to that existential quandary and satisfies the general desire to question it. Such an existential torment ultimately involves the 'chance' on-lookers also. The tension and pressure is intense, and Winnie can only gaze front after reiterating its strangeness---

Strange thing, time like this, drift up into the mind.
(Pause.) Strange? (Pause.) No, here all is strange .
(Pause.) (Act I, p.33)

However, with equal strangeness Winnie is restored to her state of gratitude though her voice breaks nevertheless---

Thankful for it in any case. (Voice breaks.) Most thankful. (Head down. Pause. Head up. Calm.) Bow and raise the head, bow and raise, always that . (Pause.)
(Act I, p.33)

After a Long Pause. Winnie readies herself to end the day. She puts away the work-a-day banalities into her big black bag, each put-away punctuated by a dramatic Pause. But, perhaps it was too early for the bell. Therefore, she stops
tidying and with her head up smiles, and again talks of 'old style'. Once again, as usual, the smile is soon off. This fact of tidying-up too early is exploited dramatically to maintain the pathos of the situation---

---feeling it at hand --- the bell for sleep --- saying to myself --- Winnie --- it will not be long now, Winnie ---- until the bell for sleep . (Act I, p.34)

---

It is a tender situation when Winnie admits that she could be wrong sometimes, though the counter to this is always there, that often she is not, the adverb 'often' being the dramaturgic key---

.... Sometimes I am wrong --- (Smile) -- but not often . (Smile off. Resumes tiding) (Act I, p.34)

---

And, the pathos of Winnie's entrapped condition gets more intensified with---

I used to think --- I say I used to think --- that all these things --- put back into the bag --- if too soon --- put back too soon --- could be taken out again --- if necessary --- if needed------ and so on ---- indefinitely --- back into the bag --- back out of the bag --- until the bell --- went . (Act I, p.34)

---

She restores herself temporarily, smiles, the smile gets broader, but as usual, soon it is off, and once again she picks up her Brownie, the revolver. She is about to put the revolver into her bag, but arrests gesture and turns back front. The revolver stays outside by her side. Then, for a second time she starts putting all her 'things' into her big black bag. Such banalities, 'things' as Winnie calls them ultimately overwhelm existence itself. Just then there is a disturbance from behind the mound. Willie, as it appeared, was finding it difficult to crawl back into his abode, which
was a hole. Therefore, Winnie, herself in a trapped constriction, has to direct Willie's crawl back into his hole. Winnie is very tender in her directions to Willie, because he was not 'the crawler Winnie had given her heart to'---

The hands and knees, love, try the hands and knees. (Pause). The knees! The knees! (Pause). What a curse mobility! (Act I, p.35)

Mobility was a curse according to the Beckettian theme of existence visualized as a Non-ent. For, as repeatedly pointed out in this thesis, there being no Descaratan pineals, Mind and Body could only get together into a disjunct, Hugh Kenner's Cartesian Centaur. As such, Mentality and Corporeality did not quite co-relate into an over-all consistency. Earlier, Jarry had dubbed thought futile. Now, Beckett reduces the body to a contraption, in which each movement was a complex phenomenon, operated by a complicated set of levers. Winnie, half constricted by a tightening earth-grip, was no worse, or, no better, than a Willie whose mobility was achieved as a crawl! Such in fact, is the mental, as well as, the corporeal human existential condition of a human being. 'Happy' indeed was such a situation, or, was it a terrible existential bind? There being no illusions, nor even any essences, harsh existence was the only brutal fact. Existence was an irrational condition of just being 'there', an aborted, meaningless, futile presence. Therefore Beckett's penchant for 'physical themes', or sheer corporeality!

The situation on-stage becomes worse still when the half-constricted Winnie finds herself prone to dream! She dreams that some day Willie would come and live on her side of the mound, where the entrapped Winnie could at least see him.
She would be a different woman then! However, she knew that Willie---

Can't, I know. (Head down.) I know. (Pause.) (Act I, p.35)

However, the swing of her mentality makes inveterate optimism take hold, and her head looks up, and she waits for the bell that would end the day. The Sixth Speech is now at its close. The dramaturgy of the 'writing on the brush handle' is repeated. The reading de-constructs as it proceeds---

Fully guaranteed...what's this it was (Act I, p.35)

Willie's hand re-appears once again, and as Winnie reads, Willie's actions offer comment. Willie spreads a handkerchief on his skull. But Winnie continues---

Genuine pure -- fully guaranteed .... (Act I, p.35)

This time Willie's hand appears with a boater and settles it on the head at an angle and disappears. Winnie still continues reading de-constructedly the announcement on the brush handle. Dramatic technique razes to shreds once more, the illusions of whatever was 'pure', and 'guarantee'----

... genuine pure....ah! hog's setae. (Pause) What is a hog exactly? (Pause. Turns slightly towards Willie) what exactly is a hog, Willie, do you know. I can't remember. (Pause. Turning a little further, pleading) What is a hog, Willie, please! (Pause) (Act I, p.35)

That was just not an ordinary, banal, metaphor-bereft, collapsed language. It was a playwright shaping his Non-ent, and because of a firm commitment to theme and technique, the
effort is ruthless and devastating. It is frighteningly grotesque, and yet intense, with the poignant pathos of an intimately experienced tragedy!

That brings us to the last Winnie-Willie Conversation and also the last dramaturgic piece of the first Act. The conversation starts with Willie's answer to Winnie about a hog. A hog was a castrated pig reared for slaughter, she is told. These bits of information make Winnie happy. But her increasing happy expression is countered dramatically by Willie's newspaper. Only the tops of the yellow newspaper show, with Willie's hand in between. When Winnie begins speech, language drama or dynamic takes over. It starts at---

This is a happy day!

And becomes---

This will have been another happy day! (Pause.)

