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"images Of Being" In The Work Of Samuel Beckett

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"IMAGES OF BEING" IN THE WORK OF SAMUEL BECKETT

by

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ABSTRACT

As a writer with an acute awareness of the limitations of language, Beckett has sought ways to express his perception of what it means to be in the world of the present. Because he has a deep sense of the relationship between past and present, we often find meaning in his perception of what is, through his evocation of what is not. Beckett makes use of certain images in his writing which are capable of evoking universal human experience through the particular which he puts before us. This evocative effect is due to the "primordial" nature of these images; they have been part of the literary and psychological inheritance of man since the beginning of human consciousness.

Taking "image" in its broadest sense to be any representation of human life and human experience, this study examines three particular images which can be discerned throughout the Beckett canon - the woman, the circle, and the lost paradise. Beckett manipulates their traditional associations so that we find meaning through our awareness of resemblances to familiar things and, at the same time, through our awareness of departure from the expected.

Turning to the stage images, which have a concrete, visual dimension, the study focusses on three in particular - the tree, the cave, and the mountain - which are related to the three selected images of woman, circle, and lost paradise; and which also

have associations with a long tradition of emblematic stage imagery.

The archetypal quality of Beckett's images accounts for our sense that we are experiencing a representation of something simultaneously very new and very old which expresses both the inner and outer dimensions of "being". It is this archetypal quality which Ionesco recognized when he referred to Job as "that contemporary of Beckett".

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

and

NOTE FOR PRIMARY REFERENCES

References to Beckett's works which are quoted frequently in this dissertation will be cited in the text by the following abbreviations:

D...B.V..J.	-	Dante ... Bruno . Vico .. Joyce.
E.	-	Endgame.
H.D.	-	Happy Days.
I.D.I.	-	Imagination Dead Imagine.
K.L.T.	-	Krapp's Last Tape.
L.O.	-	The Lost Ones.
M.P.	-	More Pricks Than Kicks.
Poems	-	Poems in English.
Un.	-	The Unnamable.
W. for G.	-	Waiting for Godot.

Other primary works which either have one word titles or are not cited frequently, are cited in the text with the full title.

Primary works quoted only once or twice will be cited in the notes.

All references to works by Beckett are to the editions listed under primary sources in the bibliography.

CHAPTER I

OF IMAGE AND MEANING

There is general critical agreement that the plays of Samuel Beckett are the epitome of modernity in the dramatic genre, theatrical representations of human experience in an age when everything is in doubt. Faced with the limitations of language in a world which seems incomprehensible to human reason, some playwrights have attempted to communicate their perception of the human condition in ways that reject traditional forms, particularly those of plot and language. Beckett is one of these playwrights; his use of language and his manipulation of theatrical traditions provides us with an evocative experience through which we can gain insight into what cannot be said.

Beckett shares the general resistance in modern literature to the primacy of reason, a resistance which arose out of the religious, scientific, and philosophical upheaval of the nineteenth century which made it impossible for some to apprehend the world by reason and to explain it in verbal structures which took a cause and effect system for granted. Man no longer knew where the centre was and began to grope to find his place in the universe, asking, as does Hamm in Beckett's Endgame, "Am I right in the center?". The change has been defined as a "rejection of the classicist spirit of coming to terms with reality and an inclination toward a search for reality."[1] This change began to be reflected in the use of language by twentieth-century

writers. Without faith in his reason, without some stable sense of his own being, man was no longer certain that language could express any kind of truth or certainty about the universe. George Lukács expressed the dilemma clearly, early in the century: "Men become simply incapable of expressing the truly essential in them and what truly directs their actions; even should they in rare moments find words to fit the inexpressible, these words will at any rate go unheard past the spirits of others, or reach them with meaning transformed."[2] Lukács points out that "the more lonely men in drama become ... the more the dialogue will become fragmented, allusive, impressionistic in form rather than specific and forthright. ... The new dramatic man is not isolated because he must conceal certain matters for specific reasons, but because he strongly feels that he wants, and is aware of wanting, to come together - and knows he is incapable of it."[3] Lukács made his observations with reference to "realist" drama; later in the century Martin Esslin was to make similar observations about what he termed "absurd" theatre, which he characterized as seeking

> ... the abandonment of the concepts of character and motivation, the concentration on states of mind and basic human situations, rather than on the development of a narrative plot from exposition to solution; the devaluation of language as a means of communication and understanding; the rejection of didactic purpose; and the confrontation of the spectator with the hard facts of a cruel world and his own isolation.[4]

This distrust of reason and of language which depends on rational order is reflected in the theatrical innovations proposed by Antonin Artaud, who sought to overturn "the customary laws of the theatre" and "substitute for the spoken language a different language of nature, whose expressive possibilities will be equal to verbal language, but whose source will be tapped at a point still deeper,

more remote from thought."[5] Artaud, rejecting traditional forms, wanted "no more masterpieces". He called for a new theatrical language:

> When I say I will perform no written play, I mean I will perform no play based on writing and speech, that in the spectacles I produce there will be a preponderant physical share which could not be captured and written down in the customary language of words and that even the spoken and written portions will be spoken and written in a new sense.[6]

In his own critical commentaries, Beckett had proclaimed the impossibility of expression for any artist. In his novels, he had represented, through the language of fiction, the writer's dilemma in being obliged to express the inexpressible. Yet he also saw the artist as one "whose hands have not been tied by the certitude that expression is an impossible act."[7] When he turned to the dramatic genre he was turning to an art form created for an audience and he chose Roger Blin, a pupil and friend of Artaud's, to direct Waiting for Godot because when Blin directed Strindberg he was faithful to the playwright, "both to the letter and to the spirit."[8] Yet the difficulty of communicating with an audience through his innovative dramatic form was a problem of which Beckett evidently was aware, for Blin relates that "Beckett was sure ... that his own text would be respected and that the theatre would be empty, which seemed to the author the ideal condition for a good performance."[9] If, as one critic has stated, the theatre is "a means of knowing and not merely ... a means of expression",[10] Beckett seems to expect that few people will share his insight, feeling, perhaps, that he shares the limitations which beset most modern writers - the lack of "a common background of reference which could orient and bring into a profound rapport his own imaginative faculties and those of his readers".[11]

How, then, does Beckett, or any artist, communicate with others who share for certain only the basic humanity of the artist? This dissertation will explore that problem with reference to Beckett by examining the evocative effect of some of the central images which can be discerned in the Beckett canon. The term "image" is used in its broadest sense to include any representations of human life and experience which make up the Beckettian world of the imagination, characters, settings, objects, language - all the verbal and visual forms which he creates in his attempt to express being as he perceives it.

Comparing Beckett to Joyce, Frederick Hoffman observed that "both are disposed to examine universals within secular limits.... both are master analysts of the relations of words to being."[12] What is said has a relationship to what is not said and as we receive the images through which Beckett seeks to express the inexpressible, often we must find the corresponding reality, which the external world cannot offer, within us. What Beckett said of the paintings of Van Velde is true to a great extent of his own literary and dramatic art: "le tu est la lumière du dit, et toute présence absence."[13] We often understand Beckett's perception of what is, through his evocation of what is not, because we recognize his manipulation of certain images which have traditional associations. His images give form, in each of his works, to a self-enclosed whole, a microcosmic world with its own reality as a product of the imagination. Yet they also evoke associations with the past, not a past imposed on us by the writer but the one we find within ourselves as we experience a process which Gaston Bachelard identifies as "reverberation":

> After the original reverberation, we are able to experience resonances, sentimental repercussions, reminders of our past. But the image has touched the depths before it stirs the surface. ... It takes root in us ... it becomes a new being in our language, expressing us by making us what it expresses; it is at once a becoming of expression and a becoming of our being. Here expression creates being.[14]

The literary and dramatic worlds of the imagination which Beckett creates are formed out of images which evoke our universal human experience through the particular which he puts before us. They are free images, which, in the Beckettian context, can have different significance or meaning for different people, but certain images which permeate his writing are part of a long tradition in the evolution of language, and they have the power to "awaken images that had been effaced."[15]

Eugène Ionesco once observed that "art is nothing if it fails to achieve a universality that is positive and profound."[16] He sees such universality as possible only for the artist who combines a perceptive awareness of the present with a deep sense of the past: "In the long run I am all for classicism: that is what the "avant-garde" is. The discovery of forgotten archetypes, changeless but expressed in a new way: any true creative artist is classical ... the petit bourgeois is the person who has forgotten the archetype and is absorbed in the stereotype. The archetype is always young."[17] Beckett's imagination is informed by the traditions of the past as well as by his contemporary consciousness. In his 1931 essay on Proust, he reveals his conviction that the present consists only of that process of change from future to past as to-morrow becomes yesterday: "The individual is the seat of a constant process of decantation, decantation from the vessel containing the fluid of future time, sluggish, pale and

monochrome, to the vessel containing the fluid of past time, agitated and multicoloured by the phenomenon of its hours." (Proust, pp.4-5). What is important to Beckett is that the contemporary artist be aware of that "process of decantation". An artist who belongs to his own time must represent the change that identifies his time, in his art, for contemporary artistic expression is "la representation de ce fleuve où selon le modiste calcul d'Heraclite, personne ne descend deux fois."[18] In order to represent the change, the artist must be fully aware of what preceded it. T.S. Eliot described the original artist as a modifier: "The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) among them."[19] Beckett seems to be just such an artist, for it has been noted that his "texts bristle with arcane allusions" and "he has made an academic inventory of civilization before closing the lid and paring himself to the bone."[20]

The experience of an audience at a Beckett play is often a matter of recognizing, whether consciously or unconsciously, images which stir our awareness, enabling us to see what cannot be said. Presented with human situations for which we can find no correspondence in reality, we are tempted to reduce the plays to a simple formula of repetitive themes, only to find that the formula does not express the dramatic experience.[21] The fact that we cannot find a corresponding actuality for Winnie's or Krapp's, or Nagg and Nell's exterior situation is not important, because they are images, characters in an artistic world, and their interior state corresponds to that of too many human beings to be ignored. The sufferings, joys, memories and hopes of Beckett's characters reflect the whole cycle of human history.

Ionesco paid tribute to the timeless quality this awareness of the past gives to Beckett's drama:

> The importance of Beckett's Endgame consists in the fact that it is closer to the Book of Job than to the plays of the boulevards or to the chansonniers. Across the ages and the ephemeral fashions of history, this work has rediscovered a less ephemeral type-history, a primordial situation which all the rest follow.[22]

Beckett himself made it clear that his creative vision would not exclude the past when he stated in the essay on Proust that "what is common to present and past is more essential than either taken separately" (Proust, p.56). In order to discover what is common to present and past, Beckett strips down the external settings in his works and narrows the range of action of his characters so that they are left with little to engage their attention other than their own being. This reductive element can be misunderstood as an obsession with human deprivation or a rejection of traditional form. But if the artist's awareness of the change in our environment is what he must try to express, and if what Winnie calls, in Happy Days, "the old style", no longer suffices, then the artist must find a new style. Beckett, therefore, presents us with images of human experience which spring from his own imagination. However, the components of the image are lifted from actuality, from human experience, which, essentially, is the common factor for past and present.

Ionesco classes Beckett among the truly creative artists who heighten our consciousness of this relationship between past and present:

> Every genuine creative artist makes an effort to get rid of the relics and clichés of a worn-out idiom, in order to rediscover one that is simplified, reduced to essentials and renascent, capable of expressing realities old and new, topical and

> timeless, alive and permanent, both particular and universal.
> The freshest and newest works of art can easily be recognized, they speak to every age. Yes, the leader I follow is King Solomon; and Job, that contemporary of Beckett.[23]

Here Ionesco realizes an important fact about Beckett which is essential to a proper understanding of his atomic vision. Beckett is no more obsessed with human deprivation than were the Biblical writers, the classical tragedians or the Renaissance dramatists. Like the writers of any age, he is concerned with expressing his perception of man in relation to his universe. It has been pointed out that we do not need to accept his vision in order to appreciate the form in which he expresses it:

> The issue is not whether we approve, or agree or even emotionally understand. Surely we have not reached the state of monolithic accord so deplored by us in politically dominated art. Surely we can face the work of a writer whose vision is as adamant as that of Beckett without taking refuge in nervous cries of "But that's not constructive". Beckett does not construct. He destroys. He destroys in order to construct a city which never rises; but the space is cleared.[24]

The reductive element in Beckett's work, then, is his way of clearing the space for what is common to past and present as he perceives it. Martin Esslin has remarked that Beckett's writing "has as its starting point the deeply concentrated evocation of the voice within its own depths."[25] Lawrence Harvey states a similar view, that Beckett gives creative form to reality as he finds it within his own imagination: "At a certain moment in his career, toward the end of World War II, Beckett decided he wanted to become the artist of the inner world."[26] However, the universe of his imagination covers a vast range which embraces both the "given" traditions of the past and the actual experience of the present. Beckett creates an imaginary world which mirrors no specific external environment and which is

peopled by characters who resemble no one in particular whom we know. It is an autonomous world, independent in its own time and space, separate from the 'real' world. Yet the settings suggest that this is a place we have been before, the characters are people we have known somewhere, sometime. The dramatic experience is very much as Beckett described that of a Proustian exposition: "... the experience is at once imaginative and empirical, at once an evocation and a direct perception, real without being merely actual, ideal without being merely abstract, the ideal real, the essential, the extratemporal" (Proust, p.56).

There is an evocation in Beckett's writing, through verbal and visual images, of essential human experience, unchanged from the beginning of human consciousness to the present. Like most writers, Beckett repeats images, using them in different contexts and in different genres. The images which recur throughout his work are images with a long tradition behind them, which he manipulates to express his particular perception of the here and now. Beckett is very much a writer for his time; reflecting in his art the trends in such fields as philosophy, psychology, and science. His writing gives testimony to the fact that it is a function of language to have meaning, not meaning isolated in allegorical representation of the modern "mess", but discernible in what he himself calls "the autonomy of the imagined".[27] The imagined is a world, complete in itself, created out of the artist's inner consciousness. Beckett has asserted the primary importance of the image in the external expression of the inner world of the artist's imagination: "it is in the image that this profound self-consciousness first emerges with the least loss of integrity".[28]

It seems that what Beckett is seeking in the inner world of his imagination and attempting to express through images is "being itself". "Being", he states, "has a form. Someone will find it someday. Perhaps I won't, but someone will. ... If anything new and exciting is going on today, it is the attempt to let Being into art."[29] The elements of "Being" which Beckett seeks to endow with form in his writing seem to be related to the same universal human experience which Ionesco referred to when he urged the recovery of the "forgotten archetypes". In Beckett's view, the artist who does not deal in surfaces can only come into contact with being in that "gouffre interdit à nos sondes" wherein "is stored the essence of ourselves" (Proust, pp.18, 46). There in the depths of his own individual consciousness he will find the essential images which "may give the lie to our carapace of paste and pewter" (Proust, p.19). It is from "this deep source", according to Beckett, that "Proust hoisted up his world", a world created from images stored in the unconscious and retrieved by the "diver" which Proust called "involuntary memory" (Proust, p.19).

In identifying some of the recurring images in the Beckett canon which evoke a sense of the past while presenting us with an entirely new image one can note a remarkable parallel with the images of the "collective unconscious" which C.G. Jung referred to as archetypes, a term derived from St. Augustine which Jung applies to traditional images which have been "impressed upon the mind since of old".[30] According to Jung, the archetype is replaced by the idea as human consciousness moves toward abstraction. The idea, for Jung, "expresses the meaning of a primordial image which has been abstracted or detached from the concretism of the image."[31] He affirms that in any

age, it is the function of the artist to reach beyond the idea and restore the link with the past through the expression of these primordial images of being which reside within him:

> Art ... labors without cease to educate the spirit of the age, bringing to birth those forms in which the age is most lacking. Recoiling from the discontents of the present, the yearning of the artist reaches back to that primordial image in the unconscious which is best fitted to compensate the insufficiency and one-sidedness of the spirit of the age. The artist seizes this image, and in the work of raising it from the deepest unconsciousness and bringing it nearer to consciousness, he transforms its shape, until it can be accepted by his contemporaries according to their capacities.[32]

Beckett too, revealed a preference for the image over the idea when he stressed the primacy of metaphorical language over discursive forms of expression:

> Poetry was born of curiosity, daughter of ignorance. The first men had to create matter by the force of their imagination, and 'poet' means 'creator'. Poetry was the first operation of the human mind, and without it thought could not exist. Barbarians, incapable of analysis and abstraction, must use their fantasy to explain what their reason cannot comprehend. Before articulation comes song; before abstract terms, metaphors (D...B.V..J., p.246).

Beckett would agree with Jung that the writer's poetic art will be "accepted by his contemporaries according to their capacities", but he has no great expectations about those capacities. For him, the artist's need to express is not accompanied by a need or obligation to communicate. In describing Joyce's Work in Progress as "direct expression" where "form is content, content is form", Beckett noted, disparagingly, that the contemporary audience, more attuned to the idea than the image, might complain that "this stuff is not written in English". His answer was that "it is not written at all. It is not to be read - or rather it is not only to be read. It is to be looked at and listened to. He is not writing about something: he is writing

something" (D...B.V..J., p.248). Communication is secondary, and the concern of the reader: "if you don't understand it, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is because you are too decadent to receive it. You are not satisfied unless form is so strictly divorced from content that you can comprehend the one almost without bothering to read the other" (D...B.V..J., p.248).

Jung's description of the reader's experience of James Joyce makes an interesting parallel with Beckett's view. The perennial problem of the responsibility of the artist to his audience was stated from opposite viewpoints by Jung and Beckett in two essays on Joyce published just six months apart, Beckett's essay on Work in Progress in 1929 and Jung's essay on Ulysses in 1930. Of Ulysses, Jung wrote the following:

> Ulysses is a book that pours along for seven hundred and thirty-five pages ... a day in the life of everyman ... Is all this perhaps one immensely long ... pronouncement upon the essence of human life - which, to the reader's dismay, is never finished? Possibly it does touch upon the essence but quite certainly it reflects life's ten thousand facets and their hundred thousand gradations of colour. ... There are no obvious repetitions, not a single blessed island where the long suffering reader may come to rest and contemplate with satisfaction the road he has covered.[33]

The form of Ulysses distressed Jung, irritated him, fatigued him. "Every sentence rouses an expectation that is not fulfilled; finally you come down to expect nothing and it gradually dawns on you that you have hit the mark."[34] Nearly ten years after writing his essay on Joyce, Beckett commented in a letter to a friend that the reaction of an audience to art "becomes more and more mysterious to me, and what is worse, less and less important. For I cannot escape from the naive antithesis, at least in what concerns literature, that

a thing is worthwhile or it is not worthwhile".[35] Jung was one reader who could explain his reaction - he came to his realization of what Ulysses was doing after falling asleep reading it: "The two passages contained the narcotic that switched off my consciousness, activating a still unconscious train of thought which consciousness would only have disturbed. As I later discovered, it dawned on me here for the first time what the author was doing and what was the idea behind his work."[36] Beckett might approve of such a rare process of gaining insight but Jung protests that, "I have so much of the Philistine in my blood that I am naive enough to suppose that a book wants to tell me something, to be understood ... surely a book has a content, represents something."[37]

Beckett would answer no, only itself, it is something. He stated his preference for forms of art which express "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."[38] The problem of achieving such a form is much more acute for those who create with words because language belongs to the world of conscious intellect. But, as a writer, Beckett is weary of pretending to be able to do "a little better the same old thing, of going a little further along a dreary road."[39] However, he is not preaching a gospel of formless art, which would mean the end of art:

> What I am saying does not mean that there will henceforth be no form in art. It only means that there will be new form and that this form will be of such a type that it admits the chaos and does not try to say that the chaos is really something else. The form and the chaos remain separate. The latter is not reduced to the former. That is why the form itself becomes a preoccupation, because it exists as a problem separate from

> the material it accommodates. To find a form that accommodates the mess, that is the task of the artist now.[40]

Beckett seeks the form that will accommodate the "mess" of contemporary life; Jung prefers an art which recoils "from the discontents of the present" because, as he observes, "the tragi-comedy of the average man, the cold shadow-side of life, the dull grey of spiritual nihilism are my daily bread."[41] In Beckett's view, this immediate and contemporary experience must be allowed into art; if convention does not provide us with a form to accommodate it, it is the task of the artist to find it. "Art," says Beckett, "until now had sought forms and excluded all aspects of being that there were no forms to fit." The classical forms of the ages when the primacy of reason was unquestioned had interpreted the mystery but did not "allow the mystery to invade us".[42] Jung described this classical form of art as one of "purposeful production that is accompanied and directed by consciousness, and to the making of which every consideration as to the form and effect intended has been freely given ... . Nowhere would the work transcend the limits of conscious understanding."[43]

But one year before Beckett chastised the contemporary readers of Joyce for their limited capacity to appreciate him, Jung expressed a sympathy and understanding of the literary work "that brings with it its own form ... that transcends the range of conscious understanding"; he states that in such a work

> We should expect a certain strangeness of form and shape, thoughts that can only be apprehended by intuition, a language pregnant with meanings, expressions that would have the value of symbols, because they are the best possible expressions of something as yet unknown - bridges thrown out towards an invisible shore.[44]

Beckett has similar aspirations for literary form; he longs to break

through the limits of language:

> ... to erode it until that which lurks behind it begins to trickle through. ... Is there any reason why that terribly arbitrary materiality of the word's surface should not be dissolved, as, for example, the tonal surface, eaten into by large block pauses in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, so that for pages at a time we cannot perceive it other than, let us say, as a vertiginous path of sounds connecting unfathomable abysses of silence.[45]

Jung's metaphor "bridges", may suggest a more conscious structure than Beckett's "vertiginous path", but both seem to suggest that the writer is, as T.S. Eliot wrote, "occupied with frontiers of consciousness beyond which words fail, though meanings still exist".[46] However, for Beckett, the raison d'être of the work of art is in the beauty of the image and if any question is to be asked it, it should not be "what does it mean?" but "what is its effect?"[47] Around the image, Beckett structures a world of sound and light, juxtaposes other images, draws on his store of language and tradition for allusions which expound the implications of the image and so shapes the original out of the traditional, making the timeless, universal experience reveal itself through the particular image which evokes it. He strives to keep his work open to a variety of responses, denies the possibility of certainty in interpretation and stresses that "the key word in my plays is perhaps".[48] Even though Beckett warns us not to look for symbols where there are none intended, the word perhaps seems to leave the door open to an attempt to understand.

Jung wrote sympathetically about the work of art which "intends neither to be nor to say anything except what it obviously is and says". He recognized that both writer and reader have to move within "the limits of contemporary consciousness", but believed that it is possible

for conscious development to reach a higher level so that insight is deepened. This, he stressed, is what happens when "a poet long dead is suddenly rediscovered" - our consciousness reaches a level "from which standpoint the ancient poet can tell us something new".[49] He asserts that "the man who speaks with images speaks with a thousand tongues ... evoking all those beneficent forces that have enabled mankind to find a rescue from every hazard and to outlive the longest night."[50] The artist's obligation to express is matched, on the part of less creative men, by the obligation to attempt at least to understand, and, almost apologetically, Jung tells the artist:

> We must interpret; we must find meaning in things, otherwise we should be quite unable to think about them. We must resolve life and happenings, all that fulfills itself in itself, into images, meanings, concepts; and thereby we deliberately detach ourselves from the living mystery ... . In so doing, what was before pure phenomenon becomes something that in association with other phenomena has meaning; it plays a definite role, serves certain ends, brings about effects fraught with meanings. And when we can see all this we get the feeling of having understood and explained something.[51]

Beckett accepts no responsibility for providing the key to meaning, but leaves the critics to their own devices, warning the interpreters:

> We have no elucidations to offer of mysteries that are all of their making. My work is a matter of fundamental sounds (no joke intended) made as fully as possible and I accept responsibility for nothing else. If people want to have headaches among the overtones, let them. And provide their own aspirin. Hamm as stated and Clov as stated, together as stated, nec tecum, nec sine te, in such a place, and in such a world, that's all I can manage, more than I could.[52]

It is unlikely that anyone has experienced such a place or such a world, precisely "as stated". Beckett develops and shapes his images until they are a reflection of being as he finds it in his own imagination. He shares what Northrop Frye has observed as a characteristic "resistance of modern writers to having their archetypes

'spotted', so to speak", a resistance which Frye sees as "a natural anxiety to keep them as versatile as possible, not pinned down exclusively to one interpretation ... there are no necessary interpretations."[53]

Beckett is, however, a writer who speaks in images which have associations reverberating back through the literary and historical traditions which nurtured them. If we sense something of life as we experience it in his imaginative work, it is because he includes images which have recurred over and over in the history of creativeness and transforms them into images of the present.

Such images are what Jung called "primordial images" or "archetypes", a term which literary criticism has adopted and applied to any image or structure which "recurs often enough in literature to be recognized as an element of one's literary experience as a whole."[54] Where literature makes use of archetypes to indicate analogies between fictional, literary experiences, Jung made use of them to indicate analogies between real life experiences of a biological and psychological nature. To Jung, "each of these images contains a piece of human psychology and human destiny, a relic of suffering or delight that has happened countless times in our ancestral story, and on the average follows ever the same course."[55] Because such images reflect the history of human consciousness, both personally and racially, Jung sees the poet who makes use of them as a man who fulfills his obligation to communicate. Beckett uses such images, intending only to fulfill his obligation to express, but the literary analogical associations fill his language with meaning.

When Beckett speaks about letting "Being" into art, he refers to the artistic expression of the images that are stored within, not to the "concretions that simplists call the world" (Proust, p.19). There is no denial of the exterior world of surfaces in Beckett's writing, but the inner world of his own imagination is more real than the exterior world and a more reliable source of the images of essential being. For, given the continual process of change in the world of time, the artist's inner awareness of the flux is the closest anyone can come to a constant reality which can be captured in art. Beckett expressed this belief in a review of a collection of poems by Denis Devlin. In that same review he talks about the "need" which gives impetus to art, stating that artistic expression answered a need without expecting that the need would be removed. His inner awareness of change makes the artist accept that new yearnings will always replace the old. Yet the need has to be stated, and in the exterior world we are in so much haste to abolish need that it "cannot pause to be stated".[56] This sense of need is what Jung described as the "yearning" of the artist, who reaches into his unconscious to find the images which will make his contemporaries aware of their need. Beckett accepts the responsibility only for expressing the need, not for fulfilling it, for expressing the human situation as he perceives it, not for correcting it. True to the "modern spirit" he puts together images as his mind takes hold of them, without moralizing, analyzing, or interpreting. What the image "means" will depend on our own store of images so that our perception will depend, as Allen Tate has observed, on "the rediscovery of common experience".[57]

However, Beckett expressed the dilemma of the modern writer when he referred to art as "the apotheosis of solitude" (Proust, p.47), because there is no guarantee that the modern reader shares a common background of reference. All that the writer can do is what Beckett does, draw on the store of images which inform his own world of the imagination and order them in a way which offers us some essential truth about man and his world.

The preferred images can be narrowed down as we become more familiar with the Beckett canon. This dissertation will focus on three central images which inform the Beckett canon from the earliest to the latest works - the woman, the circle, and the lost paradise. These are three of the most important images among those which Jung classified as "archetypal", so that the Jungian theory of archetypes and their symbols can provide some added insight into the effect of these images in Beckett's writing. This is not, however, a study of influence, nor an exercise in Jungian analysis, but a study of the way in which Beckett uses images with a long tradition to link his contemporary vision of reality with all the representations of reality which have gone before. Modern psychoanalysis interprets man and his experience through the very "archetypes" with which literature has always expressed man's experience; the relationship between psychoanalysis and literature is analogical, not causative.

Beckett makes use of these central images as a conscious craftsman, aware of the literary tradition that lies behind them as his technique of allusion makes clear. For the reader or audience who does not share his background of reference, these images still evoke basic human experiences, as psychoanalytic analogies can

demonstrate.[58] But for the reader or audience who does share something of the background of reference, who has some knowledge of the literary traditions behind the images of woman, circle, or lost paradise, the meaning of Beckett's writing is enriched greatly, not only through recognition of the archetypal nature of the image, but through awareness of Beckett's manipulation of tradition. Concerned with recording the change in his environment, Beckett often achieves his purpose by reversing the expected associations of the images. We are pushed to an awareness of present change by our awareness of the change made in the tradition.

In addition to these three central images which inform all of Beckett's work, this dissertation will be concerned with another kind of image - the visual stage images of the dramatic work, what Antonin Artaud called "a language in space".[59] The main emphasis throughout will be on the dramatic works. Combining the traditional and the contemporary, Beckett's creative consciousness responds to his literary inheritance in several genres, but this response reaches its finest expression in his plays. In the theatre he found the best medium to give form to the visual images which give his work its universal significance. The stage images probe our consciousness in a way similar to that of the verbal imagery, not presenting us with a slice of defined life through a technique of illusion, but presenting us with a stage world with its own laws, distanced yet familiar. It is possible to identify conventions ranging from the Greek classics to the modern music hall, but the most significant links are with the emblematic tradition of the Medieval and Renaissance drama. This style of theatre, with its stagecraft based on representation by

symbols, was revived by the anti-realist playwrights of the modern theatre who emphasized the stage scene as an "image". Reaching back to the settings and properties of the emblematic stage tradition, where the concrete, visual images had definite referrents and certain interpretations, Beckett introduces them to the modern stage in a way that transforms them into images of ambiguity and uncertainty. Three particular emblematic stage images are dominant in Beckett's settings, the tree, the cave, and the mountain, which have a close relationship with the central images of woman, circle and lost paradise. In scenes set with emblems from a very old tradition, Beckett uses the technical resources of modern stage lighting, throwing light, figuratively speaking, on past and present, simultaneously.

The central images will define the chapter-divisions of this study. Chapter two will focus on aspects of the woman as image in selected works, with final emphasis on the plays. Chapter three will deal with the sphere or circle images. Chapter four will consider the image of the lost paradise, with its accompanying sense of original guilt. Visual stage images will be the subject of chapter five, where, of course, the focus will be entirely on the dramatic works.

In the work of many writers who produce literature over a long period of time, we find the images which best express their inner vision permeating their late works. This seems to be the case with Beckett, and each chapter of this dissertation begins with a consideration of the particular image under discussion as it emerges in his later works. Selections from the earliest works are then examined, simply to demonstrate that the same images were indispensable for fulfilling the obligation to express when Beckett first began to

publish. With the continued importance of the selected images from the macrowork established, the main concern of the remainder of each chapter will be with the dramatic effect of those images in the stage plays from the 1950's to the 1970's.

There are many works of Beckett's which are not touched on in this dissertation, not because the images under discussion are insignificant in other works, but because the purpose of this study, with the main emphasis on Beckett's drama for the stage, can and indeed must be fulfilled without detailed consideration of the total canon. Consideration of the selected images in the fiction of the 1940's and 1950's works, could, in fact, comprise a dissertation in itself. Some analysis of a few passages in the trilogy is given when it can provide some special appreciation of the ways in which Beckett uses a particular image.

The structural organization of this study requires that certain works be examined repeatedly, in different chapters, from a new perspective, according to the image under discussion. Of the selected works from the late and early fiction and poetry, some are examined in every chapter, some in only one. The decision to include or exclude a work in any given chapter is based simply on the extent to which it seems to make a significant contribution to our perception of Beckett's use of a particular image at that period of his creative life.

The stage plays will be discussed in every chapter in the light of the image under discussion. The central images interact to elicit our response, and this is most evident in the verbal and visual world of the plays where they are composed of sound and silence, light and darkness, presence and absence.

Beckett's images do exist for their own sake, possessing their own concrete reality, but the experiential vanishing point is in the mind of the beholder. We find meaning in the images through our awareness of resemblances to familiar things and at the same time we find meaning because we are aware of a difference, a departure from the expected. Analogy and allusion serve the cause of ambiguity; all discovered meaning is qualified by "perhaps". This study will try to reconcile Beckett's insistence that his created world is only what it is, and that the symbols are all of our making, with the sense of a past and a shared tradition which comes out of his work. The central images are what bring past and present together in this way, making us aware that we are, in relation to all humanity, both same and other.

Ionesco recognized the archetypal quality of Beckett's imagery when he referred to Job as "that contemporary of Beckett" and described Endgame as "a primordial situation".[60] This is a study of such images and the way in which Beckett uses them to "rejoin a living tradition" and "speak to every age", reminding us of what we have been and what we are.

CHAPTER II

THE WOMAN

In one of Beckett's late prose works, The Lost Ones, the narrator records his observations of "an abode where lost bodies roam, each searching for its lost one" (L.O., p.7). The searchers grope their way about in a no-exit cylindrical world of dim light and oscillating temperature, hoping to find a ladder free which will enable them to reach unseen niches above. Directional signs or marks, to indicate where the searchers should climb, are non-existent, but they take their bearings from one being who inhabits their world:

> There does nonetheless exist a north in the guise of one of the vanquished or better one of the women vanquished or better still the woman vanquished. She squats against the wall with her head between her knees and her legs in her arms. The left hand clasps the right shinbone and the right the left forearm. The red hair tarnished by the light hangs to the ground. It hides the face and the whole front of the body down to the crutch. The left foot is crossed on the right. She is the north. She rather than some other among the vanquished because of her greater fixity. To one bent for once on taking his bearings she may be of help. For the climber averse to avoidable acrobatics a given niche may lie so many paces or metres to east or west of the woman vanquished without of course his naming her thus or otherwise even in his thought (L.O., p.56).

This woman is one to whom searcher after searcher has turned for guidance in his confused quest so that the "hair of the woman vanquished has thus many a time been gathered up and drawn back and the head raised and the face laid bare" (L.O., p.58). Whatever it is the searchers are seeking, the quest will go on to the "unthinkable end" when "a last body of all by feeble fits and starts is

searching still":

> There he opens then his eyes this last of all if a man and some time later threads his way to that first among the vanquished so often taken for a guide. On his knees he parts the heavy hair and raises the unresisting head. Once devoured the face thus laid bare the eyes at a touch of the thumbs open without demur. In those calm wastes he lets his wander till they are the first to close and the head relinquished falls back into its place (L.O., p.62).

Only one other figure is singled out for any detailed description from among the mass of groping humanity in the cylinder. That figure is also a woman, "a woman with white hair still young to judge by her thighs ... clasping to her breast a mite who strains away in an effort to turn its head" (L.O., p.30).

The emphasis given to these two figures suggests that they have a peculiar significance in The Lost Ones; and Jung's commentary on the archetype of woman clarifies what the significance is. Jung identified the image of the woman as a crucial image in the history of consciousness and creativity. Literature in every age testifies to the fact that what Goethe called "the eternal feminine" has a long tradition behind it as an informing image for the creative writer. Two basic aspects of the feminine archetype have always been discernible in literature, and Beckett's images of woman incorporate both aspects in a way that contributes to the ambiguous meaning of his work. One aspect is that of the female as a "Great Mother"[1] who can be either cruel or protective, but who represents a destructive force. Whether she devours her young or suffocates them with over-protection, the archetypal mother is equally a threat to the individual. Counterbalancing this negative aspect of the feminine archetype is the positive female figure, the "sister-anima" who serves as "beloved,

helpmate and companion, or as the Eternal Feminine who leads man to redemption ... contact with her is the source of all fruitfulness."[2]

The two women singled out for attention in The Lost Ones seem to embody the basic aspects of the archetypal woman. Clasping the child to her breast, the white-haired woman would seem to be providing both protection and nourishment for her child. The "young" thighs and the white hair convey a sense of the changed and the changeless. The white-haired woman is simultaneously a literal mother and a figurative mother. Her instinct to nurse a child who "strains away in an effort to turn its head and look behind" (L.O., p.30), becomes a means of restraint rather than nurture. The child strains away from the mother, looking out towards the searchers and by the "unthinkable end" the mother has become, evidently, a destructive mother figure whose child, never released to begin the search, has faded to "a shadow in her lap" (L.O., p.61).

The other aspect of the archetypal woman is rendered through the person of the red-haired woman. As "the first among the vanquished" she is analogous to Eve, the first woman, overcome by Satan and then the instrument of man's fall. She is, however, as the fixed north, also analogous to the Virgin Mary, the 'star of the sea', who crushed the head of Satan and is the instrument of man's salvation. Parting the hair to uncover the mystery of the woman, the searchers seek guidance in "the face laid bare" (L.O., p.58). The statement that she is "so often taken for a guide" links her to the long tradition of the eternal feminine as inspiration or guide to salvation.

The examples in literature of this feminine archetype, in both its destructive and liberating aspects, seem inexhaustible.

Clytemnestra, Jocasta, Medea, Electra, Beatrice, Mary, Helen, Eve, Cleopatra - such women have become symbols which embody the archetype. In modern literature, the most overt utilization of the feminine archetype was the cult of the woman which permeated the surrealist movement of the 1920's and 1930's: "The cult of the mythical woman, foreign as it may be to contemporary readers, lies at the heart of the surrealist credo."[3] Beckett's association with the surrealist movement during the 1930's brought him into close touch with the surrealist poets who proclaimed over and over that only through the inspirational guidance of a woman could the imagination be freed to realize the power of creating.[4] Beckett's translations of poems by André Breton and Paul Éluard must have made him singularly aware of the lyrical testimony to their belief that woman holds the key to the reality that lies within. They describe woman as "the pearl worth a thousand times the death of the diver".[5] Beckett's translation of Éluard's "Lady Love" captures the idea of woman as the inspiration for creative expression:

> She is standing on my lids
> And her hair is in my hair
> She has the colour of my eye
> She has the body of my hand
> In my shade she is engulfed
> As a stone against the sky
>
> She will never close her eyes
> And she does not let me sleep
> And her dreams in the bright day
> Make the suns evaporate
> And me laugh cry and laugh
> Speak when I have nothing to say.[6]

In the references to the eyes and hair, Éluard is using recurring symbols of woman's mystery and sensuality, images drawn from the erotic literature of the late nineteenth century which had

roots in the Romanticism of the earlier part of that century.[7] Woman is the medium which unites the outer world of reality and the inner world of dreams, a link which the surrealists saw as essential to the creation of a new world out of the old. Eluard's poem seems to suggest that light, the traditional symbol of the infinite, has its source in the inner world of the woman's dreams, which evaporate the light of the external universe and inspire the male to speak of the newly discovered world within.

Images of eyes, hair and light dominate much of the surrealist literature and they are associated usually with the creative power of woman. It is interesting to compare the images Beckett uses in The Lost Ones with the images used by Aragon in Le Paysan de Paris forty years earlier. Focussing on the symbolic woman, Aragon writes:

> Femme tu prends pourtant la place de toute forme. ... Charmante substituée, tu es le résumé d'un monde merveilleux, du monde naturel, et c'est toi qui renais quand je ferme les yeux. Tu es le mur et sa trouée. Tu es l'horizon et la présence. L'échelle et les barreaux de fer. L'éclipse totale. La lumière. Le miracle: ... Ainsi l'univers peu à peu pour moi s'efface, fond, tandis que de ses profondeurs s'élève un fantôme adorable, monte une grande femme enfin profilée, qui apparaît partout sans rien qui m'en sépare dans le plus ferme aspect d'un monde finissant.[8]

The parallels with The Lost Ones are remarkable, because the narrator in Beckett's work makes repeated references to the eyes of the searchers, the ladders which are the only objects, the wall of the cylinder, the constant search for a way out, the light, the moments of total eclipse. For Aragon, woman, taking the place of all form, becomes a substitute for being; she embodies all the exterior world and its objects through which man seeks to fulfill his desires. Total union with the woman, then, becomes total union with all forms so a new world can be shaped out of the essence of the old.

In The Lost Ones, Beckett seems to undercut the cult of woman and assert the separateness of each individual, who must find the essence of being within himself. The only escape from the confusing reality of the cylinder is through the imagination, where the individual can distance himself from the objects around him and create images subject only to the laws of a world of representation. Beckett's narrator is an empirical observer who recounts details of dimensions, temperature, light levels, sound, and tactile experiences. Although he cites the ladders as "the only objects" (L.O., p.9), his description of the searchers' attitude to the red-haired woman makes it evident that she has become for them another external object to which they turn, out of habit, as a guide to the way out. As object, she is of no more use than the ladders. Absorbed, as Ionesco put it, in the stereotype, the searchers have lost sight of the archetype and its true significance. If they were aware of the archetype they would realize that the archetypal woman as guide frees man by putting him in touch with his spiritual self. This is a function of the archetypal woman, discernible in literature and psychology, which Jung and his followers attribute to the 'anima', the female archetype as it exists in man's unconscious:

> Whenever a man's logical mind is incapable of discerning truths that are hidden in his unconscious, the anima helps him to dig them out. Even more vital is the role the anima plays in putting man's mind in tune with the inner values and thereby opening the way into more profound inner depths. ... The anima takes on the role of guide, or mediator to the world within and to the Self.[9]

Unlike the woman of Éluard's poem, whose ever open eyes reveal the inner light, the red-haired woman in The Lost Ones has closed her eyes, shutting herself into her own inner world. Yet of the searchers who turn to her, the narrator observes that "none looks

within himself where none can be" (L.O., p.30). The significance of this observation increases in the light of a frequently quoted statement by Beckett that if he were a critic writing on Beckett "he would start with two quotations, one by Geulincx: 'Ubi nihil valis ibi nihil velis', and one by Democritus: 'Nothing is more real than nothing'. ... The quotation from Democritus refers to the reality of a void that is filled with atoms. Beckett applies the words of the Greek philosopher to the microcosm of the mind. The first phrase, then, condemns external existence while the second proposes a true inner reality."[10] In The Lost Ones, the given, external abode is intolerable and physically inescapable. The only possible freedom is in the inner world of the imagination where the exterior world and its inhabitants do not fill the space, where "none can be". The imagination can give form to another universe created out of the atoms of the mind, the kind of universe described by Jung as "an autonomous complex which is independent of the options of consciousness".[11] In its obsolete meaning the word 'none' is equivalent to "nothing", so that ironically the insensitive narrator speaks a profound truth when he states that within, "none" or "nothing" can be the "inner nothing" which Beckett sees as more real than external reality, because of the creative potential contained within it.

