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## Strategies of Survival in Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days*

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Samuel Beckett (1906-89) is one of the most influential writers of twentieth century. His plays such as *Waiting for Godot* (1954), *Endgame* (1958), *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958) and *Happy Days* (1961) have interpreted human existence on earth and readers have found them awesome the world over. He was deeply influenced by the existentialist philosophy of Sartre and Camus. His oeuvre offers a bleak and tragicomic view of human existence. His incomparable play *Waiting for Godot* showed a dawn to the genre by bringing in afresh vitality to the world of theatre. Taking a step further from the well established trends in the Existential philosophy of Sartre and Camus, he took the traditional dramatic conventions to pieces and wrote his plays in a new style, and thus expressed his own vision of human existence.

Beckett's plays have been interpreted in the light of existential thought. An outstanding critic of the Theatre of the Absurd, Martin Esslin notes: "There is a truly astonishing parallel between the existential philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre and the creative intuitions of Beckett" (Esslin, 60). However, unlike the existentialists, Beckett does not argue about absurdity of human existence in his plays, rather he presents the 'being' in terms of concrete images. His subject-matter integrates form and content excellently in reflecting the experience of the absurd. The human life depicted therein represents a static world where nothing happens. The language of the characters is bereft of meaning as there are absurd exchanges, broken and fragmented dialogues, pointless repetitions and futile questions. The beauty of his plays lies in the fact that form, content and language complement one another in such a way that all come to be one in representing absurdity of life.

The themes in Beckett's plays, which are metaphysical, philosophical and universal, emerge out of a genuine depth of anguished soul. The whole of the human world is found writhing in the rip of despair and anguish as the playwright opts to explore the inside of man's being for his purpose. He explores the inner void of his characters that are exhausted, alienated and deranged. Even a small chance of escape from such a disillusioned existence comforts them, and they avail themselves of every opportunity to obtain relief in the course of their conversation, and consequently language of Beckett's dialogues come to offer an interesting study.

The dramatic world of Samuel Beckett is of a peculiar kind. There is hardly any action or movement, and almost no dénouement in a play. It is a world where nothing happens and whatever little happens appear illogical and meaningless. In his plays, there are no plots in the traditional sense of the term—there are only statements of human situations—'waiting' in *Waiting for Godot*, 'alienation' in *Krapp's Last Tape*, wait for the 'end' in the *Endgame*, and futile existence in the harsh world of *Happy Days*, for example.

Beckett not only explores the essential futility of human existence but also exposes the meaninglessness of human words and deeds in his plays. Failure of communication has been famous tag attached to his characters. The present paper undertakes to analyse his play *Happy Days* and find out what linguistic strategies of survival are deployed by the characters to beat the void of their existence, and to what extent they succeed in doing so. Man's predicament in this absurd universe has been highlighted with the help of visuals as well as inconsequential use of language by the characters.

The title *Happy Days* appears incongruous in the light of Beckett's fascination with Man's predicament in an absurd universe. The play reveals how the playwright makes use of language as a tool to express the just opposite of what one says in words. Apart from dealing with the unbridgeable isolation between individuals, the play shows how people are essentially trapped in the prison of their own minds and how their daily routine and habits deaden their soul intensifying their sense of suffering of being and how the disordered, chaotic and unpredictable universe perpetually frustrates the human desire for logic and meaning in life. The play ascertains that human endeavours in action and words are doomed to fail and man is eternally caught in a whirlpool of disillusionment and despair.

The protagonist of the play is a woman around fifty who is found stuck in a low mound of earth from her waist down and her husband Willie, a man in his sixties, is asleep hidden behind the mound when the play opens. It becomes clear from Winnie's comments that Willie can only crawl on all fours and he lives in a hole almost like an animal. Winnie is alone in the company of this man who keeps mum for most of the time and hardly heeds to her queries even. However, unmindful of his indifference towards her, Winnie celebrates the few exchanges that he shares with her. She begins her day on an optimistic note: "Another heavenly day" (*HD*, 138) she prays successfully and seems to have faith in the powers of the Almighty. Every word that comes out of Winnie's lips tends to display her happiness. However, the visible situation she is caught in—buried up to waist in the mound and gradually sinking in the earth, running out of things of daily need, accompanied by an unresponsive man, no other human life in reach, under the scorching heat, surrounded by the dead grass, etc. underlines the hollowness of her claims of happiness. Winnie kills her time between the sounds of two harsh bells denoting advent of day and night respectively in making up her face, combing hair, filing nails, rummaging in her bag and prattling all the time about her being happy. Her cheerfulness and optimism in the face of terrible and hopeless predicament create a poignant irony in the play making it a very unhappy play, almost tragic in its tone and expression.

