The Exhausted

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translated by Anthony Uhlmann[1]

Exhausted is a whole lot more than tired. "It's not just tiredness, I'm not just tired, in spite of the climb."[2] The tired no longer prepares for any possibility (subjective): he therefore cannot realize the smallest possibility (objective). But possibility remains, because you never realize all of the possible, you even bring it into being as you realize some of it. The tired has only exhausted realization, while the exhausted exhausts all of the possible. The tired can no longer realize, but the exhausted can no longer possibilitate. "That the impossible should be asked of me, good, what else could be asked of me?" (*Unnamable* 70). There is no more possibility: a relentless Spinozism. Does he exhaust the possible because he is himself exhausted, or is he exhausted because he has exhausted the possible? He exhausts himself in exhausting the possible, and vice versa. He exhausts that which *is not realized* through the possible. He has had done with the possible, beyond all tiredness, "for to end yet again."[3]

God is the originary, or the ensemble of all possibility. The possible is only realized in the derivative, through tiredness, whereas you are exhausted before birth, before self-realization or realizing anything whatsoever ("I gave up before birth").[4] When you realize some of what is possible, it's in relation to certain goals, projects and preferences: I put on shoes to go out and slippers to stay in. When I speak, when I say for example, "it's daytime," the interlocutor responds, "it's possible . . .," because he is waiting to know what purpose I wish the day to serve: I'm going out because it's daytime . . .[5] Language states the possible, but in preparing it for a realization. And doubtless I can use the day to stay at home: or for that matter I can stay at home due to some other possibility ("it is night-time"). But the realization of the possible always proceeds through exclusion, because it presupposes preferences and goals that vary, forever replacing predecessors. It is these variations, these substitutions, all these exclusive disjunctions (daytime/night-time, going out/staying in...) that are tiring in the end.

Exhaustion is altogether different: you combine the set of variables of a situation, provided you renounce all order of preference and all organiza-

tion of goal, all signification. It is no longer so as to go out or stay in, and you no longer make use of days and nights. You no longer realize, even though you accomplish. In shoes you stay in, in slippers you go out. That does not mean that you fall into indifferentiation, or into the celebrated identified contraries,[6] and you are not passive: you press on, but toward nothing. You were tired by something, but exhausted by nothing. The disjunctions subsist, and the distinction of terms may even be more and more crude, but the disconnected terms assert themselves through their nondecomposable distance, since all they are good for is permutation. Of an event, in general terms, it's enough to say that it is possible, since it does not happen without intermingling with nothing and abolishing the real to which it lays claim. There is only possible existence. It is night, it is not night, it is raining, it is not raining.[7] "Yes, I was my father and I was my son."[8] The disjunction has become *inclusive*, everything divides, but within itself, and God, who is the ensemble of the possible, intermingles with Nothing, of which each thing is a modification. "[S]imple games that time plays with space, now with these toys, and now with those" (*Watt*, 71). Beckett's protagonists play with the possible without realizing it; they are too involved with a possibility that is more and more restricted in kind to care about what is still happening. The permutation of "sucking stones" in *Molloy* is one of the better known texts. Even as early as *Murphy* the hero gives himself over to the combinatorial [*la combinatoire*] of five small biscuits, but on condition of having vanquished all preferential order and of having conquered in this way the 120 modes of the total permutability:

> Overcome by these perspectives Murphy fell forward on his face in the grass, beside those biscuits of which it could be said as truly as of the stars, that one differed from another, but of which he could not partake in their fullness until he had learnt not to prefer any one to any other. (*Murphy*, 57)

I would prefer not to [English in original], in the Beckettian formula of Bartleby. All of Beckett's work is pervaded by exhaustive [*exhaustives*] series, that is to say exhausting [*épuisantes*], notably *Watt*, with its series of footwear (sock—stocking, boot—shoe—slipper), or of furniture (tallboy—dressing-table—night-table—washstand, on its feet—on its head—on its face—on its back—on its side, bed—door—window—fire: fifteen thousand arrangements) (*Watt*, 200-202, 204-206).[9] *Watt* is the great serial novel, where Mr. Knott, with no other need than to be without need, does not reserve any combination for a singular use that would exclude others—whose circumstances are yet to come.

The combinatorial is the art or science of exhausting the possible, through inclusive disjunctions. But only the exhausted can exhaust the possible, because he has renounced all need, preference, goal or signification. Only the exhausted is sufficiently disinterested, sufficiently scrupulous. Indeed, he is obliged to replace projects with tables and programs denuded of sense. What matters for him is the order in which to do what he must, and, following which combinations, be able to do two things at once—when it is again necessary—for nothing. Beckett's great contribution to logic is to display that exhaustion (exhaustivity) does not occur without a certain physiological exhaustion: somewhat as Nietzsche showed that the scientific ideal does not occur without vital degeneration, as in the case of the Man and the leech, for example—the conscientious man who wished to know everything about the brain of the leech. The combinatorial exhausts its object, but only because its subject is itself exhausted. The exhaustive *and* the exhausted [*l'exhaustif* et *l'exhausté*]. Must one be exhausted to trust oneself to the combinatorial, or, indeed, is it the combinatorial that exhausts us, that leads us to exhaustion, or even the two together—the combinatorial and exhaustion? Here again, inclusive disjunctions. And it is perhaps like the wrong side and the right side [*l'envers et l'endroit*] of a single thing: a sense or a penetrating science of the possible, joined or rather disjoined with a fantastic decomposition of the "I." What Blanchot says of Musil is equally true for Beckett: the greatest exactitude and the most extreme indeterminacy; the indefinite exchange of mathematical formulations, and the pursuit of the formless or the unformulated.[10] These are the two senses of exhaustion, and both are necessary in order to abolish the real. Many authors are too polite, and content themselves with proclaiming the work integral and the death of the "I." But you remain in the abstract if you do not show "how it is," how to make an "inventory" (mistakes included), and how the *I* decomposes, stench and agony included—in the manner of *Malone Dies*. A double innocence, because, as the exhausted [*l'épuisé(e)*][11] says, "The art of combining is not my fault. It's a curse from above. For the rest I would suggest not guilty."[12]

Even more than an art, it is a science that demands long study. The combiner is seated at his school-desk: "In a learned school/Till the wreck of body/Slow decay of blood/Testy delirium/Or dull decrepitude . . ."[13] Not that decrepitude or wreck come to interrupt study; on the contrary, they accomplish it as much as they condition and accompany it: the exhausted remains seated at the school-desk, "bowed head resting on hands,"[14] hands sitting on the table and head sitting on hands, head level with the table. The posture of the exhausted, that *Nacht und Träume* takes

up again and duplicates. Beckett's damned provide the most astonishing gallery of postures, gaits and positions since Dante. Doubtless Macmann remarked that he felt "happier sitting than standing and lying down than sitting" (*Malone* 70). But this was a phrase more suited to tiredness than to exhaustion. Lying down is never the end, the last word; it's the penultimate, and there is too much risk of being rested enough, if not to get up, at least to roll or crawl. To stop someone from crawling, you have to put him in a hole, plant him in a jar where, no longer able to stir his members, he will, however, stir some memories.[15] But exhaustion allows no lying down and, when night falls, remains sitting at the table, empty head in captive hands, "Head sunk on crippled hands." "One night as he sat at his table head on hands...Lift his past head a moment to see his past hands...;" "skull alone in a dark place pent bowed on a board . . .," "hands and head a little heap."[16] It is the most horrible position in which to await death, sitting without the force either to rise or lie down, watching for the signal [*coup*] that will make us draw ourselves up one last time and lie down forever. Seated, you can't recover, you can no longer stir even a memory. The rocker in her rocking chair [*la berceuse*] is still imperfect in this regard, what's required is that she/it stop.[17] One should perhaps distinguish between Beckett's *oeuvre couché* and the *oeuvre assis*, which alone are final. For there is a difference between seated exhaustion and the tiredness that lies down, crawls or gets stuck. Tiredness affects action in all its states, whereas exhaustion only relates to the amnesic witness. The seated is the witness around which the other turns, while developing every degree of tiredness. He is there before being born, and before the other begins. "Was there a time when I too revolved thus? No, I have always been sitting here, at this selfsame spot . . ." (*Unnamable*, 269). But why is the one who is seated on the lookout for words, for voices, for sounds?

