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# Seeing darkly: notes on T.W. Adorno and Samuel Beckett

by W.J. McCormack

## I. BEGINNING WITH 'MOLLOY'

The state of nature is not unjust, and for that very reason we must leave it behind us. (Hegel, *Erste Druckschriften*)<sup>1</sup>

For some time it has been usual to regard Samuel Beckett as *un pur*, unconcerned with and uncontaminated by anything beyond the realm of artistic creation. Of course, a comprehensive critique of his writings would jeopardise all this, with their acknowledgement that 'to be an artist is to fail, as no other dare fail.'<sup>2</sup> The customary view, however, is bolstered by powerful (if concealed) pre-suppositions about integrity and the exemplary status of the bourgeois subject. Is this not ironic in an artist who wrote of the artist as one who recognised a 'breakdown of the object', amendable perhaps to a 'breakdown of the subject', concluding 'it comes to the same thing — rupture of the lines of communication'?<sup>3</sup> Despite this, Beckett's artistic integrity has come in for its share of vituperation (mainly, though also passingly, from the pen of György Lukács) as well as approval. It remains to be seen if a finer insight into his art does not proceed from a philosophical stance, Marxist, too readily dismissed as readily hostile. It is this limited objective which is attempted here.

It might be argued that Beckett was not always a 'creative' writer in the sense approved by his admirers. 'Having launched himself with a prize poem on the set theme of Time, Joyce's amanuensis went on diligently to publish dialogues on contemporary painting, and to translate a large body of Mexican poetry . . .' the argument might go. Such a perspective has been rejected by Beckett, of course, but in highly questionable terms. To Gabriel d'Aubarède in 1961:

I'm no intellectual. All I am is feeling. *Molloy* and the others came to me the day I became aware of my own folly.<sup>4</sup>

And twelve years later:

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I realised that I knew nothing. I sat down in my mother's little house in Ireland and began to write *Molloy*.<sup>5</sup>

Leaving aside the re-enactment here of Descartes' inaugurating doubt, we see the juxtaposing of intellectualism and emotion as misleading, however deft. After all *Molloy* begins:

I am in my mother's room..It's I who live there now. I don't know how I got there. Perhaps in an ambulance, certainly a vehicle of some kind. I was helped. I'd never have got there alone. There's this man who comes every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to him. He says not. He gives me money and takes away the pages. So many pages, so much money.<sup>6</sup>

If the opening sentence appears to identify the fictional moment and the moment of the fiction's composition, the passage proceeds quickly to establish more complex, alternating currents — there/here etc. If, to Beckett, all that he was was feeling, then the narrator of *Molloy* has chosen the specialised feeling of intellection as his initial subject matter. In the novel, Molloy considers that his mother may well be dead — 'I mean enough to bury' — and that he has taken her place. The novelist, on the other hand, left Ireland and his mother to return to France and the writing of the novel. While making allowances for 'perhaps' as the key word in Beckett, we can still say that movement, as regards narrator and novelist (narrator as pseudo-novelist, and novelist as pseudo-narrator) is *antithetical*. If writing is the subject matter of this writing, it is presented more as a matter of commerce and exchange than High Art.

The day upon which Beckett became aware of his own unknowing marks a kind of intersection between historical and personal lines. Deirdre Bair tells us that *Molloy* was begun in September 1947 and completed by the following January, and throughout this period Beckett was in France. His visit home to Ireland had occurred earlier in 1947, and was in fact organised round his birthday which he wished to spend with his mother. Two years earlier, he had promptly left France for Ireland (in April 1945, even before the war was over), repeating the visit in 1946.<sup>7</sup> Thus, either the day of extreme Cartesian doubt may be taken as hypothetical, or a date for the commencement of work on *Molloy* must be pressed back in time. Though it was not his immediate post-war return to Dublin, the occasion — as Beckett himself presents it — links the family reunion and the opening of his career as a novelist writing in French. It marked his survival of the second world war, of years spent in

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hiding and earlier years of active resistance to the German occupation of France: it marked also his absolute realisation of his mother's approaching death, of family dissolution.

Antithesis and exchange characterise much in Beckett's prolonged struggle to comprehend the barbarism of his age. *Molloy* was composed in French with the aid of Marie Peron who had been a member with him of the same resistance cell in Paris. The earlier novels were written on different assumptions: *Murphy* is articulate to a fault, in contrast to *Murphy*; *Watt* possesses a geometrical audacity which leaves *Watt* cutting a very poor figure. But now, adopting monologue at the same time that its author adopts French, the new novel leaves behind the seedy solipsism of omniscient narration. This recourse to monologue is replete with paradox, not only in its power to banish solipsism. If, to some degree, Beckett required Madame Peron's linguistic assistance — and Beckett's fluency in French had allowed him pass among natives even in time of war — we should note also that *Molloy* in English is presented as a translation not by the author, but 'by Patrick Bowles in collaboration with the author.'<sup>8</sup> In the preface to *The playboy of the western world*, J.M. Synge had written that 'All art is a collaboration'; his successor was uniquely placed in post-war France to savour the bitter ambiguity of the term.<sup>9</sup>

This richly paradoxical, inclusive monologism is accompanied in *Molloy* with Beckett's growing concern with 'the pair' — Molloy and Moran, Malone and Macmann — which becomes central in the plays from *Waiting for Godot* onwards. In the fiction also, the concept of 'the pair' is deeply problematic, intractable and yet irresolute in itself. Molloy reports a singular experience:

And when I see my hands, on the sheet, which they love to floccillate already, they are not mine, less than ever mine, I have no arms, they are a couple, they play with the sheet, love-play perhaps, trying to get up perhaps, one on top of the other. But it doesn't last. I bring them back, little by little, towards me, it's resting time. And with feet it's the same, sometimes, when I see them at the foot of the bed, one with toes, the other without. And that is more deserving of mention. For my legs, corresponding here to my arms of a moment ago, are both stiff now and very sore, and I shouldn't be able to forget them as I can my arms, which are more or less sound and well. And yet I do forget them and I watch the couple as they watch each other, a great way off.<sup>10</sup>

The integral privacy of the Beckettian character and his aesthetic insulation from historical process, as rendered fabulous by the

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critics, may yet be illuminated in a way which interprets the central concern with 'the pair' as part of a post-war literary conflict of the greatest political and philosophical interest.