A modification follows---

After all. (Pause)

The modification is further qualified---

So far. (Act I, p.36)

Beckettian drama does not stop there, for, a pause follows, and the happy expression is off. Willie turns a newspaper page. Another pause ensues. Willie reads out again the news-item he had read earlier---

Opening for smart youth. (Act I, p.36)
However, this time Winnie does not react with reminiscences. Instead, she takes off her hat and turns to put it back in the bag, but arrests gesture, turns back front, and, smiles. It is a composite dramaturgy made up of a ‘smile on/off’, pauses, gazes fronts, and de-constructed language, instead of a rehash of the past as memories. She says, ‘No’, and smiles broader. Then she says, ‘No,no’ and the smile is off. Next she puts on her hat, gazes front, pauses and says, ‘And now?’ She pauses and asks herself to sing. She even prods herself, ‘Sing your song, Winnie’. But the song is not easily forth-coming, which makes her speak an uncertain, ‘No’. After yet another pause she presents herself an alternative, ‘Then pray’. She pauses once more, and even prods herself with ‘pray your prayer, Winnie’. She could not sing because the song had to be from the heart as she had said earlier. She had been through the dramaturgy of six long speeches to enter the ecstasies of prayer once more. At this juncture, Willie with uncanny dramatic sense, turns another newspaper page! A Pause ensues, after which Willie reads the second news-item, he had read out earlier---

Wanted bright boy. (Act I, p.36)

But the half-entrapped Winnie does not react at all. She merely gazes front while Willie turns another newspaper page as dramaturgic commentary. There is one more Pause, and the newspaper disappears. This time a Long Pause ensues, the nineteenth of the 44 in the play. On stage, is a pathetic, no-win, ensnared situation. In the midst of this, out of habit and as a sheer last straw, Winnie quietly urges herself to pray her prayer, but she does not. There is a Long Pause and the first Act concludes.

This brings us to Act II. The mound with its grass-scorched earth is still there. Winnie is asleep, but she has
now sunk into the earth up to her neck. The hat is on, and eyes are closed. Her head can no longer turn, nor bow, nor be raised. The head faces front motionless throughout the Act. There is increased eye movement. The big black bag, the parasol and the revolver are conspicuous. After a Long pause, the bell rings loudly. Winnie awakes at once. The bell stops, Winnie gazes front and there is one more Long Pause.

In effect, Act II is just one long, almost eleven-page Winnie speech. As already stated, it has 25 of the 44 Long Pauses, and 273 of the 460 Pauses in the play. It has 7 ‘Smile on/off’ postures and another 9 ‘Smile/smile broader/smile off’ stances. It has 3 directions for normal voice and 2 for a narrative tone. Winnie’s head being unable to turn, the Speech has directions aplenty for eye-movement. It has two screams, one giggle, and a hummed song, and, of course front gazes and the bell. There is also a Willie on-stage-appearance for the first and last time. He enters on hands and knees. Winnie, who is now buried neck-deep, tentatively hums a song. There is a Pause. Winnie’s happy expression is off, and her eyes close. The bell rings loudly, and her eyes open. She smiles and gazes front. Then she smiles to Willie who is still on his hands and knees. The smile is as usual soon off. They look at each other. Willie tries to reach her, and cannot do so. He remains on hands and knees. A long Pause ensues and the curtain falls. That was a bare picture of the drama-structure of Act II, which strikes first as salient and significant. It must be kept in mind that the play is in 2 Acts, and Act I has six of the seven Winnie speeches in the play and they span almost the entire length of the Act. Also, that Act II is just one, single, almost eleven-page Winnie speech. The Second Act effectively rounds off the thematic and dramaturgic burdens of the entire play. It also registers the change in Winnie’s corporeal condition, which is a fresh manifestation of Beckett’s
'physical theme', for in Act II, Winnie is neck-deep in the mound. Of course, the theatric features of each Winnie speech are distinct, though there are characteristic thematic as well as dramaturgic similarities also. The bare dramatic structure of the last Winnie speech that spans Act II, has just been given. It has variety also in as much its narrative tones tell a story. The screams, a giggle, and a tentatively sung song are more examples. Finally, as has just been said, it has Willie front-stage, on all fours, and unable to speak, perpetuating his crawl and his silence, and through contrast, Winnie's sunk-and-earth-gripped-to-the-neck immobility. Willie spoke rarely, while the curse on Winnie appeared that day to be in a state of 'tongue'. The Beckettian themes in the Seventh Speech are the ecstasy of prayer, and the feeling of being constantly under watch: also, that there was indeed little to speak of; and that the entrapped Winnie must learn to talk alone; that if Willie was, there, so was the bag, and therefore 'What Willie?', and even, 'What Winnie?'; that the mind was in deep trouble, and, what if the mind were to go; that the earth appeared to have lost its atmosphere, and so there was an eternal cold; that time-wise, there was little difference between the fraction of one second and the next; that 'things' overwhelmed and took precedence over human beings; and, that Winnie's head was full of cries. Of course Winnie's mind in her existential bind is sheer 'mentality', and, it is also irrationally entrapped like Winnie's body, her corporeality. The mind was in a state of turmoil, caught between the extremes of the habit-trap of hope on the one hand, and of mind-boggling despair on the other. The drama of the traumat. mental fluctuation is itself concretized as an on-stage, overwhelmingly intense experience, grotesque for all its worth, but profoundly tragic nevertheless. For, it is either human beings at a crawl, unable to speak, spending life in a hole, or, buried deep till the neck and
constricted by earth's grip, unable even to move the head, gazing in front, and, almost endlessly 'in tongue'.