Language names the possible. How could you combine what has no name, the object = X? Molloy finds himself faced with a small strange thing, composed of "two crosses joined, at their point of intersection, by a bar" equally stable and indiscernible on its four bases (*Molloy*, 59). Future archaeologists, if they find one in our ruins, will, as is their wont, probably interpret it as a religious object used in prayers or sacrifices. How could it enter into a combinatorial if we don't know its name, "knife-holder"? If it is the ambition of the combinatorial to exhaust the possible with words, however, it must constitute a metalanguage, a very special language in which the relations of objects are identical to the relations of words, and words then would no longer offer realization to the possible, but would themselves give to the possible its own (precisely exhaustible) reality.

"Minimally less. No more. Well on the way to inexistence. As to zero the infinite" (*Ill Seen*, 93). Let's call *language I* [*langue I*] this atomic language in Beckett—disjunctive, abrupt, jerky, where enumeration replaces propositions, and combinatorial relations replace syntactic relations—a language of names. But if you hope thus to exhaust the possible with words, you must equally hope to exhaust words themselves; hence the necessity for another metalanguage, for a *language II*, no longer that of names but of voices, a language that no longer operates with combinable atoms but with blendable flows. The voices are waves or flows that direct and distribute linguistic corpuscles. When you exhaust the possible with words, you trim and chop atoms, and when you exhaust the words themselves, you dry up the flow. It is this problem, to have done now with words, that dominates Beckett's work from *The Unnamable* on: a true silence, not a simple tiredness with talking, because, "it is all very well to keep silence, but one has also to consider the kind of silence one keeps" *Unnamable*, 28).[18] What will be the last word, and how might it be recognized?

To exhaust the possible, one must relate the *possiblilia* (objects or "things") to the words that designate them through inclusive disjunctions, within a combinatorial. To exhaust words, one must relate them to the Others who pronounce them—or rather, emit them, secrete them—following the flows that alternately intermingle and become distinct. This second, very complex moment is not without relation to the first: it is always an Other who speaks, since words have not expected/waited for me [*ne m'ont pas attendu*] and there is no language other than the foreign; it is always an Other, the "owner" of objects that he possesses by speaking. It is still a matter of the possible, but in a new fashion: the Others are *possible worlds*, to which voices confer a reality that is always variable, following the force that the voices have, and revocable, following the silences that they make. They are sometimes strong, sometimes weak, till they fall dumb for a moment (a silence of tiredness). Now they separate and even oppose one another, and now they merge. The Others, that is to say the possible worlds with their objects, with their voices that give them the only reality to which they can lay claim, compose "stories." The Others have no reality other than that which their voices give them in their possible world.[19] It is Murphy, Watt, Mercier and all the others—"Mahood and Co." (*Unnamable*, 82). Mahood and company: how do you put an end to them, their voices and their stories? To exhaust the possible in this new sense, you must again confront the problem of the exhaustive series, even if it means falling into an "aporia."[20] You would have to succeed in speaking of them, but how is that achieved without introducing yourself into the series, without

"prolonging" their voices, without going through each of them again, without being in turn Murphy, Molloy, Malone, Watt . . .etc., and falling again on the inexhaustible Mahood? *Or, on the other hand,* I would have to arrive at I, not as a term of the series, but as its limit, I the exhausted, the unnamable, I all alone sitting in the dark, become Worm, "the anti-Mahood," denuded of all voice, so effectively that I could only speak of myself with the voice of Mahood, and could only be Worm by again becoming Mahood (*Unnamable,* 84). Aporia is composed of the inexhaustible series of all these exhausteds. "How many of us are there altogether, finally? And who is holding forth at the moment? And to whom? And about what?" (ibid., 14). How do you imagine a whole that will keep company? How do you make a whole with the series, going up, going down, and times two if one speaks to the other, or times three if one speaks to the other of still another? (*How It Is,* 128-29; *Company*). The aporia will be solved if you consider that the limit of the series is not at the limit of the terms, but perhaps anywhere, between two terms, between two voices or variations of voice, in the flow, already reached well before you know that the series is exhausted, well before you learn that there is no more possibility, no more story, a long time since (*Unnamable,* 115). Long since exhausted, without its being known, without his knowing it. The inexhaustible Mahood and Worm the exhausted, the Other and I are the same person, the same dead foreign language.

There is therefore a *language III* [*langue III*] that no longer relates language [*le langage*] to objects that can be enumerated and combined, nor to transmitting voices, but to immanent limits that never cease to move about—hiatuses, holes or tears you couldn't account for, attributing them to simple tiredness, if they didn't expand suddenly to welcome something coming from outside or elsewhere: "Blanks for when words gone. When nohow on. Then all seen as only then. Undimmed. All undimmed that words dim. All so seen unsaid" (*Worstward Ho,* 124).[21] This something seen or heard is called Image, visual or aural, provided it is liberated from the chains it was kept in by the other two languages. It is no longer a matter of imagining a "whole" of the series with *language I* (combinatorial imagination "sullied by reason"), or of inventing stories or making inventories of memories with *language II* (imagination sullied by memory), although the cruelty of voices will never cease to pierce us with unbearable memories, absurd stories or undesirable company.[22] It is extremely difficult to tear all these adhesions away from the image so as to reach the point of "Imagination Dead Imagine."[23] It is extremely difficult to make a pure image, unsullied, that is nothing but image, arriving at the point where it suddenly

appears in all its singularity, retaining nothing of the personal, nor of the rational, and ascending into the indefinite as into a celestial state. *A* woman, *a* hand, *a* mouth, *some* eyes . . ., a little blue and a little white . . ., a little green with white and red stains, a small field with crocuses and sheep: "little scenes yes in the light yes but not often no as if a light went on yes as if yes . . . he calls that the life above yes . . . they are not memories no" (*How It Is*, 97).[24]