The image of woman in The Lost Ones does not represent the sensual, erotic object of love through whom the Surrealist poets sought to embrace all being. The climate of the cylinder has a "hampering effect on the work of love" (L.O., p.53), and although the head of the red-haired woman has been raised often and "the face laid bare and the whole front of the body down to the crutch"

(L.O., p.58), her nudity seems to deliver up no secret which will negate the imprisoning cylinder.

The searchers, who seek only material significance in the woman, who look to her for an external sign, perhaps miss the most significant sign: "Eyes cast down or closed signify abandonment and are confined to the vanquished" (L.O., p.30). The red-haired woman is identified by the narrator as "one of the vanquished" (L.O., p.56). "Vanquished" is the narrator's term for the five inhabitants of the cylinder who have closed their eyes and seem impervious to their external environment -- "they may be walked on without their reacting" (L.O., p.29). Yet the red-haired woman might well be providing the only sign she can offer, her closed eyes, which shut her into an inner world where she is free of the restrictions and regulations of the cylinder.

In the last passage of The Lost Ones, the woman remains the focal point for the unceasing quest of the last man. No climber waits his turn at the ladders, but "the last of all if a man" rejects these objects as a means of escape, suggesting that there is a realization on his part, based on experience, that the things of the external world offer no avenue for freedom. He does, however, seem to persevere in the hope that the woman can reveal some hidden truth. He threads his way to this woman "so often taken for a guide" (L.O., p.61), to devour her face and open the eyes with his thumbs, hoping, perhaps, to see another world, as Dante saw paradise through the eyes of Beatrice. "In those calm wastes he lets his wander till they are the first to close" (L.O., p.62), but the narrator does not know, for we are not told, what the last searcher finds there. Does he see,

through the eyes, the windows to the soul, only the emptiness of a vanquished woman? Or do the "calm wastes" appear as a vastness that the minute space of the cylinder could never contain, the void from whose atoms new worlds can be created?

Certainly the images of Eluard's "Lady Love", as translated by Becke[illegible] are reversed: "She will never close her eyes / And she does not let me sleep". In Le Paysan de Paris, Aragon's "woman" is the wall and its breakthrough, the ladder and the rungs, the being who fills all space and from whom he cannot be separated as the old world ends. Using the same images, Beckett has created an enclosed cylindrical world with a surreal quality to it, a dream-like or, perhaps more accurately, a nightmare world filled with images which seem to belong to the interior world of consciousness. But the objective narrative voice keeps us distanced from those images, its technological exactitude keeps our vision objective. The surrealist cult of the woman is negated in the final isolation of the last man. If the red-haired woman has given him any guide to freedom, it seems to be only the recognition that release from the human condition can be achieved only within his own creative imagination.

In the end, we can draw conclusions based on our assessment of the narrator's observations. When the last man finally closes his eyes, "dark descends,... the temperature comes to rest not far from freezing point ... there is suddenly such silence as to drown all the faint breathings put together" (L.O., p.62). Whatever meaning we take from this must come out of our sense of the traditions which enrich Beckett's images. Invariably, Beckett's images of seeming hopelessness contain an alternative possibility of hope. In The Lost

Ones, that possibility lies in the darkness and silence of the final zero point. To the narrator, this is the unthinkable end of unmitigated suffering, but his empirical mode of operation has not been tuned to spiritual possibilities throughout the narrative. He does observe at one point that "the effect of this climate on the soul is not to be underestimated" (L.O., p.52), but that is the extent of his meditation on that element of the searcher's being. To him the red-haired woman is analogous to a point of the compass by which the searchers seek to find external guidance; he betrays no awareness of the archetypal woman as guide to the inner world. For out of darkness and silence come creation and there is a possibility that the last man, accepting that there is no freedom to be attained in his physical world, withdraws from the groping activity of the outer world to the creative silence of the inner world. As in all Beckett's works, the key word is "perhaps".

The images Beckett, or any artist, uses are the medium of expression of a vision unknown to conscious man. Jung described such a vision as "a tremendous intuition striving for expression"[12] but noted that the expression is hampered by the limits of language:

> Since the expression can never match the richness of the vision and can never exhaust its possibilities the poet must have at his disposal a huge store of material and must make use of difficult and contradictory images in order to express the strange paradoxes of his vision.[13]

He believes that the images which appear in the work of art are primordial images which make it possible to communicate the vision to others, even if they glimpse only a fraction of it.

The image of the archetypal woman, with all its literary and psychological associations, is one such image. Beckett's represen-

tations of woman in The Lost Ones and in other short prose works of his late period, such as the androgynous narrator of Enough, or the primal male-female pair who inhabit the round world of Imagination Dead Imagine, are distilled images, rendered through concrete visual description. The woman with white hair who clasps the child in The Lost Ones is presented simply as a "picturesque detail" (L.O., p.30) which emphasizes her function as image. Similarly, the description of the red-haired woman is confined to hair, eyes, and posture. Nothing is conveyed of character, personality, or thought processes; we receive the image as it is communicated by the narrator. These images of woman in the late works contain all the archetypal associations of woman, but they are stripped down until they represent the essence of all the women who were central figures in Beckett's earlier prose fiction and in his dramatic works. Mothers, wives, mistresses, prostitutes, whether old or young, cruel or kind, destructive or constructive, they are all present in the young thighs, the white hair, the nurturing breast, the red hair, the exposed body, the unfathomable eyes.

It is evident in his early essay on Joyce that Beckett would accept Jung's identification of the archetypal woman as a primordial image. Beckett expresses his admiration for Joyce's manipulation of "primal essences" (D...B.V..J., p.250) and for his use of the old myths. He singles out as examples of primal images in Joyce's Work in Progress "the girl on the dirt track", the two washerwomen on the banks of the river, and "Anna Livia herself, mother of Dublin, but no more the only mother than Zoroaster was the only oriental star-gazer" (D...B.V..J., p.250). In his own fiction, which he began to

write in the 1930's, Beckett too presented female characters who were statements of the particular but who embodied universal and traditional associations of the image of woman. With the added dimension for presenting an image that the theatre gave to him, Beckett's dramatic works were particularly successful in making the past seem present through a particular image.

In one of Beckett's earliest fiction works, the collection of short stories, More Pricks Than Kicks (1934), the adventures of Belacqua Shuah are recounted through his relationships with various women figures. The first story, "Dante and the Lobster", opens with a reference to Dante's Beatrice as Belacqua struggles to read The Divine Comedy in preparation for his Italian lesson:

> Blissful Beatrice was there, Dante also, and she explained the spots on the moon to him. She showed him in the first place where he was at fault, then she put up her own explanation. She had it from God, therefore he could rely on its being accurate in every particular. All he had to do was to follow her step by step. (M.P., p.1)

After this opening allusion to Beatrice as representative of the archetypal woman in her role as guide and mediator, Beckett consistently presents Belacqua's image of woman as archetypal: the Italian "Professora" is a goddess of wisdom, a woman "on a pedestal in his mind" (M.P., p.12); his old aunt, "tending whatever flowers die at that time of year" embraces him in the garden, "and together they went down into the bowels of the earth" (M.P., p.19). From the opening image of Beatrice as guide to the celestial kingdom we move to the closing image of the old aunt as a modern Demeter, a goddess of death who draws man into the underworld.

In "Ding Dong", the image of woman in the mind of Belacqua is used to underline Beckett's parody of literary conventions. The

narrative voice undercuts the inflated rhetoric of Belacqua's contribution to the cult of the woman. Seated in a pub, in a state of inertia, Belacqua watches the approach of a plump female pedlar of middle height and more than middle age. He is moved to a Surrealist flight of eloquence as he accepts her as a sign of imminent insight:

> But her face, ah, her face, was what Belacqua had rather refer to as her countenance, it was so full of light. This she lifted up upon him and no error. Brimful of light and serene, serenissime, it bore no trace of suffering, and in this alone it might be said to be a notable face. ... The features were null, only luminous, impassive, and serene, petrified in radiance, or words to that effect, for the reader is requested to take notice that this sweet style is Belacqua's (M.P., p.56).

The deflation is complete when Belacqua's barroom Beatrice reveals that she is selling "seats in heaven".

The central female figure in "A Wet Night" is named Alba. Beckett reinforces the links with the mediaeval French poetic genre of the same name through the details of action and setting. Belacqua offers the courtly gesture of kissing the lady's hand; the narrator asks the reader to "Pardon the French expressions, but the creature dreams in French" (M.P., p.112); Belacqua emerges in the early morning from "Casa Alba". Whether the castle designation refers to the enclosed quarters where they spent the night withdrawn from the world, or, allegorically, to the lady herself is not certain.[14] There is no strict analogy to the dawn song, for Belacqua exits to rain and "darkness visible" (M.P., p.113). The third character of the traditional Alba is present in the policeman, the counterpart of the mediaeval watchman, who sends Belacqua on his way.

Lawrence Harvey has pointed out that in the troubador titles of Beckett's collection of poems, Echo's Bones, the enuegs, the serena, the alba, there is clear evidence that he was interested in

the Cathar poets of southern France, "for whom the idealized lady is above all a catalytic agent crucial in the chemistry of the imagination, which can produce the precipitates that are poetry".[15] Belacqua Shuah cherishes just such an image of the idealized lady. In More Pricks Than Kicks, Belacqua is seeking a spiritual union with a woman who will inspire him in his poetic endeavours, but the physical aspects of love are always getting in the way. Only when the lovely Lucy of "Walking Out" is crippled for life can he find joy in marriage to her and find "in her big eyes better worlds than this" (M.P., p.158). His suicide pact with Ruby in "Love and Lethe" ends, not in the death by which they were to achieve an eternally spiritual union, but in the act of physical union and the narrator's observation that love and death are the same thing.

In the final story, after Belacqua's death, Smeraldina, the latest wife and now the widow, feels that she too "had died in part" and that "her spiritual equivalent had been measured, coffined and covered" (M.P., p.273). Her idealized, spiritual image, existing in the mind of Belacqua, is buried with Belacqua, and the non-poet Hairy is content with the physical woman who remains behind.

In the poem "Alba", first published in the 1935 collection Echo's Bones, Beckett foreshadows what the image of woman will be in his later works, especially the drama. Her beauty will be "a statement of itself, drawn across the tempest / of emblems" (Poems, p.28, ll. 15-16). Similarly, Beckett's female characters in the later work will not be symbols, emblems of some transcendent world, but actual inhabitants of a real world of the imagination. That world has no referrent in actuality, but we know it as real.

Celia, the central female figure in Beckett's first novel, Murphy (1938), emerges as the most sympathetic of Beckett's fictional heroines in spite of the heavenly connotations of her name and the allusive associations with mythic moon-goddesses.[16] In More Pricks Than Kicks, Belacqua tries to resist physical involvement with woman because he sees it as a barrier to poetic expression. Murphy seeks to escape from the physical world into the interior space of his mind through a Cartesian separation of mind and body, but his relationship with Celia demands his involvement in the external world to the extent that he feels obliged to leave her in order to lose himself in the inner world, which he believes is the superior one.

In Murphy's definition of the elements of his being, Celia becomes an implied metaphor for the soul in his tripartite nature: "What have I now?" he said. "I distinguish. You, my body and my mind" (Murphy, p.40). He warns her that one must go. Body and soul cannot be separated while man lives, therefore Murphy's desire to separate mind and body seems to demand separation from Celia, the soul.

However, the traditional association of the female with the unconscious suggests that in moving away from the feminine attraction of Celia, Murphy is moving away from the link with his unconscious self. The passage describing Murphy's end is rich in archetypal images and indicates Beckett's awareness of the significance of archetypal projections.[17] The psychological associations of moon and sun with the feminine unconscious and the masculine consciousness are evident. Murphy is naked and alone at the hour when neither the moon nor the sun dominate; the moon has set and the sun has not yet risen.

Neither masculine nor feminine tendencies dominate; he cannot form a clear image of his mother, of Celia, nor of his father, "scraps of bodies, of landscapes, hands, eyes, lines and colours evoking nothing rose and climbed out of sight before him" (Murphy, p.252). Just before the escaping gas kills him, Murphy experiences a moment of freedom, "the freedom of that light and dark that did not clash, nor alternate, nor fade nor lighten except to their communion" (Murphy, p.252). Immediately preceding this moment of balanced awareness, he has thought of Celia and the music of his union with her. Her image is "dimly" before him as he begins to rock, then the sense of freedom comes, "at one of the rock's dead points", when he is neither still nor in motion, like the zero point of The Lost Ones. It is that brief moment of wholeness which "involves a creative relationship between the dark instinctual side of man's nature and the light side represented by the conscious mind".[18]

Murphy's death at this point of new insight absolves Beckett from any obligation to express the effect his experience might have on Murphy's relationship with Celia. But the experience that Murphy undergoes in these last moments is made more meaningful through the representation of Celia undergoing a similar experience prior to the description of Murphy's last hour. In a passage exactly parallel, Celia, naked and alone, sits in the same rocking chair. At first her mind is filled with images of the people who have played a dominating role in her life, "Murphy, Mr. Kelly, clients, her parents, others, herself as a girl, a child, an infant. In the cell of her mind, teasing the oakum of her history" (Murphy, p.149). The progression of images is steadily away from other and toward the self until

finally Celia finds her mind free of all images of external things, "a pleasant sensation" and, "Murphy did not come back to curtail it" (Murphy, p.149). Every day, in the vast open space of her unhampered imagination, she creates a world of "paradisial innocence of days and places and things and people" and, "Murphy did not come back to expel her" (Murphy, p.149). Celia too experiences the freedom of the inner self, but, unlike Murphy, who drew the ladder up after him, cutting off the possibility of contact with the external world, Celia is able to come back down the stairs from her garret room and re-enter the social world, conscious that she "ought to get out" (Murphy, p.149). She is the first of many female figures in Beckett's works who will present the image of a woman struggling to keep a balance between the needs of the conscious and the unconscious self.

Although the validity of associating Celia with the mythic moon-goddess is demonstrable,[19] Beckett avoids the danger of her becoming a symbol by his reversal and deflation of some of the mythic traditions. Celia is not the unattainable, virginal moon goddess for whom Endymion was willing to give up the world, but a London prostitute who would be quite content to spend her life with Murphy in the midst of what he calls "the mercantile gehenna" (Murphy, p.40). When Murphy is, like Keats' Endymion, permanently "spiritualized" by an "unlook'd for change",[20] there is no mystic union. Celia remains part of the concrete world, aware of her "solitude" as she identifies all that remains of Murphy by the birthmark on his charred buttocks.

The traditional associations of the woman image continue to have a meaningful function in Beckett's attempt to represent being in his trilogy of novels in the late 1940's, just preceding the

beginning of his work in the dramatic genre. In Molloy, the account of the hero's efforts to establish some kind of relationship between his present circumstances and his past history is permeated with archetypal images of the woman. Jung's view of archetypes as links to the past throws some light on Molloy's situation. In Jungian terms, the archetypal images are the links which connect the individual to his origins, the means of bringing past and present together and illuminating the crucial relationship between them. Perceiving the relationship between the immediately experienced world of the present and the remembered world of the past enables the individual to establish the link between his conscious and unconscious self. Molloy, as the author of his own story, represents the creative individual for whom such a balance is especially important. One of the main links with his past is the image of his mother. Obsessed with the desire to get to his mother, he finds himself in her room with no knowledge of how he got there. The novel opens with the quest completed, but his narrative account of the quest is his attempt to connect his immediate experiences in that inner room with the past experiences in the outer world through which he journeyed to get there. Beckett makes use, quite unmistakeably, of the archetypal mother image and the psychological theory of the necessity, in the development of consciousness, for what is called "the slaying of the mother".[21] Molloy states that in his part of the world "Da" means father and "Ma" means mother. He always calls his mother "Mag" because "without my knowing why the letter g abolished the syllable Ma, and as it were spat on it, better than any other letter would have done. And at the same time I satisfied a deep and doubtless unacknowledged need, the need to have

a Ma, that is a mother, and to proclaim it audibly" (Molloy, p.21). There is a suggestion of the destructive aspect of the mother archetype in the fact that Molloy's mother always called him "Dan", for by Molloy's reasoning, this would constitute annihilation of the "Da", the father figure.[22]

The other featured female figure in the novel, Lousse, plays a Circean role in keeping Molloy from his quest. She has associations with the legendary poison damsels through Molloy's expressed suspicion that she is, secretly, poisoning him: "Doubtless she had poisoned my beer with something" (Molloy, p.47). The image of woman as siren is evoked in the account of Lousse lulling him with the rhythm of her monotonous voice, in a garden of sweet-smelling spike lavender reminiscent of the land of the Lotus-eaters. The archetypal associations are further reinforced by the fact that her Christian name is "something like Sophie" (Molloy, p.33) - the sorrowing virgin mother Sophia, who knows that the hero's fate is to suffer and yearns to preserve him from it.

The images of woman keep shifting and blending in Molloy's mind and he cannot grasp them clearly. He begins to imagine that Lousse might have been a man, and then tries to remember the woman who made him "acquainted with love" (Molloy, p.56), "Ruth I think, but I can't say for certain. Perhaps the name was Edith" (Molloy, p.56). After his description of their encounters, he loses his grasp on the image of Ruth, and she blends with Lousse into the image of an old woman. Finally, to his dismay, they become confused with the image of his mother: "There are days, like this evening, when my memory confuses them and I am tempted to think of them as one and the

same old hag, flattened and crazed by life. And God forgive me, to tell you the horrible truth, my mother's image sometimes mingles with theirs, which is literally unendurable, like being crucified. I don't know why and I don't want to" (Molloy, p.59).

Part II of Molloy is the account of Moran's efforts to "find" Molloy. The Molloy who has told his story in the first part is the fictional creation of Moran. Molloy country, as Moran calls it, exists in the darkness and confusion of Moran's inner consciousness where he tries to find Molloy "ready made in my head" (Molloy, p.112). Moran presents the narrative to the reader as an account of the events in his search for Molloy. The confused images of the women who are links for Molloy's origins are images which exist within the inner world of Moran's consciousness. In "Molloy country", they exist as realities, they are part of the inner world which Molloy inhabits. To Moran they are images dimly perceived when he turns from the habitual, concrete world of his external existence. When Moran is striving to remember exactly how he first came to know Molloy he acknowledges that he has a vague sense of knowing his mother as well: "Mother Molloy, or Mollose, was not completely foreign to me either, it seemed. But she was much less alive than her son, who God knows was far from being so" (Molloy, p.112). To Molloy, that image of his mother is an essential link to his being, so that eventually, to "find" Molloy, Moran must find the images of the women who are part of his existence. Molloy's confusion of the images of the women, his mother; Lousse; Ruth or Edith would seem linked then, to Moran's dim awareness of them. Moran's quest for Molloy will only succeed when Molloy's quest for the roots of his being succeeds. Lacking both

mother and wife in his external world, Moran needs to discover those forgotten archetypes within himself. When, with the help of the archetypal image of woman, he finds Molloy, he will find himself.[23]

The hero in Malone Dies is not concerned with recovering his past but with filling in the time until his death. He decides to invent stories, about a man and a woman, about a thing and about an animal. Although he states his desire to create a world unsullied by his own presence, descriptions of his own situation keep breaking into his account of Saposcat, whose name changes to Macmann part way through the narrative. There is only one other human in contact with Malone during his last days, an old woman, whom he never sees clearly, who looks after his physical needs. As the story of Saposcat-Macmann progresses, his existence is defined in relation to a succession of female figures, the mother, Mrs. Saposcat, Mrs. Lambert and her daughter, Moll, and finally Lady Pedal, all of whom evoke, at some point, archetypal associations of the woman image.[24]

In the final part of the trilogy, The Unnamable, the exterior world is shut out and the inner consciousness strives to speak only of its own being, of "nothing then but me" (Un., p.304). As the world of the novel moves deeper within, woman figures are less utilized. The only woman with any significant function is Madeleine, who looks after the physical needs of the fictional Mahood, created by the speaker who finds himself "slipping ... towards the resorts of fable" (Un., p.308). Madeleine, however, is integral to Mahood's existence, he seems "to exist for none but Madeleine" (Un., p.341). The fact that Madeleine literally turns light on the fictional Mahood when he is in darkness, suggests something of the woman as inspiration

for the creative consciousness, who figuratively throws light on the images which are hidden there.

The possibilities for analysis of the woman image in the trilogy are too complex to be given the extended treatment they require here; this brief discussion simply indicates that traditional associations of the woman image continue to have a meaningful function in that period of Beckett's writing. The image of woman is presented in various aspects, and communicated either through a female character or through the images of woman which inform the consciousness of Beckett's heroes. Belacqua, who wants to be in the world but not of it, treasures the image of an idealized woman who will help him to transcend the world. The narrative accounts of his relationships with a series of women suggest that Belacqua is torn between the values of two worlds, an inner and an outer world which seem to be in conflict. Murphy wants to exist in the world of his mind separated from his body; to him, woman is part of the material world, a barrier to the escape he seeks because she keeps him bound to the world of the senses. The reader has an ironic view of Celia. The traditional associations of the woman image tend to negate Murphy's view of her. Combined with the sympathetic presentation of the character, these associations suggest that Celia is the key to Murphy's attainment of a balance of the inner and outer worlds which would enable him to experience the best of both those worlds. This problem of finding a balance between the within and the without is explored further in the trilogy, and the image of woman continues to be a significant one for the representation of that struggle.

By the time Beckett reaches the prose works of his late period, the focus is more and more on the inner world; in The Lost Ones, the external world of the cylinder comes to an end when the last man closes his eyes and the narrator can observe nothing beyond that; in Imagination Dead Imagine, the inner world ceases to exist because the narrator ceases to imagine.

The image of woman has become a pure image by this time, presenting us with a being which is simply itself, pointing to no commensurate actuality in our world, yet an image which is so rich in traditional associations that we become aware of an essential relationship between the world of the imagination and the world of actuality, of a necessity for balance between those two worlds.

However, before Beckett began to write these very distilled prose works, he turned from fiction to drama, which was his medium for creative expression for about ten years. The struggle for a balance between the inner and outer self continues to be a central problem in the dramatic works; the image of woman continues to be of central importance for the representation of that struggle. The visual dimension which the stage gives to Beckett's images heightens our awareness of the function of that image.

The first drama, Waiting for Godot, has no female characters, yet woman as image is present fundamentally in the play. Her absence is a factor in the dilemma of the tragi-comic quartet who are present on the stage. Waiting for Godot provides, through the absent woman, an example of Beckett's poetic capacity to "weigh absence in a scale".[25] There are many overt references in the

play which make woman conspicuous by her absence. Estragon remembers the Holy Land as a place he once yearned for, "where we'll go, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon" (W. for G., p. 8b). Hanging is an attractive idea because "it'd give us an erection" (W. for G., p. 12b), and the spilled semen might give root to the mandrake, whose fruit primitive legend credits with the power to facilitate pregnancy. Pozzo refers to woman only once, collectively, in his final observation on the human situation, "They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then its night once more" (W. for G., p. 57b).

These overt references underline the impotent and desolate state of the characters, but the archetypal significance of the woman image is projected through a medium other than verbal expression. Paradoxically, the absence of woman is communicated through the most visual and concrete image in the play - a tree. The tree is accepted widely as a sign of the mysterious feminine reproductive power, a symbol of the archetypal Mother.[26] In relation to setting and dramatic action, the tree's function is simply to mark the place of meeting with Godot and to indicate the organic change that occurs in Act II. But the traditional associations of the tree as a symbol of the archetypal woman suggest deeper implications and a more profound poetic dimension within the dramatic structure.

All the aspects of the archetypal woman which literary tradition has perpetuated, protective, destructive, and inspirational, are signified in the tree in Waiting for Godot. Vladimir and Estragon play games around the tree, Estragon sleeps beside it, curled into foetal position, he hides behind it when he is frightened, they return

to it as to a secure home. But as the site of their contemplated suicide, the tree becomes their gallows, the instrument of their death. Erich Neumann cites many examples from primitive myths of suicide by hanging from a tree and the suicidal act nearly always has symbolic associations with castration of the male hero by the terrible mother. The possibility of an erection "with all that follows" (W. for G., p.12a) suggests a consummation and a resulting impregnation. But Vladimir and Estragon are perpetually impotent and the mythic associations of suicidal hanging with castration ironically underline that impotence. Central to this whole complex of allusion is the image of the leafless tree, a reminder of the sterility of the situation.

In Act II, the tree evokes another aspect of the archetypal woman, as the guide to the world within, the inspiration for the creative power of the unconscious. The tree "has four or five leaves" (W. for G., p.37a) and this barely perceptible organic growth inspires one of the most poetic passages in the play. Estragon denies any conscious awareness of the connection between the tree of the present and the tree of the past. But his unconscious contains the image of change which it is the responsibility of the poet or the artist to express:

Vladimir: They make a noise like wings.
Estragon: Like leaves.
Vladimir: Like sand.
Estragon: Like leaves.

Silence

Vladimir: They all speak at once.
Estragon: Each one to itself.

Silence

Vladimir: Rather they whisper.
Estragon: They rustle.
Vladimir: They murmur.
Estragon: They rustle.

Silence

...

Vladimir: They make a noise like feathers.
Estragon: Like leaves.
Vladimir: Like ashes.
Estragon: Like leaves.

Long Silence (W. for G., p.40b).

The repetition of the word "leaves" in this exchange indicates the power of the unconscious to grasp the relationship between past and present. When the inner image is verbally expressed, Vladimir is able to state that relationship: "yesterday evening it was all black and bare. And now it's covered with leaves" (W. for G., p.42b). The tree serves the inspirational function of the absent woman as the guide in linking the recalled experience of the past and the sensed experience of the present.

The image of the absent woman is projected through archetypal associations in the Pozzo-Lucky relationship. Pozzo talks about Lucky in terms which suggest the feminine counterpart to his aggressive masculinity: "But for him all my thoughts, all my feelings would have been of common things" (W. for G., p.22b) and Vladimir thinks that Lucky looks "a trifle effeminate" (W. for G., p.17b). Critical commentary has associated Lucky with a suppressed unconscious, which itself is seen traditionally as feminine, as opposed to the masculine consciousness.[27]

Both Act I and Act II of the play move to a close with the rising of the moon, another image traditionally associated with woman, distant and out of reach. Contemplating the moon at the end of Act I,

Estragon notes that it is "pale for weariness ... Of climbing heaven and gazing on the likes of us" (W. for G., p.34b). The allusion is to Shelley's poetic fragment, 'To the Moon':

> Art thou pale for weariness
> Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
> Wandering companionless[28]

Shelley hails the moon in the poem as "Thou chosen sister of the Spirit". In the context of the play, the allusion contains an ironic reversal. Estragon and Vladimir are weary of gazing on the heavens and "wandering companionless". Shelley's moon finds "no object worth its constancy"; Estragon and Vladimir find no object worth their faithful vigil. The scenic repetition of the rising moon in Act II underlines the cycle of time and the constancy of the moon's attendance over the affairs of men. At the end of the play, the moon and the tree are there, presiding over the vigil of Vladimir and Estragon, thinker and dreamer, who stay together because they fill a physical and spiritual need for each other, although they are not conscious of it. As images of the absent woman, tree and moon serve to remind us of the need for a creative relationship between the inner and outer worlds of being. Vladimir and Estragon have made minute progress in that direction in the course of the play, which is all most men do in the course of a life.

The woman, discarded in Godot as a human image, rises out of the ashbin in Endgame in the person of Nell. Mother to Hamm and wife to Nagg, she appears briefly as the dying remnant of a woman no longer able to function practically in either of those roles. But as an image of woman, she evokes traditional associations of both. Through her exchange with Nagg, we become aware of the ravages of time as the

visual image of this old, discarded woman is juxtaposed in our minds with the image of the young Nell which is conjured through their memories. The Romantic dreams of the past are negated by the harsh realities of the present and in spite of her effort to respond to Nagg's need of her, she prefers to withdraw into her inner self where she can dream of a happier "yesterday".

The associations of the images of man and woman with the masculine consciousness and the feminine unconscious seem to be applicable to Nagg and Nell. He strives to keep her interested in the narrow range of their external world and in memories of concrete events - his lost tooth, their bicycle trip through the Ardennes, the condition of their sand, biscuits, back-scratching, joke-telling. The inner world is more attractive to Nell, deep and white like the water of Lake Como. But she does not "go in" because she cannot help responding to Nagg's need of her. The dialogue conveys a sense that she retains an interest in the external world almost in spite of herself:

Nell: Have you anything else to say to me? (E., p.16)

Nell: Can you not be a little more accurate, Nagg? (E., p.17)

Nagg: Do you want a bit?
Nell: No.
(Pause.)
Of What? (E., p.18)

Nagg: Could you give me a scratch before you go?
Nell: No.
(Pause.)
Where? (E., p.19)

Nagg: Will I tell you the story of the tailor?
Nell: No.
(Pause.)
What for? (E., p.20)

In one sense, Nell and Nagg provide a balance for each other. He keeps her conscious of the external world of actuality and prods her

memory of experienced events. She in turn is aware of the inner depths that go beyond memory and his resigned advice that she "go in" takes on a dimension beyond the physical action. At the same time, they provide a poignant image of human isolation, of man separated from his spiritual self and cast into the rubbish. Clov, the servant figure who is concerned entirely with the external world and the practical problem of coping with it, is the one who puts the lid on Nell, suppressing her revelations of an inner world. In her last words to Clov she fulfills the traditional role of woman as the guide to the spiritual self when she tells him to go away into the desert, the age-old site of retreat for those seeking spiritual renewal.

In her relationship with Nagg, Nell suggests the positive aspect of the archetypal woman. But the other, negative aspect is suggested in her role as mother, through Nagg's account of Hamm's childhood: "Whom did you call when you were a tiny boy, and were frightened, in the dark? Your mother. No. Me. We let you cry. Then we moved you out of earshot, so that we might sleep in peace" (E., p. 56). The mother image is not associated with hope for comfort in the darkness and in the only other reference to a woman figure in the play, it is revealed that Hamm let the mysterious Mother Pegg die in darkness after she had begged him for oil for her lamp. That this was an act of vengeance against a mother figure is not impossible, since Clov insists that Hamm had oil to give her. There is a sense of separation of man and woman in Endgame, of husband from wife, of son from mother. Hamm's difficulties in his creative effort to tell a story could then be related to his separation from woman as a

source of inspiration. Beckett, as usual, "takes no sides"[29], but the image of woman in Endgame continues to reflect a need for a balanced relationship between the inner and outer selves.

In Krapp's Last Tape we have another example of a play where woman as a character is absent but woman as an image pervades the dramatic context. Krapp is an old man who has spent his life resisting contact with his unconscious. He reinforces his resistance to any confrontation with the inner self by extending his physical, conscious self outward by means of the tape-recorder. Modern technology allows him to mechanize his memories, to keep his retrieval of the past contained in an external object where he can switch off any associations with which his conscious self is unwilling to cope.

Beckett has structured a brilliant piece of dramatic conflict between man and machine and, in an ironic reversal of the nineteenth and twentieth-century condemnation of technology as the cause of man's dehumanization, portrays the man in this conflict as fully responsible for his spiritually impoverished condition. As Krapp continues his struggle to avoid contact with his inner self, the tape recorder, a mechanical mentor, keeps bringing the images to the surface which could link the separated sides of his being. Juxtaposed on the tape are passages recording spiritual experiences with passages recording physical experiences, poetry of the soul, with poetry of the body. Krapp wants to hear only the latter; he fails to perceive that the fire in the soul and the fire in the body are lit from the same flame. Central to Beckett's presentation of the conflict in Krapp is the image of woman. Krapp chooses to listen to only three sections of the tape without interrupting; the first recounts, for the most part, details of his life and

habits, the second is the account of his mother's death, and the third is his most treasured record of physical love. The first passage reveals glimpses of a mind retaining some sensitivity to images which have archetypal associations and the other two passages are concerned with two women whose relationship with Krapp has archetypal significance, his mother and his lover. Between the latter two passages, the machine plays back a passage which reveals a younger Krapp who seems to be on the brink of assimilating and bringing together his conscious and unconscious experiences. The listening Krapp, whose condition testifies that he never achieved that state of wholeness, still resists such an encounter; he moves the tape ahead in an impatient gesture which reflects his determination to keep the two sides of himself separate.

Beckett's lighting directions for the play set up a visual link between past and present. As the voice from the past, on Krapp's thirty-ninth birthday, expresses satisfaction with the new light that holds back the darkness, the stage scene before our eyes reveals that Krapp still wards off the darkness with a "strong white light" (K.L.T., p.9). Yet, in the past, he still had the courage to explore the darkness: "I love to get up and move about in it, then back here to...(hesitates)...me. (Pause) Krapp." (K.L.T., p.11). The division between the light and darkness images the division in Krapp himself. He seems to sense that something of himself is located in the darkness and hesitates to identify his total self, "me", with the world of light. The traditional associations of darkness and light with the unconscious and conscious sides of being suggest that in finally associating himself with the light, Krapp is turning away from his darker side. There is an ambiguous tone to the utterance of his name,

"Krapp", as it could be an affirmation of the external identity or an ironic value judgment on his definition of self.

The tape indicates that the younger Krapp was blessed with all the external conditions which are conducive to creative awareness, and the image of a woman emphasizes that the responsibility for failure lies with Krapp himself. As he sits in solitude, with closed eyes in the "extraordinary silence" (K.L.T., p.12), he realizes that he cannot hear "old Miss McGlome" who "always sings at this hour" (K.L.T., p.12). Her songs were "songs of her girlhood", expressions of her very roots. Krapp realizes that he has never sung and states that he never will; he lacks the inner music, the awareness of the roots of his being which can emerge in song.

Now the play centres on two passages dominated by the images of his mother and his lover. Between these two passages is the record of a moment of spiritual awareness which Krapp refuses to hear. From the juxtaposition of these three passages, it becomes clear that Krapp's spiritual destitution is the result of an essential lack in him.

He listens to the account, on the recorder, of the day of his mother's death, described in scenic detail. We hear the description of the house on the canal, the cold wind, the child's carriage which he associates with a hearse, the white starched uniform of the child's nurse, who threatens to call a policeman when he speaks to her. He sits, "wishing she were gone" (K.L.T., p.14); the moment of death is captured in the memory of his hand holding "a small, old, black, hard,

solid rubber ball" (K.L.T., p.14). The whole experience of his mother's death is retrieved through external details; no image of his mother herself is ever presented except through association of her black widow's weeds with the "vidua-bird". Even that is an association which he picks up, not from his own imagination, but from the dictionary. The significance of the mother image as an archetype of the unconscious is lost on Krapp. It is at this point that the dramatic conflict between man and machine begins.

Following the death of his mother, Krapp records that he experienced "spiritually a year of profound gloom and indigence" (K.L.T., p.15) which ends with an experience of spiritual insight: "This is what I have chiefly to record this evening, against the day when my work will be done and perhaps no place left in my memory, warm or cold, for the fire that set it alight" (K.L.T., p.15). What that spark was, whether the physical death of his mother forced him to seek her image within so that in the process he found another dimension to his own being we never discover. The old Krapp rejects such revelation. He winds the tape forward and as he repeatedly switches on at the wrong place the machine continues to present the record of some spiritual revelation which has been suppressed and which Krapp continues to suppress. Ironically, the machine, Krapp's extension of his outer self, becomes an instrument through which the contents of the inner self try to surface: "clear to me at last the dark I have always struggled to keep under is in reality my most - (Krapp curses, switches off, winds tape forward, switches on again)" (K.L.T., p.15). Finally Krapp finds the place on the tape he wants, the account of the woman in the boat. Boat, lake, sun, a scratch on the woman's thigh -

these things blend into an externalized image of desire. Union with the woman remains at the level of the physical. The old Krapp's tribute to the woman is made in terms reminiscent of Aragon's tribute to woman as the substitute for all forms: "The eyes she had! ... Everything there, everything on this old muckball, all the light and dark and famine and feasting of ... (hesitates) ... the ages!" (K.L.T., p.17). Yet Fanny, the "bony old ghost of a whore" (K.L.T., p.17), serves the same purpose for the old Krapp, as a means of satisfying what is nothing more than physical need, unrelated to the inner need of the spiritual self.

The balance of inner and outer need is never achieved by Krapp; the object of desire is always an external one. He fails to make the inward journey because he fails to see the relationship between his particular, external experience and the universal inner experience. The image of woman as it is stored on his tape-recorder never becomes related to the archetypal image of woman which is stored in the human unconscious.

The closing scene is a moving visual presentation of a divided man. The expressions of need of the inner and outer man end up recorded on separate tapes. For a brief moment, Krapp, on a fresh tape, explores and records images from his past, images of being, links to the essential self: "Be again in the dingle on a Christmas Eve, gathering holly, the red-berried, in the haze, with the bitch, stop and listen to the bells. (Pause.) Be again, be again. (Pause.) All that old misery. (Pause.) Once wasn't enough for you. (Pause.) Lie down across her" (K.L.T., p.18). As the series of images bring him back to the woman, he fails again to see her as a link to "being";

he separates inner and outer need, wrenches off the tape and throws away the murmurings of the inner self, recorded on the last tape. He puts the old tape back on the machine, and listens to the record of the satisfaction of external need until the words end, and the tape runs on in silence because there is no more to be said by man or machine.

Happy Days marks a new development in the treatment of the image of woman in Beckett's plays. In Waiting for Godot, woman is present, paradoxically, only through absence. She is evoked through the allusive associations in the language and setting, as an image lurking in the shadows of evening where Estragon dreams the dreams which Vladimir is afraid to hear. Nell, in Endgame, is a visible reality as a character in the play, but as an image of woman she is a decaying remnant of a discarded past, rejected by the desolate human to whom she gave life. In Krapp's Last Tape, the images of woman are presented as they exist for Krapp, externalized on his recorder. Because he never seeks them within himself, they cannot function as the link between his inner and outer being. The result is evident in his meagre creative output and his inability, in the end, to express anything.

Winnie, in Happy Days, is a visible, real stage entity, a character with a psyche of her own, whose conscious and unconscious processes are revealed to us by her own words and actions. She is projected as an image of a woman engaged in a struggle to keep a grip on her conscious self and on the world of external reality. But unlike Krapp, Winnie reaches out to the world and its objects, not because she denies the inner world, but because it threatens to engulf her and,

aware of the needs of both inner and outer being, she seeks to define that being in both worlds.

The struggle is represented visually in the setting - the blazing light of the visible world is opposed to the darkness of the unseen world below. To exist totally in either world would mean a loss of part of the self, so that the bell which refuses to let her close her eyes to the unrelenting sunlight is as much a menace as the mound which threatens to engulf her.

The stage presence of Winnie is a provocative blend of the typical and the unique. Beckett leaves no question of her femininity - he is specific about the preferred appearance and costume: "Winnie. About fifty, well preserved, blond for preference, plump, arms and shoulders bare, low bodice, big bosom, pearl necklet" (H.D., p.7). Her opening routine could be a scene anywhere. She rummages in her big bag as millions of women rummage in big bags, examines herself for signs of aging, grooms herself for the day and calls "Hoo-oo" to a sleeping husband. But all this typical activity is carried on by a woman buried up to her waist in a mound of earth, an image which mirrors nothing from the world of human actuality. It is that image which compels us to seek meaning, to see Winnie, not just as a particular character in the world of the play, but as representative of some universal reality.

The basic aspects of the archetypal woman are discernible in the portrayal of Winnie. If ever the term "earth mother" could be applied to anyone, it surely is appropriate to Winnie emerging from her mound of earth. Her attitude to Willie in Act I alternates between that of a mother to a son and a woman to a husband or lover.

She nags and fusses, supervises his dressing, worries about his sunburn, directs his crawl from cave to mound. At one point, admiring the view of him lying on his stomach with his chin on his hands, she sounds like a doting mother admiring a typical baby picture, but minutes later she addresses him as her love and wonders if he found her "lovable once" (H.D., p.31).