Let us now see how some of the more important themes of the last Winnie Speech, her Seventh, take their characteristic dramatic shape. There is the extreme of prayer, gratitude, ecstasy even despite the adversity of an irrationally constricted human predicament---

Hail, holy light. (Long Pause.) (Act II, p.37)

A bell rings loudly. She opens her eyes immediately, gazes front and gives a long smile. But soon the smile is off, and yet another Long Pause ensues. She has the feeling of being constantly looked at still----

Some one is looking at me still. (Pause). Caring for me still. (Pause). That is what I find so wonderful. (Pause). Eyes on my eyes (Pause). (Act II, p.37)

This is when she is caught, neck deep in the earth, unable even to move her hat-covered head. It is a pathetically tragic condition, contextualized on stage, with the help of Long Pauses, and, the 'Smile on' and 'Smile off' postures, as also, the rhythm of the de-constructed speech, and the mis-match between the habit-trap of hope, and that of the despair of a restricted corporeal predicament. To repeat, Winnie's mentality is in deep turmoil. Once again, she speaks of the 'old style', but reverts to say, 'there is so little to speak of'. The repetition of 'I used to think...' is pitiful as also is the hope that she would someday be able to talk alone, talk 'to myself, in the wilderness'. The drama of coming away from the brink follows---

(Smile). But no (Smile broader). No, no, (Smile off) (Act II, pp.37-38)
The 'smile off' reveals the despair inherent in her 'No, no'. The fluctuation at one extreme brings the solace that at least Willie is there, but, for that matter so was the big black bag! She reminds Willie of a 'That day' and immediately questions it with a 'what day?' She, reiterates to herself that she used to pray but 'not now', 'No, no'---

I used to pray. (Pause.) I say I used to pray. (Pause.) Yes, I must confess I did. (Smile.) Not now. (Smile broader) No, no . (Smile off. Pause) (Act II, p.38)

Then' and 'now' created difficulties for the mind, because they disjuncted the Self all the more---

I am the one, I say the one, then the other (Pause) Now the one, then the other . (Pause) (Act II, p.38)

Further, existence being futile, there was, so little one could say, that 'one says it all'---

All one can. (Pause.). And no truth in it anywhere . (Pause.) (Act II, p.38)

The sense of 'I' changes fast. Consequently---

My arms.(Pause.) My breasts . (Pause) (Act II, p.38)

becomes---

What arms? (Pause.) What breasts? (Pause.) (Act II, p.38)

After this it is the next dramaturgic step to---

Willie.(Pause.) What Willie? (Pause.) (Act II, p.38)
All this meant deep trouble for the mind. However, Winnie recovers quickly, because the topsy-turvey of sheer 'mentality' swings to the other extreme, and a smile re-appears as a habitual ritual, the pungent interrogative 'What?' that had immediately before questioned even her identity is cautioned to a 'no, no, not now'---

Not now. (Smile broader.) No, no.' (Smile off Long Pause) (Act II, p 38)

Constricted and almost buried, and yet 'in tongue' that day, was Winnie's on-stage existential condition. She speaks of the earth having lost its atmosphere. But, what would happen if the mind were to go too!? Once again Winnie's har assed mentality swings to the other extreme, and the smile re-appears, as of habit, to disappear again, and there is a Long Pause---

It won't of course (Pause). Not quite. (Pause) Not mine. (Smile) Not now. (Smile broader) No, no . (Smile off. Long pause) (Act II, p.39)

The dramaturgic de-construction of speech, the 'smile' punctuations, the Pause and then the Long Pause once again concretize on stage, an overwhelmingly tragic human situation. When at the opposite extreme, Winnie's mind visualizes the possibility of eternal perishing cold, once the earth-ball lost its atmosphere. Her thought, shorn of its moorings is hardly ever at stay, and therefore, the eternal cold visualized is put at a chance only, the thought of the 'chance' factor making Winnie think next of a 'happy chance'. This very easily becomes a matter of 'great mercies?'. The playwright keeps words at a meaning-fringe, that changes its meaning burden with change of context. Thus, 'just chance' restores some shade of hope that the earth after all may not disintegrate into a perishing cold. However, 'a happy chance'
has these under-currents, and more, because the expression can also imply that it will be a happy chance also, if this irrational phenomenon comes to an end because of the perishing cold! Theatric use of banal body actions as a 'physical theme' is a permanent feature of the playwright's dramatic technique. However, corporeality, or the 'physical theme' in Happy Days, takes on new variety and shape involving more torso-detail. For example, fingers, lips, teeth, gum, arms, the head, eyes and the neck, and, even the tip of nostrils, as well as the tongue, cheek, face, nose, eyebrow, as also human breath come into theatric use. The dramatic de-constructions of the Seventh Willie Speech that spans the entire second Act almost, for the moment end at---

That is all. (Act II, p.39)

There is a Pause. But then there was Willie and the big black bag, and of course the earth, sky, and the sun shade too. Such was human existence!

The confidence of a 'That day' is shaken by the interrogative of a 'What day?'. Winnie's eyes open and close and gaze front. Her head is unable to move, and is topped by a hat! This is grotesquerie all through, and yet pathetic also, as a terribly futile and painful existential bind in earth's grip. Hamm knew that there was no cure for being on earth! But the swing of Winnie's mind, in her entrapped predicament is perpetual. And, Willie was there for comfort and the Brownie too! There is an immediate shift from that position too, it being insufficient succour. And, language at a collapse is Winnie's next trauma because often words also failed! This has the entrapped Winnie badly
traumatized. What was she to do if words also fail, as, very
often they did---

Gaze before me, with compressed lips. (Long Pause.)  
(Act II, p 40)

And still once more, there is that constant shift or
swing of mentality, and words, as articulated sound are
considered a comfort, because that warded off the Silence at
least. The sound of words helped through the day, which
indeed was a great mercy. Winnie is once more reminded of the
'old style', but the trauma of her mind being perpetual, she
remembers the sound she often heard. What did she think about
that. The tragically pathetic in existence is once more re-
iterated---

I used to think ... (Pause.)...I say I used to think
they were in my head. (Smile). But no. (Smile broader).
No, no. (Smile off.) That was just logic. (Pause.)
Reason. (Pause.) I have not lost my reason. (Pause.)
Not yet. (Pause). Not all (Pause). Some remains
(Pause). Sounds ... (Pause). Like little... sunderings,
little falls... apart. (Pause...) (Act II, p.40)