To *make* an image from time to time ("it's done I've made the image"), can art, painting, music, have any other goal, even if the contents of the image are quite impoverished, quite mediocre? In a porcelain sculpture by Lichtenstein, sixty centimeters high, stands a brown-trunked tree, topped with a ball of green flanked by a little cloud and a corner of sky at different heights to the left and the right: what force! One asks nothing more, either of Bram van Velde or Beethoven. The image is a little refrain, visual or aural, once the time has come: "l'heure exquise . . ."[25] In *Watt*, three frogs intermingle their songs, each with its own cadence, Krak, Krek, and Krik (135-37). Image-refrains run through Beckett's books. In *First Love*, the male protagonist watches a patch of starry sky as it comes and goes and the female protagonist sings in a low voice. The point is, the image doesn't define itself through the sublimeness of its content, but through its form—its "internal tension"—or through the force it gathers to make the void or to bore holes, to loosen the grip of words, to dry up the oozing of voices, so as to disengage itself from memory and reason: little alogical image, amnesic, almost aphasic, now standing in the void, now shivering in the open.[26] The image is not an object but a "process." We don't understand the power of such images, however simple they appear from the point of view of the object. This is *language III*, neither that of names or of voices, but that of images, sounding, coloring. What is tedious about the language of words is the way it is burdened with calculations, memories and stories: it can't help itself. It is, nevertheless, very important that the pure image insert itself into language, into names and voices. And sometimes this will occur in silence, by means of an ordinary silence, at the moment when the voices seem to have died. But sometimes this will happen at the signal of an inducing term in the current of the voice, Ping: "Ping image only just almost never one second light time blue and white in the wind" (*Ping*, 150).[27] Sometimes it is a very distinctive flat-toned voice, as if predetermined, preexisting, that of an Opener or Presenter who describes all the elements of the image to come, which still lacks form.[28] And finally, sometimes the voice manages to master its repugnances, its loyalties, its ill will, and, dragged along by music, it becomes speech, capable in its turn of

making a verbal image, as in a *Lied*, or making for itself the music and color of an image, as in a poem.[29] *Language III*, then, can reunite words and voices with images, but following a special combination: *language I* is that of the novels, culminating with *Watt*; *language II* traces its multiple routes through the novels (*The Unnamable*), suffuses the theater, bursts out in the radio. But *language III*, born of the novel (*How It Is*), traversing theater (*Happy Days, Act without Words, Catastrophe*) finds the secret of its assemblage in television, a prerecorded voice for an image that in each case is in the process of taking shape. There is a specificity to the works for television.[30]

This outside of language is not only the image, but "vastness," space. *Language III* not only proceeds with images, but with spaces. And just as the image must comply with the indefinite, all the while remaining completely determined, the space must always be any-space-whatever [*une espace quelconque*], disused, unassigned, although entirely geometrically determined (a square with such-and-such sides and diagonals, a circle with such-and-such zones, a cylinder "fifty meters round and sixteen high").[31] Any-space-whatever is populated, well-trodden, it may even be that which we populate and tread upon, but it opposes itself to all our pseudo-qualified places and defines itself: "neither here nor there where all the footsteps ever fell can never fare nearer to anywhere nor from anywhere further away" (*For to End Yet Again*, 181). Just as the image would appear to the one who has made it as a visual or aural refrain, the space would appear to the one who traverses it as a propulsive refrain [*une ritournelle motrice*]—postures, positions and gaits. All these images form and decay.[32] With the Pings that release images are mixed Jumps that release strange movements in spatial directions. A way of walking is no less a refrain than a song or a little colored vision: an example among others is the gait of Watt, who moves east by turning his bust towards the north and throwing the right leg towards the south, then the bust towards the south and the left leg towards the north (*Watt*, 28). We recognize that this gait is exhaustive, since it encompasses all the cardinal points, the fourth evidently being the direction from whence one comes without moving from anywhere further away. It is a matter of covering all possible directions while nevertheless going in a straight line. An identity of the upright and the flat, of the plane and the volume. That is, the consideration of the space gives a new sense and a new object to exhaustion: to exhaust the potentialities of any-space-whatever.

Space enjoys potentialities as long as it makes the realization of events possible: it precedes realization, then, and potentiality itself belongs to the

possible. But wasn't this equally the case for the image, which already proposed a specific means of exhausting the possible? This time it might be said that an image, as well as standing in the void outside space, and also to one side of words, stories and memories, stores up a fantastic potential energy that it detonates in dissipating. It is not the meager contents that are important in the image, but the energy—mad, captive, and ready to explode—that ensures that the images never last long. The images merge with the detonation, the combustion, the dissipation of their condensed energy. Like ultimate particles, they never last long, and Ping releases "image only just almost never one second" (*Ping*, 150). When the protagonist says "Enough, enough . . . visions" (*The End*, 68), it is not only because he is disgusted with them, but because they only have ephemeral existence. "No more blue the blue is done" (*How It Is*, 106).[33] We will not invent an entity that would be Art, capable of making an image last: the image endures the furtive moment of our pleasure, our gaze ("I stood for three minutes before Professor Pater's smile, to gaze at it" [*Disjecta*, 123]). There is a time for images, a right moment when they can appear, inserting themselves, breaking the combination of words and the flow of voices; there is a time for images, when Winnie feels she can sing *l'Heure exquise*, but it is a moment very near the end, an hour close to the last. The *berceuse* is a propulsive refrain that tends towards its own end, hastening all of the possible toward that end in going "faster and faster," "shorter and shorter," till, presently, it ends abruptly (*Murphy*, 141-42). The energy of the image is dissipative. The image quickly ends and dissipates because it is itself the means of having done. It captures all of the possible so as to make it leap. When one says, "I've made the image," it is because this time it is finished, *there is no more possibility*. The only uncertainty that makes us go on is that even painters, even musicians, are never sure of having succeeded in making the image. What great painter has not reflected on his deathbed on having failed to make a single image, however small or simple? It is, rather, the end, the end of all possibility, that teaches us that we have made it, that we are about to make the image. And it is likewise for space: if, by nature, the image has a very short life, then space, perhaps, has a very restricted place, as restricted as that which squeezes Winnie, when she will say "la terre est juste" ["The earth is very tight"] (*Happy Days*, 40-41), and Godard "juste une image." The space is no sooner made than it contracts into a "pin hole" like the image in a micro-fraction of time: an identical dark, "again that certain dark that alone certain ashes can"; "ping silence ping over."[34]

There are, then, four ways of exhausting the possible:

- form exhaustive series of things
- dry up the flow of voices
- extenuate the potentialities of space
- dissipate the power of the image.

The exhausted is the exhaustive, the dried up, the extenuated and the dissipated. The last two ways are united in *language III*, the language of images and spaces. It remains in relationship with language, but rises up or becomes taut in its holes, its gaps, or its silences. Now it operates through silence, now it makes use of a recorded voice that presents it, and still further, it forces speech to become image, movement, song, poem. Doubtless it was born in the novels and novellas and passed through the theater, but it is in television that it comes into its own, distinct from the first two. *Quad* will be Space with silence and eventually music. *Ghost Trio* will be Space with presenting voice and music. *...but the clouds...* will be Image with voice and poem. *Nacht und Träume* will be Image with silence, song and music.

Quad, lacking words, lacking voice, is *a* quadrilateral, *a* square. While it is perfectly determined, possessing certain dimensions, it has no other determinations than its formal singularities, equidistant vertices and center, no other contents or occupants than the four similar protagonists who traverse it ceaselessly. It is a closed, globally defined, any-space-whatever. Even the protagonists, who are short, slight, and asexual, and wear long gowns with cowls, have nothing to individualize them but the fact that each departs from a vertex as from a cardinal point, any-protagonists-whatever who traverse the square, each following a given course and direction. You can always cause them to affect a distinguishing light, color, sound, or sound of footsteps. But this is a means of recognizing them; in themselves they are only spatially determined, in themselves they are affected by nothing other than their order and position. These are unaffected protagonists in an unaffectable space. *Quad* is a refrain that is essentially propulsive, with the shuffling of slippers for music—like the sound of rats. The form of the refrain is the series, which is no longer concerned here with objects to be combined, but solely with objectless journey.[35] The series has an *order*, according to which it waxes and wanes, waxes again and wanes again, following the appearance and disappearance of the protagonists at the four corners of the square: it is a [musical] canon. It has a continuous *course* following the succession of segments traversed: side, diagonal, side . . . etc. It has an *ensemble* that Beckett describes as follows: "Four possible solos all given. Six possible duos all given (*two twice*). Four possible trios all

given *twice*" (*Quad* 451-452);[36] a quartet four times. The order, the course, and the ensemble, render the movement all the more inexorable in that it is without object, like a conveyor belt that makes moving objects appear and disappear.

