

Lyman

SAMUEL BECKETT AND CHRISTIAN HOPE

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Samuel Beckett is of particular importance to Christians. This is not just because of his genius as a writer, though this in itself is enough to win our attention. It is because his central themes are those with which religion has traditionally been concerned and because his treatment of them raises a question-mark against every other version, particularly the Christian one.

At a burial, when the body is ready at the graveside, a Priest using the 1662 Prayer Book says "Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live, and is full of misery." If he is using the 1928 book he might use these words from Psalm 103: "The days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." This view of life underlies every line Beckett writes. One of his plays is called *Breath*.¹ These are the stage directions.

CURTAIN

1. Faint light on stage littered with miscellaneous rubbish. Hold about five seconds.
2. Faint brief cry and immediately inspiration and slow increase of light together reaching maximum together in about ten seconds. Silence and hold about five seconds.
3. Expiration and slow decrease of light together reaching minimum together (light as in 1) in about ten seconds and immediately cry as before. Silence and hold about five seconds.

This play, which lasts thirty-five seconds, and which Beckett has described as "a farce in five acts", hardly needs a commentary. But, as Ruby Cohn has written, it contains Beckett staple: "symmetry, repetition, inversion, the wresting of sound from silence, a flicker of light against the dark, dying, but no definable death."²

A sense of the brevity of life, which receives such simple but startling treatment in *Breath* permeates every play. In *Waiting for Godot* Pozzo says "They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more."³ and shortly afterwards Vladimir takes up the image. "Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave-digger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our crises."⁴

We are born astride the grave. And during the brief flicker of consciousness which we call our life, the darkness of death shrouds us. *Endgame* takes place in a small room at the edge of the world. All life has gone, or nearly gone. Some have taken the stage set to be a nuclear shelter. It isn't, but there is a sense of living through, or rather, dying through, the last minutes of time. Two of the characters on stage, Nag and Nell, are toothless old folk stuffed into dustbins. During the course of the play one of them, or perhaps both of them, dies. But it makes no difference; everyone is dying anyway. The play begins with Clov saying tonelessly "Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished." In due course Hamm responds "Me — (he yawns) — to play".⁵ It is the last few moves of a game. Towards the end Clov hits Hamm with a dog and Hamm says "If you must hit me, hit me with the axe. (pause) Or with the gaff, hit me with the gaff." Clov responds imploringly "Let's stop playing!" "Never" says Hamm, and, after a pause, "Put me in my coffin." "There are no more coffins" says Clov. "Then let it end" replies Hamm.⁶ In Christian history the preacher has tried to make people face up to the shortness of life and the inevitability of death, in order to summon them to their responsibilities before the God who will meet them after death to reward them according to their deeds. "The end is nigh," say the placards, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Live each day as if thy last," says the hymn. But the nearness of death in Beckett's plays is not something that people have to be reminded of. They are fully aware of the fact. Nor is it something they want to stave off. Death is near but still too far away; soon, but it cannot come too soon ("It must be nearly finished," says Clov.) Meanwhile there is the problem of getting through until it does come.

Our main device for getting through until the end comes is talking. In *Waiting for Godot* Vladimir and Estragon toss remarks

back and forth like the circus clowns they in some ways resemble. At one point they have a rapid-fire dialogue, with each sentence only six words or less. Then they run out of conversation and a long silence ensues. "Say something" says Vladimir; "I'm trying" replies Estragon, but there is another long silence. "Say anything at all" says Vladimir in anguish. "What do we do now?" responds Estragon; and so it goes on, in little bursts of three or four sentences followed by silence. They then get going for a couple of pages, and after another silence Estragon remarks "That wasn't such a bad little canter." "Yes," says Vladimir, "but now we'll have to find something else."⁷ And so it continues.

