CHAPTER II

SAMUEL BECKETT:
RIDDLES OF THE SELF AND LINGUISTIC MODALITY

The outstanding event in the twentieth century was the emergence of Samuel Beckett, the close friend and favorite disciple of James Joyce. Initially, he was known only to a small group of initiates and then chiefly as a translator. But gradually, he became one of the most famous and controversial writers in the world. His writing gives him a prominent place in French as well as world literature. This writing reveals his immense learning. It is full of subtle allusions to a multitude of literary sources as well as to a number of philosophical and theological writers. He refused to take the easy road by producing traditional theatrical works. He was truly instrumental in creating this new form of drama, which came to be known as the Theatre of the Absurd. The plays produced by Beckett constitute a new type of literary genre as Malvin J. Friedman suggests.

Thus, he began his lifelong association with Paris where he met James Joyce and soon became a member of his circle. Paris, on the other hand, looked as the hopeful destination to which most of the writers, who sought for a suitable atmosphere, might head for. Martin Esslin in this regard says:

As a Powerhouse of modern movement, Paris is an international rather than a merely French Centre: It acts as a magnet attracting artists of all nationalities who are in search of freedom to work and to live non-conformist lives unhampered by the need to look over their shoulder to see whether their neighbors are shocked. That is the secret of Paris as the capital of the world’s individualists: here, in a World of cafes and small hotels, it is possible to live easily and unmolested.1

Beckett settled in Paris which might help him and the others in supplementing the heavy burden of the Irish-British life where it imposed upon
them political, economic and social restrictions. But such a supplement was not complete and it was temporal for “he (Beckett) seems again the insulted man or, better, the man in pot or garbage can. Going to pot became his theme”. Yes, instead of being the desired Paradise, Paris was no more than an exile whose streets, bogs, ditches and houses remind him of his tormenting country:

*The best thing Beckett had to do was to move constantly from place to place.* Beckett embarked on a period of Wonderjare. Writing poems and stories, doing odd jobs, he moved from Dublin to London to Paris, travelled through France and Germany.

When the World-War II broke out in 1939, hurrying him back from Ireland to France. “I preferred France in war to Ireland in peace,” Beckett said, and he joined an Underground Resistance group in Paris until it was discovered in 1942, then he fled to Vacuoles in the unoccupied zone, where he supported himself as a farm laborer:

*A message informing him that some of the members of his group had been arrested. He left his home immediately and made his way into the unoccupied zone, where he found shelter and worked as an agriculture Labourer.*

What is so significant to mention about his life is his friendship with James Joyce in Paris. He had much in common with Joyce, both socially and intellectually. Joyce thought that Beckett had a promise. He also admired the ‘Young Irishness’ of Beckett. Thus, he was receiving his works with excitement describing him as being gifted.

The influence of Joyce was immediate and direct not only in the literary aspect but in other aspects, as well. This is simply because Joyce represented the inspiring friend for Beckett. Their relation developed to take different dimensions. These are the natural links between them embodied mainly in having similar background. The two men suffered from depression and disappointment. These stem from the refusal of the public, at the beginning, at least, to their genius translated into their works. The first work of Beckett had been refused by six publishers, describing it as rubbish, while it was welcome with admiration by Joyce. Such acceptance and admiration
reveal the aptness of their lives. The gloom undergone by Beckett is the same
as Joyce’s simply because they emerged from the same environment and
passed through the similar circumstances. Such a tormented life finds a large
space in Beckett’s writing expressing it through isolation, frustration and loss.

Like Eliot and Joyce, Beckett read too much and knew most of the
philosophical trends. But he was not influenced by all; he rather shows a deep
influence of Descartes. Cjarles R. rightly points out that:

*Descartes’ doubts about the accuracy of the concept of the
external reality that we gain from sense-perception provided
Beckett with a philosophical scheme that he has used
consistently in his fiction and drama.*

He had read Socrates, Heidegger and Sartre. Also in the field of psychology,
William James, Sigmund Freud, Jung and the Gastalt seem very native to
him. Combining all these trends he is expected to be “more a thinker than he
is”. He is an artist, but treats things in a way similar to that of the philosopher
and psychologist. Beckett, in spite of all these influences, presents a new
trend which appeared clearly in his essay on *Proust*. In this essay he
declared that “concept and logic are helpless in a confusion that the artist
must order without them.”

Beckett’s writing reveals that his characters are old, having clouded
perception of their immediate environment and trying to recall and reconcile
past experiences, questioning their own identity and the secret of their
existence. He tends to picture the spiritual loss of a modern man and conveys
the mood of nihilism in moments of despair, and of being deprived of human
rights. He pictures the modern world in terms of the symbols in which he
embodies economically the ruins of the age. Thus, we may find, as Beckettian
symbol, a tree without leaves in the middle of the stage and it stands for the
dissolution and bareness of the world, or a closed finished room representing
the exhaustion of life. His people also reflect this destruction and self-loss. But
in doing so, Beckett would not introduce something new or artistic. Therefore,
his characters keep remnants of values and beliefs that help them find a hope
to rely on. Yes, always there are religious allusions and sacred or moral
values in their store of knowledge. Always there is something giving them the
feeling that they exist. And it is in this regard Beckett differs from the other writers of the absurd. He opens his world to comprehend different interpretations since his people are a mixture of different tendencies. They are divided into two types of people; meditative and materialistic. The other absurdists depict and focus on the second type. They do not draw a lightened area in the world of their characters. Their people stumble randomly in complete darkness. It is a peculiarity of Beckett that separates him from the others. In Beckett’s world, one can notice the possibilities of going on stemming mainly from intuitive hopes of a beautiful “world without end”,\textsuperscript{13} as uttered by Winnie in “\textit{Happy Days}”.

Beckett showed a great talent in creating an artistic frame for the plays. He is not only a writer, but also “\textit{a remarkable musician, … who possesses an astonishing musical intuition}.”\textsuperscript{14} Further, his abilities extended to the theatre from which directors and actors take a great benefit. Showing the significance of Beckett’s advice in theatrical performance. Jack MacGowran, a famous director, states:

\begin{quote}
One of the common cries of old theatre land so often heard is ‘keep the author out!’ I’ve bawled it myself more than once, and for very good reasons. There were also the very rare occasions when I shouted ‘Bring the author in!’ and again for very good reasons. Samuel Beckett was in forefront of this few, and I have ever regretted this soul cry.\textsuperscript{15}
\end{quote}

The most productive period in Beckett’s literary glory was that of the fifties. Thus, sixteen years after the first performance of \textit{Waiting for Godot}, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Not only that, he was one of the few Nobel choices about whom nobody argued. His right to this honour was unquestioned and obvious. He was a recognized world figure, an authority and a major influence.

After such a life, and after such a dense, prolific and rich production, Samuel Beckett must have reached the climax of human expression, and talked to the spirit as well as the body. He, like Shakespeare, has scored places and points in people’s hearts and minds since he displays his raw material objectively far from any personal attitudes. He leaves his text open to the audiences to say whatever they want, or find adapting to their situation.
He transforms his own cries, which are people’s, into an artistic picture. He, unlike others, conveys the voices, loud voices, of which the human being has been confused for a long time. He raises many questions requiring no answer, since the answer is mysterious to the man of the modern age. Thus, his plays, as Martin Esslin insists, are concerned with the ultimate realities of the human condition – the problems of life and death, isolation and communication.\(^{16}\) He is painting a portrait of desolation, lovelessness, boredom, ruthlessness, sorrow and nothingness.

Beckett prefers a consciously impossible art as Esslin says:

> the expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express.\(^{17}\)

His work is concerned primarily with the sordid side of human existence, with tramps and with cripples who inhabit trash cans. This is a fundamental misconception. He dealt with human beings in such extreme situations not because he was interested in the sordid and diseased aspects of life, but because he concentrated on the essential aspects of human experience –

> such experiences, together with the feelings of rootlessness, menace and quiet despair, mingled with faint hope, which they encouraged rather than engendered in him, exercised a profound impact upon Beckett’s writing.\(^{18}\)

Moreover, one book known to Beckett long before he went to university was the Bible, the echoes of which constantly recur in his writing. For, although he lost his faith while still a young man, the theme of yearning for salvation, the problem of suffering and the unacceptable nature of divine justice, and the clash of sense and spirit in man have continued to preoccupy him throughout his life.\(^{19}\)

Much of Beckett’s work moves, in fact, between two poles, on the one hand, the impulse to reject reality and excise desire and, on the other hand, man’s constant, and apparently inevitable immersion in the ‘muck’ of existence. For example, Winnie, in ‘Happy Days’, experiences this impulse to escape from her mortal plight, and yet remains firmly imprisoned in the earth and in her own duality.
One of the striking features of Beckett’s writing is to convey the sense of the nothing which exists, and which, ambiguously, is both feared and desired by many of his characters. He was greatly influenced by Schopenhauer’s idea that time and space, subject and object, are all abolished. No will, no idea, no world; before us there is certainly only nothingness.

Samuel Beckett’s writing has always posed stubborn problems for literary critics and historians. His astonishing inventiveness and the bizarre nature of his inventions: the mingling of anguish and elegance – talking of first and last things through the masks of clownish vagabonds – have made his work uncommonly difficult to describe and evaluate; and his movements through countries, languages and genres make a brief, comprehensive account of his career almost impossible to compose. Horald Pinter has always been passionate about his admiration for Beckett. He wrote to a friend:

*He is the most courageous, remorseless writer going and the more he grinds my nose in the shit the more I am grateful to him...he leaves no stone unturned and no maggot lonely. He brings forth a body of beauty. His work is beautiful.*

Man has been a case of study for a long time simply because he is considered to be the centre of the universe. And, therefore, the psychological studies on man have passed through miscellaneous stages of development. Consequently, Beckett’s work is concerned primarily with the problems of human existence. Brook Atkinson admits that “Beckett’s strange power is to convey melancholy truths. His plays are allegories written in a heartless modern tone.” Beckett dealt with human beings in such extreme situations. He preoccupied with the problems of being and the identity of the self. The deep existential anguish is the keynote of Beckett’s work and clearly originates in levels of his personality for deeper than its social surface. His creative intuition explores the elements of experience and shows to what extent all human beings carry the seeds of such depression and disintegration within the deeper layers of their personality. In ‘Endgame’ Chevigny says:

*We are also certainly confronted with a very powerful expression of the sense of deadness, of leaden heaviness*
and hopelessness, that is experienced in state of deep depression.\textsuperscript{22}

Beckett’s task is to find a new meaning of life with which to allay man’s fear of death, and present and show the real nature and the essence of the human condition in order to show the pain and fear as well as the humor of the ordinary people as they despairingly try to use reason and argument to help them in a situation where reason is not enough. His all plays reveal, with brilliant ambiguity, an ambiguity that exactly mirrors the situation of people whose lives are over but still going on. The one fundamental reality behind all of Beckett’s work is the ancient tragic knowledge of man’s solitude, imprisonment, and pain in an intolerable universe which is indifferent to his suffering. Dustman Cometh (Encounter, July 1958, 84-6), summarized the landscape and inhabitants of Beckett’s “world without end at the end of the world, a world always on the point of ending yet never quite able to bring itself to end.”\textsuperscript{23}

Beckett created a realistic drama of his period which aimed at the impartial presentation of real life, contemporary rather than historical. Esslin says, “Beckett’s entire work can be seen as a search for the reality that lies behind mere reasoning in conceptual terms.”\textsuperscript{24} He became aware of the depressing circumstances in which the poor are fated to dwell; he viewed the squalor and the misery of the cities; he looked around and saw the terror of modern civilization. In this point Esslin says, “It is a world of tormentors and tormented in which the characters lose their identity as they move in the dark, in the vicious circle of attacker and victim.”\textsuperscript{25} In his plays, therefore, Beckett sought, ever more subtly and delicately, to depict the most complex aspects of the human spirit. His typical plays are, thus, emerged as the dramatic presentation of “mystery of suffering”. He embodied his tragic sense of life, which results from a recognition of the mystery and inevitability of suffering which is inseparable from the human condition. He focuses on “the problem of suffering and the unacceptable nature of divine justice, and the clash of sense and spirit in man.”\textsuperscript{26}

His plays are studies of man’s inner nature and inner conflicts. He dealt with the deceptive nature of human expectations and the frustrations caused thereby. In his writings, he expressed the tragic sense of loss at the
disappearance of ultimate certainties. This expression is considered as an effort to make man aware of the ultimate realities of his condition, to instill in him again the lost sense of cosmic wonder and primeval anguish, to shock him out of an existence that has become trite, mechanical, and deprived of the dignity that comes of awareness. For man God is dead, above all, to the masses who live from day to day and have lost all contact with the basic facts—any mysteries—of the human condition with which, in former times, they were kept in touch through the living ritual of their religion, which made them parts of a real community and not just atoms in an atomized society. Beckett in this point

*Re-establishes an awareness of man’s situation when confronted with the ultimate reality of his condition … He castigates, satirically, the absurdity of lives lived unaware and unconscious of ultimate reality. This is the feeling of the deadness and mechanical senselessness of half-conscious lives, the feeling of human beings secreting ‘inhumanity’.*

Accordingly, Beckett faced up to a deeper layer of absurdity – the absurdity of the human condition itself in a world where the decline of religious belief has deprived man of certainty. When it is no longer possible to accept complete closed systems of values and revelations of divine purpose, life must be faced in its ultimate, stark reality. This why we have always seen man stripped of the accidental circumstances of social position or historical context, confronted with the basic choices, the basic situations of his existence – man faced with time and therefore:

*In Beckett’s plays waiting between birth and death, man running away from death climbing higher and higher, … in Ionesco’s The Killer, man inextrically, entangled in a mirage of illusions, mirrors reflecting mirrors and forever hiding ultimate reality.*

Esslin adds: “*in the play of Genet, man trying to establish his position, or to break out into freedom, only to find himself newly imprisoned.*” So man is passively sinking down toward death, or rebelling against death confronting and accepting it. Man is trying to establish his position – in other words, man trying to stake out a modest place for himself in the cold and darkness that
envelops him; or man forever lonely, immured in the prison of his subjectivity, unable to reach his fellow-man.

Beckett emphasized, through his plays, the psychological impact of the modern social order. His social criticism is, thus, closely linked with the psychological realism. This problem is not a problem of physical starvation, but of psychological persecution. This reality and truth of Beckett’s vision is concerned with communicating an experience of being, and in doing so, he is trying to be uncompromisingly honest and fearless exposing the reality of human condition. Beckett strives to tell the truth – the truth about his intuition of the human condition.

*The truthful exploration of psychological, inner reality is no way less true than the exploration of an outward objective reality. Indeed, the reality of vision is more immediate and nearer to the core of experience than any description of an objective reality.*

Realities of vision and perception are as real as quantitatively verifiable external realities. There is no real contradiction between objective reality and subjective reality. Both are equally realistic. Esslin says:

*If the circumstances presented are true, The play-any play – will be convincing; if they are obviously biased and manipulated, it will fail. But the test of the truth of the play must lie ultimately in its ability to communicate the truth of the experience of the characters involved.*

He adds, “And here the test of its truth and realism will ultimately coincide with its inner reality.” Consequently, the dramatic truth will depend on the author’s ability to convey the human reality of his predicament. Beckett tried to deal with the ultimate of the human condition not in terms of intellectual understanding, but in terms of communicating a metaphysical truth through a living experience, because “there is a vast difference between ‘knowing’ something to be the case in the conceptual sphere and ‘experiencing’ it as a living reality.” Concerned as it is with the ultimate reality of the human condition the fundamental problems of life and death, isolation and communication. Beckett’s plays, however, grotesque, frivolous, and irreverent they may appear, represent a return to the original, religious function of his writing – the confrontation of man with the spheres of myth and religious
Northrop Frye, a prominent modern critic, in his substantial retrospective essay (No.46), says, “Beckett is the maker of a myth with profound psychological, social and religious implication.” Like ancient Greek tragedy and the medieval mystery plays and baroque allegories, Beckett was intent on making his audience aware of man’s precarious and mysterious position in the universe. Graver and Federman add, “The novels and plays seemed to be as problematical and elusive as the essence of being for which Beckett was searching all his life.”