Beckett's text is perfectly clear: it is concerned with exhausting space. There's no doubt that the protagonists tire themselves out and will drag their steps more and more. But tiredness is a minor aspect of the enterprise, which concerns the number of times a possible combination is realized (for example, two of the duos are realized twice, the four trios twice, the quartet four times). The protagonists tire according to the number of realizations. But the possible is accomplished independently of this number, by the exhausted protagonists who exhaust it. The problem is this: in relation to what can exhaustion (which is not the same as tiredness) define itself? The protagonists realize and tire at the four corners of the square, along the sides, and the diagonals. But they accomplish and exhaust at the center of the square, where the diagonals cross. That, one might say, is where the potentiality of the square lies. Potentiality is a double possibility. It is the possibility that an event that is itself possible is realized in the space under consideration. The possibility that something realizes *itself* and the possibility that some place realizes it. The potentiality of the square is the possibility that the four moving bodies that inhabit it will collide—two, three or four of them—following the order and the course of the series.[37] The center is precisely that place where they might come together; and their meeting, their collision, is not an event among others, but the only possibility of event—the potentiality of the corresponding space. To exhaust space is to extenuate its potentiality through rendering any meeting impossible. The solution to the problem from now on is found in this nimble central disconnecting, this sway of the hips, this swerving aside, this hiatus, this punctuation, this syncope, rapid sidestep or little jump that foresees the coming together and averts it. Repetition takes away nothing of the decisive, absolute character of such a gesture. The bodies avoid each other respectively, but they avoid the center absolutely. They sidestep together at the center to avoid each other, but each also sidesteps in solitude to avoid the center. It is the space that is depotentialized, "track. . . . Just wide enough for one. On it no two ever meet" (*Closed Space*, 199-200).

Quad is close to a ballet. The general similarities between the work of Beckett and modern ballet are numerous: the abandonment of all privileging of vertical stature; the agglutination of bodies as a means of keeping upright; the substitution of any-space-whatever for designated areas; the

substitution of a "gestus" as a logic of postures and positions for all story or narrative; the quest for a minimalism; the appropriation by dance of walking and its accidents; the acquisition of gestural dissonances. . . . It is not surprising that Beckett requests that the walkers of *Quad* have "some ballet training." It is needed not only for the walking but the hiatus, the punctuation, the dissonance.

It is also close to a musical work. A work by Beethoven, "Ghost Trio" appears in another piece for television by Beckett and gives it its title. The second movement of the Trio, which Beckett uses, assists us in the composition, decomposition and recomposition of a theme of two motifs, of two refrains. It is like the increase and decrease of a more or less dense compound along melodic and harmonic lines, its aural surface traversed by a continual, obsessive, obsessional, movement. But there is an altogether different thing as well: a sort of central erosion that first arises as a threat among the bass and is expressed in the trill or wavering of the piano, as if one were about to abandon the key for another or for nothing, tearing the surface, plunging into a ghostly dimension where the dissonances would come only to punctuate the silence. And Beckett underlines just this each time he speaks of Beethoven: a previously unheard-of art of dissonances, a wavering, a hiatus, "a punctuation of dehiscence," a stress given by what opens, slips away, is swallowed, a gap that punctuates nothing other than the silence of the latest ending.[38] But, if the Trio effectively displays these traits, why was it not used to accompany *Quad*, to which it is so well suited? Why is it used to punctuate another piece? Perhaps because there is no need for *Quad* to illustrate a music which, in developing differently its ghostly dimension, has a role elsewhere.

Ghost Trio includes voice and music. It is also concerned with space, exhausting its potentialities, but in a completely different manner from *Quad*. At first the area seems designated by the elements that occupy it: the floor, the walls, the door, the window, the pallet. But these elements are defunctionalized, and the voice names them in turn while the camera shows them in close-up—homogenous grey rectangular parts homologous to an identical space, distinguished only by the nuances of grey: in order of succession, *a* specimen of floor, *a* specimen of wall, *a* door without knob, *an* opaque window, *a* pallet seen from above. These objects in the space are strictly identical to parts of space. It is therefore any-space-whatever in the previously defined sense, completely determined, but it is locally determined, not globally, as in *Quad*: a succession of uniform grey bands. It is any-space-whatever in fragmentation, in close-ups, and as Robert Bresson

indicated for the filmic approach, fragmentation "is indispensable if you do not want to fall into representation . . . Isolate the parts. Make them independent as a way of giving them a new interdependence" (Bresson, 95-96). Disconnect them to allow a new connection. Fragmentation is the first step in a depotentialization of space, taking the back road.

Of course the global space had first been given in long shot. But even here it is not as in *Quad*, where the camera is fixed and raised, exterior to the space in a closed shot, and operating, through necessity, continuously. Of course a global space can be exhausted through the simple power of a fixed camera, immobile and continuous, operating with a zoom. A famous example is *Wavelength* by Michael Snow: a 45-minute zoom explores any-rectangular-space-whatever, rejecting the events it encounters during its progression by only endowing them with a ghostly existence (through negative superimposition, for example) until it joins the background wall that is decorated with an image of empty sea, into which all space is swallowed. It is, one might say, "the story of the diminution of a pure potentiality."[39] But apart from the fact that Beckett does not like special effects, the conditions of the problem, from the point of view of a localized reconstruction, require that the camera be mobile, with traveling shots, and discontinuous, with cuts: everything is noted and quantified. This is because the space of the *Trio* is only determined on three sides, east, north and west, the south being constituted by the mobile wall of the camera. It is not the closed space of *Quad*, with a single central potentiality, but a space with three potentialities, the door to the east, the window to the north, the pallet to the west. And as these are parts of space, the movements of the camera and the cuts constitute the passage from one to the other, as well as their succession, their substitutions, all those grey bands that constitute space according to the requirements of each localized treatment. But also (and these are the depths of *Trio*), all these parts plunge into the void, each in its own way, each summoning the void into which they plunge, the door opening onto an obscure corridor, the window looking out onto a rainy night, the totally flat pallet summoning its private void. And they do this so well that the passage and succession from one part to another *serves only to connect or link unfathomable voids.* Such is the new, properly ghostly, connection, or the second step of depotentialization. It corresponds to Beethoven's music where that music manages to punctuate the silence and where a "path of sounds suspended in giddy heights" no longer links anything but "unfathomable abysses of silence."[40] This is particularly the case in Beethoven's "Trio," where the wavering and the

tremolo already indicate silence's gaps and the aural connection that bridges them, at the price of dissonances.