In *Happy Days* the curtain goes up with Winnie in a heap of sand up to her middle and a hellish light. In the second act the sand is up to her neck. Winnie spends the whole play talking and occupying herself with the objects of her handbag which she lays out around her. Behind her, in a trench, for the most part unseen and silent, is her husband Willie. "Is not that so, Willie, that even words fail, at times? (Pause. Back front) What is one to do, then, until they come again? Brush and comb the hair if it has not been done. Or if there is some doubt, trim the nails if they are in need of trimming. These things tide one over. (Pause) That is what I mean."⁸ The play opens with the words "Another heavenly day" and Winnie saying her prayers "For Jesus Christ's sake Amen." Again she prays "World without end. Amen," and continues "Begin, Winnie." (Pause) "Begin your day, Winnie." And so, with the aid of encouraging clichés, prayers, snatches from hymns and the objects from her handbag, Winnie tries bravely to get through. "Ah well – can't complain – no, no – mustn't complain – so much to be thankful for – no pain – hardly any – wonderful thing that – nothing like it – slight headache sometimes – ah yes – occasional mild migraine – it comes – then goes – ah yes – many mercies – great mercies – prayers, perhaps not for naught – first thing – last thing."⁹ Graham Greene wrote once of "our baseless human optimism that is so much more appalling than our despair," and the truth of this is apparent in every line of Winnie.

One of the ways in which Beckett characters get through is by telling their story, a tale which illuminates their own situation and lets through, in an oblique way, what they feel about it. "What now?"

(Pause) What now, Willie? (Long pause) There is my story, of course, when all else fails." And so she begins to tell her story about a girl called Mildred who had a doll, and who came downstairs one night. In telling the story she breaks off for a while to look at Willie who she suspects may be crying out. "I do of course hear cries. (Pause. With finality) No no, my head was always full of cries (Pause) Faint confused cries." ¹⁰ Then she talks about her song which she sings every day to help her keep her spirits up, before returning to her story. "Suddenly a mouse ran up her little thigh, and Mildred, dropping Dolly in her fright, began to scream. (Winnie gives a sudden piercing scream) – and screamed and screamed (Winnie screams twice) – screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed till all came running, in their night attire, papa, mamma, Bibby and . . . old Annie, to see what was the matter . . . (pause) . . . what on earth could possibly be the matter?" ¹¹

The cries are there all the time. So is the hostility; hostility to the universe that causes such pain. In *Endgame* Nagg tells a story about a man who asks his tailor to make some trousers. Some days later he comes back and finds that the tailor has made a mess of the seat. The man is understanding and returns in due course to find that the tailor has made a mess of the crutch. Again he is understanding and comes back ten days later to find that the tailor has made a mess of the fly. And so it goes on. At last in exasperation the man says "There are limits. In six days, do you hear me, six days, God made the world. Yes, Sir, no less, Sir, the WORLD! And you are not bloody well capable of making me a pair of trousers in three months!" (Tailor's voice, scandalised) "But, my dear Sir, look! (disdainful gesture, disgustedly) – at the world – (pause) – and look – (loving gesture, proudly) – at my TROUSERS!" ¹² This story, though seriously meant, is light-hearted in its tone. *Endgame* also has another story, in which the merciless element in life is laid bare in a much harsher way.

Religious imagery, and references to religion, play a large part in Beckett's work. At the beginning of *Waiting for Godot*, for example, the two tramps suddenly turn to the gospels. Vladimir says "Two thieves, crucified at the same time as our Saviour. One." But he is interrupted by Estragon "Our what?" "Our Saviour. Two thieves, one is supposed to have been saved and the other . . . damned."

"Saved from what?" says Estragon. "Hell" answers Vladimir¹³ who continues to puzzle about the fact that only one of the four gospels reports the story. It matters to him that it is true, that one of the thieves was saved. Their life is a confused, hellish waiting for they-know-not-what; but something that might save them. Meanwhile they suffer. "But you can't go barefoot!" blurts out Vladimir. "Christ did," responds Estragon. "Christ! What's Christ got to do with it? You're not going to compare yourself to Christ!" "All my life I've compared myself to him," says Estragon. "But where he lived it was warm, it was dry!" says Vladimir. "Yes. and they crucified quick"¹⁴ responded his companion. Life is a waiting, a waiting for someone to come and put things right; but that person does not seem to come. We are in a state from which we need saving, but there does not seem to be a saviour. We suffer and it's not over. Religious imagery is used to heighten the aspects of our human situation for which religion has traditionally provided a solution. But no solution is offered. Indeed the possibility of a solution looks unlikely. So the religious references, which arouse expectation, in fact underline our predicament and intensify the awareness of our need.