In her effort to keep contact with Willie through language, Winnie quotes passages from literary works. Often, these passages evoke an image of a female figure, so that Winnie becomes linked to women who have embodied the female archetype in literature. Frequently, too, there is a significant parallel between the setting in which we see Winnie and the setting for the quoted passage. Her first quotation, from Paradise Lost,[30] links her to Eve and her responsibility for the "lasting woes". Winnie's faulty memory replaces the "dear bought with lasting woes" of Milton's passage with "something lasting woes" (H.D., p.14), which seems to suppress the awareness of responsibility. But the visual setting reminds us that man still pays the price of that first fall. Another reference "Ensign crimson" and "Pale flag" links her to Juliet.[31] But young love is a thing of the past for Winnie, and the bloom of youth cannot be recovered with a lipstick. Even more ironically, the quoted passage is spoken while Juliet lies in a tomb, but still lives. Winnie's mound is a version of that monument of living death. As Winnie speculates about the possibility of being left without Willie, her only human contact, she cannot imagine what she would do other than "sigh into my looking glass" (H.D., p.21). There is an echo of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" in this line, alone in her tower, cut off from the outside world and conscious only of

reflected images. Winnie is trapped in her own "tower", and desperately tries to hold on to her sense of what is real. Knowing that she is seen and heard is important to her belief in her own existence, and in testing Willie's ability to hear her she quotes a line from Cymbeline. The lines quoted are spoken at Imogen's tomb, by her brothers, who think she is dead when she is not. Although in its immediate context it seems like heavy irony, emphasizing the misery of Winnie's condition, it provides a note of hope as a foreshadowing of Act II when Winnie needs to believe that Willie's silence and stillness do not necessarily mean that he is dead. Eve, Juliet, Ophelia, Viola, Imogen, Tennyson's Lady of Shalott; all women who evoke associations of love, death, madness; of towers, tombs and monuments; of confusion of inner and outer reality. Winnie's "classics" link her to the image of woman in literature; she takes her place in the tradition of the eternal feminine.

Not to be ignored in a discussion of Winnie as an image embodying the attributes of the archetypal woman are the analogies with Jung's "Anima" theory. Jung called the archetypal image of the feminine the "anima" and defined it, basically, as the female element in the male unconscious and the "animus" as the male element in the female unconscious:

> The anima is a personification of all feminine psychological tendencies in a man's psyche, such as vague feelings and moods, prophetic hunches, receptiveness to the irrational, capacity for personal love, feeling for nature, and -last but not least - his relation to the unconscious. It is no mere chance that in older times priestesses (like the Greek Sibyl) were used to fathom the divine will and to make connection with the gods.[32]

Happy Days would provide extensive material for Jungian analysis.[33] Willie, as image, can be seen as the link between Winnie's conscious

and unconscious self, her animus, not clearly projected until the end of the play.

Throughout the continuous chatter of the first act there are frequent references which suggest this psychological relationship between Willie and Winnie and point to her timeless dilemma - the need to know who she is in relation to what she perceives as real. In the world of time and space she seeks to realize her being in remembering the past, experiencing the present, and preparing for the future. When that world fails as a dependable measure of her being, she seeks it in the inner world of her imagination, through her story-telling. When the bell rings, compelling Winnie to engage in the limited, but nevertheless incessant activity of her day, she turns to the bag of props which allow her to keep busy even if she has to read a tooth-brush handle. The difficulty of arousing Willie from sleep leads her to refer to his unconscious state as a "Wonderful gift" (H.D., p.12). Winnie's continual insistence that Willie keep to her right side has associations with her struggle to retain a hold on conscious reality. Beckett directs specifically that Willie is asleep on her "right" at the opening of the first act and emerges "from the right" at the end of the second. A psychoanalytic critic might see this as an invitation to look beyond the immediate image of an irritable woman to consider the image of a woman in a state of crisis regarding the balance of her conscious and unconscious being: "Among other things, "right" means, psychologically, the side of consciousness, of adaptation, of being right, while left signifies the sphere of the unadapted, unconscious reactions or sometimes even of something sinister".[34] If Winnie's insistence that Willie keep to the right is linked to an

unspoken need to project his image from her unconscious into her consciousness, at the same time it keeps her on the side of his unconscious, part of his spiritual self, and not just part of his external world.

Throughout Act I, Willie remains in the cave of Winnie's unconscious self; she sees him dimly, not clearly in her conscious world. In Act II, she is deeper into the darkness, the unconscious, imbedded up to her neck. Structurally, the play follows the pattern for the achievement of creative recognition which allows the projection of the unconscious contents of the mind into consciousness. Through the creative activity of the unconscious, the archetypes are brought out into the conscious world and the self is recognized for what it is.[35] Her new physical limitations curtail Winnie's ability to engage in the incessant activity of Act I, and Willie can be neither seen nor heard. The situation is a stage representation of the inertia which Jung says always precedes the moment of creative recognition. Winnie is driven within herself; forced to make use of whatever images lie within her imagination.

She uses the story to explore the fears that lurk in her unconscious; all the demons within her are embodied in the mouse and the story culminates in a scream as Winnie confronts them. The experience releases a series of memories which evidently carry her back to her wedding day: "That day. (Pause) The pink fizz. (Pause) The flute glasses. (Pause.) The last guest gone. (Pause.) the last bumper with the bodies nearly touching. (Pause) The look." (H.D., p.60)

This probing of her unconscious brings forth concrete images, associative images of the champagne, the glasses and guests. Now the

most important image of all emerges into her conscious world - Willie, dressed in wedding regalia, the projected animus, is seen clearly. Even the ambiguity introduced by the presence of the gun and Beckett's direction that Willie is "dressed to kill" has archetypal associations. Has Willie emerged to embrace Winnie as the image of his recognized anima, or to slay her as the image of the terrible Great Mother?

There is no ambiguity in his final act. He names her - "Win". He gives her the gift of identity, of being, of the recognition of one human being by another. The momentary joy of knowing who she is and that she sees and is seen releases a love song, complete and clearly heard, from within Winnie's buried heart.[36] As character, she is a woman whose animus is clearly projected in Willie. At the same time she is the woman who embodies his anima. The final scene of Happy Days is in the dramatic tradition of a 'recognition scene'. Through the central image of a woman, Beckett dramatizes the need for recognition of the unconscious side of the self. It is a two-way dramatization; Winnie as character must recognize an image and Winnie as image must be recognized. As she and Willie look upon each other in the final scene, we cannot help but be aware of Beckett's "trompe-l'oeil cloth" of earth and sky, traditional symbols of the material and spiritual worlds, "receding to meet in far distance" (H.D., p.7).

Psychoanalytical analogies reinforce the sense that in Happy Days Beckett has given essential being external form. He has shaped a world and peopled it with characters who are "to be looked at and listened to" (D...B.V..J., p.243). In Winnie, he has presented the image of a woman groping for her own being; her relationship with Willie is an image of that need which Beckett said was the source of

all art. The final recognition involves both a sense of self and a sense of other, awareness of separation and awareness of a need to come together. Winnie belongs in the long line of women figures who make up the literary tradition of the archetypal woman, the eternal feminine. She is an image of many women of the time,

The two women in Play are part of a conventional triangle, mistress, wife and husband. There is a Dantesque quality to the representation of what seems to be their eternal damnation. They are isolated from each other in three clay urns, unaware of each other's presence. The play soon reveals that they are isolated also from themselves, although they are aware of some need that they cannot express. Their spiritual bankruptcy is the result of having lived their lives at that surface level where only external need is recognized, that need which "in its haste to be abolished cannot pause to be stated".[37] Now they are doomed to endless repetition, through language, of their outer experience in a world where they knew only the boredom of living. The first woman, W1, states near the end that "silence and darkness were all I craved" (Play, p.59). But she looks for them as something to be bestowed from without, never turning to her inner self to find them because she has never been aware of that self. Out of the stark reality of the world of Play, she projects an image of non-being, not the inner "nothing" which is more real than the external something, but the lack of "being" which is the result of a divided self.

Come and Go, a five minute "dramaticule", features three women who have spent their lives denying the change which is the key to self-awareness. We are conscious of them as characters who are dim realities in the play world and as images of women who grope after

being but cannot locate it. They are women in the process of separating and coming together, moving in and out of the darkness, becoming aware of the change in the other, but not in the self. Their inner world and their outer world remain separate, unrelated, so that they do not emerge as fully realized human beings. This state of unrealized potential is projected theatrically in the dull shades of usually bright colours, the dim light, the shaded faces and the monotone voices. The paradoxical method of Waiting for Godot is repeated; this image of woman as incomplete is communicated through the absence of man. Jung's animus is suggested in the reference to dreams of love; their internal image of man has never been realized in the external world.

The image of woman is implied as an essential presence even in the thirty second dramatization Breath, through the birth cry which is heard. The brief time allotted to man between the birth cry and the death cry is represented theatrically through the sound effects, but whether the stage full of miscellaneous rubbish represents the garbage dump of a world into which he has been born, or the rag-and-bone shop of the heart where he must search for the roots of his being before he ceases to exist, is not certain.

After experimenting with form in the distilled prose of the late 1960's, Beckett turned again to the dramatic genre for his last published work, Not I. There he creates the image of a woman confronting her unconscious for the first time and dramatizes her struggle to express what she finds there. Woman is the key image in the play, but visually we see only her mouth; through which streams the contents of her inner world. On the other side of the stage stands a silent,

shrouded figure, looming large in the darkness. In seemingly disconnected fragments, the mouth spills out a story in the third person, about a woman who has an uncontrollable compulsion to speak:

> ... mouth on fire ... stream of words ... in her ear ... practically in her ear ... not catching the half ... not the quarter ... no idea what she's saying ... imagine! ... no idea what she's saying! ... and can't stop ... no stopping it ... she who but a moment before ... but a moment! ... could not make a sound ... no sound of any kind ... now can't stop ... imagine! ... can't stop the stream ... and the whole brain begging ... something begging in the brain ... begging the mouth to stop (Not I, pp.6-7).

This woman's life is placed vividly before us in fifteen draining minutes, from birth to age seventy. A premature female child, she was abandoned by her father after her conception and by her mother after her birth. She seems to have been raised in a Christian orphanage where, along with "other waifs", she was taught to believe in a "merciful God" and raised without love but with a strong sense of guilt for sins which she cannot identify. She lived in a small community called "Crokers Acres", did her shopping in a large supermart and walked a lot. On one occasion she had to appear in court on some unspecified charge. It is the portrait of a lady whose life seems to have proceeded as a matter of habitual routine. Yet always there was the buzzing in her head and sudden flashes of light for which she could not discover the source until one day, "coming up to seventy", she discovered that words were coming, compelled by the images which flickered in her mind. The urge to express had come upon her in the past, at moments when the conditions for creative awareness were right, "always winter some strange reason ... the long evenings ... hours of darkness" (Not I, p.10). Until now, the urge to express has never resulted in expression. We witness the struggle with language as

she tries to shape her experience of the external world into an account in the third person, a creative act. The archetypal images which are part of her inner world, images of infancy, pastoral innocence, spring rebirth, become confused with the experiential images which have always dominated her consciousness. This is a drama of a woman undergoing the suffering of being, discovering her inner self for the first time.

She denies the auditor's suggestion that her story is autobiographical and insists that it is the story of another. There is a striking parallel between her resistance of this shadow figure as a corrective and Jung's description of the function of the "shadow" in the unconscious. In Jung's theory the "shadow" functions to help the external consciousness adapt in a better way to unconscious factors. Often "the shadow figure contains valuable, vital forces that ought to be assimilated into actual experience and not repressed. It is up to the ego to give up its pride and to live out something that seems to be dark but actually may not be."[38]

The woman insists on "she" - the "Not I" is implied. The dark figure raises its arms in "a gesture of helpless compassion" (Not I, p.11), a silent witness, as is the audience, to one of those "perilous zones in the life of an individual, dangerous, precarious, painful, mysterious and fertile, when for a moment the boredom of living is replaced by the suffering of being" (Proust, p.8). Ibsen tried to give dramatic expression to the plight of the nineteenth century woman through his Nora, and Hedda Gabler. Beckett pleads no particular causes, but the disembodied mouth of Not I, disassociated from any particular time or place, expresses the creative need of Everywoman.

Beckett's images of woman, endowed with a being of their own in an imagined world with its own laws, express realities old and new. The traditional associations of the woman image, literary and psychological, are evoked, manipulated, sometimes reversed. Ultimately, the woman in Beckett's works emerges as an individual, isolated, divided, driven by need, seeking to be whole. Madeleine Renaud, the French actress who played Winnie, summed up the effect of Beckett's representations of woman: "I do not know what Beckett thinks of women, but I know that he understands them profoundly from the inside. If his plays manage to affect us and move us, it is because Beckett, in spite of his modesty, manages to express his immense compassion for all human life."[39]

CHAPTER III

THE CIRCLE

The narrator of The Lost Ones describes a cylindrical world which had a beginning at some point in the "unthinkable past" (L.O., p.63) and will proceed towards "the unthinkable end" (L.O., p.60). The impression communicated by the narrator is one of a world with order and pattern, a self-contained circle where there are "certitudes to be found" (L.O., p.42). Exact dimensions are given, "fifty metres round and eighteen high for the sake of harmony" (L.O., p.7);[1] a precise inventory, "only objects fifteen single ladders" (L.O., p.17); and a population census, "one body per square metre or two hundred bodies in all round numbers" (L.O., p.13). There is a detailed account provided of the cyclical patterns of light and heat in the environment as well as of the behavioural laws which spring from accepted conventions of "obscure origin" (L.O., p.21). The cyclical patterns observable in the environment however, are patterns over which the human inhabitants have no control and the apparent order to their lives arises out of extrinsic habit, not out of intrinsic harmony. The three zones in the cylinder are marked by "imaginary frontiers invisible to the eye of the flesh" (L.O., p.43), and their existence is due to the habit of circular motion in two opposite directions into which the inhabitants have fallen, as if in instinctive imitation of some ideal "perpetuum mobile". It is an order which seeks to deny "the mess" -

the physical suffering, the spiritual longing, the futile searching. Paradoxically, the order itself, a meaningless repetition of monotonous patterns, broken by occasional spectacles of love or violence, is "the mess". Beckett encloses a time and habit ridden race within a round world which reflects nothing of the original perfection associated with circularity since "Plato's round that was there in the beginning".[2] Like Plato's round, described in the Timaeus, Beckett's cylindrical world is a fictional cosmology, but unlike Plato's narrator, Timaeus, Beckett's narrator offers no account of how his visionary world came to be. Plato's Demiurge "took over all that is visible - not at rest but in discordant and unordered motion - and brought it from disorder into order" by fashioning a world "rounded and spherical - a figure the most perfect and uniform of all", a world where "like moves toward like".[3]

In a discussion of the circle as an archetypal image of original perfection, Erich Neumann states:

> Circle, sphere and round are all aspects of the self-contained, which is without beginning and end; in its preworldly perfection it is prior to any process, eternal, for in its roundness there is no before and no after, no time; and there is no above and no below, no space. All this can only come with the coming of light, of consciousness, which is not yet present; now all is under sway of the unmanifest godhead, whose symbol is therefore the circle.
>
> The round is the egg, the nucleus of the beginning, and the germ from which, as humanity teaches everywhere, the world arises. It is also the perfect state in which the opposites are united - the perfect beginning because the opposites have not yet flown apart and the world has not yet begun, the perfect end because in it the opposites have come together again in a synthesis and the world is once more at rest.[4]

The circular world of The Lost Ones is not an ideal round, but a cylinder, a figure definitively associated with geometry and mechanics, with measurement and machines, with a man made structure. If there

ever was a "perfect beginning", it has long since become the "unthinkable past" (L.O., p.63), and the opposites evidently have "flown apart", for the process of striving to be whole again goes on and on as the "lost bodies roam each searching for its lost one" (L.O., p.7) without knowing what it is that they have lost.

The archetypal associations of the circle image reinforce the sense conveyed by the image of woman that what is lost is contact with the inner self, the creative, spiritual self, and that each individual must, ultimately, find that region of his being himself.

One striking parallel between Plato's round world of original perfection and Beckett's cylindrical and less than perfect modifier, is the emphasis in both works on the eyes. In the perpetual light of the cylinder, Beckett's searchers, both the mobile and the sedentary, "devour" everything about them with their eyes. The persistent light seems to compel them to keep their eyes open, with destructive results:

> Light in a word that not only dims but blurs into the bargain. It might safely be maintained that the eye grows used to these conditions and in the end adapts to them were it not that just the contrary is to be observed in the slow deterioration of vision ruined by this fiery flickering murk and by the incessant straining for ever vain with concomitant moral distress and its repercussion on the organ. And were it possible to follow over a long enough period of time eyes blue for preference as being the most perishable they would be seen to redden more and more in an ever widening glare and their pupils little by little to dilate till the whole orb was devoured (L.O., pp.38-9).

In Beckett's world, the constant focussing of the eyes on the exterior light brings about deterioration. In Plato's world, there is an emphasis on the correspondence between inner and outer light and on the eyes as the link between the two:

> First of the organs they (the gods) fabricated the eyes to bring us light, and fastened them there for the reason I will now describe. Such fire as has the property, not of burning but of yielding a gentle

light, they contrived should be the proper body of each day. For the pure fire within us is akin to this, and they caused it to flow through the eyes, making the whole fabric of the eyeball and especially the central part, smooth and close in texture, so as to let nothing pass that is of courser stuff, but only fire of this description to filter through pure by itself. Accordingly, whenever there is daylight round about, the visual current issues forth, like to like, and coalesces with it and is formed into a single homogeneous body in a direct line with the eyes, in whatever quarter the stream issuing from within strikes upon any object it encounters outside.[5]

When daylight has departed in Plato's world, the visual ray from within is cut off by the closing of the eyelids, which seems to be a pre-requisite for a creative process which ensues: "For when the eyelids, the protection devised by the gods for vision, are closed, they confine the power of the fire inside, and this disperses and smooths out the motions within, and then quietness ensues."[6] This visual fire confined inside can then "give rise to images ... the images which are copies created inside and then remembered when we awake in the world outside."[7]

In the perpetual light of Beckett's cylinder, all the eyes, except those of the "vanquished", remain open, seeking the "like", the lost one, in the external light. But in the round of original perfection, the "like" was to be found within, in the inner fire. This analogical association of the circle image suggests a possible meaning similar to that suggested by the image of woman through "the woman vanquished". Closed eyes, the mark of the vanquished in the cylinder, were the pre-requisite for the emergence of inner images in Plato's round. It is made clear in the text of The Lost Ones that to conclude that the vanquished have closed their eyes because they are blind would be a "mistaken conclusion" (L.O., p.39). Ironically, the narrator states that this would be the conclusion of a thinking person "coldly intent on all these data and evidence" (L.O., p.39), which

is a description of himself. The associations of blindness itself with insight are lost on him as he hastens to assert that the vanquished are not blind. Dante, in the Paradiso, a work with which Beckett is thoroughly familiar, had to lose his sight temporarily, and discover that goodness and truth were within him, before he could turn his eyes on the source of all truth.[8] The closed eyes of the vanquished, then, could be an image of withdrawal, withdrawal into the round of their own mind, where they can create a world within.

The ironic contrast between the circle of original perfection and the circle of Beckett's cylinder makes it impossible to assert that, out of the darkness and silence which is "the last state of the cylinder" (L.O., p.63), a new world will emerge, or that we are witness to what Neumann called the perfect end where "the world is once more at rest". But in The Lost Ones, the last man's searching probe of the infinite reaches of inner space, through the red-haired woman's eyes, does precede that state of rest and silence, the still point for that turning world, when creation, perhaps, can begin anew.

Beckett perceives the mechanical mess of human life. In The Lost Ones he has found a circular form to accommodate it. The trapped beings who seek a way out instinctively move in circular patterns, which are linked to the round of original perfection when the opposites were united and the inner and outer worlds of being were in harmony. Jung has commented that there is a felt need in man to reshape his world but that "as any change must begin somewhere, it is the single individual who will experience it and carry it through".[9] He recalls a question asked of a rabbi as to why God no longer speaks to men and the rabbi's answer that there is no longer anybody who will

how low enough. Beckett, in his vision of a suffering world, where the final darkness might be the unending darkness of the void, points to the responsibility of each individual for shaping his own freedom. His five "vanquished" who are, as the first to close their eyes, the instigators of change in the cylinder, are "as a rule profoundly bowed" (L.O., p.31). Perhaps they are bowed so as to hear better, if not the voice of God-the creator, the voice of man the creator.

In two pieces of short prose written shortly before The Lost Ones, Beckett makes use of variations of circle and square to form images of inner and outer being. These works convey a sense of the need to bring those two worlds into contact, and of the consequences of a failure to do so.

In Imagination Dead Imagine, a narrator does just what the title commands -- tries to imagine in a world where imagination is dead. He commands himself to imagine in much the same way as Winnie, in Happy Days, commands herself to begin her day. At first he proclaims that there is no trace anywhere of life. The cliche images of the poetic imagination "islands, waters, azure, verdure" (I.D.I., p.7) are all vanished. What emerges in the cleared space of the imagination is a small white rotunda, "diameter three feet, three feet from ground to summit of the vault" (I.D.I., p.7), a perfect round. This rotunda is divided into two semicircles, in which recline "two white bodies, each in its semicircle" (I.D.I., p.7), later identified as male and female. Forced to imagine, then, without the conventional images of the imagination, the narrator finds within himself the primordial images of original being, the eternal round and the male and female, the world parents. However, his conscious, empirical, outer self dominates,

and he tries to apply the methods of scientific objectivity to describe his vision. The style becomes much like that of The Lost Ones as he reports on the geometric structure, "two diameters at right angles AB CD divide the white ground into two semicircles ACB BDA" (I.D.I., p.7), and the cyclical patterns of light and heat. As he gets more engrossed in the details of scientific observation, apparently the narrator loses sight of the rotunda and its occupants. The images are then "rediscovered miraculously ... externally all is as before and the sighting of the little fabric quite as much a matter of chance" (I.D.I., p.11). He concludes that they are alive because they sweat and, "Hold a mirror to their lips, it mists" (I.D.I., p.12). But, because he continues to cling to the data of consciousness, the narrator finally loses sight of the rotunda and its inhabitants forever. For a brief moment, in a space cleared of the cliches which clutter the imagination, he had recovered the forgotten archetypes which could have given birth to a new world in the imagination. His conscious self, too dominant, prevents him from abandoning his head to its ancient resources and the images which could have given form to a vision of life and affirmation are used to express a vision of death and negation: "No, life ends and no, there is nothing elsewhere, and no question now of ever finding again that white speck lost in whiteness, to see if they still lie still in the stress of that storm, or of a worse storm, or in the black dark for good, or the great whiteness unchanging, and if not what they are doing" (I.D.I., p.14). The narrator would prefer to think of the couple as circumscribed either in "the black dark for good" or in "the great whiteness unchanging" but, as Beckett has commented, "where we have both dark and light we have also the inexplicable".[10]

The final line in Imagination Dead Imagine, "if not, what they are doing", emphasizes the failure of the narrator to imagine what they are doing.

In Jungian terms, this failure could be attributed to a split between the conscious and unconscious self, to a one-sided development of external consciousness:

> It is the consciousness that holds the key to the values of the unconscious and that therefore plays the decisive part. Consciousness alone is competent to determine the meaning of the images and to recognize their significance for man here and now, in the concrete reality of the present. Only in the interplay of consciousness and the unconscious can the unconscious prove its value, and perhaps even show a way to overcome the melancholy of the void.[11]

The narrator can measure, establish co-ordinates, record temperatures, note physical attributes, but he cannot grasp the images which emerge from his unconscious and form them into a creative unity; his consciousness fails to grasp their significance. The circle of the imagination is not, for him, an infinite space where limitless worlds can be created, but a circle of confined space, "a ring as in the imagination the ring of bone" (I.D.I., p.8).

Ping presents us with an image of a being contained in a rectangular box where reality is "all known all white".[12] Jungian commentary on the archetypal relationship of square and circle as symbols of the inner and outer man throws some light on the possible significance of the image in Ping. As the circle is the symbol of the soul or the inner man, the square and rectangle are the symbols of the body or outer reality. In mediaeval alchemy, the squared circle was a symbol of wholeness, of body and soul or inner and outer being in a harmonious relationship.[13] Such associations suggest that the inhabitant of the rectangular box in Ping is trapped in the world of consciousness, and throughout the brief narrative there are signs that

the unconscious realm within is trying to make contact, offering its gifts, "to overcome the melancholy of the void". A periodic "ping" is the only sound in the "silence within" as images from the inner world break through into the whiteness of consciousness. The observor, like the narrators of the other prose pieces, describes the external situation of the being in the rectangle in detail. At the same time, he is aware of other "givens", black, blue, rose, - colours that stain the whiteness. Beckett's key word, "perhaps" is uttered by the conscious observor as he tries to understand what he observes - "perhaps a nature", "perhaps a meaning", "perhaps not alone". The word "image" is reiterated four times near the end of the passage, as if a groping consciousness were trying to identify the elements put before it. But the narrator never realizes that the being in the box, the colours, the sounds, are all images, fragments out of which he could construct a whole new world. Silence descends with the last "ping" and all seems to be "over". The image of the bare white body is never released from the rectangular coffin of consciousness into the eternal circle of the imagination.

The traditional associations of the circle reverberate in Beckett's work just as the associations of the woman image did. Both of these images in his late prose works express the need of humanity for an inner life. Beckett makes the circle image, too, serve the cause of ambiguity, evoking it as an image of perfection and as an image of entrapment. Like the woman image, the circle image emerges as a central means of expression in Beckett's earliest work.

A form of the circle, an egg, is the unifying image of his first published poem -- "Whoroscope". The poem begins with an

immediate reference to an egg:

> What's that?
> An egg?
> By the brothers Boot it stinks fresh,
> Give it to Gillot.
> (Wh., ll. 1-4)

In the style of Eliot's The Waste Land, Beckett supplies notes for the poem and begins with a general note regarding the reference to the egg: "Rene Descartes, Seigneur du Perron, liked his omelette made of eggs hatched from eight to ten days; shorter or longer under the hen and the result, he says, is disgusting. He kept his own birthday to himself so that no astrologer could cast his nativity. The shuttle of a ripening egg combs the warp of his days." (Wh., p.15)

In his scholarly and insightful study of the background and context of the poem, Lawrence Harvey remarks that "the poem itself is a metaphorical circle since it begins with the title Whoroscope and ends on the key word 'hour'."[14] He further observes that "the use of circularity to express stasis through repeated returns to the same point, will be much more fully developed in other works, from "Ding-Dong" to Come and Go."[15] The structural and thematic circles noted by Harvey are reinforced by the allusive circles in the content - Descartes' theories of motion, Galileo's discoveries of planetary motion, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, the seal of the Rosicrucians, and the allusion he was to use again much less overtly in Ping, Dante's "high bright rose" (Wh., 1.83). In the closing lines Beckett repeats the repetitive egg theme:

> Are you ripe at last,
> my slim pale double-breasted turd?
> How rich she smells,
> this abortion of a fledgling!
> I will eat it with a fish fork.
> White and yolk and feathers.
> (Wh., 11.85-90)

The passages dealing with the egg have punctuated the passages dealing with the development of man and in the end "the fate of the egg is the fate of man ... an abortive being in the darkness and ignorance of an egglike universe."[16]

This ironic reversal of the traditional associations of the circle image is one that recurs in the Beckett canon, resulting in the ambiguity which puts the responsibility for meaning in the mind of the perceiver. As one critic has expressed it:

> The circle has two distinct aspects. It has been often the symbol for eternity, the symbol of the indestructible. Its association with rhyme, with the notion of the timeless dance, of the end which is also a beginning, with the cycle of the seasons, has deeply involved it with the sense of renewal. Its other face is that of a trap, that of motion never fulfilled in arrival, that of the stone of Sisyphus which ends where it began, that of the jungle animal circling in its cage. It is this aspect of the circle which the Beckett protagonist endures and exploits. The whole of Beckett's work is a nightmare of wheels, fruitlessly turning in a sort of endless stasis.[17]

This is a valid observation to a great extent but if the implication of the circle image ended with the vision of man in a trap, Beckett's use of it would be hardly more creative than that of many contemporary commentators who see society imprisoned by the wheels of modern technology. Beckett's circle images have two sides to them, similar to the way in which the image of woman had both a creative and a destructive aspect. The circle as an image may point to the narrowing outer world of the Beckett protagonist, but it also points to the unlimited freedom of the inner world. The image goes much further than representing an external condition. By evoking the traditional associations of the image, associations which reach back to the earliest history of man, Beckett points to man's responsibility for his situation and to the freedom which can be found in the circle of inner reality where space is infinite and man can recover the lost archetypes. Externally, man

may be caged, but he can sing like a bird in his cage if he possesses the images which make him whole and free.

Beckett's early critical essay on Joyce, written the year before "Whoroscope", reveals his awareness of and fascination with the associative aspects of circularity. Writing on Joyce in the context of the parallels in his work with Dante, Bruno and Vico, Beckett devotes much of the essay to their sense of the circular. In elucidating Bruno's theory of contraries, Beckett observes:

> There is no difference, says Bruno, between the smallest possible chord and the smallest possible arc, no difference between the infinite circle and the straight line. The maxima and minima of particular contraries are one and indifferent. Minimal heat equals minimal cold. Consequently transmutations are circular. (D...B.V..J., p.244).

Beckett evidently made use of this theory in creating the images of his circular worlds in the late prose where the flux of life is represented by such transmutations of light and darkness, heat and cold.

Commenting in the latter essay on the influence of Vico's cyclic view of history on Joyce's Work in Progress (Finnegan's Wake) Beckett notes that: "Here is all humanity circling with fatal monotony about the Providential fulchrum - the 'convoy wheeling encirculing abound the gigatig's lifetree'" (D...B.V..J., p.246). However, it is Vico's theory of language and Joyce's use of it which interests Beckett the most. Within the monotony of the historical cycle, creative man expresses his individuality through "the fusion of primal essences into an assimilated medium for the exteriorization of thought" (D...B.V..J., p.250). The circle of history then, which time weary man often sees as a trap and a barrier to progress, can also be the circle that frees, that provides man with the archetypal models which can give his life meaning. The "primal essences" are the images which link the new to

a living tradition so that man's creative expression is more than an isolated event relevant only at a single moment in time.

In the final section of the essay, comparing Dante and Joyce, we find a clear indication of how the circle image will develop in Beckett's own work:

> A last word about the purgatories. Dante's is conical and consequently implies culmination. Mr. Joyce's is spherical and excludes culmination. In the one there is an ascent from real vegetation - Ante Purgatory, to ideal vegetation - Terrestrial Paradise: in the other there is no ascent and no ideal vegetation. ... Sin is an impediment to movement up the cone, and a condition of movement round the sphere. In what sense, then, is Mr Joyce's work purgatorial? In the absolute absence of the Absolute. Hell is the static lifelessness of unrelieved viciousness. Paradise the static lifelessness of unrelieved immaculation. Purgatory a flood of movement and vitality released by the conjunction of these two elements (D...B.V..J., p.253)

For Beckett as for Milton, the mind would seem to be its own place, and "on this earth that is purgatory" man is the "purgatorial agent" who is responsible for his own heaven or his own hell.

Beckett subtly and ingeniously presents us with a visual image of the circles of time and space and language in the title of his essay. The punctuation between the names, appears as large circular dots on the page, Dante ● ● ● Bruno ● Vico ● ● Joyce, one for each century that separates the men, circles occupying a particular visual space, signifying a wider circle of universal, invisible space.

Turning to the early fiction, we can see aspects of the circle image in such things as structure, patterns of movement, language and visual setting which will be used even more effectively in the later drama to establish a relationship between image and meaning. More Pricks than Kicks has an overall structure which draws a circle round the ten stories in the collection. The first story, "Dante and the Lobster", begins in the morning with Belacqua contemplating Dante's

canti on the moon; the last story, 'Draff', ends at night with the moon shining down on the grave where Belacqua has made his own entry into the underworld. 'Dante and the Lobster' has a similar, individual circularity of structure, as it ends with the aunt metaphorically drawing Belacqua into the underworld of her kitchen where he is as horrified to contemplate the sufferings of the lobster as Dante was to contemplate the sufferings of the damned.

The second story, 'Fingal', provides a good example of the way the circle image is manipulated in all four aspects. The setting of 'Fingal' finds Belacqua and Winnie contemplating the Irish countryside from the top of "the Hill of Feltrim," like male and female opposites at the centre of a mandala, contemplating the view at all four points of the compass.[18] The images of circle and woman take on a linked relationship with meaning. Both Belacqua and Winnie take in the surrounding landscape, circumscribed by the range of their vision. His preference is for Fingal to the east, the mythic "magic land" (M.P., p.24) lying to their left, the side of the unconscious. Winnie prefers the sensuous landscape of the west and south lying towards their right, the side of the consciousness. The "roads leading to Drogheda" (M.P., p.24) are the roads leading to the skull, to the head separated from the body.[19] Such a separation is attractive to Belacqua; for his heart lies to the east in the "Portrane Lunatic Asylum", where the inhabitants have escaped the reality of the conscious world. However, Winnie, the woman, who prefers to keep a grip on outer reality, is the only tangible link to that world for she knows "a doctor there" (M.P., p.28). As they follow the circular route around the estuary Winnie becomes his guide and means of entry into the world he desires. They proceed along

a route of gradually decreasing circles towards the centre he wants to reach. However, as they sit on the wall of the tower looking down on the patients in the asylum as they walk round and round the playground, the idea of descent into that world becomes less attractive. The circling figures below are in a cage, and Belacqua makes excuses for not going inside with Winnie and the doctor. His escape from descent into that unconscious world is expedited by means of another circle image - the wheels of the bicycle which he steals. He speeds across the landscape, aware of the flashing scene of sea, sky, field, external reality. Belacqua chooses total consciousness over total unconsciousness and in the process leaves Winnie, who is in touch with both worlds, to return as best she can.

Structurally, 'Fingal' also moves full circle. It opens with a reference to Winnie as the last girl Belacqua went with "before a memorable fit of laughing incapacitated him from gallantry for some time" (M.P., p.23), and ends with Belacqua, after his escape from Portrane, sitting in Taylor's public house, "drinking and laughing in a way that Mr Taylor did not like" (M.P., p.40). The end of the story circles back to precede the beginning like a literary uroboros.

'Ding Dong' demonstrates that the archetypal image of the circle is as much a part of the content of Belacqua's unconscious as the image of the woman is, but he is no more successful in making creative use of the former than he was in finding inspiration from the latter. Somewhere in his mind, Belacqua associates the circularity of perpetual motion with a means of escape from the world of ideas in which he is trapped by the conscious intellect:

Belacqua enlivened the last phase of his solipsism, before he toed the line and began to relish the world, with the belief that the best thing he had to do was to move constantly from place to place. He did not know how this conclusion had been gained, but that it was not thanks to his preferring one place to another he felt sure. (M.P., p.43)

Belacqua still lacks the balance of self that leads to eventual creativity, that would enable him to express himself poetically. He never makes the essential effort, as Jung said, "to determine the meaning of the images". His instinctive drive to be in motion is an extreme as one-sided as "sitting still among his ideas" (M.P., p.47), in the ego conscious world of "Ego Maximus" (M.P., p.47). The images of the circle which constantly present themselves to Belacqua can be interpreted as signs pointing to his need for wholeness of self, rather than the division of self which he constantly pursues:

> The circle ... expresses the totality of the psyche in all its aspects, including the relationship between man and the whole of nature. Whether the symbol of the circle appears in primitive sun worship or modern religion, in myths or dreams, in the mandalas drawn by Tibetan monks, in the ground plans of cities, or in the spherical concepts of early astronomers, it always points to the single most vital aspect of life - its ultimate wholeness.[20]

On the evening described in the story Belacqua evidently has undergone an experience which should prepare him to be receptive to symbols of wholeness:

> Not the least charm of this pure blank movement was its aptness to receive, with or without the approval of the subject, in all their integrity, the faint inscriptions of the outer world ... Exempt from destination, it had not to shun the unforeseen nor turn aside from the agreeable odds and ends of vaudeville that are liable to crop up (M.P., p.46).

He embarks on an undirected walk which brings him in contact with nature and finds him "emerging from the underground convenience in the maw of College Street, with a vague impression that he had come from following the sunset up the Liffey till all colour had been harried from the sky, all the tulips and aerugo expunged" (M.P., pp.46-7).

The romantic landscape, with its images of the sunset, which marks the end of the cycle of day, and of the flowers, which mark the end of a cycle of organic growth, is demolished by the sense of destruction and death in the words "harried" and "expunged".

These terms of destruction suggest in turn the cycle of life and death which all nature undergoes, man included. All the elements of the experience should stir his poetic sensibility to an awareness of the need for a dying to the conscious self, a descent into the unconscious self and a re-emergence, like the sun or the flowers, into a new creative cycle. But Belacqua's impressions are "vague" and Beckett comically undercuts his romantic use of the cyclical images by juxtaposing them with the image of Belacqua emerging out of an "underground convenience" (M.P., p.46) into the light of the neon signs. In a moment of stasis, unable to move left or right, Belacqua waits for a sign. Circular signs of conscious man are plentiful. The neon light of the Bovril sign goes "round and round, like the spheres, but mutely" (M.P., p.47) - it will not sing to Belacqua. The wheel chair of the "blind paralytic" evokes a picture of the habitual cycle of the beggar's day and this "sign" suffices to get Belacqua moving in the opposite direction.

It is in the pub that another moment of stasis overtakes him - again he finds himself unable to move and sits waiting for a sign. At this point in the story, the image of the woman again becomes linked with the image of the circle: "Heaven goes round," she said, whirling her arm, "and round and round and round and round and round" (M.P., p.56). All the circular signs to which Belacqua failed to respond with poetic insight echo over and over in the beggar woman's thrice

repeated statement that "Heaven goes round and round", and in the visual image of her whirling arm.

Belacqua closes the circle in the end as he departs for the other side of the river from whence he came, still seeking, in circles of motion and external signs, an escape from the rational processes of the conscious mind. His instinctive inclination throughout the story to move in a direction opposite to that taken by his "signs" is a sign in itself. To achieve the creative conditions he seeks, Belacqua should move in a direction opposite to the one he has chosen. The dominance of the rational consciousness can be overcome more effectively by moving, not out, but in to retrieve the archetypal images, which clearly reside in the unconscious, and shape them into new images of being.

One last example from the short stories of Beckett's use of the circle image should be discussed briefly, because, again, it is an example of the way the images of circle and woman interrelate. In 'A Wet Night' that interrelationship is enriched by evocation of a traditional and highly symbolic image of the circle - the enclosed space. We have already pointed out the links between the name of the lady, the Alba, and the medieval French poetic genre of the same name.[21] Belacqua and the Alba withdraw from the inferior social world of the Frica's party to the inner world of the Alba's house. The balance of the inner and outer self which Belacqua needs is reflected in the image of inner and outer space and the union he finds in the enclosed space of the room and the woman.

The associations of "Alba" link his situation to that of the medieval knight meeting his lady in the castle room or the enclosed

garden which was always circumscribed by a hostile world. Like the knight of the generic alba, Belacqua must emerge from "Casa Alba" in the morning. Details of His departure become comic parallels of the features of the traditional alba where lovers want to stop time and live in the eternal bliss of the enclosed union. Belacqua emerges to find that his watch has stopped. The pain of separation which the poetic lovers experience seems unprecedented and has its comic counterpart in the physical pain of Belacqua's aching feet and "such a belly-ache as he had never known" (M.P., p.113). Yet in spite of the comic treatment, the imagery of the circles of inner and outer space and the union which results from withdrawal to the inner circle reflects Belacqua's longing for creative wholeness. Medieval lovers cannot remain within their enclosed circle and man cannot remain within the inner world of the unconscious. The literary tradition points to the separation which must, inevitably, take place - the emergence into the conscious world. Belacqua's groping rediscovery of his physical self in the "darkness visible" (M.P., p.113) reflects the necessary contact with the conscious self. He becomes more conscious of what is exterior because of his experience of its opposite, the enclosed interior. This brief moment of heightened awareness is enough, for the present, to allow Belacqua, "the pain being so much better" (M.P., p.114) to move on.