Despite Winnie's courage in maintaining her happiness against all odds, it cannot be said that all is well in her situation and her words. She is constantly conscious of the fact that there is no zest for anything, nor any interest in life. Moreover, there is blaze of hellish light over her head and tormenting diseases like 'migraine' inside her body. Again her static situation itself is another torture which she describes as: "no worse . . . no better . . . no change . . . no pain" (*HD*, 139). Yet Winnie drives pleasure out of the routine work to escape feeling of void in her life. Robinson aptly remarks: "Winnie has buried the terror of nothingness within routine as certainly as she herself is immersed in the heap of time."<sup>21</sup> Perhaps Winnie drives her strength from the awareness of the fact that when the malady of life cannot be cured it has to be endured.

Beckett might have some astonishing idea that he has tried to express through characters like Winnie. In her he has conceived a woman full of lively spirit, but one who is helpless. Martha Fehsenfeld, an actress who played the role of Winnie, recollects what advice Beckett gave her when she was finding it hard to do justice to the role:

Beckett suggested that I 'think of her as a bird with oil on her feathers' and this became the central image of the part for me—physical, external and very playable [ . . . ] This 'bird' characterisation also determined my posture and voice quality, and both became infused with an energy that pulled me up, in contrast to the downward thrust of her immobility [ . . . ] I realised that Winnie is in all of us. She is whatever survival is. (Ben-Zvi, 56-57)

Locked in an inescapable situation, Winnie tries to escape in the satisfaction driven out of smallest possible things. After brushing her teeth she begins to read the words inscribed on the handle of the toothbrush: "guaranteed . . . genuine . . . pure" (*HD*, 140) and repeats them time and again to kill time. The more she repeats these words, the more conscious she grows of the contrast inherent in the comparison between the words written and the life lived. While the toothbrush is 'guaranteed . . . genuine . . . pure' human life lacks in all these three virtues. The contrast strikes her consciousness, and she complains of 'headache' and 'occasional migraine' and also curses her old eyes as she takes

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off her spectacles. Her habit of feeling happy without reason is underlined by the fact that she takes medicine and feels 'better' even before the medicine is down her throat.

Restricted in physical movements, discouraging company and static situation rob Winnie of any hope whatsoever. An analysis of the dramatic significance of the protagonist's immobility reveals that characters' immobility reduces the stage activity to the minimum and thus augments the importance of smallest possible gestures, body movements and more so of the words that they utter. B.S. Hammond says:

. . . restriction of theatrical resources . . . is a very conscious and important decision on the dramatist's part. The withdrawal of the potential for expansive movement from plays like *Happy Days*, *Play* and *Endgame* has the consequence that minute changes in position and minimal gestures will assume disproportionate importance. Another consequence of this attenuation will be a greater focussing of attention on the dialogue.

Language acquires more important role in the plays where there is least possibility of expression through body movements. Half buried in the earth as Winnie is, she is left with only two resources at her disposal – her bag full of things of daily use, and words. To assure herself that some activity is taking place and that she exists, she rummages her bag repeatedly and to fill the existential void she talks ceaselessly to her indifferent husband and even to herself. Winnie goes on assuring herself that all is well with the world but her constructed self is constantly threatened by the reality breaking in. All of her self-assurances are interrupted by 'pauses' and 'silences'. To represent her disintegrated life Beckett makes use of interruptions in her speeches. Almost each of Winnie's utterances is followed by a 'pause' or a 'silence' or by her own or Willie's movements. A line of thought is never allowed to carry on - either it is shifted in another direction or is interrupted by a 'pause' or 'silence' and thus she frequently gets lost in the middle of the train of her thoughts. Beckett is said to have told Bithe Whitelaw during the rehearsals of the Royal Court production in 1979 that: "one of the clues of the play is interruption. Something begins; something else begins. She begins but does not carry through with it. She's constantly being interrupted or interrupting herself. She's an interrupted being" (McDonald, 69). The interruptions and breaks are symbols of disintegration in her life that seize the flow of her existence.