### II. ADORNO'S ESSAY ON 'ENDGAME'

Ah the old questions, the old answers, there's nothing like them!  
(Beckett, *Endgame*)<sup>11</sup>

There is a significant deviation in Michael T. Jones's translation of T.W. Adorno's essay, 'Versuch, das Endspiel zu verstehen'.<sup>12</sup> Insisting that in Beckett's play an important and new historical moment is revealed, Adorno identified it with the experience cited 'im Titel des kulturindustriellen Schundbuchs "Kaputt"'.<sup>13</sup> Jones, at once eager to vivify Adorno for English readers and a mite neglectful of his master's talent for lethal allusion at imperceptibly acute angles, renders the passage as follows:

French existentialism had tackled history. In Beckett, history devours existentialism. In *Endgame*, a historical moment is revealed, the experience of which was cited in the title of the culture industry's rubbish book *Corpsed*. After the Second World War, everything is destroyed, even resurrected culture, without knowing it; humanity vegetates along, crawling, after events which even the survivors cannot really survive, on a pile of ruins which even renders futile self-reflection of one's own battered state. From the marketplace, as the play's pragmatic precondition, that fact is stripped away: [quotes playscript, concluding]:

CLOV: What all is? In a word? Is that what you want to know? Just a moment. (*He turns the telescope on the without, looks, lowers the telescope, turns towards HAMM.*) Corpsed. (*Pause*) Well? Content?<sup>14</sup>

'Corpsed', Clov's verdict/description of 'the without' has been appropriated by the translator to name the culture industry's junk-book. The deviation (from 'Kaputt') is a nice one, especially if we are alert to the verb to corpse as a piece of actor's jargon — 'deliberately to confuse a fellow actor on stage, preventing him from speaking or acting as required'. To the question implicit in Clov's laconic epithet — in the cosmic *Trauerspiel* what fellow-player has corpsed the without? — Adorno implicitly answers by directing attention to 'the within', the inner sanctum privileged once again by the 'jargon of authenticity' he detected in Karl Jaspers's existentialism.<sup>15</sup> But, more particularly, in the detail lost in Jones's

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translation, Adorno indicts a particular kind of writing — ultra-‘verismo’ reports of second world war experiences — summed up and dismissed in the obliquity of that nominal reference to Curzio Malaparte’s *Kaputt* (1945). Adorno’s ‘historical moment’ was not simply the second world war, but the resultant *domination* of all humanity by nuclear terrorism, and of western society by (in addition) the culture industry.<sup>16</sup> It is in this context that he regards *Endgame* as an exemplary work which refuses assimilation.

Adorno’s writings on Beckett, scattered and fragmentary though they are, constitute a unique occasion in which a sophisticated Marxist aesthetician attends to the works of a dramatist and novelist conventionally associated with very different company. Adorno’s name is inseparable from that of the Frankfurt *Institut für Sozialforschung* from its early years in the Weimar republic, through exile in the United States of America in war-time, to re-establishment in the federal republic.<sup>17</sup> The Beckett industry, on the other hand, is a concern either French or Irish, with heavy American investment certainly, but hardly German. The German philosopher’s familiarity with Beckett appears to have begun after the war, and the essay at present under discussion is dedicated in English (or American!) ‘to S.B. in memory of Paris, Fall 1958’, the essay itself first appearing in 1961.<sup>18</sup> A prolific and (in a superficial sense) unsystematic writer, Adorno began in May 1961 to draft his *Aesthetische Theorie*. When he died in August 1969, the work was unfinalized but essentially complete; among the author’s preparations for publication was a decision or intention to dedicate the *Theory* to Beckett. It is in keeping with the monastic charity of all parties to this intention that it should be recorded rather than displayed in the posthumous publication.<sup>19</sup> The *Aesthetic theory* is peppered with allusions to Beckett’s work, the plays for the most part, but it contains nothing as extended as the 1961 essay on *Endgame*.

Adorno’s appreciation of Beckett is part and parcel of his sustained campaign against existentialism. By extension Beckett is embroiled in a larger German philosophical struggle between the phenomenologists (Edmund Husserl and Martin Heidegger) on the one side and the Frankfurt critical theorists on the other.<sup>20</sup> Furthermore, Adorno uses the occasion of *Endgame* to settle a few scores with his old fellow-Marxist sparring partner, György Lukács.<sup>21</sup> The extracts (non-continuous) which follow are intended to summarize the essay as it bears upon our present concerns:

Anything Beckett offers us by way of philosophy he at the same time

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reduces to culture-trash, no different from the countless scraps of learning which he employs in the wake of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, particularly that of Joyce and Eliot.

The interpretation of *Endgame* cannot pretend to proclaim the play's meaning with the aid of philosophical mediation. Understanding it can involve nothing else than understanding its incomprehensibility, or reconstructing its meaning-structure — to the effect, that it has none. Isolated, thought no longer pretends, as the Idea once did, to be itself the meaning of the structure — a transcendence which would be engendered and guaranteed by the work's own immanence. Instead, thought transforms itself into a kind of second-class material, like the philosophemes in Thomas Mann's *The magic mountain* and *Doctor Faustus* whose destiny it is to replace that sensate immediacy which is diminished in the self-reflective work of art.

Whereas pre-Beckett existentialism carved up philosophy for poetic consumption as if it were Schiller Incarnate, Beckett, erudite as anyone, insists on presenting the bill: philosophy, or spirit itself, responds by showing itself to be the insubstantial dross of an experiential world, the poetic process shows itself up as bankrupt. Disgust (*dégoût*) a productive force in the arts since Baudelaire, is insatiable in Beckett's historically-mediated responses.

This historical emphasis, however, this parody of Kierkegaard's '*note bene*' convergence of time and eternity, imposes at the same time a taboo on history. What existentialist jargon would term the *condition humaine* is the image of the last human being, which is devouring all earlier ones — humanity itself.

The catastrophes that inspire *Endgame* have exploded the individual whose substantiality and absoluteness was the element common to Kierkegaard, Jaspers, and the Sartrean version of existentialism. Even to victims of the concentration camps existentialism had attributed freedom either inwardly to accept or reject their inflicted martyrdom. *Endgame* destroys such illusions. The individual as a historical category, as the result of the capitalist process of alienation and as a defiant protest against it, has become openly a transient thing.