The circle images in Murphy would provide enough material for a chapter in themselves. There are the cycles of time represented in his calendars and horoscopes, the patterns of movement as Murphy seeks to separate himself from the external world and as his acquaintances from that world follow his trail. The image of the circle as

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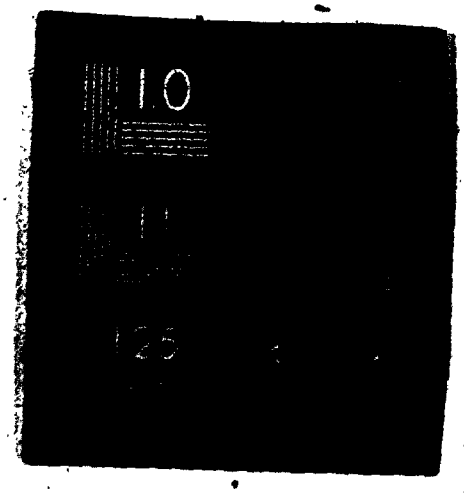

sanctuary takes on various aspects through the inner room which he shares with Celia, the enclosed garden where she wheels her grandfather in his chair and the sanatorium where Murphy finally retreats from the outer world. This final retreat underlines the withdrawal he has sought throughout the novel - into the circle of his own skull where he sees his mind as "a large hollow sphere, hermetically closed to the universe without" (Murphy, p.107). The game of chess, laid out move by move, underlines the negative aspect of circularity. Mr. Endon's intention is not to win, but to end where he began, a goal which he achieves in a circular, dance-like pattern. Murphy too, ends where he began, lashed to his rocking chair, describing the arc which he hopes will lead to complete unity. All the straining after some perfect state of being, which the circular patterns and images have reflected throughout the novel, is undercut comically in Celia's positive identification of Murphy's remains by her recognition of that distinguishing round - the huge pink birthmark on his buttocks. The final comment of the coroner regarding that mark completes the comic circle and provides an ironic perspective on the ambiguous meaning of the image: "How beautiful in a way ... birthmark deathmark, I mean, rounding off the life somehow, don't you think, full circle" (Murphy, p.267).

In the trilogy, the circle images continue to function evocatively and ambiguously. The structural pattern is one of circles within circles, beginning in the circle of Molloy's skull where he searches his memory to find his past. This mental activity takes place in the enclosed space of his mother's room and from this symbolically significant enclosure Molloy thinks his way back to the

outer world where he had ended up in a ditch. Lost in a forest in that outer world, he reasons that, in order to find his total being by getting back to his mother, he must move in circles: "Having heard that when a man in a forest thinks he is going in a straight line, in reality he is going in a circle, I did my best to go in a circle, hoping in this way to go in a straight line" (Molloy, p.85). To Molloy, a circle is the sign of perfection, something he feels compelled to seek although he has no illusions that it can be attained: "There was always present to my mind the need to turn, to keep on turning, and every three or four jerks I altered course, which permitted me to describe, if not a circle, at least a great polygon, perfection is not of this world, and to hope that I was going forward in a straight line, day and night, towards my mother" (Molloy, p.90). He emerges finally from the forest after a period when he has not opened his eyes and has moved "blindly, in the dark" (Molloy, p.91). The familiar Beckett pattern is there - archetypal images, mother and circle, lead the protagonist after a period of darkness and silence signified by closed eyes, to a vision, whether exterior or interior, of another environment. Molloy finds himself in a ditch from which he can see a rolling plain "as far as the eye could see" (Molloy, p.91); he is aware of springtime, birds, sheep, rain and sunshine. It is after this that he finds himself in his mother's room as the end of part I takes us back in a circle to the beginning.

Part II takes the structural circle further in as it becomes clear that Moran is the author of Molloy's story and that all the circles of Molloy country are images within the circle of Moran's imagination. Where Molloy relates his identity always to the mother

image, Moran's sense of himself springs from his awareness of himself as father and his son as his son, images of the masculine consciousness. Moran takes pride in his "methodical" mind and he speaks the language of reason. But this conscious, ordering being seeks to find Molloy, to shape his story, out of the images within. Moran's writing periods are always preceded by withdrawal into the inner privacy of his room, to the solitude and darkness which precede creative action. It is there that he comes into contact with the images that reside in his unconscious: "All is dark, but with that simple darkness which follows like a balm upon the great dismemberings. From their places masses move, stark as laws. Masses of what? One does not ask" (Molloy, p.110). Just as Part I circles back to its beginning because the end brings us to the point in time just preceding the beginning, so does Part II. Moran sits in his room and begins to write what he was writing at the start: "Then I went back into the house and wrote. It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows" (Molloy, p.176). But he asserts the autonomy of his text and distinguishes between inner and outer reality as he adds, "It was not midnight. It was not raining" (Molloy, p.176).

Beckett's circles in the trilogy express the need of his protagonists to be whole and the necessity for bringing the inner and outer self into contact in order to be whole. In Malone Dies, Malone is cut off completely from the outside world, even its light cannot get through his coated window. The inner world he inhabits and the external world are contingent circles, but he is unable to move from one to the other. His need for a sense of inner and outer being is reflected in his "stories"; through them he creates an inner world.

Unable to move outward, he achieves a sense of self and other by moving inward. The pattern of movement of Mahood, in The Unnamable, is a spiral, toward the rotunda where his family is enclosed, watching his approach: "so we turned in our respective orbits, I without, they within" (Un., p.318). His need to reach his family is similar to Molloy's need to reach his mother; when Mahood's spiral movement finally brings him to the rotunda, his family is no longer there, just as Molloy's mother is no longer in her room. Both seek their origins; both instinctively move in circular patterns which to them seem best suited to bring them to the centre of their existence, yet when they arrive at the centre, nothing is there.

The circle images in Beckett's novels heighten the reader's awareness of the groping after being which occupies the protagonists. Because of the archetypal nature of the image, we recognise, despite the unfamiliarity of the Beckett world, that the experience of separation and isolation, the desire for communication and union, the need for a balance of awareness of the inner and outer self, are part of the universal human situation. In the dramatic genre, the added dimensions of sight and sound increase our awareness of the image and the possibilities of its relationship to meaning.

The positive and negative aspects of the circle, as an image of wholeness or an image of entrapment, contribute to the ambiguities and ironies of Waiting for Godot. Its circular structure, a commonplace of Godot criticism, "can represent all or nothing but cannot be pegged anywhere between".[22] Within that circular structure the action is repetitive, but change does occur and there is a contrast between the effects of change on the two couples. For Vladimir and Estragon,

the organic change in the tree results in a heightening of unconscious awareness and at the end of the play they are still upright and together. Although habit has reduced their ability to choose, minimal choice is still possible for them. For Pozzo and Lucky, the change which occurs within the play's cycle is a process of decline and decay, with no hope of growth. Throughout the play, circle images underline the contrast in the two pairs of men, reflecting the degree to which the inner man has lost contact with the outer man.

All the circles connected with Pozzo and Lucky are circles that enslave and entrap. The rope that binds them is a material replacement for the spiritual link which existed between them. Looped around Lucky's neck, the rope is a circle that chokes off whatever reasons the heart might want to communicate to the head and he can utter only the language of "the skull, the skull, the skull, the skull" (W. for G., p.29). In the second act, the encircling rope still round his neck, Lucky remains tied physically to Pozzo, but the spiritual link is forever broken between Lucky, who is dumb, and Pozzo, who is blind.

Pozzo's watch is a concrete circle image which reflects his entrapment in present time because the past is insignificant. "To-morrow," he says, "I won't remember having met anyone today" (W. for G., p.57). Pozzo's vision is circumscribed, contained in the womb which is a tomb, and life is a series of unconnected events that happen because they must: "One day he went dumb, one day I went blind, one day we'll go deaf, one day we were

born, one day we shall die, the same day, the same second, is that not enough for you?" (W. for G., p.57b).

The circle of rope around Lucky's neck has a counterpart in the circle of rope around Estragon's waist. Tested as a possible instrument with which to hang themselves, it proves to be a circle of rope that is of more value around the waist than around the neck, as Estragon recovers his human dignity and pulls up his trousers.

Through the dimension of sound in the theatre, the circle contributes further to the sense of a need for a balance of the conscious and unconscious elements of being. At the beginning of Act II, the tree has "four or five leaves" (W. for G., p.37a). Vladimir is aware, unconsciously, of the change, but cannot immediately take hold of what it is with his conscious mind. But the inspirational function of the tree as a woman image persists as a presence. Vladimir tries to offset the disturbing effect of his as yet unrecognized sense of change with a song, a round, a symbol of the complete and changeless. But the language of the song defeats his purpose, for at the word tomb he "stops, broods, resumes" (W. for G., pp. 37 and 37b). The assurance of the changeless suggested by the round itself is undercut by the certainty of change suggested by the word tomb. In the poetic exchange

with Estragon (W. for G., p.40b), the tree image continues to urge them toward the awareness of change. Only when Vladimir makes a conscious effort to think his way back through the experience does he discover the image which has been trying to surface in his conscious mind: "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!" (W. for G., p.42).

Like Pozzo and Lucky, Vladimir and Estragon live from day to day, waiting out the cycle of day and night. But the experience of that brief cycle of time is contained within the larger cycle of time which contains past and future. They have a sense, as they wait, of something unfolding "in the fullness of time" (W. for G., p.52b) and within themselves they sometimes hear "all the dead voices" (W. for G., p.41b). Externally, their circle seems even narrower at the end of the play, and their options for passing time fewer. Pozzo and Lucky, for whom the shrinking of the external circle of being is matched by the shrinking of their inner being, might conceivably no longer exist as a source of diversion. But the outer contraction of Vladimir and Estragon's world seems to be compensated for, to some extent, by an inner expansion on their part. They are not entirely alienated from the cycle of nature as are Pozzo and Lucky, and they seem to recognize each other's need to know that they are there and to hope that before the earth completes another turn and the moon rises, Godot might come.

Early in the play, Estragon and Vladimir make it clear that their small cycle of stage life exists within a larger circle:

Estragon moves to centre, halts with his back to auditorium.
Estragon: Charming spot. (He turns, advances to front, halts facing auditorium.). Inspiring prospects (W. for G., p.10).

Vladimir: All the same ... that tree ... (turning towards auditorium) that bog ... (W. for G., p.10b).

As they search the horizon offstage and out front, we are made aware that their world and ours are circumscribed within a larger circle where humanity waits and hopes. Beckett echoes Shakespeare's observation that we are all on a stage, but our playing areas cannot be seen as concentric circles, because we can no longer locate a common centre.

In Endgame, we are presented with a world where, not only is man alienated from nature's cycle, but nature itself has become linear, moving inexorably and finally toward decay:

Clov: There's no more nature.
Hamm: No more nature! You exaggerate.
Clov: In the vicinity.
Hamm: But we breathe, we change! We lose our hair, our teeth! Our bloom! Our ideals!
Clov: Then she hasn't forgotten us. (E., p.11)

The loss of the natural cycle with its pattern of renewal and rebirth has resulted in the loss of the circle as an archetypal model for man's artefacts so that there is a repetitive denial of circular forms in the play. The bicycle wheels which could carry Belacqua Shuah flying across the countryside until his "sadness fell from him" (M.P., p.35), have been replaced by the small castors, good only for wheeling Hamm around his enclosed room. Clov tells Hamm that there are "no more bicycle wheels" (E., p.8) and Hamm knows that to go "right round the world ... we'd need a proper wheel-chair. With big wheels. Bicycle wheels!" (E., p.25).

It is Clov who asserts the absence of any circular form or

pattern. He denies the existence of nature, tides or wheels, and is upset by the appearance of a flea or a child, either of which might start the vicious circle of humanity turning again. His denial of circular forms is reflected in his person and his kitchen. He is unable to bend his stiff, straight body, so that a curved position is impossible for him. He occupies a cubicle kitchen "ten feet by ten feet by ten feet", which he evaluates as having "nice dimensions, nice proportions" (E., p.2), a perfect square of conscious, external order which offsets the flux of an ever turning universe.

Clov's concern with external order is paralleled by Hamm's "prolonged creative effort" (E., p.61) to tell a story. His difficulty in expressing is linked to his loss of contact with the essential images of the inner self. He has lost touch with the roots of his being which would foster creative expression; just as his discarded mother and the rejected "Mother Pegg" represent the forgotten woman archetype, so the loss of the circle archetype is represented in the denial of circularity in the play. Hamm has an instinctive sense that he must keep a grip on the circle image and clings to the illusion that he occupies the exact centre of a perfect round:

Hamm: Take me for a little turn.
Not too fast.
Right round the world!
Hug the walls, then back to the center again.
I was right in the center, wasn't I?
(E., p.25)

The circle as an image of perfection and completion is evoked as an ironic contrast to the actuality of the vicious circle where Hamm endures his isolated existence. This particular irony is reinforced through another concrete circle image - Clov's telescope. Through

the circle of its lens, he commands a view of the exterior world, the parched earth and the grey, lifeless sea, encircled wastelands. Beckett again reminds us that we are included in the vicious circle of humanity. Standing on his ladder, Clov turns that telescope on the auditorium, and states that he sees "a multitude ... in transports ... of joy" (E. p.29), a pointed reminder of the gap between what is circled by the telescope lens and the circle of celestial perfection implied by his words.

Hamm's limited mobility and blind eyes make him dependent on Clov for knowledge of the external world. Starved for images with which to give form to his story, Hamm anxiously prods Clov, hoping for new inspiration: "a sail? A fin? Smoke? ... No gulls" (E., p.30); "how are the waves?" (E., p.31). Clov, however, relays only basic, empirical information, co-ordinates, degrees of light, topological descriptions. He will state only what he observes and cannot communicate images which he does not observe.

The images which Hamm needs to create could be found within himself and another concrete circle image indicates the root of his dilemma. On the stage throughout the play are two cylinders, the ashbins which contain Nagg and Nell. In those circular containers are the remnants of the past which Hamm needs to stir his dying imagination. His blindness should direct him to the archetypal images which are within him, but instead he depends on Clov, whose existence is defined in straight lines and squares, symbols of the external self, and who denies circularity, symbol of the inner self. A suppressing consciousness, Clov comes to put the lid on Nagg and Nell, cutting Hamm off from his roots.

Unconsciously, Hamm seems to want a link with the past, and to need a belief in some form of cyclical return. He protests against all of Clov's denials of circularity, feels nostalgic about the old questions and the old answers, and cannot bring himself to screw down the lids of the ashbins, severing all contact with the parents they contain (E., p.24).

Limited to the mirrored images which Clov relays to him, Hamm fails to discover the images that lie within and so in a sense fails to provide a balance for Clov as well. Hamm's story contains only the stark images which Clov sees already in the external world. His narrator merely reiterates Clov's denial of cyclical renewal when Hamm has him explain: "But what in God's name do you imagine? That the earth will awake in spring? That the rivers and seas will run with fish again?" (E., p.53). A counterpart of the madman whom Hamm describes as one who could not see the loveliness before him, Clov says of the earth, "I never saw it lit" (E., p.81). Hamm's creative imagination, enriched by the images that lie within, could have been the lamp to light it.[23]

In closing the dramatic circle of Endgame, Beckett reminds us again of the larger circle in which it is contained, as Hamm throws his whistle toward the audience. If play is to continue, someone must pick up the whistle and blow it. We are reminded of Beckett's statement in his essay on Joyce, about the implications of Vico's cyclical theory. When we have a sense of life as a cycle we are aware that "the individual and the universal cannot be considered as distinct from each other" (D...B.V..J., p.244). The strangeness of Hamm's world helps us to keep ourselves distanced from it, but as we view the stillness of the "Brief

tableau" at the end, our inclusion in the circle through the throwing of the whistle makes us uncomfortably aware that for us too "the vicious circule of humanity is being achieved" (D...B.V..J., p.253).

In Krapp's Last Tape, our attention is focused on concrete juxtaposed images of square and circle by the first words Krapp speaks: "Box ... three ... spool ... five" (K.L.T., p.10), a combination of words which he repeats four times in the opening passage. Twice Krapp revels in the sound of the word "spool", emphasizing its roundness, "spooool" (K.L.T., p.10). It is a word whose form images its meaning and Krapp's delight in it gives a hint of a poetic spirit which will prove to have been buried by a classified and mechanized life. In the juxtaposition of the rectangular "box three" and the circular "spool five" we are given a visual and verbal, concrete image of the separated elements of Krapp's being, a separation which has brought him to the condition in which we find him. The traditional significance of circle and square as symbols, respectively, of the inner, creative self, and the outer, ordering self, is supported by Beckett's choice of the numbers three for the box, and five for the spool. Five is a number which was sacred in myths of the mother goddess as the number of her five cyclical rites and is associated with cyclical renewal, inspiration and creative change, while three is associated with the masculine consciousness, the ordering faculty.[24] It is not excessive to suggest that the numbers have significance in the play. Beckett's essay on Joyce indicates his interest in the meaning to be attached to numbers and he selects as one of his points of comparison between Dante and Joyce their "preoccupation with the significance of numbers" (D...B.V..J., p.252). Beckett writes, with a tone of approval, of their

consciousness "that things with a common numerical characteristic tend towards a very significant interrelationship" (D...B.V..J., p.253).

Through his interest in Vico's theories, Beckett would be familiar with Vico's belief that the ancient languages derived their letters from mathematical characters and geometric forms.[25] Vico sees this common numerical and mathematical origin as the basis for the long-standing, traditional significance of numbers in various societies. In Book IV of The New Science, Vico demonstrates that the number three is the basic organizing number of the external, rationally observable development of nations.[26]

In "Box ... Thrree", then, Krapp has stored the round spool that contains the images of the past which are most attractive to him. Again, images of woman and circle interrelate as spool five, whose shape and number signify the inner, creative self, contains the reference to the women in Krapp's life who are the link to "the dark I have always struggled to keep under" (K.L.T., p.15). The disordered consciousness which has resulted from Krapp's mechanization of memory, which makes him more and more outer directed, is reflected in the fact that the boxes which store his past are out of order, so that he has some difficulty finding the one he wants: "Box ... thrree ... thrree ... four ... two (with surprise) nine! good God! ... seven ... ah! the little rascal! (He takes up box, peers at it.) Box thrree." (K.L.T., p.10).

This opening passage, through the juxtaposed images of circle and square, points to the source of Krapp's spiritual impoverishment - his divided self, the lack of harmony between his conscious and unconscious being. In the last section of this opening passage, the

images of circle and woman are juxtaposed in association with darkness, an image of the unconscious, and Krapp's conscious mind, extended outward by recorder and ledger cannot grasp the meaning: "(He peers at ledger, reads entry at foot of page.) Mother at rest at last ... Hm ... The black ball. ... (He raises his head, stares blankly front.) Black ball? ... (He peers again at ledger, reads.) The dark nurse. ... (He raises, his head, broods, peers again at ledger, reads.)" (K.L.T., p.11)

That Krapp's conscious mind is no longer competent to determine the meaning of juxtaposed images emerging from the unconscious is evident in the fact that it is no longer competent to grasp the meaning of images which were juxtaposed consciously. As he reads the written word in his ledger, he no longer understands the humour he intended in the juxtapositidn of a reference to his bowel movement and a reference to an "equinox", a movement in the heavens:

> (He raises his head, broods, peers again at ledger, reads.) Slight improvement in bowel condition. ... Hm ... Memorable ... what? (He peers closer.) Equinox, memorable equinox. (He raises his head, stares blankly front. Puzzled) Memorable equinox? ... (Pause. He shrugs his shoulders, peers again at ledger.) (K.L.T., p.11)

This opening passage, which consists of Krapp's reading from the ledger before he turns on the tape recorder, is a unit which reflects a meaning relevant to the whole play, through the related images of circle and square. The passage ends with the information that spool five is Krapp's "Farewell to - (he turns page) - love" (K.L.T., p.11). The arc described by the turning page stops at the word "love", standing alone on the page, a metaphor for union, for inspiration, and, in the Shelleyan sense, for imagination itself. In the separation of his being into a mechanized, outer extended consciousness and a buried consciousness, Krapp has said farewell to

all of these things, and the loss of love is his own responsibility. "Farewell to love" has the tone of tragedy, of enforced loss, but the loss proves, in the course of the play, to have been due simply to Krapp's failure to fulfill his total being. The end circles back to precede the beginning, as the Krapp of the past labels the box and spool for which the old Krapp searches at the opening of the play: "Here I end this reel. Box - (pause) - three, spool - (pause) - five" (K.L.T., pp.18-19). The final visual image is one of circles within circles as Krapp sits motionless in the circle of light, surrounded by the circle of darkness, while the tape goes round in silence, circling toward its end.

Circle images, or related images of sphere, round or egg, contribute to our awareness of the dramatic conflict in which Winnie is engaged in Happy Days as she struggles to avoid the isolation of solipsism for one more day, to keep that balance of inner and outer awareness which will fulfill the needs of her total self. Lacking the natural cycle of day and night, Winnie must measure out her life in a cycle of time between "the bell for waking and the bell for sleep" (H.D., p.21). Within this artificial cycle of time, in which Winnie carries on the routine of her day, there are three moments of activity. At each of these moments, an image associated with circularity can be seen to have an enriching relationship with the meaning. The first moment occurs when Winnie gets excited about the emmet which moves across her mound with "a little white ball in its arms" (H.D., p.29). Willie volunteers the information that the little white ball is an egg and jokes about it with a play on the words "formication", which refers to the reproductive cycle of ants, and fornication. They share a

laugh at his joke, but then it occurs to Winnie that they might have been "diverted by two quite different things" (H.D., p.31). Willie most probably laughs at the surface word play, but Winnie's murmur, "God", suggests that she sees a more complex irony in the event. She refers to human beings as God's "poorer" jokes but this underlines the parallel between ant and human which the emmet's activity evokes. The queen ant, after mating and conceiving enough sperm to last for a lifetime of egg-laying, breaks off her wings and seals herself inside a cavity in the earth. She remains there for her life, populating the colony. The image of the egg, in relationship with the image of the woman, strikes an ironic parallel between the reproductive function of the queen ant and Winnie's barren situation.

The second moment of unusual activity occurs when our attention is focussed on the circular parasol as Winnie "(twirls it idly this way and that)" (H.D., p.35). It is made the centre of attention not only because of its visible presence, but through the language. Weary of holding it up, Winnie finds she cannot put the parasol down even though she wants to do so. She asks Willie to order her to put it down because she is sure she would be able to obey him, as if his order could in some way cause her to respond. After this visual and verbal emphasis on the parasol, Beckett directs a "maximum pause" (H.D., p.37), during which the parasol "goes on fire". This phenomenon leads Winnie to comment on the likelihood that the event is not unique, that it has happened before, and the parasol, as a circle image, becomes linked to cosmic cycles, to a cyclic view of time, to what is known as "the myth of eternal return".[27]

Winnie's first inclination is to see the event as repetition of something that has happened before, even though she cannot remember it:

"I presume this has occurred before, though I cannot recall it" (H.D., p.37). Then she considers the possibility that what has occurred has not occurred before, that history progresses in a linear pattern in which things happen as they must so that "with the sun blazing so much fiercer down, and hourly fiercer, is it not natural things should go on fire never known to do so" (H.D., p.38). Her dialogue with herself is like a debate between proponents of cyclical and linear theories of history. Finally, Winnie clings to a belief in cyclical recurrence which makes her own situation possible to bear because it links her static condition in a circle that entraps with the liberating circle of ultimate immobility which an ever turning world images.[28] She rejects any significance for the event in itself: "something seems to have occurred, something has seemed to occur, and nothing has occurred, nothing at all" (H.D., p.39), and states with positive faith that "The sunshade will be there again tomorrow, beside me on this mound, to help me through the day" (H.D., p.39). Winnie's faith that she is part of a greater circle of reality is affirmed in Act II, when, according to Beckett's stage directions, the parasol lies to her right on the mound.[29]

It is in Act II that the third moment of unusual activity occurs when, toward the end of the play, Willie emerges from behind the mound. The image of the emmet's egg extended outward to relate Winnie's situation to the cycle of nature and the image of the parasol placed her within a cosmic and historical cycle. Now the appearance of Willie completes the arc of a more immediate circle, the circle of the self which depends for completion on the linking of the inner and outer elements of one's being. The symbolic image of the circle as an

enclosed space or retreat seems relevant in Act II of Happy Days. There is a relationship to the traditional enclosed garden in Winnie's situation. Buried up to the neck, head completely immobile, she is an image of withdrawal from active life, represented by her constant activity with her "objects" in Act I. Her Miltonic invocation, "Hail, holy light", recalls Paradise Lost and the garden to which no human can return. Her mind turns to a green thought of "beechen green" (H.D., p.51) but there is nothing of Marvell's green shade in her scorched enclosure. Her enforced retreat, however, does provide the silence and isolation necessary for creative contemplation. Winnie begins her self-examination with exploration of the external self - "the nostrils . . . breath of life . . . that curve you so admired . . . (pouts) . . . a hint of lip . . . . (pouts again) . . . if I pout them out . . . . (sticks out tongue) . . . the tongue of course" (H.D., p.52).

Then she considers the relationship between herself and the "things" of her world which do not need her although she needs them. This realization of the indifference of her universe leads her to the creative activity of story telling, a reality that does need her to give it form. She becomes involved in telling the story of Mildred, and Winnie's imaginative participation allows her to emit the scream which is as much an expression of her own fear as of Mildred's. When art and reality combine to express fear, Willie hears. When he emerges in full regalia he is a decrepit but committed knight, setting out to rescue the captive princess and to slay the dragon of her fear. His effort to climb the mound of earth which surrounds Winnie is not a Dantean ascent up the purgatorial mountain to the Paradisal spheres - he fails to reach the top and slithers back down. As Beckett warned

us in the essay on Joyce, "there is no ascent". But Willie's effort is sufficient to reaffirm the invisible bond between them, a bond which mirrors the essential bond between the conscious and unconscious selves. Winnie and Willie are united in a circle of human experience and mutual need. When he names her, "Win", he gives her the gift of identity, a sense that she is, in this time and in this place a reality in the universal cycles of nature and history. She responds with her song, a conscious expression of her unconscious love which pours out of her buried heart. At the end, Winnie is still one of Beckett's partially purged, trapped in the purgatorial cycle of the scorched earth, but as long as the mind can hear the messages of the heart, that circle can have some meaning.

In the short dramatic pieces which Beckett wrote during the sixties, the circle continues to function as a meaningful image, frequently in dramatic interplay with other images, especially that of the woman. In Play, written in 1964, the baked earth of life has become the clay urn of death. The three urns containing the one man and two women, are reminiscent of the ashbins which contain Nagg and Nell, but the circle of their constant love becomes, in Play, the triangle of unfaithfulness. A circle of white light controls and dominates the dramatic situation. Part of the theatrical apparatus, it becomes both image and character, as much a participant in the drama as the human occupants of the urns. Our compulsion to seek the meaning of an image is paralleled by the desire of the trio to know the meaning of the light by which "their speech is provoked" (Play, p.45), for they are unable to speak a word without its probing brightness on their faces. When they do not say what it seems to want to hear, it shuts off,

stilling the flow of their words. They begin to credit it with personality, emotions, moods. It "will weary of me" (Play, p.52), "tire of me" (Play, p.53), or "get angry and blaze me clean out of my wits" (Play, p.54). The first woman is certain it must have a purpose to its searching illumination: "It must be something I have to say" (Play, p.54) ... "Is it something I should do with my face, other than utter?" (Play, p.55). The man, too, in looking for meaning in the light, credits it with intelligence and purpose, believing that it is "Looking for something. In my face. Some truth. In my eyes" (Play, p.61). The reference to the eyes which recurs over and over in Beckett's work, carries the same implication over and over. If the eyes are the windows to the interior self, the light is indeed looking there, for some potential for creative redemption within the inner space of the man's unconscious self. That the light is probing for some redeeming creative quality underlying the decadent consciousness of the trio is reflected in its interaction with the second woman.

She begins to move away from the repetition of conscious memory when she tries to imagine what the light does when it goes out. Her idea that it might "Sift?" is a more imaginative expression of the belief that the light is looking for something, closely scrutinizing what has been said. She compares the effort to speak to "dragging a great roller, on a scorching day", a use of image applied to her present environment. This minimally creative expression is followed by a three second black-out after which the light returns to her. This marks the only time in the play that the light goes out on, and returns to, the same speaker, as if it were interested in what she were saying. There is no repeat of her brief venture into imagery but after she ("Hopefully") comments

that she may be a little unhinged, the light lingers on her during the only pause indicated in the play, as if it expects she might discover something and gives her time. But when she goes over the edge into the inarticulate madness of wild laughter, the light moves on.

The circle of light interacts with the image of the second woman, who reveals a minimal residue of the unconscious creativity it seeks to spotlight. When she uses an image to express her feelings, the light goes out, providing the darkness and silence which is the recurring prerequisite for creative endeavour. Its unprecedented immediate return to her suggests it hopes that something has emerged from the darkness. Her reference to her possible madness, which brings about the second occasion of the light indicating an extended interest in her, suggests the possibility of the creative state of divine madness which Socrates attributed to the poets. The light probes the possibility that in breakdown there could be breakthrough.[30] However, her wild laughter conveys only the madness of a gradually disintegrating consciousness, unable to give form to the chaos within, and the second woman goes round again in the endless cycle of this trio damned by their own failure to be. Out of their own mouths they are betrayed as people who lived life on the surface where there was "no danger of the ... spiritual thing" (Play, p.49), their consciousness informed only by sense experience. Having lived life without meaning, they now torment themselves with the craving for meaning.

The circle of light holds the key to meaning; in itself it can be seen as a metaphor for the means of salvation. It is not a light which illuminates the darkness from without, for Beckett stipulates that it "must not be situated outside ideal space (stage)" (Play, p.62).

The light is cast then, from out of the darkness, and its circular image points, once more, to man's responsibility for his human situation. The trio must, like the inhabitants of other Beckettian cylinders, cast light from their own interior darkness, and through the imagination, create a new form of life. They are limited, however, by their lifetime lack of inner illumination, to the surface images of the past. Language is the only creative power left to them, and as long as they fail to use it creatively, they will remain trapped in that hell which "is the static lifelessness of unrelieved viciousness". They alone can relieve the viciousness.

The very title of the dramaticule Come and Go suggests the cycle of tide and time which wait for no man, an association which is reinforced by the constant coming and going of the three women and the fact of change which is communicated during each one's absence. Beckett is very explicit about the pattern of movement, where the women begin, to which side they exit, and where they are at the end of the play.

The psychoanalytic associations of left and right with the unconscious and conscious aspects of awareness suggest a possible relationship between the pattern of movement and the words that are spoken. Flo, the only one of the three who moves off to the left, the side of unconscious awareness, makes the only statement in the play which is purely imaginative, when she says, at the end, "I can feel the rings" (Come and Go, p.69). Beckett gives specific production directions that the hands are to be made up "to be as visible as possible" (Come and Go, p.70) and that there are to be "no rings apparent" (Come and Go, p.70). As the three hold hands in the old

childhood pattern, Flo is the only one of the three to grip the left hand of each of the others. The final circle image of the "rings", linked by the left hands to concepts of betrothal and marriage, becomes a poignant image of unfulfilled lives. Yet, at the same time, it is a reminder that the most barren of lives can be enriched by an act of the imagination which creates another world.

The birth cry which evokes the image of woman in Breath, simultaneously provides a circle image - the womb from which the new life has been thrust into the world. That image of the womb, the round which is the source of life, is the first verbal image of which we are aware in Not I:

> Mouth: ... out ... into this world ... this world ... tiny little thing ... before its time ... in a godfor - ... what? ... girl? ... yes ... tiny little girl ... into this ... out into this ... before her time ... godforsaken hole called ... called ... no matter ... (Not I, p.1).

At the same time, another, visual circle image is before us, the mouth itself, through which the account of the woman's life emerges. It has been observed that the image of the woman in Not I suggests that her insistence on the third person could be as much an assertion of the right to create as an unwillingness to face the self. Through our simultaneous awareness of the two circle images, the womb from which a child is expelled and the mouth through which words pour, the sense that an act of creation is taking placed is reinforced. The necessity of bringing a conceived child into the world is paralleled by the necessity to express a conceived story.

There is a parallel between the rubbish heap into which the unseen child is born in Breath and the "godforsaken hole" into which the tiny little girl is born in Not I. The twenty-five seconds

which elapse between the birth cry and the death cry in Breath point to the same truth as the images of seventy years which flicker by in fifteen minutes in Not I. Life is a brief cycle which begins in the womb and ends in the tomb. But the woman in Not I, possessed by archetypal images of birth and re-birth, the cycle of seasons - winter and April, the cycle of life - childhood and old age, struggles to create a story out of the fragments she finds in the rag-and-bone shop of her inner being. In the total darkness of a theatre, audiences are mesmerized by the small circle of light which is fixed on the mouth writhing in the darkness. Beckett draws us into the circle of the play world through the staging. As the audience is plunged into darkness, the stream of words is heard; as the lights come up, the voice is still. It suggests that there is a voice to be heard in our own interior darkness, and there is not much time to hear it.

Beckett once expressed his dislike for theatre in the round and he wrote his plays for a proscenium stage. There is an image of wholeness before us as the proscenium squares the small cycle of life represented in the stage space beyond it, a sense of the ordering by the external consciousness of the world of the imagination. This alchemical symbol of the squared circle brings to mind Antonin Artaud's observation that "there is a mysterious identity of essence between the principle of the theater and that of alchemy ... all true alchemists know that the alchemical symbol is a mirage as the theater is a mirage."[31] Circle images, like the image of woman, help to communicate the relationship between the world of the imagination and the world of actuality because we recognize what is common to both. Beckett uses circle images as images of being, with a poet's awareness of their

power to evoke. It has been said that "images of full roundness help us to collect ourselves ... and to confirm our being intimately, inside. For when it is experienced from the inside, devoid of all exterior features, being cannot be otherwise than round."[32] Beckett's circle images are part of a shared inheritance, familiar landmarks, in spite of the strange universes where we find them.

CHAPTER IV

THE LOST PARADISE

In a passage of the essay on Proust, where he discusses the inner consciousness as a storehouse of forgotten images, Beckett relates the cumulative lifetime experience of the individual to the cumulative historical experience of the race through his use of the metaphor of the archetypal Paradise:

> The most trivial experience is encrusted with elements that logically are not related to it and consequently have been rejected by our intelligence: it is imprisoned in a vase filled with a certain perfume and a certain colour and raised to a certain temperature. These vases are suspended along the height of our years, and, not being accessible to our intelligent memory, are in a sense immune, the purity of their content is guaranteed by forgetfulness, each one is kept at its distance, at its date. So that when the imprisoned microcosm is besieged, we are flooded by a new air and a new perfume (new precisely because already experienced) and we breathe the true air of Paradise, of the only Paradise that is not the dream of a madman, the Paradise that has been lost (Proust, p.55).

This image of the lost paradise, which Beckett sees as lodged in the deepest recesses of man's mind, is the one from which all man's need arises, the need which Beckett believes is the source of all creative effort and without which there would be no art. It is an image which pervades Beckett's latest works. Although we try to deny change by clinging to habit, in order to create the illusion of a constant world, the external world is indeed fallen, and the lost paradise is irretrievable. The only possible paradise is the one within, the one man creates when he forsakes habit and plunges into what Beckett called, in Proust, "the suffering of being". The act of creation is

the statement of man's determination to go on.

This emphasis on the lost paradise is evident in one of the later novels, How It Is. In the mud and darkness of his "present formulation" (How It Is, p.13), "images come" (How It Is, p.10) to the narrator, images of a life "above in the light" (How It Is, p.8). Evidently, the narrator retains "a few images on and off in the mud" (How It Is, p.8) of a lost world, "said to have been mine" (How It Is, p.8), but he asserts that there is "no going back up there" (How It Is, p.8).

There are three forms of the paradisal image discernible in the novel, all out of reach for the narrator who remains in that "vicious circule of humanity" through which "we all pass and pass again" (How It Is, p.125). The first of the paradisal images which the narrator is able to "see sometimes see in the mud" (How It Is, p.11) is an image of an earthly paradise analogous to the Blakean state of innocence, the happiness of childhood prior to the experience of a world where one journeys alone:

> next another image yet another so soon again the third perhaps they'll soon cease it's me all of me and my mother's face I see it from below it's like nothing I ever saw
>
> we are on a veranda smothered in verbena the scented sun dapples the red tiles yes I assure you
>
> the huge head hatted with birds and flowers is bowed down over my curls the eyes burn with severe love I offer mine pale upcast to the sky whence cometh our help and which I know perhaps even then with time shall pass away
>
> in a word bolt upright on a cushion on my knees whelmed in a night-shirt I pray according to her instructions (How It Is, p.15).

All the elements of the age of innocence are present in this sequence of images, mother and child, garden and sunlight, faith in the God who

lives in the sky, a child at prayer at his mother's knee. But Beckett introduces an ironic note into his image of the state of innocence similar to that of Blake in his Songs of Innocence. In the paradisal world of childhood, the mother's love is "severe" and the heaven to which mother and child direct their prayers "shall pass away".

Another paradise of innocence, a state of ideal human felicity, is presented through Romantic images of young love and springtime renewal in the narrator's "old dream of flowers and seasons" (How It Is, p.29). The scene is a pastoral idyll of "emerald grass" and "scamper of little clouds", where the narrator and his young love stand "with hands clasped" (How It Is, p.29). Into this scene of carefree bliss, the hint of a harsher reality is introduced. The girl holds "an ash-grey dog of fair size" (How It Is, p.29) on a short leash, which raises a question in the narrator's mind: "question why a leash in this immensity of verdure and emergence little by little of grey and white spots lambs little by little among their dams" (How It Is, p.29). Nature has its cruel side and the lambs, like the hedgehog of Wordsworth's The Prelude,[1] would be in danger of attack from an unleashed dog. The pastoral ideal is undercut further by the narrator's self-description. Instead of the physical beauty of a traditional pastoral lover, we are presented with the detailed image of a clown:

> pale staring hair red pudding face with pimples protruding belly gaping fly spindle legs sagging knocking at the knees wide astraddle for greater stability feet splayed one hundred and thirty degrees fatuous half-smile to posterior horizon figuring the morn of life green tweeds yellow boots all those colours cowslip or suchlike in the buttonhole (How It Is, p.30).

The image of an age of innocence is an image of an individual paradise; each man's memory of childhood and youth is a private

possession. The second paradisal image which can be discerned in How It Is is an image of another earthly paradise, the golden age of man, the lost paradise of the race: "dear figures when all fails a few figures to wind up with part one before Pim the golden age the good moments the losses of the species I was young I clung on to the species we're talking of the species the human ..." (How It Is, p.47). This reference to the golden age comes at the end of Part One and is associated with a time when the narrator was not alone, when he "clung on to the species". In Part Two, with the coming of Pim, he begins to hope that he can link himself to a forgotten past, verify his own images of a personal golden age by discovering a common past: "there's a past perhaps this part will work in the past part two with Pim how it was" (How It Is, p.52). For he is uncertain about the reality of his own golden age:

> that childhood said to have been mine the difficulty of believing in it the feeling rather of having been born octogenarian at the age when one dies in the dark the mud upwards born upwards floating up like the drowned and tattle tattle four full backs of close characters the childhood the blue the miracles all lost never was (How It Is, p.70).

Juxtaposed with this passage expressing his sense of an innocence lost is a passage which associates that loss with sin and guilt, but accompanied by a sense of redemption which will make it possible to return to paradise:

> a moment of the tender years the lamb black with the world's sins the world cleansed the three persons yes I assure you and that belief the feeling since that belief said to have been mine the feeling since then vast stretch of time that I'd find it again the blue cloak the pigeon the miracles ... (How It Is, p.70).

To assure himself that his dream of paradise is "not the dream of a madman", the narrator needs to hear about Pim's life in the light: "YOUR LIFE pause my life ABOVE long pause above IN THE in the LIGHT"

(How It Is, p.72). Pim's account expands the image of an earthly paradise beyond the individual age of innocence to an image of the traditional lost Eden, lying in the East beyond the stream of the ocean. There are classical reminiscences of voyages to the fortunate isles, echoes of the journey of Ulysses, blending of myth and reality:

> that life then said to have been his invented remembered a little of each no knowing that thing above he gave it to me I made it mine what I fancied skies especially and the paths he crept along how they changed with the sky and where you were going on the Atlantic in the evening on the ocean going to the isles or coming back the mood of the moment less important the creatures encountered hardly any always the same I picked my fancy good moments nothing left (How It Is, p.72).

Pim, evidently, sings his song in the oral tradition, sharing the memory of a race. His is the voice of the bard who stirs the image of the lost paradise in the unconsciousness of those who need, in the darkness, to believe in it:

> dear Pim come back from the living he got it from another ... I'll give it to another the voice said so the voice in me that was without ... hard to believe here in the dark the mud that only one life above from age to age eternally allowance made for preferences ah that's it allowance made for needs ...
>
> the things I could no longer see little scenes part one in their stead Pim's voice Pim in the light blue of day and blue of night little scenes the curtains parted the mud parted the light went on he saw for me that too may be said (How It Is, p.73).

The images of the lost paradise which Pim evokes are expressed in terms of the romantic tradition. The "little scenes" (How It Is, p.85) are glimpsed as through a parting curtain, "the hangings part heavy swing of black velvet" (How It Is, p.85) and the narrator sees himself as launched in a little boat, "the current carries me out the awaited ebb" (How It Is, p.86), looking for his island paradise: "I'm looking for an isle home" (How It Is, p.86). But he drifts toward "the mouth of the cave and the approaching veils" (How It Is, p.87), veils which fall one by one "as many times as necessary" (How

It Is, p.88), blotting out the memory. Paradise, however, is an image which re-emerges and the narrator longs for a "few more little scenes" (How It Is, p.88).

