



Happy Days

Samuel Beckett

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In 'Happy Days, ' Beckett pursues his relentless search for the meaning of existence, probing the tenuous relationships that bind one person to another, and each to the universe, to time past and time present.

Happy Days Details

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mwpm says

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.

WINNIE (*turning back front, front*). Oh you are going to talk to me today, this is going to be a happy day! (*Pause. Joy off.*) Another happy day.

pidgin says

" The earth is very tight today, can it be I have put on flesh, I trust not."

Jon(athan) Nakapalau says

Read this and then watched the Broadway Theatre Archive production featuring Irene Worth. One of the most depressing works I have ever had the opportunity to encounter. There is much debate as to the meaning of the play - here is my interpretation: by 'grounding' ourselves into a 'happy' existence we are actually subordinating our essence...and that will ultimately destroy who we really were becoming. "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons" is the way most of us will pass from our existence...most of us will not even "...rage against the dying of the light" because our light died long before we did - metaphysical zombies. No more talk of Mr. Beckett until after Christmas...(something tells me Mr. Beckett would have LOVED to be the top elf for Krampus!)

David Allen says

An absurdist parable about a woman who tries to find the best in her lot as her options narrow in a literal sense, buried up to her waist in sand at first and later up to her neck, her beloved husband virtually invisible and uncommunicative. A proto-feminist work (1961) and one of Beckett's most touching plays.

Emad (TheBookCritic) says

?

“If you don't know where you are currently standing, you're dead.”

Happy days! LOL!

I like this play. I consider myself a big fan of the absurd theatre – it represents life as it is.

Winnie and her husband Willie, represented most people nowadays – sinking in their daily routines without having any purpose.

Reading the dialogue between them was a pleasure for me, I enjoyed it. I think it was simple and meaningful. I think Happy Days is more beautiful than Beckett's most famous play Waiting for Godot. I liked it more.

J. says

This is bullshit.

Saw this live with a talented cast, and by that I mean one actress. Perhaps I'm one of those incompetent dilettante who is too dumb to appreciate Beckett's genius, but I can honestly say this has no redeemable qualities. None whatsoever. If you left the performance 5, 15, 25, or 35 minutes into the play, or stayed at the end, it wouldn't have made a difference. Historical and philosophical allusions aside, this is complete drivel. People like clever writers and clever plays, but I think sometimes the emperor really has no clothes. It is interesting to see reviewers bashing themselves over not understanding this, never daring to concede that perhaps there is nothing there to understand. No profundity, just a joke on us, that we are willing to see a Beckett play because Beckett wrote it, and then ponder continuously thinking there must be some profound meaning within. There is no depth, just garbage. If you cut out words from a newspaper and threw them on a page randomly, I think it would make for a more enjoyable performance. At least that would be truly absurd.

Bruno Kuli? says

The reason for a one star rating, presented without comment:

*-no pain- (looks for toothbrush)-
hardly any- (takes up toothbrush)-great
thng that- (examines handle of brush) -
nothg like it- (examines handle, reads) -
pure .. . what?-(pause) - what?- (lays
down brush)-ah yes- (turns towards bag)
-poor Willie- (rumages in bag)-no zest
- (rummages)-for anythig-(brings out
spectacles in case)-no interest-(turs back
front) -in lie -(takes spectacles from case)
-poor dear Willie- (lays down case) - sleep
for ever-(opens spectacles)-marvellous gift
- (puts on spectacles)-nothig to touch it
(looks for toothbrush)-in my opinion-
(takes up toothbrush)-always said so
(examines handle of brush)-wish I had it*

- (examines handle, reads)-genuie . . .
pure . . . what?- (lays down brush)-blind
next- (takes off spectacles)-ah well- (lays
down spectacles)-seen enough- (feels in
bodice for handkerchief) - I suppose- (takes
out folded handkerchief)-by now- (shakes
out handkerchief)-what are those wonderful
lines- (wipes one eye) - woe woe is me
(wipes the other) - to see what I see- (looks
for spectacles) - ah yes-(takes up spectacles)
- wouldn't ms it - (starts polishing
spectacles, breathing on lenses) - or would I ?
- (polishes) - holy light - (polishes) - bob
up out of dark - (polishes) - blaze of hellsh
light.