In her despairing situation Winnie tries to fill her void with the continuous but disconnected thoughts that she utters about mundane activities and the limitless mercies of life. The purpose of her words does not seem to be communication or self-expression but to evade the emptiness of her existence. However, she piles words upon words in wilderness without any response from her supposed listener Willie. Secondly, her words are rendered meaningless by the very juxtaposition of what she says vis-à-vis the situation she is in. While the spectators/readers can see that Winnie is in a difficult situation, she tries to escape her hopelessness by emphasizing the blessings on her:

WINNIE. Marvellous gift – (*stops polishing, lays down spectacles.*) – wish I had it – (*folds handkerchief.*) – ah well . . . so much to be thankful for – (*looks through her lens.*) – no pain – (*puts on spectacles.*) – hardly any – (*looks for toothbrush.*) – wonderful thing that – (*takes up toothbrush*) – nothing like it . . . (*HD*, 140)

However, the use of clichéd expression and sight of her visible condition expose the lack of genuineness of her words. Her situation itself contradicts her words, her own speeches betray her 'all is well' belief and there are complaints despite her repeated assertion that one "can't complain-no, no-mustn't complain" (*HD*, 140). Though Winnie constantly asserts that it is another happy day and that her life is full of blessings, yet the reality which is otherwise, keeps on breaking in.

Winnie tries every possible strategy to keep the feeling of despair at arm's length. She tries to gather relief by churning words. The first strategy that she adopts is the one of self-love. She cares for herself, decorates her looks and talks in an egotistical style. Her 'self' love, real or feigned, can be explained by Julia Kristeva's theory of narcissism. Kristeva believes that 'narcissism is a smokescreen to cover emptiness' (Kristeva, 240). Winnie is found busy with self celebration,

embellishment, consolation and assertion, and she uses words as prop to ascertain her belief in all these things. Thus she can ignore her true tortured self momentarily in these narcissistic activities.

Memory and illusion is the next strategy in Winnie's hands to keep the unsolicited feelings at arm's length. She is prone to falling to memory of past real or concocted. To obtain pleasure out of the memory Winnie appears to mould the things the way she wants. The contrast in what Willie says and what Winnie understands highlights this fact:

WILLIE. His Grace and Most Reverend Father in God Dr. Carlous Hunter dead in a tub.(Pause.)

WINNIE. (*Gazing front, hat in hand, tone of fervent reminiscence.*) Charlie Hunter! (Pause.) I close my eyes – (*she takes off spectacles and does so, hat in one hand, spectacles in other, WILLIE turns page.*) – and am sitting on his knees again, in the black garden at Borough Green, under the horse-beech. (Pause. *She opens eyes, puts on spectacles, fiddles with hat.*) Oh the happy memories! (HD, 142)

Here Willie talks of 'Carolus Hunter' while Winnie, the wonderful speaker and poor listener, understands it to be 'Charlie' Hunter. Even if the person is the same the news of his death is no occasion of celebration through happy memories. Indeed Winnie is obsessed with happiness because the very thought of despair is too much for her. That is why she creates illusions about her past to assure herself she was once an object of love and desire.

Once in the realm of happy memories Winnie wants to keep the thoughts of disappointment at bay. Just as Estragon in *Waiting for Godot* suddenly jumps into the beautiful world of the Bible to escape the boredom of waiting, Winnie also jumps into the beautiful world of the times gone and does not want to come back to the real present world:

WINNIE. My first ball! (*Long pause.*) My second ball! (*Long pause. Closes eyes.*) My first kiss! (Pause.WILLIE turns page. WINNIE opens eyes.) A Mr. Johnson, or Johnston, or perhaps I should say Johnstone. Very bushy moustache, very tawny.(*Reverently.*) Almost ginger! (Pause.) Within a toolshed, though whose I cannot conceive . . . (HD, 142-43)

The memory is hardly reliable; it seems to be an imagined one because she cannot recall the name of her partner in her first kiss. In addition, her memory proves to be a 'deceiving elf' and she is suddenly reminded of a 'hog'. She asks Willie "What is a hog, Willie, please!" to which he answers "Castrated male swine" (HD, 159). The word 'hog' makes her conscious of her own sterility. The thought of infertility is reinforced by the fact that normal sex is no more feasible for her as she is half buried in the earth. The frustration of being sterile begins to overpower her but the same is immediately defeated by the idea that she finds it "wonderful that not a day goes by . . . without some addition to one's knowledge" (HD, 143).