Allusions associate the narrator's longing with the yearning of Ulysses, suggesting that modern man, in the mud and darkness, retains images within that link him to the men of the heroic past:

> the head drops touches the straw it's preferable sound of sweeping the dog's tail we want to go on home at last (How It Is, p.88).
>
> I crawl to the door raise my head yes I assure you peer through a chink and so I would go to the world's end on my knees ... (How It Is, p.89).
>
> homer mauve light of evening wave among the streets the serotines abroad already we not yet not such fools (How It Is, p.89).

The veils, however, fall again, "from left and right they wipe us away then the rest the whole door away life above" (How It Is, p.89), and, like every man who dreams of paradise, the narrator cries out, "I couldn't have imagined it I couldn't" (How It Is, p.89).

Pim, as the voice that sings of these visions, is a poet who "sings always the same song" (How It Is, p.97) and "he calls that life above yes as against life here" (How It Is, p.97). Yet, in spite of his need to hear Pim's songs of the lost paradise, the narrator seems to retain his initial conviction that there is "no going back up there" (How It Is, p.8). Pim's images of an earthly paradise convey no more certitude than the narrator's recollections of innocence, no more conviction that they are based on experience:

> they are not memories no he has no memories no nothing to prove he was ever above no in the places he sees no (How It Is, p.97)
>
> ... he can't affirm anything no deny anything no things may have been different yes his life here pause YOUR LIFE HERE (How It Is, p.98).

Life here is the reality; heroic voyages in search of island

paradises and Romantic visions of a world beyond the veils are the dreams of a madman. The narrator is left with the Miltonic sense that the earthly paradise is, indeed, lost, and that the only possible paradise is the paradise within:

> ... more independent seeing my own little scenes crawling eating thinking even if you insist an odd dim thought hanging on to humankind a thousand and one last shifts with emotions laughter even and tears to match (How It Is, p.94).

In Part Three the third form of the paradisal image is introduced - the heavenly paradise. This is the heaven that transcends the life in the here and now, a remote heaven from which Kram and Krim descend like celestial recording angels to watch over mankind and keep the record of the progress "from age to age their lamps their light upon me" (How It Is, p.133). "... Kram not one of us there's reason in me yet his son begets his son leaves the light Kram goes back up into the light to end his days" (How It Is, p.134). The narrator, however, ultimately has no more faith in the heavenly paradise than in the earthly paradise and in an ambiguous comment that "ascending heaven at last no place like it in the end" (How It Is, p.104). No place like it in the end. The fortunate isles, the age of innocence, the Dantean paradise - all are uncertain myths, imaginative worlds which help us to drag ourselves through the endless cycle "our course a closed curve" (How It Is, p.117):

> ... and there I am always was with Pim Bom and another and 999997 others journeying alone rotting alone martyring and being martyred oh moderately listlessly a little blood a few cries life above in the light a little blue scenes for the thirst for the sake of peace (How It Is, p.127).

The saddest loss of all would be the loss of the paradise within, the creative imagination: "that's the saddest that would be

the saddest imagination on the decline" (How It Is, p.104). As long as we can imagine a world other than the conscious reality of mud and darkness, "we can drag ourselves thus by the mere grace of our united net sufferings from west to east towards an inexistent peace" (How It Is, p.143). Adam and Eve were ushered out of the eastern gate of Milton's paradise, and the journey back has been a continuous circle from "west to east". We have to cope with the reality of HERE HERE (How It Is, p.96), impose an order on it and take stock of the tin cans left in the sacks, but that existence must be balanced by our dreams of paradise and the realization that it lies within, in the imagination, waiting to be expressed:

> for the likes of us and no matter how we are recounted there is more nourishment in a cry nay a sigh torn from one whose only good is silence or in speech extorted from one at last delivered from its use than sardines can ever offer (How It Is, p.143).

In the end the narrator asserts his own creative power as an imaginative storyteller: "all these calculations yes explanations yes the whole story from beginning to end yes completely false yes" (How It Is, p.144).

In How It Is, through the image of the Lost Paradise, we can discern, basically, the same motif that has been observed in other Beckett works through the images of the circle and the woman. That motif is the endless human struggle for some kind of balance in fulfilling the needs of the inner and outer self, and the only hope Beckett offers in the end again lies in humanity itself - in man's own creative potential. The images of the woman and the circle interact with the image of the lost paradise in How It Is, to underline this relationship between image and meaning, which emerges

because of the primordial nature of the images. The lost paradise of the age of innocence is communicated through images of mother and child and of pastoral young lovers; the lost paradise of the golden age and the earthly Eden is communicated through the images of heroic and romantic cycles, the cyclical voyages from age to age of the seekers who continue the journey from "west to east towards an inexistent peace". The heavenly paradise is conceived as some ideal world of original perfection to which Kram returns after recording the events in the closed circle. These three images interrelate in most of Beckett's writing, always pointing to the responsibility of each individual for shaping his world.

Jung's belief, which we noted in discussing the significance of the circle image in The Lost Ones, that it is the single individual who must initiate the re-shaping of our world, is relevant again for How It Is. The narrator suggests that in our unceasing circular procession and change of roles from tormentor to victim to tormentor, the only hope for an end to the journey is for one at last to forego the victim that life owes him and to remain still until all humanity comes together.

The only reality which the narrator will affirm as true in the end is the basic reality of the inner and outer self. The inner reality is true: "I have a voice yes in me yes when the panting stops yes and I murmer yes I yes in the dark yes in the mud yes for nothing yes I yes but it must be believed yes" (How It Is, p.145). The outer reality is true: "and the mud yes the dark yes the mud and the dark are true yes nothing to regret there" (How It Is, p.145). Through these two elements of being we know "how it was" and "how it is" (How It Is, p.147). That's all we know on earth; out of that truth we must

imagine, within, the beauty of paradise.

Like the image of the woman and the image of the circle, the image of the lost paradise is one on which Beckett focusses in the works of the last ten years and it, too, proves to be a central image in relation to meaning throughout the Beckett canon. After the original French version of How It Is (Comment C'est, 1960) was published, Beckett wrote four plays in English, between 1961 and 1964, in which the verbally communicated lost paradise image is set against the visual image of the here and now. These plays, which we will discuss later in this chapter, were followed in 1965-66 by four French works of fiction. In all of these fictional works of the sixties, the image of the lost paradise is a key image, and the images of the woman and the circle interrelate with it in a complex of archetypal associations which express a truth about what is, by making us aware of how it relates to what was. What is common to past and present is the need in man to be whole.

Enough provides an account of the lost Paradise which is filled with ambiguity. The narrator begins with the admonition, "All that goes before forget" (Enough, p.53) but the tale consists of an account of the life "before". The image of the circle contributes its ambiguous resources to the image of paradise. What is described is a paradise which seems to fit Beckett's definition of paradise as "the static lifelessness of unrelieved immaculation" (D...B.V..J., p.253). Narrator and companion walk hand in hand through a profusion of flowers, describing a circle of harmonious perfection as they proceed "several times the equivalent of the terrestrial equator. At an average speed of roughly three miles per day and night" (Enough, p.55). By night they lie on their sides, curved in a protecting circle. Yet

the narrator seems to suggest that one can have "too much" of such a perfect circle and the sense of the circle as an image of entrapment underlies the paradisial description.

The image of woman is an important aspect of the image of the lost paradise in Enough. Although, throughout the narrative, there is no conclusive indication as to the sex of the narrator, the final sentence implies a female narrative voice: "Enough my old breasts feel his old hand" (Enough, p.60). The departure from the paradise is associated with some unspecified guilt or disgrace on her part, linking her to the biblical Eve, and there is a parallel between the descent of the narrator down the "mound some three hundred feet in height" (Enough, p.58) and the descent of Adam and Eve down the cliff, at the end of Paradise Lost. This parallel, however, raises more questions than it answers. Only one figure descends from Beckett's paradise, ordered by the aged companion to depart. Yet the narrator, evidently a female voice, still refers in age and solitude, to an old hand on her old breast. Another allusion, perhaps, needs to be considered in the end, an allusion in the "old breasts" to the breasts of Tiresias, male and female, blind, old and solitary, but incorporating all of humanity. The possibility that this allusion is implied is reinforced by the reference to the companion's impaired vision (Enough, p.56). What we would have then, is a combined human figure, a concrete image of "two in one flesh" united by that common humanity, sharing, physically, "the same needs and satisfactions", but cherishing different dreams of paradise. The frequent references to the fact that the companion was much older than the narrator suggests a parallel to the biblical account of the creation of Eve occurring much later than that of Adam.

There is an androgynous quality to the narrator's description of the companion who walks in that timeless circle, reminiscent of the period in Marvell's "garden" when Adam "walked without a mate".[2] For the female of the species, it does not take as long to have had "enough" of the endless circle of original perfection; walking in paradise is a bore and she does not hesitate to depart when told to leave. Departure from the eternal spring of her former existence results in the creative act of the imagination as she tells her story, making up different versions of her experience: "I set the scene of my disgrace just short of a crest. On the contrary it was on the flat in a great calm" (Enough, p.58). Having left one paradise, she creates a new one within: "Now I'll wipe out everything but the flowers. No more rain. No more mounds. Nothing but the two of us dragging through the flowers" (Enough, p.60). But she recognizes the reality of the external world; she could fulfill the function of Adam the namer and name a radish if she saw one.

Beckett works within a long tradition of 'lost paradise' literature and creates a remarkably contemporary version in Enough. Over thirty years before he had observed that "Dante makes a curious mistake speaking of the origin of language, when he rejects the authority of Genesis that Eve was the first to speak, when she addressed the Serpent" (D...B.V..J., p.252). Unlike Dante's Eve, Beckett's Eve has her say, and unlike Milton's Eve, she retains the independence that lost her paradise. To descend "to the subjected plain"[3] is to exchange the "boredom of living" for "the suffering of being" (Proust, p.8). The Blakean allusions of "enough" and "too much", suggest that this is a marriage of heaven and hell and, as Beckett has observed, in such an

existence there is "neither prize nor penalty" (D...B.V..J., p.253). But he also observed that in the conjunction of heaven and hell there is "a flood of movement and vitality released" (D...B.V..J., p.253), and for mankind, that must be paradise "enough". The state of calm induced by eating the flowers is evocative of the experience of Homer's "lotus-eaters"; it belongs to a fantasy world which man can imagine but which he was never meant to inhabit. On this earth that is purgatory, it is "Enough my old breasts feel his old hand" (Enough, p.60), an acknowledgement of the need for human contact which echoes Winnie's "Paradise enow" in Happy Days (p.32).

Imagination Dead Imagine reinforces the warning of How It Is that the saddest loss of all would be the loss of imagination. Called upon to exercise an imaginative faculty not dead yet, but close to it, the narrator grasps at the images which can give birth to all images, male and female, enclosed in that womb-like rotunda, a new Adam and a new Eve. But he fails to imagine "what they are doing" and he demonstrates that the paradise regained within, can be lost again when imagination declines. He is left then with the mechanistic paraphernalia of the outer self, hoping that there is something better "elsewhere", unaware that only imaginative action can bring that better world into being.

The Lost Ones evokes varying images of paradise, lost, earthly, and heavenly. The lost paradise is evoked through the image of the woman, the red-haired woman who was, like Eve "that first among the vanquished" (L.O., p.62), and the image of the man who "in some unthinkable past for the first time bowed his head" (L.O., p.63). Through the image of the circle, the image of a paradise to be regained

is evoked, either earthly or heavenly. Within the closed, cylindrical world of The Lost Ones the lost ones move in their circuitous patterns, and hope is nourished by one of two beliefs - either a sanctuary is to be found within the cylinder, or, there exists a better world outside the cylinder:

> From time immemorial rumour has it or better still the notion is abroad that there exists a way out. ... Regarding the nature of this way out and its location two opinions divide without opposing all those still loyal to that old belief. One school swears by a secret passage branching from one of the tunnels and leading in the words of the poet to nature's sanctuaries. The other dreams of a trap-door hidden in the hub of the ceiling giving access to a flue at the end of which the sun and other stars would still be shining (L.O., p.18).

Those who believe in the earthly paradise, the sanctuary within the cylinder, "may be tempted by its quest" (L.O., p.19), but those who believe in the transcendent, heavenly paradise "are spared this demon by the fact that the hub of the ceiling is out of reach" (L.O., p.19).

Beckett also makes use of the paradisal image of the state of innocence through the white-haired woman and the mite who is clutched to her breast. Like Blake's Thel, the untried innocent, who never seeks or suffers, can only wither to "no more than a shadow in her lap" (L.O., p.61). The meaning which can be discerned through the image of the lost paradise is compatible with the meaning which comes out of the interrelated images of circle and woman. Mankind cannot return to Eden, nor can he escape suffering or boredom in some transcendent world. But imagination balanced with experience can discover the inner paradise. Through the creative act that originates within, humanity can "repair the ruins"[4] without, enough, at least, to be able to go on.

In Ping, throughout the account of a being occupying his empty

square of consciousness, the fragmented hope is expressed again, that there is "perhaps a way out" (Ping). There is repeated reference to an "elsewhere always there but that known not", as well as speculation that there is a way out through the white ceiling "never seen" (Ping). However, the elements of the only accessible paradise lie in the images which break through the white void, inviting man the creator to shape a world within and to walk in the enclosed Eden of the imagination.

Beginning with How It Is, all the prose works of the 1960's can be seen to contain variations of the image of the lost Paradise. It seems inevitable to compare the quintessential form in which Beckett communicates the image with the epic form of Milton's Paradise Lost, but what impresses most in such a comparison is that the ultimate focus in epic poem or distilled prose is on man himself as he makes his "solitary way".[5]

Lessness achieves this focus without the aid of a narrative sequence. The narrative voice simply presents a series of recurring images which convey that familiar sense of a need in man for a balance in his consciousness of inner and outer reality. These images circle round and round in no apparent special order, but it is possible to discern three groups of images which make up the basic elements of an overall image of human consciousness - the "little body" which is "upright" (Lessness, p.7), the outer environment, made up of nature (earth and sky) and artefact (ruins and walls), and the inner world of the imagination (figment and dream).

The first word, "ruins" (Lessness, p.7), evokes a sense of the past, and, through juxtaposition with the phrase "true refuge", it

is reminiscent of the paradisal ruins which, in the Milton canon, must be repaired in the process of human history. "Fallen" (Lessness, p.7) conveys the sense of human guilt which repeatedly accompanies the image of the lost paradise, and at the same time can refer to the "four walls" (Lessness, p.7) of the "true refuge" which have fallen. The four walls can be seen as an image of enclosure, the protected paradisal state which is now in ruins. Through the grey reality of the external world, "sand and grey ... grey air ... and grey sky", many have made their way toward the "true refuge" (Lessness, p.7). There is an assertion by the narrator that the grey world of external reality is the only reality, light is a "figment", there "never was but grey air timeless no sound" (Lessness, p.8). But the "little body little block heart beating ash grey only upright" (Lessness, p.9) will, like all humanity before, "stir in the sand" and take "one step more in the endlessness he will make it" (Lessness, p.10). He will "dream the days and nights made of dreams of other nights better days" (Lessness, p.10).

There is a Beckettian ambiguity to the phrase "true refuge"; the narrative voice seems to suggest that in the static grey state where there are no dreams and the figments which fill the white space of the imagination are "all gone from mind" (Lessness, p.8) the true refuge is to be found. Imagination causes suffering, for, in the memories and dreams of "Old love new love as in the blessed days unhappiness will reign again" (Lessness, p.11). There is a kind of "calm" to be found in the sameness of "earth sky body ruins" (Lessness, p.12), and in the absence of images from a mind that "never but imagined the blue in a wild imagining the blue celeste of poesy"

(Lessness, p.13). But these images make it possible for the "little body" to "live again the space of a step" (Lessness, p.16) and "it will be day and night again over him" (Lessness, p.16). Lessness is filled with images of the lost paradise, innocence lost in a grey body, Eden a grey ruins scattered over a grey earth, the heavenly paradise, that "blue celeste", but a poetic fancy, indiscernible in a grey sky. We are left once again with the paradise within and in spite of all the unhappiness and suffering which such dreams cause, the narrator knows that the "little body upright" will continue to take that step toward the "true refuge", hoping to find it in some "figment dawn" (Lessness, p.21).

The final sentence in Lessness, "Figment dawn dispeller of figments and the other called dusk" (Lessness, p.21) focusses on the dreams which dawn dispels and dusk restores. It recalls a line from How It Is: "paradise before the hoping from sleep I come to sleep return". In the ten years which elapsed between How It Is and Lessness, Beckett evidently continued to see the return to paradise as possible only in dreams between dusk and dawn. But he pointed out in How It Is that "between the two there is all all the doing suffering failing bungling achieving until the mud yawns again" (How It Is, p.23). In that period of human striving the "figments" which dusk dispels are created. For Beckett, as for Milton, the paradise within is discovered by suffering, failing, bungling, and achieving mankind, conscious of the greyness of the world that is before him. Beckett has a stark vision of the outer world in which man exists but he has not given up on man himself: "One step more one alone all alone in the sand no hold he will make it" (Lessness, p.19). However, the reiterated

"alone" emphasizes the isolation of contemporary man, who does not have Adam's confidence that God will play a role in the restoration of paradise. The statement that "he will make it" is not a prophecy that the "little body" will reach a "true refuge" - it could mean only that the "one step" will be taken in spite of the difficulty of making it. Taking that step entails the play of the imagination which will bring on all the old unhappiness again but it is what enables man to retain his human dignity and remain "upright" in a dehumanizing environment.

In Beckett's late works, then, where a reader could expect to find the images which best express his vision, the image of the lost paradise is of central importance. It communicates the same necessity for a balance between inner and outer consciousness in the early work as it does in the late work but the vision, although essentially unchanged, becomes more atomic after the main dramatic period of the 1950's and 1960's. The lost paradise is an informing image throughout Beckett's work.

Belacqua Shuah, the hero of the stories in More Pricks Than Kicks, is a fallen man in quest of a paradisal ideal. It was noted earlier that the succession of women figures with whom Belacqua becomes involved in the stories are seen by him as the means by which he can attain an ideal world through ideal love. He is influenced by his study of Dante to hope that somewhere there is a Beatrice who will be his guide to a transcendent paradise. But their desire for a physical relationship and their inevitable satisfaction relates the women in his life more closely to the Eve who accompanied Adam out of the paradise of "unrelieved immaculation" than to the Beatrice who guided

Dante into the heavenly paradise. Belacqua's quest for a new Eden can be observed in two of the stories linked by the events in Belacqua's relationship with one of the women.

Only when married to the crippled Lucy of "Walking Out" does he enjoy a period of preternatural purity, ironically oblivious to the fact that the passions are subject to the higher faculties only because the body is incapable of forcing a choice. In the following story, "What a misfortune", the death of Lucy returns Belacqua to the solitary state where he "would walk in his garden and play with the snap-dragons". A variation of the circle image conveys the sense of the protected, enclosed paradise where this new Adam walks alone, "Tapped in this pungent cocoon" (M.P., p.163).

In his happy garden state Belacqua, in his fancy, casts himself in the role of a mock-heroic St. George, throttling the snap-dragons "gently till their tongues protruded" (M.P., p.163). Somewhat like Adam, Belacqua cannot continue to live in paradise alone and he begins "to feel more and more the lack of those windows on to better worlds that Lucy's big black eyes had been" (M.P., p.163). But Belacqua's desire for a female companion springs, not from the stirring of natural inclinations but, from a memory of his particular paradise lost in a fallen world where the snap-dragons begin "to die of their own accord" (M.P., p.163). The illusion of a timeless world which he achieved with Lucy in a clockless house is to be shattered by Thelma Blogg's purchase of the biggest period clock she could find, a "time-fuse" which will "deafen the rest of his days" (M.P., p.183).

Thelma belongs to the natural, not the preternatural world, and she possesses a lusty appetite for the pleasures of the physical

world. The exchange between Belacqua and Thelma over the word "babylan" indicates the distance between the dream and the reality in his quest for the ideal mate to share a transcendent mode of life with him - one that will provide him with the inspiration for creative achievement. Belacqua asks if Thelma has ever heard of a "babylan". The fact that a "babylan" is a priestess or medium in the south seas seems to relate Belacqua's dream of an ideal relationship to images of an island paradise.[6] His query is his last hopeful attempt to interest her in his dreams of an earthly paradise, but in her sensual fashion, she thinks a babylan is something to eat.

Belacqua dies on an operating table in the second last story, "Yellow", because "they had clean forgotten to auscultate him" (M.P., p.252). In the end, his physical body dies for a reason which parallels the reason for the death of his creative self - no one listened to his heart. Each of Belacqua's three wives, whom he brings to his house with its enclosed garden, is more overwhelming physically, than the preceding one. The final shattering of the paradisal image occurs when, during Belacqua's funeral, the gardener ravishes the servant girl in Belacqua's garden, and burns down the house. There is a sense that paradise is indeed lost and attempts to re-build it in the outer world can only end in ruins.

Some of the poems in the 1935 collection entitled Echo's Bones provide valuable insight into Beckett's conception of the inner paradise through the variations of the lost paradise image. The pain of the world of here and now is set against joys which are inaccessible or unattainable and humans find ways to dull the pain. "Enueg I" has its starting point in the world of suffering as the speaker exits

"tired of my darling's red sputum / from the Portobello Private Nursing Home" (Poems, p.22). His journey takes a circular form leading out of Dublin, then back into that city,[7] a circle which encloses a succession of images of suffering and exiled humanity. There is one scene of happiness and vitality witnessed by the speaker and one incident which introduces the image of the lost paradise into the circle of suffering. In the enclosure of a playing field a game is being played and the speaker must climb a bank to get a view of that game. At the closed gate below a child is standing who calls up, "Would we be let in Mister?" (Poems, p.23). Assured that he would be let in, the child, "afraid", moves away down the road. The exchange which follows between speaker and child communicates a sense of original guilt, and the inherited exile of the innocent, imaged in the child, from the Eden to which the descendants of Adam cannot return:

"Well" I called after him "why wouldn't you go on in?"
"Oh" he said, knowingly,
"I was in that field before and I got put out." (Poems, p.24)

The qualitative term, "knowingly" suggests also the lost paradise of lost innocence. His mind a "clot of anger" (Poems, p.22) against the agony of his dying love, the speaker, in the elegiac tradition, attaches descriptive terms of death and decay to the landscape, and images of abandonment and exile to any living beings he encounters - "a gang of down and outs", "a little wearish old man", "a lamentable family of verminous hens", "a small malevolent goat, exiled on the road" (Poems, pp.23, 24). In the mind of the narrator nature shares in the degeneration and decay which afflicts man just as it does in Milton's paradise after the fall.[8] Man's exiled state is imaged in the hens who tremble "against the closed door of a shed /

with no means of roosting" (Poems, p.24). The "malevolent goat", also exiled from his field, recalls the animals of Milton's paradise, who, in the fallen state, were no longer in harmony with man, but "with count'nance grim / Glared on him passing".[9] Within the enclosed field the players are isolated from the aura of death, but the speaker must descend the bank and continue his journey among the "derelict" (Poems, p.24). There are reminiscences of Keats' response to suffering in "Ode to a Nightingale" in the description of the "sweaty heroes" who seek relief through a "moly" or "a pint of nepenthe", and the old man who seeks to ease his pain by "smoking" (Poems, p.23). But ultimately beauty, imaged in "the arctic flowers that do not exist" (Poems, p.25), is something that can be found in the imagination, for even in the stating that the arctic flowers do not exist, they have been imagined.

"Sanies I" is set in the context of another circular journey out of Dublin and back. This time the speaker's thoughts extend back into the past, grasping moments of his life history, beginning with his springtime birth "with the green of the larches" (Poems, p.30). There is a moment of yearning for the paradise of lost innocence: "ah to be back in the caul now with no trusts / no fingers no spoilt love" (Poems, p.30). But the return home after "a brief prodigality" (Poems, p.31), is to be only a pause in a continuing journey. He cannot continue the cycle of marriage and procreation as his parents had done and knows that the route home of his former love will not be his route: "get along with you now, take the six the seven / the eight or the little single-decker / take a bus for all I care walk cadge a lift / home to the cob of your web in Holles Street" (Poems, p.32). A return to the unity of unspoilt love is an exercise of the imagination: "let

the tiger go on smiling / in our hearts that funds ways home" (Poems, p.32).[10] There is a hint in these final lines that such a union in the external world would be a destructive one.[11] The tiger and the lady can smile in the paradisal world of the imagination - any other has been lost; man and beast no longer walk in harmony.

"Sanies II" presents images of "stinking" humanity seeking relief in the sensual delights offered in that "happy land", the enclosed world of "the American Bar / in Rue Mouffetard" (Poems, p.33). This self-deluding paradise is set against the image of the inner paradise of the creative imagination, given expression in the picture of "Dante and blissful Beatrice" (Poems, p.34). The last lines betray the speaker's awareness that this sensual paradise is a delusion, and evoke the image of fallen man who knows he is fallen: "Lord have mercy upon us / Christ have mercy upon us / Lord have mercy upon us" (Poems, p.34).

"Serena III" seems to suggest, as Enough does, that separation from paradise is an inevitable state for man: "leave her she is paradise" (Poems, p.41). In the traditional "Serena", a lover spends his day longing for the night when he will find joy with his lady, and defying the conventions which would keep him from her. In Beckett's Serena III, the Christian religion, imaged in the references to the "something heart of Mary" (Poems, p.41) and "the Rock" (Poems, p.42) would be in opposition to the sensual paradise of the night which the lover of a Serena awaits. Beckett's speaker does not choose one form of paradise, the earthly delight or the promise of heaven, over the other. Both are rejected; the earthly paradise of love is seen as blighted by inevitable separation but one cannot "hide yourself in

the Rock" (Poems, p.42). Exiled man can only "keep on the move" (Poems, p.42), there is no "true refuge".

"Malacoda", which follows right after "Serena III" in the collection, presents an image of a man no longer "on the move" in this world - his journey is halted by death. Two garden images are evident in the poem, one from the natural world and one from the world of the imagination. In the natural garden there are weeds - "find the weeds engage them in the garden" (Poems, p.43) - a reminder that natural gardens are subject to corruption and death. The floral tribute which the speaker places on the coffin is from the garden of the imagination, the creative image of a van Huysum painting, a gesture which signifies the incorruptibility of the flowers of the imagination, or the only possible recovery of Eden, through art. Although the physical body cannot be recovered from the darkness of the grave, the "image" can be recovered from the "rag and bone shop of the heart",[12] and "it is he". (Poems, p.44) as surely as the living man was. The thought is reminiscent of the sonnets of Shakespeare in which the dramatic persona claims immortalization of the beloved through the art of poetry. The dead, freed from the suffering of being, can live in the paradise of the imagination, just as flowers which would be weed-choked or subject to change in a natural garden, can retain an unchanging image of life and beauty in the painting.

The early stories and poetry, then, were informed by the image of the lost paradise which was to emerge in the late works as a key one in the expression of Beckett's vision. In Murphy, the titular hero is driven by his conflicting images of paradise and divergent views of how it can be regained. The image of paradise as an enclosed

room dominates his relationship with Celia - the nights with her in their room were "serenade, nocturne and albada" (Murphy, p.74). But, like the lover of an alba, Murphy is pushed out in the morning, and like every man evicted from paradise, he must find a job. The enclosed paradise that he shares with Celia is opposed to another closed paradise within his mind. This paradise within is described as a circle image, a self-contained round possessing all the elements of being:

> Murphy's mind pictured itself as a large hollow sphere, hermetically closed to the universe without. This was not an impoverishment, for it excluded nothing that it did not itself contain. Nothing ever had been, was or would be in the universe outside it but was already present as virtual, or actual, or virtual rising into actual, or actual falling into virtual, in the universe inside it (Murphy, p.107).

The paradise within as a retreat from the fallen world becomes increasingly attractive to Murphy as the sanctuaries of the external world prove disappointing: "the feeling, growing stronger as Murphy grew older, that his mind was a closed system, subject to no principle of change but its own, self-sufficient and impermeable to the vicissitudes of the body" (Murphy, p.109).

In the Magdalen Mental Mercyseat he believes he has found the retreat which provides the necessary conditions for regaining paradise. The patients, in Murphy's eyes, have attained the true refuge, so that he called "sanctuary what the psychiatrists called exile" (Murphy, p.177). He thinks of the patients "not as banished from a system of benefits but as escaped from a colossal fiasco" (Murphy, p.178). "How", Murphy asks himself, "should he tolerate, let alone cultivate, the occasions of fiasco, having once beheld the beatific idols of his cave?" (Murphy, p.178). "Beatific" suggests a fulfilled paradise, the one that, once found, can never be lost. He chooses to ignore the signs

that the patients are subject still to the vicissitudes of the fallen world and that the cave of the mind is not a paradisal escape:

> The frequent expressions apparently of pain, rage, despair, and in fact all the usual, to which some patients gave vent, suggesting a fly somewhere in the ointment of Microcosmos, Murphy either disregarded or muted to mean what he wanted (Murphy, p.180).

To Murphy, the padded cells are "indoor bowers of bliss" (Murphy, p.181), external manifestations of the ideal world within, "what he kept on calling, indefatigably, the little world" (Murphy, p.181).

In relation to Celia, the central woman figure, the attempt to find refuge from a painful world is described specifically in terms which evoke the image of a lost paradise. Her imitation of Murphy's process of escape, naked in the rocking-chair, carries her back through the time of her personal history, until, like the first woman "she had no history" (Murphy, p.149). She sheds the pain of existence in the world until "she could lie down in the paradisal innocence of days and places and things and people" (Murphy, p.149). Unlike Murphy, she realizes that such a paradisal state is a delusion, that there is a fallen world with which she must cope and knows that she "ought to get out" (Murphy, p.149). Her final understanding of the nature of her relationship to Murphy is expressed as a metaphor which recalls Adam and Eve and their lost paradise and Eve as Adam's rib:

> I was a piece out of him that he could not go on without, no matter what I did.
> A rest.
> He had to leave me to be what he was before he met me, only worse, or better, no matter what I did.
> A long rest.
> I was the last exile.
> A rest.
> The last, if we are lucky.

The final scene is a poignant reminder that all humanity shares the exile from Eden. In the enclosed garden where Celia wheels her

grandfather, the cry of the park rangers comes "out of the east against the wind. All out. All out. All out" (Murphy, p.281).

Celia toils "into the teeth of the wind" (Murphy, p.282) then turns north to circle toward the east. She accepts what Murphy could never accept: "There was no shorter way home" (Murphy, p.282). The final words of the novel reiterate the ancient sentence - "All out" (Murphy, p.282).

In Molloy, the first novel of the trilogy which immediately preceded Beckett's major dramatic period, Molloy is embarked on a quest to return to his mother, to his beginnings. He has a sense of an imperative which dictates that the quest cannot be forsaken, that he must continue his journey, that there is no refuge for him before the quest is fulfilled. When he is lost in the forest, he begins to think of it as an acceptable refuge from the tribulations of his journey: "For it was not bad being in the forest, I could imagine worse, and I could have stayed there till I died, unrepining, yes, without pining for the light ..." (Molloy, p.86). However, a sense of guilt accompanies the inclination to seek sanctuary in the forest:

> But I could not, stay in the forest I mean, I was not free to. That is to say I could have, physically nothing could have been easier, but I was not purely physical, I lacked something, and I would have had the feeling, if I had stayed in the forest, of going against an imperative, at least I had that impression. But perhaps I was mistaken, perhaps I would have been better advised to stay in the forest, perhaps I could have stayed there, without remorse, without the painful impression of committing a fault, almost a sin (Molloy, p.86).

At the end of Part I, lying in a ditch, Molloy "longed to go back into the forest". This longing is juxtaposed immediately with the lyric picture, at the beginning of Part II, of Moran, sitting in his little garden:

All was still. Not a breath. From my neighbours' chimneys the smoke rose straight and blue. None but tranquil sounds, the clicking of mallet and ball, a rake on pebbles, a distant lawn-mower, the bell of my beloved church. And birds of course, blackbird and thrush, their song sadly dying, vanquished by the heat and leaving dawn's high boughs for the bushes gloom. Contentedly I inhaled the scent of my lemon-verbena (Molloy, p.93).

This image of a paradise on earth is shattered at once: "In such surroundings slipped away my last moments of peace and happiness" (Molloy, p.93). Moran, like all men, must leave the garden of peace and happiness if he is to find the paradise within through educative experience. The image of Molloy as a struggling, suffering, seeking human being was not to be found in the tranquillity of the garden. When Moran returns to his home, from his quest for Molloy, the garden is dead, but the death of the garden is a necessary prerequisite for understanding the voice within, the voice which inspires him to go into the house and write. That voice springs from the experience which Moran gained after his departure from the garden and it is the voice, not of memory, which comes from the past, but of hope, which looks to the future. The voice within

... did not use the words that Moran had been taught when he was little and that he in his turn had taught to his little one. So that at first I did not know what it wanted. But in the end I understood this language. I understood it, I understood it, all wrong perhaps. That is not what matters. It told me to write the report. Does this mean that I am freer now than I was? I do not know. I shall learn. Then I went back into the house and wrote (Molloy, p.176).

If Moran cannot, by his return, regain the peace and happiness of the garden, neither will he regress to its routine and ignorance. Even when he is getting ready to depart "without knowing where he was going" (Molloy, p.124), and without any knowledge of "the very nature of the work to be done and consequently the means to be employed" (Molloy, p.124), Moran tells us that he was "happy at heart to leave

my house, my garden, my village" (Molloy, p.125). Instinctively he senses that he must take on a wider world than the enclosed world he inhabits. For Moran, as the poet figure who discovers the paradise within, must follow the prompting of the creative voice and tell the story of men like Molloy who, weighed down with an impression of guilt, struggle to remember, long to go back into the forest, and have an extraordinary endurance for suffering and staying where they happen to be. Because he has forgotten so much of his past, memory for Molloy becomes a way of going back. Moran, who remembers everything, learns from the experience of the past and uses it to move forward. He accepts his creative responsibility and demonstrates his only freedom in the act of writing. In a fallen world, the world of the creative imagination is man's "true refuge".

In Malone Dies, Malone, waiting for death, can remember little of his past and has no conscious yearning for a lost paradise: "I vaguely remember a forest. All that belongs to the past. Now it is the present I must establish" (Malone Dies, p.183). His reference to a possible paradise to come is made in that it exists: "The truth is, if I did not feel myself dying, I could well believe myself dead, expiating my sins, or in one of heaven's mansions" (Malone Dies, p.183). The only possible paradise left to him is the paradise within, of the imagination, and it is there he decides to seek refuge from physical suffering until the end comes. He associates the creative act of story-telling with "play" and he has come to a clear understanding that creative play begins within:

> Now it is a game, I am going to play. I never knew how to play, till now. I longed to, but I knew it was impossible. And yet I often tried. I turned on all the lights, I took a good look all

round, I began to play with what I saw ... but it was not long before I found myself alone, in the dark. ... Then I shall play with myself ... I think I shall be able to tell myself four stories (Malone Dies, pp.180-81).

Although the image of the lost paradise does not occupy Malone's conscious thoughts, it emerges as a central image in his story-telling, an indication that it is a part of his unconscious being. There is a particularly remarkable manipulation of the image in the account of Macmann's life in the "asylum", which becomes a grotesque parody of the garden of Eden. It is "decreed" that he be paired off with Moll, "his keeper", (Malone Dies, p.200); they are a decrepit Adam and Eve who lament that they did not meet "sixty years ago" (Malone Dies, p.260). Miltonic echoes abound in a comic commentary on the question of guilt and punishment. Macmann is severely reprimanded for picking a hyacinth

and yet the fact of having half demolished a bush, a kind of laurel, in order to hide in it, had never brought upon his head the least reproof ... no questions were ever asked in the House of Saint John of God, but stern measures were simply taken, or not taken, according to the dictates of a peculiar logic. For when you come to think of it, in virtue of what possible principle of justice can a flower in the hand fasten on the bearer the crime of having gathered it?" (Malone Dies, p.276).

Even the location of the asylum is a parody of paradise; set on a plateau, "a high wall encompassed it about", it is "in a word a little Paradise for those who like their nature sloven" (Malone Dies, p.277).

Macmann wonders what more he could possibly want to be happy and ponders his blessings:

The right to be abroad in all weathers, morning, noon and night, trees and bushes with outstretched branches to wrap him round and hide him, food and lodging such as they were free of all charge, superb views on every hand out over the lifelong enemy, a minimum of persecution and corporal punishment, the song of the birds, no human contact except Lemuel, who went out of his way to avoid him, the faculties of memory and reflection stunned by the incessant walking and high wind, Moll dead, what more could he wish? (Malone Dies, pp.277-78).

The inclusion of Moll's death as a blessing brings Marvell's garden to mind again, where it was two paradises in one "to walk in paradise alone".[13] But Malone expresses the feeling which will echo in the cry of the narrator in Enough twenty years later; he too grows weary of Paradise and gasps, "Enough! Enough!, as he crept along by the wall under the cover of the bushes, searching for a breach through which he might slip out" (Malone Dies, p.278). Beyond the gate he hears the cries of "the sky, the earth enjoining him to fall" (Malone Dies, p.279). But when he stands, like Adam, before the open gate with the world all before him Macmann retreats as fast as he can back up the hill. Ironically, after his return, he has a "sense of absence". In clinging to the asylum of the enclosed paradise, he has lost a different paradise, the paradise within which man creates by his own effort. It is the only one there is; even the dream of the earthly paradise, the island where "deep water comes washing into its heart between high walls of rock" (Malone Dies, p.286) fades away as Malone, Macmann's creator, comes to the end of his life. With the death of the body comes the death of the imagination and when the paradise within has ceased to be, there is "never anything - there - anymore" (Malone Dies, p.288).

For the narrator of The Unnamable, being is entirely within. He shapes a universe out of the images which crowd his imagination, although he wonders where they originate: "These notions of forbears, of houses where lamps are lit at night, and other such, where do they come to me from? ... Can it be innate knowledge? Like that of good and evil. Innate knowledge of my mother, for example, is that conceivable?" (Un., pp.294, 298). He realizes finally that only in creating Murphys, Molloys, and Malones can he find himself - the act

of creation in his contact with his inner being:

> You must say words, as long as there are any, until they find me, until they say me, strange pain, strange sin, you must go on, perhaps its done already, perhaps they have said me already, perhaps they have carried me to the threshhold of my story, before the door that opens on my story, that would surprise me, if it opens, it will be I, it will be the silence where I am, I don't know, I'll never know, in the silence you don't know, you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on. (Un., p.414).

From the trilogy, Beckett went on to the dramatic works where we are presented with the visual images of man in his fallen world, guilt-ridden and memory-haunted, accepting the reality, as Molloy does, of where he happens to be, but groping for the image of the lost paradise. In all of Beckett's plays, the characters suffer through the present, remember a better time in the past, and experience a sense of guilt for some unspecified fault - what the narrative voice in Enough refers to as her "disgrace". For some of these characters, the memories of the past and the experience of the present come together to give them a sense of total self and provide them with the capacity to take, like the "little body" in Lessness, "one step more" (Lessness, p.9). For others, memory is a road leading further and further into the past in search of a paradise that not only is lost, but never was. In a sense, Beckett's plays are classic dramas of fall and regeneration, but he begins "in medias res" - man is already fallen and cannot remember why. The hope of regeneration springs from the first faint perception of a possible paradise within. Having recognized the potential contained in the darkness within, it is man's responsibility to create the new paradise.

In Waiting for Godot, the theme of suffering man and his sense of guilt is introduced in the opening scene of the play:

Estragon: (feebly) Help me!
Vladimir: It hurts?
Estragon: (angrily) Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!
Vladimir: (angrily) No one ever suffers but you. I don't count. I'd like to hear what you'd say if you had what I have
Estragon: It hurts?
Vladimir: (angrily) Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts! (W. for G., p.7B).

After this comic exchange on the topic of suffering, there are a few minutes of vaudevillian style routines, buttoning the fly, pursuing a flea, and then Vladimir introduces the theme of inherited guilt, apparently moved by the awareness of their suffering to consider the reason for it:

Vladimir: ... Gogo.
Estragon: What?
Vladimir: Suppose we repented.
Estragon: Repented what?
Vladimir: Oh ... (He reflects) We wouldn't have to go into the details.
Estragon: Our being born? (W. for G., p.8B).

This exchange is a dramatic rendering of the observation which Beckett made over twenty years earlier in the essay Proust, that the tragic figure "represents the expiation of original sin, of the original and eternal sin of him and all his 'soci malorum', the sin of having been born" (Proust, p.14).[14] The Bible, which records the history of man's fall and redemption, is an ambiguous reference. Its text contains the promise of a return to paradise, but at the same time the idea of redemption is reduced to an abstract shape. For Estragon the image is visual; the coloured maps of the Holy Land once represented the promised land which he would reach:

Estragon: I remember the maps of the Holy Land. Coloured they were. Very pretty. The Dead Sea was pale blue. The very look of it made me thirsty. That's where we'll to, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon. We'll swim. We'll be happy. (W. for G., p.8B).