In *Not I* all the audience sees is a luminous mouth in the middle of a darkened stage and a shadowy figure in the corner who hardly moves. The mouth talks very rapidly, in staccato fashion. The effect is extraordinarily powerful. After ten minutes I had to look away and I wonder if I would have been able to last for more than the twenty-minute length of the play. The effect is difficult to describe — words like panic, tension, terror, come to mind. The mind, which is projecting itself through this mouth, could be losing consciousness, as a result of drugs, or because the person is dying. On the other hand it could be coming back into consciousness. Certainly it is coming back into the non-stop flow of words. The mouth tells its story. Abandoned by both mother and father, she was brought up in an orphanage. Nothing of note happened until coming up to seventy, the traditional allotted span, when on an early April morning all went out. She began to think she had died. The script says "... for her first thought was ... oh, long after ... sudden flash ... brought up as she had been to believe ... with other waifs ... in a merciful ... (brief laugh) ... God ... (good laugh) ... first thought was ... oh, long after ... sudden flash ... she was being punished ... for her sins."¹⁵ Then a few lines further on the same reference to what she

had been taught as a child is repeated with the same laughs. A few pages later, there is this dialogue, which again is repeated: "Seventy? . . . Good God! . . . On and on to be seventy . . . something she didn't know herself . . . wouldn't know if she heard . . . then forgiven . . . God is love . . . tender mercies . . . new every morning . . ." Out of the mouth pours a torrent of right, taut words. The text refers to the experience of losing consciousness and regaining it again; and what happened on that April morning is being relived. If it is an experience of dying it is also an experience of coming to consciousness. And all the suffering of going impregnates the experience of coming . . . The title is *Not I*, and the mouth is desperately trying to confine the stream of consciousness to talk about itself only in the third person, to avoid being "I". The terror reveals the suffering, not emphasised but implied in almost every line: "Dusk . . . sitting staring at her hand . . . there in her lap . . . palm upward . . . suddenly saw it wet . . . the pain . . . tears presumably . . . hers presumably . . . no-one else for miles . . . no sound . . . just the tears . . . sat and watched them dry . . . all over in a second." Also on the stage there is a helpless figure who three times moves slightly. This is what the stage direction says: "Movement; this consists in a simple sideways raising of arms from sides and their falling back, in a gesture of helpless compassion. It lessens with each recurrence till scarcely perceptible at third. There is just enough pause to contain it as MOUTH recovers

from vehement refusal to relinquish third person." Traditionally, dying is a time when the soul comes in judgment before God. But in *Not I* this may also be an experience of being born, or at least of coming to self-consciousness. In any case, it is an experience which is resisted; in which Mouth suffers and, as a result of which the reference to a merciful God brings forth a bitter laugh; and about which the unknown hearer makes gestures of helpless compassion. *Not I*, like all Beckett plays, is many-layered, and it resists easy summary. But there is no doubting the centrality of religious imagery and ideas.

In Beckett's play entitled *Play* three characters sit in urns. A spotlight focusses on each face in turn and is the signal for the person to speak. They are two women and a man who has been involved with both of them. They each rehearse the story of what has happened to them from their own partial point of view, a sentence

or two at a time, when the spot switches to the next. It could be some kind of judgment. Certainly they are conscious of going through something, of being answerable, "Is it that I do not tell the truth? Is that it? That some day somehow I may tell the truth at last and then no more light at last for the truth?"¹⁶ But the eye that observes them is, as they gradually realise, mindless — "Mere eye. No mind. Opening and shutting on me," says the man. "Am I as much . . . am I as much as . . . being seen?"¹⁷ In *Not I* Mouth had a sense of being judged, of being answerable. This theme here is more explicit; of being answerable but with no one apparently to be answerable to. The spotlight is not the light of Christ but the flicker of consciousness with its baffled suffering sense of being answerable to someone or something. Although the characters have died and are in urns, and it seems like Sheol or purgatory, Beckett is not giving us his idea of what happens after death, any more than Sartre was in *Huit Clos*. We have here something related to the life we know now; and this life is not just one that the characters would like to end; it is one they wish had never been "Yes, peace, one assumed, all out, all the pain, all as if . . . never been . . . no sense in this, oh I know . . . none the less one assumed peace . . . I mean . . . not merely all over, but as if it . . . never been . . ." ¹⁸