This is the situation: the recorded voice of a woman, off-screen, predetermined, prophesying, announces in a murmur that the protagonist, "will think he hears her" (*Trio*, 410). Seated on a stool close to the door and clutching a small cassette-player, the protagonist gets up, puts down the cassette-player, and like a night watchman or ghostly sentinel, approaches the door, then the window, then the pallet. There are startings-over, returns to the seated position, and the music only comes from the cassette-player when the protagonist is seated, leaning over the machine. This general situation is not unlike *Eh Joe*, which was Beckett's first piece for television. But the differences between it and *Trio* are greater still. For example, in *Eh Joe*, the female voice did not present the objects, and these were not mixed up with flat and equivalent parts of space; further, besides the door and window there was a cupboard that introduced an interior depth to the room, and the bed had space below it rather than being a pallet on the floor. The protagonist was tracked, and the function of the voice was not to name or announce, but to remind, to menace, to persecute. This was still *language II*. The voice had intentions, intonations, it evoked personal memories that were unbearable to the protagonist, delving into this memorial dimension without being able to rise to the ghostly dimension of an impersonal indefinite. The latter dimension is only reached in *Ghost Trio*: a woman, a man, and a child, without any personal coordinates. From *Eh Joe* to *Trio*, a type of vocal and spatial purification occurs that gives the first piece the appearance of being more a preparation and introduction to the works for television than fully being part of them. It is not reproduced in the present volume [Beckett: *Quad et autres pièces pour la télévision, suivi de L'épuisé par Gilles Deleuze*]. In *Trio*, the murmuring voice has become neutral, blank, without intentions, without resonance, and the space has become any-whatever, without underneath or depth, having no other objects than its own parts. It is the last step of depotentialization—a double step, since the voice dries up the possible at the same time that the space extenuates its potentialities. Everything indicates that they are the same—the woman who speaks from outside, and she who might burst into this space. However, between the two—the off-screen voice and the pure field of space—there is a scission, a line of separation, as in Greek theater, Japanese Nô, or the cinema of the Straubs and Marguerite Duras.[41] It is like playing a radio play and a silent film simultaneously: a new form of inclusive disjunction. Or, rather, it is like a shot break-down where vocal silences are inscribed on one side and spatial voids on the other (cuts). It is

into this phantom shot that music is hurled, connecting the voids and the silences, following a ridge-line like a limit to infinity.

The trios are numerous: the voice, the space, the music; the woman, the man, the child; the three principal positions of the camera; the door to the east, the window to the north, the pallet to the west, three potentialities of space. . . . The voice says: "He will now think he hears her" (410). But we must not think that he is afraid and feels menaced; this was true in *Eh Joe*, but not here. He no longer hopes or waits for the woman; on the contrary. He only awaits the end, the latest end. All of the *Trio* is organized to have done, the end devoutly wished for is at hand: music (absent from *Eh Joe*), Beethoven's music, is inseparable from a transmutation into silence, from a tendency to abolition in the voids that it connects. In truth, insofar as he has treated the three sources as simple, similar parts, blind and floating in the void, the protagonist has extenuated all the potentialities of the space: *he has made the arrival of the woman impossible.* Even the pallet is so flat that it bears witness to its void. Why does the protagonist nevertheless recommence, long after the voice has gone silent, why does he again go to the door, the window, the head of the pallet? We have seen this before; it is because the end *will have happened* long before he is able to understand it has happened: "everything will continue automatically, until the order arrives to stop everything" (*Unnamable,* 115). And when the little silent messenger suddenly appears, it is not to announce that the woman will not be coming, as if it were a piece of bad news, but to bring the long awaited order to stop everything, since everything is truly finished. At least the protagonist has a means of sensing that the end is at hand. *Language III* is not only composed of space, but of images. There is a mirror in *Ghost Trio* that has an important role and distinguishes itself from the series door-window-pallet because it is not visible from the "camera's long-shot position" and does not figure in the presentations at the beginning; moreover, it will be paired with the cassette-player ("Small grey rectangle, same dimensions as the cassette-player") (413), rather than with the three things. Further, the only time the prophesying voice is taken by surprise, caught off guard—"Ah!"—is when the protagonist leans over the mirror for the first time, before we can see it. When we at last see the mirror, in a close-up shot, the Image—the face of the abominable protagonist—leaps from it. The image abandons its base to become a floating close-up, while the second movement of the "Trio" plays out its last amplified bars. The face starts to smile, the astonishingly deceitful and cunning smile of someone in contact with the endpoint of his "testy delirium": he has *made* the image.[42]

Trio goes from space to the image. Any-space-whatever already belongs to the category of possibility, because its potentialities render possible the realization of an event that is itself possible. But the image has greater depth, because it disengages from its object so as to become in itself a process—a possible event that doesn't even have to realize itself in the body of an object any longer: something like the Cheshire Cat's disembodied smile in Lewis Carroll.[43] This is why Beckett makes the image with such care: already in *Eh Joe* the smiling face appeared in image, but without our being able to see the mouth—the pure possibility of the smile being in the eyes, and in the two rising corners of the mouth, the rest not being in shot. A horrible, mouthless smile. In *...but the clouds...*, the female face, "has almost no head, a face without head suspended in the void;" and in *Nacht und Träume*, the dream face is as if procured from the linen that mops away its sweat, like a face of Christ, and floats in space.[44] But if it is true that any-space-whatever does not separate itself from an inhabitant who extenuates some of its potentialities, the image remains with greater reason inseparable from the movement through which it dissipates: the head bows, turns away, fades away, or disperses like a cloud or some smoke. The visual image is dragged along by music, the aural image that rushes towards its own abolition. Both rush toward the end, all possibility exhausted.

The *Trio* leads us from space to the gateways of the image. But *...but the clouds...* breaks into the "sanctum." The sanctum: it is the place where the protagonist will make the image. Or rather, in a return to the post-cartesian theories of *Murphy*, there are now two worlds, physical and mental, corporeal and spiritual, real and possible.[45] The physical world seems composed of a limited area, with a door to the left leading to some "back roads," and through which the protagonist leaves and returns; to the right, a closet in which he changes clothes, and above, the sanctum into which he disappears. But all this only exists through the voice which is that of the protagonist himself. All we see, on the contrary, is any-space-whatever, designated as a circle surrounded by black, becoming more and more dim as one approaches the periphery and more and more bright as one approaches the center: the door, the closet, the sanctum, are only directions in the circle—west, east, north—and far to the south, out of the circle, is the immobile camera. When the protagonist goes in a given direction, he just sinks into shadow; when he *is* in the sanctum, he just appears in close-up from behind, "sitting on invisible stool bowed over invisible table" (*clouds*, 417). The sanctum then, only has a mental existence; it is a "mental cham-

ber," as Murphy would say (*Murphy*, 64), which responds to the law of inversion as disentangled by Murphy: "But motion in this world [of the mind] depended on rest in the world [of the body]" (ibid.). The image is precisely this: not a representation of an object, but a movement in the world of the spirit. The image is spiritual life, the "life above" of *How It Is*. One can only exhaust the joys, the movements and the acrobatics of the life of the spirit if the body remains immobile, curled up, sitting, sombre, itself exhausted: this is what Murphy calls "collusion" (ibid., 65), the perfect accord between the needs of the body and the needs of the spirit, the double exhaustion. The subject of *...but the clouds...* is this spiritual need, this life above. What matters is no longer any-space-whatever but the mental image to which it leads.