Aya says

Wow... this left me all depressed and disillusioned about life, death and everything in between!

What I like is that the play begins with a surreal and bizarre situation and this doesn't clear up. This kind of makes you imagine all kinds of reasons why and how the woman and her husband are stuck there and living like that. There is so much in this play that makes it worth to read or see!

Winnie seems swallowed by the earth, can't walk first and in act two can't move anything but her head, and still is full of positive talk. Showing how people no matter what go on with life and talk hopeful and positive-saying how enjoyable things are- when you can't imagine how they endure it all. Winnie is still trying to look good and talks about happy days that will still occur. But doing and saying this all in such a fake manner as if trying to convince herself in believing the make believe (crap) she utters. She is stuck with her husband who seems apathetic in his ways and pays little attention to her. He too seems stuck to her, but why?, just because once he had proposed and she said yes. Making marriage a shameful reason to stay with someone. And even if Winnie knows her husbands needs peace, she calls him all the time wanting a reaction of some kind because that is what she needs.

Also the every day routine: brushing teeth, combing, make up etc is made so meaningless and empty. The way that Winnie does these routine activities makes it even more horrible as she seems to do it to pass time, get through the day and to avoid feeling the void/loneliness/emptiness of existence/her handicap - in other words the reality. She even forgets if she did or did not comb, what does it matter?

Both husband and wife pining away waiting for their own and each others death, sometimes long for it and sometime fearing it.

What also was interesting to me was when Winnie was saying how absurd it was that she had to wake at the sound of a bell and sleep at the sound of the bell. And why not wake or sleep when she felt like it? Still she continued to do so.

And oh the loneliness! how the couple doesn't really communicate, and is so isolated and seems lonely, still there is sometimes the comfort of another person, however there are occasions that you think they wouldn't mind getting rid of the other. At the end of the play I thought Willie would shoot Winnie, himself or both of them. But not doing so made it much stronger as it showed how awful and miserable the situation, people

mostly endure and just wait until life is over by itself. Also you kind of feel there is no point to their lives.

Even concerns about the environment and the future of the earth are addressed: Winnie says "do you think there is no atmosphere?", the post apocalyptic scenery, them living in a hole/cave and the fact that it is always light so you know when to wake/sleep if you hear a bell??? To me these bizarre elements made it not only surrealistic but maybe a leap in the future, as if it were a science fiction. Then again maybe it was only meant as: why not question the houses we live in or the day/night rhythm we have just because we think we do it "right and according to how it is meant". Why do we think things are meant a way? For what purpose? What does it all lead to anyway?

What I found interesting was that I read that some people thought the play ended optimistic.. I really did not feel that way and would find it interesting to hear why some people thought this way.

Sophie says

Words fail, there are times when even they fail. However, speaking is Winnie's raison d'être, words keep flowing from her without conveying any meaning, just to fill the silence and the void.

Early on, it struck me as upsetting the fact that Winnie was trying so hard to convince herself that *it is a happy day*, the wanting to get out of the mound and the simultaneous attachment to it.

Never have I ever come across a play whose directorial instructions are as important as the play itself. I quickly became engrossed in reading Beckett's directions and it felt as if I was watching it on scene. I found it an exceptional avant-garde piece of art.

Carmo says

"Dias Felizes é um maravilhoso poema de amor, o canto de uma mulher que ainda quer ouvir e ver o homem que ama."

Madeleine Renaud (atriz)

Dias Felizes é uma metáfora da passagem do tempo, da resistência e da sobrevivência.

Para além disso **Dias Felizes** é, talvez, um dos melhores trabalhos de **Beckett**, e **Beckett** é o absurdo, o discurso fragmentado, o minimalismo e aparente insignificância dos diálogos face à revelação que brota dos silêncios e das pausas.

As peças de Beckett parecem ter todas o mesmo intuito: o de nos incomodar, de nos levar ao desassossego e à interrogação, de nos provocar o riso para logo percebermos que é um riso feito de lágrimas.