Another strategy adopted by Winnie is to prattle all by herself to beat the void. She also asks so many questions to Willie, which he may or may not answer. If he answers, it becomes an occasion of celebration for her and if he does not the activity passes time at least. One of such questions involves linguistic stratagem that Winnie applies to form meaningful relationship with her husband. She asks Willie:

WINNIE. What would you say, Willie, speaking of your hair, them or it? (Pause.) The hair on your head, I mean. (Pause.Turning a little further.) The hair on your head, Willie, what would you say speaking of the hair on your head, them or it? (*Long pause.*)

WILLIE. It. (HD, 146).

The dialogue is rich from many angles. First, Winnie passes time with words. That is why, perhaps, she repeats her words time and again changing their order in a sentence. Secondly, she attempts at forming a meaningful relationship with Willie for which on some pretext she tries to open the conversation. Thirdly, she tries to assure herself of a 'we' feeling in the company of Willie and that is why she asks if it is 'them' that goes with 'hair' grammatically. But unfortunately she succeeds in none of her missions - the monosyllabic answer 'it' that comes from Willie can hardly be called a

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conversation. Rather the answer that she gets underlies Willie's lack of interest in her and thus leaves her lonely in the company of her indifferent husband, just like the singular 'it' which represents plural noun 'hair' but itself is a singular noun.

Yet another conscious or unconscious strategy appears to be Winnie's escape into past. She flies away to the world of classical literature. She quotes famous statements from Milton, Shakespeare, Yeats, Thomas Gray and many others. About this habit of hers, Paul Lawley remarks: "The famous words of others constitute her greatest bulwark; she is an inveterate alluder" (Lawley, 95). However, she only adds meaningless chatter to her monologues in the name of classics as she forgets the very phrase she qualifies as 'unforgettable': "What is that unforgettable line?" (*HD*, 141) she asks Willie.

Images of infertility and impotence occur and recur in the play. Winnie's burial in the mound up to the waist, her need of knowing the meaning of the word 'hog', which means 'castrated male swine' and her admission 'whose I cannot conceive' all indicate her infertility. The mention of an emmet holding a white ball in its arms presents a contrast to Winnie's disability to conceive. Furthermore, Willie's information that the 'ball' in the arms of the emmet is an egg, produces peels of absurd laughter in him, and Winnie also joins him. She may not be happy but she tries to make certain that they talk of happiness at least: "Ah well what a joy in any case to hear you laugh again, Willie, I was convinced I never would, you never would . . . what is that wonderful line . . . laughing wild amid severest woe" (*HD*, 150). However, it appears that Willie's laughter pocks fun at her infertility yet in it Winnie finds an opportunity fit for feeling happy. Winnie's reference to the 'wonderful line . . . laughing wild amid severest woe' confirms not only the presence of tainted despair in her idea of pleasure but also her awareness of her own anguish. Thus asserting the presence of the absent appears to be a strategy in Winnie's hands. Indeed her realisation of the limitations and failures of life has taught her how to squeeze happiness out of the driest and most hopeless situations even. That is why despite her incarceration, her idea of 'happy days' operates like a refrain in the play. Though the days are no more blessed yet she assures herself that 'all is well' as she escapes into her past: "Was I lovable once, Willie?" (*HD*, 150) she asks her husband expecting a nod from him but his lack of response ends her dreams in fiasco.

In Act II Winnie is embedded in the mound up to her neck. She tries to pray but succeeds only in pronouncing 'Hail, holy light'. She can move her limbs no more, her bag and the paraphernalia in it is of no use for her. Now the only alternative left with her is language – the words, which she has already been in love with. She rides on words to console herself: "Someone is looking at me still. Caring for me still. That is what I find so wonderful" (*HD*, 160). Actually Willie is neither looking at her nor does he appear to care for her. Her idea of happiness gets replaced by despair as the lack of response on Willie's part makes her think that he's dead or has left her. Now nothing comes to her rescue – neither refuge in old classics, nor memories or chatter of optimism; even her memory is corrupted by bitterness. The realisation how Willie once came whining to propose her and how he has now left her in lurch fills her heart with disillusionment:

WINNIE. (*Mondaine*). Well this is an unexpected pleasure! (*Pause*.) Reminds me of the day you came whining for my hand. (*Pause*.) I worship you, Winnie, be mine. (*He looks up*.) Life a mockery without Win. (*She goes off into a giggle*.) . . . (*HD*, 166)