The text suggests that Estragon once had a love with whom he

planned a honeymoon, a return to paradise. It also is clear that he never reached there - he remembers only the maps and the dream, not the reality. Vladimir's hope of a return to paradise is expressed, not in visual images, but in his rational analysis of the biblical text. Because only one out of four evangelists "speaks of a thief being saved" (W. for G., p.9), he has a sense that his chances are minimal. There is a sense that he wants desperately to establish the authenticity of that one account of the redemptive sacrifice:

Vladimir: But all four were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved. Why believe him rather than the others?
Estragon: Who believes him?
Vladimir: Everybody. It's the only version they know.
Estragon: People are bloody ignorant apes. (W. for G., p.9B).

Vladimir's rational mind leads him precariously close to the conclusion that there is no salvation and therefore no return to paradise. Estragon's poetic mind can evoke the image of a paradise which he has never seen even in the face of statistics which do not support the hope of return.

This opening exchange on the source of guilt and the chances of salvation is followed immediately by a reference to one of the central images in every account of man's fall and expulsion from paradise - the tree. The tree has been designated by Godot, according to Vladimir, as the place of meeting, and so its immediate raison d'être is a strictly theatrical function in terms of setting. But its leafless and seemingly dead condition seem also a rendering in visual image of the post-lapsarian world. There are parallels with Book X of Milton's Paradise Lost in the dialogue which Vladimir and Estragon carry on with reference to the tree. In Book X, Adam expresses the fear that their punishment "will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil, / A

long day's dying to augment our pain, / And to our seed, O hapless seed! derived."[15] Eve proposes two solutions to prevent their own "long day's dying" from being repeated by "a woful race".[16] The first solution is to remain childless: "so Death / Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two / Be forced to satisfy his rav'nous maw."[17] But if the prospect of facing the hardships of the fallen world without the consolation of nuptial love would be even greater misery, then, Eve proposes:

> Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
> With our own hands his office on ourselves;
> Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
> That show no end but death, and have the power
> Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,
> Destruction with destruction to destroy.[18]

We are reminded of these two proposals and the image of the lost paradise is evoked by Beckett's tree and the two children of Adam who wait beside it. Deprived of female companionship, and evidently impotent, Vladimir and Estragon have no progeny to inherit their guilt and their woe. But the prospect of achieving an erection by hanging themselves from the tree, and the possibility that from the spilled seed the mandrake might grow, makes Estragon exclaim, "Let's hang ourselves immediately!" (W. for G., p.12). Eve proposes self-destruction as an alternative to difficult abstention from sexual pleasure in order to prevent life from continuing. Vladimir and Estragon are attracted to the idea of self-destruction as a means of achieving sexual satisfaction which, ordinarily, they are incapable of enjoying. Estragon is excited by the possibility that from their spilled seed, the mandrake root, with its legendary power to make women fertile, might grow. The tree, as an archetypal image of the female, is the source of the idea

of self-destruction in Vladimir and Estragon, just as Eve is the proposer of the idea to Adam in Paradise Lost. Adam rejects Eve's proposal because of the promise that their seed will crush the serpent's head. Vladimir and Estragon, descendants of Adam, see no such purpose in their existence, but they do have the desire to believe that their seed will grow. But their fear that one of them might be left alone outweighs their desire for one last virile moment, and the option they choose in the end is a simple paraphrase of Adam's choice in Milton's paradise - "Let's wait and see what he says" (W. for G., p.12B).

The first exchange between Vladimir and Estragon concerning Godot suggests a further parallel with Milton's Paradise Lost and the description in Book XI of Adam and Eve's prayer for God's mercy and God's discussion of their situation with his Son and with the angels in the heavenly Synod.[19] Just as Adam in Book XI has asked for God's favour, Vladimir and Estragon have asked for some favour from Godot. Their discussion of Godot's possible response is a humorous and at the same time poignant parallel to anyone familiar with the petition and ensuing Synod in Book XI of Paradise Lost:

Estragon: What exactly did we ask him for?
Vladimir: Were you not there?
Estragon: I can't have been listening.
Vladimir: Oh ... Nothing very definite.
Estragon: A kind of prayer.
Vladimir: Precisely.
Estragon: A vague supplication.
Vladimir: Exactly.
Estragon: And what did he reply?
Vladimir: That he'd see.
Estragon: That he couldn't promise anything.
Vladimir: That he'd have to think it over.
Estragon: In the quiet of his home.
Vladimir: Consult his family.
Estragon: His friends.

Vladimir: His agents.
Estragon: His correspondents.
Vladimir: His books.
Estragon: His bank account.
Vladimir: Before taking a decision (W. for G., p.13).

It seems, then, that the beginning of the play develops around the implied image of a lost paradise. Estragon and his boots focus our attention on the fact of human suffering, Vladimir expresses a sense of guilt - suffering is punishment for something - but there is hope of salvation. If they just wait, and keep their appointment with Godot, he might decide to do something for them. Up to this point, Vladimir and Estragon have spent their time trying to remember a better time or hoping there is one coming. Now there is a suggestion introduced that the paradisal state is not the highest condition of man. To Estragon's question, "We've lost our rights?", Vladimir answers, "We got rid of them" (W. for G., p.13B). The stage directions, that he answers "(distinctly)", indicate a conviction in his tone, a sense that "rights" can be a hindrance to human development. It is an affirmation which is undercut by their posture at this point: "They remain motionless, arms dangling, heads sunk, sagging at the knees" (W. for G., p.13B). They are not puppets, but they behave like puppets, and Estragon seeks reassurance: "We're not tied?" (W. for G., p.13B). They are not tied; they are responsible for their own actions. Remembering a lost paradise or hoping for one to come is very much like waiting for someone to pull the strings. There are no strings and man himself must create whatever paradise he is going to occupy.

With the entrance of Pozzo and Lucky we see the results of asserting "rights" and being "tied". Tied to Pozzo, Lucky retains minimal rights of free choice; he has the right to the bones (W. for G.,

p.18B); the right to put down the bags and "make himself comfortable" (W. for G., p.21). But the long period of dependence, of not exercising his right to choose, has destroyed all that is truly human in Lucky. The potential for poetry, music, dance, which had once inspired Pozzo to contemplate something more than "common things" (W. for G., p.22B), has been destroyed by the process of decay which afflicts fallen man. In Lucky's "speech", we are presented with the dramatic evidence that all coherence is indeed gone.[20] Milton's Adam was free to fall, and did, but he was also free to rise again, depending on the choices he and his descendants would make. Without the exercise of free choice, Lucky has no chance of offsetting the process of decay with a creative act. In the second act, incoherent speech, out of which came a few glimpses of the remnants of interior beauty, has given way to dumb silence.

The sense of sin and guilt which Vladimir and Estragon experience is offset by their indefatigable hope that there might be a redemption, a bond if they conduct themselves properly. In Pozzo, the awareness of man's condition is not communicated through expression of a sense of guilt but of a sense of inevitable decay. Fallen man undergoes a process of corruption parallel to the decline of nature and his life pattern is mirrored by the heavens themselves. Contemplating the evening sky, in Act I, Pozzo observes that:

> ... it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale ... pale, ever a little paler until ... pppfff! finished! it comes to rest. But - behind this veil of gentleness and peace night is charging (vibrantly) and will burst upon us (snaps his fingers) pop! like that! (his inspiration leaves him) just when we least expect it. (Silence. Gloomily.) That's how it is on this bitch of an earth (W. for G., p.25B).

The memory of a better time, when he had an awareness of "beautiful things" (W. for G., p.22) is marked by the certainty that the potential for decline was always there: "Beauty, grace, truth of the first water, I knew they were all beyond me" (W. for G., p.22B). In the second act, he obviously has undergone the same process of decay as Lucky, and with his last words, Pozzo equates man's privation with the universal inclination toward darkness which he had noted in Act I.

> ... one day he went dumb, one day I went blind, one day we'll go deaf, one day we were born, one day we shall die, the same day, the same second, is that not enough for you? (Calmer). They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then its night once more. (He jerks the rope.) On! (W. for G., p.57B).

That final "On!" is ironic - the cry of mechanistic, progressive man, hurtling without faith in anything, toward the final corruption of the grave which will generate nothing.[21]

Nature may reflect man's inevitable decay for Pozzo but for Vladimir and Estragon it reflects the hope for regeneration. The few leaves which appear on the tree in Act II indicate that mutability is not necessarily decay. Significantly, when nature is displaying signs of re-birth, Pozzo is blind. The darkness into which he is plunged is not a universal, but a personal darkness. Pozzo sees the setting of the sun, but when the darkness falls in Act II, he is not there to see the rising of the moon, "shedding a pale light on the scene", and testimony that the sun has not burned out.

The essential contrast between Pozzo and Lucky and Vladimir and Estragon as representatives of fallen man can be seen in the emphasis given to one small word, "on", in the final scenes of each pair of men. Pozzo's final cry after the utterance of his despairing vision is a command to Lucky, "On!" - on with the "progress" in the process

of decay, the next stage after blindness and dumbness. Vladimir's last instruction to Estragon is the thrice reiterated, "Pull on your trousers" (W. for G., p.60B). The third time the word "ON" is capitalized. Beckettian ambiguity marks this final scene. In one sense, the act of pulling on trousers is a curious reminder of man's fallen state, where it is necessary to cover up his nakedness. But the trousers are also a token of man's dignity, and to pull them up is a positive action, a recovery of human dignity. Vladimir and Estragon stand erect, and if "they do not move", it may be that in the great expanse of the world outside of Eden, they have at least chosen "their place of rest".[22]

The image of the lost paradise haunts the bleak world of Endgame, where Pozzo's vision of a decaying world is presented more starkly. All of nature seems to be disintegrating, moving toward an inexorable end: "Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished" (E., p.1). Hamm is certain that his burden of conscious misery exceeds that of any living being, but in his dreams, memories of a green and fruitful world still reside: "What dreams! Those forests!" (E., p.3) ... "If I could sleep I might make love. I'd go into the woods. My eyes would see ... the sky, the earth" (E., p.18). But nature is associated with decay:

Hamm: Nature has forgotten us.
Clov: There's no more nature.
Hamm: No more nature! You exaggerate.
Clov: In the vicinity.
Hamm: But we breathe, we change! We lose our hair, our teeth! Our bloom! Our ideals.
Clov: Then she hasn't forgotten us. (E., p.11)

In spite of his expressions of eagerness for the end to come, Clov reflects the ancient dream of a return to the garden in his

futile efforts to grow something, and Hamm tries to keep the hope of new growth alive:

Hamm: Did your seeds come up?
Clov: No.
Hamm: Did you scratch around them to see if they had sprouted?
Clov: They haven't sprouted.
Hamm: Perhaps its still too early.
Clov: If they were going to sprout they would have sprouted. (Violently) They'll never sprout! (E., p.13)

Just as the image of a green world pervades Hamm's dreams so his story-telling, his creative effort, reveals that the image of the archetypal paradise lurks in his unconscious. Responding to Clov's inquiry about the progress of his story, he describes a wretched human being:

Hamm: Crawling on his belly, whining for bread for his brat. He's offered a job as a gardener. Before -
(Clov bursts out laughing.)
What is there so funny about that?
Clov: A job as a gardener!
Hamm: Is that what tickles you?
Clov: It must be that. (E., p.60)

Clov's reaction to the idea of "gardener" springs from a sense of the irony of offering anyone a gardener's job in a world where seeds will not sprout. Hamm's choice of such an occupation could spring from an unconscious and unspoken awareness that man, in his most perfect state of bliss, was a gardener.

In his creative activity, Hamm uses images which evoke an ideal world of the past. Before this creative expression of what might well be an unconscious awareness of the archetypal paradise, Hamm has indicated the possibility of such an awareness in his anxiety about being in the exact centre - traditionally the location of paradise, at the centre of creation:[23]

Hamm: Take me for a little turn. (Clov goes behind the chair and pushes it forward.) Not too fast! (Clov pushes chair.) Right round the world! (Clov pushes chair.) Hug the walls, then back to the center again. (Clov pushes chair.) I was right in the center, wasn't I? (E., p.25)

The image of paradise is conveyed as the enclosed space; the walls of the room parody the protecting walls of Eden because now the "old wall!" (E., p.25) serves only to ward off the "other hell" (E., p.26), not to preserve a paradisal garden. In spite of the reflection of doubt in his question "I was in the center wasn't I?", Hamm seeks to preserve the illusion of a secure place, seeks to return to an ideal position he is not really sure he ever occupied: "Am I right in the center?" (E., p.26). There is no return, no peace, no certainty:

Hamm: I feel a little too far to the left.
(Clov moves chair slightly.)
Now I feel a little too far to the right.
(Clov moves chair slightly.)
I feel a little too far forward.
(Clov moves chair slightly.)
Now I feel a little too far back.
(Clov moves chair slightly.)
Don't stay there,
(i.e. behind the chair)
you give me the shivers. (E., p.27)

When Clov, "dressed for the road" (E., p.82), ceases to perform the role of servant, Hamm makes a last effort to move his chair into place, using a gaff (E., p.82). He "gives up" trying to get himself back into the centre, and there is the sense of relief in his acceptance of the impossibility of doing so - "Good" (E., p.82). Yet, even as he expresses his approval that the end is drawing inexorably nearer, he betrays a wish that the game should go on, when he throws the whistle "towards auditorium" (E., p.84).

There is a tension throughout the play between the desire for an end to it all, and the striving to regain something that has been

lost. Memories of a happier time reinforce the sense of a fallen state. Nagg and Nell in themselves are the embodiment of forgotten archetypes, the discarded father and mother whose memories retain the image of a pure, blue and golden time, before the corruption of the world:

Nell: It was on Lake Como.
(Pause.)
One April afternoon.
(Pause.)
Can you believe it?
Nagg: What?
Nell: That we once went out rowing on Lake Como.
(Pause.)
One April afternoon.
.....
Nell: It was deep, deep. And you could see down to the bottom.
So white. So clean. (E., p.21)

Nell's images of a pure world frame Nagg's story of the tailor. The punchline of Nagg's story emphasizes the far from ideal condition of the world, while Nell's vision is fixed on that time in the past when "You could see down to the bottom ... So white" (E., p.23). Nagg's story, however, points us to that central recurring message of Beckett's work. The tailor, who beholds the condition of the world with disdain and disgust, offsets its shortcomings with his art: "But my dear Sir, my dear Sir, look - (disdainful gesture, disgustedly) - at the world - (pause) and look - (loving gesture, proudly) - at my TROUSERS!" (E., p.23). Nell's romantic memory of a pure world of the past is broken, literally, by a joke which hinges on the woeful world of the present. Images of the lost paradise may lurk in our memories, but there is no return. Nature itself seems to be corrupted. The ashbins contain sand rather than sawdust - there is no more sawdust because there are no more trees. Vegatable and animal life decay, only sand and water

remain. Yet, like the tailor, man can recover something of his lost glory in his creative effort. Even Hamm, who seems in the last stages of decay, feels compelled to finish his story. He is as meticulous about his story as the tailor is about his trousers; both take an artist's pride in adding just the right detail, and for both, their creative effort is a struggle for form in a world which is a mess. Their art, like all art, is, as Beckett has said, "absolutely non-final".[24]

Hamm, however, does not, like the tailor, seek to free his art from what is external. He shapes his story out of his experience of the external world, ending it with the abandonment of the small child to hunger, cold and death (E., p.83). His last character is used up:

I'll soon have finished this story.
(Pause)
Unless I bring in other characters.
(Pause)
But where would I find them?
(Pause)
Where would I look for them? (E., p.54)

When the creative self reaches the end of its resources, the game is over, and we are reminded that this is true for all of us when Hamm throws his whistle to the audience, as he says, "with my compliments" (E., p.84). Our own human predicament is inescapable; our only salvation is the creative act and each of us must respond with "Me - to play" (E., p.2). The stark vision of Endgame emphasizes the fallen condition of man and nature and the impossibility of a return to paradise, but it does not deny the possibility of re-creation, which must begin within.

Krapp's Last Tape presents us with the image of an old man of sixty-nine years, who has been seeking to regain the lost paradise all his life, always looking back. Beckett's stage directions give

us the key to Krapp's condition at the outset - the time of the play is "a late evening in the future" (K.L.T., p.9). The present then, is past in the play's time, and as the action progresses, we become aware that Krapp never contemplates the present. What happens in the present is simply the material for "a new retrospect" (K.L.T., p.12). Krapp at sixty-nine looks back to Krapp at thirty-nine, who has just been listening to a tape of Krapp at about twenty-nine, who has been looking back and "sneers at what he calls his youth and thanks to God that it's over" (K.L.T., p.12). The old Krapp passes the same judgment on the perception of the Krapp of thirty-nine years: "Just been listening to that stupid bastard I took myself for thirty years ago ... Thank God that's all done with anyway" (K.L.T., p.16).

All his life Krapp has experienced the inevitable isolation of the individual which Beckett attributed, in the essay on Proust, to the impossibility of attaining that which one desires. The one who desires, and that which is desired, are undergoing a continual process of change so that "at best, all that is realized in Time (all Time produce), whether in Art or Life, can only be possessed successively, by a series of partial annexations - never integrally and at once" (Proust, p.7). Krapp has spent his whole life extending himself outward by means of his recorder and as a result has never explored the inner world of his own consciousness. The self of the past which he tries to recapture, through the tape, no longer exists; the self of the future for whom he records does not yet exist. If, as Beckett suggests, the only self-realization that is possible is the individual's consciousness of change, of the "process of decantation" (Proust, p.4), then Krapp will be denied any degree of self-realization, for his

tapes record only the fact of change, not the process. Krapp, then, will never experience the recovery of paradise within himself, through the creative act. He has turned his back on the "partial annexations" through which the artist expresses reality. His sense of the failure of his creative work is limited to the number of copies sold and the income derived:

> Seventeen copies sold, of which eleven at trade price to free circulating libraries beyond the seas. Getting known. (Pause.) One pound six and something, eight I have little doubt. (Pause.) Crawled out once or twice, before the summer was cold. Sat shivering in the park, drowned in dreams and burning to be gone. Not a soul. (Pause.) Last fancies. (Vehemently.) Keep 'em under! (K.L.T., p.17)

This passage underlines Krapp's ultimate failure. Material failure leads him to suppress the creative stirring within. Subconsciously, he is aware of the process of change - "before the summer was cold" - and that process stirs the "last fancies" of the artist within him. But his conscious self "vehemently" determines to "keep 'em under"; he fixes his vision on what has been and what is to be, "drowned in dreams and burning to be gone". For fallen man, the ruins of paradise can be repaired only through the creative act, the act of the individual who perceives the passing moment of reality and strives to express it. It is an act which involves "the suffering of being", because it requires a heightened awareness that life or art can offer only glimpses of the lost paradise:

> Be again in the dingle on a Christmas Eve, gathering holly, the red-berried. (Pause.) Be again on Croghan on a Sunday morning, in the haze, with the bitch, stop and listen to the bells. (Pause.) And so on. (Pause.) Be again, be again. (Pause.) All that old misery. (Pause.) Once wasn't enough for you. (Pause.) Lie down across her (K.L.T., p.18).

The misery arises from the loss of fleeting happiness. Each creative expression involves re-creation of paradise within, a

paradise which must be again lost because what is expressed changes. Krapp prefers to immerse himself in a past which is no more, or yearn for a future which is yet to be. The tapes are the record of a life lived that way, the record of an individual who always avoided the suffering of present being. There never has been a paradise within for Krapp and so he dreams of a paradise lost, which, for him, never really existed.

The "expanse of scorched grass" (H.D., p.7) which meets our eyes as the curtain rises on Happy Days could evoke the image of the lost paradise if we recall Milton's description of the end of paradise:

> The brandished sword of God before them blazed
> Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
> And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
> Began to parch that temperate clime: 25

Beckett's stage directions place Winnie in "exact centre of mound", which brings to mind Hamm's anxiety about being in the exact centre and the associations such a wish has with the traditional location of paradise. The text reveals that the image of paradise does lurk in the recesses of Winnie's unconscious. However, because she is engaged in an unending struggle to retain conscious communication with the external world, especially with Willie, the desire for the lost paradise, which cannot be sensed or recalled by voluntary memory because no impression of it was ever consciously formed, pervades Winnie's actions and speech without being consciously stated.

Trapped in her mound of earth, Winnie goes through the routine of her day, willing herself to perform the habitual acts which help her to live through the time between the bell for waking and the bell for sleeping. Memory, too, engages her mind, as she tries to recall

lines committed to conscious memory. A Miltonic allusion reveals her subconscious awareness of the lost paradise. Admonishing herself that she must not complain, Winnie tries to remember lines once learned: "Mustn't complain.... what is that wonderful line? ... Oh fleeting joys - oh something lasting woe" (H.D., p.14). The lines which evade her are from Milton's Paradise Lost, spoken by Adam when he witnesses the beginning of disharmony and the growing misery of the Garden of Eden after the fall: "O fleeting joys / Of paradise dear bought with lasting woes".[26] As Winnie gropes for the lines, it is the word "paradise" in particular which she forgets; it is the forgotten archetype. Beckett's use of this allusion to Paradise Lost is ironic when the context of the two works is considered.

Adam's lament is the climax of a passage in which he foresees his suffering descendants cursing him for losing paradise and bringing misery upon them. Winnie, one of those suffering descendants is trying, on the contrary, to make the best of her situation and reminding herself that she must not complain. Caught in an unending present, she has no conscious recollection of the lost paradise, but the play reveals how much it is a part of her unconscious self.

In her conscious effort to remember literary lines, Winnie forgets the word "paradise". It is a word belonging to learned memory, a faculty which is dominated by reason, the kind of memory which Beckett refers to in the essay on Proust as voluntary memory. When Willie begins to read aloud from the newspaper, he stirs up involuntary memories for Winnie, activating that form of memory which, as Beckett says, "chooses its own time and place for the performance of its miracle" (Proust, p.21). The harsh fact of present time, that

Charlie Hunter is dead, is obliterated momentarily by the re-creation of the past as it emerges from Winnie's unconscious. What emerges is an image of a particular garden in a particular place, with a particular tree. She brings into conscious memory, from her unconscious, the image of a garden, a type of the forgotten archetype which learned memory could not recall. The word "youth" in Willie's second announcement takes her further back; again it is a garden image which emerges but the location is uncertain, as is the name of the man. The memory is closer to the impressionism of involuntary memory as she recounts impressions of toolshed, pots and plants. When involuntary memory, then, operates to evoke the forgotten past which habit and conscious memory cannot retrieve, it is a paradisal image, the image of the garden, which emerges from Winnie's unconscious.

The images of gardens which Winnie recalls are lost paradises of the age of innocence and young love: "My first ball! ... My second ball! ... My first kiss!" (H.D., p.16). However, the present reality of her situation leads her to question whether there was ever another reality: "Was I lovable once, Willie? (Pause.) Was I ever lovable?" (H.D., p.31). When the question remains unanswered, Winnie accepts the fact that the time of love in the garden is past, and, with some hesitation, asserts that "just to know you are there within hearing and conceivably on the semi-alert is ... er ... 'paradise enow'" (H.D., p.32). The allusion reveals that the paradisal image is rooted in her unconscious. In Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat, the "Wilderness" is "paradise enow" if the beloved one is present - there should be no regret for what is past and no sighing "for the Prophet's Paradise to come".[27] Yet, in spite of the determination to make her own

wilderness her paradise, Winnie does retain the image of a transcendent paradise in her imagination, and she enquires hopefully as to whether Willie shares her sense of the possibility of ascent:

> Winnie: ... Don't you ever have that feeling, Willie, of being sucked up? (Pause.) Don't you have to cling on sometimes, Willie? (Pause. She turns a little towards him.) Willie. Pause.
> Willie: Sucked up?
> Winnie: Yes love, up into the blue, like gossamer. (Pause.) No? (Pause.) You don't?

There is a close analogy between Winnie's sense that she might rise and the situation of Dante in Canto I of his Paradiso.[28] At the end of the Purgatorio, Dante has reached the earthly paradise at the top of the mountain of Purgatory. The sun is "in the equinoctial point";[29] he stands in blazing light. From this point, Dante passes beyond humanity, and, united with Beatrice in the heavenly sphere asks "in amaze how I transcend these lightsome bodies".[30] Beatrice tells him that it would be a greater marvel if "bereft of all impediment, thou hadst settled down below".[31] The analogy heightens the sense that the paradisal image informs Winnie's imagination. She feels that, in the blazing light of an equinoctial sun, bereft of impediment, she too would rise into the blue. But she is not on top of the purgatorial mountain. She is buried to the breast in it and, by the second act, it seems that she is being drawn into the archetypal caverns beneath the paradisal mountain, rather than transcending the sufferings of fallen man.

In Act II, Winnie is uncertain whether Willie is still beside her in the wilderness, because he does not respond to her questions. But his presence is essential for acceptance of the present reality as "paradise enow": "Willie! (Pause.) What Willie? (Sudden vehement

affirmation.) My Willie!" (H.D., p.51).

At the end of her external resources, Winnie discovers the paradise within through the creative act: "There is my story of course, when all else fails" (H.D., p.54). Her creative act begins with archetypal elements, womb, child, and mother. Through art, the art of story-making, Winnie is able to give expression to the fears that beset her in real life. She gives way to her fear by screaming, while attributing that action to a dramatic rendering of Mildred's screams in the story. In Beckett's terms Winnie finds, in her art, a form to accommodate the mess she is in, a way to represent in art what she experiences in reality. In freeing herself from external reality through her fiction, she, in effect, frees her inner self.

The scream which is released through the act of creation evidently stirs Willie to action. As Winnie recalls the day of their wedding, Willie appears in front of the mound in wedding regalia, "top hat, morning coat, striped trousers, etc., white gloves in hand" (H.D., p.61). The Beckettian ambiguity in the scene has been noted by other critics.[32] Winnie is at the top of the mound, but so is her revolver, and it is possible that Willie crawls up the mound to finish her misery, dressed, not as a bridegroom, but as an undertaker.

However, his last word evokes the image of the lost paradise again, and he seems more bridegroom than undertaker. He names her ... "Win". He gives her the gift of identity, of being. He re-enacts the role of Adam, the namer, and for a moment Winnie experiences the joy of paradise which releases the song in her buried heart.

In Play, the lost paradise image presents itself as a double image; the occupants of the three urns have lost it before and after

death. Structurally, there are two distinct parts to Play, and the first part reveals the details of a love triangle consisting of man, wife and "other woman". The spotlight which is the instigator of their speech is like a fourth character as it moves from one character to the next eliciting memory responses. Out of the seemingly disconnected statements and mixed up time sequences the audience is able to piece together a complete story of the past relationship of the three. The adulterous male loves both women, inhabits two paradises, and is driven to leave both. Reconciliation for the wife, W1, is seen as an occasion for a trip to paradisal climes, "to the Riviera or our darling Grand Canary" (Play, p.49). Full possession of her husband's love is a return to paradise. As he visits the mistress, W2, for the last time, a gardener works in the background: "He went on and on. I could hear a mower. An old hand mower" (Play, p.50). When the man disappears, both women think he is with the other one:

W1: ... I drove over to her place. It was all bolted and barred. All grey with frozen dew.

.....

W2: I made a bundle of his things and burnt them. It was November and the bonfire was going. (Play, p.52).

For all three, paradise is lost, the garden bolted and barred, the summer innocence departed.

In the second part of Play, it is clear that all three are unaware of the presence of the others in this continuation of the purgatorial state. They express confusion and question their new condition. All three had imagined, evidently, that a heavenly paradise awaited them after death. The second woman had "anticipated something better. More restful" (Play, p.52). The man is perplexed by the probing of the light; after the pain of life he had expected some kind

of peace: "Down, all going down, into the dark, peace is coming, I thought, after all, at last" (Play, p.53). Deprived of the expected peace in the after-life, he imagines the two women at peace on earth, picturing them having tea because "sorrow has brought them together" (Play, p.55). His concept of peace has a paradisal quality as he imagines that they "meet, and sit, now in the one dear old place, now in the other, and sorrow together, and compare - (hiccup) pardon - happy memories."

Paradoxically, then, he dreams of paradise on earth the way suffering humans dream of heaven. He proceeds to imagine in death what he wanted in life - a harmonious relationship with both women. Again, his imagining tends toward an idyllic dream of Eden but with one Adam and two Eves: "To think we were never together. ... Never woke together, on a May morning, the first to wake to wake the other two. Then in a little dinghy ... on the river, I resting on my oars, they lolling on air-cushions in the stern ... sheets. Drifting. Such fantasies ... Such fantasies. Then. And now - " (Play, pp.59-60). The first woman is distressed as well by the fact that her tongue is "still hanging out for mercy". Like the man, present suffering leads her to imagine a paradise on earth and the sense of a lost Eden is very strong. She pictures her rival waiting for the man to come home, and she places them in a sun-filled, olive grove setting: "Perhaps she has taken him away to live ... somewhere in the sun" (Play, p.58). Her dream of paradise on earth is the same in death as in life when she desired to go to the Riviera or the Grand Canary with her husband. But she imagines nightfall in that garden and "growing cold. Shadow stealing over everything" (Play, p.59). As the image darkens, she is

brought back to her present condition and she struggles to reconcile her expectations of death with the actuality - "Penitence, yes, at a pinch, atonement, one was resigned, but no, that does not seem to be the point either" (Play, p.59).

Disappointed in their dreams of an earthly paradise while alive, all three expected something better after death. The light probes, compelling them to use language. It seems to demand a performance from the characters and the only way they can perform is through speech. The three have found themselves in an after-life where consciousness continues but is not enlightened by the serene and everlasting light of a Beatific Vision. Uncertainty, doubt and fear continue to plague them. Even after death, the only possible paradise seems to be the paradise within. If there is to be a life everlasting for them, they will have to create it themselves and the only creative power they have is in language. Memories of life on earth as the lost paradise can only condemn them to repeat the pain and deprivation of that life where they had spent their time dreaming of another lost paradise. They are without the Word; they are left with the word and failure to use it creatively will trap them in "the static lifelessness of unrelieved viciousness" (D...B.V..J., p.253), where paradise is forever lost.

In the brief dramaticule Come and Go, the three women characters have sought to retain the paradise of innocence by denying change. Although they seem unaware of change in themselves, ultimately they note it in each other:

Flo: Ru.
Ru: Yes.
Flo: What do you think of Vi?
Ru: I see little change. (Flo moves to centre seat, whispers in Ru's ear. Appalled.) Oh! (They look at each other. Flo puts her finger to her lips.) Does she not realize?
Flo: God grant not. (Come and Go, p.67)

The compulsion to admit change is repeated for the three characters as each in turn exits and returns. There is a Blakean quality to their situation, as they cling to the image of childhood and innocence, believing that in the image is the reality, that they are untouched by time:

Flo: Just sit together as we used to, in the playground at Miss Wades.
Ru: On the log.
.....
Ru: Holding hands ... that way.
Flo: Dreaming of ... love. (Come and Go, pp.67-8)

But theirs was a post-lapsarian age of innocence; the pre-lapsarian immunity to the ravages of time is an illusion. Awareness of change has been forced upon them and as they join hands in the ritual pattern of childhood, Flo, who clasps the left hand of the two others, imagines she can "feel the rings" (Come and Go, p.69). As has been stated previously, Beckett is explicit in his directions that no rings are apparent. In discussing the significance of the circle image in the play, it was noted that Flo is the only one of the three who exits into the darkness at the left side, symbolically the side of the unconscious. Now she makes the first statement of the play based on imagination rather than memory or present external experience. Having been forced to accept the actual change of a fallen world, she can imagine the change that never took place. It is a poignant moment in an unfulfilled life, when the paradise within, of the imagination, is substituted for the paradise lost.

The image of the lost paradise remains a pervading one in Beckett's last play, to date, Not I. On a dark stage only a woman's mouth is visible, and, across the stage, a tall figure in black djellaba who listens and responds with "a gesture of helpless compassion" at every "vehement refusal to relinquish third person" (Not I, p.11). The text implies that the auditor contributes unheard questions and comments to which the woman responds with annoyance and bewilderment as she struggles to satisfy the compulsion to express. Apparently, after a life of uncreative discipline and routine, she finds herself "coming up to seventy" (Not I, p.2), seized with the compulsion to replace the "boredom of living" by the suffering of being". She realizes that she had never suffered, that habit had, indeed, as Vladimir states in Waiting for Godot, been a great deadener. Forty years after stating, in the essay on Proust, that "Suffering ... is the main condition of the artistic experience", Beckett dramatizes the tortured efforts of a woman to create for the first time, to tell a story in the third person.

As the title indicates, her vehement insistence that she is talking about "she" implies the unspoken denial - "not I". But the content of her stream of words suggests that her insistence is not a matter of denying the first person, but a matter of insisting on her right and ability to create in the third person, to shape her experience of life into an art form, to "tell" a story. Almost seventy, she begins to seek the paradise within. As she suffers the throes of the compulsion to "tell", she gropes for images that will help her express. Out of the storehouse of the unconscious which lies beneath the conscious life, archetypal images flicker into her consciousness and

the lost paradise, through all its associations with pastoral peace, lost innocence, guilt and punishment, is the most frequently recurring.

Her first groping recollection is of her premature birth, of being thrust "out ... into this world" (Not I, p.1) before her time, too soon wrenched from paradise. The experiences of time become blurred as past and present merge in the timeless images of the unconscious. Images of field, cowslips, and April light flicker across the brain. She makes a distinction between the sunlight of conscious experience and the light "such as the moon might cast", the moonlight of the unconscious, which reveals the images in the interior darkness. She has the potential to create a world, a paradise within where space and time are not yet formed. There are no spatial points of reference; she does not know whether she is "standing ... or sitting ... or kneeling ... or lying" (Not I, p.2). The dark auditor tries to establish a spatial position just as it later tries to account for all the parts of the voice mechanism which contribute to speech:

> ... she did not know ... what position she was in ... imagine! ... whether standing ... or sitting ... but the brain - ... what? ... kneeling? ... yes ... whether standing ... or sitting ... or kneeling ... but the brain ... what? ... lying? ... yes ... whether standing ... or sitting ... or kneeling ... or lying ... (Not I, p.2).

> imagine! ... whole body like gone ... just the mouth ... eyes ... cheeks ... jaws ... never - ... what? ... tongue? ... yes ... lips ... cheeks ... jaws ... tongue ... (Not I, p.6).

There is a sense of impatience in the woman's response to these questions. She seems to want to concentrate on the images and memories flickering within, to try, as she says, to "piece it together" (Not I, p.7).

She gropes through images of a past and seemingly timeless existence in a somewhat pastoral world of field and cowslips, a world

of light which suddenly went out: "... all went out ... all that early April morning light ... and she found herself in the - ... what? ... who? ... no! ... she! found herself in the dark" (Not I, p.2). She associates this loss of light with some unspecified guilt: "... first thought was ... oh long after ... sudden flash ... she was being punished ... for her sins ..." (Not I, p.2). Life became, evidently, a cycle of habit and routine; her long years of silence belong to a period when she was "not suffering" (Not I, p.3).

Now, moved to create in the third person, the woman begins to experience the tortured striving of the creative experience as she replaces the boredom of living by the suffering of being. The boredom is expressed through her memories of the "supermart":

> ... just hand in the list ... with the bag ... old black shopping bag ... then stand there waiting ... any length of time ... middle of the throng ... motionless ... staring into space ... mouth half open as usual ... till it was back in her hand ... the bag back in her hand ... then pay and go ... not as much as good-bye ... how she survived! (Not I, p.5).

She struggles on, trying to give form to the chaos within; grasping at the flickering images which are traditional aspects of the archetypal paradise, the womb, childhood innocence, meadows and flowers, the love of God, guilt, punishment, and the resurrection suggested by the "April morning" (Not I, p.10). She seeks a return to paradise; she will find it only if she continues to refuse "to relinquish third person", to keep striving to shape the images into a paradise within, to assert her right to shape life as she has experienced it into something other, a story about "she! ... SHE! ..." (Not I, p.10).

From his earliest to his latest works, Beckett continues to evoke the image of the lost paradise which he asserted, in Proust,

lurked behind every creative experience. The mouth in Not I strives, as all Beckett's people do, to express something new, "new precisely because already experienced" (Proust, p.55), to "breathe the true air of Paradise" (Proust, p.55). For many of his creatures, hope gleams on as they move through "the perilous zones in the life of the individual" (Proust, p.8). For others, habit is the deadener, and they will never find the paradise within because they have forgotten forever the paradise lost: "If there were no such thing as Habit, Life would of necessity appear delicious to all those whom Death would threaten at every moment, that is to say, to all Mankind" (Proust, p.17).

CHAPTER V

VISUAL STAGE IMAGES

The traditional associations of the images which inform Beckett's work are evoked more fully in his dramatic works because of the added dimension which theatre gives to language. Martin Esslin has noted that the concrete, visual images of the dramatic medium indicate that Beckett has tried to find a "means of expression beyond language":

> On the stage ... one can dispense with words altogether, or at least one can reveal the reality behind the words, as when the actions of the characters contradict their verbal expressions. "Let's go", say the two tramps at the end of each act of Waiting for Godot, 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. ... Beckett's use of the stage is an attempt to reduce the gap between the limitations of language and the intuition of being, the sense of the human situation he seeks to express in spite of his strong feelings that words are inadequate to formulate it. The concreteness and three-dimensional nature of the stage can be used to add new resources to language as an instrument of thought and exploration of being.[1]

These language resources of the theatre were recognized by Antonin Artaud when he proclaimed the primacy of the language of the mise en scène. In The Theatre and its Double, Artaud stated that "the possibilities for realization in the theatre relate entirely to the mise en scène considered as a language in space and movement."[2] This concrete language of the stage "consists of everything that occupies the stage, everything that can be manifested and expressed materially on a stage and that is addressed first of all to the senses instead of being

addressed primarily to the mind as is the language of words."[3] Artaud rejects the realist forms of theatre which he believed confined theatre "to the domain of what daily thought can reach, the familiar or unfamiliar domain of consciousness", and he admired the Oriental theatre which was "based upon age-old traditions which have preserved intact the secrets of using gestures, intonations and harmonies in relation to the senses on all possible levels."[4]

Artaud, of course, was not alone in his opposition to the verisimilitude of the nineteenth century mode of realism, nor was he the first to challenge its influence on dramatic form. Even as "Realism" in the theatre was attaining wide acceptance in the 1890's, anti-realist individuals were advocating a drama where symbolic setting would replace the illusionistic representation of particular places. The chief challengers were the symbolist playwrights and theatre designers who began a movement which "brought great visual beauty to the stage" as "many artists ... laboured for the greater glory of a theatre in which visions of universal import, not workaday problems, would be exhibited".[5] The symbolist ideal for a stage setting was summarized by one designer when he wrote that "a good scene design should not be a picture but an image".[6]

The symbolist ideal of the mise en scène as an image was at the root of one symbolist theory which is particularly interesting in relation to Beckett's dramas - Maeterlinck's idea of "static drama", with its emphasis on mood and suggestion rather than plot and explication. Dialogue and action are not as important as what is understood in silence and stillness. In a famous statement, Maeterlinck wrote:

> I have grown to believe that an old man, seated in his armchair, waiting patiently, with his lamp beside him, giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his house, interpreting without comprehending, the silence of doors and windows and the quivering voice of the light, submitting with bent head to the presence of his soul and his destiny ..., does yet live in reality a deeper, more human, and more universal life than the lover who strangles his mistress, the captain who conquers in battle, or the husband who avenges his honour.[7]

As Tom Driver points out, "the theatrical importance of this famous illustration lies not in the fact that the image is static, but that it is an image. ... The stage and what appeared thereon should ... generate an activity in the mind and soul. This would occur when the stage put copying at a minimum and signification at a maximum."[8] Driver goes on to observe that Maeterlinck was right in perceiving that the stage is by nature symbolic, but that its tendency to symbolize had to be controlled. The stage settings of Hamm, or Winnie, or Krapp, or the occupants of the urns in Play, even the mouth in Not I, all have something of the "static" quality to them, but they are images which retain a life of their own while evoking our sense of universal life.

The experimentation in the modern theatre which began in the nineteenth century continued in diverse directions in the twentieth century. New movements in art and theatre were concerned with new definitions of reality; there was dissatisfaction with the "realist" emphasis on objective reality but also with the abstract realities which seemed to be the concern of the Symbolists, since both appeared to seek expression of a reality beyond man himself. The influence of Freud and Jung brought about a new awareness of the subconscious, which was reflected in the "expressionist" theatre movement of the early twentieth century with its emphasis on the projection of a subjective, inner vision of reality. The French surrealists carried

the quest for new modes of perception even further:

> They rejected familiar reality with its orderliness and tidy logic, as a delusion. The facade of reality, according to the surrealists, had to be wrecked if the true life of the unconscious were to become manifest in art. And in order to destroy that facade, it was necessary, of course, to destroy the realistic form of drama. Once the facade was removed, irrational occurrences, such as those in Jean Cocteau's Orpheus and E.E. Cummings' him, would evoke, if not indeed represent, the anxieties, obsessions and primitive wishes that constitute the true reality that lies behind the surface of everyday behaviour.[9]

Artaud's plea for a new language of the theatre was influenced by his involvement with the surrealist movement. He wanted to abolish what he saw as the tyranny of the word in the theatre and replace it with a poetry of space: "I say that the stage is a concrete physical place which asks to be filled, and to be given its own concrete language to speak ... this concrete physical language is truly theatrical only to the degree that the thoughts it expresses are beyond the reach of the spoken language."[10] Gesture, sound, light, costumes, objects, even words, if used only as "part of an expressive vocabulary of gestures"[11] were to fill the stage space, but there were to be no more textual masterpieces.