Beckett expresses the absence of any such generally accepted cosmic system of values. He makes no pretence at explaining the ways of God to man. He can merely present, in anxiety or with derision, an individual human being’s intuition of the ultimate realities as he experiences them; the fruits of man’s descent into the depths of his personality, his dreams, fantasies and nightmares. Beckett’s creative intuition explores the elements of experience and shows to what extent all human beings carry the seeds of such depression and disintegration within the deeper layers of their personalities.

Beckett is a great absurdist whose vision of life and human condition is essentially absurd, in which there is a cosmic anguish arising from a perception of inscrutability of fate. In his plays, someone has seen or read death, suicide, murder, violence and insanity. He points out that man suffers and his life becomes a tale of suffering ending with the cessation of his life; man feels orphaned, lonely defrauded and at bay. He suffers from a feeling of ‘insecurity’, a feeling of ‘not belonging’. The feeling of insecurity causes unbearable spiritual anguish, fear and torture. The torment could come from man’s sense of being separated from nature and not yet attaining complete humanity, of ‘not belonging’ in the universe. Man has been degraded, and dehumanized. He has been reduced to a machine, merely to a thing of steel, in the modern age of machines, the individual is reduced to a statistical entity. With the collapse of values, systems, man finds himself in a void. Beckett shows him completely doomed in this modern technological world. So man belongs neither to earth nor to heaven. The proper place for him might be hell. He might belong there. James Knowlson depicts the situation in which Winnie has been placed as such:
‘eternal dark … Black night without end’ into which she and Willie might have been placed, judging that it was, ‘just chance, I take it, happy chance that it was not otherwise. Yet extreme heat, extreme cold and eternal darkness are all characteristics of a traditional view of Hell.\textsuperscript{36}

Beckett makes himself the absurdist of tragic fate and psychological tensions. He also regarded the social environment as an important factor in man’s absurd lot. He reveals the reality of his heroes as neither kings, nor princes, nor great military generals, but they are all drawn from the humblest ranks of society. “Mr. Beckett supposes that he writes about the lowest strata of society, about the dispossessed and the regardless-of-possession”.\textsuperscript{37} They are all ordinary men and women, suffering and down-trodden. These characters, crippled emotionally, if not physically suffer and the very intensity of their suffering exhausted them. Ben-Zvi says:

\textit{The Beckettian Ur-Character, a shadow man, presented without physical description or background, placed in an unclear situation, suffering from an ill-defined problem}.\textsuperscript{38}

Thus, Beckett’s characters are mostly tramps who have no families, friends, occupations, or at times they don’t have even a name; in short, they have nothing to enable one to extract them from the text and to discuss them as specific individuals. Beckett draws his characters in their outlines because he aims to portray “the human condition at its most naked through lives that are stripped to the barest minimum”.\textsuperscript{39}

Beckett uses certain techniques to deconstruct the realistic naming such as giving his characters unrealistic names or changing their names in the courses of the narrative, as observed in \textit{Trilogy} for example, To illustrate, in \textit{Molloy}, Sophie, the widow looking after Molloy for some time without his consent, is renamed Lousse. In \textit{Malone Dies}, Malone names the main character of his first story, Sapo, who is renamed Macmann in his second story. Also, The \textit{Unnamable} changes his character’s name three times. He, first, names his character Basil, who is renamed Mahood and then Worm in his second and third stories respectively. In realistic characterization, a name stands for a fixed identity, so by changing the character’s names, Beckett
exposes the realistic fallacy of fixed identity. Rabinovitz mentions another technique that Beckett uses in the *Trilogy*, “In some instances, Beckett uses the alliteration in a series of names, Molloy, Moran, Macmann, to undercut the sense of their realism”.\(^{40}\) Besides, the letter ‘M’ is also suggestive, simply because it recalls the word ‘man’, which may imply that these characters are prototypes representing the human conditions.

The characters are the outcasts of society. Their souls try to rise against limitations imposed upon them by their own weakness or by society. Beckett’s vision of life-human condition-was essentially absurd. He wrote plays of modern life, which do not follow the traditional line. These plays are the embodiments of a cosmic anguish. Man suffers from inner emptiness, isolation and a feeling of insecurity. Beckett

settles us in the world of the Nothing where some nothings which are men move about for nothing. The absurdity of the world and the meaninglessness of our condition are conveyed in an absurd and deliberately insignificant fashion.\(^{41}\)

As a result, a pervasive sense of doom hangs over Beckett’s plays; fate drives the characters to their doom. Some have lost their legs, some blind and dumb, others paralyzed, some lost their sons, others buried till death, others lost their relatives. Therefore, repression, inhibition, revenge, intense passions, love and hate motivate the characters and result in tragedy. “Beckett’s decaying figures, lying on the ground, sitting in dustbins, inhabit a world in which there has certainly been a Fall, but just as certainly no Redemption”.\(^{42}\) So Beckett’s plays deal with the:

problematic fate of man, a being who is represented as an uneasy amalgam of decaying body and faltering mind, which can look forward either to a fall into a gaping void or, more terrifying still, the purgatory of a consciousness unable to die.\(^{43}\)

So Beckett portrayed the symbol of humanity falling into the void, but this void constitutes man’s surest reality, and is so active as to make the world seem as illusion. Nothing is certain but the void, and error, and the idiotic race, which every man seems condemned to run to no purpose, as Esslin says:

*Molloy and Moran are paralytics, they live in a world where dreams, imagination and reality mingle, and where no*
decisions are required of them. They don’t need to kill themselves, for they are perhaps not even alive.\textsuperscript{44}

He is a being without being, who can neither live or die, neither begin nor leave off, the empty site in which an empty voice is raised without effect, masked for better or worse by an agonizing.

The reality which Beckett has tried to apprehend, and which is probably inexpressible, is the region of the perfect indifference and undifferentiatedness of all phenomena. So Beckett’s every play, every novel, is, in a way, the story of a disintegration, either of the hero, or of time, or of life. Sometimes disintegration is in all, hero, time and life, and world appears as waves on the surface of the sea.

\textit{A Beckett character recognizes nothing of what is around him, not even, if he can see it, his own body... When I see my hands on the sheet, say Malone, ... they are not mine...}\textsuperscript{45}

The materialistic world of today further brutalizes and frustrates man, and as a result, he is abysmally ignorant, his manhood is destroyed, and he is condemned, far being driven to despair. The brutal nature of the mechanized age, and the fear, insecurity, spiritual decay, and disintegration are all reasons of destroying man of the modern age. Man is brutalized and mechanized by an impersonal and mechanical social order. Beckett reveals the inner reality of his characters’ life, which are representative of all mankind, their frustrations and obsessions. Man has been degraded and dehumanized. He has been reduced to an animal. It is man in a social order, tortured, starved, disillusioned, thwarted and driven to disaster by the forces of a system which care nothing for the general welfare of society. Thus, Beckett’s characters are more than individuals; they are symbols of the deep protest that rises like a wave against the whole structure of modern civilization. They are men crying out against a system which has not exploited man’s body but his spirit, as well. His pessimistic concept of man has certain points in common with some existentialist philosophers, but, unlike them, he doesn’t propose a means for coping with the meaninglessness of existence. His writing is, rather, a presentation of a world-view that concentrates upon the tedium and absurdity that envelop life. Man is portrayed by Beckett as a finite being, a
distorted one, who suffers as a result of the predicament in which he has placed himself or in which the cosmos has placed him.\textsuperscript{46}

Undoubtedly, Beckett is preoccupied with the seamy or ugly side of life, because he wants to focus on the many evils of the contemporary age. His plays are modern tragedies, which strike at the very root of the sickness of today. Man has lived in a universe deprived of a generally accepted integrating principle which has become disjointed, purposeless – absurd. Man becomes just like the saintly hermit in the forest whom Zarathustra met. When he descended from his mountain to preach to mankind. He asked the hermit how he passed his time in his solitude, he replied: “I make up songs and sing them; and when I make up songs I laugh, I weep, and I growl; thus do praise God.”\textsuperscript{47} But when Zarathustra was alone, he spoke thus to his heart, “can it be possible! This old saint in the forest has not yet heard that God is dead!”\textsuperscript{48}

According to this point, man has suffered the bitter lesson of the falseness and evil nature of the cheap and vulgar substitutes that have set up to take God’s place. And so, after two terrible wars, there are still many who are trying to come to terms with the implications of Zarathustra’s message, and searching for a way to confront a universe deprived of its living purpose; a world that has lost its central explanation and meaning. Consequently, it is no longer possible to accept art forms still based on the continuation of standards and concepts that have lost their validity, that is, the possibility of knowing the laws of conduct and ultimate values, as deducible from a firm foundation of revealed certainty about the purpose of man in the universe.

As a result of human condition, Beckett lives with, he re-establishes an awareness of man’s situation when confronted with the ultimate reality of his condition. As such he fulfills a dual purpose and shows his audience with a two-fold absurdity: in one aspect, he castigates, satirically, the absurdity of lives lived unaware and unconscious of ultimate reality. This is the feeling of the deadness and mechanical senselessness of half-unconscious lives, the feeling of human being secreting ‘inhumanity’, which Camus describes in ‘The Myth of Sisyphus’:

\begin{quote}
One asks oneself, why is he alive? This malaise infront of man’s own inhumanity, this incalculable let down when faced with the image of what we are; this ‘nausea’, as a contemporary writer calls it, also is the absurd.\textsuperscript{49}
\end{quote}
In his second more positive aspect, behind the satirical exposure of the absurdity of inauthentic ways of life, Beckett facing up a deeper layer of absurdity—the absurdity of the human condition. When man doesn’t accept complete closed systems of values and revelations of divine purpose, his life must be faced in its ultimate, stark reality. That is why we have always seen man stripped of the accidental circumstances of social position or historical context, confronted with the basic choices, the basic situations of his existence. So man, in Beckett’s plays, waiting between birth and death, whatever he tries to find meaning to his life, his effort leads to the same result—complete futility and ultimate death. Man forever lonely, immured in the prison of his subjectivity, unable to reach his fellow-man.

Beckett expresses the absence of any such accepted cosmic system of values and makes no pretense at explaining the ways of God to man. He confronts man with the ultimate realities of his condition. He is not concerned with the presentation of events, but instead with the presentation of one individual’s basic situation. Consequently, the theatre, Beckett deals with, is a theatre of situation as against a theatre of events sequence, and therefore, he uses a language based on patterns of concrete images rather than argument and discursive speech.

Beckett’s endeavor is to communicate a total sense of being as an attempt to present a truer picture of reality itself, reality as apprehended by an individual. Esslin says:

*Beckett presents the audience with a picture of a disintegrating world that has lost its unifying principle, its meaning, and its purpose—an absurd universe.*

Beckett shows the reality of his characters; they are paralytic. They are perhaps no more than shadows drifting across the mind which creates them and which hardly belongs to anyone not even to the author.

Beckett’s characters are not portrayed as particular individuals whose traits are revealed through certain character-indicators; (‘objective detailing of the character’s appearance and actions,’ ‘character’s speech’, and ‘objective detailing of the character’s environments’), on the contrary, he
deconstructs the character-indicators used in realist characterization. As Robinovitz argues, “If conventional characterization requires that characters be basically differentiated, Beckett is clearly moving in another direction.” In this sense, Beckett’s characterization seems to be explained by “the ‘purist’ argument which points out that characters don’t exist at all except, in so far as a part of the images and events that bear and move them.” Therefore, it is impossible to extract them from their context and to discuss them as if they are real human beings. Beckett draws his characters in their outlines because he aims to portray “the human condition at its most naked through lives are stripped to the barest minimum.” With the reduction of the characters to their essentials, they become transparent in their ‘anonymity’ in Pultar’s term. What remains is their consciousness, and this consciousness is not a specific one, but a general one representing man’s mind. Hence, Beckett’s characters are “degraded and mutated into a consciousness representing the human condition.”

Beckett depicts an irrational universe in which characters feel lost since they live in a state of uncertainty and ambiguity, which is one of the basic causes of their alienation. Like all men, they have a longing for clarity and unity, and they attempt to achieve them by using their mental faculties; however, they are doomed to failure at every attempt, which is very frustrating for them. As Muller argues:

> the dominant theme of Beckett’s plays, as in his novels, is the futility of humanity’s search for meaning and significance and the tragic fact that humankind cannot inspite of this ultimately vain endeavor, renounce looking for sense.

So the characters’ attempt is to comprehend the world, but they fail because,

> if the world is unreadable and its sense unattainable, human effort to create it is doomed to failure. Most of Beckett’s work deals with this impossibility, though it is nevertheless framed by a compulsion to say, and to look for meaning.

This never-ending conflict also makes the lucid man suffer, for he recognizes the futility, but this need for order and system does not let him give up the struggle. Thus as Esslin points out, “conscious being inevitably entails suffering.” Most of the characters in Beckett’s plays and novels, after all
failed or foiled rationalists, seeking in vain to make some semblance of sense out of an apparently senseless world. Watt, for example, the main character in Beckett’s novel of that title, sought to discover what different experiences “might be induced to mean, with the help of little patience, a little ingenuity.” Beckett’s characters reveal themselves in their agony. They suffer, not gladly, but inevitably, accepting the ignominious situation, the insults, and turn more and more to the haven of their minds. Beckett was experimenting with a new kind of anti-hero: a randy, quizzical, physically collapsing, oddly tragic character who cannot reconcile the unreality of the seen world with the reality of the unseen. As A.J. Leventhal in his lecture “The Beckett Hero” at Trinity College rightly says:

He knows nothing; he feels nothing. He does not know there is anything to know. Feeling nothing, knowing nothing, he exists nevertheless.

Beckett is, undoubtedly, obsessed by the idea of death, nothingness and the image of meaninglessness. He becomes the grammarian of solitude. The senses are dying. His characters are almost sightless, stone deaf, always weeping, intuited, immovable, hopeless and helpless, fretful and apathetic enclosed in private fantasy. They are lonely and decrepit. They convey unbearable pain. They are dead and have no feelings that they are human. They are “the prince of proverbs and pure poverty.” Beckett adds that man is reduced to the role of helpless, hopeless, impotent, comic, who talks and talks in order to postpone, for a while, the silence of his own desolation.

All Mr. Beckett’s characters, whose abjection is complete, are symbolized in their physical condition in order to make scatological imagery to express human degeneration. This physical abjection corresponds mental degeneration. These misty figures become increasingly unconscious of time, place and the external world. At last his characters renounce all actions. They busy themselves with creating myths in the darkness of their own minds. Beckett’s decaying characters are the ultimate submen, living in a frozen world, under a faint sky, beneath a sky without memory of morning or hope of night. They reveal or present the true nature of all human life for which God does nothing except to send inaudible messages-Godot never appears but
sends a messenger to say He will not come. This is the harshness of Beckett's vision and the austerity of his dramatic presentation, and the weariness and pessimism of Beckett's philosophy of life. His writing intends to reveal the conflict between the insides and the outsides of certain curious people—the minds and the bodies of these characters are almost utterly without relations to each other. It reveals the characters' wish to escape from their bodies and minds or the world itself.