E é sobretudo, acabar a leitura ou sair da sala de espetáculos com vontade de gritar e expulsar a aflição.

Teresa Proença says

"O que eu acho maravilhoso é não se passar um dia (*Sorriso.*) para falar à moda antiga (*Fim do sorriso.*) quase nenhum, sem aprendermos qualquer coisa, por pouco que seja, desde que nos esforcemos por isso. E

se, por razões obscuras, o mais pequeno esforço deixasse de ser possível, então é só fechar os olhos (*Fecha-os.*) e esperar que o dia chegue, o dia feliz em que a carne se derrete a tantos graus e a noite de luar dura tantas centenas de horas. (*Pausa.*) Eis o que eu acho reconfortante, quando perco a coragem e começo a invejar a sorte dos animais a caminho do matadouro."

David says

At the start of *Happy Days*, we see Winnie - a plump, fifty-year-old housewife of a woman – buried to her waist in the centre of a mound of earth. The sun blazes down in the form of a powerful spotlight. A barren landscape stretches into the distance. Beside Minnie on the mound are a large bag and a parasol. Throughout the play, she removes items from the bag, including a Browning automatic revolver ('Brownie') and a toothbrush. Halfway through the first of two short acts the parasol bursts into flames from the unrelenting heat. At the start of the play she seems to be alone, but soon we see that there is a man (Willie) on the far side of the mound, reading a newspaper, though we see only the back of his head for the whole of the first act. He only crawls over the mound to face Winnie in a dramatic and moving scene at the end of the play, when she is buried to her neck in the mound. Winnie does most of the talking, addressing many of her comments to Willie, and he responds only occasionally and briefly. When she seems to be nodding off at times she is brought awake again by an unseen bell.

At a first reading this play, like all of Beckett's plays, leaves you with a vague sense of depression and incomprehension, though you do also feel a sense of achievement in having got through it from beginning to end and of having read something worthwhile. Subsequent readings throw up all sorts of allusions and echoes that completely escaped you the first time, and if you then (and only then) read a guide to the play you recognise it for the masterpiece it is: a highly-polished jewel, a starkly concentrated appraisal of the human condition packed into two short acts, that lesser writers would and do take volumes to laboriously spell out. Despite seeming a rambling, knocked-off-in-ten-minutes affair, it is in fact a highly sophisticated interplay of repetition and variation with leitmotifs, silence and precise movements that are all indicated in the meticulous stage directions, and is almost operatic in its effect.

Beckett is never patronising, he leaves you (perhaps somewhat dismissively) to work out for yourself what it is all about. Scratch the surface and you will find allusions to Zeno, Shakespeare, Aristotle, the Anglican Liturgy and Holy Communion and Dante, as well as *The Merry Widow*. You may see it, with A. Alvarez, as 'a sour view of a cosy marriage', or agree with *The Times* that 'the text is an elaborate structure of internal harmonies with recurring clichés twisted into bitter truths, and key phrases chiming ironically through the development as in a *passacaglia*'. For me, it is all of these things, but perhaps most of all it is a comment on ageing, loneliness and loss. It will haunt all who see it or read it.

Sofia says

Πριν απ? μ?α ?ρα περ?που τελε?ωσα απνευστ? τις «Ευτυχισμ?νες Μ?ρες» του Σ. Μπ?κετ και η απ?φαση μου να γρ?ψω αμ?σως γι' αυτ? το ?ργο ?ταν απολ?τως συνειδητ?. Ε?ναι μ?α μικρ? προσπ?θεια να κρατ?σω κ?τι απ? ?λη αυτ? την μαγε?α και την α?σθηση πληρ?τητας που σε κατακλ?ζει ?ταν ξ?ρεις ?τι μ?λιν ?χεις διαβ?σει ?να αριστο?ρημα. Ας τα π?ρουμε ?μωσ τα πρ?γματα απ? την αρχ? λ?γοντας δυο λ?για για την πλοκ?.