The underlying assumption of all Beckett's plays can be brought out by two contrasting quotations. Malcolm Muggeridge once wrote: "I believe that at all times and in all circumstances life is a blessed gift." Beckett has written "Life is a punishment for having been born." In *Endgame* Hamm puts his hand against the wall of this enclosed room and says "Old wall! Beyond is the . . . other hell"¹⁹ But what about the traditional consolations of life, available to all, believer and non-believer alike, human love and art? The characters in Beckett's plays need one another. Estragon says to Vladimir "Don't touch me! Don't question me! Don't speak to me! Stay with me!"²⁰ Winnie in *Happy Days* needs Willie, even though he utters only one grunt in the whole play. Being with another person is marginally less hellish than being on one's own. But these relationships are characterised by patterns of tormenting and being tormented. Amongst the belongings in Winnie's handbag in *Happy Days* is a revolver. As the poet Browning, with his mixture of doubt and religious comfort, was there for Victorians to quote, so is Winnie's Browning revolver. She brings it out and says "You'd think

the weight of this thing would bring it down among the . . . last rounds. But no, it doesn't. Ever uppermost, like Browning." ²¹ At the end of the play Willie crawls out of his trench and up the heap of sand. He reaches out his arm to Winnie and they both look at each other. The revolver is on the sand between them. In *Not I*, Mouth tells the story of her conception and start in life. "Parents unknown . . . unheard of . . . he having similarly . . . eight months later . . . almost to the tick . . . so no love . . . spared that . . . no love such as normally vented on the . . . speechless infant."

What about art? Beckett's characters tell stories which illuminate their situation. Their stories are one of the devices which keep them going. When all else fails there is still their story to tell. Is that Beckett's view of art, of his own art? He has said "I couldn't have done it otherwise. Gone on, I mean, I could not have gone on through the awful wretched mess of life without having left a stain upon the silence." "A stain upon the silence." No more significance than that? But both love and art hint at more. In *Krapps Last Tape* a man on his sixtieth birthday is speaking into a recording machine and playing back old tapes. Every year he has recorded himself a birthday message, a review of how he has got on in the year, and now he is commenting on his previous views of himself. It is an ingenious device. Once again the religious themes are present — the three-score-years-and-ten nearly over; the review of the life; twice Krapp sings "Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh, shadows of the evening steal across the sky." The play focusses on the replay of what Krapp recorded on his thirty-ninth birthday, and on his present attitude to what he was then. In that year he exults for what he calls "a moment of vision, a miracle . . . for the fire that set it alight." It was, he says, "clear to me at last that the dark I have always struggled to keep under is in reality my most . . ." then he switches off impatiently and winds the tape forward. His voice on the tape speaks of a relationship with a girl: he is lying with her in a punt and they decide they cannot go on: "He lay there without moving. But under us all moved, and moved us, gently, up and down, and from side to side." ²² Krapp reviewing his life is a mixture of savagery and regret for this crucial year. It contained a beautiful moment of love. Times of happiness in Beckett's plays are rare. The occasional lyrical moment is quickly snuffed in the all-engulfing darkness. But here love is deliberately put aside for the pursuit of the artistic vision, a vision which, on the

approach of death, he feels has not been fulfilled. At the end of the tape he stands motionless and silent.

I suggested at the beginning that Beckett offers a particular challenge to Christians. This is, first, because of the view of human existence that is implicit in all his writings. It is, as I have tried to show, a view in which religion is taken seriously but in which there is none of the traditional religious consolation. Rather the reverse, the religious themes and imagery serve to heighten the awareness of our horrific state. Beckett in his own life has suffered much. He had a powerful mother from whose emotional clutches he took a long time escaping. He has obviously been through long periods of depression. It was many years before he achieved any degree of success. And he is obviously a kind man, highly sensitive to suffering in others. When his mother was dying this is how Deirdre Blair, his biographer, describes the effect on him.

"His days passed in an exhausting, crushing depression brought on by long hours at her bedside. His nights were spent walking and talking with Geoffrey Thompson, to whom he complained bitterly of the so-called God who would permit such suffering." ²³

This theme, the suffering of mankind, permeates all the plays. "There's something dripping in my head," says Hamm in *Endgame*, a heart, a heart in my head." ²⁴ And there are bitter laughs at the thought of a loving God in *Not I* and elsewhere. Krapp's tape reviewing his life has the line "Sneers at what he calls his youth and thanks God it's over. (pause). False ring there. (Pause). Shadows of the opus . . . magnum closing with a — (brief laugh) — yelp to Providence." ²⁵ And the stage direction reads "Prolonged laugh in which Krapp joins."