However, the dissatisfaction with the realist theatre of illusion and a determination to create a theatrical theatre was also the motivating force behind such a "theatricalist" as Jacques Copeau, who stressed the primary importance of the playwright and his text. Copeau preferred the proscenium stage and simple set pieces and properties which would reflect the meaning of the text without intruding on it. The artistic leadership in the French theatre between the two world wars came largely from directors who had studied with and been influenced by him, such as Louis Jouvet and Charles Dullin, who shared his commitment to

the sanctity of the text and the theatrical art of the visual scene, and whose choice of plays for presentation included Greek classics; Shakespeare, Jonson, Ford, Moliere, Calderon, Pirandello, Cocteau, Salacrou, Giraudoux, Genet, and Sartre.

This varied theatrical environment provided the contemporary background for Beckett's work in the dramatic genre. In his stage settings, he puts before us a visual world of the imagination which we find, simultaneously, strange and familiar, because while it is not a picture of the world as we experience it, it is filled with recognizable objects from that world, commonplaces such as wheelchairs, parasols, tape-recorders, sandpiles, newspapers, garbage cans. Yet the presence of these familiar items from the actual world does not suggest any of the verisimilitude of realist drama. They are, clearly, theatrical properties in a stage world where Beckett seeks "to reconstitute human life as dramatic artifact, not to offer an account of it".[12] His plays reflect the music hall techniques, circus clown antics, and commedia dell'arte routines which had been incorporated by Copeau, Jouvet, and Dullin into their training methods and productions, always with consideration for what mime and gesture could contribute to an understanding of the text. Beckett was familiar with the theatre techniques of Yeats and Synge because he often saw their plays performed at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.[13] He must also have been impressed by Artaud's views on the importance of the mise en scene through the influence of the first director of Waiting for Godot, Roger Blin, who worked with Artaud.

Beckett's stage settings incorporate much of modern theatrical innovation, but careful consideration of the main images of his mise en scene suggests that an even older tradition contributes to the

relationship between his visual stage images and the meaning of his plays - the emblematic tradition of Mediaeval and Renaissance drama. The whole theatricalist revolt against the illusionistic stage evokes that style of theatre, with its stagecraft based on representation by formal symbols, which disappeared as the theatre of illusion progressed in the seventeenth century.[14] In the introduction to his scholarly study of the English stage from 1300 to 1660, Glynne Wickham indicates that the twentieth-century interest in distinguishing between literary and dramatic values and in changing the attitude that drama is synonymous with literature, has led to a reappraisal of the staging practices of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.[15] He notes that, with the establishment of the proscenium-arched stage containing perspective settings, aiming at verisimilitude, "the old theatre of poetry and visual suggestion was translated into a new one of pictorial realism and prose."[16] Wickham has devoted four volumes of scholarly research to demonstrating this transition. It would seem then, that the dissatisfaction with verisimilitude and the quest for a new mode of visual expression in the modern theatre is in many ways a reaching back to earlier forms of symbolic stage representation. The demand for a new stagecraft was a demand for the restoration of abandoned stage conventions.

One aspect of Wickham's research, which is particularly interesting for a study of the traditions behind Beckett's visual stage images, is his identification of the major scenic emblems which were in continuous use as visual images from mediaeval pageantry to the Stuart era - arbour, tree, mountain, cave, castle, pavilion, throne, tomb, ship, machine, and fountain.[17] In Beckett's mise en scene, it

is possible to identify a variation of nearly all of these, and frequently the use made of the emblem has ironic overtones when contrasted with its use in the older tradition. Even the emblems which are not present in concrete form, such as ship and fountain, sometimes are evoked verbally, and the absence of such emblems of freedom, discovery, and creative resources in itself speaks for the overall vision. There are, however, three particular emblematic images which occur most frequently in Beckett's mise en scène - the tree, the cave, and the mountain - which are of particular interest here because of their close associations with the central images which have been the subject of this study, the tree with the woman, the cave with the circle, and the mountain with the lost paradise. The interplay between the language of the text and the language of the mise en scène results often in irony and ambiguity, but heightens our perception of the possibilities for meaning. Tree, cave, and mountain can be identified as important symbols in much of modern literature and drama, so that in making use of such images from the emblematic stage tradition, Beckett is drawing on both the classical and contemporary store of images.

In the process of manipulating tradition to make it express his vision, Beckett strips away everything extraneous from the stage spectacle just as he strips away everything extraneous from the language. Having distilled the essential from the older stage tradition, Beckett incorporates more contemporary stage techniques, especially in the area of lighting. There is an intriguing combination in many of his plays of scenic backdrop, emblematic set pieces and mood lighting, all within the confines of the proscenium stage, for which Beckett has expressed his preference.[18] The result is an alloy

of dramatic elements which can be discerned if the whole is broken down, but which presents itself as a new form, a product of the imagination where the elements were brought together. That imagination is primarily a writer's imagination, so that the stage images serve the text, and there is a close relationship between the language of the text and the language of the mise en scène which results in what has been called a "theatre of language" rather than "language of the theatre".[19] The interplay between the verbal images which have links with a literary tradition, the woman, the circle, and the lost paradise, and the visual images which have links with a stage tradition, the tree, the cave, and the mountain, heightens the evocative effect of both the verbal and visual language.

In Waiting for Godot, Beckett sets the scene with two visual images which have a long history of symbolic association - the tree and the road. Critics have not neglected the mythic associations of the tree of life and the road on which man must take life's journey.[20] What we will consider here is the tree as a conventional stage image and some relationship to meaning which is suggested by Beckett's evocative use of it. The theatrical tradition which lies behind this particular stage image, especially the emblematic tradition researched by Wickham, confers on Beckett's sparse stage setting a peculiar vastness in which is contained nowhere and everywhere, no man and everyman, no time and anytime.

Tree scenes are accepted as such traditional forms of dramatic setting that they have become "scenic topoi":[21]

> Dramatic scenes with a tree or trees as a point of reference of action and dialogue can easily be traced throughout the history of drama and theatre. The tree may be a single but dominating stem, solidly

present and yet strangely disturbing, appearing in various stages of growth or decay. Or it may help to constitute scene localities such as the forest or the garden, which in turn occur over and over again in scene sets and set scenes, whether they be presented in symbolical stylization or in decorative profusion. And since, moreover, the tree motif has an extremely rich iconographic tradition, the property tree on the stage stands ready to attract and to release mythical, symbolical, and emblematic meanings of many a derivation.[22]

Beckett's tree in Waiting for Godot is in the tradition of the dominating single tree which dates back to mediaeval mystery plays and continues into the modern period to be "impressively tied up with one's recollection of the plays to which they belong".[23] It belongs to the reality of the world of Waiting for Godot; it is a stage image with its own function - to set the place of the action. The action is waiting, and the tree is the place where the waiting is to go on:

Estragon: You're sure it was here?
Vladimir: What?
Estragon: That we were to wait.
Vladimir: He said by the tree. (They look at the tree.) Do you see any others (W. for G., p.10).

The structure of Waiting for Godot depends on pattern rather than on plot and the tree provides a visual focus for some of the repetitive action which makes up the pattern. In Act I, Vladimir and Estragon discuss hanging as a possible means of ending their suffering. The frailty of the tree as a potential gallows is the ostensible reason for their choosing to go on waiting rather than attempting to end it all. At the end of Act I, the tree as gallows is focus again as Estragon laments, "Pity we haven't got a bit of rope" (W. for G., p.35). Act II ends with that same visual focus:

Vladimir: Everything is dead but the tree.
Estragon: (looking at the tree) What is it?
Vladimir: It's the tree.
Estragon: Yes, but what kind.
Vladimir: I don't know. A willow.

Estragon draws Vladimir toward the tree. They stand motionless before it. Silence.

Estragon: Why don't we hang ourselves. (W. for G., p.60)

Echoes from Act I reverberate around the tree. Vladimir reiterates his identification of the tree as a willow; Estragon repeats the suggestion that they hang themselves; Vladimir reminds him that they have no rope, which recalls Estragon's lament at the end of Act I. They test Estragon's belt, a cord which holds up his trousers, and it breaks, making hanging an impossible choice. But the frailty of the belt is a counterpart of their first reason for rejecting hanging - the frailty of the tree. Cord and tree together serve to remind us of the frailty of the two men, who need each other, and who would not attempt to hang themselves in case the bough broke with the first hanging, leaving one of them alone. In this particular structural pattern the frail tree becomes an emblematic image of frail men who fear the possibility of solitude in an empty landscape.

The change which occurs in the tree between Acts I and II is a visual representation of the potential for growth in the characters. In Act I, it appears to be a dead tree, a visual reflection of both the unproductive process of waiting which Vladimir and Estragon endure, and the destructive process of action without purpose which Pozzo and Lucky undergo. In Act II, the tree has sprouted four or five leaves, and Vladimir's subsequent response to that change reflects his fear of change in himself, which might make him unrecognizable. That fear is expressed through a series of references to the tree. He notes that "things have changed since yesterday" (W. for G., p.39) and, after probing Estragon's awareness of the change, recognizes that the tree has sprouted leaves. Later, he asserts that "Everything's dead but

the tree" (W. for G., p.59), acknowledging the change in the natural environment but denying it in himself or Estragon because of the need to know that they are still recognizable. This need is reflected in his questioning of the boy; "Do you not recognize me?" (W. for G., p.58). However, their own potential for growth is revealed when, unconsciously responding to the organic growth of the tree, they engage in another language game which rises to a level of poetry lacking in their other exchanges. In none of their other word games do they use simile and metaphor as they do when they are inspired by the growth of the tree:

Estragon: All the dead voices.
Vladimir: They make a noise like wings.
Estragon: Like leaves.
Vladimir: Like sand.

...

Estragon: They rustle.
Vladimir: They murmur.
Estragon: They rustle. (W. for G., p.40B)

The suggestion of growth which is visible in the setting becomes the outward sign of the potential for inner growth at the human level. In a similar way, Pozzo's physical blindness is the outward sign of his spiritual blindness. He is blind to the landscape which indicates that change can be a process of regeneration and does not imply, of necessity, the process of decay which he describes.

The dramatic function of the tree in Waiting for Godot, then, goes beyond its most basic theatrical purpose in providing a setting. It seems to serve the same dramatic function as Habicht describes for such emblematic stage properties on the Elizabethan stage:

> The Elizabethan tree property then, far from merely specifying a locality, is a symbolically charged focal point for the contrarious imaginative associations aroused by the dramatic tree scenes and their performance. The interaction of literary and theatrical factors which is at work in such scenes is to some extent mirrored in the texts of the plays.[24]

Beckett's tree certainly serves as a focal point for "contrarious imaginative associations" as it heightens our awareness of the range of possible meanings, of the basic contraries that confront any human being who journeys on any road - growth and decay, death and resurrection, hope and despair. It is the focal point for the dramatic representation of the agony of choice, the element in Beckett's plays which led Ionesco to compare them with the Book of Job - whether to live or die, to go or to stay, to speak or to be silent, to part or remain together. The range of options in Waiting for Godot is not wide; the struggling tree with its faint signs of growth, reflects the narrowness of the choice and the faintness of the hope. It also is a visual counterpart for the sparse language with which the characters struggle to communicate, so unlike the rhetoric of Arcadia or the Forest of Arden.

Beckett's stage tree is a poetic conception of the play's themes and images and the central images of woman, circle, and lost paradise are given a concrete dimension through its visible presence. To Vladimir and Estragon, it is a possible means of destruction or protection, and it is the inspiration for their most poetic use of language, all of which evokes the "eternal woman" for whom the tree is symbol. The positive and negative aspects of the circle image are reflected in the physical tree itself and in the movement around the tree. The appearance of the leaves suggests the cycle of the seasons the circular pattern of life that includes both death and rebirth. Vladimir and Estragon circle the tree as they wait for Godot and the green leaves reflect their hope. At the same time, their circling is like that of tethered beasts who are unable to break away from the

tree that keeps them in that place, even though Vladimir assures Estragon that they are not "tied" (W. for G., p.14B). But the human dignity which is preserved in Vladimir and Estragon through the exercise of even such a minimal choice is emphasized by the entrance of Pozzo and Lucky, who are physically tied and whose master-slave relationship is concretely imaged in the rope that binds them. The dead tree of Act I evokes the image of the ruined paradise, which is emphasized by Pozzo's constant references to the world of time as he consults his watch. In his attempt at poetic expression in Act I, Pozzo concentrates on the firmament and the gradual change in the evening sky which will result in sudden darkness. But he ignores the tree which, in its isolation, is at the centre of the firmament, affirming the reality of its being in the cosmic vastness which Pozzo describes.[25] As the characters obey Pozzo's command to look at the sky, the tree remains the only visible set piece for the audience, a stage presence, occupying its unique space. In Act II, when the green leaves suggest the hope of a return to paradise, Pozzo is blind, and completely alienated from the processes of Nature, to which Vladimir and Estragon, in spite of their attempts to cling to habit, can still respond unconsciously.

Because the tree is a theatrical tree, with no pretence of illusion, it reinforces visually the sense of the play as play which Beckett builds into his text through the frequent references to the auditorium and the backstage area. This play spirit is particularly evident in one scene in Act II, where language, movement, and setting combine to make us aware of it. Estragon, convinced that he is being pursued is looking frantically for an escape route:

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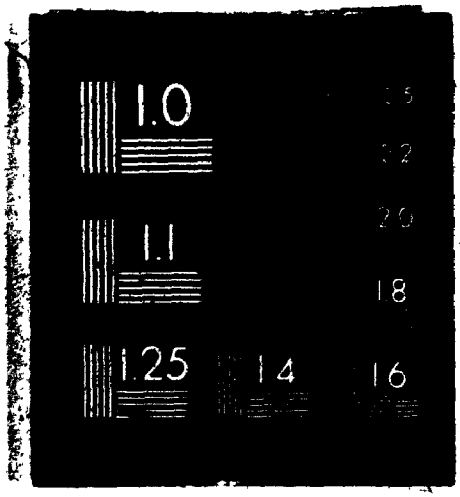

Vladimir: We're surrounded! (Estragon makes a rush towards back.) Imbecile! There's no way out there. (He takes Estragon by the arm and drags him towards front. Gesture towards front.) There! Not a soul in sight! Off you go! (He pushes Estragon towards auditorium. Estragon recoils in horror.) You wont? (He contemplates auditorium.) Well I can understand that (W. for G., p.47B).

Vladimir tells Estragon that his only hope is to hide behind the tree. Crouching behind that spindly form, Estragon realizes that he is not hidden and comes out as Vladimir remarks, "decidedly this tree will not have been the slightest use to us" (W. for G., p.48). All the dramatic elements of this scene combine to keep us aware that this is a play world, a total language-game involving our senses of sight and hearing.

This strong sense of play in Waiting for Godot is in keeping with the modern "theatricalist" spirit, but it also indicates an integral link with the artistic conventions of the Mediaeval and Renaissance drama. Wickham observes that chief among these conventions "was the frank acknowledgement that a stage-play was a form of game, that time and distance had to be drastically foreshortened if the game was to be played in a manner that suited contemporary society and that in consequence both persons and place had to be swiftly identified by symbols and emblems."[26] The tree, as one of the most frequently used stage properties, served to locate place quickly, either because it was a particular tree associated with a particular country or because reference to place in the text was reinforced by the concrete presence of a tree.[27] But Beckett manipulates the tree setting to make it serve his own dramatic purpose. Vladimir states, uncertainly, that the tree is a willow, a species which appears as tree or shrub in almost all parts of the world. The universality of the willow's growth makes it impossible to narrow down the place where the two tramps wait for Godot -

it could be anywhere in the world.

Wickham notes the frequency with which trees were used in the emblematic tradition to mark the scene for a special event, especially the arrival of an important person from another place.[28] Beckett's tree serves such a purpose, marking the spot where Godot is to arrive, with its thin branches and few green leaves reflecting the slim hope and weary patience of those who wait for a "V.I.P." who continues to disappoint them.

The final stage image in both acts of Waiting for Godot recalls Maeterlinck's theory of "static drama", as the two old friends remain motionless beside the tree, mirroring nothing, but signifying that "deeper, more human and more universal life" of which Maeterlinck spoke. The visual image of the tree is different at the end of each act, a difference which strikes a positive note, and there is a parallel difference in the position of the two men. In Act I, they sit, dejected, by a bare tree. At the end of Act II, they are standing, and Estragon, recovering his human dignity, is holding up his trousers. This total stage image of two upright men beside the tree with its few green leaves recalls Beckett's quotation from Proust: "Man is ... a tree whose stem and leafage are an expression of inward sap" (Proust, p.49). It is an evocative image linking past and present through the imaginative re-creation of what is common to both, human experience.

Endgame's setting has links with another emblematic stage image, the cave, which goes back "to the earliest form of all such caverns, Hell's Mouth itself".[29] Beckett's stage directions suggest a setting partially underground, with the grey light and the two small windows so high up that Clov needs a step-ladder to reach them. The visual

sense of an underground cave which is imparted by the two high windows is supported by the dialogue:

Hamm: Did you ever think of one thing?
Clov: Never.
Hamm: That here we're down in a hole.
(Pause.)
But beyond the hills? Eh? Perhaps its still green.
Eh? (E., p.34)

This sense of the setting as a cave has been associated by several critics with a very particular "cave", the cave of the human mind: "we fancy the stage, with its high peepholes, to be the inside of an immense skull".[30] Roger Blin staged the first production of Endgame, which was supervised by Beckett, in an oval shaped setting to suggest the inside of a skull.[31] The setting reflects visually the ironic contrasts communicated by the circle images in the play and one reviewer has linked the setting to another circle image, the womb: "Imagine a foetus, doomed to be stillborn, suspended in darkness in the amniotic fluid, its life-not-to-be leaking away through the fontanelle - the membraneous gap at the top of the skull of every human embryo."[32] It has been observed that Hamm's line, "Something dripping in my head, ever since the fontanelles" (E., p.50), ties the feminine womb image to "the other major image suggested by the play's setting - the masculine image of the room as a skull with two windows as sightless eyes."[33] These impressions of Endgame's setting indicate that the central images of circle and woman which inform the play are linked in the visual conception of the play's vision.

Referring to the womb and the skull as "the conscious and unconscious waiting-rooms to living itself", Chevigny perceptively notes that they "point to a third image for Endgame's setting" -

the Ante-Purgatory where "Dante found Belacqua, as in a womb and in a skull, crouching in the foetal posture".[34] The shelter where Hamm and Clov play out the time is, like Belacqua's cave, a place where one waits until it "has gone on long enough" (E., p.45). The analogy between the setting and the "ante-purgatory" evokes the image of the lost paradise through the implied fallen condition of man who must atone. The association of Endgame's setting with the cave of the human mind links the play with a long literary tradition of caves and abysses where a drama of the human mind unfolds. In such literature, caves are associated with the subconscious levels of the mind, where the images which are given form in the creative act are found. Plato's Phaedo pictured all of the life-giving rivers of earth flowing in and out of the cavern within the earth's sphere. Dante can begin the ascent to paradise only through the caverns of hell and Milton's river of Paradise passes through underground caves; Coleridge writes of the "caverns measureless to man", and Shelley's Prometheus can be free only when he dwells with Asia in the "cavern" of mother earth.

Equally symbolic cave images can be found in the concrete stage language of modern drama, in both "realist" and "theatricalist" plays. An early realist play, Gorky's The Lower Depths, has a basement setting specifically designated as resembling a cave. The sense of enclosure, of entrapment in its grim atmosphere is reinforced by the dim lighting. Gorky's final vision is as ambiguous as Beckett's; does the hope of release from the "cave" lie in Luka's dream of paradise or in Satin's assertion that man must take action to retain his dignity? Tolstoy's Power of Darkness draws a parallel between the dark cellar where Akulina's baby is murdered and the dark recesses of

Nikita's mind where he harbours the guilty secret. Lorca uses cave and forest in dramatic contrast in Blood Wedding, capturing in the visual symbolism of the bride's home, a cave lit in cold tones, the clash between her environment and the underlying emotion which will find release in the fertile forest. The form of cavern identified in Wickham as the earliest stage cave, a hell's mouth, is evoked in Ghelderode's Chronicles of Hell through the centre doors which open to discover the flickering candle flames and the dark, demonic figure of the bishop. A hell's mouth is suggested also in Cocteau's The Infernal Machine, by the "nocturnal curtains" behind which the infernal machine unwinds for man's destruction. Giraudoux entombs the forces of evil in a cave beneath the cellar in The Madwoman of Chaillot; a cave is the implied image of Anouilh's La Grotte, implying as well the mind of the playwright. Artaud's production of The Cenci used lighting and sound with theatrical properties to create the setting of an underground torture chamber, intended to make the spectator confront the parallel darkness of his own being. Roger Blin, Beckett's French director, was associated with Artaud in that production, so that he would have been well aware of the resonances possible in his cave setting for Endgame.

Endgame's setting then, evokes a long literary and dramatic tradition and utilizes an image which is part of the modern dramatic consciousness, embodying both the positive and negative aspects of the archetypal circle as an image of confinement or protection. The setting of Endgame has associations, too, with the older emblematic tradition, which are evoked through textual allusion and through the emblematic nature of some of the set pieces which are contained in

the setting. In Renaissance drama, the cave, like the tree, was one of the frequently used dramatic settings. With the growth of interest in classical mythology the cave was used frequently on stage to represent the home of Vulcan, the lame smith of the gods who was brought forth by Hera without a father. There are allusions in Endgame which recall that myth, and the association is reinforced by the cave-like setting. Clov's kitchen can be seen as a variation of Vulcan's subterranean workshop. The mythic smith-god was born lame, and further crippled when he was thrown from heaven for his deformity. Clov, too, is a crippled craftsman who has things to do in his kitchen, but his skill as a maker is manifested only through Hamm's unfinished toy dog. The stage directions describe his "stiff, staggering walk" (E., p.1) and twice in the text reference is made to his bad legs:

> Hamm: How are your legs?
> Clov: Bad. (E., p.35)

> Clov: The pains in my legs! It's unbelievable! Soon I won't be able to think anymore. (E., p.46)

And like the mythic smith-god, Clov is fatherless: "Hamm: But for me, no father" (E., p.38). But the fires of Clov's hearth are extinguished, and he cannot provide wheels for Hamm's chair as Vulcan did for the chariots of the gods.

The grotesque chariot in which Hamm circles around his enclosed world is itself linked to another emblematic scene device - the throne. Traditionally, the throne was flown in to the exact centre-stage position when needed as the place of honour.[35] Hamm's throne does not descend from the heavens; he is trapped permanently in his subterranean cave with no means of ascending and no certainty that he

occupies the centre.

Besides Hamm's displaced throne, the underground setting of Endgame includes another focal point on the stage - the ashbins which contain Nagg and Nell. Like the "tomb" properties in the emblematic tradition, these ashbins are the setting for the final scene of characters who are near death. The tomb emblems of the Elizabethan stage varied in external appearance according to their function within a given play. Beckett's ashbins, seen as "tombs", become emblems which reflect the reduced condition in which he represents man. The ashbins contain the dying remnants of a past generation, Nagg and Nell, treasuring their old stories and old memories. It is a past discarded by their descendant, and so there is no reverential sealing and inscribing of the "tomb" so that future generations will remember the past. Instead, Clov is instructed to "screw down the lids" (E., p.24).

Allusions within the play are related to the cave setting. Hamm's declaration that "Our revels now are ended" recalls the visions which Prospero conjured in Act IV of The Tempest and the cave where Ferdinand and Miranda are "discovered" playing chess in Act V. There are no bright visions to be seen outside Hamm's cave, only the grey desolation of sea and earth, and in his cave the "endgame" being played out is in stark contrast to the game played by Shakespeare's lovers in Prospero's cave. The cave as hell's mouth is evoked when Hamm, hugging his "old wall", remarks that "beyond is the ... other hell" (E., p.26). The wall simultaneously encloses him in one hell's hole and protects him from the "other", so that his shelter takes on two aspects of the related circle image - trap and haven. In Greek, Hebrew, or Christian tradition, hell is imaged as a cavernous

underworld, the antithesis of the high mount of heaven. Hamm's reference to his shelter as "hell" is reinforced by the underground setting, and Clov's kitchen, the Vulcan's cave which stands between the inside door and the outside door, become's the hell's mouth which will open to discover either hell.

Wickham suggests that the conventions of the emblematic tradition left the spectator free to "conjure settings imaginatively out of the dramatist's poetic emblems".[36] The cave-like setting of Endgame, which derives from that long tradition, is open, evidently, to many interpretations, and the text provides us with associations which set up an evocative interplay between what we see and what we hear. Alan Schneider's account of how the setting for the first New York production was designed underlines the "theatrical" nature of the set - in Schneider's production the bare brick walls of the Cherry Lane stage were utilized, with two high windows painted "boldly and theatrically on the wall at the back".[37] As in Waiting for Godot, a theatrical setting is demanded by the sense of play as play which is built into the text, beginning with Hamm's opening line, "Me - to play" (E., p.2). Clov on his ladder turns his telescope on the auditorium and announces that he sees "a multitude ... in transports ... of joy" (E., p.29) and Hamm, at the end, throws his whistle to the audience "with my compliments" (E., p.84), reminding us that we too are part of the game. There is a language-game which goes on between playwright and audience of which the text and the visual setting are both a part, and even if Beckett has no elucidations to offer and denies that he is attempting to arrive at any truth, his sense of the appropriate conventions to express the contemporary

situation provides us with the material to make our own truth.

He remarked to Alan Schneider that Endgame is "more inhuman than 'Godot'",[38] and the reduced variations of traditional emblems indicate none of the signs of potential growth we see in the tree. Hamm's "throne" is off-centre in a very small kingdom, with no fly wires connecting it to the heavens above. The ash-bin "tomb" is the site of a death scene which offers no certainty of a reunion beyond death and emphasizes, not the grandeur of what is gone, but the decay that sets in even before the passing. These two disturbing descendants of emblematic set pieces dominate the cave-like setting which is both shelter and prison. Beckett leaves us with only one source of hope that perhaps this is not an eternal hell, but a very long purgatory. Clov gazes through his telescope at the audience and sees "a multitude ... in transports ... of joy". As Dante climbed up out of the cavern of hell he saw "through a round opening the beauteous things which Heaven bears".[39] The mount of Purgatory had still to be climbed, but Eden was at the top. Beckett's preference for the ambiguous leaves us unsure of whether Clov sees, through the "round opening" of his telescope, only the dark cave of the auditorium, so that his reference is an ironic comment on our parallel condition, or whether he focusses on a vision of something beyond us. Any conclusion can only be drawn in the mind of the beholder.

Krapp's tape-recorder in Krapp's Last Tape is a modern stage "machine", a stock device of the Elizabethan and Jacobean stage by which marvellous and immediate changes in the visual stage space could be achieved. Krapp's machine brings about a change in time, and leaves us to conjure the setting of past time out of what we hear. Past and

present are brought together as the Krapp of the past, through the magic of a "machine", shares the stage with the Krapp of the stage present, which in turn is set "in the future" (K.L.T., p.9). Traditionally, stage machinery was used in the theatre to expand the range of theatrical representation of man and his universe - however, earth and hell could be represented in the same stage space with the aid of a machine. Modern "theatricalists" make use of stage machinery to achieve sight and sound effects that are unrestricted by barriers of time and space.[40] But Krapp occupies a very small stage space, with only two clearly defined areas of light and darkness. He is trapped in time, and the machine reveals, not the vastness of his universe, but its narrowness. Beckett's contemporary stage machine, which manipulates time rather than space, points paradoxically to the importance of space, of the inner space where, by creative action, time can be overcome. For in the end, when Krapp has allowed the mechanical to take precedence over his creative potential, the machine can only run on in silence, unable to recapture the past unless a human being turns the switch.

In Happy Days, the emblematic mountain and the associated cave are prominent features of the paradoxically unique and traditional setting. Winnie's mound of earth is set against the painted scene of a "trompe l'oeil backcloth" (H.D., p.7) in a combination of emblematic set piece and scenic illusion which heightens the theatrical effect of the scene. Her mound derives from the mountain emblems of the Renaissance stage and becomes, as all such set pieces did, an element in a total scenic picture.

Like the hills and mounts of the Renaissance stage, Winnie's mound is "associated with its prime occupant".[41] Winnie is inseparable from her mound in the imagination of the audience; to those familiar with the Beckett world, "Winnie's mound" is as natural an association as the Mount of Fame, "Britain's Mount", or the "Hill of Truth" was to Renaissance audiences. Wickham notes the close affinity between the cave and the hill or mount in emblematic staging, where "the cave as the interior of cliff or hill [was] obviously associated with ... the mountain in scenic iconography".[42] This affinity is retained in Happy Days, where Willie's "hole" is, evidently, a cave-like shelter behind the mound.

This traditional affinity between mount and cave in the emblematic tradition provides an evocative stage setting for Happy Days which expresses in a concrete image the struggle for a balance of inner and outer awareness which Winnie undergoes. Visually we see a woman who is half in and half out of a mound of earth; the dialogue and action reveal that her husband, Willie, lives in a cave in that mound; above the mound the bright light of the sun shines relentlessly, while within there is darkness. In the second Act, we see, visually, that the woman has descended further into the darkness; only her head remains visible to mark the division between inside and outside. The setting combines the associative aspects of "mountain" and "cave" in a concrete representation of inner and outer being, a stage representation which takes on meaning through the language of word, gesture, and pause with which the woman, who is concretely and inseparably linked to the setting, fills her time. The 'trompe d'oeil' backcloth emphasizes the "doubt" which Winnie admits is "gnawing" at her (H.D., p.27).

She has moments of doubt about the reality of her external being and environment, which she tries to offset by constantly using the objects in her bag, to reassure herself that they are there. Her fear that reality is an illusion is ironically underlined by the presence of the illusionistic backcloth.

Against the scenic backdrop of illusion, and within the dramatic context of Winnie's struggle to retain a sense of what is within and what is without, the mountain and cave take on emblematic significance and lend ironic dimensions to the setting which parallel the ironies of the text. Wickham indicates that hill and mountain were usually associated with figures, either real or abstract, who transcended the ordinary human condition. Winnie expresses a sense of herself as one who could soar - she feels that if her mound of earth would yield and let her go, she would rise above earthly woe and be "sucked up ... up into the blue, like gossamer" (H.D., p.34). Ironically, the "mountain" with which Winnie is associated, keeps her trapped in earthly misery. Yet the traditional association of the mountain with the lost paradise image suggests that Winnie's descent into darkness is emblematic of a means of gaining freedom. Beckett is an informed scholar of Dante, and one recalls that Dante's release from his earth-bound condition in The Divine Comedy could only be brought about by the journey down into the caverns of Hell which preceded the ascent to the top of the purgatorial mount and the further ascent to paradise. For Beckett, the only "paradise within" is the world which can be created out of the images within the darkness of the inner mind. As Winnie is deprived of the means of extending herself through external objects and verifying outer existence, she is driven to use the

resources of her imagination to create another reality of the inner world in the story of Mildred. Through the creation of that inner world, she is able to give expression to her overwhelming fear that she does not exist, by dramatizing Mildred's scream.

The scream attracts Willie's attention. Up to this point in Act II, he has remained unseen and unheard in spite of Winnie's pleas that he answer and her vehement assertion that he really exists: "What Willie? (Sudden vehement affirmation) My Willie!" (H.D., p.51). Now he emerges like a modern knight, "dressed to kill", to slay the dragon of her fear. The emblematic associations of the mound contribute ironic dimensions to the scene again, as Beckett's decrepit "knight" tries to reach his lady who watches from above and cheers him on.[43] Winnie cannot descend from her mount to greet the "knight", nor can he reach the top of the mound to free the captive lady. The limitations of the characters are reflected in the limitation of the set piece. It does not, as emblematic mountains so often did, open to "discover" Willie - he must emerge laboriously, on all fours. But this reduced version of a discovery scene becomes a "recognition" scene on two levels, physical and spiritual. Winnie and Willie recognize each other in the sense of observing physical appearance and noting the changes. At the same time, there is a spiritual recognition which offsets the external, concrete image of their appalling situation. Unable to enact the drama of freeing the captive lady, Willie does all he can do, he names her - "Win". Naming her is more than physical recognition; it is spiritual recognition. He gives her the gift of identity, freeing her from her fear of solipsism through his assurance that she sees and is seen. Beckett made the observation once that language began when Adam,

the namer, "first said goo to a goose" (D...B.V..J., p.252). For a brief moment, Winnie is another Eve, occupying the paradisal mount, and Willie is Adam, the namer. In the joy of recognition, the love song bursts forth, like the river of paradise, from Winnie's heart, buried in the cavern below.

The archetypal association of caves with the human mind, which were noted in the discussion of Endgame, have some insight to offer in Happy Days, especially in relation to Jung's theory of the animus/anima. Winnie can be seen as the archetypal woman engaged in the struggle for a balance of consciousness. Trapped in a world of mechanical time, where the light of consciousness glares relentlessly, Jung would say she needs to make contact with the "animus" Willie, who dwells in the cave of her unconscious. The stage setting reinforces the link with the literary tradition in which writers have utilized mountain and cave as images of just such a struggle.[44] In a Jungian reading, Winnie's creative endeavour in the story of Millie brings her in touch with the animus, who is then "projected" and becomes clearly visible to her, and to the audience.

In Ruby Cohn's account of the German production of Happy Days, which Beckett directed himself in 1971, she notes that "Stage depth was gained by adding mounds and hillocks",[45] which put Winnie's mound into a realistic perspective with the illusionistic backcloth. This is the only one of Beckett's plays where he uses perspective scenery. Yet the effect is not one of "realism"; one has rather, a sense of a surrealistic world. There are some aspects of the setting which seem almost a parody of realism. This sense of parody is brought about particularly through the central visual image, Winnie's mound, and the

unrelenting and unchanging brightness of the light. The highly symbolic significance of mountains in "realist" drama, notably of Ibsen's fjords and mountains in such plays as Ghosts and Brand comes to mind,[46] together with the important psychological effects achieved by the significant use of light and shadow. These settings served the poetic dimensions of the texts, but were designed to mirror an external truth that the audience would recognize. Beckett's "mountain", set against a perspective backcloth, is designed to create a stage reality, a total environment that is Winnie's world but which the audience does not recognize. It is not a picture, but an evocative image, a reality for Winnie, an emblem of our reduced grandeur for us. The visual scene - the mount where nothing grows, the trapped woman, the impotent hero - presents us with a final vision which seems simultaneously tragic and comic, facing us with the tragic awareness of what it means to be but providing the reconciliation of comedy which makes it possible to go on being.

The setting for Play has associations with cave and tomb and is particularly evocative of Dante's ante-purgatory because the three characters seem doomed to repeat the monotonous events of their uncreative and unrepented lives. However, Dante's Belacqua had repented at the end of his life and had to wait out the span of his life only once before he could begin the ascent up the purgatorial mount. Beckett's three characters have never repented their misdirected lives and so the cyclical process of reliving their lives is endless and they seem doomed to occupy the urns in the ante-purgatorial cave forever. The play is strongly reminiscent of Yeats's plays of purgation, and Beckett might well have been influenced by The Dreaming of the

Bones or The Words Upon the Window-Pane which he very likely saw performed at the Abbey Theatre.[47] Yeats wrote that The Dreaming of the Bones "is derived from the world-wide belief that the dead dream back, for a certain time, through the more personal thoughts and deeds of life".[48] But Beckett's visual stage image is very unlike that of Yeats. There are no dancers, but three very immobile characters, and Beckett specifies "no masks" in his stage directions. His three characters fail to grasp the necessity for a creative use of language and so are far removed from the after-life described by Yeats as "the creation of the image-making power of the mind, and mainly of the images in the memory."[49] More importantly, Beckett's characters are not symbolic representations of mythical or historical figures, but stage entities, pointing only to themselves and their own existence.

Beckett reinforces the sense of a lack of inner "being", which the central images of the woman, the circle and the lost paradises suggested, by merging the three characters with their external, physical environment, making them, in death, part of the surfact world which was their chief concern in life: "Faces so lost to age and aspect as to seem almost part of urns. But no masks." (Play, p.45). They are to be identifiable as human, but without the gift of identity, faceless and nameless. The urns which are the setting for the play suggest the containers for the ashes of the dead, a form of tomb.

In his account of the major emblematic set pieces which were used on the Elizabethan Public Stage, Wickham includes tombs, and notes that such emblems were varied in external appearance according to their function.[50] Tomb scenes from the Renaissance stage were fresh in Beckett's mind when he wrote Play, for specific allusions to two such

scenes were made in Happy Days, written just before Play. Making up her face, Winnie remarks as she looks in her mirror, "Ensign crimson... Pale flag" (H.D., p.15). The lines are a reference to the tomb scene in Romeo and Juliet, when, believing that Juliet is dead, Romeo laments that he arrived too late: "Beauties' ensign yet/ Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,/ And Deaths' pale flag is not advanced there".[51] In this tomb scene, Romeo declares the indestructibility of faithful love and states his intention to die, confident that death is merely the stepping stone to "everlasting rest" from "world-wearied flesh" and to endless union with his love. The other allusion in Happy Days is to Cymbeline: "Fear no more the heat o' the sun" (H.D., p.26). This line is from the dirge which reminds us that "Golden Lads, and Girls all must/ As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust."[52] Again there is the reminder, conventional in such scenes, that earthly strife is at an end, and the final wish, after the consolation that death is a transition stage to another world is that "Ghosts unlaid forbeare thee./ Nothing ill come neere thee./ Quiet consummation have, and renowned be thy grave."[53] In Play, Beckett's setting has ironic associations with such tomb scenes. There is nothing distinctive about the "tombs" in Play; the identical grey urns reflect the identical grey lives of the inhabitants; their eternity will be, not a quiet consummation, but a tortured cycle of re-enacting the faithless actions of their "world-wearied flesh". The choric opening reveals their common view that death would "wipe out" what had gone before as if it had "never been". They did not expect death to be anything more than an ending, but they lack the inner awareness that it is the fact of death that makes it important for life to have meaning.

The theatrical nature of the spotlight reinforces the sense of "play", together with the concern of the characters that they are being seen. But the light is another character in the play, a "unique inquisitor" (Play, p.62), and this sense of the light as character is reinforced by Beckett's insistence that it "must not be situated outside ideal space (stage) occupied by its victims" (Play, p.62). Like the occupants of the urns, the light functions as both character and setting; the locating of the light within the stage space serves to emphasize the division between the darkness of the play world and the darkness of the auditorium. Within the reality of the stage world, the light is an external spotlight to the three people in the urns, but to the audience it becomes a metaphor for inner illumination, a light within a world of the imagination. Our world is not yet their world. While there is life, there is still hope that the living can find the inner reality, that our cave is Belaqua's ante-purgatory from which we can emerge to ascend the purgatorial mountain rather than descend into the cavern of hell's static lifelessness.

Breath presents an audience with setting only, without characters or dialogue to which the setting can be seen to relate. The whole drama takes thirty seconds to unfold. Beckett's directions are meticulous:

1. Minimum 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.
3. Expiration and slow decrease of light together reaching maximum together (light as in 1) in about ten seconds and immediately cry as before.
   Silence and hold about five seconds.

CURTAIN (Breath, p.88)

He even has a specific comment to make about the "miscellaneous rubbish": "Rubbish - no verticals, all scattered and lying". A cry, inspiration, another cry, expiration - the time between the birth cry and the death cry, the first breath and the last, is very brief.

In the Beckett plays which preceded Breath, many things were discarded - bones, clothing, banana peel, tapes, parasols, even parents - and they are all recalled in the rubbish heap of Breath. "Breath" means life and somewhere in the darkness and the discards of the play's setting, life is. Yeats believed in the necessity of rejecting the poetic images which no longer sufficed to express the human situation and of rummaging in "the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart"[54] to find the forgotten images which had been discarded and were buried within us. The setting of Breath seems to indicate a similar need for theatrical images which can free the modern consciousness to respond to stage imagery imaginatively, evoking the unseen by the seen, as verbal images evoke the unsaid by the said.

Breath's setting is the rag-and-bone shop of the stage; all the world is still a stage; we must find what is valuable in the rubbish heap before the lights go out. Rather than presenting us with an archetypal stage image, Breath seems to indicate how important it is to find one if theatre is to be meaningful. It seems significant that Beckett specifies "no verticals, all scattered and lying". Nothing is left standing in the debris of the past. The space must be cleared for a new setting, one which gets back to visual images which can stir our response in the same way that the verbal images do - because they are part of a recoverable tradition. In one sense, Breath's setting has associations with the cave of the human mind where the fragments

are stored out of which the imagination can shape being. The sound effects emphasize how little time there is to shape it.