Her love and affection for Willie appears to have developed rust of doubt and hate. Her words are bitter and unpleasant and she continues in the same tone until Willie pronounces 'Win'. Now again she changes her stance and tries to beat her disappointment but the stage directions within parenthesis underline the contrast in what she says and how she feels:

WINNIE. Win! (*Pause*.) O this is a happy day! This will have been another happy day! (*Pause*.) after all, (*Pause*.) So far. . . . (*Happy expression off*). (*HD*, 168)

Here the language betrays the truth in her assertions as the tense she uses is future perfect tense, which means something will happen in the past of some future point which is practically impossible. Further, 'So far' has in it a subtle suggestion of despair that underlie her declaration. Her

words prove futile as they can sustain her ‘happy days’ no more; and now she faces the ‘sad music of humanity’.

Traditionally language is meant for communication; it is a means of communiqué—sharing of ideas, feelings and emotions between human beings. When it fails to do so, in spite of piling up of words, it can be called linguistic failure. Winnie’s words can be categorized in two parts - one that she shares with Willie and the other that she keeps on prattling to herself. So far as the words shared with her husband are concerned, in total she has six exchanges with him in the play. None of these exchanges fulfil the purpose for which her words are deployed. Keeping her despairing state in mind, Winnie attempts to drive solace out of her conversation with him though his negative response never allows her words to have any meaning. When he speaks for the first time in the play he reads aloud from his newspaper and hardly bothers what Winnie says. On Winnie’s demand, he speaks for a second time and clarifies to her that ‘hair’ goes with ‘it’ rather than ‘them’. Perhaps Winnie wanted to start a conversation with him by asking him a question and thus derive some pleasure out of the possible conversation. But Willie utters a monosyllabic word ‘it’ only. Stage directions describe his mood as ‘*irritated*’, ‘*more irritated*’ and even ‘*violent*’ (*HD*, 147-48) when he opens his mouth for the third time thus rejecting any possibility of emotional bond between the two. Thus, Winnie’s words are again denied meaning. The next time he speaks, he adds the words ‘eggs’ and ‘fornication’ [fornication] (*HD*, 150) after Winnie wonders at the sight of an emmet holding a ball in its arms. This time he speaks without Winnie’s asking for it and laughs heartily perhaps to mock her state of being sterile. The next words that he pronounces are - ‘sucked up’, which is a phrase that comes neither as a question nor answer nor discussion either. The words come as a torture rather than a solace. Twice he speaks in a mechanical manner, once to make clear the usage of a noun ‘it’, and then the meaning of the word ‘hog’ clear to Winnie. The last word that he pronounces is “Win” which is hardly audible and hence it is almost impossible to interpret it owing to lack of clarity of its tone and expression. Moreover, the word ‘Win’ comes out of his lips when Winnie is already cursing him while she recalls how he once came whining for her hand. Thus the exchanges cannot be called communication in any way as the words fail to accomplish the desired duty. Words simply leave behind nothing but a linguistic void.

Words that Winnie utters are means of filling the void and of countering eminent threat of annihilation that she is facing. She, by creating a sense of pleasant present, tries to evade the emptiness of her existence and thus assures herself that her existence is meaningful and worth living. Her prattle is not just words put together to pass time but also design to reconstruct her past, present and her identity – to assure herself that she has lived a good life, that her life has a meaning, and that she exists and is happy. However, even if one is sure that one exists, existence itself is not enough solace for a human being; one seeks a sense of confirmation by other means regarding one’s identity and existence. That is why Winnie tries to reinforce her identity by linguistic means – one by assuring herself of the feminine attraction she has and the other by recalling her past. She perceives herself as a woman, the object of male gaze and hence she needs to be confirmed by a male. She asks Willie ‘Was I lovable once?’ Moreover, she also recalls how Willie once came craving for her hand. However, when she asks him to analyse her objectively: “Was I ever lovable? . . . Do not misunderstand my question, I am not asking you if you loved me . . . I am asking you if you found me loveable – at one stage” (*HD*, 150), Willie does not utter a word in response to her question, and this adds to her woe. Similarly, Winnie’s memories, which are vague and uncertain, demean her. When she recalls her first ball, her first kiss she fails to recall the name of her male partner and this makes one doubt the authenticity of the past that she narrates. Moreover, it is not Willie’s indifference that does not allow Winnie to have a feeling of existence and recognition of her identity rather her own habit of addressing herself as a third person creates a split within her persona, and it not only diminishes her faith in her own words but in her own ‘being’ even. Winnie addresses herself with a third person pronoun ‘Winnie’ and not with first person pronoun ‘I’ – to distance herself from the sufferer: “How often I have said, Put on your hat now, Winnie, there is nothing else for it, take off your hat now,

Winnie, like a good girl, it will do you good . . .” (*HD*, 146). Nonetheless the jugglery of words, however subtle it may be, fails to assure Winnie that she is happy in the real sense of the term.