They are not sure of being alive, and there are no obvious links between them, they drag themselves deliberately in circles. In Endgame, Esslin says:

> We are certainly confronted with a very powerful expression of the sense of deadness, of leaden heaviness and hopelessness, that is experienced in states deep depression: The world outside goes dead for the victim of such states, but inside his mind there is ceaseless argument between parts of his personality that have become autonomous entities.\(^{63}\)

All literary, as well as, philosophical ramifications of Beckett's writings appear to stem from the notion of the finite condition of man, who is not so much tragic as he is absurd, even ridiculous, because, in his efforts to overcome the fundamental anguish of his existence, he uses faulty equipments, resulting in a series of paradoxes:

> Where he seeks independence his dependency becomes still more acute. Where he strives for rational explanations the inadequacy of his reason hinders him. When he tries to communicate, he fails.\(^ {64}\)

The same authors add that man's memory, which entails his sense of time and identity, is defective and chaotic. His body, the vehicle of these activities, is not only unreliable and in a state of constant decomposition. Social institutions, products of his own faulty nature, are no better as mechanisms for dealing with the problems with which his life confronts him. Suicide would be the only logic solution, and yet this is apparently not an alternative, Rather, man must continue to play the games that fill the emptiness of his existence until he is finally overcome by death. There is "nothing to be done" except to give himself the illusion, in one way or another, that he is 'doing something': 'Doing something' generates habit, one of the
sources of man’s boredom and of his inability to change his pattern of behaviour. These meanings, activities may also give rise to false hope, which in its turn feeds habit. Due to these limitations, tedium and deterioration are the insurmountable lot of man. He is hopelessly trapped. These games and situations ultimately serve only to illustrate the futility and the inefficacy of such efforts. Consequently, man reaches an impasse, not only because of the faulty nature of his tools, but also because of the ineffectiveness of the by-products of these tools. The characters are not sure of being alive, and there are not obvious links between them; they drag themselves deliberately in circles. In Happy days James Knowlson depicts the situation in which Winnie found herself.

I’m in the worst predicament you can imagine. The earth has stopped spinning. There is always sun and no night. I cannot move. All I can do is argue with myself. In the second act I cannot even use my arms, I can only talk and talk I do ….

In dealing with the character’s physical and social environment, these characters demonstrate the conflicts between mind and body, “a mind is precariously fastened to bodies in successive stages of decay … that body… is always divisible and that mind is entirely indivisible,” and point up the inadequacies of reason, the senses, memory, and all the extensions of these mechanism as they are found in societal behaviour because of which they lose their minds along with their bodies. James Knowlson says in this regard:

The progressive degeneration of the body and likely disintegration of the mind, the apparent emptiness of the heavens, the uncertainty and isolation of the self, dependent for its sense of identity and reality upon the presence of another person, the problematic fate of man, a being who is represented as uneasy amalgam of decaying body and faltering mind …

In Beckett’s plays, the metaphysical level is represented by the mind / body duality. Clearly, Beckett’s intention to demonstrate through this duality the limitation of the mind and body taken separately or together. But the mind / body duality is not the only metaphysical consideration dealt with in the
plays. There are also the paradoxes arising from man’s conflicting desires for solitude and society. So the mind / body dichotomy and the conflicting desires result in failure at the sociological and psychological level. Thus, at every level man’s limitations are depicted as insurmountable and his existence as very bleak indeed.

His writing intends to reveal the conflict between the insides and the outsides of certain curious people -- the minds and the bodies of the characters are almost utterly without relations to each other. It reveals the characters’ wish to escape from their bodies and minds or the world itself. James Knowlson says:

The problematic fate of man, a being who is represented as uneasy amalgam of decaying body and faltering mind, which can look forward either to a fall into a gaping void or, more terrifying still, the purgatory of a consciousness unable to die.68

The construction of Beckett’s entire work deals with a complex system of paradoxes that seem to lie at the very basis of man’s nature: “His mind is at war with his body, and neither one can dominate the other, nor singly cope with life.”69 His social nature is in conflict with his fundamental desire for independence and solitude; so neither alone nor in company with others can he achieve complete satisfaction. As a result of this conflict he is imprisoned both internally and by social forces. This imprisonment immobilizes him and renders him powerless. Furthermore, these social forces emanate from decaying institutions that cannot be shored up by human endeavor because man’s reason as well as his physical capacities are not adequate to the task.

Beckett’s plays are governed by techniques that seek to embody multiple patterns of reality and illusion in terms of both verbal and non-verbal components. This objective is achieved through the three techniques and strategies of game-and-role playing, imagery and symbolism, and the interplay of speech and silence. They are called strategies, because they describe how his characters engaged in constant power struggle make strategic use of words, modes, postures and behaviors in their interaction with
one another. Beckett’s dramatic world is made up of a combination of actions: kinships and hostilities as well as fantasies and illusions. Harold Pinter once said:

*Certain characters, situations and objects exist both on the symbolic level and on the realistic plane. They together symbolize the paradox of reality and illusion.*

In case of the inscrutable mysteries of life, his characters are precariously perched on the dangerous edge of life and their feelings and responses don’t easily yield to verbal articulation. In his plays there are no solutions and resolutions but motives that defy definition and feelings that elude classification. The language of symbols is the only possible alternative to the language that fails to articulate the basic paradox of human condition characterized by fears and desires, hidden and half understood. Harold Pinter once commented:

*When a character cannot be comfortably defined or understood in terms of the familiar, the tendency is to perch him on a symbolic shelf, out of harm’s way.*

Recurrent symbols in Beckett’s plays are dustbins, chair, room, palm tree, shoes, carrots... etc. They are images of stability and order in the “quick sand” of reality. The room in which Krapp lives becomes, for example, a prison for him, a locked door, a house of silence and strangers. The room is as womb and tomb, as haven and a prison. By nurturing illusions, these images incapacitate man to face reality. They take away the fighting, combative spirit and turn him into an easy prey to reality. The projective and dominating air of these images are quite treacherous. They feed individuals with false beliefs, spring a trap snare them and suck out their blood and vitality. So they indicate a certain kind of destruction of the character. They are unlocalized, unidentified, vague and shapeless. All these dramatize a Beckettian situation, suggesting the incomprehensibility, unpredictability and mysteriousness in the working of the universe and the individual’s utter confusion and bafflement. So, Beckett is an enigmatic writer of great originality and power. Martin Esslin speaks of the effort of modern plays, however tentative, is to search for a dimension of the ineffable and of their
effort to make man aware of the ultimate realities of his condition, to instill in him again the lost sense of cosmic wonder and primeval anguish, to shock him out of an existence that has become trite, mechanical, complacent, and deprived of the dignity that comes of awareness.\textsuperscript{71}

So Beckett makes us aware of the primeval nothingness and emptiness, the essential aloneness that underlies all illusions and fantasies. His uses of the Brechtian alienation-effect achieved through the minimal stage devices, startling deviation from conventionalism, and avoidance of exaggeration and melodrama creates an aesthetic distance that impels the reader or the audience to probe into and ponder the ambiguities and ambivalences of existence. The character tries to comprehend the mystery and the perceptual structures. The idiom of Beckett's plays is tuned to the awareness of the enigma of life and to man's efforts to explore this enigma by meaning various patterns of attitude, actions and words.

Beckett's vision is that of man constantly using his resources and energies to gain a perception of the enigma of life, and being baffled by it. The predicament of man is conceived in terms of the individual versus personal relationship, the individual versus impersonal organisation, the individual versus society, the individual versus universal order, the individual versus his ego, the individual versus his time or process of change. The individual, faced with his sense of isolation, falls back on personal relationship, organizations, his pride—mechanisms, or an ideological system, but finds everywhere traps and snares. This, ineffect, is self-knowledge, his coming to terms with the multitudinous reflections of self.

If he exists, he will die there or he will without past, without elsewhere, with no other future but death—such a universe is necessarily senseless: all idea of progress or direction, all meaning is excluded.\textsuperscript{72}

Beckett achieves the depersonation of his characters by presenting them as bare and abstract figures bereft of any specificity. "The various figures which he puts on the stage are not really persons but figures in the inner world."\textsuperscript{73} His technique of concealing the parts of their body – burying them in dustbin, heaps of sand, concealing the parts of body and face through
heavy make up (in Not I we see nothing except the face of the character) carries his plays very near to the puppet theatre. “It is existence itself which is being depicted as strange, mysterious, and ultimately beyond all rational explanation.” This situation, of course, a more striking image of the decline, has become an inescapable part of the character’s daily life. The stage – setting in Beckett is reduced to simplification and generalization: a low mound with one tree, an unfurnished room, three unlocalized urns.

The world in which Beckett lives is implausible and irrational, full of cruelty, and pain. His plays are distinguished from all others by their sense of mystification, suspense and ambiguity. They present the picture of an enigmatic universe – the truth is obscured, the audience is baffled. Beckett once said:

> At the end of my work there’s nothing but dust – the namable. In the last book—L’Innommable—there is complete disintegration. No ‘I’, no ‘have’, no ‘being’. No nominative, no accusative, no verb. There’s no way to go on. He adds, ‘the very last thing I wrote was an attempt to get out of the attitude of disintegration, but it failed’.

Realism and absurdism are transcended through a creative fusion of the real and the absurd, the actual and the imagined, the apparent and the mysterious. His plays depict behavioral incongruity in socially identifiable situations, ideological implausibility in apparently credible actions, and inarticulateness in everyday speech.

> Beckett’s characters have nothing to do with realism, either psychological or social. Nor do they come out of the cabinet of dreams … The matrix of their origin is neither the natural nor the supernatural, but mythic memory.

Beckett builds up a universe that encompasses life in both its inward and outward manifestations, in its social, psychological and metaphysical dimensions; and there is the world that baffles understanding and threatens to submerge the individual in the vast ocean of reality and illusions. And the resulting image is the essential ambiguity of human existence in which all effort is meaningless and prematurely defeated.
Reality and illusions, in Beckett’s plays, are both in conflict and collision with each other in the social, metaphysical and psychological dimensions of human action and awareness. The elusive nature of reality and illusion and the absence of any demarcating line between the two fill his world with mysteries, suspense and ambiguities. His characters, under considerable mental pressure, move so unobtrusively from their actual social sphere to the sphere of illusion and back again that we hardly notice any dichotomy between the inner life and the outer world. Beckett’s plays, thus, project an enigmatic world in which man, caught between shapeless reality and deceptive illusion, goes on exploring his self, frantically using his energies and resources to form various patterns of images and structures as strategies of survival. Bernard F. Dukore sees the Absurd theatre as “a picture of contemporary man beaten down by the social forces around him”, partially based on man’s failure to communicate with other men.77

In “Endgame” we are left with an image of two creatures seeking to communicate in a world where real communication is virtually impossible. They, thus, exist in a totally vacant world without diurnal distinctions, where progress is measured by the rapid advance towards dissolution, decay and death. “Man who is like a tumor on time, can no more live than die.”78 He is always at the uncertain beginning of an interminable endgame: “finished, it’s finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished.”79 Death, at the same time, is ineluctable and impossible. Because he is already dead, man will never die. Rationally speaking, he cannot die. Things deteriorate, winding down towards immobility, towards silence, death, Nothingness.

In ‘Happy Days’ a woman, hopeful futilitarian, Winnie, tries to communicate with her uncommunicable husband, Willie, who passes the time sleeping in a hole behind her mound; but she fails.

Words fail, there are times when even they fail.80 ‘what would I do without them?’ (Pause.) What would I do without them, when words fail? Gaze before me, with compressed lips.81

So language is used in an empty and meaningless manner with no real desire to communicate. Consequently, we find in Beckett’s plays hollow sound effects that support the themes of horror and conversational emptiness.
Staccato sound repetitions occur in such phrases as “Dis, Didi” and in Vladimir’s lullaby which is comprised of the words “Do do do do” and “Bye bye bye bye,” repeated over and over. So the ‘dialogue’ of the plays shows the use of language reflects egocentricity. Therefore, the characters fail to communicate, and their use of language seems to become more and more trivial. Beckett appears to be saying that communication through silence and gesture as in the pantomime is just as effective and perhaps more so than communication through the spoken word.

Beckett’s pessimistic and nihilistic world is outgrowth of concern for problems which are not peculiar to him, but have plagued writers and philosophers of the past as well as other contemporaries of his. He shares with Malraux, Sartre, Camus, and Ionesco a sense of the absurdity of human existence, even though the manner in which the problem is articulated is at variance and even though some of these writers offer a resolution which is lacking in Beckett. Beckett, like his contemporaries (Gide, Camus, Sartre, etc.), doubts existing moral values; but with Beckett there is no suggestion of revolt, because, due to his skepticism, revolt would be no more value than stagnation, for revolt would not change man. Beckett does not seek to substitute one set of values for another. Instead, he is intent upon showing the conflict of moral values. This is to say, the chaos in the moral realm (as everywhere else) makes it impossible for us to know with any certainty good from evil, right from wrong, and so forth. Man with his finitude and limitations cannot evolve a systematic morality, and even if he able to do so, one system would not be preferable to another. Moral systems are evolved for the good life, to make life worth living, to give life meaning, and in Beckett’s opinion man will never be able to overcome the meaninglessness of life, nor the absurdity of death which contributes in large part to this meaninglessness.

Hence, Beckett’s primary concern is not an ethical-aesthetic one, but rather a metaphysical-aesthetic one: he is concerned with a portrayal of the ‘mess’, and from this portrayal we infer man’s metaphysical limitations, ethical, epistemological, etc. So Beckett’s view of the metaphysical condition of man, which we have seen to be a very gloomy one, is inevitably distorted because of its concentration on the negative. His (Beckett) normal procedure
is to see the negative and to omit the positive. For example, he views habit as a great “Sourdine” or “Cancer”, but, on the other hand, can even be construed as that which gives meaning to life, or as a means of providing the necessities of life, or as that which gives order and purpose to life, as Beckett’s writing possibly and even probably does for him. Similarly, memory, which Beckett’s apparently views as extremely faulty, is an ordering factor without which we would not have habit or reasoning powers; or reason is the tool which enables man to prolong his life; it has allowed man to achieve the technology necessary to get him to the moon. Furthermore, language, which Beckett views as deficient, is one of the principal vehicles for expressing rational and artistic activity, and, despite everything, communication does come about through it.

Thus, ironically enough, it is through language itself that Beckett exhibits for us the limitations of language and it is through reason that he shows the limitations of reason – although Beckett is aware of this fact. And though Beckett regards the body as limited and finite, presenting it in its most degraded and debilitated condition, as a thing which is declining in size and power, there are those who would argue that it is a very nearly miraculous organism and a medium capable of great athletic and aesthetic feats. Finally, the nihilism and pessimism of Beckett, which admit in the realm of social intercourse only solitude or in its place only cruel or ambivalent fraternity, are to be contrasted with the concepts of fruitful fraternity and unanimity we find in a Camus.

Beckett may write because “he is a series of individuals – a man, a thinker, a creative artist, etc. or either life is a succession of habits, since the individual is a succession of individuals.” As a thinker he has insights into the human condition, and however pessimistic his views may be, for him art is the means by which he articulates these insights. Furthermore, as an artist, he is concerned with the solution of artistic problems which arise as he attempts to convey his world view. Thus, the two facets of his personality-artist and thinker-interrelate and overlap one another.

He concerned with communicating an experience of beings, and in doing so, he is trying to be uncompromisingly honest and fearless in exposing
the reality of the human condition. He succeeded to convey the reality of the human predicament; and this success lies in his creative ability, and his poetic imagination. So he has poetic vision, poetic truth and imaginative reality, simply because he has not only intellectual understanding, but also communicating a metaphysical truth through a living experience which is a living reality. He depends not only on the living experience, but the immense importance placed upon the theatre to make his doctrines a living and experienced reality to his audience. He aims to present, through his plays, the world or the universe as senseless and lacking a unifying principle, lacking all clear-cut definitions, deprival of sense and sanity.

Reality and unreality have a relative praxis. If for someone the observable actual world is real, the unknown force behind it becomes unreal. And if the former is unreal, the latter becomes real. Everything lies in the perception of the characters. Loneliness and terror make the real appear unreal and the unreal real. In an unstable mind the borderline between reality and unreality breaks down. Beckett’s characters and the objects that surround his characters are unstable. When either the object or the observer changes its or his position the reality is ungraspable. When both are unstable, there appear multiple images of reality, the external world and the internal mind overlap each other, reality and illusion, fact and fantasy get confused.