In Beckett's last play to date, Not I, the characters are themselves the focal point of the setting:

> Stage in darkness but for MOUTH, upstage audience right, about 8' above stage level, lit from close-up and below, rest of face in shadow. Auditor, downstage and audience left, tall standing figure, sex undeterminable, enveloped from head to foot in loose, black djellaba, with hood, fully faintly lit, standing on invisible podium about 4' high, shown by attitude alone to be facing diagonally across stage intent on MOUTH. (Not I, p.1).

Several related images are evoked by the image of this disembodied mouth in the darkness, one of which is that earliest form of cave image used in the emblematic tradition - the Hell's Mouth of the Medieval stage. Beckett specifies the up-stage left location for the mouth, the traditional location of hell's mouth.[55] As a hell's mouth image, the mouth in Not I opens to give us a glimpse of the tortured consciousness within, which for the first time is undergoing the "suffering of being" (Proust, p.8). This aspect of the visual image is reinforced by the repeated reference by the mouth to the idea that "she was being punished ... for her sins ..." (Not I, p.2), and by the screams which, on the medieval stage, "were the audible emblems of Lucifer and hell".[56] The djellaba-clad figure, occupying the down-stage right position, suggests, in the hell's mouth context, the priest figure who always faced the entrance to hell in liturgical dramatizations of the 'Harrowing of Hell', a ceremony to which Beckett's Anglo-Protestant upbringing might have exposed him.[57]

The shadowy auditor suggests another association at the psychological level. Mouth and auditor occupy the total darkness of the stage space, which can be seen as a cave in itself, representative,

as in Endgame, of the cave of the human mind. In this sense, the shadow figure would be present within the cave of the mind, a dramatic rendering of that shadow figure which Jung observes can show up in the impulsive act to help the consciousness adapt to the unconscious factors which are rising to the surface.[58] Stage space, then, is inner space, and the creative struggle going on in the cave of the mind is dramatically rendered through the MOUTH.[59]

As a literary link, the visual impression of the setting of Not I as a confessional is not to be ignored. The monkish garb of the auditor, and the darkness in which the mouth alone is visible, conveys the impression of priest and penitent. In the 'confession' as a literary genre, there is always an account of the author's early life, of the guilt for sins committed, and of a period of suffering which led to a new awareness of self. In the confused utterings of the mouth in Not I, this pattern can be discerned, but the reversal of the tradition comes in the woman's vehement denial that her story is autobiographical.

However, because we see only the writhing mouth of the woman who has all the lines, this visual stage image in Not I directs our attention entirely to what is said. The mouth is the medium of expression of the word, "lips ... cheeks ... jaws ... tongue ... never still a second ... mouth on fire ... stream of words" (Not I, p.6). In Not I, then, Beckett creates one of the most theatrical settings imaginable, with the disembodied mouth an unrealistic "8' above stage level" (Not I, p.1), and the mysterious dark listener barely visible in the darkness, yet manages to emphasize the power of language.

The central images which serve their evocative purpose throughout his work flicker out of that mouth in the darkness - the experience

Peter Brook expressed the effect of those images which make up their own autonomous world. "Beckett at his finest seems to have the power of casting a stage picture, a stage relationship, a stage machine from his most intense experiences that in a flash, inspired, exists, stands there complete in itself, not telling, not dictating, symbolic without symbolism."[62]

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CONCLUSION

Beckett's avowed awareness of the limitations of language and of the inevitable failure of expression implies an awareness that there is something which has not been expressed. Wittgenstein once observed, "the urge to thrust against the limits of language ... points to something".[1] He believed that to use language at all is to affirm existence; to use language with meaning is to suggest that existence might have meaning. However, meaning for Beckett is not something that can be explained, but only experienced. He said once, in a frequently quoted statement: "I take no sides. I am interested in the shape of ideas. There is a wonderful sentence in Augustine: 'Do not despair; one of the thieves was saved. Do not presume; one of the thieves was damned.' That sentence has a wonderful shape. It is the shape that matters."[2] There is a duality to the "shape" of this sentence which Beckett admires, in both its content and its form. The content presents us with the two possibilities, salvation or damnation, which "that double-headed monster ... Time" (Proust, p.1) keeps before us. Structurally, the two parts of the statement can be seen as parallel lines, which will never meet in the world of

time and space; at the same time the statement is circular, each of its parts turning back to the other in an endless circle. They are seemingly opposite images, circle and straight lines, but both are signs that point to infinity where opposites can come together and dualities become one.

Beckett, writing about the here and now of human existence, has the same sense of "perhaps". The evocative images which have been examined in this study with reference to some of his works heighten our consciousness of the doubleness that is inherent in the world of time and space - the woman who both nurtures and destroys, the circle which protects and imprisons, the lost paradise from which we forever depart and toward which we ever journey. Transferred to the stage, such images allow us to experience the world of Beckett's creative imagination as a concrete, visible reality, so that we are conscious of l'être-là.[3] But the emphasis is as much on the "être" as on the "là" and we are kept aware of the "unseen" as well as the "seen" side of being, of an inner as well as an outer reality, which are separate.

The images studied here serve to keep us aware of those two sides of being and of the need to be in touch with both. These images do not exhaust the store out of which Beckett creates his imaginative worlds, but they were selected because they are central throughout the Beckett canon and because they consistently reveal his intuitive perception of the communicative power of analogies. Their timeless associations link the past and present as we recognize the human experience that is common to both, for, as one critic has expressed it, "we fully intuit the mysterious, unexampled humanity of the entire work and we are moved to tears through our laughter".[4] In

Beckett's own words, "Living souls, you will see how alike they are".[5]

Language, whether on the printed page or on the stage, is Beckett's medium of expression of the images which, in spite of their ambiguity, testify to the permanence of being even if they cannot succeed in fully capturing it. Beckett, like any creative artist, can look at the world and its truth only from his own perspective: "What is more true than anything else? To swim is true, and to sink is true. One is not more true than the other ... one can only speak or what is in front of him."[6] Jung voiced the plight of most readers of audiences when he said that we cannot help looking for meaning, but when we ask "what does it mean?", we find ourselves faced with the other question - "what are you meant to mean?" (H.D., p.43).

In the images with which Beckett expresses his experience of reality, both inner and outer, we must find our own truth, and determine the extent to which our own experience has been expressed. But we must first accept the images as having a reality of their own, and then we discover within ourselves the forgotten archetypes.

Beckett's work in the dramatic genre will prove, it seems, more of a landmark in the history of creativeness than any of his other works. Waiting for Godot has been classified already as "the quintessence of modern tragicomedy",[7] and Beckett's disciples in the theatre are many. Yet he makes use of some of the oldest traditions of the theatre and his dramas reflect the spirit of play which, from the beginning of human history, has led man to express his experience of things that could not be explained except through imaginative play. Huizinga states that "the great archetypal activities of human society are permeated with play from the start".[8] Beckett seems to

have a sense of "the archetypal activities in human life", and expresses the relationship between past and present in the concrete form of a world of pure play.

Beckett's images are "new precisely because already experienced" (Proust, p.55); we know them as new because they make us aware of change. They are like plants which bear fruit in the present moment, but their roots are nourished by the compost heap of the past and they will, in turn, nourish the images through which future writers seek to fulfill their obligation to express.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

[1]Tom Driver, Romantic Quest and Modern Query (New York: Delacorte Press, 1970), p.xiv.

[2]George Lukács, "The Sociology of Modern Drama", in The Theory of the Modern Stage, ed. Eric Bentley (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1968), pp.442-43.

[3]Ibid., p.443.

[4]Martin Esslin, The Theatre of the Absurd (New York: Doubleday, 1961), p.197.

[5]Antonin Artaud, The Theatre and Its Double, trans. M.C. Richards (New York: Grove Press, 1958), p.110.

[6]Ibid., p.111.

[7]Samuel Beckett and Georges Duthuit, "Three Dialogues", Transition Forty-Nine, 5(1949), 101.

[8]John Fletcher, "Roger Blin at Work", Modern Drama, 8(Feb. 1966), 405.

[9]John Fletcher and John Spurling, Beckett: A Study of His Plays (New York: Hill and Wang, 1972), p.121.

[10]Richard Gilman, "The Drama is Coming Now", Tulane Drama Review, VII(1963), 30. Gilamn cites Beckett and Genet as playwrights who have retained the intellectual dimension which significant use of language gives to the theatre.

[11]Nathan A. Scott, Jr., "The Broken Center: The Crisis of Values in Modern Literature", in Symbolism in Religion and Literature, ed. Rollo May (New York: George Braziller, 1961), p.186.

[12]Frederick J. Hoffman, Samuel Beckett: The Man and His Works (Toronto: Forum House Edition, 1969), p.81.

[13]Samuel Beckett, "La Peinture des Van Velde, ou: le Monde et le Pantalon", Cahiers d'Art, 20-21 (1945-46), 350.

[14]Gaston Bachelard, The Poetics of Space, trans. Maria Jolas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969), p.xii.

[15]Ibid., p.xxiii.

[16]Eugene Ionesco, Notes and Counter Notes, trans. D. Watson (New York: Grove Press, 1964), pp.155-156.

[17]Ibid., p.156.

[18]Samuel Beckett, "La Peinture des Van Velde ...", 356.

[19]T.S. Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent", in Points of View (London: Faber and Faber, 1956), p.26.

[20]George Steiner, "Of Nuance and Scruple", in Extra-Territorial (New York: Atheneum, 1971), p.21.

[21]Typical of this kind of critical "formula" is the observation of one reviewer that Beckett offers us the narrowest range in modern literature, and that he constantly repeats only one theme, "we are born to die". (Joseph Epstein, The New York Times Book Review (November 25, 1973), p.6.)

[22]Ionesco, Notes and Counter Notes, p.156.

[23]Ibid., p.156.

[24]Josephine Jacobsen and W. Mueller, The Testament of Samuel Beckett (London: Faber and Faber, 1966), p.164.

[25]Martin Esslin, "Introduction", in Samuel Beckett: A Collect of Critical Essays (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1965), p.11.

[26]Lawrence E. Harvey, Samuel Beckett: Poet and Critic (Princeton: University Press, 1970), p.315.

[27]Samuel Beckett, "An Imaginative Work!", Dublin Magazine, XI, No.3(July-Sept., 1936), 80.

[28]Samuel Beckett, "MacGreevy on Yeats", Irish Times, Aug.4, 1945, p.2.

[29]Harvey, Samuel Beckett, quoting a 1964 conversation with Beckett, p.435.

[30]C.G. Jung, The Integration of the Personality, trans. S. Dell (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1940), p.53.

[31]C.G. Jung, "Mind and Earth", in Contributions to Analytical Psychology, trans. H.G. and C.F. Baynes (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1928), p.17.

[32]C.G. Jung, "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetic Art", in Contributions, p.248.

[33]C.G. Jung, "Ulysses: A Monologue", in The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature, trans. R.F.C. Hull (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1966), pp.109-110.

[34]Ibid., p.110.

[35]Harvey, Samuel Beckett, quoting a letter from Beckett to Axel Kaun (1937), p.431.

[36]Jung, "Ulysses", p.111n.

[37]Ibid., p.113.

[38]Beckett, "Three Dialogues", 98.

[39]Ibid., 98.

[40]Tom Driver, "Beckett by the Madeleine", Columbia University Forum, IV(Summer, 1963), 23.

[41]Jung, "Ulysses", p.115.

[42]Driver, "Beckett by the Madeleine", 23.

[43]Jung, "On ... Poetic Art", p.239.

[44]Ibid., p.239.

[45]Harvey, Samuel Beckett, Beckett's letter to Kaun, p.234.

[46]T.S. Eliot, "The Music of Poetry", in On Poetry and Poets (London: Faber and Faber, 1956), p.30.

[47]Beckett stresses the importance of imaginative experience over analysis in "La Peinture des Van Velde" (see note 13). He is consistent in this emphasis in the later monograph Bram Van Velde (Paris: Le Prat, 1962).

[48]Driver, "Beckett by the Madeleine", 23.

[49]Jung, "On ... Poetic Art", p.241.

[50]Ibid, p.248.

[51]Ibid., p.243.

[52]Samuel Beckett, in a letter to Alan Schneider, quoted by Martin Esslin in his "Introduction", Samuel Beckett: A Collection of Critical Essays, p.1.

[53]Northrop Frye, The Anatomy of Criticism (New York: Atheneum, 1969), pp.102-103.

[54]Ibid., p.99.

[55]Jung, "On ... Poetic Art", p.247.

[56]Samuel Beckett, "Denis Devlin", Transition, XXVII (1938), 290.

[57]Allen Tate, The Forlorn Demon (Chicago; Henry Regnery, 1953), p.13.

[58]The accounts of audience response to Beckett's plays are testimony to the universal significance of his images. The understanding response from the inmates of San Quentin prison recounted by Martin Esslin is an example. See The Theatre of the Absurd, p.14.

[59]Artaud, The Theatre and Its Double, p.45.

[60]Ionesco, Notes and Counter Notes, p.156.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

[1]For background information on the archetypal woman I am indebted to the writings of Carl G. Jung and to the following studies:

Robert Briffault, The Mothers (abridged ed.; London: G. Allen and Unwin, 1959).

J.G. Frazer, The Golden Bough (abridged ed.; London: Macmillan & Co., 1954).

M. Esther Harding, Woman's Mysteries, Ancient and Modern (London: Longmans & Co., 1935).

Erich Neumann, The Origins and History of Consciousness, trans. R.F.C. Hull (New York: Harper/The Bollingen Library, 1962).

[2]Erich Neumann, The Origins I, 201, 203.

[3]Maurice Nadeau, The History of Surrealism, trans. Richard Howard (London: Jonathan Cape Ltd., 1968), p.25.

[4]Beckett's early association with the Surrealists has been discussed by William York Tindall in his monograph Samuel Beckett (New York: Columbia University Press, 1964), by Nathan Scott, in Samuel Beckett (New York: Hillary House, 1965), and by Sighle Kennedy in Murphy's Bed (Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 1971). John Fletcher states that in his undergraduate years Beckett was attracted to Surrealist poets "on whom he had vaguely planned, in 1928, to write a thesis." See "The Private Pain and the Whey of Words" in Esslin, ed., A Collection, p.23.

[5]André Breton and Paul Éluard, L'Immaculée Conception (Paris: Seghers, 1961), p.12, "la perle qui vaut mille fois la mort du plongeur".

[6]Paul Eluard, "Lady Love", trans. Samuel Beckett, This Quarter, V (Sept. 1932). Reprinted in Modern European Poetry, ed. Willis Barnstone (New York: Bantam Books, 1966), p.29.

[7]Mario Praz writes on the "Fatal Woman" in the 19th century in Chapter Four of The Romantic Agony (London: Oxford University Press, 1951), pp.189-286. Praz traces a line of tradition of these Fatal Women "right from the beginning of Romanticism" (p.191).

[8]Louis Aragon, Le Paysan de Paris (Paris: Gallimard, 1926), pp.207-208. "Woman you take even the place of all form. ... Charming substitute, you are the summation of a marvellous world, of the natural world, and it is you who is reborn when I close my eyes. You are the wall and its breakthrough. You are horizon and presence. The ladder and the iron rungs. Total eclipse. Light. Miracle. ... So the universe little by little erases itself from me, dissolves, while from your depths rises an adorable shadow, revealing a great woman outlined at last who appears everywhere without anything separating me from her during the relentless sight of a world ending." (my translation).

[9]M.L. von Franz, "The Process of Individuation", in Man and his Symbols, eds. Carl G. Jung and M.L. Von Franz (New York: Doubleday, 1964), p.180.

[10]Harvey, Samuel Beckett, pp.267-268.

[11]Jung, "On ... Poetic Art", p.243.

[12]Carl G. Jung, "Psychology and Literature", in The Spirit in Man, p.97.

[13]Ibid., p.97.

[14]Cp. the allegorical readings of the "hortus conclusus" section of the "Song of Songs" as referring to the Virgin.

[15]Harvey, Samuel Beckett, p.270.

[16]See Kennedy, Murphy's Bed, for a detailed account of the astrological material in Murphy and the mythological analogies which point to Celia as a 20th-century moon goddess.

[17]Although Murphy was not published until 1938, according to Richard Ellmann's biography of Joyce, Beckett gave him a copy of it as early as 1934, about the time that Jung was treating Lucia Joyce. Jung's theories of the unconscious were well known to the Joycean circle of which Beckett was a member. See Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), pp.692, 714 and 814 n.34.

[18]Erich Neumann, Depth Psychology and a New Ethic, trans. Eugene Rolfe (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1969), p.146.

[19]See Kennedy, Murphy's Bed, esp. pp.65-107.

[20]John Keats, "Endymion", Book V, l.992, in The Poems of John Keats, Aileen Ward ed. (New York: The Heritage Press, 1966), p.157.

[21]Erich Neumann, The Origins I, 152-169.

[22]Edith Kern, writing on the Moran-Molloy relationship, notes the importance of the mythic associations of the woman in Molloy: "Moran - become - Molloy, the antithetical self of his subconscious, proceeds even further on the road towards the core of artistic existence: his mother's room. With its mythical overtones of rebirth and salvation, Molloy's quest is reminiscent of the traditional hero's road to the powerful "mother-destroyer" who is both mother and bride." See "Moran-Molloy: The Hero as Author", Perspective, XI (Autumn, 1959), 190.

[23]Kern points out that the two quests really take place in reverse order and that "as Moran advances upon his road into the Molloy country, he slowly changes into that other self" ("Moran-Molloy", p.39). Vivian Mercier surveys the fiction as accounts of the hero's struggle with the concept of self as an internal and external reality. See "Beckett and the Search for Self", New Republic, CXXXIII (Sept. 19, 1955), 20-21.

[24]The woman images in Malone Dies would bear some close analysis in terms of mythological associations: For example, the juxtaposition of the account of Lambert's sexual demands with the account of his pig slaughtering would seem to owe a great deal to Frazer's accounts of pig rituals in The Golden Bough.

[25]From Beckett's poem in the "Addenda" to Watt:

> Who may tell the tale
> of the old man?
> weigh absence in a scale?
> mete want with a span?
> the sum assess
> of the world's woes?
> nothingness
> in words enclose?

Watt (3rd edition; New York: Grove Press, 1959), p.247.

[26]For background information on tree legends and symbolism I am indebted to Erich Neumann, The Origins, and to J.G. Frazer's The Golden Bough.

[27]See especially Eva Metman, "Reflections on Samuel Beckett's Plays", Journal of Analytical Psychology, V (Jan. 1960), 41-63. Jungian analysts might find interesting material for analogy in Pozzo's constant references to Lucky as "pig", in the light of the primitive association of pigs with female symbolism. Erich Neumann states that the "association of pigs with fertility and sexual symbolism lingers on into our own day. ... The pig symbolizes the female, the fruitful and receptive womb" (The Origins, I, 86-87). The possible association of

Lucky with the female symbolism of the pig is reinforced by pig references in other works. Cp. note 24 above.

[28]Percy Bysse Shelley, "To the Moon", in A Choice of Shelley's Verse, ed. Stephen Spender (London: Faber and Faber, 1971), p.86.

[29]Quoted by Alan Schneider in "Waiting for Beckett", in Beckett at 60: A Festschrift, edited by John Calder (London: Calder and Boyars, 1967), p.34.

[30]John Milton, Paradise Lost, Book X, ll.741ff. in John Milton: Complete Poems and Major Prose, Merritt Y. Hughes, ed. (New York: The Odyssey Press, 1957). All further references to Milton's works are from the Hughes edition.

[31]William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, V, iii, 94-96 in The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, III (London: The Nonesuch Press, 1929), III, 265. All further references to Shakespeare's works are from the Nonesuch edition.

[32]M.L. von Franz, "The Process of Individuation", p.177.

[33]The pig symbolism is suggested again in Winnie's query as to what a hog is (H.D., p.19) and the subsequent exchange between her and Willie on the subject increases the interest. Erich Neumann writes about the castration motif associated with pig symbolism in The Origins, pp.53ff. Michael Beausang links the hog reference to the sacred myth of the swine-god Tammuz. See "Myth and Tragi-Comedy in Beckett's Happy Days" in R.G. Collins ed., From an Ancient to a Modern Theatre (Winnipeg: University of Manitoba, 1972), p.118.

[34]M.L. von Franz, "The Process of Individuation", p.215.

[35]See Neumann, The Origins, II, 363-394. Writing on "The Balance and Crisis of Consciousness" he emphasizes the need for creative enrichment of the "bankrupt consciousness".

[36]Cp. Krapp's inability to sing because he never was and never will be a whole being.

[37]Beckett, "Denis Devlin", 289.

[38]M.L. von Franz, "The Process of Individuation", p.175.

[39]Madeleine Renaud, "Beckett the Magnificant", in Beckett at 60, p.83.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

[1]In the French text the cylinder is sixteen metres high, "seize de haut".

[2]Neumann, The Origins, I, 8.

[3]Plato, Timaeus, trans. F.M. Cornford (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Trubner, 1937), 30 and 33b.

[4]Neumann, The Origins, I, 8.

[5]Plato, Timaeus, 45b.

[6]Ibid., 45c.

[7]Ibid.

[8]Dante Alighieri, "Paradiso", Canto XXVI, in The Divine Comedy, trans. J. Carlyle (New York: Modern Library Edition, 1932), pp.561-566. Interrelated images of circles, light and eyes are central throughout The Divine Comedy, a work described by Christopher Ricks as one of the chief sources for Beckett's "images of enduring pain" ("The Roots of Samuel Beckett", The Listener, LXXII (Dec. 17, 1964), 263.

[9]Carl G. Jung, "Approaching the Unconscious", in Man and his Symbols, p.101.

[10]Samuel Beckett; See Driver, "Beckett by the Madeleine", 23.

[11]Aniela Jaffé, "Symbolism in the Visual Arts" in Man and his Symbols, p.257. Miss Jaffé is summarizing Jung's view that the conscious and unconscious selves must be in balance for creative expression to take place, a view expressed in many of his works cited in this dissertation. See especially The Integration of the Personality, The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature, Contributions to Analytical Psychology.

[12]All quotations from Ping are from the tenth and final draft, translated from the French (Bing) by Beckett and reprinted in the Federman-Fletcher bibliography, Samuel Beckett: His Works and his Critics (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970), pp.341-343.

[13]See C.G. Jung, Psychology and Alchemy, trans. R.F.C. Hull (2nd rev. ed.; London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1953). See also Jaffé, "Symbolism", p.249.

[14]Harvey, Samuel Beckett, p.48.

[15]Ibid., p.48n.

[16]Ibid., p.58.

[17]Josephine Jacobsen and William R. Mueller, Ionesco and Genet (New York: Hill and Wang, 1968), p.226.

[18]For detailed treatment of the symbolism of the mandala see C.G. Jung, "Concerning Mandala Symbolism", Collected Works, IX, part 1 (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1966), 355-84. See also Man and His Symbols, indexed under "mandala" and Psychology and Alchemy indexed under "mandala". Jung points out that the circular mandala, most often divided into four sections based on the four cardinal points and a fifth point at a fixed centre, is one of the most widespread symbols of the self, a symbol of wholeness, illustrating the need for a balance of the inner and outer selves. One could draw an analogy here with The Lost Ones, where the red-haired woman is designated "the north", the old man is at the fixed centre, and where there are exactly five vanquished. Colin Duckworth discusses the relevance of Jungian mandalas in the structure of Waiting for Godot and Endgame - in Godot the tree is the fixed centre; in Endgame, Hamm desires to be the fixed centre. See Colin Duckworth, Angels of Darkness (London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 1972), pp.89-91.

[19]I make this relationship because Drogheda is a town about 50 miles north of Dublin where blessed Oliver Plunkett was martyred and where his severed head is preserved in the Cathedral.

[20]Aniela Jaffé, "The Symbol of the Circle" in Man and His Symbols, p.240.

[21]See Chapter II, p.42.

[22]Driver, Romantic Quest, p.388.

[23]For the metaphor, I am, of course, indebted to Meyer Abrams, The Mirror and the Lamp.

[24]See Dictionary of Mythology, Folklore and Symbols, ed. Gertrude Jobes (New York: The Scarecrow Press, 1961), pp.576-578. The traditional associations of the number five suggest that there could be a similar significance in the fact that there are "precisely" five vanquished in The Lost Ones.

[25]See Giambattista Vico, The New Science, trans. Thomas Bergin and Max Frisch (3rd rev. ed.; Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1968), pp.145-46.

[26]Ibid., p.335 ff.

[27]Mircea Eliade, Cosmos and History: The Myth of the Eternal Return, trans. W.R. Trask (New York: Pantheon Books, 1954).

[28]Ibid. See footnote 59, p.89. The translated quotation from Henri-Charles Peuch, in which he cites the Greek theory of eternal return, is relevant to the reading of Happy Days which I

offer here. Peuch writes: "The circular movement that ensures the maintenance of the same things by repeating them, by continually bringing back their return is the most immediate, the most perfect expression of that which, at the pinnacle of the hierarchy, is absolute immobility. According to the celebrated Platonic definition, time, which is determined and measured by the revolution of the celestial spheres, is the moving image of unmoving eternity which it imitates by revolving in a circle. Consequently, all cosmic becoming and, in the same manner, the duration of this world of generation and corruption in which we live, will progress in a circle or in accordance with an indefinite succession of cycles in the course of which the same reality is made, unmade and remade. No event is unique, occurs once and for all, but it has occurred, occurs, and will occur, perpetually." Winnie's pondering, pp.38-39, reads like a dramatic paraphrase of Peuch's exposition.

[29]This phenomenon, of course, heightens our awareness that Winnie's world is a theatrical world where a stage manager works his magic between the acts. The play itself can be repeated, its events can occur again and again, as long as there are performers on stage and unseen forces to provide the props. The play itself then, reflects the basic cycle of life.

[30]Marshall McLuhan, Culture is Our Business (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1970), p.27.

[31]Artaud, The Theatre and Its Double, p.49.

[32]Bachelard, The Poetics of Space, p.234.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

[1]William Wordsworth, The Prelude, Book 14, l.23, ed. J.C. Maxwell (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1971), p.511.

[2]Andrew Marvell, "The Garden", line 58 in Andrew Marvell: Complete Poetry, ed. George de F. Lord (New York: Modern Library Edition, 1968), p.50.

[3]Milton, Paradise Lost, Book XII, l.640.

[4]Milton, "Of Education", p.631.

[5]Milton, Paradise Lost, Book XII, l.649.

[6]Lawrence Harvey identifies the origin of the word "babylan". See Samuel Beckett, p.258.

[7]See Harvey's account of his retracing of the itinerary described in the poem, p.126 ff.

[8]See Paradise Lost, Book X, and the account of the "mortal change on earth" (line 273) wrought by Sin and Death.

[9]Milton, Paradise Lost, Book X, ll.713-14.

[10]Lawrence Harvey points out that "funds" is from the Latin "fundere", to melt, and is used in the sense of fusing, as in "foundry".

[11]Harvey identifies the limerick reference:

> There was a young lady of Niger
> Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
> They returned from the ride
> With the lady inside
> And the smile on the face of the tiger. (p.149).

[12]W.B. Yeats, "The Circus Animals' Desertion", in The Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1951), p.336.

[13]Marvell, "The Garden", l.64.

[14]Beckett makes use here of Schopenhauer's idea of tragic guilt: "The true sense of tragedy is the deeper insight, that it is not his own individual sins that the hero atones for, but original sin, i.e., the crime of existence itself". See Arthur Schopenhauer, The World as Will and Idea, I (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1950), 328. Schopenhauer goes on to cite Calderon, "For the greatest crime of man/ Is that he was born", lines which Beckett quoted in Proust, p.49:

> "Pues el delito mayor
> Del hombre es haber nacido".

For some scholarly insight into Beckett's affinities with Schopenhauer, see Harvey, Samuel Beckett, especially pp.73-78.

[15]Milton, Paradise Lost, Book X, ll.962-64.

[16]Ibid., X, l.984.

[17]Ibid., X, ll.990-991.

[18]Ibid., X, ll.1001-1006.

[19]Ibid., XI, ll.67-125.

[20]See John Donne, "The First Anniversarie: An Anatomie of the World", l.213, in The Complete Poetry of John Donne, ed. John T. Shawcross (New York: Doubleday and Co., 1967), p.278.

[21]In his expression of his sense of progressive decay in man and his universe, Pozzo reflects the 17th century doctrine of a decaying universe. See Victor Harris's study of the 17th century controversy

over disorder and decay, All Coherence Gone (London: F. Cass, 1966).

[22]Milton, Paradise Lost, Book XII, l.647.

[23]See Mircea Eliade, The Myth, p.16.

[24]Samuel Beckett, "Denis Devlin", in Transition, XXVII (1939), p.290.

[25]Milton, Paradise Lost, Book XII, ll.633-36.

[26]Ibid., Book XII, ll.741-42.

[27]Omar Khayyam, Rubaiyat, trans. Edward Fitzgerald (New York: Collier Books, 1962), verses XII and XIII.

[28]Beckett's interest in Dante has become a "given" of Beckettian criticism. The analogy I draw here is likely a conscious one on Beckett's part - the parallels of setting and text seem significant.

[29]Dante,"Paradiso", Canto I, p.403.

[30]Ibid., p.405.

[31]Ibid., p.406.

[32]See: Ruby Cohn, Samuel Beckett: The Comic Gamut (New Jersey, 1962), p.259, and Fletcher and Spurling, Beckett: A Study, p.105.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

[1]Esslin, The Theatre of the Absurd, p.62.

[2]Artaud, The Theatre and its Double, p.45.

[3]Ibid., p.38.

[4]Ibid., p.47.

[5]John Gassner, Form and Idea in Modern Theatre (New York: The Dryden Press, 1956), p.98.

[6]Robert E. Jones, The Dramatic Imagination (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941), p.25.

[7]Maurice Maeterlinck, "The Tragical in Daily Life", in The Treasure of the Humble, trans. Alfred Suto (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1916), p.104.

[8]Driver, Romantic Quest, p.145.

[9]Gassner, Form and Idea, p.110.

[10]Artaud, The Theatre and its Double, p.37.

[11]Jean Vannier, "A Theatre of Language," Tulane Drama Review, VII, (Spring, 1963), 181.

[12]Richard Gilman, "Beckett", Partisan Review, 41 No.1 (1974),74.

[13]See Ruby Cohn, Back to Beckett (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1973), p.122. Cohn states that Beckett "attended the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, where he remembers seeing the plays of Synge, Yeats and O'Casey".

[14]Glynne Wickham, Early English Stages, Vol.II Part 1 (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963), 155. Wickham's argument indicates that the modern controversy between "realists" and "theatricalists" was paralleled between 1576 and 1642 between those who advocated a theatre which achieved dramatic effect by figurative representation and those who wanted a theatre of realistic illusion which sought to simulate actuality.

[15]Interest in the staging of the Elizabethan era and in other, earlier stage conventions had been re-awakened to some extent by William Poel in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century and also by Max Reinhardt's later experimentation with different techniques of staging.

[16]Wickham, I, xxvii.

[17]Wickham, II, Part 1, 210-226.

[18]In correspondence with Alan Schneider, published in The Village Voice (March 19, 1958). Beckett writes, "I don't agree with the round and feel Godot needs a very closed box".

[19]Vannier, "A Theatre of Language", 181. Vannier makes a distinction between the avant-garde dramatists who, like Artaud, seek a language of the theatre which is "never a literal language, capable of holding a meaning in itself", and dramatists such as Beckett, who is primarily a writer and sets up "a dramaturgy of human relations at the level of language itself". See 181-182.

[20]See Curtis M. Brooks, "Mythic Pattern in Waiting for Godot"; Modern Drama 9, (1966-67), 292-299. Brooks notes that "the setting of Godot is at the centre of the world, since the two preeminent symbols of the centre are used in the play: the tree of life and the difficult road". (p.295). See also Gábor Mihály, "Beckett's 'Godot' and the myth of alienation", Modern Drama 9, 1966-67, p.277 ff: "Under a decaying tree, a distorted reminiscence of the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden, and of the crucifix, sitting by the side of the Road of Life that leads nowhere, two wretched tramps are awaiting the arrival of Godot." (p.277).

[21]Werner Habicht, "Tree Properties and Tree Scenes in the Elizabethan Theatre", Renaissance Drama, New Series IV (1971), 69-92.

[22]Ibid., 71.

[23]Ibid., 72. Habicht cites from the modern period the Weltesche in Wagner's Valkyrie, the apple tree in Miller's All My Sons, the tree in Wai[illegible] for Godot and the big tree in Arden's Armstrong's Last Goodnight. The tree in Yeats's Purgatory could be added as another notable example.

[24]Ibid., 86.

[25]See Gaston Bachelard, The Poetics of Space. In Chapter 10, "The Phenomenology of Roundness", Bachelard states that "when a thing becomes isolated, it becomes round, assumes a figure of being that is concentrated upon itself". (p.239). One of his examples is particularly interesting in reference to Beckett's tree: "around a lone tree, which is the centre of a world, the dome of the sky becomes round, in accordance with the rule of cosmic poetry" (p.239). Bachelard cites symbolist poets who demonstrate this awareness of "concrete metaphysics". Giacometti's sculptures reflect this principle of isolation and this concrete metaphysics is suggested by his original tree design for 'Godot', which John Fletcher describes as "a memorably slender tree in an empty landscape" (See Beckett: A Study, p.123). It is interesting to note that Maria Jolas, Bachelard's translator, is a close friend of Beckett's.

[26]Wickham, II, Part 2, 173.

[27]See Habicht, page 76. Arguing for the presence of a concrete property, he notes the frequency of demonstrative adjectives in textual references to trees - "this wood", "this arbour", "this tree", which he says "surely implies gestures that establish a relationship between the spoken words and the visual impressions".

[28]Wickham, II, Part 1, 210 ff.

[29]Ibid., 218.

[30]Hugh Kenner, Samuel Beckett: A Critical Study (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968), p.155. See also Richard Gilman, "Beckett", 71. Gilman observes that "Many things about the play [Endgame] suggest that there is really only one consciousness or locus of being in the room, a consciousness akin to that of the "narrator" of the novels, so that it is more than plausible to take the room or stage as the chamber of the mind and the figures in it as the mind's inventions, the cast of characters of its theater".

[31]Ruby Cohn refers to Blin's set in Samuel Beckett: The Comic Gamut (New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1962), p.325, n.9. It is described also in Fletcher and Spurling, Beckett: A Study, p.132.

[32]Jerry Tallmer, "Beckett's Endgame", The Village Voice, (Feb. 5, 1958), 7.

[33]Bell Gale Chevigny, "Introduction" in Twentieth Century Interpretations of Endgame, ed. Bell Chevigny (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1969), p.3.

[34]Ibid., p.3.

[35]Wickham, II, Part 1, 315.

[36]Ibid., 275.

[37]Alan Schneider, "Waiting for Beckett", in Beckett at 60: A Festschrift, (London: Calder and Boyars, 1967), p.46.

[38]In a letter published in The Village Voice, (March 19, 1958). See Note 18.

[39]Dante, "Inferno", Canto XXXIV, p.184.

[40]Cocteau for one example, made extensive use of "machinery" to make objects and set pieces address the senses and defy logical presentation. Cocteau's The Wedding on the Eiffel Tower features an outsize camera out of which people and animals emerge. His Orpheus is filled with the fantastic - a talking horse, a magic mirror. See Neal Oxenhandler, Scandal and Parade: The Theatre of Jean Cocteau (New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1957): "This is an art of spectacle, and we cannot expect much meaning, plot or other forms of dramatic logic" (p.51).

[41]Wickham, II, Part 1, 214.

[42]Ibid., 216.

[43]See R. Southern, The Seven Ages of the Theatre (New York: Hill and Wang, 1961), pp.137 ff. Southern notes the frequency with which "action above" was referred to in the texts of sixteenth century plays and raises the question of whether the "mounts" which were so often the site of such action were represented as actual scenic units or were merely evoked by the text and executed simply by a raised level. Wickham argues persuasively for actual spectacle.

[44]Examples that come to mind are Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, Wordsworth's Prelude, Spenser's The Faerie Queene, Dante's The Divine Comedy, and in modern literature, the novels of Forster and Lawrence.

[45]Cohn, Back to Beckett, p.188.

[46]For another parallel, see Andrew Parkin, "Similarities in the plays of Yeats and Beckett", Ariel 1, iii (July, 1970) pp.49-58. Parkin draws an analogy between Winnie's mound and the barren hill in Yeats's At the Hawk's Well, which he derives from Winnie's quotation from the opening chorus: "I call to the eye of the mind" (H.D., p.43).

[47]Parkin notes that both of these plays were performed at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin during the two years that Beckett taught at Trinity College, when, as he told Ruby Cohn, he frequently attended plays at the Abbey. See note 13.

[48]W.B. Yeats, Four Plays for Dancers (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1929), p.129. Yeats's statements that the dead "dream back" is applicable also to Sartre's existentialist drama, No Exit to which Play bears similarities. Sartre, too, places a trio in a hell of their own making, but turns a realistic set into a symbol. Beckett's play is different too, in that the characters are unaware of each other's presence, while Sartre's are tormented by such awareness to the point where one of them observes that hell is other people.

[49]W.B. Yeats, "Swedenborg, Mediums and the Desolate Places", in Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland, ed. Lady Gregory (2nd ed.; Gerrard's Cross: Colin Smythe Ltd., 1970), p.314. Yeats is commenting here on Swedenborg's visions of the world of spirits and of the after-life as a state created according to the image-making capacity of the mind: "So heaven and hell are built always anew and in hell or heaven, all do what they please and all are surrounded by scenes and circumstances which are the expression of their natures and the creation of their thought" (p.315). According to this belief, the trio in Play are responsible for their own existence; they reveal their lack of capacity for creative thought.

[50]Wickham, II, Part 1, 310-311. Wickham cites as an example the inventory of one company which owned two tombs for two different plays in their repertory which included tomb scenes, and he notes that "Dido's tomb therefore must have differed substantially from that made for Guido, at least in its decorative appearance". (p.311).

[51]William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, V, iii, 94-96.

[52]William Shakespeare, Cymbeline, IV, ii, 262-263.

[53]Ibid., IV, ii, 278-281.

[54]Yeats, Collected Poems, p.336.

[55]See E.C. Baldwin, "And on the left hand Hell", Modern Language Notes, 40 (1925), 251. See also L. Hotson, "Righteous Heaven and Sinister Hell" in Shakespeare's Wooden O (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1960).

[56]Glynne Wickham, "Hell-castle and its door-keeper", Shakespeare Survey, 19 (1966), 73.

[57]Karl Young describes the ceremony as it survives in Dublin in The Drama of the Medieval Church, I (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1933), 172.

[58]M.L. von Franz, "The Process of Individuation", p.168.

[59]See Enoch Brater, "The "I" in Beckett's Not I", Twentieth Century Literature, 20 (July, 1974), 189-200. Brater draws attention to the study by M. Esther Harding "called, most fortuitously, "The "I" and the "Not I"; A Study in the Development of Consciousness'." (p.194). He applies Harding's analysis of the Jungian theory of the shadow to the experience "Mouth" is undergoing in Not I. Brater sees "Mouth" as an image of "fragmentation and destruction" (p.196), placing the emphasis on the refusal to accept the first person rather than on the "vehement refusal to relinquish third person" (Not I, production note), as I do in my reading.

[60]Hugh Kenner, A Reader's Guide to Samuel Beckett (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1973), p.190.

[61]Samuel Beckett, "Denis Devlin", 290.

[62]Peter Brook, "Happy Days and Marienbad", Encore, IX (Jan.-Feb., 1962), 35.

NOTES TO CONCLUSION

[1]Ludwig Wittgenstein, "Lecture on Ethics", in Philosophy Today, ed. Jerry H. Gill (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1968), p.15.

[2]Alan Schneider, "Waiting for Beckett", p.34.

[3]See Alain Robbe-Grillet, "Samuel Beckett, or 'Presence' in the Theatre", in Martin Esslin, ed., Samuel Beckett: A Collection of Critical Essays, pp.108-116. Applying Heidegger's concept of l'être-là to Beckett's plays, Robbe-Grillet seems to emphasize the "là". See Bruce Morissette's commentary on the Robbe-Grillet article ("Robbe-Grillet as a critic of Samuel Beckett", in Melvin J. Friedman, ed., Samuel Beckett Now (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1970, pp.59-71), in which he notes that Robbe-Grillet seems "regretfully to discover that Beckett's work could give rise to certain implications or conclusions" (p.70).

[4]Gilman, "Beckett", p.66.

[5]Samuel Beckett, "The Expelled", in Stories and Texts for Nothing (New York: Grove Press, 1967), p.25.

[6]Driver, "Beckett by the Madeleine", pp.22-23.

[7]Driver, Romantic Quest, p.386.

[8]Johan Huizinga, Homo Ludens (London: Paladin Edition, 1970), p.23.

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