Of course, it is not easy to make an image. It is not enough just to think of something or someone. The voice says: "When I thought of her...No... No, that is not right . . . ." It requires an obscure spiritual tension, a second or third *intensio* as the authors of the Middle Ages would say, a silent evocation that is also an invocation and even a convocation and revocation, since it raises the thing or the person to the indefinite state: *a* woman. . . . "I call to the eye of the mind" exclaims Willie (*Happy Days*, 74-75).[46] Nine hundred and ninety-eight times in a thousand you fail and nothing appears. And when you succeed, the sublime image invades the screen—female face without contour—to immediately disappear, "in the same breath"(*clouds*, 420); sometimes it lingers before disappearing, sometimes it murmurs some words from Yeats's poem. In any case, the image responds to the demands of Ill seen, Ill said; Ill seen, Ill understood, which reigns in the kingdom of the spirit/mind. And insofar as it is spiritual movement, it is not separated from the process of its own disappearance, of its dissipation, premature or not. The image is a pant, a breath, but expelled on the way to extinction. The image is what dies away, wastes away, a fall. It is a pure intensity, which defines itself as such through its height—its level above zero, which is only described in falling.[47] Retained from Yeats's poem are the visual image of clouds passing in the sky and dispersing on the horizon and the aural image of the cry of a bird dying away in the night. It is in this sense that the image concentrates a potential energy that it drags along in its process of autodissipation. It announces that the end of the possible is near for the protagonist of *...but the clouds...* , just as for Winnie, who feels a "zephyr," a "breath" just before the eternal dark, the black night without end (*Happy Days*, 78-79). There is no more image, no more than there is space: beyond the possible there is only the dark, as in Murphy's third and last state, that state wherein the protagonist no longer

moves in spirit, but has become an indiscernible atom, aboulic, "in the dark . . . of . . . absolute freedom" (*Murphy*, 66). It is the final word, "nohow."[48]

The entire last stanza of Yeats's poem is relevant to *...but the clouds...*: two exhaustions so as to produce the end that bears the Seated away. The intersection of Beckett and Yeats overflows this piece; not that Beckett takes up again Yeats's project of introducing Japanese Nô into Western theater. But the convergences of Beckett with Nô, however involuntary, appear for their part in the works for television and perhaps presuppose the theater of Yeats. It's what has been called a "visual poem," a theater of the spirit that proposes not to recount a story, but to erect an image. It is further defined through words that provide decor for a network of circuits in any-space-whatever, through the extreme minutiae of these circuits, measured and recapitulated in space and in time, in relation to what must remain indefinite in the spiritual image. It is defined through the protagonists, who are like "super-marionettes,"[49] and the camera, as protagonist, with autonomous movement, furtive or dazzling, antagonistic to the movement of the other protagonists, and through the refusal of artificial techniques (slow motion, superimposition), which are not suited to the movements of the mind . . . .[50] Only television, according to Beckett, is able to satisfy these demands.

The operation of *Nacht und Träume* is still to "make the image," but this time the protagonist has no voice with which to speak, and does not hear any, nor is he able to move, as he sits, empty head in crippled hands, with "clenched staring eyes" (*Worstword Ho*, 103). It is a new purification, "Nohow less. Nohow worse. Nohow nought. Nohow on" (ibid., 128). It is night and he is about to dream. Are we supposed to think he is asleep? Better to believe Blanchot, when he declares that sleep betrays the night because it produces an interruption between two days, permitting the following to succeed the preceding.[51] We are usually content to distinguish between the daydream or waking dream, and the dream of sleep. But these are questions of tiredness and repose. In this way we miss the third state, which is perhaps the most important: insomnia, alone appropriate to night, and the dream of insomnia, which is a matter of exhaustion. The exhausted is the one who stares. You dreamed in sleep, but you dream alongside insomnia. The two exhaustions, logical and psychological, "the head and the lungs" as Kafka said, arrange a *rendez-vous* behind our backs. Kafka and Beckett hardly resemble one another at all, but they have the insomniac dream in common.[52] In the dream of insomnia, it is not a matter of realizing the impossible, but of exhausting the possible, either by extend-

ing it to the maximum, which will allow it to be treated like a real waking day in the manner of Kafka, or, in reducing it to a minimum, which subjects it to the nothingness of a night without sleep, like Beckett. Dream is the guardian that keeps insomnia from sleeping. Insomnia is the crouching beast that spreads out as far as the days and closes in as strongly as the night. The terrifying posture of insomnia.

The insomniac of *Nacht und Träume* prepares himself for what he has to do. He is seated, hands sitting on the table, head sitting on hands: a simple movement of hands to head or still less a simple disengaging of hands from one another is a possibility that might only appear in a dream, like a flying footstool. . . . But it is necessary to *make* this dream. The dream of the exhausted, of the insomniac, of the aboulic, is not like the sleeping dream that fashions itself all alone in the depths of desire and the body, it is a dream of the mind that has to be made, manufactured. The "dream," the image, will be the same protagonist in the same seated position, inverted, left profile instead of right profile, and above the dreamer; but in order for the dreamed hands to disengage in the image, other hands, those of a woman, will have to caress and raise the head, bring it a chalice, wipe its brow with a cloth so that, head now raised, the dreamed protagonist can stretch his hands towards one of those [hands] that condense and dispense energy in the image. This image seems to attain a heart-rending intensity, until the head sinks again onto three hands, the fourth resting gently on top of the head. And when the image dissipates, you might think you hear a voice: the possible is accomplished, "it is done I've made the image." But no voice speaks, no more than in *Quad*. There is only the male voice that hums and sings the last bars of the humble refrain carried along by the music of Schubert, "Soft dreams come again . . .," once before the appearance of the image, and once after its disappearance. The aural image, music, relays the visual image, and opens up the void or the silence of the latest end. This time it's Schubert, so admired by Beckett, who brings about a hiatus or jump, a kind of disconnecting in a manner very different from that of Beethoven. It is the monodic, melodic voice that jumps clear of harmonic supports, reduced to a minimum, in order to explore the pure intensities experienced in the way the sound dies away. A vector of abolition straddled by music.

In his works for television Beckett exhausts twice over both space and the image. Beckett was less and less able to tolerate words. And he knew the reason for this growing intolerance from the beginning: the specific difficulty of "boring holes" in the surface of language so that, "what lurks

behind it" might appear at last. You can do this on the surface of the painted canvas, like Rembrandt, Cézanne or Van Velde; or on the surface of sound, like Beethoven or Schubert, to allow the sudden appearance of the void or the visible *per se*, silence or the audible *per se*; but, "Is there any reason why that terrible materiality of the word surface should not be capable of being dissolved . . .?"[53] It is not only that words lie; they are so burdened with calculations and significations, with intentions and personal memories, with old habits that cement them, that their surface, barely broken, heals over again. It sticks together. It imprisons and suffocates us. Music arrives to transform the death of some young girl into *a dead young girl*; it operates this extreme determination of the indefinite like a pure intensity piercing the surface, as in the "Concerto in Memory of an Angel." But words, with their adherences that keep them in the general or the particular, cannot do this. They lack that "punctuation of dehiscence," that "disconnection" that comes from a groundswell peculiar to art. It is television which, in part, allows Beckett to surmount the inferiority of words: either by dispensing with spoken words, as in *Quad* and *Nacht und Träume*; or by using them to enumerate, to present, or to become decor, which allows them to be loosened and allows the introduction of things and movements between them (*Ghost Trio, ...but the clouds...*); or by emphasizing certain words following an interval or a bar, the rest passing in a barely audible murmur, as at the end of *Eh Joe*; or by taking some of them along with the melody which gives them the accentuation they lack, as in *Nacht und Träume*. On television, it is always something other than words—*music or vision*—that come to loosen the grip of words, to separate them or even completely put them aside. Is there then no salvation for words—like a new style, at last, where words would step outside of themselves, where language becomes poetry, so as to produce the very visions and sounds that remain imperceptible behind the former language ("the old style"[54])? Visions or sounds, how do you distinguish between them? They are so pure and so simple, so strong, that they are called *ill seen, ill said* when words burst and backfire on themselves to reveal their own outside. The very music of poetry read aloud without music. From the beginning, Beckett clamors for a style that would proceed through a perforation and proliferation of tissue ("a breaking down and multiplication of tissue" [English in the original]). It is elaborated throughout the novels and the theater, levels out in *How It Is*, and bursts forth in the splendor of his last texts. And it's sometimes brief segments, ceaselessly added to the interior of the phrase, in order to lead to the complete breaking of the surface of words, as in the poem, *What is the Word*:

folly seeing all this—
this—
what is the word—
this this—
this this here—
all this this here—
folly given all this—
seeing—
folly seeing all this this here—
for to—
what is the word—
see—
glimpse—
seem to glimpse—
need to seem to glimpse—
folly for to need to seem to glimpse—
what—
. . . . . .

(in *As the Story was Told*, 132)

And sometimes it's through connections that riddle the phrase to ceaselessly reduce the surface of words, as in the poem *Worstward Ho*:

> Less best. No. Naught best. Best worse. No. Not best worse. Naught not best worse. Less best worse. No. Least. Least best worse. Least never to be naught. Never to naught be brought. Never by naught be nulled. Unnullable least. Say that best worst. With leastening words say least best worse.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Blanks for when words gone.

(118, 124)

ABBREVIATIONS USED

CDW	*Complete Dramatic Works*
CSP	*Collected Shorter Prose*
NO	*Nohow On*

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NOTES

1. [Translation of *L'Epuisé*, Deleuze's essay was first published in France as an afterword to four plays for television by Samuel Beckett which, having been translated from English into French by Edith Fournier, were published for the first time in French in this edition (Beckett, Samuel, et Gilles Deleuze. *Quad et*

Trio du Fantôme, ...que nuages..., Nacht und Träume. Traduit de l'anglais par Edith Fournier. Suivi de L'épuisé par Gilles Deleuze. Paris: Éditions de Minuit. 1992).

Deleuze uses the past participle, *épuisé* (exhausted), as a noun (*l'épuisé*). I have attempted to reflect this wherever possible.

Translator's notes are in square brackets, Deleuze's original notes are not. Where Deleuze gave references to texts and pages in their French versions, I have given the references to the published English translations.]

2. Beckett, Samuel, *Texts for Nothing*, CSP, 72.

3. [Cf. Beckett, *For To End Yet Again*, CSP.]

4. [Cf. Beckett, *I Gave Up Before Birth*, CSP.]

5. Cf. Parain, Brice, *Sur la dialectique*, Paris: Gallimard, 1953: language "does not say what is, it says what might be. . . You say there is thunder, in the country one responds: it's possible, that might be the case. . . When I say that it is daytime, it is not at all because it is daytime. . . [but] because I have my intention, which is particular to me, to accomplish, to which the day serves only as an occasion, of pretext or argument" (61, 130).

6. ["unité des contradictoires." With regard to "identified contraries," see Giordano Bruno and Beckett's essay, "Dante...Bruno.Vico..Joyce," in *Disjecta* , 19.]

7. [Cf. The famous beginning and ending of Moran's narrative in *Molloy*: "It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. . . . Then I went back into the house and wrote, It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining" 125, 241.]

8. [Beckett, *Texts For Nothing*, CSP, 74.]

9. François Martel has made a very rigorous study, using combinatorial science, of the series and disjunctions in *Watt*: "Jeux formels dans *Watt*," *Poétique*, No. 10, 1972. Cf. *Malone Dies*: "Everything divides into itself" (4).

10. Blanchot, *Le livre à venir* (Paris: Gallimard, 211). The exacerbation of the meaning of the possible is a constant theme in *L'homme sans qualités.*

11. [The bracketed 'e' here indicates that the exhausted one might (in this instance) be either male or female. This is probably a reference to the uncertainty surrounding the gender of the narrator of *Enough*, whom certain critics consider male and certain (due to the sexual nature of his/her relationship with the older male character in the story) have suggested is female.]

12. Beckett, *Enough*, CSP, 140. [In the French version (*Assez*) this reads, "l'art de combiner *ou combinatoire* n'est pas ma faute, c'est une tuile du ciel. Pour Le rest je dirais non coupable." My italics. Beckett, *Têtes-mortes*. Paris: Minuit. 1967. p. 36.]

13. Quoted from "The Tower" by W.B. Yeats, the poem that inspired Beckett's piece for television, *...but the clouds...*

14. [Beckett, *Nacht und Träume*, CDW, 465.]

15. [For crawling cf. Molloy in *Molloy*, for rolling, Macmann in *Malone Dies*, for one planted in a jar, Mahood in *The Unnamable*.]

16. Beckett, *Worstward Ho*, in *Nohow On* (103), *Stirrings Still*, in *As the Story Was Told*, (113, 118), *For to End Yet Again*, CSP (179), *Afar a Bird*, ibid., (195).

17. ["La berceuse" is a reference to *Berceuse*, the French version of Beckett's play *Rockaby*. In Deleuze as in Beckett, the word refers at once to a rocking chair, a lullaby, and the female protagonist of the play, rocking in her chair.

18. Cf. Edith Fournier, in *Samuel Beckett, Revue d'esthétique*, Paris: Ed. Privat, p. 24: "Beckett breaks the necessary bone, not the phrase nor the word, but their stream; his greatness is in having known how to dry it up."

19. It is here that the great "theory" of *The Unnamable* seems to become circular. The idea that the voices of the protagonists perhaps refer back to "masters" who are different from the protagonists themselves.

20. [Cf. the opening paragraph of *The Unnamable*, p. 3: "What am I to do, what shall I do, what should I do, in my situation, how proceed? By aporia pure and simple? Or by affirmations and negations invalidated as uttered, or sooner or later?"]

21. Cf. also a letter of 1937 written in German (*Disjecta*, p. 172): "As we cannot eliminate language all at once, we should at least leave nothing undone that might contribute to its falling into disrepute. To bore one hole after another in it, until what lurks behind it—be it something or nothing—begins to seep through." (*Worstward Ho* would say on the contrary: "No ooze then.")

22. Often the image doesn't fully succeed in disengaging itself from a memory-image, notably in *Company*. And sometimes the voice is animated by a perverse desire to impose a particularly cruel memory, as in the piece for television, *Eh Joe*.

23. [Cf. *Imagination Dead Imagine*, and *All Strange Away*, CSP.]

24. Concerning "a little blue" and "a little white," and "the life above," see *How it Is*, pp. 70, 72, 75.

25. [In *Happy Days* Winnie possesses a small music box which "plays the Waltz Duet 'I love you so' from The Merry Widow." In Beckett's French version of this play, *Oh les beaux jours*, Beckett uses the same piece of music, but the lyrics to the French song (*L'Heure exquise*) differ from the English lyrics. This is the song to which Winnie refers throughout the play, carefully awaiting the right time to sing it. She finally does sing it, at the very end of the play. Cf. *Happy Days/Oh les beaux jours*, pps. 52-53 and 82-83.]