Beckett expresses the anxiety and despair that spring from the recognition that man is surrounded by areas of impenetrable darkness that he can never know his true nature and purpose, and that no one will provide him with ready–made rules of conduct. The sense of loss at the disintegration of facile solution and the disappearance of cherished illusion retains its sting only while the mind still clings to the illusions concerned.

Beckettian can be used as an attempt to communicate the metaphysical experience and presents his view of the world and integrates it in a wider vision of the world and its mystery. He aims to provide complete explanations of the world and man’s place in it. He advises man to readjust himself to the new situation and face reality itself, although the illusions human beings suffered from, and their inability ever to comprehend the meaning of the universe, made it more difficult for them to deal with reality.
Ultimately Beckett’s vision doesn’t reflect despair or a return to dark irrational forces, but expresses modern man’s endeavour to come to terms with the world in which he lives. He attempts to make him face up to face his human condition as it really is, to free him from illusion, that are bound to cause constant maladjustment and disappointment. There are enormous pressures in our world that seek to induce mankind to bear the loss of faith and moral certainties by being drugged into oblivion – by mass entertainments, shallow material satisfactions, pseudo – explanations of reality, cheap ideologies, senseless euphoric automata, euphemisms and comforting baby talk. On the contrary, man’s dignity lies in his ability to face reality in all its senselessness; to accept it freely, without fear, without illusions-and to laugh at it.

The alienation of humanity from truth, purpose, God, and each other is the theme of Samuel Beckett’s plays, the presentation of which convey a feeling of the hopelessness that is an effect of a godless, and therefore, purposeless world. Lack of communication, the cause of man’s alienation, is displayed well through absurdist diction, imagery, structure, and point of view. The intent of the plays is to evoke a feeling of incompleteness and depression.

We find multidimensional theatrical pictures connecting literary art with visual ones giving us, through the plays, evidence about the author’s personal experience. The intellectual reader considers Beckett’s dramatic art to be an expression of his most intimate visions on the fundamental philosophical question about the place of the human being in the surrounding world. So Beckett’s characters seem to be pitiful characters in their ineffectuality and helplessness, they are dignified in their resolution to go on and to live. As Friedman points out, “beyond the tedium, the doubt, the painful sense of moribundity, there is that resolve (it dominates, as an ‘affirmative note,’ Beckett’s stories and plays.”

The protagonists, as Beckett makes, fail in order to communicate his aesthetic strategy which attempts to admit chaos into art. He portrays the universe as irrational place, devoid of any ultimate meaning or any unifying principle, man lives in an irrational and chaotic universe though he longs for clarity and unity. Consequently man’s “quest for total surety is doomed to
fail\textsuperscript{67} because although man strives to reach the fundamental truth, the unifying principle underlying the working of the universe, the absence of absolutes makes it impossible. Thus, as Ben-Zvi states, there is an emphasis on “the rejection of the possibility of absolutes”\textsuperscript{68} in Beckett’s work, through which he had developed a valid new vocabulary for presenting the external reality for our world, more efficiently perhaps post-naturalistic theatre would have been capable of presenting it, he, on the other hand, developed a vocabulary and a stage convention capable of putting on to the stage an internal psychological reality, an inescapable of the mind. For those who experience dreams, daydreams, fantasies, nightmares and hallucinations are realities as significant, as terrifying, as decisive for their lives as any external realities. And insights into the working of other’s people’s dreams and fantasies can be as emotionally satisfying, as fascinating and as cathartic as insights into the external circumstances of their lives.

As a playwright, Beckett, has at his disposal, a uniquely enriched vocabulary of dramatic technique. He can use some devices freely, separately and in an infinite variety of combinations, together with those bequeathed to him by other dramatic conventions of the past. Moreover, Beckett continues to write a changeable style as he grows older and develops, but everything Beckett writes will be related to his basic approach; the total direction of his personality. He represents an approach to drama, who, of necessity, must have left his mark on the theatre and enriched its scope. There is a multitude of subtle alienation effects in his plays. The same time the plays’ use of the fantasies of the insane, their essential qualities as a savage metaphor of the human condition itself.

In the Theatre of the Absurd, Beckett rejects the traditional concepts of plot and character. He devaluates dialogue and language itself. He merged the influence of the philosophical and artistic climate of the Absurdity into a new and highly original artistic unity. He secured his position as a master dramatist, and absurdist who continues to write until his death in 1989, but towards the end he remarked that each word seemed to him “an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness”.

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“Waiting for Godot” is a masterpiece that will cause despair for men in general and for playwrights in particular. The upshot of “Waiting for Godot” is that the two tramps are always waiting for the future, their ruinous consolation being that there is tomorrow, they never realize that today is today. “Mr. Godot told me to tell you he’ll not come this evening but surely tomorrow”; “Ah Gogo, don’t go on like that. Tomorrow evening will be better,” “He said that Godot was sure to come tomorrow.” “But he will come tomorrow” “We’ll hang ourselves tomorrow.” In Beckett’s “Waiting for Godot” the naked mysterious man is reduced to the role of helpless, hopeless and impotent tragic who, to kill his silence and despair, talks and talks endlessly, but for nothing. His ‘waiting’ is just like the ‘waiting’ of the prisoners behind the spiritual walls and the barbed wire of totalitarian society. This man is a tottering statue, eroded by the wind of anguish and human misery:

This shrunken creature crippled and half impotent gnawed by vermin and undermined by hunger... Alone in his misery, enclosed in the narrow limits of his ego without any hope of escape other than death – expected, accepted and at times deliberately sought out as the final refuge.

As such, the play is a parable of modern man’s existence. He is faced with a world in which he can no longer rely on traditional “props” to his existence: Society is non-existent; brotherhood is meaningless; and religion brings no fulfillment. And so he does all that he can. He passes the time. He hopes for something new, though the hope is dispirited and lifeless. He simply waits. What it is he awaits, he is not sure. But he feels compelled to wait.

In “Krapp’s Last Tape” Beckett’s brief and beautiful art-work revolves around a mysterious character, the perfect realization of Beckett’s idea of human despair. Krapp has no purpose or occupation except to listen to his organs die and feel his functions fail. Krapp is surrounded almost buried by his past-boxes upon boxes of magnetic tapes, the vocal diary of his entire life. The droning slightly pompous voice from the machine, evokes a variety of responses from the aged Krapp: anger, interest, melancholy, contempt, despair. On the last tape, he intends to record his present day’s activities, but there is now nothing left in him “not a squeak”; nothing but memory, loss, and
impotent desire, nothing to do but put on the old tape and eavesdrop on his past.

Krapp’s existence has lost both form and principle. His life no longer goes forward but backward, he destroys both the form and principle, and his life becomes stagnant and meaningless. Thus, he himself becomes meaningless—his life is rendered action-less, deprived of history; he remains on the level of abstraction, because he is pulled away, set apart. And as he, having been pulled out of the world, no longer has anything to do with him, the world has, for him, become empty. So Krapp is merely alive, but no longer living in this world. In spite of his inaction and the pointlessness of his existence, he still wants to go on—it intends to record his present day’s activities. It is just the incessant attempt to make time pass, which reflects the specific misery and absurdity of his life.

Memory is an exploration, an interrogation, a discovery, a progressive invention, but of a special kind. It is dealing with a creative passivity, receiving surprise after surprise from what rises up to it from the depths of itself, and the extraordinary sense of the self-effacement. Beckett brings it down to no more than a magnetic tape, a little band without width a unique and slender series of ideas, or rather of spoken actions, following on rather than following from one another.

In Beckett’s one-act play “Krapp’s Last Tape”, Krapp, a seed writer, devastated by old age and loneliness, listens to the tapes which he recorded, as a kind of spoken diary, in former years of his life. The difference between his croaking old man’s voice and the vigorous voice that emerges from the machine displays, in a sudden foreshortening, the entire dimension of decay. But, conversely, by the image of the end, all that has gone before is put into an ironical perspective. Death, lowering above this human ruin, also penetrates into its former life. Seen from the end it becomes clear that everything had been from the very beginning, illusion and leave-taking, moment towards the end. Here the process of reduction is embodied in the image of death.

In “Krapp’s Last Tape” the hero Krapp obsessed with the alienation, vacuity, and decay of life upon a planet devoid of God and hope. Now he was
middle-aged and already rather juiceless. There is nothing left in him but a squeak of pouring whiskey, nothing but memory, loss and impotent desire. This situation reveals the physical miseries of old age where life is on the ebb. Sometimes asks why he was born, get him out of this, let him live on less and less, get him to the grave, the womb, the last door, find him a hole.

This situation gives the idea of human isolation. He is incredibly ancient. He putters laboriously around hermetic cell, myopically examining his shrunken vocal organs on words which probably kill his misery. Krapp listens to the confessions he recorded in earlier and happier years. This becomes an image of the mystery of the self, for to the old Krapp, the voice of the younger Krapp is that of a total strange. “Krapp intends to record his present day’s activities, but there now nothing left in him, ….. nothing but memory….“

In “Endgame” the characters live in a world, which has come to an end, in which nothing familiar is left and where nothing is expected any more, the unexpected appears. The father and mother, Nagg and Nell, are stuffed into two ashbins; from time to time, a lid is lifted and one of them begins to talk; they are both old dotards, and also legless cripples. These old parents, who symbolize all mankind, grow weak. They represent their universe, which continues to turn aimless, gloomy, absurd and desolate; its God is dead, there is nothing to hope for, “Old endgame lost of old,” as Hamm, the protagonist, calls it. Hamm is unable to leave, unable to go elsewhere. But the reason has now become tragically physical; he is paralyzed, sitting in an armchair, and he is blind. Around him there is nothing but high bare walls, with windows out of reach. Clov, a sort of attendant who is half a cripple himself, looks after the just lie a dying man; he can take him for a walk by pushing the chair round the walls. Hamm has lost, then, even the derisory liberty of the two tramps; he cannot even choose not to go. In fact, he is shown as imprisoned in his refuge; he neither wishes to leave it nor has any means of doing so. This is an important difference; man is no longer asserting a position, but enduring a fate. Now all he requires is to be alone, “It’s the end, Clov, we’ve come to the end. I don’t need you any more.” There is nothing for Clov to do but go. So the companion has come to an end.

Hamm : (...) Why do you stay with me?
Clov   : Why do you keep me?
Hamm  : There’s no one else.
Clov   : There’s nowhere else.  

This waiting for death, this growing physical deprivation, these threats which Hamm menaces Clov:

One day you will be blind, like me you’ll be sitting there, a speck in the void in the dark, for ever, like me .... One day You’ll say to yourself, I’m tired, I’ll sit down, and you’ll go and sit down. Then you’ll say, I’m hungry, I’ll get up and get something to eat. But you won’t get up.  

According to this point, the old god is discarded, the parents die, the entire world has come to an end, and between Hamm and Clov, “the old pact is out of date.” They utter their hopelessness and numbed despair, and, therefore, sit motionless. In addition, among these four characters there is no other solidarity, the relations among them are stripped down and reduced to an elemental level. All among them is zero; man cannot help his fellowman even to his death. This situation makes us feel man’s struggle with his own dehumanization. He seems to pray to a God that might or might no exist.  

They are cruel in their relationship to each other. Clov is the more cruel. He denies Hamm the small comforts of being either pathetic when Hamm cries, “Nature has forgotten us,” Clov counters with, “There is no more nature,” “and when Hamm insists that nature is present in the fact that they are decaying, Clov points out, “Then she has not forgotten us.” So their petty cruelties count for nothing against the cruelty of their condition, Beckett says in this point: 

existence, which has decreed a gradual loss of all power, while the increasingly impotent man either fails to adjust and reaps suffering or adjusts and reaps boredom. 

So their relationship is ambiguous and interpretation is complex. It is built on cruelty, suffering and death. This is a tragedy, but a tragedy that “facilitates between terror and farce.”  

“Endgame” lends a theatrical reality; a frightening reality, to a certain daydream, blending a fair amount of mystery into the inevitable despair that the end of everything arouses in man. It is no less true that its characters are
shut in a sort of bunker, in which they will certainly have to die. The two windows of this shelter look out upon a leaden sea and an empty land, equally forsaken by humanity. This situation is surely regarded as mystery and despair. This play reveals a destitution of hope paints a portrait of desolation, lovelessness, boredom, sorrow and nothingness. Looking out of the window, Clov reports what he sees: “Zero, Zero, and Zero.”

Chevigny adds:

**in ‘Endgame’ all outside is zero, man cannot help his fellow-man even to his death, consciousness lacks external reference; One looks inward, like Hamm thrice blinded, to find an impossible end.**

Hamm knows that, “if he exists he’ll die there or he’ll come here.” … outside of here it’s death.” That is the alternative: to die in outside existence, or to come here where there is hope of eventual ‘life’.

In **“Happy Days”** which deals with the enigma of a garrulous woman buried in the ground, and her almost silent partner, who seeks shelter from the fierce sun, like an animal, in a hole in the ground, Beckett tends to depict a mysterious spectacle of every day human life, which is strange, and ultimately beyond all rational explanation. It is, thus, the feelings of strangeness and mystery, pathos and pity which tend to come through in a fine theatrical performance.

Winnie is a sympathetic, recognizable human being rather than a symbolic representation, as human when she feels sadness at her memories of a first kiss or a last drink as when she is expressing the impulse to be released from the grip of the earth. To cheat her cruel fate, she should lean upon earthly possessions and that she should become increasingly overwhelmed by an earth from which she dreams of being liberated: “Simply float up into the blue … And that perhaps someday the earth will yield and let me go, the pull is great, yes, crack, all round me and let me out.”

Winnie, in ‘**Happy Days**’ escapes from her mortal plight, and yet remains firmly imprisoned in the earth and her duality. She strive bravely to hold the silence and the darkness at bay by her will and her words. She constantly needs the presence and witness of her husband to feel her own
being and identity: “Someone is looking at me still. (pause.) Caring for me still. (pause.) That is what I find so wonderful.”

The world, inhabited by Winnie and Willie, is extreme and elemental as well as barren and sterile. Earth and fire are predominant in the elemental world in which Winnie and Willie are stranded. Winnie has sunk, or been sucked down, far more deeply into the earth. The earth, like a huge skirt, spreads out around her waist, and then covers all her neck enveloping her body and depriving her of physical power. Her sinking down into the earth is, of course, a more striking image of the decline that has become an inescapable part of her daily life. Yet her gradual entombment reflects man inevitable decline and loss of physical power.

Winnie’s earth, in *Happy Days*, is accumulating remorselessly around her. The same image was mentioned when Clov in ‘*Endgame*’ said, “Grain upon grain one by one, and one day, suddenly, there is a heap, a little heap, the impossible heap.” Winnie finds herself then in a characteristically Beckettian threshold situation, poised somewhere between chronometrical time and timeless, looking back upon a past time which seems to belong to a different order of being and looking forward to a future time, which is defined only by the various possibilities of an ending. Winnie’s and Willie’s situation is just like the situation into which Estrogon and Vladimir, in ‘*Waiting for Godot*’ have been thrown, “All my lousy life I’ve crawled about in the mud! And you talk to me about scenery! … Look at this muck – heap! I’ve never stirred from it.”

Death is evoked directly in Willie’s longstanding desire to put himself out of his misery; the gun, a visible reminder of death, is left out on the mound for most of the play. His needs are equated with a brutishness for which he is both pitied and despised by Winnie, to whom his presence is, nonetheless, essential. Winnie’s own relations with the flesh and the material world in general are rather more complex and ambiguous than her expressions of disgust at Willie’s physical habits.

These two partners approach death with their eyes wide open. This is a burial in a dying earth and exposure under a ruthless sun. So the extreme heat, extreme cold and eternal darkness are all characteristics of a traditional
view of Hell; She says, "I feel at last that the sands are running out, which
would not be the case if I were in Heaven or in Hell."\footnote{12} This situation presents
the shape of decline and degeneration. It deprives her of her powers and her
resources. To keep going, she harks back just much to her own past with a
mixture of sadness, relief, and regret. This action helps her to remain busy,
but Winnie’s lipstick, brush, and comb, mirror and tooth paste fail to put off the
ravages of time, decline and decay, whereas Willie, too, fails to reach either
the gun or Winnie.