*Endgame* is exemplary. It yields to the impossibility of dealing with materials, of representation according to nineteenth-century practice. And yields also to the insight that subjective modes of reaction, which mediate the laws of form rather than reflect reality, are themselves no absolute first principle but rather a last principle, objectively posited. All content of subjectivity, which necessarily hypostatizes itself, is trace and shadow of the world, from which it withdraws in order not to serve that semblance and conformity the world demands. Beckett responds to that condition not with unchanging reserves or 'provisions' (*Vorrat*), but rather with what is still permitted, precariously and uncertainly, by the antagonistic tendencies. His dramaturgy resembles the fun that Old Germany used to



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offer — knocking about between the quaint signposts of Baden and Bavaria, as if they fenced in some domain of freedom. *Endgame* takes place in a zone of indifference between inner and outer; it remains neutral between — on the one hand — the ‘materials’ in the absence of which subjectivity could not manifest itself nor even exist, and — on the other — an animating impulse which blurs the materials as if that impulse had breathed on the glass through which they are seen.

The misery of the participants in *Endgame* is the misery of philosophy.

Dramatic categories as a whole are dealt with just as humour is. They are all parodied. But not ridiculed. Parody, in an emphatic way, entails the use of forms precisely in the epoch of their impossibility.

Beckett’s rubbish-bins are the emblems of a culture restored after Auschwitz.<sup>22</sup>

The twin priorities of Adorno’s lengthy analysis thus emerge as the specification of a historical moment to which the play is intimately related, and the elaboration of its formal characteristics. At the polemical level, the first point is directed against the existentialist, the second against Lukács and the socialist realism (rather unfairly) identified with him. But there are other, more important, levels. In the *Aesthetic theory*, Adorno presents Beckett’s plays as exemplifying ‘the proper relation between . . . two contradictory desiderata, i.e. successful figuration and adequate social content’.<sup>23</sup> Furthermore,

Beckett focusses on the negativity of the subject as being the true form of objectivity — a theme that calls for radically subjective figuration . . . Those childlike but bloody clowns’ faces in Beckett are the historical truth about the subject: it had disintegrated. By comparison, socialist realism is really infantile. *Waiting for Godot* revolves round the theme of lordship-and-bondage grown senile and demented in an era when exploitation of human labour persists although it could well be abolished. This motif, truly one of the essential characteristics of present-day society, is taken up again in *Endgame*. In both instances Beckett’s technique pushes this Hegelian theme to the periphery: lordship and bondage are reduced to an anecdote in terms of both dramatic function and social criticism.<sup>24</sup>

### III. A HEGELIAN THEME

There is at least this to be said for mind, that it can dispel mind.  
(Beckett, ‘McGreevy on Yeats’)<sup>25</sup>

If, in *Endgame*, Beckett’s technique pushes a Hegelian theme to the



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periphery it may still be true that it pushes that theme to the extreme also. Dialectical *Aufhebung* of the Hegelian kind is both overcoming and fulfilment. And, as we shall see, anecdote in Beckett's drama is more than once an occasion of peculiarly profound implications. The historical moment of Adorno's own *Aesthetic theory* cannot be omitted from consideration. Writing at the height of the 'economic miracle' in post-war federal Germany, even the ever-sceptical critical theorist tacitly accepted that the conditions existed for the possible abolition of human labour, and it is in the context of these conditions as perceived by Adorno that we should read his diagnosis of Beckett. It is characteristic of Adorno's mandarin, highly allusive style that the Hegelian theme he spots in Beckett is left untreated — or virtually so — just as his initial, contemptuous half-reference to the culture industry's 'rubbish book' hides and releases a post-war critique.

In *The phenomenology of mind* (1807), Hegel argued that 'self-consciousness exists . . . in that, and by the fact that, it exists for another self-consciousness.'<sup>26</sup> His treatment of the consequential movements is at once monumentally dull and intrinsically dramatic, coming to concentrate on two 'moments' which:

stand as two opposed forms or modes of consciousness. The one is independent, and its essential nature is to be itself; the other is dependent, and its essence is life or existence for another. The former is the Master, or Lord, the latter the Bondsman.<sup>27</sup>

In elaborating this parable further, Hegel acknowledges the crucial role of human *labour* in transforming relations between these moments, and concludes that 'just as lordship showed its essential nature to be the reverse of what it wants to be, so, too, bondage will, when completed, pass into the opposite of what it immediately is. . . .'<sup>28</sup> In time, Marx will take up this Hegelian dialectic to show that the *Phenomenology* had reversed the relations between labour and consciousness, and the materialist re-writing of Hegel re-emerges in the twentieth century, notably in certain texts of Lukács.<sup>29</sup> For Adorno, this legacy posed peculiar problems but there can be no doubt that the Hegelian theme in *Endgame* is precisely that of consciousness-as-pair, the complex dramatic monologue of Hamm and Clov which is in turn counterpointed by the pathetically intrusive contributions of Nell and Nagg in their dust-bins. For Marxists, of course, Hegel's recourse to parable as a means of approach to the actual social processes of human labour only serves

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to emphasise his incorrigible Idealism. Yet, by the same token, the 'pairs' in Beckett's work articulate equally fundamental human concerns, even if a not-dissimilar remoteness of social reality manifests itself both formally and materially.

A further dimension to Adorno's linking of Hegel and Beckett deserves attention. *The phenomenology*, for all the ponderous abstraction of its tonalities, was deeply concerned with historical reality. Hegel's famous formulation of 'the unhappy consciousness' (*unglückliches Bewusstsein*) derived from his analysis of post-mediaeval attempts to establish permanent and reliable connections between man's mental insecurity and some Immutable Reality. More immediately topical were the late pages of the *Phenomenology*, the section called in English 'Absolute freedom and terror', in which Hegel gave his philosophical response to the French Revolution and, in particular, to the 'reign of terror'.<sup>30</sup> The essay on *Endgame* concerns itself intensively with the unprecedented problem of the writer 'after Auschwitz'.