This is the first question mark raised against Christian hope. The second is the compelling power with which Beckett writes about it. Ruby Cohn has written

"Beckett is an important writer because he writes about important experiences that *precisely* convey their meaning." ²⁶

He uses everyday language: (almost the whole of *Happy Days*, for example, is made up of clichés,) which Beckett orders into an object of great beauty. This beauty is related to the intensity and sensitivity which which Beckett himself experiences life. The effect on others

can be overwhelming. Billie Whitelaw, who gave the first, incredible performance of Mouth in *Not I*, has said

"*Not I* came through the letter-box. I opened it, read it and burst into tears, floods of tears. It had a tremendous emotional impact upon me." ²⁷

George Devine wrote of Beckett:

"This man seemed to have lived and suffered so that I could see, and he was generous enough to pass it on to me." ²⁸

The challenge then is simply to feel life, in all its glory and horror, with something of the intensity and sensitivity of Beckett – and to communicate a more hopeful vision. Life is as brief, painful, tragic and absurd as Beckett conveys it. But if men are more usually right in what they affirm than in what they deny, there may be something else to be affirmed. The task is to communicate it, and that means first, and most important of all, to experience it, with something of what Ruby Cohn has called his precision, that is his sensitive honesty.

There is a profound *challenge* to Christian hope in Beckett. But is there any *support* for it? First despite the antagonism shown to God, or at least the idea of a merciful God, the question of God is never quite closed. It is a measure of Beckett's genius that you cannot say for certain, on the basis of his plays alone, that he is an atheist. This is partly because of the many layers of meaning that are present. "The meaning," if there is such a thing, cannot be pinned down. If you think you understand a play, you can go back to it and discover you have misunderstood it; that another meaning suggests itself. It is this continuously suggestive power which the plays have that makes the question of God not finally closed. There is mystery in them, as in life itself, so that every interpretation opens out into the possibility of another somewhat different one.

Second, there is the strange paradox that despite everything Beckett's characters do not commit suicide. Camus said that the great problem in life is suicide. Perhaps the more interesting fact is that most people do not kill themselves. Beckett's characters are tempted to. Vladimir and Estragon in *Waiting for Godot* talk about hanging themselves from the tree, but get in a muddle about who should go first. Winnie has her Browning revolver: "You remember

Brownie, Willie, I can see him (pause) Brownie is there, Willie, beside me”²⁹ In *Endgame* Hamm says “It’s the end of the day like any other day, isn’t it, Clov?” “Looks like it,” replies Clov. “What’s happening, what’s happening?” asks Hamm, and Clov answers “Something is taking its course.” “All right, be off . . . I thought I told you to be off”, says Hamm, and Clov replies “I’m trying. Ever since I was whelped.”³⁰ The going-off refers to Clov leaving Hamm, but there is also the hint of leaving the life which they regard as hell. But they allow things to take their course. Why should they struggle on? No reason is given.

Third, there is, despite the harshness, hardness and grotesqueness of many of the scenes and of some of the dialogue, an underlying compassion. A helpless compassion, as indicated in the gesture of the shadowy figure in *Not I*, but still a compassion. Winnie, in *Happy Days*, is not a figure of fun. As the horror grows in the audience as it senses her plight, the mortality we all share, and the desperate attempts to keep going with a brave front, the pathos is intense. You don’t admire Winnie, but neither is she the product of cynicism. Pity is too weak a word for her predicament (also ours), but something akin to it is called forth by her struggle to keep going.

Finally, perhaps, Beckett’s art itself is a sign of hope — the fact that out of all that he has experienced himself and been sensitive to in others, he has produced works of art which will undoubtedly endure. Once Harold Pinter suggested to Beckett that his writing was a constantly courageous attempt to impose order and form upon the wretched mess mankind has made of the world. “If you insist on finding form, I’ll describe it for you,” Beckett replied. “I was in hospital once. There was a man in another ward, dying of throat cancer. In the silence I could hear his screams continually. That’s the only kind of form my work has.”³¹ Nevertheless the form of Beckett’s work, the dense poetic texture, the ordering of experience that he thinks of as absurd, is what makes it art.