Beckett goes to blend and mix ingredients into words, movements,
costumes, scenery, sound effects, lighting ... etc. into a new, complex unity. It
is not the words, the movements, the sights, which separately produce the
impact, but it is the new experience which the audience undergoes from the
combination of all these elements on the stage. This process involving the
eyes, the ears, the intellect, the emotions, all at once, may be described as
“total theatre.” When these elements are fused together in the theatre,
however, we can experience the totality which Beckett has made from them.
Beckett himself spoke of his work as a matter of fundamental sounds made as
fully as possible. He uses words not only as a vehicle to convey ideas, but
always for the effect they produce in a theatre during a performance. His work
must be heard to be effective; the voice is as important as an orchestra; the
silence is as important as the sound, and the sound is as important as the
meaning.

Beckett has chosen to write in a language that always points out that
the world is absurd, that man is alone and in despair. Its words and phrases
remain apparitions. They are the nuclei of the raw materials of nebulous
structure that forever disintegrates. He demonstrates that language is the
fundamental means of deception. But his language is used as a system
devoid of content which moves only with itself. Because the word is not the
thing it indicates, one can believe one is speaking of something without
possessing or understanding it. Beckett interprets the relation between
language and this as pure possession. With the loss of the object, talking
loses its possibility of reaching a limit, for it can only come to a halt when it
encounters a definite, definable thing. Without an outside support, it loses its
boundaries. It becomes an erratic search without goal; it proliferates in the empty space of all that is thinkable.

Beckett’s language is a mixture of elements rarely found together in the same narrative. It is “murky, baffling, circular, contradictory, full of offensive details, furious violence and sardonic, terrifying insights into the meaninglessness of human life.” His language is difficult to interpret for its general verbosity by the difficulty of the words and phrases. It is serious because it, mainly, deals with complex and oddly tragic characters who cannot reconcile the unreality of the seen world with the reality of the unseen, and who, through scorn and neglect of ‘normal’ society, drift into the society of the certified abnormal in their search for ‘a little world’.

Language is what determines the regulated world, whose signification provides the foundation of our cultures, our activities and our relations, but it is reduced by Beckett to a means of these cultures, activities and relations. He makes it nothing more than a deserted castle whose gaping cracks let in the wind and rain. Speech is, undoubtedly, the proof of existence as well as a manner of contending with silence, solitude, and death, and it is man’s unique heritage. Beckett, however, uses it just like the body and the mind of his characters, considers it as a faulty and inadequate tool. Speech, another mark of man’s finitude, breaks down within the individual. Moreover, it sometimes leads to deterioration and often to total failure of communication with others.

Since Beckett uses language to show the function of language in human existence, the speech patterns of the characters – recurrent vocabulary, pronoun shifts, sound effects, etc. – reinforce the major themes and the mixed tone of the plays-in other words, the comic effects of language used by the characters grimly underline the themes of tedium and absurdity that dominate the plays. He reveals his sense of the tragic difficulty of becoming aware of the difficulty of communication between human beings; of the unending quest for reality in a world in which everything is uncertain and the borderline between dream and waking is ever shifting.

The dialogue, between the characters, is studded with words that have no meaning for normal ears, never do they (words) reconcile themselves with
reason that makes the dialogue often baffling. Beckett makes it difficult to demonstrate which comes first, memory deterioration or language disintegration, one clearly accompanies the other. Thus, in Lucky’s case a traumatized memory is combined with “partial aphasia and ultimately total silence.”\textsuperscript{115} This situation manifests itself in stuttering (acacacademie; anthropopometric; qua-quaquaqua,\textsuperscript{116} in stammering (etabli tabli tabli; ce qui suit qui --- etc.,\textsuperscript{117} and in a breakdown in syntax everywhere evident in his discourse. Beckett gives us the seismographic track of language in one long sentence stripped of syntax, of punctuation marks, of relational words, a sentence which coagulates into large or small packets of words separated by blank spaces. As Beckett said in \textit{Waiting for Godot}:

\begin{quote}
I say it my life as it comes natural order my lips move I can feel them it comes out in the mud my life what remains ill-said ill-recaptured when the panting stops ill-murmured to the mud in the present all that things so ancient natural order the journey the couple the abandon all that in the present barely audible bits and scraps.\textsuperscript{118}
\end{quote}

Without claiming that this single sentence is easily readable, but it has no panting rhythm, has no elements of communicable language. The direct communication to the reality, Beckett wishes to show us, is distracted.

In addition to the aphasia, and stuttering, there is some evidence of a certain amount of speech disintegration that are ellipsis and stammering which are observable in Pozzo’s speech from the stress of Vladimir’s criticism:

\begin{quote}
I can’t bear it --- any longer --- the way he goes on --- you’ve no idea --- it’s terrible --- he must go --- (he waves his arms) --- I’m going mad --- (He collapses, his head in his hands) --- I can’t bear it --- any longer ---.\textsuperscript{119}
\end{quote}

A bit later he exhibits similar speech patterns as a result of the emotion he experiences in talking about how Lucky used to be in comparison with his present condition: “He used to be so kind --- so helpful --- and entertaining --- my good angel --- and now --- he’s killing me.”\textsuperscript{120}

Estragon, in \textit{Waiting for Godot}, displays certain speech eruptions that Germaine Bree describes as baby talk (pp. 20,35,103), and since Estragon has some infantile personality traits this is perhaps justified. However, this breakdown in Estragon’s speech occurs when there is a lack of
comprehension on the part of his listener. Hesitancy in speech is observable in both Estragon and Vladimir in the former this fumbling for words appears to emanate from embarrassment: “That’s to say --- you understand --- the dusk --- the strain --- waiting --- I confess...I imagined ... for a second ...”\(^{121}\) the other hand gropes for words when he has difficulty remembering what he was talking about:

\[
\text{Wait --- we embraced --- we were happy --- happy --- what do we do now that we’re happy --- go on waiting --- waiting --- let me think ... it’s coming --- go on waiting --- now that we’re happy ... let me see --- ah ! The tree !}^{122}
\]

Here is clear evidence of the connection between speech disintegration and faulty memory. Language disintegration such as these on the individual level is a sign of the general inadequacy of speech to cope with a variety of situations and of the in-coordination between speech and memory or thought.

Speech disintegration within the individual at the level of monologue already spells out the limitations of language, but when the individual is attempting to carry on a dialogue with others the limitations of language become even more apparent. These limitations result in a breakdown in communication (present in the monologue but rampant in the dialogue), and the whole process serves only to reinforce the solitude that is the fundamental lot of each of the characters.

One of the major causes of misunderstanding among the characters proceeds from faulty communication due to types of imprecision such as ambiguity, misconstruing a question, confusion of sounds, etc. ‘Waiting for Godot’ opens on an ambiguous note, “Nothing to be done,” that does not lead into a dialogue but into two monologues – Estragon discussing his shoes, Vladimir their tedious existence and their inability to alter it. Again misunderstanding arises from ambiguous syntax when Pozzo asks (“Are you Friends ?”) Estragon interprets this to mean “Are you and Vladimir friends?”, and Vladimir has to explain that Pozzo is asking whether Vladimir and Estragon are friends of his.\(^{123}\)

Language expresses the absence of meaning, or its word’s meaning is ambiguous. This loss of meaning, it must be understood, undermines the
dramatic form down to the innermost structure of its languages. The
disintegration of metaphysical meaning, destroys the coherence of traditional
dramaturgical canon with the forms. Beckett in his use of language reveals
the fallibility of language as a medium for the discovery and communication of
metaphysical truth. However, by writing in a foreign language, Beckett insures
that his writing remains a constant struggle, a painful wrestling with the spirit
of language itself. Beckett himself has pointed out in his essay on *Joyce's
Work in Progress*, the form, the structure, and mood of an artistic statement
cannot be separated from its meaning, its conceptual content, simply because
the work of art, as a whole, is its meaning, what is said in it is indissoluble lin-
ked with the manner in which it is said, and cannot be said in any other way.

In his subsequent plays for stage and for radio, Beckett does not probe
quite so deeply, but the themes persist; the difficulty of finding meaning in

>a world subject to incessant change, his use of language
probes the limitations of language both as a means of
communication and as a vehicle for the expression of valid
statement – an instrument of thoughts or truths.124

As a result of a lack of communication, each man following his own thoughts,
while the silences and pauses isolate words and phases and the repetitions
remind us how monotonous, repetitive and tedious life is. Yet, if Beckett
devalues language, he continues to use it bilingual and shows a mastery of it.

Beckett, in fact, uses the dramatic medium in order to show that he has
tried to find means of expression beyond language, which sometimes app-
ears to him as a divine instrument, sometimes as mere senseless buzzing.
Esslin points out that, "in a world that has lost its meaning, language also
becomes a meaningless buzzing." Molloy says at one point:

> The words I uttered myself, and which must nearly always
have gone with an effort of the intelligence, were often to me
as the buzzing of an insect, --- I mean this trouble I had in
understanding not only what others said to me but what said
to them.126

Molloy, as the spokesman of Beckett, remarks:

> Not to want to say, not to know what you want to say, not to
be able to say, and never to stop saying, or hardly ever, that
is the thing to keep in mind even in the heart of composition."^{127}

So language was like difficult music heard for the first time as Niklaus Gessner once said in his "The inadequacy of language."

Beckett uses a contradiction between the actions of the characters and their verbal expression. In *Waiting for Godot*, say the two tramps "Let’s go,” but the stage directions inform us that “they don’t move,” on the stage, language can be put into a contrapuntal relationship with action, the facts behind the language can be revealed. His use of the stage is an attempt to reduce the gap between the limitation of language and the sense of the human situation he seeks to express in spite of his strong feeling that words are inadequate to formulate it. The concreteness and the dimensional nature of the stage can be used to add new resources to language as an instrument of thought and exploration of being. Language, in Beckett’s plays, serves to express the breakdown of language. "Where there is no certainty, there can be no definite meanings"^{128}- and the impossibility of ever attaining certainty is one of the main themes of Beckett’s plays.

Niklaus Gessner in his “The inadequacy of language,” has tabulated ten different modes of disintegration of language; they range from simple misunderstanding and double-entendres to monologues (as signs of inability to communicate), Cliches, repetitions of synonyms, inability to find the right words, and telegraphic style (loss of grammatical structure, communication by shouted commands) to the farrago (medley; hotch-potch; indiscriminate mixture of different elements) of chaotic nonsense and the dropping of punctuation marks, such as question marks^{129} as indication that language has lost its function as a means for communication, that questions have turned into statements not really requiring an answer. So the uniqueness of Beckett’s plays lies in his peculiar way of using common man’s language. His tape-recorded fidelity to the language of ordinary conversation is quite evident in his effective use of *tautology, malapropism, spurious logic, verbal inconsistencies, incorrect grammar*, which are so peculiar with commonplace conversation.
Beckett’s plays point out a paradox—speech, like the body and mind (especially the rational processes and memory), is a faulty and inadequate tool. Speech, which is considered as the proof of existence as well as a manner of contending with silence, solitude, and death, is another mark of man’s finitude, breaks down within the individual. Moreover, it sometimes leads to deterioration and often to total failure of communication with others. But more important than any merely formal signs of the disintegration of language and meaning in Beckett’s plays is the nature of the dialogue itself, which again and again breaks down because no truly dialectical exchange of thought occurs in it - either through loss of meaning of single words - Godot’s boy messenger when he is asked. Beckett rightly shows this disintegration as in the following dialogue:

Vladimir : You’re not unhappy ? (The boy hesitates) Do you hear me ?
Boy : Yes, Sir
Vladimir : Well ?
Boy : I don’t know, Sir.
Vladimir : You don’t know if you’re unhappy or not ?
Boy : No, Sir.

Or through the inability of characters to remember what has just been said (Estragon: ‘Either I forget immediately or I never forget’). (Waiting for Godot, p-70) In a purposeless world that has lost its ultimate objectives, dialogue, like all actions, becomes a mere game to pass the time, as Hamm points out in Endgame: --- babble, babble, words, like the solitary child who turns himself into children, two, three, so as to be together and whisper together in the dark (Endgame, p-48) --- moment upon moment, pattering down. It is time itself that drains language of meaning.

Beckett’s use of language is designed to devalue language as a vehicle for the communication of ready-made answer to the problems of the human condition, his continuous use of language must, paradoxically, be regarded as an attempt to communicate the incommunicable. Knowlson has a very apt remark in this regard. He points out: “we are left with an image of two creatures, seeking to communicate in a world where, real communication is virtually impossible.”

One of the important aspects of Beckett’s plays was their distrust of language as a means of communication. Language had to become a vehicle
of conventionalized, stereotyped, meaningless exchanges. Words failed to express the essence of human experience not being able to penetrate beyond its surface. Beckett continued first and foremost an onslaught on language, showing it as a very unreliable and insufficient tool of communication. He uses conventionalized speech, cliches, slogans and technical jargon, which distorts, often parodies and breaks down. By ridiculing conventionalized and stereotyped speech patterns, Beckett tries to make people aware of the possibility of going beyond everyday speech conventions and communicating more authentically. Conventionalized speech acts as a barrier between ourselves and what the word is really about; in order to come into direct contact with natural reality, it is necessary to discredit and discard the false crutches of conventionalized language. Objects are much more important than language in Absurd Theatre: what happens transcends what is being said about it. It is the hidden implied meaning of words that assume ‘primary’ importance in absurd theatre, over and above what is being actually said.

The Theatre of the Absurd, on which Beckett’s plays were to be acted, strove to communicate an undissolved totality of perception—hence it had to go beyond language. Consequently, Beckett’s writing subverts logic. It relished the unexpected and the logically impossible. In trying to burst the bounds of logic language, the absurd theatre is trying to shatter the enclosing walls of the human condition itself. Our identity is defined by language, having a name is the source of our separateness – the loss of logical language brings us towards a unity with living things. In being illogical, the absurd theatre is anti-rationalist; it negates rationalism because it feels that rationalist thought, like language, only deals with the superficial aspects of things. Nonsense, on the other hand, opens up a glimpse of the infinite. It offers intoxicating freedom, brings one into contact with the essence of life and is a source of marvelous comedy.

The characters talk to each other, but fail to communicate. Language (notably in the form of cliches) is a form of reassurance, but not real connection occurs; instead, language is a noise to fill the void created by the absence of meaningful human contact. Hence the presence of cliches in the discourse of the characters points toward the fact that in real life most
verbal exchanges are equally devoid of real communication. Repeated phrases, lines, words, and the fact that the second act repeats the first act are used to signify the senseless repetition and relentless flow of time inherent to human existence. “The dialogue has the peculiar repetitive quality of the cross-talk comedians’ patter.”

Estragon: So long as one knows.
Vladimir: One can bide one’s time.
Estragon: One knows what to expect.
Vladimir: No further need to worry.

Language deals not only with the impossibility of knowing the motivation of human beings in their actions, it also presents the problem of communication between human beings, which preoccupies Beckett, Adamov and Ionesco. The fight between the characters of these writers are essentially an attempt to achieve contact. At the end they recognize the impossibility of such contact, even through the conflict.

If you crammed a ship full of human bodies till it burst, the loneliness inside it would be so great that they would turn to ice --- so great is our isolation that even conflict is impossible.

Antonin Artaud wanted to restore the language of gesture and movement, to make inanimate things play there in the action, and to relegate dialogue (which, ‘does not belong specially to the stage, it belongs to the book’) to the background. He called for a true language of the theatre which would be a wordless language of shapes, light, movement and gestures:

The domain of the theatre is not psychological but plastic and physical. And it is not a question of whether the physical language of theatre is capable of achieving the same psychological resolutions as the language of words, Whether it is able to express feelings and passions as well as words, but whether there are not attitudes in the realm of thought and intelligence that words are incapable of grasping and that gestures and … a partial language attain with more precise.