Working on his *Minima moralia* (1951) in exile during the second world war, Adorno turned a distinctly ironic eye upon the author of the *Phenomenology*. The twenty-ninth section of the *Minima*, one of the most thoroughly epigrammatic sections, commences with Proust and concludes with an inversion — 'The whole is the false' — of Hegelian dogma.<sup>31</sup> Two associates of the Frankfurt School wrote less cryptically on related matters. In *Reason and revolution* Herbert Marcuse insisted that

the relation of lord to servant is . . . neither an eternal nor a natural one, but is rooted in a definite mode of labour, and in man's relation to the products of his labour.<sup>32</sup>

And whereas Hegel had posited a general model of human existence according to which

life proceeds to negation and its pain; and only through the resolution of opposition and contradiction will it gain its affirmation. If however, it should remain in contradiction without overcoming it, then it will perish in it. . . .<sup>33</sup>

Ernst Bloch reformulated this position in terms appropriate to the political priorities and historical condition which — broadly speaking — he shared with Adorno, Lukács and Marcuse, a reformulation apt to Adorno's reading of Beckett:

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History does not repeat itself; yet wherever something did not become history and did not make history, then history will be all means be repeated.<sup>34</sup>

This central notion of the critical theorists — that historical process and philosophical reflection have a complex conjuncture — is energetically reformulated by Adorno in various writings on the ‘culture industry’, as he contemptuously termed the restructuring of relations between production and the arts in the era of fascism and post-fascism. *Minima moralia* nowhere mentions Samuel Beckett, and it is likely that Adorno was not familiar with Beckett’s pre-war writings, but the collection of extended aphorisms sub-titled ‘Reflections from damaged life’ may yet cast a new light on Beckett’s unusual combination of bourgeois rectitude and — simply — courage.

### IV. THE JEWISH QUESTION

Eye and hand fevering after the unself. (Beckett, ‘For Avigdor Arikha’)<sup>35</sup>

It is fitting that so many of the Marxist critics involved in this discussion of Beckett and Adorno should be Jewish — not only Adorno himself, but also Bloch, Lukács, Marcuse, and the as-yet-unmentioned Walter Benjamin. For Beckett’s engagement with the public events of his lifetime has been repeatedly prompted by his loyalty to Jewish friends. This is true both of events locally in Ireland (and so of little political consequence) and of events in France under German occupation when the consequences were of the most unspeakable kind. In Ireland, these friends included Leslie Daiken and A.J. Leventhal; in Paris, Paul Leon (murdered 1942); in Rousillion, Henri Heyden. According to Richard Ellmann, Beckett spoke to Joyce about Nazi persecution of the Jews when the creator of Bloom once praised German precision.

Beckett’s renowned entanglement in the Dublin court-case arising from Oliver St. J. Gogarty’s anti-semitism took the form of his giving evidence for his Jewish relatives, the brothers Sinclair.<sup>36</sup> His father’s sister, Cissie, had married William Abraham Sinclair, and their daughter Peggy exercised a powerful influence on Beckett’s emotional development, before her death from tuberculosis in Germany. The Sinclairs were bohemian art-lovers with an interest in the antiques business. Shortly after the first world war, they had

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left Dublin for Kassel in Germany, disturbed by the resurgence of chauvinism in Ireland. (A dozen years later, they fled from Hitler's *Reich* to the Irish Free State.) Deirdre Bair claims that Beckett's mother was distinctly anti-semitic, though Sinclair bohemianism in itself would have distanced her from them. Ireland is remarkable among European nations in that its intelligentsia has included few individuals with a Jewish background, though it should be recorded in turn that the Jewish community in Ireland is very small and (in the early twentieth century) of very recent arrival.

In September 1928, Samuel Beckett made his first visit to Germany, and in 1931-2 he spent six months there as a guest of his Jewish relatives. Even after the Sinclairs had returned to Ireland, it was their introduction which put him in touch with several Jewish intellectuals on his visits to Germany in the late '30's. Among these were a number of art-historians in Berlin and Dresden.<sup>37</sup> There is no suggestion that Beckett met any of the Frankfurt critical theorists — though Benjamin in particular shared his interest in the visual arts, and Benjamin also was in Paris during the immediately pre-war years. Jewish intellectuals, who were Marxist also, had left Germany before the period of Beckett's longer sojourns there.

William ('Boss') Sinclair died in May 1937 in Rathdrum, county Wicklow. Before his death he had read Gogarty's *As I was going down Sackville Street*, and obliged his brother Morris Sinclair to seek legal redress for the libel on their family. The case was heard in November. Beckett gave evidence for the plaintiff and was duly humiliated by Gogarty's counsel, J.M. Fitzgerald, K.C., who, in referring to Beckett as the 'bawd and blasphemer from Paris', upheld the best traditions of the Irish bar. But the jury found for the plaintiff. By December Beckett was once more in Paris, set upon the course which led to his involvement in the resistance and to the writing of *Watt*.

Beckett's war-time experiences do not require summary here. Suffice it to say that distress at the fate of Jewish friends prompted his involvement. After the break-up of the cell to which he belonged, he and Suzanne Deschevaux-Dumesnil (later his wife) made their way to relative safety in 'Vichy France'. From late 1942 until the liberation of France, they lived in the mountain village of Roussillon, above Avignon. During this period Beckett suffered the recurrence of his earlier illnesses, aggravated by feelings of anguish and self-hatred generated by the war, the death of friends, and his own relative comfort. He was intermittently active with the local *maquis*, and wrote *Watt*, a labyrinthine novel admired by some particularly

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for its mastery of Dublin middle-class tonalities. In the oblique light of Adorno's comparison of Beckett's post-war writing and Curzio Malaparte's *Kaputt*, it is worth noting that Beckett's initial attempts to get his novel published were countered by suggestions that he should not have disguised 'his wartime memories within the framework of fiction' but written a 'realistic account' of them instead.<sup>38</sup> Unknown perhaps in 1946, he was not immune to those pressures which launched the post-war culture industry. But he resisted them. In addition note the unmistakable Jewish significations which Beckett inscribed in his post-war work — the controlling figure Youdi in (or not-in?) *Molloy*, the name Levi in drafts of *Waiting for Godot*, and the concealed Jewish jokes which (only?) Adorno detected in *Endgame*<sup>39</sup>, these including not only the classic story of the Tailor and the Creator:

my dear Sir, look — (*disdainful gesture, disgustedly*) — at the world — (*pause*) — and look — (*loving gesture, proudly*) — at my TROUSERS!<sup>40</sup>