Μ?α γυν?κα, γ?ρω στα πεν?ντα, η Γου?ννι ,που ε?ναι θαμμ?νη ως την μ?ση, κοιμ?ται και ξυπν?ει καθημεριν? απ? τον επ?μονο ?χο εν?ς κουδουνι? που σηματοδοτε? την ?ναρξη/λ?ξη μ?ας ακ?μα ημ?ρας. Το μοναδικ? πρ?γμα που υπ?ρχει δ?πλα της ε?ναι μ?α μα?ρη τσ?ντα απ? την οπο?α, κατ? διαστ?ματα, ανασ?ρει διαφ?ρων ειδ?ν αντικε?μενα, τα περισσ?τερα παλι? και ταλαιπωρημ?να. Κ?που στο β?θος, ελ?χιστα παρ?ν και ομιλητικ?ς, βρ?σκεται ο σ?ζυγ?ς της, ο Γου?λλι, χωμ?νος στο δικ? του λαγο?μι χωρ?ς ο ?νας να βλ?πει τον ?λλον.

Κ?νοντας μ?α σ?ντομη ?ρευνα γ?ρω απ? το ?ργο, αναφ?ρεται συχν? ?τι σε μ?α συζ?τηση γ?ρω απ? τις Ευτυχισμ?νες Μ?ρες, ο Μπ?κετ ισχυρ?στηκε ?τι το μοναδικ? πλ?σμα που θα ?ντεχε να υπομε?νει ?λη αυτ? την δοκιμασ?α ε?ναι η γυν?κα. Για να ε?μαι ειλικριν?ς ?μως δεν ξ?ρω κατ? π?σο αναφερ?ταν στην κατ?σταση που βλ?πουμε π?νω στην σκην? ? στον συμβολισμ? που κρ?βει και η σκην? αυτ? καθ' εαυτ?. Το ?διο το ?ργο ?λλωστε βρ?θει συμβολισμ?ν και νοημ?των.

Με τις Ευτυχισμ?νες Μ?ρες ο Μπ?κετ προσεγγ?ζει μοναδικ? την απομ?νωση που επ?ρχεται στο ζευγ?ρι κ?τω απ? το β?ρος μ?ας αδυσ?πητα μον?τονης καθημεριν?τητας η οπο?α αποδ?δεται σε τρεις γραμμ?ς, που ?ποιος τις ?χει αισθανθε?, θα τον στοιχει?νουν για πολ? καιρ?:

«Ο?τε καλ?τερα

Ο?τε χειρ?τερα

Ο?τε αλλαγ?..»

Η μ?ρα μ?λιστα που ο Γου?λλι θα αποφασ?σει να της απευθ?νει ?στω και δ?ο λ?ξεις, ε?ναι για εκε?νη μ?α πραγματικ? ευτυχισμ?νη μ?ρα.

«Ω εσ? λοιπ?ν θα μου μιλ?σεις σ?μερα,

Ω αυτ?ς θα μου μιλ?σει σ?μερα,

Μ?α ευτυχισμ?νη μ?ρα ?ρχεται!»

Αυτ? η αντ?θεση αν?λαφρου τ?νου- σκληρο? νο?ματος με σ?καρε και μ' ?κανε να θαυμ?σω ακ?μα περισσ?τερο τον Μπ?κετ. Βλ?πουμε μ?α γυν?κα να ε?ναι τρισευτυχισμ?νη απλ? και μ?νο επειδ? ο ?ντρας της αφι?ρωσε δ?ο λεπτ?, ?σως και λιγ?τερο, για να την ακο?σει και ξ?ρουμε ?τι αυτ? συμβ?νει σε τ?σα σπ?τια, σε τ?σα ζευγ?ρια.

Εκε?νη απ? την πλευρ? της φ?νεται να ?χει πλ?ρη επ?γνωση της κατ?στασης γι' αυτ? και τον παρακαλ?ει να ακο?ει ?στω και τα μισ? απ' ?σα λ?ει. Ακ?μα κι αν ?χασε για π?ντα ?ναν συνομιλητ?, προσπαθε? με κ?θε μ?σο να κρατ?σει τουλ?χιστον ?ναν υποτυπ?δη ακροατ?. Αυτ?ν που παραμ?νει ο ?ντρας της και που κ?ποτε, π?ως αναφ?ρει σε αν?ποπτο χρ?νο, την αγ?πησε πολ?, τ?ρα της αρκε? απλ? να βρ?σκεται «σε ακτ?να ακο?ς».

