



# WAITING FOR GODOT

Important Passages

# SATIRE

## ○ Satire:

- a work that ridicules the shortcomings of a type of person, a class, an institution, a nation, or even the entire human race
- the literary art of diminishing or derogating a subject by making it ridiculous and evoking attitudes of amusement, contempt, scorn, or indignation



# STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

- An unbroken flow of perceptions, memories, thoughts, and feelings
- Sense perceptions mingle with conscious and half-conscious thoughts, memories, expectations, feelings, and random associations



# ALLUSION

- **Allusion:** brief reference to a person, place, text, or event that is not otherwise included in the work of literature
- Authors expect readers to understand allusions and connect their meaning or importance with the work of literature.
- *Waiting for Godot* contains many religious, philosophical, psychological, and historical/political allusions.



# ARCHETYPE

- **Archetype:** a universally understood symbol, term, or pattern of behavior; a prototype that is copied, patterned, or emulated
- Archetype refers to a generic version of a personality. In this sense, "mother figure" may be considered an archetype, and may be identified in various characters with otherwise distinct (non-generic) personalities.



# ALLEGORY

- **Allegory:** a representation of an abstract or spiritual meaning through concrete or material forms; figurative treatment of one subject under the guise of another
- **Allegorical Interpretation:** interpreting text with the assumption that the author intended something different than what is literally expressed; interpreting text as an extended metaphor



# EXISTENTIALISM

“We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist?”

- Estragon in *Waiting for Godot*



# ACT 1

VLADIMIR: (musingly) The last moment . . . (He meditates.) Hope deferred maketh the something sick, who said that? (1.32)

Actual quote, from the Book of Proverbs 12:13

Hope deferred makes the heart sick, but a longing fulfilled is a tree of life.





# ACT 1

**VLADIMIR:**I get used to the muck as I go along.

**ESTRAGON:***(after prolonged reflection)*. Is that the opposite?

**VLADIMIR:**Question of temperament.

**ESTRAGON:**Of character.

**VLADIMIR:**Nothing you can do about it.

**ESTRAGON:**No use struggling.

**VLADIMIR:**One is what one is.

**ESTRAGON:**No use wriggling.

**VLADIMIR:**The essential doesn't change.

**ESTRAGON:**Nothing to be done.

**What does it mean?**

The two main characters are demonstrating the repetitive aspects of their lives, through their speech. This also portrays the men as accepting of the facts of life, but also unable to change themselves or anything else.

# ACT 1

**ESTRAGON:**I'm going.

**POZZO:**What was it exactly you wanted to know?

**VLADIMIR:**Why he—

**POZZO:***(angrily)*. Don't interrupt me! *(Pause. Calmer.)* If we all speak at once we'll never get anywhere. *(Pause.)* What was I saying? *(Pause. Louder.)* What was I saying? *Vladimir mimics one carrying a heavy burden. Pozzo looks at him, puzzled.*

**ESTRAGON:***(forcibly)*. Bags. *(He points at Lucky.)* Why? Always hold. *(He sags, panting.)* Never put down. *(He opens his hands, straightens up with relief.)* Why?



# ACT 1

**POZZO:**I do. But instead of driving him away as I might have done, I mean instead of simply kicking him out on his arse, in the goodness of my heart I am bringing him to the fair, where I hope to get a good price for him. The truth is you can't drive such creatures away. The best thing would be to kill them.*Lucky weeps.*

**ESTRAGON:**He's crying!

**POZZO:** Old dogs have more dignity. (*He proffers his handkerchief to Estragon.*) Comfort him, since you pity him. (*Estragon hesitates.*) Come on. (*Estragon takes the handkerchief.*) Wipe away his tears, he'll feel less forsaken. *Estragon hesitates.*



# ACT 1

**POZZO:***(who hasn't listened)*. Ah yes! The night. *(He raises his head.)* But be a little more attentive, for pity's sake, otherwise we'll never get anywhere. *(He looks at the sky.)* Look! *(All look at the sky except Lucky who is dozing off again. Pozzo jerks the rope.)* Will you look at the sky, pig! *(Lucky looks at the sky.)* Good, that's enough. *(They stop looking at the sky.)* What is there so extraordinary about it? Qua sky. It is pale and luminous like any sky at this hour of the day. *(Pause.)* In these latitudes. *(Pause.)* When the weather is fine. *(Lyrical.)* An hour ago *(he looks at his watch, prosaic)* roughly *(lyrical)* after having poured forth even since *(he hesitates, prosaic)* say ten o'clock in the morning *(lyrical)* tirelessly torrents of red and white light it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale *(gesture of the two hands lapsing by stages)* pale, ever a little paler, a little paler until *(dramatic pause, ample gesture of the two hands flung wide apart)* pppfff! finished! it comes to rest. But— *(hand raised in admonition)*— but behind this veil of gentleness and peace, night is charging *(vibrantly)* and will burst upon us *(snaps his fingers)* pop! like that! *(his inspiration leaves him)* just when we least expect it. *(Silence. Gloomily.)* That's how it is on this bitch of an earth. *Long silence.*

## ACT 2

**VLADIMIR:**Let us not waste our time in idle discourse!  
(*Pause. Vehemently.*) Let us do something, while we have the chance! It is not every day that we are needed. Not indeed that we personally are needed. Others would meet the case equally well, if not better. To all mankind they were addressed, those cries for help still ringing in our ears! But at this place, at this moment of time, all mankind is us, whether we like it or not. Let us make the most of it, before it is too late! Let us represent worthily for once the foul brood to which a cruel fate consigned us! What do you say? (*Estragon says nothing.*) It is true that when with folded arms we weigh the pros and cons we are no less a credit to our species. The tiger bounds to the help of his congeners without the least reflection, or else he slinks away into the depths of the thickets. But that is not the question. What are we doing here, *that* is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer. Yes, in this immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come—



# TYPES OF CONFLICT

- 3 most common types:
  - Man vs. Man
  - Man vs. Self
  - Man vs. Nature

What type of conflict does the previous quote illustrate? Is this the central conflict of the play? Why or why not?



## ACT 2

**ESTRAGON:**To try him with other names, one after the other. It'd pass the time. And we'd be bound to hit on the right one sooner or later.

**VLADIMIR:**I tell you his name is Pozzo.

**ESTRAGON:**We'll soon see. (*He reflects.*) Abel!  
Abel!

**POZZO:**Help!

**ESTRAGON:**Got it in one!

**VLADIMIR:**I begin to weary of this motif.



## ACT 2

VLADIMIR: Was I sleeping, while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot? That Pozzo passed, with his carrier, and that he spoke to us? Probably. But in all that what truth will there be? (Estragon, having struggled with his boots in vain, is dozing off again. Vladimir looks at him.) He'll know nothing. He'll tell me about the blows he received and I'll give him a carrot. (Pause.) Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave digger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. (He listens.) But habit is a great deadener. (He looks again at Estragon.) At me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, He is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on. (Pause.) I can't go on! (Pause.) What have I said?

He goes feverishly to and fro, halts finally at extreme left, broods. Enter Boy right. He halts. Silence.