This re-iteration of 'I used to think,' punctuated each
time by a Pause, particularly when there is the uncertainty
of the sound-source, Winnie locates in her head is touching.
The 'smile on/off' sequence renders Winnie's condition
grotesque, though 'But no', and 'No, no' reinforce the
piteous uncertainty of the earlier 'I used to think' rhythm.
The situation becomes worse when the recourse to reason makes
Winnie pause and become doubtful about her reason too. The
dramatic gradation of the loss of reason as 'Not yet', 'Not
all', 'Some remains' makes the entrapped Winnie appear
extremely helpless and hapless. The sounds that linger, add
trauma to Winnie's mental somersaults, and constricted
corporeality renders her existential condition poignantly
tragic. And all this is contextualized on stage not with the help of tropes or metaphors but by the creative exploitation of the playwright's language themes. The context, on-stage, adds profundity even to work-a-day banalities like, 'But no', 'No, no', 'Not all' and 'Some reason remains'. Or, 'It won't of course', 'Not quite', 'Not mine', 'Not now', 'No, no' add intensity to an on-stage mental collapse. Or, 'All one can', 'And no truth in it anywhere' make saying something dubious. Or, 'Yes, I must confess I did', 'Not now', 'No, no', debunk prayer and praying. And, all this, becomes more acute and intense by the dramatic use, in between, of Pauses, front gazes, arrested gestures, and 'Smile on/off' postures. This, in any case, is not a collapsed language. It is 'the language theme' itself, the creative use of which becomes an excruciating, on stage experience of a hopeless, irrational human condition. In this context, even articles of customary use overwhelm the already desperate mental and corporeal disjunct that all human beings are---

It's things, Willie. (Pause. Normal voice). In the bag, outside the bag. (Pause.) Ah yes, things have their life, that is what I always say, things have a life . (Pause) (Act II, p.40)

The looking-glass needled Winnie, and the bell hurt her like a knife. However, neither could be ignored. And, neither would the closing and opening of eyes would help---

Open and close the eyes, Winnie, open and close, always that. (Pause.) But no, (Smile) Not now. (Smile broader.) No, no. (Smile off. Pause.) What now? (Pause) What now, Willie ? (Long Pause.) (Act II, p. 41)

But then, obduracy, or was it again a habit-trap, made her seek solace in her story of Mildred and her dressed-up
waxen doll, 'when all else failed', though it was a Mildred who had 'memories of the womb'---

A life. (Smile.) A Long life. (Smile off). Beginning in the womb, where life used to begin, Mildred has memories, she will have memories, of the womb, before she dies, the mother's womb. (Pause.) (Act II, p.41)

Such is Beckettian dramaturgy, carrying along, and, at the same time shaping Beckettian themes. 'A life' has a smile qualify it, and 'A long life' comes under dramaturgic scrutiny, when the smile is put off. The sacred notion of a mother's womb is castigated by the modification 'where life used to begin'. Life being a perennial absurdity can hardly have such romantic illusions as its base. Then 'memories', get modified by 'will have', and that too only before she dies. What is worse these memories will be of her mother's womb. It is a harsh, horrid, aborted origination. Mildred it was, or, was it Winnie's girl-hood, or the reader's, or, of someone in the audience, or, of every one from the audience and of every reader! It was a cruelly aborted origin indeed! Possibly the buried upto-the-neck Winnie, with a stiff head still doffing a hat, and grotesque, and pathetic, has memories too! But, let us now see what Winnie has to say about Mildred and her waxen doll with china-blue eyes that opened and shut. It wore socks, shoes and gloves, a necklace and a straw hat. It was in frills and carried a picture-book, with legends in real print. It was taken out for walks also. Now, while at Mildred's story Winnie gets into a narrative tone. One day Milly tiptoed to a silent passage in the nursery, crept under the table and began to undress her doll, scolding her the while. Suddenly a mouse appeared! Winnie went into a Long Pause, and even cautioned herself saying 'Gently Winnie'. Another Long Pause followed. Just then the narration is broken, because Winnie becomes concerned about Willie. The playwright moves with ease from one dramatic mode into
another, opting next to show only Winnie's concern for Willie---

Strange!? (Pause) No. (Smile) Not here. (Smile broader.) Not now. (Smile off) And yet... (Suddenly anxious). I do hope nothing is amiss. (Act II, p. 41)

Willie's crawl, referred to earlier, comes at this stage as part both of the dramatist's theme and technique. The grotesque tragedy of Man's mobility is made situate on stage as a curse that it was. Infact, both Winnie and Willie appeared accursed, for if Winnie was in an existential earth-grip and therefore immobile, Willie stayed holed up in a space he could enter only backwards. In any case, Willie's movement had to be a crawl, because he could not standup and had to move on hands and knees. Mind and Body were already disjunct into mentality and corporeality, and here was the constricted torso-movement itself, positioned on stage, as a crawl. Man was no different from a beast. Worse still, pineal glands being absent he was a Cartesean Centaur. Winnie sank deeper into the earth's grip. Willie moved, but only in a crawl! He had to crawl backwards into his hole, and while doing so was often stuck---

God grant he did not go in head foremost! (Eyes right, loud). You're not stuck, Willie? (Pause. Do) You're not jammed, Willie? (Pause.) (Act II, p. 42)

Winnie imagined Willie crying out for help, but thinks the cries in her head only. She is depressed, and with a capped, immobile head, gazes, eyes in front---

Perhaps he is crying out for help all this time and I do not hear him! (Pause.) I do ofcourse hear cries. (Pause.) But they are in my head surely. (Pause.) Is it possible that... (Pause. With finality.) No no, my head was always full of cries. (Pause.) Faint confused
cries, (Pause.) They come. (Pause.) Then go. (Pause.)
As on a wind. (Pause.) (Act II, p.42)

The cries are first thought to be Willie's. Perhaps he always cried for help and Winnie never even heard. But as for cries, did not Winnie always hear cries? Infact, her head was always full of them. Faint and confused they are. They come and then go as on a wind. That is the playwright's theme. As drama the very de-structuring of the hapless Winnie's train of thought is carried along by Pauses that have in between them conjecture, uncertainty, and finality. Tropes are indeed dispensable for profound and intense drama. This is part of the playwright's 'language theme', in which it becomes quite evident how commonplace utterances and even cliches can be creatively manipulated. Even bare and banal work-a-day words can have profound dramaturgic overtones in created contexts. In fact, drama is a fundamental feature of the phenomenon called language, being inherent in its very 'Being', that is, in the way it exists, both as a presence, as well as as an absence, that is, both as an articulation, as well as, a silence.