Δεν μπορο?με να ξ?ρουμε π?ς και γι?τ? αυτ? η γυν?κα βρ?θηκε καλυμμ?νη ως την μ?ση, α?σθηση μου ?μως ε?ναι ?τι αυτ? στο οπο?ο βουλι?ζει ε?ναι η ?δια η ζω? που μ?ρα-μ?ρα γλιστρ?ει απ? τα χ?ρια της. Γ?νεται κλεψ?δρα του ?διου του χρ?νου που της απομ?νει σε αυτ?ν τον κ?σμο διατηρ?ντας μ?α φαινομενικ? αμ?ριμνη προσ?γγιση απ?ναντι στο αναπ?φευκτο.

Η Γου?ννι ε?ναι απ? τις πιο αξιαγ?πητες ηρω?δες που ?χω συναντ?σει τ?σο σε θεατρικ? ?ργα, ?σο και σε μυθιστορ?ματα. Με ?λα τα χαρακτηριστικ? της μεσ?λικης γυναικας, ?πως η πολυλογ?α, η συνειρμικ? σκ?ψη και μ?ας παλι?ς κοπ?ς κοκεταρ?α, σου γενν?ει μ?νο τρυφερ? συναισθ?ματα κι ?να αμυδρ? συνα?σθημα τα?τισης γιατ? ξ?ρεις ?τι μοιρα?α θα βρεθε?ς στην θ?ση της. Κ?θε μ?ρα ε?ναι εκε?, σε αυτ?ν τον λ?φο μ?σα στον οπο?ο βουλι?ζει (?δη στην δε?τερη σκην? ε?ναι καλυμμ?νη μ?χρι τον λαιμ?) προσπαθ?ντας να φανεται αμ?ριμνη, να μιλ?ει για το παρελθ?, γιατ? μ?νο αυτ? ?χει, χωρ?ς ?μως να κ?νει μεγ?λη σπατ?λη λ?ξεων.

Οι λ?ξεις, μαζ? με την μα?ρη τσ?ντα, φανεται να ε?ναι το μοναδικ? της ?πλο απ?ναντι σε αυτ? την μον?τονη καθημεριν?τητα. Η πε?ρα ?μως που κουβαλ?ει, της ?χει μ?θει ?τι πρ?πει να χρησιμοποιο?νται με σ?νεση και να μην γ?νεται αλ?γιστη σπατ?λη γιατ? τ?τε θα βρεθε? αντιμ?τωπη με την απ?λυτη μοναξι?.

«Λ?ξεις, λ?ξεις, λ?ξεις, οι λ?ξεις φθ?νουν

Οι λ?ξεις αδυνατ?ζουν εξασθενο?ν εξαντλο?νται τελει?νουν

Οι λ?ξεις αποτυγχ?νουν απογοητε?ουν προδ?δουν

Οι λ?ξεις φθε?ρονται, φθ?νουν

Οι λ?ξεις σε παρατο?ν,

Ε?ναι φορ?ς που ακ?μα και αυτ?ς σε εγκαταλε?πουν.»

Τον κ?ριο Μπ?κετ β?βαια δεν τον εγκατ?λειψαν στιγμ? σε αυτ? το ?ργο. Περιστ? να πω ?τι σας το συστ?νω ανεπιφ?λακτα.