but also a version of the circus routine in which the Jewish husband, discovering his wife and his best friend making love on the sofa, throws out the sofa, rather than break up either of the bogus pairings upon which his life depends.<sup>41</sup> These anecdotes with which Hamm and Clov pass their death-after-life are thrown-away lines by which the abandoned subjects sustain themselves. In the early essay where he had commented on a decisive rupture in communications, Beckett allowed that 'the artist who is aware of this may state the space that intervenes between him and the world of objects.'<sup>42</sup> The exact delicacy with which his post-war writing acknowledges 'the Jewish question' without capitulating to demands for a 'realistic' account of his wartime experiences and activities testifies to the strength of this initial aesthetic observation, while echoing in an uncanny way Adorno's meditations on the problematic of subject/object. Writing on Proust and Valéry, Adorno later defined the work of art not as 'pure Being' in any sense 'but rather as a "force-field" between subject and object'.<sup>43</sup>

### V. CURZIO MALAPARTE (1898-1957)

And I for my part have always preferred slavery to death, I mean being put to death. For death is a condition I have never been able to conceive to my satisfaction and which therefore cannot go down in the ledger of weal and woe. (Beckett, *Molloy*)<sup>44</sup>

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Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darüber muss man schweigen.  
(Wittgenstein, *Tractatus*)<sup>45</sup>

The final sentence of *Tractatus logico-philosophicus* (1921) is given in the original German, partly as a link across the gulf thought to separate central European culture and traditional insular philosophy, partly also to indicate the metaphysical potential of an 'exact delicacy' like Beckett's. It is time to approach Malaparte's *Kaputt* (1945). That book's remarkable licence in turn compels Adorno's attention and his most oblique, his almost silent condemnation. At first peep Malaparte appears to be an odd point of comparison. A captain in the Italian army and sometime war-correspondent for *Corriere della Sera*, Malaparte wrote about his experiences of the eastern front (Lapland to the Ukraine, including Poland), where he was attached to various German and Romanian units. *Kaputt*, however, has a pronounced narrative squint as it attempts to accommodate prince Eugene of Sweden, as addressee, with — among other topics — Himmler naked in a sauna. For Adorno it was a travesty of writing.

Even the prefatory note revealed several priorities from which he can only have retreated (initially) in shock:

The chief character is *Kaputt*, the gay and gruesome monster. Nothing can convey better than this hard, mysterious German word *Kaputt* — which literally means, 'broken, finished, gone to pieces, gone to ruin' — the sense of what we are, of what Europe is — a pile of rubble. But I prefer this *Kaputt* Europe to the Europe of yesterday — and of twenty or thirty years ago.<sup>46</sup>

'The sense of what we are' pinpoints exactly what, in existentialism, Adorno opposed — an unreflective, savouring worship of existence *per se*. The substance of *Kaputt* offended in more intimate and more professional ways also. Its first section gratuitously entitled (after Proust) 'Du Côté de Guermantes', the book systematically yet casually applied the arts to the business of ennobling barbarism even while officially decrying it. Though he implicitly condemned Reichsminister Hans Frank (self-styled 'deutscher König von Polen') for his boast that 'Furtwangler and Karajan will come to Cracow next spring to conduct a series of concerts',<sup>47</sup> Malaparte himself compared lines of corpses in the Warsaw ghetto to art. Far from confirming some anticipatory realism in the painter, he sought to render the dead unreal — 'they were stiff and hard, they looked like wooden statues. Just like the dead Jews in a Chagall canvas.'<sup>48</sup>

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When he was at Jassy (in Moldavia, June 1941) a pogrom of between 500 and 7,000 Jews took place; he was reading Harold Nicholson's biography of Lord Dufferin at the time — the 1937 printing, to be exact.

Attentive to the assimilated Jewish jokes of *Endgame*, Adorno's response to the ease with which Malaparte referred to the most central experiences of Judaism in the twentieth century remains unwritten. A gestapo officer who accompanied the author through the ghetto 'moved among the Jews like an angel of Jehovah'.<sup>49</sup> Such double blasphemy was even enshrined in the book's epigraph with a parade of philological scruple concerning the Jewish derivation of the word 'kaputt':

(von hebraischen Koppârôth, Opfer, oder französisch Capot, matsch) zugrunde gerichtet, entzwei . .

the source given as Meyer's *Conversationlexicon* of 1860.<sup>50</sup> And here one encounters the ironic significance of the translator's substitution of 'corpsed' for 'kaputt', for the emendation neglects Adorno's scornful neglect of Malaparte's implication that the Jews, in providing German with a root for their verbal trash, did for themselves. This enlightened blindness, this total inability to recognise the dreadful historical actuality of the present, stood in utter contrast to Beckett's *Endgame*. Malaparte's timely account of his horror at the events he oversaw promptly became a component in post-war Europe's crash-course in amnesia, an amnesia effected by the proliferation of strictly useless *aides mémoires*. This larger phenomenon Adorno recognised as the historic mission of 'the culture industry'. But, more particularly, *Endgame* is singled out for commendation because for Beckett — as for Paul Celan and Agnes Nemes Nagy — even the survivors cannot survive. Nor does their art pretend otherwise. In that there are bodily survivors, such art declines to resume its old reputation for spirituality. The master-and-slave anecdotes of client and tailor, tailor and Creator, possess ironically the dialectic which Hegel intended and Adorno denied in the original philosophical fable. The 'pairs' actually incorporated to Beckett's plays find no comparable resolution, though they elegantly endure. Adorno turns a related kind of irony on Malaparte. He who named the unnameable remains unnamed.