To return to the entrapped Winnie predicament, which has only a capped head, stiffly jut out of the earth's grip. This is human existence itself as a tragic grotesquerie. Winnie's mentality, is still in its trauma. Its perpetual fluctuation is currently at the habit-trap extreme of finding the cries in the head a cause for wonder and gratitude! But, as usual, her distressed mentality does not find succour and Beckett has it glide to the theme of singing songs to discomfit the audience out of complacency. It is pathetic, trying to sing a song, when the heart is not in it, and therefore the bedevilled Winnie says---

To sing too soon is fatal, I always find. (Pause.)
(Act II, p.42)
However, there is the other possibility also of leaving the song unsung for 'too late'. Winnie waits for the day's bell to ring, but the song remains un-sung—-

The bell goes for sleep and one has not sung. (Pause.) The whole day has flown-(Smile, Smile off)-flown by, quite by, and no song of any class, kind or description. (Pause.) (Act II, p.42)

The pathos and drama of the situation both go hand in hand. The opening line verges on poetry, relating time to the human song. The dramaturgy of language is not only in the Pauses, but also in the general facility which Beckett enjoys over the medium of language, which is inherently dramatic to the core, 'flown by/quite by' is one example.

Winnie's day was then about to close and no song had yet been sung! This was the Winnie concern. However, the pathos of the human predicament was not yet fully gauged, as it were, for—-

There is a problem here. (Pause.) One cannot sing... just like that, no. (Pause.) It bubbles up, for some unknown reason, the time is ill-choosen, one choked it back. (Pause.) One says, Now is the time, it is now or never, and one cannot. (Pause.) Simply cannot sing. (Pause.) Not a note. (Pause.) Another thing, Willie, while we are on this subject. (Pause.) The sadness after song. (Pause.) Have you run across that, Willie? (Pause.) In the course of your experience. (Pause.) (Act II, p.42)

This dramatic piece has almost the overtones of a Hamlet soliloquy. Of course it is intense in its profound simplicity, being the experience itself, minus the trappings of trope or metaphor. Language bereft of the artificiality of trope, can still have profoundity and depth, and this much more so, if it is in the control of an author who could become a classic in his life time, and, in
whose dramatic ouevre logo-centricity was a characteristic feature. Therefore, it will be wrong to talk of his 'language themes' or intense dramatic language de-constructions as examples of a language collapse merely, because it is always a language creatively used and made to communicate its own collapse. It is a creative use of language to make its collapse show. Put into a context, de-constructed speech acquires tremendous overtones and overwhelms with its simplicity being close to existential experience itself. Thus, if after a Pause comes 'Simply cannot sing', and again a Pause, and after that, 'Not a note', and in the same context, the halting phrase, 'The sandness of the song', then these simple words within quotes gather overtones of a personally felt deep trauma which is what is being concretized, on stage, as a piled up, heap upon heap, profound experience of the depressing irrationality of a Nonsense.

However, the swing of the benumbed desperation of an unsettled Winnie mentality, to the other extreme, is immediate, because the same trauma of a song left unsung, is made the cause of happiness also, just because, the sadness after the song does not last! She even thinks it wonderful. It simply wears away! She prods herself to think of some exquisite lines which in their intensity fluctuate to the other extreme of her mentality, because human existence was nothing to be gloated over, and oblivion was a heart-felt deep longing. The lines below reflect Winnie's profound sorrow---

Go forget me why should something o'er that something shadow fling ... go forget me... why should sorrow... brightly smile... go forget me... never hear me... sweetly smile ... brightly sing... (Pause.) (Act II, p.43)
There is pain that the classic is lost, and also hope that some remains---

One loses one's classics. (Pause.) Oh not all. (Pause.) A part. (Pause.) A part remains. (Pause.) (Act II, p.43) 

Now, Winnie was bereft that day of almost all action, except of the eyes, and was also tragically 'in tongue', and, burdened as she was with a traumatized mentality as well as an entrapped corporeality, the memory of the Cookers ushered itself in once again. Or, were they the Showers? She is still not sure. The couple, whoever they were, were the last stray visitors to Winnie in her trapped existential state because most Showers or Cookers, and, for that matter most readers, and members of the audience, hardly ever cared to look at their factual though very shocking and extremely discomfitting universal predicament. Beckett found himself honestly committed not only to look at human predicament in this way, but also to round and shape his dramaturgy to make it the very Non-ent that he found was the irrational human condition. The last visitors came hand in hand. They were not yet old. They too had their usual 'bag' in hand, and appeared getting on in life. They stood and gaped at her. The man began commenting on Winnie's bosom and shoulders. Did she feel her legs? Was there any life in them? Of course the entrapped Winnie was then embedded deep till her waist only. This was Beckett's idea of a human being's universal constricted condition. The stray visitors were people who just did not care to look at this universal condition a little more closely, out of fear of a terrible discomfiture! And the male partner had in fact got a little lewd and had wanted to ask about Winnie's under garments, and being shy, had prodded his female partner to do so. But she had compulsively retaliated. Ask her what? Why did not he himself ask? She had become violent and had even dropped his
hand. Now, while expressing the female visitor's violence, the entrapped Winnie herself got violent, so that when she spoke the visitor's reaction to her male partner, Winnie was in fact protesting against her own constricted existential bind---

(...)With sudden violence.) Let go of me for Christ's sake and drop!' (Pause.) (Act II, p. 43)

After the Pause she still remained violent---

Drop dead! (Act II, p.43)

However, the obduracy of the habit-trap of happiness returned and the engripped and entrapped Winnie smiled---

But no. (Smile Broader.) No, no. (Smile off) (Act II, p.43)

She visualizes the last stray visitors to her predicament recede. Indeed, to feel Beckett's commitment to the theme of an existential Non-ent can be difficult, and so, the chance visitors to the constricted Winnie also left hand in hand, along with the 'bag' that they carried. Gradually they became dim, and were gone---

Last human kind---to stray this way, (Pause.) up to date. (Pause.) And now? (Pause.) (Act II, p.44)