John Pistelli says

Fascinating but not my favorite. Evidently Beckett regarded Winnie as a kind of earth mother spirit, indomitable, and I do find some patronizing piety or maybe just pity here, a refusal of the corrosive irony Beckett's male heroes have to endure in the midst of their own eschatological travails. The idea of the setting as a kind of post-apocalyptic degraded vacation-destination beach where the blazing bleaching sun never sets is wonderful, as is the whole mystery of the play's circumstance, literal explanation of which would be unnecessary and, ultimately, trivializing. I like the way Beckett's plays have an uncircumscribed reference, so that they are about aging, illness, depression, war, apocalypse, all at once, without having to be bound to some explicitly announced social issue (e.g., fear of nuclear war). But Winnie lacks the weird negative charisma with which Beckett usually invests his protagonists, at least as I see it; she is too much the victim, too little complicit in her own situation. Unless we are to take her purgatorial state in the sand as a Dantean punishment for her ostensibly naive good-natured and somewhat dim-witted stoicism or even for her half-repressed eroticism; but Beckett's simply making fun of her would be more intolerable than his unironically sentimentalizing her. Perhaps the master of the wryly self-lacerating male monologue just cannot attain the same emotional complexity when attempting to portray a figure of mature female sexuality, for reasons best left to the psychoanalytic critics. As an image, Winnie in the sand is striking, unforgettable; but as a

narrative, I find it thin.

Tiaan Lubbe says

Someone once told me, “You don’t fuck with Beckett.”

I agree. You don’t. You can’t.

He is irrefutably one of the great geniuses of the Twentieth century. His words have become legend.

‘Waiting for Godot’ has become the vision of an entire age. ‘Endgame’ bashes our fears of our eventual ends in our faces. Beckett’s view of life, so effectively conveyed in his sometimes painfully absurd plays and writings, is one that pulled at the heartstrings of society when they were first published and performed and still offers us a brutally honest reflection of ourselves today. You may not be able to fuck with Beckett, but Beckett, however, loves to fuck with us. He presents to us scenarios, characters and anecdotes that haunt us for reasons we, most of the time, do not understand. In ‘Happy Days’ this is especially true. At least for me. ‘Happy Days’ in my view is one of Beckett’s darkest and most brutal plays. It is a rueful song that gets stuck in your head and haunts you for a long time after having read or seen it.

Winnie, a woman in her older years, is stuck in a sand mound right up to her waist in the first act, presumably being swallowed by the earth. The setting is barren and the lights show the blazing sun beating down on an “expanse of scorched grass”. At the far side of the mound, a man sits, Willie. He is quiet for most of the time, his “marvellous gift”, as Winnie puts it, being his ability to sleep through even the worst of the day and Winnie’s ramblings. She ploughs through her day, stuck in one place, only her bag and belongings, a toothbrush and a gun named “Brownie” amongst many others, keeping her company and keeping her occupied. The second act opens with Winnie buried even further down into the mound, only her head sticking out. Her predicament now seems clear and definite. She is being swallowed. And she can’t help it.

What is most haunting perhaps is the genius way in which Beckett has created Winnie as character. Her predicament is obviously grave and calls for woeful cries of desperation if not total depression. However, despite this, she insists that it is a “Happy day”. She insist on hoping against a bleak and certain future. She fills her days with obsessive rambling to Willie and herself as well as her bag full of things. Speaking and keeping busy becomes her reason for living, her words are mostly meaningless and only there to fill a seemingly feared silence and what realisations or truths it may bring with it. It is upsetting, and beautifully so, that there seems to be a simultaneous wanting in Winnie to leave the mound and get out of it and to stay there choosing to ignore it, perhaps even an attachment to it. In the other Beckett plays, the characters almost always recognise that their situations are bleak and depressing. In ‘Happy Days’ however, Winnie seems to ignore that or is even naïve of that fact. As long as she has her bag and her ramblings it will be yet another happy day. As Winnie says:

“There is of course the bag.

She turns towards it.

There will always be the bag.”

In terms of performability, ‘Happy Days’ may be excessively challenging. The actress who has to play Winnie is stuck in one place and has only her upper body and, later, only her head to convey the character’s emotions, objectives and subtext. And there’s a lot of that! The director has little to no room for blocking which is one of their biggest tricks to pull out of the bag and rely on. Winnie has most of the talking time and the action can be very exhausting, I think.