26. Beckett, "Le monde et le pantalon," in *Disjecta*, p. 118 (and regarding the two types of image in Bram and Geer van Velde, "image figée et image frissonnante" [the congealed and the shuddering image]).

27. Ping activates a murmur or a silence, usually accompanied by an image.

28. Cf. the voice in the piece for television, *Ghost Trio*, [CDW]. In *Catastrophe* [ibid.] the voice of the Assistant and that of the Director respond to one another so as to describe the image to be made, and to make it. [Cf. also *Cascando*, ibid., for "Opener."]

29. In *Words and Music* (piece for radio) [CDW] we witness the ill will of Words, who, too attached to rehashing personal memory, refuses to follow Music.

30. The works for television consist of *Ghost Trio*, 1975, *...but the clouds...*, 1976, *Nacht und Träume*, 1982, *Quad*, 1982, as well as *Eh Joe*, 1965 [CDW]. Why *Eh Joe* is thought of separately from the others will be discussed below. [*Eh Joe* is not republished in the collection that the present essay originally accompanied.]

31. [Cf. *The Lost Ones*, CSP, 159.]

32. Already with animals, refrains were not only made of cries and chants but of colors, postures and movements, as is seen in the marking of territories and mating displays. This is also true of human refrains. Félix Guattari has studied the role of the refrain in the work of Proust (*L'inconscient machinique*, "les ritournelles du temps perdu," Ed. Encres): for example the combination of Vinteuil's little phrase with colors, postures and movements.

33. Cf. pp. 103-106.

34. *For to End Yet Again*, p. 182, *Ping*, p. 151, ["Bing silence Hop achevé," *Bing* (*Têtes-mortes*, Minuit, 66)].

35. In the novels like *Watt*, the series might already put movements into play, but in relation to objects or comportments.

36. [In her French translation (quoted here by Deleuze) Edith Fournier translates Beckett's phrase "all given" as "tous ainsi épuisés," or literally, "all in this way exhausted."]

37. *Molloy* and *The Unnamable* include, in each of their beginnings, meditations on the coming together of two bodies.

38. Cf. *Dream of Fair to Middling Women*, 1932, and the letter of 1937 to Axel Kaun [Both quoted in *Disjecta*; *Dream* quoted in extract has now been published in full by Arcade Publishing, New York, 1993]. Beckett underlines in Beethoven "a punctuation of dehiscence, *flottements*, the coherence gone to pieces..." [*Disjecta*, 49]. André Bernold has commented on these texts of Beckett's on Beethoven in a very beautiful article, "Cupio dissolvi, note sur Beckett musicien," *Détail*, Atelier de la Fondation Royaumont, No. 3/4, 1991. Musicologists analyzing the second movement of Beethoven's Trio emphasize the notation in tremolo of the piano that are followed by a keynote "which soars straight towards the wrong key and stays there..." (Anthony Burton).

39. P.A. Sitney, "Le film structurel" in *Cinéma, theórie, lectures*, Ed. Kincksieck, p. 342: on the film by Snow. Before Snow, Beckett had made an analogous operation, but in purely radiophonic conditions: *Embers*. The protagonist, whom we hear walking on pebbles close to the sea, evokes sound-memories that respond to his call. But they quickly cease responding, and the potentiality of the aural space being exhausted, the sound of the sea engulfs everything.

40. Cf. *Disjecta*, letter to Axel Kaun, p. 172. And, on punctuation, the musical connection of silences and the passage from music to silence, Cf. André Bernold, p. 26, 28.

41. The voice-image visual scission can have contrary consequences: in Beckett, it is a matter of a depotentialization of the space, but, in the Straubs or Marguerite Duras, it is, on the contrary, a potentialization of matter. A voice is raised to speak of what happened in the empty space presented. Voices are raised to speak of an ancient ball that took place in the same hall as the silent ball put on today. The voice is raised to evoke what is buried in the earth like a still active potential.

42. "Testy delirium" appears in the Yeats poem quoted in *...but the clouds...* ["The Tower"]. [The smile here, which is not indicated in the written text of *Ghost Trio*, is a supposition explained in the next paragraph.]

43. [Deleuze discusses the Cheshire Cat's smile in *The Logic of Sense*.]

44. Jim Lewis, Beckett's cameraman for the pieces for television produced in Stuttgart, speaks of technical problems corresponding to these three cases ("Beckett et la camera," *Revue d'esthèthique*, p. 371 ff.). Notably for *Eh Joe*, Beckett wanted the corners of the lips to enter by a quarter of a centimeter into the image, and not a half.

45. This is from the great sixth chapter of *Murphy*, "Amor intellectualis quo Murphy se ipsum amat," p.63.

46. *Happy Days/ Oh les beaux jours*. pp. 74-75. It is a phrase borrowed from Yeats (*At the Hawk's Well*). Similar phrases are found in Klossowski: "rather than naming the spirit [l'esprit] for Roberte, it is the contrary which is produced. . . suddenly Roberte becomes the object of pure spirit. . . " (*Roberte ce soir*, Ed. de Minuit, p. 31). Klossowski, for his part, links invocation and revocation in relation with voices, breaths.

47. The problem of the dissipation of the image, or of the Figure, appears in quite similar terms in Bacon's painting.

48. Cf. *Worstward Ho*.

49. ["Sur-marionnettes." Deleuze is perhaps referring here to the work of Heinrich von Kleist and Edward Gordon Craig, whose theories of theater bear more than

passing similarity to Beckett's works. An English translation by Roman Paska of Kleist's famous essay, "On the Marionette Theater," written in the early nineteenth century, is to be found in the Zone Magazine publication, *Fragments for a History of the Human Body, Part One.* New York: Urzone. 1989. pp. 415-420. Craig describes his ideal of the actor as "über-marionette" in his book, *On the Art of the Theatre,* Theatre Arts Books, New York, 1956: "The uber-marionette will not compete with life—rather, it will go beyond it. Its ideal will not be the flesh and blood but rather the body in trance—it will aim to clothe itself with a death-like beauty while exhaling a living spirit" (84-85).]

50. It is in *Film* [CDW] that the camera acquires the maximum of antagonistic movement; but cinema has more need of "trickery" than television (Cf. the technical problem of *Film,* p. 331) and control of the image here is much more difficult.

51. Blanchot, *L'espace Littéraire,* Gallimard, p. 281: "night, the essence of night does not let us sleep."

52. Cf. Kafka, Franz. "Wedding Preparations in the Country," trans. Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins, in *Wedding Preparations in the Country and Other Stories.* Harmondsworth: Penguin. 1978. p. 10: "I don't even need to go to the country myself, it isn't necessary. I'll send my clothed body. . . . For I myself am meanwhile lying in my bed, smoothly covered over with the yellow-brown blanket, exposed to the breeze that is wafted through that seldom-aired room." And in the edition of *Obliques* dedicated to Kafka, cf. the text by Groethuysen: "They remained awake during their sleep; they had kept their eyes open while they slept. . . It is a world without sleep. The world of the waking sleeper. Everything, with a frightening clarity, is clear."

53. Cf. the two texts reprinted in *Disjecta* [p.172].

54. Cf. *Happy Days.*