In a low voice, the embedded Winnie calls for Willie's help, and after a Long Pause, with her 'mentality' in a trance, she drops into a narrative, beginning once more the Mildred story from where it was earlier disjuncted. It was left off when Mildred's waxen doll, fully accoutered as she was, was being undressed by Mildred in the passage to the nursery to which Mildred had tiptoed though forbidden. Just then a mouse had run in. Mildred wanted to satisfy her
curiosity, or, was it a grotesque substitute of a Lear-
derobing to find out the essential-man!? Beckett’s response
to it is a tragic-grotesquerie in which a mouse climbs up
Mildred’s thigh, just while she was undressing the waxen
doll. She screamed. Once again, it is a scream that Winnie
actually screams, even as earlier, it was violent vehemence
that Winnie herself expressed when the female of the last
human two-some, that had chanced her way, had dropped her
male’s hand out of disgust at his lewd questions about the
entrapped and constricted Winnie. It was a piercing scream
for the audience as well, and it was screamed twice in
dramatic re-iteration. Of course in Winnie’s story of Mildred,
the Papa, Mama, the nurse, and the whole house had rushed in,
alarmed. However, by the time they arrived it was too late.
It was too late, the dramaturgy repeats, and a Long Pause
ensues. Then, a reminder to a Willie-presence follows, and
Winnie’s ‘mentality’ swings off to contemplate upon Time, and
there comes on stage the pathos of a human being as a
prisoner also of Time---

I used to think... (Pause.) ... I say I used to think
there was no difference between one fraction of a
second and the next. (Pause.) I used to
say... (Pause.) ... I say I used to say, Winnie you are
changeless, there is never any difference between one
fraction of a second and the next. (Pause.) (Act II,
p.44)

As already been pointed out earlier, the pathos is in
the refrain of the words ‘I used to think’, and, ‘I say I
used to think’. And then the Pauses and re-iteration of
‘never any difference between one fraction of a second and
the next’ in relation to the concept of a Self. This quietly
slips the ground from under the feet of a complacency that a
human being is essentially, and very confidently only One.
Winnie’s words have the feel of the awareness that, after
all, that confidence is misplaced. This is the intimate
experience itself, on stage, of a loss of identity, because of a disjuncted and disintegrated Self. Or, was it that way always, that is, the Self was never a consistent whole ever. Rather, pineals being absent, it was, to repeat, a Cartesean Centaur, a disjunct of mentality and corporeality, unwholesomely yoked together. Winnie’s words have all the pathos of that awareness, and Beckettian drama makes it an intimate, on stage experience. But why broach the subject again? Was it not a hopeless situation---

Why bring that up again? (Pause.) There is so little one can bring up, one brings up all. (Pause.) All one can. (Pause.) (Act II, p.44)

Suddenly Winnie gets violent, because her neck was hurting her. That was one way to draw attention again to Winnie’s embedded and constricted state, which was quite a universal, existential impasse. The irritation is made mild and Winnie’s mentality made to think ‘Everything within reason’. However, the Long Pause after this takes the quiet out of this posture and the disquiet shows itself in her words that follow immediately---

I can do no more (Pause.) Say no more. (Pause.) But I must say more. (Pause) Problem here. (Pause.) No, something must move, in the world, I can’t any more. (Pause.) A zephyr. (Pause.) A breath. (Pause.) (Act II, pp.44-45)

But, even as quickly, she is at the other extreme thinking again of some immortal lines, though yet again the swirl is at the other nerve end, when, 'It might be the eternal dark. (Pause) Black night without end.’ However, that this could be just chance and bring optimism to the fore, so that
from 'a happy chance' the drift to 'abounding mercies' is easy. Winnie is now almost in a delirium—

And now? (Pause.) And now, Willie? (Long Pause.) That day. (Pause.) The pink fizz. (Pause.) The flute glasses. (Pause.) The last guest gone. (Pause.) The last bumper with the bodies nearly touching. (Pause.) The look. (Long Pause.) What day? (Long Pause.) What look? (Long Pause.) I hear cries. (Pause.) Sing. (Pause.) Sing your old song, Winnie—(Act II, p.45)

Delirium indeed it is. It is punctuated by 4 Long Pauses after short eruptions of speech. There are 9 Pauses also, and together the Pauses that number 13, are each after a speech eruption. Winnie begins from the present and her mentality travels to the past. Its themes are the lapse of time; the last bumper, the last guest gone, cries in the head; a look; and the song left unsung. Winnie's existential bind thus extends itself to the audience also, because if nothing, then the last guest gone, the song left unsung, the remembered look, as well as Time are universal phenomenon. Add to that delirious Winnie's trapped condition and the Non-ent that existence is, comes through in all its frighteningly pathetic, tragic grotesquerie. The drama of the speech-eruptions is itself powerful. 'And now?' is followed by a Long Pause, after which 'and now Willie?', is the next articulation. This is also followed by a Long Pause. These Pauses that intervene after single noun-phrases help the sequence acquire dramatic power. 'That day', 'The pink fizz', 'The flute glasses', come after these short articulations, and a Pause ensues also after 'The last guest gone'. Then comes the memory of the last bumper, which is also only a phrase, and single noun-phrases resume the delirious rhythm, after each of which is once more the punctuation of a Pause. 'The look', 'The day', 'What day?', 'What look?' are troubled spurts of speech that have metaphysical overtones. The delirium intensifies the cries
in the head. Finally, there is the song that was left unsung. This is one work out of Beckett’s ‘language theme’. It is therefore not language bereft of metaphor. Of trope, or metaphor, it has little use, because the disjunct articulation is the existential condition itself in all its profound simplicity. To further intensify the on-stage situation, there is a Long Pause after this also, and then to make matters worse Willie appears on all fours. He is dressed to kill, being in a top hat, and with gloves, a morning coat and striped trousers. He sports a ‘Battle of Britain’ moustache. On all fours, he halts, gazes front and smoothens his moustache. He turns left, halts and gazes up at the earth-gripped, buried-up-to-the-neck Winnie. Next he advances on all fours towards centre, turns head, gazes front and strokes moustache. He straightens his tie, adjusts his hat and advances a little further, where he halts, takes off his hat and looks up the grass-scorched mound at Winnie and even tries to reach up. Unable to sustain the effort of all this, he sinks his head. All this is done in silence. The entrapped and embedded Winnie calls it unexpected pleasure. It stoked her memory. She thought of Willie when he had come proposing to her, and had said that it was a mockery to be without her. Winnie now giggles at the man accoutered in complete the trappings of a formal dress, and yet, on all fours! Where were the flowers man? The entrapped Winnie giggles again. ‘That smile’ says Winnie, and Willie sinks his head again. There was an anthrax on his neck. But where was he, all this time, that Winnie had screamed? Was he dressing? Was he stuck in his hole? He was looking up at her now—