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### VI. 'PASSING AWAY THESE THINGS REVEAL THEMSELVES'

not that chewing gum undermines metaphysics but that it *is* metaphysics — that is what must be made clear. (Max Horkheimer)<sup>51</sup>

We record the decline of education, and yet our prose. . . has in common with the culture industry cadences unsuspected by us. (Adorno, *Minima moralia*)<sup>52</sup>

Adorno's essay on *Endgame* is attentive to the problem of subject and object, a philosophical issue discussed in greater depth in a paper published in the year of his death. He held to a position whereby the necessary link/gap between subject and object is investigated so as to comprehend the processes by which 'self' may be constituted. Beckett's 'space between' is analogical to some degree, though the broader intellectual background is of course well known. The essay on *Endgame* contributed to the development of Adorno's thought in this area, the paper on 'Subject and object' being contemporary with the *Aesthetic theory* and its proliferating references to Beckett.<sup>53</sup>

The political context of these developments extends back at least as far as the late 1930s when Adorno began to examine the growth of what he termed the culture industry. Commercialised hedonism under the Weimar republic, the highly fetishised paraphernalia of Nazism, the consumerism of dreams in Hollywood — these were stages of a historical process he observed with fastidious distaste. *Dialectic of enlightenment* (1944/47), which he wrote with Max Horkheimer, consisted of five substantial essays scrutinising the concept of enlightenment, its engagement with myth, with morality. Before concluding with 'Elements of anti-semitism: limits of enlightenment', the authors devote their longest essay to 'The culture industry: enlightenment as mass deception'. Undoubtedly linked to his empirical work on authoritarian personality, the film industry and so forth, this analysis is also part and parcel of Adorno's metaphysical interests, subjected of course to the actualities of history, 'Everything derives from consciousness: for Malebranche and Berkeley, from the consciousness of God; in mass art, from the consciousness of the production team.'<sup>54</sup> Intellectual spleen perhaps, Euro-centric misgivings about jazz, and a carefully difficult style inured Adorno to the blandishments of America. Yet, show-biz and Nazism had something in common:

The enlightened self-control with which the assimilated Jews managed to forget the painful memories of domination by others . . . led them straight

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from their own long-suffering community into the modern bourgeoisie, which was moving inexorably toward reversion to cold repression and reorganization as a pure 'race'.<sup>55</sup>

Adorno's preoccupation with the theme of domination in the immediately post-war years led him to see in *Endgame* a suitably damaged anticipation of nuclear catastrophe and a strangely integral after-image of the Jewish holocaust:

The *dramatis personae* resemble those who dream their own death, in a shelter where 'it's time it ended'. The end of the world is played down as if it were a matter of course. Every drama supposedly set in the atomic age would mock itself, if only because its plot would hopelessly falsify the historical horror of anonymity by shoving such horror into the characters and actions of men and women. . . The violence of the unspeakable is mimicked by a reluctance to mention it. Beckett keeps it nebulous. One can only speak in euphemisms about what is incommensurate with all experience, just as in Germany one speaks of the murder of the Jews.<sup>56</sup>

As with the progress from Berkeley to mass art, the individual human subject remained even here a central problematic. It was not simply an illusion to be jettisoned, as the advanced structuralists proposed. It was not to be easily collectivised with Lukács and others, and certainly not worshipped after the manner of the existentialists. Of the three options, the Lukácsian was the least unattractive for all that Adorno had come to despair of the working class as the great 'subject' of future history. Central to this pessimism was his appreciation of the power behind what had appeared to many as merely superficial changes in the relations between art and production inside western capitalism. 'The rising collectivist order is a mockery of a classless one.'<sup>57</sup>

The early pages of *Minima moralia*, where this line of thought is pursued, are given over to rapidly alternating estimates of the bourgeois's place in the new order. The argument runs back to Hegel who 'in hypostasizing both bourgeois society and its fundamental category, the individual, did not truly carry through the dialectic between the two.'<sup>58</sup> But there is an unexpected bonus:

In the period of his decay, the individual's experience of himself and what he encounters contributes once more to knowledge, which he had merely obscured as long as he continued unshaken to construe himself positively as the dominant category. In face of the totalitarian unison with which the eradication of difference is proclaimed as a purpose in itself, even part of the social force of liberation may have temporarily withdrawn to the individual sphere. If critical theory lingers there, it is not only with a bad conscience.<sup>59</sup>

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The succeeding meditations on altering forms of private housing, family manners, modes of address, and other aspects of bourgeois differentiation, are taken up in the essay on *Endgame* where Adorno speculates on the psychic material behind the play:

There sticks in Beckett's memory something like an apoplectic middle-aged man taking his midday nap, a cloth over his eyes to keep out the light or the flies; it makes him unrecognizable. This image . . . becomes a sign only after one has become aware of the face's loss of identity, and aware also of the repulsive nature of that physical concern which reduces the man to his body and places him already among corpses. Beckett focusses on such aspects until that family routine — from which they stem — pales into irrelevance. The tableau begins with Hamm covered by an old sheet; at the end, he places near his face the hankerchief, his last possession.<sup>60</sup>

In Molloy, the first narrator's 'physical' concern with his body produces a comic yet sustained consciousness-as-pair. But the bourgeois routine, emblemised in a *pater familias* dominant in his solitude, is significant here in that Adorno had elsewhere used very similar phrases to describe the victim of fascist torture.<sup>61</sup> Again, *Endgame* has both anticipatory and retrospective powers, just as the bourgeois retains a possible worth in the era of his decay and parodic rejuvenation.

In the *Dialectic of enlightenment*, the authors had already perceived, with searing irony, the gulf between classical philosophy and this utterly new culture — 'amusement carries out that purgation of the emotions which Aristotle once attributed to tragedy. . . the culture industry reveals the truth about catharsis as it did about style.'<sup>62</sup> In the posthumous *Aesthetic theory*, Beckett exemplifies the artist who recognises the equally unacceptable extremes of 'nuanced expression' and a starkly superficial mimesis:

Between poetic euphemisms and discursive barbarity there is indeed precious little room for true art. It is this small in-between space that is Beckett's terrain.<sup>63</sup>

This metaphor of the in-between requires careful attention lest it be prematurely taken up as a omen of some imminent re-establishment of easy relations between subject and object. Beckett's drama is all too often summarised as dealing with 'the modern break-down in communications' — as if break-down itself were not a highly revealing metaphor of incompetent mechanism. Adorno

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accepted no such explanation, with its covert nostalgia for a supposed era of unimpeded unanimity between subjects who were never objects to each other. Thus, *Waiting for Godot* and *Endgame* exemplify a dictum of Adorno's according to which 'art maintains its integrity only by refusing to go along with communication.'<sup>64</sup> At one and the same time an unrepentant Hegelian and a diagnostician of aesthetic malaise, he insists that 'what is called "communication" today is the adaptation of spirit to useful aims and, worse, to commodity fetishism'.<sup>65</sup>