Artaud adds that the theatre should aim at expressing what language is incapable of pulling into words. “it is not a matter of suppressing speech in the theatre but of changing its role, and especially of reducing its position”. Just like Artaud, Beckett uses a language based on patterns of concrete images
rather than argument and discursive speech. And since language is trying to present a sense of being, it can neither investigate nor solve problems of conduct or morals or communication.

The relativization and devaluation of language are also the prevailing trends in contemporary philosophy, that the philosopher must endeavour to disentangle thought from the conventions and rules of grammar, which have been mistaken for the rules of logic. Wittgenstein says:

A picture held us captive. And we could not get outside it, for it lay in our language, and language seemed to repeat it to us inexorably … Where does our investigation get its importance form, since it seems only to destroy everything interesting; that is, all that is great and important? (As it were, all the buildings, leaving behind only bits of stone and rubble.) What we are destroying is nothing but houses of cards and we are clearing up the ground of language on which they stand.  

The man in the street becomes more and more skeptical toward the language he is exposed to. He knows most of what he is told is double talk, devoid of real meaning. He becomes adept at reading between the lines; that is, at guessing at the reality that language conceals rather than reveals.

A part from the general devaluation of language in the flood of mass communication, the growing specialization of life has made the exchange of ideas on an increasing number of subjects impossible between members of different spheres of life which have each developed their own specialized jargons. That is why communication between human beings is so often shown in a state of breakdown. Esslin says:

language has run riot in an age of mass communication. It must be reduced to its function—the expression of authentic content, rather than its concealment.

But this will be possible only if man’s reverence toward the spoken or written word as a means of communication is restored, and the ossified cliches that dominate thought are replaced by a living language that serves it. And this, in turn, can be achieved only if the limitation of logic and discursive language are recognized and respected, and the uses of poetic language acknowledged.
Winnie, in ‘Happy Days’ has to use language to search for her self, but “neither self nor world --- [is] knowable through words, and yet we have only words with which to know.” Although her only tool is language, it “is precisely that which prevents and blocks access to authentic selfhood.” She also seems to recognize that language will fail short in making her achieve her goal; to escape from her mortal plight, and then communicate her husband, Willie, but yet remains firmly imprisoned in the earth and in her own duality, because of language’s inadequacy of specific representation. According to Barge, “it’s quite hopeless.”

Winnie constantly needs the presence and witness of another to feel her own being and identity. She is just like Vladimir’s anguished question to the boy near the end of the play, ‘Waiting for Godot’, “you’re sure you saw me, eh, you won’t come and tell me tomorrow that you never saw me before.” (Waiting for Godot, p-59) In the (to her reassurance) feeling that, “Someone is looking at me still. (Pause.) Caring for me still. (Pause.) That is what I find so wonderful.” So her chatter represents the main weapon available to her in her attempt to cheat the fate; but she realizes, with at certain moments searching clarity, that the words which she uses to evoke treasured memories of the past, for example, are dead, just as the past itself is dead and can have no reality: “My arms (Pause.) My breasts. (Pause.) What arms ? (Pause.) What breasts ?” When she finds that her words are dead, she uses a particular tone of voice, an inflection, a movement of the head or a closing of the eyes as gestures for achieving her goal, as she does, for example, in the following passage:

\[
\text{many mercies – (wiping handle of brush) – great mercies – (stops wiping, fixed lost gaze, brokenly) – prayers perhaps not for naught – (pause, do.) – first thing – (pause, do.) - last thing (head down, resumes wiping, stops wiping , head up, calmed, wipes eyes, folds handkerchief).}
\]

For want of better raw material, Beckett has molded words into a superb instrument for his purpose. In the theatre he has been able to add a new dimension to language – the counterpoint of action, concrete, many-faceted, not to be explained away, but making a direct impact on an audience. In the theatre or at least in Beckett’s theatre, it is possible to bypass the stage
of conceptual thinking altogether, as an abstract painting bypasses the stage of the recognition of natural objects. In ‘Waiting for Godot’ and ‘Endgame’, plays drained of character, plot and meaningful dialogue, Beckett has shown that such a seemingly impossible tour de force can, in fact, be accomplished.

Beckett found a return to earlier nonverbal forms of theatre which is always more than mere language. Language alone can be read, but true theatre can become manifest only in performance. Its powerful elements of pure, abstract theatrical effects have deep, often metaphysical meaning and express more than language could. These are the elements that distinguish any stage performance from the reading of a play, elements that exist independent of words, as in the performance of Indian Jugglers that made Hazlitt marvel at the possibilities of man and gave him an insight into his nature. Beckett depends on style which repeated in different forms that give extravagant and esoteric qualities to Beckett’s language. His career is seen as a lifelong effort to undermine language and meaning. He makes a great deal of everything: that is his art. He is erudite, allusive, brilliant, impudent and rude. He has, however, a well-deserved reputation of being difficult, obscure and disconcerting. He writes into tongue not his by birth. His language becomes the adequate representation of stagnant life, and meaningless man – it relates to life without action, describes man eliminated from, deprived of history.

Since Beckett’s characters are deliberately drawn as generalized characters, their speeches have the function of not individualizing, but generalizing them by means of recurring words and phrases in their speeches which portray the same puzzled frustrated but determined men in search of comprehending the world and themselves through their narratives. All the characters vacillate between hope and despair concerning the completion of their quest. Robinovitz asserts that “these characters can be linked when they
set out with the same naïve belief; that with a little more effort their quest will be ended.” All of them express their belief in progress and hope to move forward in their quest, just to contradict themselves by sinking into despair, but they are late to rekindle their hope afterwards.

The characters’ speeches reflect their continuous struggle to comprehend the world, achieve a unified self, and their consciousness of their inevitable failure. However, their speeches disclose the reason for their inevitable failure: the limitations of language. It is impossible for man to comprehend everything about the world, but it is against man’s nature to accept it and yield to the irrationality surrounding him. The self may be regarded as a microcosm of the irrational universe. It is not a coherent whole, but fluid, continuously changing through time and fragmented, but man’s search for unity is observed in his relationship with his own self because he continually tries to define himself and is in search of his essence. However, words are adequate neither for the comprehension of the world nor for the attainment of a unified self. So the characters’ awareness of the futility of their attempt at comprehension and a unified self through their narratives because of the limitation of language is reflected in their speech. For them, language becomes a “buzzing” sound, empty and meaningless. For Malone, for example, man’s language is as incomprehensible as other sounds in the world, so it is impossible to distinguish between them:

All I heard was one vast continuous buzzing. The volume of sound perceived remained no doubt the same, I had simply lost the faculty of decomposing it. The noises of nature of mankind and even my own, were all Jumbled together in one and the same unbridled gibberish.

The ‘Unnamable’ expresses the same trouble with words which he calls “mean --- and needless.” He agrees with Malone that he [unnamable] sees no difference between man’s language and the sound of beasts: “the sounds of beasts, the sounds of men, sounds in the daytime and sounds at night, --- all sounds, there is only one, continuos, day and night.”

The problem of the characters is their desire and even obsession to capture the reality beyond language. Words can only express the parts of [reality] that exists through language. So it is not possible to capture all the
reality through language either. Reality beyond language is, thus, always beyond man’s reach. The characters are doomed to failure because they attempt at a domain that the words cannot represent.

The conversation between the characters seems to be void of meaning. There is no apparent meaning in it, because their life is meaningless and also their world has no apparent meaning. Beckett’s language is totally separate from knowledge or truth. His names, for example, cannot be distinguished from one another and are completely devoid of any real meaning. ‘Godot’, a meaningless word or mere sound, reveals the insignificance of all Beckett’s language. While the plays contain obvious ambiguities into the word’s meaning, they are all for show. There is no real meaning. This meaninglessness can be expanded to all Beckett’s language, full of hints of a great significance, language hides the triviality of all things described. His characters engage in ridiculous language to pass the time and to give them the impression they exist. Beckett exposes the pitfalls of a language that attempts to create meaning when none exists. But, at last, it reveals that man is essentially bewildered, disoriented and lost.

Man longs for knowledge, but he has only the words of his speech to use, and these are inadequate. There can be little or no communication between man and man; for words are the names of memories, and no two men have the same memories. Moreover, words are little suited to knowledge since each word is surrounded by the undertones of its own history. Words are inadequate for piercing the essence of reality, since they are merely the indicators of our memories and the things we use to express our thoughts and these being merely contingent can no more get at true than “a spider that has put its net in a corner of a palace can get at the total reality of the palace.”

Words are intrinsically inadequate for thinking and communicating but rather that basic concepts such as ‘mind’ and ‘body’ emerge as linguistic abstractions, “even the concept of individuality has become verbal abstraction without representational concept---then there is nothing but words in the ‘I’.”

Most of the characters in Beckett’s novels and plays are after all failed or foiled rationalists, seeking in vain to make some semblance of sense out of apparently senseless world. Beckett, in Proust, says:
Man is the creature that cannot come forth from himself, who knows other only in himself and who, if he asserts the contrary, lies, adding his own comment, we are alone. We cannot know and we cannot be known.\textsuperscript{154}

Beckett has used subtle juxtaposition, repetition and association to create a relatively dense structure in which various meanings, levels and tones are conveyed often by the use of flat, commonplace, apparently quite neutral words and phrases. Most obviously, some characters, just like Winnie, use phrases which can be understood on several levels at once, "world without end." His plays are drained of meaningful dialogue; speech is turned away as an instrument for the expression of the deepest levels of meaning.

The dialogue is studded with words that have no meaning for normal ears; repeatedly it announces that it has come to a stop, and will have to start again; never does it reconcile itself with reason.\textsuperscript{155}

Speech is the proof of existence. It, like the body and the mind, is a faulty and inadequate tool. Speech, another mark of man’s finitude, breaks down within the individual – moreover, it sometimes leads to deterioration and often to total failure of communication with others.\textsuperscript{156} Speech disintegration with the individual at the level of monologue already spells out the limitations of language to carry on a dialogue with others the limitations of language become even more apparent. These limitations result in a breakdown in communication, and the whole process serves only to reinforce the solitude that is the fundamental lot of each of the characters.

The theatre of Beckett proclaims the ridiculousness of language. It repeats tirelessly that man’s last resource is language. A day will come when words themselves will fail. The downfall of language is linked to the treachery of objects, and it is the collapse of reason that is implied in the treachery of words. It is also the impossibility of both living and dying: the terror of surviving the collapse of reason.

Language, with which Beckett wrestles, is his medium and it is its inadequacy haunts him. He makes his task more difficult by occupying himself with suffering creatures. Beckett has presented a lurid picture of life. ‘Waiting for Godot’ is perhaps more lurid than the rest of his plays. There is hardly
any action, and the dialogue is repetitive and contradictory, language, like everything else being incapable of giving meaning to an absurd world.

Words, as conventional symbols, have failed to express the thoughts and ideas of the dramatist personae of an absurd drama. Beckett’s plays show how language has been disintegrated in diverse ways: monologues, telegraphic style reminding us of James Joyce in *Ulysses* and Finnegans Wake, repetition of synonyms, violation of orthodox grammatical structure, clichés and platitudes, etc. Language has, thus, become “non-verbal”. It breaks down. Characters talk not to express their thoughts but only to kill time. There is no conversational elan. We must not expect the smart, chiselled, polished witty, and scintillating speeches as we come across in the writing of Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde.

Language is the language of living evidence, and not that of discursive and demonstrative thought. In order to provide this eternal and living presence, it is acted and performed on the theatre. It corresponds, without doubt, to the essential structure of the tragic truth, of stage reality --- This is the matter of archetypes of the theatre, of the essence of the theatre, of the language of the theatre. It is this language of stage images that embody a truth beyond the power of mere discursive thought which the Theatre of the Absurd places at the centre of its endeavour to build a new dramatic convention subordinating all other elements of stagecraft to it.

The speeches of the characters subvert the conventional function of speech to individualize characters because their language contributes to their anonymity, and because their speeches, like their actions, are similar to each other, giving the sense that the same buzzled and frustrated voice. Beckett presents language as an inefficient tool to express one’s thoughts, to comprehend the world, or to define one’s self. At this point, Beckett agrees with Wittgenstein, who states that there is a domain which words fail to represent. Since man cannot know what words reveal to him, it is impossible to capture the reality beyond words. Hence, the efforts of the character to comprehend the whole or to comprehend the thought or to define the self are doomed to failure.

This never-ending conflict also makes the lucid man suffer, for he recognizes the futility, but his need for order and system does not let him give
up the struggle. Thus Esslin points out, “Conscious being inevitably entails suffering.”[^52] and in ‘Happy Days’, Beckett draws his characters as both lucid and persistent, and thus suffering.

In “Waiting For Godot”, the protagonists are conscious of the irrationality surrounding them, so they live in a continuous state of doubt and ambiguity. They can never be sure of any thing including the most basic facts. There are different modes of disintegration of language observable in “Waiting For Godot”. They range from simple misunderstanding to dropping of punctuation marks. This indicates that language has lost its function as a means of conveying thoughts because no truly dialectical exchange of thought occurs in it – either through loss of meaning of single words (Godot’s boy messenger when asked if he is unhappy, replies, ‘I don’t know, Sir’) or through the inability of characters to remember what has just been said (Estragon: ‘Either I forget immediately or I never forget’)[^58] In a purposeless world that has lost its ultimate objectives, dialogue, like all actions, becomes a mere game not to convey the thought but to pass time. It is time itself that drains language of meaning. In “Krapp’s Last Tape”, the well – turned idealistic professions of faith Krapp made in his best years have become empty sounds to Krapp grown old.

The theme of alienation and isolation is a pervading one in Beckett’s plays. He points out that alienation is a part of the absurdity since the individual is an exile in the universe with which he cannot establish meaningful relationships. His characters are “isolated existents,” each of whom is “immured in his own consciousness.”[^59] On the other hand, Beckett dwells on the limitation of consciousness, which makes the possibility of knowing others completely impossible. Since his characters “are unable to know each other except as possibilities,”[^60] fragmented and imperfect relationships emerge. Therefore, “the limitation of human consciousness” that Beckett portrays, in “Endgame” or “Waiting for Godot” appears “as a factor separating [man] from the universe,”[^61] and from one another. Hence “that irremediable solitude to which every human being is condemned.”[^62]

As absurdist writer, Beckett regards time as an enemy that ruins people and carries them to their ultimate end, that is, death. So time and
death are closely interrelated for him. He, in his work on Proust, calls time "the double-headed monster of damnation and salvation." Consequently time figures as a destructive power in his works, too, as suggested by the physical deterioration of his characters in time. In his works, time is also treated as a void which needs to be filled up in verbal or non-verbal ways. Time is an infinite emptiness that stretches without any beginning or end; therefore, characters can not differentiate yesterday from today, and memory fails them since time is composed of days almost identical with each other. Beckett also elaborates on memory in relation to time; memory is unreliable since it is impossible to remember past events as they happened. What one remembers is one’s own vision of the past. What one remembers is just distorted pictures of past events because “people deform the days by altering the pictures of past actions which reside in the memories stored in the mind.” Therefore, it is impossible to be sure about past events, which explains the uncertainty of Beckett’s characters about past events when they attempt to reconstruction the past.

In “Waiting for Godot”, the two tramps, Estragon and Vladimir, who represent all humanity, utter remarks that any one of us might utter. These two men are feeble and energetic, coward and courageous, they bicker, amuse themselves, are bored and speak to each other without understanding. They do all this to keep busy. To pass time, to live or to give themselves the illusion that are living. To pass the time, they talk, and talk about Godot, whom really don’t know much about.

Words are intrinsically inadequate for thinking and communicating; they are nothing but words, without representational content. In “Happy Days” Winnie is extremely conscious of the role and importance of her words in her life as time-fillers and as the only means available to try to make sense of her existence. Yet words fail, not only in the obvious sense that from time to time they run out, but that, as the reason seeks reassurance from them in a confirmation of the reality of past experience, for example, or of the continuity of the self, they manage only to trace the counters of Winnie’s ignorance, impotence and failure.