That’s right, Willie, look at me. (Pause) Feast your old eyes Willie. (Pause.) Does anything remain? (Pause.) Any, remains? (Pause.) No? (Pause.) I haven’t been able to look after it you know. (Act II, p.46)
Constricted by the earth, limited and defined by Time, unable to preserve youth; that was the factual nature of the existential imbroglio. The on-fours Willie had looked up at the entrapped Winnie, but after Winnie's words his head had sunk! Winnie wants to start off a conversation. Was Willie as yet recognizable, in which, 'as yet' and 'recognizable' were damaging modifiers. Was he thinking of living this side of the mound now? No? Or, was it a brief call? Could not he hear? Why did not he speak? Was he dumb? Was he deaf too? Of course Willie was never a talker. APause ensues and Winnie resorts to her habit-trap obduracy of it after all being 'another happy day'. But, Winnie heard cries. Did Willie also hear cries? Winnie asks Willie to look up once more. When he does so she is shocked. Something ailed Willie, because his face had an unusual expression. Winnie calls Willie up the mound. He drops his hat and gloves and gleefully reaches up to her. Was Willie after a kiss? Willie was always in need of a hand but Winnie could not help now. Then Willie slid down the mound and lay with his face to the ground. Winnie wants him to cheer up and try again. However, Willie disturbs the entrapped Winnie with a strange look, at which she is vehement---

Don't look at me like that! (Pause vehement) Don't look at me like that! (Pause. Low) Have you gone off your head Willie? (Pause. Do.) Out of your poor old wits, Willie? (Pause.) (Act II, p.47)

**Happy Days** is an over-whelming experience. There is no explanation why Winnie came to be constricted and earth-gripped, or, what ever happened to Willie. However the corpus of the play is an overpowering condition of an existential Non-ent. Ecstasy of prayer and gratitude were in fact only habit-traps to which an unstable mentality returned out of sheer wont and routine. Very feebly, and just about audibly,
Willie calls out at Winnie. 'Win', he calls. There is a Pause. Winnie's eyes gaze front. A happy expression appears. It grows. That slight call had made Winnie 'happy'. Equally quick is the immediate dramaturgic qualification which forces the word 'happy' to lose its joy. It is very often the 'language theme' all through and even the modifiers of the word 'happy' are 'After all' and 'So far', punctuated in between with a Pause---

Win! (Pause.) Oh this is a happy day, this will have been another happy day! (Pause.) After all (Pause.) So far. (Act II, p.47)

In fact, as if to say, that from 'is' to 'will have been' is not enough of a perception shift, the speech-eruptions of 'After all' and 'So far', with a Pause punctuation, actually suck the pleasure out of the word 'happy', reducing it to the condition of 'a perennial tentative'. Very appropriately too, the entrapped Winnie, tentatively hums the beginning of a popular song, at the end of which is a Pause. Her 'happy' expression is off. She closes her eyes. The bell rings loudly at which Winnie opens her eyes. She smiles and gazes front. She turns her eyes still smiling to Willie, who is as yet, on his hands, and knees, looking up at her. The smile is off. Winnie and Willie look at each other. A Long Pause ensues and the curtain falls.

Once more, in Happy Days, the Non-ent had been given a dramatic shape, new, original, and different from the Beckettian oeuvre till date.

To conclude, Happy Days situates on stage yet another variation on the theme of an Irrational Non-ent, and adjusts its dramaturgic strategy to suit the pressure the variation put on the playwright's technique. Once more, it is a
concretization on the proscenium of a conventionally accepted abstract condition called 'happiness', and, the ecstasy of prayer and gratitude that is supposed to accompany it. The play becomes a ritual for a persistent drubbing and debunk. The notions of joy, gratitude and prayer, either fall in and out of the dramatist's dramaturgic anvil, or, collapse right through the pores of the sieve of his strategy. The play begins with a human body shown firmly in earth's grip till the waist under a blazing light in Act I. The body sinks deep till the neck in Act II. This is the play's 'physical theme'. It is an entrapped corporeality, which Descartean pineals being absent, is made disjunct from its mentality. The latter is pit at a perpetual hapless swing between rapturous gratitude and tragic despair, expressed in a variety of 'language themes'. Consequently, the stage acquires a profound context of an Absurd Non-ent, the shows of joy and prayer notwithstanding. 'To be is to be perceived' of Berkeleyian authority, gets a wry dramaturgic treatment, and is contextualized on stage as a helpless trauma. According to Beckett, there was little in existence to be happy about and still less to float the mind away in illusory rapture. Therefore, with its own specific dramaturgy, the drama is set the task of a play-length dramaturgic operation-debunk, against illusions of joy, gratitude and prayer and of purity, guarantee, knowledge and the classics, as well as, of an absent-presence, constantly a-watch over its creatures and creation.