Winnie’s case reminds us that Beckett makes his characters pile up words upon words without any inherent meaning in them to create a sense of linguistic vacuum. They are sometimes without any context or logic but contribute in indicating disintegration and disillusionment. Words are mere empty verbal juggleries; they do not engage the mind of the character involved in them. In case of Winnie too words fail; they cannot be trusted as what they convey is exactly opposite to what is visible, hence they can be said to have been robbed of their semantic function. They can neither communicate nor express. In a constantly disintegrated world words are bound to fail like other human endeavours. Andrew K. Kennedy believes that:

Beckett’s plays taken together can be seen as a move towards language losing its communicative function and becoming more and more fragmented and unreliable. In Beckett’s hands drama is a medium through which he tries to communicate incommunicability of language, express inexpressibility of language. (Kennedy, 139)

So far as the play *Happy Days* is concerned, it dramatises the struggle between Winnie’s world of visible annihilation and her powers of verbal resistance. But words finally fail, and the harsh reality behind her false bravado gets exposed. Though Winnie arranges her words very carefully so that they may serve her purpose but linguistic holes automatically appear in her conversation out of which her stratagem spills out, proving the fact that words are inadequate and language is no suitable means of communication.

Despite the diverse issues as subject of her long monologues, Winnie does not reach any truth. At the end of the play she seems to conform in what she seemed to believe at the beginning of it – concocted optimism and presence of pain. Though she attaches due significance to words and considers them important for her survival and she does not want to waste them. She even warns herself against the possible risk of prematurely using up her supply of words: “Stop talking now, Winnie, for a minute, don’t squander all your words for the day, stop talking and do something for a change” (*HD*, 155). Then what makes her words stand still and not make any progress or movement? One, repetition deadens the sense in them as she makes use of cliché. Two, her words are addressed to none in the real sense of the term, and hence they do not form good monologue even. If they are really meant for her husband, they fail again as he hardly heeds to what she says, and she knows and admits it. Theoretically, there is no communication in Wittgensteinian sense if words are not put into play in ‘language games’. If they form ‘one way traffic’ with no altercation whatever, they are meaningless. Lacan has similar views as he believes that:

Communication as such is not primitive since originally S [the subject at the stage of its mythical origin, before being marked by language] has nothing to communicate, for the reason that all the instruments of communication are on the other side, in the field of the Other, and he has to receive them from the latter. (Lacan, 314-15)

Thus when the speaker has no conformity with the receiver, communication is said to have failed. In the present case Winnie cannot appropriate language in an inalienable manner and an abyss becomes perceptible between her and her utterances. Her language never gets integrated into a form of subjectivity and words appear as if they were inappropriate for proper dialectic.

Thus despite her best efforts, Winnie cannot beat void and she remains an existential character despite her false bravado. And Beckett wants her to be like this as she and her state are true representatives of his view of human existence. Thus we can say that in Beckett’s dramatic world man is found deprived of all anchorage while he drifts in the wide ocean of loneliness, boredom and uncertainty which finally lead him to existential despair. Here all is meaningless - be it the substantial world or the language man speaks. The words are devoid of meaning, and this nothingness of human existence Beckett ventures to depict through the objective co-relatives of his dark images and a language that is devaluated. His dramatic world gives an excellent expression to the inexpressible. *Happy Days* is true to what Beckett has said in an interview: “The expression that there is nothing to be expressed, nothing with which to express, no power to express, no desire to express together with

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the obligation to express”(Pattie, 31). The nothingness of human existence is asserted in this way. However, his plays create a positive enthusiasm among the audience by showing the repulsive and the unbearable. His goal is realised by putting language to diverse experiments like use of repetitiveness, incoherence, lack of semantic logic and deliberate violation of rules of grammar.

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**Note:** HD stands for Happy Days