*Then --- now --- what difficulties here, for the mind. To have been always what I am – and so changed from what I was.*
The two great fears in her life are that she will lose her partner, Willie, and that words will one day fail her completely, as she is already aware that they fail intermittently:

what would I do without them, when words fail? (pause.)
Gaze before me with compressed lips --- I cannot. ----
Sometimes I hear sounds. But not often (pause.) They are a boon, sounds are a boon, they help me --- through the day.166

Moreover, Winnie realizes, with at certain moments, searing clarity that the words, which she uses to evoke treasured memories of the past, for example, are dead just as the past itself is dead and can have no reality.

I suddenly gain or regain an awareness that lam, that exist, that I am surrounded by something, all sorts of objects, a sort of world, and everything seems strange and incomprehensible to me--- Then the universe seems to me infinitely strange and foreign ---I look and I see pictures, creatures that move in a kind of timeless time and spaceless space, emitting sounds that are a kind of language I no longer understand or even register.167

In the midst of the silence, the repetitions the ready-made phrases (“one is what one is --- the essential does not charge.”), one or the other the two tramps suggests something to pass the time making conversation, “repenting”, hanging themselves, telling stories, insulting one another, playing at “Pozzo and Lucky.” But each time the attempt founders: after a few uncertain exchanges they peter out, give up, admit failure. They are doing so simply because “it helps to pass time,” or to bear their senseless existence. Playing games is an illustration by stimulating activity they try to make that time pass which otherwise would threaten to stagnate. In the case of Vladimir and Estragon, it is just the incessant attempt to make time pass and which reflects the specific misery and absurdity of their life. But in order to make time pass, they require precisely a kind of freedom which they have already forfeited. Simply because they don’t possess freedom to do so, they are out time to this extent, that the time-sequence of past, present and future has almost lost its meaning for them. They demonstrate the tendency human beings have not only to use language to pass time or play games, but also to
put it to affective and ceremonial uses in inappropriate circumstances, thus providing a glimpse of the extent to which language can render the human being comic if not absurd.

Language is a form of reassurance, but no real connection occurs; instead, language is noise to fill the void created by the absence of meaningful human contact.\textsuperscript{168} Hence the presence of cliches in the discourse of the characters point toward the fact that in real life most verbal exchanges are equally devoid of real communication. There is no real meaning. Beckett’s characters engage in a ridiculous language to pass the time and to give [them] the impression [they] exist.

In Beckett’s plays, time does not go forward. We are always at the end, where events repeat themselves, or hover at the edge of nothingness, or turn back to the long-ago moment of genuine life. Places and characters are without identity. Everything is unnamable except time. Time abandoning itself to its pure state – a kind of neutral force, implacable like the light, that will never end, since it never began. Man, who is like a tumor, can no more live than die. He is always present at the uncertain beginning of an interminable endgame. Death, at the same time, is ineluctable and impossible. Because he is already dead, man will never die. Rationally speaking, he cannot die. Things deteriorate, winding down toward immobility, toward silence, death, nothingness. From the peat-bog where the two tramps wait for Godot to the ashbins of ‘Endgame’ and from the latter to this women buried alive, there is a progression. From one play to the next, from one act to the next, the evolution is the same. The themes, acts and plays are repeated. But something changes! “something is taking its course,”\textsuperscript{169} going in one toward nothingness. Winnie sinks into time rising around her without reaching the end of her story, because she has no story.

In the first act, Winnie is still able to play with both objects and words, in the second, only words are left to her. At the same time that the theatre of Beckett proclaims the ridiculousness of language, it repeats tirelessly that man’s last resource is language. A day will come when words themselves will fail. The downfall of language is linked to the treachery of objects, and it is the collapse of reason that is implied in the treachery of words. It is also the
impossibility of both living and dying: the terror of surviving the collapse of reason.

Willie and Winnie, the protagonists of ‘Happy Days’, exist in a totally vacant world without diurnal distinctions – even to speak of “the end of the day” is to speak ‘in the old style’\(^{170}\) where time seems both to have stopped and to be rushing madly forward, and where progress is measured only by the tedious – rapid advance towards dissolution, decay, and death. Thus, while Winnie is trying to kill time, time is more successfully Killing her: by the beginning of the second act, the earth has risen to her neck, rendering her completely paralyzed. In this condition, she half-cheerfully, half-desperately, awaits total interment, still attempting to amuse herself with memories and to bless even her most harrowing perceptions.

Progressively, the earth is depriving Winnie of her powers and her resources, straining to the utmost her ability to adapt to changing circumstances, whilst remaining resolutely cheerful. Most important of all, words themselves, which are so essential to the maintenance of her being, seem likely to become useless soon, as Willie’s long silence in the second act suggests that one day, the time will come when there will be no one there at whom Winnie could direct her words.

The ritual gestures which Winnie performs to keep going through her day are of a very everyday kind: brushing her teeth, looking in the mirror, putting on her lipstick, donning her hat, singing her song, recounting her stories and, above all, talking to, or rather at, Willie. Similarly, Willie reads out aloud banal announcements which could well appear in any of our daily newspapers and spends part of his time contemplating a pornographic postcard. Yet, paradoxically, all of this occurs in a world where living in time, and perhaps even dying, have already consigned to the ‘old style’.\(^{171}\) All these activities fail to put off the ravages of time, decline and decay. More fundamentally, although Winnie’s situation is physically more serious at the end of the play than it was at the beginning, we have no assurance that it has yet reached any terminal point. And, in the closing moments, Willie too fails to reach either the gun or Winnie.
Most of the time, however, Winnie finds great comfort in her words. For what distinguishes her from the major characters of Beckett’s earlier plays is, of course, her customary ‘look on the bright side’ philosophy. From her opening words ‘another heavenly day’ to her almost final remark ‘this will have been another happy day’ she constantly falls back upon a characteristic of cliches, “that is that I find so wonderful,” ‘great mercies,’ ‘so much to be thankful for’ and ‘no change’ being among her favorites. These phrases are the verbal equivalents of her everyday possessions, but they are more important to Winnie in the sense that they survive when her possessions can no longer be used. However, in the second act these optimistic phrases are used much less frequently and in isolated form rather than in groups.

Winnie tries to use songs, to kill her time, isolation, loneliness, in the same way as she uses her possessions, her quotations, and her everyday phrases of reassurance. But her experience has forced her to recognize that ‘song must come from her heart’ and cannot be forced into a regulated scheme for holding the silence and the void at day. Music and song resist these rational shackles, partly perhaps because they retain their ideal form and partly because they come closer themselves to mystery than does any other aspect of existence. Winnie also relates stories to pass time and alienation, and to retain a sense of continued existence as an individual. “I need to continue to assert my own existence, Therefore you, Willie, still exist.”

In “Happy Days” Winnie, the wife, and Willie, the husband, are in an isolated situation, in which they are found, surviving like two castaways on, or in, a barren mound of scorched grass, set in a deserted landscape, away from all other human beings and remote from any form of civilization. Winnie is, in her harsh cruel, deprived world, prattling on gaily about her many blessings. The world, inhabited by Winnie and Willie, is extreme and elemental as well as barren and sterile. The earth in which she is buried to her neck, deprives Winnie of her power and her resources, objects and words. Objects fail to protect her from an awareness of the realities of her plight; words seem likely to become useless. However, objects and words help Winnie to remain busy, but they are basically inadequate and they fail to do what they are intended to
do. So Winnie looks forward, with a characteristic blend of fear and hope to a point at which the fierce heat of the sun might conceivably bring and end to her present physical plight.

*Shall I myself not melt perhaps in the end, or burn, oh I don’t mean necessarily burst into flames, no, just little by little be charred to a black cinder, all this --- visible flesh.*

In “Happy Days” there is incongruity between Winnie’s unbearable situation and her determined cheerfulness, and the tension which can be sensed in her speech between optimistic outlook and the flashes of insight into the true nature of reality. There are aspects of existence which are more difficult for Winnie to come to terms with than the progressive degeneration of the body and likely disintegration of the mind, the apparent emptiness of the heavens, the uncertainty and isolation of the self.

In order to defeat her uncomfortable desolate and even terrible situation, she makes herself busy in chattering which represents the main weapon available to her to cheat the fate which has been imposed upon her by her mortality. Most of the time however, Winnie finds great comfort in her words which are her means to communicate her partner, Willie, to Kill her time, to transform her ideas and thoughts, to make her busy in her isolation. She tries to use songs, to relate stories as activities to reassure her existence, or to retain a sense of continued existence as an individual. She betrays her own awareness of sorrow… and of the horror of her plight by a tone of voice, an inflection, a movement of the head or a closing of the eyes. So she uses phrases of reassurance, gestures which are still subject to failure and interruption. Moreover, her body fails to do what the mind orders and confusion results, from this disharmony.

Winnie chatters incessantly over such trifles, quoting fragments of “unforgettable lines” reflecting nostalgically on trivial events of the past, and, uncommunicable husband, Willie, who passes the time sleeping in a hole behind her mound when he is not by her side mumbling over the want ads and obituaries in his yellowing newspaper. Winnie and Willie exist in a vacant world. They try to kill time, but time is successfully killing them, rendering them completely paralyzed.
‘Happy Days’ is Beckett’s dramatic comment on the irony, pathos, and chronic hopelessness of the human condition. The language, Beckett uses, enjoying none, is flat and prosaic. The repetitions of which Beckett is fond have finally become rather boring. The most striking thing in the play—the image of Winnie claimed by the earth— is only a visualization of that beautiful perception.

Between the protagonists, the wife and the husband, Willie and Winnie, there is no contact. The husband leaves the stage free for his wife whose difficulties are not his difficulties. Where he wishes to be deaf, she wishes him to hear. If he hears only an occasional word, she is pleased; if he grants her a grunt in reply, she is enraptured.

Winnie is buried in earth, her main weapons are objects and words but these weapons obviously fail. The down fall of words is linked to the treachery of objects. Only words are left to her, but these words, she uses, are ridiculous. Consequently in ‘Happy Days’ a woman, literally sinking continually deeper into the ground, nonetheless continues to prattle about the trivialities of life. In other words, perhaps, as one gets nearer and nearer death, one pretends that life will go on normally forever. This reveals that Beckett’s plays are concerned with human suffering and survival, and his characters are struggling with meaninglessness and the world of Nothing.

In ‘Waiting for Godot’ the subject of the play quickly becomes an example of how to pass the time in a situation which offers no hope. Thus the theme of the play is set by the beginning:

Estragon : Nothing to be done
Vladimir : I’m beginning to come round to that opinion.179

Although the phrase is used in connection to Estragon’s boots here, it is also later used by Vladimir with respect to his hat. Essentially it describes the hopelessness of their lives.

A direct result of this hopelessness is the daily struggle to pass the time. Thus, most of the play is dedicated to devising games which will help them pass time. This mutual desire also addresses the question of why they stay together. Both Vladimir and Estragon admit to being happier when apart. One of the main reasons that they continue their relationship is that they need
one another to pass the time. After Pozzo and Lucky leave for the first time they comment.

**Vladimir** : *That passed the time.*

**Estragon** : *It would have passed in any case. And late when Estragon finds his boots again;*

**Vladimir** : *What about trying them.*

**Estragon** : *I've tried everything.*

**Vladimir** : *No, I mean the boots.*

**Estragon** : *Would that be a good thing?*

**Vladimir** : *It'd pass the time. I assure you, it'd be an occupation.*

Since passing the time is their mutual occupation, Estragon struggles to find games to help them accomplish their goal. Thus, they engage in insulting one another and in asking each other questions. They talk, and talk about Godot, whom they really don't know much about. On a road, beneath a tree ravaged by winter, in a barren, desolate place, they are waiting for Godot, but this gentleman will never come. The upshot of *Waiting for Godot* is that the two tramps are always waiting for the future, their ruinous consolation being that there is always tomorrow; they never realize that today is today. In this, says Mr. Beckett:

> they are like humanity, which dawdles and drivels away its life, postponing action, eschewing enjoyment, waiting only for some far-off, divine event, the millenium, the Day of judgement.

They talk and talk and talk in order to postpone for a while the silence of their desolation.

The main way in which Vladimir and Estragon confront their ennui is with the invention of a succession of various games designed to make time pass imperceptibly *“while Waiting for Godot.”* But the invention of games and other diversions is not only a means of killing time, it is also a means by which the characters give themselves the impression of existing. The games that they invent are conspicuously theatrical in nature. They range from the simple mime (the hat game, and calisthenics) to the more complex levels of...
linguistic games, and telling each other stories,\textsuperscript{185} to actual episodes of play-
acting (fighting and making up),\textsuperscript{186} and playing at being Pozzo and Lucky.\textsuperscript{187}

Closely related to the playing of games is the utilization of other
physical and mental activities to fill time. Estragon, the hedonist, eats,\textsuperscript{188}
sleeps,\textsuperscript{189} and dreams. Dreaming, as Vladimir points out,\textsuperscript{190} is a way of
passing time. Another form of diversion involving Estragon’s physical
orientation is proposed by Vladimir when he suggests that Estragon tries on
the “\textit{new shoes}”.\textsuperscript{191} When games give out, the two men fall back upon the
mere rudiments of conversation in an effort to avoid thinking and hearing.\textsuperscript{192}
The important thing for them is not the content of the conversation but simply
that there be conversation:

\begin{quote}
\textit{Vladimir} : Say Something !
\textit{Estragon} : I’m trying ---
\textit{Vladimir} : (in anguish.) Say anything at all !\textsuperscript{193}
\end{quote}

Indeed, the whole episode in Act II in which Vladimir urges Estragon to
remember things about his remote and immediate past is another example of
this use of conversation as a diversion.\textsuperscript{194} Of course, virtually all conversation
between Vladimir and Estragon arises out of their desire to pass time. Even
when they are confronted with the problem of trying to gain Pozzo’s attention,
Estragon proposes that they try out other names on him as a means of
passing time and of perhaps falling eventually on the right name.\textsuperscript{195} Pozzo not
only offers himself and Lucky as a pastime, he succeeds in his efforts.
Vladimir remarks that ‘That’ has made time pass,\textsuperscript{196} Estragon, however,
replies that it would have passed without “\textit{that}”.\textsuperscript{197} Finally, the three passages
in which the two contemplate suicide represent a desperate means of
disposing time, although this would not be the exclusive interpretation of the
three passages.\textsuperscript{198}

While these games and other diversions are primarily undertaken to
while away the time and to confirm existence, they are also a way, an
unsuccessful way, of trying to escape the oppressiveness of silence and the
feeling of solitude that tend to engulf the individual.
Again and again Vladimir and Estragon wreck their brains what to do next, they are doing so because “it helps pass the time,” or because whatever they do, will, as long as they are doing something, reduce the distance which separates them from Godot. The best way to overcome the doldrums is through the activation of their being together, through their ever renewed taking advantage of the chance that it is at least as a pair that they have to bear their senseless existence. If they did not cling to each other desperately, if they could not rely on the never ceasing to and for of their conversation, if they had not their quarrels, if they did not leave each other or reunite – actions which, after all, cannot take place without taking up time – they would actually be lost. That Beckett presents us with a pair is, thus, not only motivated by his technical insight, but also by his wish to show that everyone is the other’s pastime; that company facilitates endurance of the pointlessness of existence, or at least conceals it; that, although not giving an absolute guarantee that time will pass, it helps now and then playing games, in the case of Vladimir and Estragon, is just the incessant attempt to make time pass which is so characteristic, and which reflects the specific misery and absurdity of their life.