Language and human corporeality get fresh dramaturgic attention. But the 'language theme' here is just not a Vladimir-Estragon 'banal' cross-talk. Neither is it a schizophrenic's word-salad like Lucky's, with almost a method in its madness. Nor is it a telescoping of tapes recorded at earlier birth-days and heard by Krapp, the old decrepit at the late age of 69. Rather, it is language as a new
experience, with a fresh dramaturgy of its own. Its de-
constructions are in the *Endgame* tradition of extended speech
deliveries, particularly of Hamm's soliloquies with a 2/1/4
page-spread and more. Of course Winnie's seven long speeches
have also a permanent dialogic content because of a constant
Willie-presence in the background though he speaks but very
rarely. Also, each extended Winnie articulation has its own
set of themes, and consequently each is an altogether
different dramaturgic exercise. Again, voice de-constructions
are many in *Happy Days*, and there is variety too, though they
are not as various as in *Endgame*. In the latter, apart from
the normal, there is a narrative tone also, as well as many
voice modulations including a tailor's voice, a rational
being's and a raconteur's. *Happy Days* is a new, and very
successful experiment in exploring the 'language theme' which
has vast dramatic potential inherent in it, though if bereft
of metaphor, it is generally considered banal and ordinary,
and therefore at a collapse. Language is full of drama, be it
in a Pause, Silence, or uttered de-construction. And, what of
the support it gets from the drama inherent in what Kalb
calls 'physical themes' as made manifest in work-a-day
banal physical actions of the human body, particularly its
vast gamut of gestures of the eye, hand, head, lip, or face
generally. *Happy Days* makes maximum use of body-language.
Of course, no Beckett play repeats in its entirety, the
dramaturgy of an earlier drama by him. Therefore, each play
by Beckett has a fresh and original dramaturgic experience to
offer. And, to repeat, this dramaturgic variety is because of
the variations in shape, that each dramatic effort gives, to
each variation on his Non-ent vision of existence, for theme
and technique in Beckett are always integral to each other.
In fact, form and content are in such close co-ordination
only because Beckett has an insatiable interest in the shape
which thought can often take. The variation in thought, the
vision remaining the same, compels each play to take on a new
dramaturgic shape. The variation is only enough to make it appear different and original, though the theme is always of an existential Non-ent. Thus, like the Godot-play, *Happy Days* has no banal cross talk, nor a single direction for a Silence, while the earlier play has 113 such stage-directions. Similarly, it does not, like *Endgame* have a tableau and pantomime begin it, nor also, a tableau end it. It does not have a prominent language refrain like the Godot-play's 'Let’s go/We can’t... etc.' either. In fact, it has no language refrains at all. However, like the two previous plays it does have a sparsely inhabited stage, and its Winnie-Willie two-some, repeats the two-some cluster of earlier Beckett dramas. *Waiting for Godot* had all the Universe as its theatre, and its tramps waited alongside a road in open country. In *Endgame* also, Man and the Cosmos are the co-ordinates, though Man was temporarily housed in a ramshackle shelter, the outside of which was in the throes of a cataclysmic ruin. Krapp also needed a pantomime, but Time and Silence were the play's existential references, and the tape gave it dialogic content. *Happy Days* has Winnie half-buried in a mound, and the sun shines on her piercingly. The range is again Man and the Cosmos, an irrational existence being forever the theme.

*Happy Days*, has a 2-Act structure, the second being necessary to help Winnie sink in upto the neck. The unending stream of Winnie’s monologue gets a permanent dialogic content because of the constant Willie-presence behind the mound that impales Winnie, as do the timely Winnie’s references to Willie, and the slender exchanges between them. And, the wonder of it all is, that Willie is scarcely ever wholly present on stage as a visible performer. Having already dramatized, on stage, an absent-presence, Godot, in an earlier play, it seemed an easy exercise for Beckett to contextualize a Willie-presence in *Happy Days*, while keeping him actually
almost away and out of sight behind Winnie’s mound. His presence is never in doubt. Even the occasional turn of a newspaper page, as comment on something that Winnie was saying, served the purpose, as did the show of his hand, or head, or the long blow of his nose. Apart from this, the stage-audience rapport is perpetual, not only because of the permanent existential bind as a manifestation ‘there’, of a trapped human condition, but also because of Winnie’s dishevelled mentality, which being constantly at a swing, nullified the recurrent postures of prayer and gratitude, and even of purity, guarantee, and knowledge. In order to demolish the meaning-content of the word ‘happy’ in Happy Days’, whether the happiness was spiritual or otherwise, the playwright had to dramaturgically debunk illusions of prayer, joy and thanksgiving. Not only is the whole play involved in the exercise, even specific parts contribute to the cumulative effect. Thus, the tender human Smile is made mechanical by giving the play as many as 33 stage-directions for a ‘Smile on/Smile off’ or a ‘Smile/Smile broader/Smile off’. Apart from this there are numerous ‘gaze fronts’ and ‘arrested gestures’ also.

Pauses, Long Pauses, Silences and Long Silences, were in the Godot-play quite a striking characteristic, and an integral part of Beckett’s dramaturgy. He appears as careful about them as his words. Happy Days introduces a new kind of Pause. It is a stage-direction twice and is called a Maximum Pause. Unlike the Blackouts in Play, the duration of these different time-directions is not ever given, and was also never timed as an exact-time feature. Happy Days, has as many as 44 Long Pauses, and 460 odd directions for a Pause, besides the two already mentioned for a Maximum Pause. In Happy Days these Pauses play the important role of intensifying the situation on stage, as an experienced existential condition, with its stubborn returns from ritual
enthusiasms and joyous exultations to scepticism galore. Beckett's plays are in fact dramaturgy all through, each drama shaping the particular thematic variation of Beckett's commitment to an existential Non-ent. In Happy Days, the 'physical theme' also gets a fresh orientation, and eyes, lips, teeth, gum, fingers, nose, head, breasts, hands palm, tongue, the neck, nails, nostrils and even human breath are put to dramaturgic use. What is more, for the first time 'things' are felt to overwhelm a human's being existence, and the big black bag and its treasure full of banalities, like a hat, comb, mirror, tooth-brush, tooth-paste, lip-stick, parasol, nail-file, magnifying glass terribly dominate a life and severely effect its existential quality. Under the circumstances, enthusiasms are misplaced and the rapturous ecstasy of prayer and gratitude ill-conceived. The dramaturgy of the play effectively shapes this into an intense on-stage experience, giving to the new variety of the Absurd Non-ent a dramatic form different from the dramaturgies and forms of Waiting for Godot, Endgame, and Krapp's Last Tape.
References:


5. Ibid., p.162.

6. Ibid., p.32.


10. Ibid., p.32.


16. Ibid., p.88


25. Ibid., p.162.