However, I believe that Beckett knew these challenges that the performers and directors would face when he wrote the play. He came up with a solution in the writing itself. And it screams Beckett! The solutions lies in his excessive use and meticulous focus on the stage directions. They are specific. They are to the point and they allow for little room outside of them. Like Beckett’s infamous pauses (with which you definitely cannot

fuck) the stage directions in 'Happy Days' should be followed to the tee. They are as important as the dialogue and just as you can never cut or change the dialogue, the general consensus being that every word has been specifically crafted for a specific use, this is true for the stage directions in 'Happy Days'. The production would fail otherwise.

Of course, as with a lot of Beckett's works, there is always the chance that the audiences, readers included, may not connect with the piece because of the sometimes intimidating barriers they have to cross to get to the deeper meanings of the play, to understand it. 'Happy Days' may easily become one of those cases. One setting, one character mostly just rambling on and on. To those who are not able to cross the barrier or do not want to, it can quickly become a bag full of bullshit. Although, I have been able to cross that barrier and thus appreciate the ways in which the play represents a bleak view of man's life and the way he lives it, I understand that others may not. This can result in a lot of yawns by the start of the second act, I can imagine. Beckett, if nothing else, is never patronising. He does not spoon-feed his audiences. He almost refuses to. There lies the beauty of his work, it can mean anything to anyone if only they cross the barrier. People like to say of Absurdist theatre that it is meaningless. On that statement I have one response- Now that's bullshit! There is also a very sharp and poking humour present in the midst of it all. I laugh even though I don't. As Beckett wrote in 'Endgame', "Nothing is funnier than unhappiness...it's the most comical thing in the world." It was true in 'Endgame' and it is true again in 'Happy Days'. As I said, Beckett likes to fuck with us, but you never fuck with him.

Moriah Russo says

typical of his late period works, beckett stages poignant commentary on the phenomenal desperation of singular existence. there again seems to be a palpable curtain both around and among the thoughts, speech, and behaviors of the winnie--her rambling commentary seemingly falling mute after immediate realization and encountering a hopelessly unpredictable and incomprehensible audience in willie, who too seems to be playing out an absurd experience of self. winnie's self-sustaining occupations of inventorying her sparse possessions and surroundings (including her husband and his paltry props), recalling memories of a life before (to speak in the old style), and her few existential expressions periodically erode the positivity that her ceaseless processing seeks to support. even in moments of elation, when willie validates her reflexive self concept, the happy moment is only brief-- "oh this is a happy day... after all... so far." the ending is traditional to beckett in its dark comedy; winnie's hopeful delusion is carried forward just above the hollow misery of choiceness acceptance of either disappointment or death as willie acknowledges her by grunting a monosyllabic truncation of her name, "win".

of course, happy days painfully highlights for me the petty realities of domestic pottering, requisite acceptance of abuse and disavowal of fairness that feel unique to women's experiences. there's a certain removal of the applicability or relevance of MEANING to winnie's daily drudgery that mirrors the double binds familiar to me, too. disappointments rarely bring death, they just draw out time.

Marija says

Another great play. Another happy day.

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Jedna Beckettova bonus, da završim s njim do daljnjeg (za cijeli život, po mogu?nosti).  
Dva lika: Winnie i Willie. ?itam i mislim se: tko, dovraga, može nau?iti toliki besmisleni dijalog napamet??  
Samo su dva lika, ponavljam. Pomislio sam da je tome tako jer je radio drama, ali ne: tu su i detaljne, tako?er uglavnom besmislene, didaskalije (P. Selem se u pogovoru indirektno slaže). Klišej pitanje, ali zanima me: na ?emu je Beckett bio kad je ovo pisao?  
„Kakav divan današnji dan...“, a doga?ale se same groteskne besmislice. -> Cini?ni smijeh nihilista.  
Na kraju se aludira na grotesknost svega.  
Selemova teza: O divni dani 'preispisuje' Eshilovog Prometeja.  
Jasno, tu je i implicitno ismijavanje vjernika, na granici blasfemije „Zar možemo na ljepši na?in...“ (138)  
Vrijeme= pijesak- „te?e iz šupljeg u prazno“-> indolentna, šokantna nezahvalnost! Koji bi klinac imao da nema života?

[illegible]