Despite this seemingly arcane and advanced philosophising, one is brought tantalisingly close to the possible source for a sociology of Irish literature in Adorno's treatment of Samuel Beckett's decent bourgeois origins. In the past, literature in Ireland together with its criticism proceeded along amiably agreed paths, conducting any intellectual transactions which arose in a spirit of easy-going relaxation — like friends on a country walk of a Sunday afternoon, sorting out discrepancies in the petty cash. In other words, the bourgeois character of the literature was glossed over by veneerings of local (Parnellism for Joyce, Ascendancy for Yeats) and international (Primitivism for Synge, Decadence for Wilde) manufacture. Meanwhile, a distinctly bourgeois style of criticism, affectionate, anti-intellectual, dismissive, thrived. Gradually, this was augmented by the arrival of foreign scholarship, but the American scholars were happy to pretend that anecdotal inconsequentiality was one of the very things they most admired in their new property. The literature *per se* was not slow to take a hint, of course, and for several years now the Culture Industry has been thriving in Ireland, with the help of a refurbished sectarianism. This is the new factor which complicates even as it requires an acknowledgment that, from Spenser onwards, literature in Ireland has been part and parcel of a complex if in part self-concealed bourgeois formation.

It is worth pondering, therefore, whether Beckett's renowned discretion is not his early apprehension of the salesman on the doorstep rather than the manifestation of an innate rectitude. Certainly, Malaparte's *Kaputt* takes its place in a grossly obvious pattern of development from the brutal amnesia of the post-war years to the antics of Rambo in an empire ruled by B grade stars. Compare this with the rare discretion with which Beckett privately assumes the metaphor of trench war for his own engagement in the writing of *Endgame*.

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If I don't get away by myself now and try to work I'll explode, or implode. So I have retreated to my hole in the Marne mud and am struggling with a play.<sup>65</sup>

And, compare again the unrelenting insouciance with which Deirdre Bair seeks to establish Beckett as 'a-political' even while documenting his involvement in the French resistance.<sup>67</sup> In this, she has not been without influence: at the launching of Sam's first tape in the Abbey theatre, C.J. Haughey found it possible to act out a debate in Dáil Éireann as re-written in the style of *Waiting for Godot*. A few weeks later in the summer of 1986, Samuel Smiles ostentatiously cited a personal conversation with 'no less than' Samuel Beckett in the two-minute god spot which is Radio Éireann's genuine tribute to Irish fidelity. The work of Samuel Beckett is currently being more thoroughly built into the Irish culture industry than that of any writer since *Ulysses* emerged from under the counter of Hodges Figgis. If this enterprise succeeds, Adorno's essay on *Endgame* fails, and the heirs of Malaparte will be the provisional beneficiaries.

For critical theorists like Adorno, literature is not simply an achievement worthy of celebration: 'there is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism.'<sup>68</sup> However, works of literature are also acts of resistance, conditioned but never wholly determined by what is resisted. Even a deliberately awkward style functions as a means of impeding a too facile appreciation — or denunciation. For Beckett's Molloy, as for Adorno, 'seeing darkly' involved a perception of change, that distinctive form of change which is waiting.<sup>69</sup> That, certainly, both Beckett and Adorno attend to, each in the devastation of a faith inherited and lost, rejected and imposed, protestant and Jewish respectively. No passage is more thoroughly dark yet appropriate to the glare of publicity now descending on Beckett's work than this, from *Minima moralia*:

To identify culture solely with lies is more fateful than ever, now that the former is really becoming totally absorbed by the latter, and eagerly invites such identification in order to compromise every opposing thought. If material reality is called the world of exchange value, and culture whatever refuses to accept the domination of that world, then it is true that such refusal is illusory as long as the existent exists. Since, however, free and honest exchange is itself a lie, to deny it is at the same time to speak for truth: in face of the lie of the commodity world, even the lie that denounces it becomes a corrective.<sup>70</sup>

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The historical moment of this present essay is not the same as that in which Adorno wrote of *Endgame*, nor that of the *Aesthetic theory*. It is exactly that of a parodic bourgeois revolution in which the old values and the old answers are broadcast by means of the most advanced sub-liminality. Take for example the supposedly cynical celebration of family in *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, and the more thoroughly retrograde transformation of Nazi German occupation into material for a not-dissimilar television 'sit-com' series. These are inculcations, premonitions. Beckett's bourgeois origins may give the lie to various fables about the social background of Anglo-Irish literature, but if a corrective literary history is to be written, one must remember the kind of society in which that enterprise will be carried on.<sup>71</sup>

### Notes

1. See G.W.F. Hegel, *Erste Druckschriften* (ed. Lasson). Leipzig, 1898, p. 405. Quoted in Georg Lukács, *The young Hegel; studies in the relations between dialectics and economics* (trans. Rodney Livingstone). London: Merlin Press, 1975, p. 145.
2. 'Three dialogues: iii, Bram van Velde' [1949], in Samuel Beckett, *Disjecta: miscellaneous writings and a dramatic fragment*. London: Calder, 1983, p. 145. John Pilling (*Samuel Beckett*. London, Boston: Routledge, 1976. p. 199) compares Hegel's view of romanticism as necessarily an 'art of failure'.
3. 'Recent Irish poetry' [1934] in *Disjecta*, p. 70.
4. Quoted in Vivian Mercier, *Beckett/Beckett*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1977. p. 36.
5. *Ibid.* p. 161.
6. Samuel Beckett, *Molloy: a novel* (translated from the French by Patrick Bowles in collaboration with the author). New York: Grove Press, 1970. (Collected works) p. 7.
7. Biographical details extracted from Deirdre Bair, *A biography: Samuel Beckett*. London: Cape, 1978. pp. 336, 348, 364-366 etc.
8. See title-page transcript in n.6 above: the citation differs in other editions.
9. J.M. Synge 'Preface' to 'The playboy of the western world': *Collected works*; (vol iv; plays, bk ii). Oxford University Press, 1968. p. 53.
10. *Molloy* p. 89.
11. Samuel Beckett. *The complete dramatic works*. London, Boston: Faber, 1986. p. 110.
12. T.W. Adorno, 'Trying to understand *Endgame*' (trans by Michael T. Jones), *New German critique* no 26 (1982) pp. 119-150.
13. T.W. Adorno, *Noten zur Literatur II*. Frankfurt-am-Main: Suhrkamp, 1961. Subsequent page references to the German text relate to the volume of the same name in the Suhrkamp *Gesammelte Schriften* (1970 onwards).
14. *New German Critique* loc. cit. p. 122; Beckett, *Complete dramatic works* p. 106.
15. Adorno's principal account of existentialism — half argument, half satire

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— is *The jargon of authenticity* (trans Knut Tarnowski and Frederic Will). London: Routledge, 1973.