In order to make time pass, requires precisely a kind of freedom which Vladimir and Estragon, paralyzed by the passivity of their life, have already forfeited. Therefore, Beckett is wholly realistic when he makes the two fail in their attempts to play games and when he shows them unable to master their leisure time. They are all the less able to do that because they don’t possess yet as we do, recognized and stereotyped forms of leisure pastimes, neither sport, nor Mozart Sonatas, and are, therefore, forced to improvise and invent their games on the spot, to take activities from the vast store of everyday actions and transform them into play in order to pass time. Estragon plays the game “shoe off, shoe on”; and not in order to exhibit himself as a fool, but to exhibit us as fools: in order to demonstrate through the device of inversion that our playing of games has no more meaning than his. The inverted meaning of the scene in which Estragon plays ‘shoe off, shoe on’ reads

our playing of games is a shoe off, shoe on, too, a ghostly activity meant only to produce the false appearance of our everyday existence is nothing but a playing of games, clown
like without real consequences, springing solely from the vain hope that it will make time pass.

They are bored and anxious to kill time. They are talking not for conveying their thoughts or ideas but simply to kill time. Their experiences and conversations are mere repetitions of yesterday’s talks. To kill time, they babble incessantly, but they arrive at no conclusion. They speak about radishes and carrots; they play at Pozzo and Lucky; they do the tree; they have recourse to exercises. And yet time is static.

The alienation of humanity from truth, purpose, God, and each other is the theme of Samuel Beckett’s play, “Waiting for Godot.” The play’s cyclical and sparse presentation conveys a feeling of the hopelessness that is an effect of a godless, and therefore, purposeless World. The purpose of human life is an unanswerable question. It seems impossible to find an answer because we don’t know where to begin looking for or whom to ask. The world seems utterly chaotic. We, therefore, try to impose meaning on it. According to the play, a human being’s life is totally dependant on chance.

The play is, in fact, less than nothing suggests regression. But here less than nothing happens. It is as if we were watching a sort of regression beyond nothing. As always in Beckett, that little we are given to begin with, and which we thought so meager at the time, soon decays under our very eyes, disintegrates like Pozzo, who comes back bereft of sight, dragged by Lucky, bereft of speech; like the carrot, which as if by mockery has dwindled by the second act to a radish. In the course of the play they mock or demolish all of our myths of meaning, using language against itself so as to prevent it from disguise their radical vulnerability.

“Waiting for Godot” is a work of great profundity and a profoundly boring experience. In this play the theme of loneliness is reinforced by the neo-existentialist philosophy of the cosmic absurdity of man’s lot. Its plot and character are virtually – even self-righteously – absent. There is too much reliance altogether on ambiguous dialogue which can bear a dozen different meanings.

Beckett’s ‘Waiting for Godot’ is a dramatic vacuum. It has no plot, no climax, no beginning, and no end. Unavoidably, it has a situation, and it might
be accused of having suspense, since it deals with the impatience of two tramps, waiting beneath a tree for a cryptic Mr. Godot to keep his appointment with them, but the situation is never developed, and a glance at the programme shows that Mr. Godot is not going to arrive. Passing the time in the dark, Beckett suggests, is not only what drama is about, but also what life is about. Mr. Beckett bids us wait for Godot, the spiritual signpost. His two tramps pass the time of day just a we, the audience are passing the time of night, like them be clowning and quarreling, aimlessly bickering and aimlessly making up – all, as one of them says, “to give us the impression that we exist.”

Mr. Beckett’s tramps, for the most part, converse in the double-talk of vaudeville. Their exchanges are like those conversations at the next table which one can almost but not quite decipher. From time to time other characters intrude. Fat Pozzo, with a whip in his fist, puffs into sight with Lucky, his dumb slave. They are clearly going somewhere in a hurry: Perhaps they know where Godot is. All that emerges is that the master needs the slave as much as the slave needs the master; it gives both a sense of spurious purpose. The style hereabouts reminds us forcibly that Mr. Beckett once worked for James Joyce. In the next act Pozzo and Lucky return, this time moving, just as purposefully, in the opposite direction. The tramps decide to stay where they are. A child arrives, presenting Mr. Godot’s compliments and regretting that he is unable to meet them today. It is the same message as yesterday, all the same, they wait.

Mr. Beckett in ‘Waiting for Godot’ dramatizes the notion of emptiness “Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it’s awful!” His heroes are two tramps, who have come from nowhere in particular, and have nowhere in particular to go. Their life is a state of apparently fruitless expectation. They receive messages, through a little boy, from the local landowner, Godot, who is always going to come in person tomorrow, but never does come. Their attitude towards Godot is one partly of hope, partly of fear. The tramps with their rags and their misery, represent the fallen state of man. The squalor of their surroundings, their lack of a ‘stake in the world,’ represents the idea that here in this world we can build no abiding city. The ambiguity of their attitude
towards Godot, their mingled hope and fear, the doubtful tone of the boy’s message, represents the state of tension and uncertainty. The two tramps, Didi and Gogo, as they call each other, represent something for higher than the other two characters in the play, the masterful and ridiculous Pozzo and his terrifying slave, Lucky. Didi and Gogo stand for the contemplative life. Pozzo and Lucky stand for the life of practical action taken, mistakenly, as an end in itself. Pozzo and Lucky are drawn together by hate and fear. Their lot is increasing misery.

In ‘Endgame’ Beckett points out that life is precipitated to a single day in which minute details resemble each other repetitively – phrase, gesture, and pause. The theatrical metaphor more pronounced, and general verbal repetition are particularly heightened in one-act version enforcing our sense of the inadequacy of words, enforcing what Beckett called “the power of the text to claw.”

Beckett’s style in ‘Waiting for Godot’ and “Endgame” is just like a Parody of Joyce’s style. It is a Parody of philosophical jargon and scientific double-talk. In “Endgame” words serve to form not only puns but jokes, prayers, proverbs, prophecies, maledictions, chronicles, poems and, of course, the dialogue of the play. Clov accuses Hamm, the wielder of words, “I use the words you taught me. If they don’t mean anything anymore, teach me others.” Near the end, Clov complains, “They [the words that remain] have nothing to say”.

For all their combination into various minor genres, there is an astonishing stinginess in the number of words Beckett allows himself in ‘Endgame’. Again and again, we find the same words repeated, the same words issuing from different mouths. In spite of his extraordinary vocabulary and impressive command of several languages, Beckett deliberately limits the words of ‘Endgame’ charging each word with an enormous burden. Many statements are repeated, prefaced by a “then” of resignation. Whole dialogues are built comically around a few words, as in the following example:

\[
\begin{align*}
Clov & : So you all want me to leave you. \\
Hamm & : Naturally \\
Clov & : Then I’ll leave.
\end{align*}
\]
Hamm : You can't leave us.
Clov : Then I won't leave you. (pause.)
Hamm : Why don't you finish us? (pause.) I'll tell you the combination
     of the cupboard if you promise to finish me.
Clov : I couldn't finish you.
Hamm : Then you won't finish me.
Clov : I'll leave you, I have things to do. 202

Close to the end, Clov implores Hamm to stop playing, but he replies
‘Never!’. He also utters his final “Me to play,” and reveals that from the
beginning he was destined to lose, “old endgame lost of old, play and lose
and have done with losing.” Hamm's activities are ridiculously restricted to
composing a chronicle, to praying half-heartedly when he runs out of
characters, and above all giving orders to Clov, variously designated as his
dog, mental creature, and son.

In ‘Endgame’ Beckett reveals the inhumanity of his characters. He has
written of Endgame that it is “more inhuman than Godot” --- Hamm is felt as a
real character, then he is inhuman in the sense we use the word of a man
whose actions are so extreme that they seem to place him beyond the pale of
humanity. Hamm becomes like “King Lear”, who, when stripped of all values,
can only cry, “Then Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill, Kill.” Hamm may, in fact, be inhuman
only in the strict sense of being not human.

The verbal surface of Endgame is aware of itself as being organized in
accordance with the conventions governing conversation and stage dialogue,
particularly a kind of two person-dialogue not unlike that of the old music-hall
tradition of the comic and the straight-man. The conversational form admits
several kinds of monologue, and these are performed as such. The language
of Clov at the end of the play describes with delicate and appalling precision
the feelings of a man released after a lifetime of ‘imprisonment. It is a
brilliantly contrived exercise in the art of repartee. Beckett in ‘Endgame’ uses
his extra ability of the language and stage-craft to imply, suggest, connote,
evoke and set off expressive nuances. In ‘Endgame’ the meaning lies in its
performance, since it organizes movements, gestures and speech in time and
space so as to form a structure. Such a structure, of course, implies a
metaphysic and forms an image of our life of movement, gesture and speech. But these gestures and words would be meaningless. The means by which meaning, inaccessible to direct manifestation, is reduced; at the same time it expresses the absence of meaning. The word, ‘meaning’ is ambiguous. It designates the significance of the whole, or it can signify the meaning of the words and phrases spoken by the characters, including the sequences of dialogue.

‘Endgame’ contains dialogues in rapid sequence, monosyllabic like the question-and-answer game between the deluded monarch and the messenger of fate. Hamm, the deluded monarch, commands Clov, the self-declared servant, to perform circus trick, the futile task of pushing the chair back and forth, of “getting the gaff”. This is followed by a short dialogue.

\begin{tabular}{@{}ll@{}}
\textit{Clov} & \textit{Do this, do that, and I do it. I never refuse. Why?} \\
\textit{Hamm} & \textit{You are not able to.} \\
\textit{Clov} & \textit{Soon I won’t do it any more.} \\
\textit{Hamm} & \textit{You won’t be able to any more. (Exit Clove.) Ah the creatures, everything has to explain to them.}\end{tabular}

Beckett has written in the absurdist tradition, as he is one of the Absurdists. The first common theme observed in his works is the theme of alienation, isolation and loneliness. According to the absurdists in general and to Beckett in private, man was doomed to alienation since the illusion that there existed common values or rights and wrongs forming a consensus in society was irreparably broken. Man was doomed to isolation in such a universe, for there was not a common and firm ground on which human beings stood together safely. This ground which has seemed firm and safe was broken into pieces, and one had to stand on his own ground, alienated from one’s fellowmen. Hence lack of communication, lack of sympathy and love, and man’s sense of solitude are reflected in the works of absurdist writers, like Camus, Beckett and Ionesco.

Beckett’s protagonists are those who go with their lives in isolation from others. They are, as he calls them, isolated existence. Beckett dwells on the limitation of consciousness, which makes the possibility of knowing other completely impossible. Since his characters “are unable to know each other,
except as possibilities". Fragmented and imperfect relationships emerge. Therefore, “the limitation of human consciousness” that Beckett portrays in ‘Happy Days’ for example, appears “as a factor separating [man] from the universe” and from one another. Hence “that irremediable solitude to which every human being is condemned”.

Beckett also deals with the problem of identity leading to a sense of alienation in “Krapp’s Last Tape”. In fact, Beckett’s concept of the self is elusive, so Krapp is a stranger not only to others but also to himself. Beckett emphasizes in “Happy Days” man is fated to failure in his search for his self since self is not fixed but fluid and indefinable. As Esslin argues, in Beckett’s work, the problem is one “of ever-changing identity of the self through time … so the self at one moment in time is confronted with its earlier incarnation only to find it utterly strange”. It is impossible to capture the self which is in continuous “process of renovation and destruction that occurs with change in time,” and only death can put an end to this otherwise never-ending process. Therefore, it is utterly impossible to know others, either who are in a continuous process of change.

The protagonists of ‘Endgame’ are also alienated persons, confined in an isolated room, which may be symbolic of their confinement in their consciousness. Moreover, their deteriorating health enhances their isolation. For example, Hamm, the master, is paralyzed and blind, and Clov, the slave, is unable to sit down, stay in a deserted room, having no contact with anybody, being certain of nothing in their irrational world. “The world as an absolute becomes the inferno.”

In ‘Happy Days’ Beckett deals with the problem of the elusiveness of the self leading to self – alienation. In the beginning, Winnie tries to escape from her mortal plight, and yet remains firmly imprisoned in the earth which deprives Winnie of her power and her deceleration. Thus, she starts losing her touch with her familiar self, and with the world, which was once familiar to her, and this causes her to feel greatly anxious. “The colour and weight of the world were changing already, soon I would have to admit I was anxious.” She feels a great confusion coming over her.
In Beckett’s plays, each protagonist is involved in a quest, the quest for the central self, but in the final stage, he (she) fails in all his quest; he has nothing to do except completely withdraw within his mind and look for his central self in his consciousness, therefore he has no contact with the outside world. In “Endgame”, for example,

all outside is zero, man cannot help his fellowman even to his death, consciousness lacks external reference; one looks inward like Hamm thrice, blinded, to find an impossible end.

Beckett’s characters, in their extreme and elemental environment or universe, start their long speech by asking questions, but they don’t know the answers to their questions either. So they have to use language, which is the only available weapon in their hand, to search for their self, but “neither self nor world … is knowledge through words, and yet we have only words with which to know.” However, their speeches portray the same puzzled and frustrated situation in which they live. In other words, their speeches disclose their inevitable failure: the limitations of language. It is impossible for man to comprehend everything about the world, but it is against man’s nature to accept it and yield to the irrationality surrounding him.

Beckett presents language as an inefficient tool to express one’s thoughts, to comprehend the world, or to define one’s self. In spite of talking and talking, man remains in streme alienation, isolation and loneliness because there is a domain which words fail to represent – in other words, man is alienated from others and the irrational universe which they fail to comprehend simply because of the deficiency of language.
Chapter II
NOTES

11. Ibid., p.4.
21. Ibid., p.10.
28. Ibid., p.391.
29. Ibid., p.391.
30. Ibid., p.413.
31. Ibid., p.413.
32. Ibid., p.413.
33. Ibid., p.413.
35. Ibid., p.21.
42. Ibid., p.201.
45. Ibid., p.79.
48. Ibid., p.279.
53. Ibid., p.31.
55. Ibid., p.129.
61. Ibid., p.199.
62. Ibid., p.110.
63. Bell Gale Chevigny, “The Twentieth Interpretations of Endgame,” New York :
Grave Press, 1958, p.28.


68. Ibid., p.107.


73. Ibid., p.120.


76. Ibid., p.268.


81. Ibid., p.68.


83. Ibid., p.71.


85. As it is demonstrated in Waiting for Godot that is Pozzo and Lucky who embody cruel fraternity, while Estragon and Vladimir represent ambivalent fraternity.


88. Ibid., p.39.


90. Ibid., p.48.

91. Ibid., p.49.

92. Ibid., p.87.

93. Ibid., p.90.


95. Ibid., p.193.


97. Ibid., p. 6.

98. Ibid., p. 10.


101. Ibid., p. 9.
102. Ibid., p. 9.
117. Ibid., pp.52-53.
118. Ibid., p.91.
119. Ibid., pp.22-23.
120. Ibid., p.23.
121. Ibid., p.16.
122. Ibid., p.42.
123. Ibid., p.97.
125. Ibid., p.83.
127. Ibid., p.28.
129. Ibid., p.86.
132. Ibid., p.45.
133. Ibid., p.46.
137. Ibid., p.71.
138. Ibid., p.73.
140. Martin Esslin, *The Theatre of the Absurd*, p.399
145. Ibid., p.66.
146. Ibid., p.22.
150. Ibid., p.307.
151. Ibid., p.390.
160. Ibid., p.186.
166. Ibid., pp.68-70.
171. Ibid., pp.28-32.
172. Ibid., p.16.
174. Ibid., pp.28-30-36.
175. Ibid., p.22.
176. Ibid., p.34.
177. Ibid., p.18.
178. Ibid., p.50.
180. Ibid., p.68.
183. Ibid., pp.82-83.
184. Ibid., p.87.
185. Ibid., pp.13-18.
186. Ibid., p.86.
188. Ibid., p.78.
189. Ibid., p.80.
190. Ibid., p.104.
191. Ibid., p.79.
192. Ibid., pp.72-75.
193. Ibid., pp.40-41.
194. Ibid., pp.71-76.
195. Ibid., p.96.
196. Ibid., p.57.
197. Ibid., p.57.
198. Ibid., pp.18-62-108.
202. Ibid., p.37.
203. Ibid., p.43.
208. Ibid., p.70.