Some words that Beckett used about his old master Joyce have often been used about Beckett himself: “Here form *is* content, content *is* form.” Literally speaking, this remark is not true either as a generalisation or about Beckett. All art has some content, and, as I have shown, Beckett’s plays have recognisable themes running

through them. But these themes are inseparable from the way they are expressed, and it is this, the form, in which Beckett's genius is revealed. The form that Beckett uses is a simple one, repetition. Ruby Cohn has analysed the plays in detail and isolated many different kinds of repetition — simple doublets, that is, a word or sentence repeated immediately in order to sow doubt or express hesitancy; interrupted doublets; distanced doublets, echo doublets, triplets and refrains. In *Waiting for Godot*, for example, the dialogue "Let's go. We can't. Why not? We're waiting for Godot. Ah." recurs six times, and each word in the sequence occurs in other groups. One play, *Play*, is repeated a second time straight through, and then begins a third time, indicating that this is a pattern that recurs without end. Endless repetition can convey a sense of the futility of life. "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity . . . The sun rises and the sun goes down and hastens to the place where it rises. The wind blows to the south, and goes round to the north; round and round goes the wind and on its circuits the wind returns . . . All things are full of weariness; a man cannot utter it . . . What has been is what will be, and what has been done is what will be done; and there is nothing new under the sun." (Ecclesiastes, chapter 1). And it is this biblical writer rather than any other that Beckett seems close to. Porter Abbott has written that repetition can mean "no conclusion (and hence no redemption), or it can mean renewal."³² The dominant effect of Beckett's repetition is no conclusion, and hence no redemption. But, as always with Beckett, it is never as simple as that. *Not I* ends "God is love . . . tender mercies . . . new every morning . . . back in the field . . . April morning . . . face in the grass . . . nothing but larks . . . pick it up . . ." — words which have been repeated before, and which, you are led to believe, will be repeated again. What is picked up? It may be flowers, words, a body, a spirit, her return to consciousness, her telling of her story. There is endless repetition but it is part of the mystery with which Beckett leaves us — that the possibility of renewal cannot be totally ruled out.

In the Old Testament, God is the creator who imposes order on chaos. He shapes the *primaeval* chaos into life and then conscious life. An artist, through his attempt to impose form and order on experience, shares a similar vocation. The beauty of Beckett's works is, for those who are predisposed to see it, a sign of the capacity of creatures to share in their creators power and skill. It would be

absurd of course to try and make Beckett a crypto-Christian, an anonymous believer. And nothing of the kind is being attempted. But the mystery in his plays, akin to the mystery of life itself, with their door not finally closed; the way the characters struggle on without killing themselves; the compassion and the art itself, with its unique blend of truthful insight and poetry, are for the believer signs which are underpinned and have their proper place in a view of the world that includes more than Beckett brings into his plays. Augustine once wrote "Do not despair; one of the thieves was saved. Do not presume; one of the thieves was damned." Reading Beckett's plays, a person is not likely to presume. And although the element of despair is always close to the surface hope is not finally quenched. In the 1662 burial service, the minister is bidden to pray "We give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world." Beckett's world, grim and bleak as it is, would have been recognised by the writer of that prayer. And if it does not have the hope of that prayer, neither does it completely extinguish that hope.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 *Breath and other shorts*, Faber and Faber, 1971
- 2 *Just Play: Beckett's Theater*, by Ruby Cohn, Princeton, 1980, p.4.
- 3 *Waiting for Godot*, Faber and Faber, 1965, p.89
- 4 *Waiting for Godot*, p.91
- 5 *Endgame*, Faber and Faber, 1964, p.12
- 6 *Endgame*, p.49
- 7 *Waiting for Godot*, p.63
- 8 *Happy Days*, Faber and Faber, 1966, p.20
- 9 *Happy Days*, p.12
- 10 *Happy Days*, p.42
- 11 *Happy Days*, p.44
- 12 *Endgame*, p.22
- 13 *Waiting for Godot*, p.12
- 14 *Waiting for Godot*, p.52
- 15 *Not I*, Faber and Faber, 1973
- 16 *Play*, Faber and Faber, 1968, p.16
- 17 *Play*, p.22
- 18 *Play*, p.10
- 19 *Endgame*, p.23
- 20 *Waiting for Godot*, p.58
- 21 *Happy Days*
- 22 *Krapp's Last Tape*, Faber and Faber, 1965, p.16
- 23 *Samuel Beckett*, by Deirdre Bair, Jonathan Cape, 1978, p.405
- 24 *Endgame*, p.19
- 25 *Krapp's Last Tape*, p.13
- 26 Cohn, p.
- 27 Cohn, p.199
- 28 Cohn, p.13
- 29 *Happy Days*, p.40
- 30 *Endgame*, p.18
- 31 Bair, p.528
- 32 Quoted by Cohn, p.131