16. On this topic see Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer, *Dialectic of enlightenment* (trans John Cumming), London: Verso, 1979; Theodor Adorno, *Minima moralia; reflections from damaged life* (trans E.F.N. Jephcott), London: New Left Books, 1974; Theodor W. Adorno 'Culture and administration' *Telos*, no 37 (fall 1978), pp. 93-111. A useful bibliography of works in English by and relating to Adorno can be found in Eugene Lunnn, *Marxism and modernism: an historical study of Lukács, Brecht, Benjamin and Adorno*. London: Verso, 1985.

17. For Adorno's career during these stages, see Martin Jay, *The dialectical imagination: a history of the Frankfurt School and the Institute of Social Research, 1923-50*, London: Heinemann, 1973. Jay has also published a short study of Adorno in the Fontana modern masters series.

18. See *New German Critique* loc. cit. p. 119.

19. T.W. Adorno, *Aesthetic theory* (edd. Gretel Adorno and Rolf Tiedemann, trans C. Lenhardt). London, Boston: Routledge, 1984. p. 498.

20. Adorno's opposition to Husslerian phenomenology is the subject of his *Against epistemology; a metacritique* (trans Willis Domingo). Oxford: Blackwell, 1982.

21. The extended debate about modernism is documented in Ernst Bloch, Georg Lukács, Bertolt Brecht, Walter Benjamin, Theodor Adorno, *Aesthetics and politics* (trans ed Ronald Taylor; afterword by Fredric Jameson). London: New Left Books, 1977.

22. These extracts are taken from *Noten zur Literatur II* pp. 281, 283, 286, 290, 292, 295, 302, 311; the translation is basically that of Michael T. Jones, with modifications; see *New German Critique* loc. cit.. pp. 119, 120-121, 123, 126, 127, 130, 136, 143.

23. Adorno, *Aesthetic theory* p. 353.

24. Ibid. p. 354.

25. *Disjecta* p. 95.

26. G.W.F. Hegel, *The phenomenology of mind* (trans J.B. Baillie). London: Allen & Unwin, 1931. (2nd. rev ed) p. 229. The section from which these quotations come is reprinted in Paul Connerton (ed), *Critical sociology; selected readings*, Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, pp. 41-50, an anthology which contains a useful selection of material by Frankfurt School thinkers.

27. Hegel op. cit. p. 234.

28. Ibid. p. 237.

29. See in particular Lukács's *Young Hegel* (n1 above).

30. Hegel op. cit. pp. 599-610.

31. Adorno, *Minima moralia* p. 50; cf. Hegel op. cit. p. 81.

32. Herbert Marcuse, *Reason and revolution: Hegel and the rise of social theory*. London: Routledge, 1955. (2nd ed) p. 115.

33. G.W.F. Hegel *Aesthetik* (ed. F. Bassenge) Frankfurt, 1951) vol 1 p. 104. Quoted in Hans-Joachim Schulz, *The hell of stories: a Hegelian approach to the novels of Samuel Beckett*. The Hague, Paris: Mouton, 1973. Schulz's short book is disappointing; for a consideration of Hegel's legacy in this immediate connection see, W. Martin Ludke, *Ammerkungen zu einer 'Logik des Zerfalls': Adorno-Beckett*. Frankfurt-am-Main: Suhrkamp, 1981. pp. 114-131 ('Herr und Knecht in der Geschichte des Verfalls'). For an orthodox Marxist point of view see Thomas Metscher, 'Geschichte und Mythos bei Beckett' in *Das Argument* vol 26 (1963).

34. See Oskar Negt, 'Ernst Bloch — the German philosopher of the October



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revolution', *New German Critique* no 4 (winter 1975) pp. 3-16; see also Bloch's own essay 'A jubilee for renegades', loc. cit. pp. 17-25.

35. *Disjecta* p. 152.
36. Bair op. cit. pp. 259, 266-269.
37. Ibid. pp. 245-247. See also Jack Zipes 'Beckett in Germany/Germany in Beckett', *New German Critique* no 26 (1982) pp. 151-157.
38. Quoted, ibid. p. 348.
39. See Adorno, *Noten zur Literatur II* pp. 299, 301; also Jones's translation in *New German Critique* no 26 (1982) pp. 133, 135.
40. Beckett, *Complete dramatic works* p. 103.
41. Adorno, *Noten zur Literatur* 301; Jones (trans.) p. 135.
42. *Disjecta* p. 70.
43. Quoted in Martin Jay, *Dialectical imagination* p. 177.
44. *Molloy* p. 91.
45. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus logico-philosophicus*. London: Routledge, 1961 (2nd rev. imp. 1963), p. 150.
46. Curzio Malaparte, *Kaputt* (trans Cesare Foligno). London: Redman, 1948, p. 9.
47. Ibid. p. 73.
48. Ibid. p. 94.
49. Idem.
50. I take this detail from the text in Malaparte's *Opere complete* (Kaputt, Vallecchi Editore, 1963, p. 7). It appears to have been omitted from English language editions.
51. Quoted Martin Jay, op. cit. p. 173.
52. Adorno, *Minima moralia* p. 27.
53. The essay appears in an English translation in Andrew Arato and Eike Gebhardt (edd), *The essential Frankfurt School reader*. Oxford: Blackwell, 1978, pp. 497-511.
54. Adorno and Horkheimer, *Dialectic of enlightenment* p. 125.
55. Ibid. p. 169.
56. See Adorno, *Noten* p. 286; Jones (trans), p. 123.
57. Adorno, *Minima moralia* p. 23.
58. Ibid. p. 17.
59. Ibid. pp. 17-18.
60. See Adorno, *Noten* p. 297; Jones (trans), p. 131.
61. Jones refers the reader to Adorno and Horkheimer, *Dialectic of Enlightenment*, p. 234, without comment on the content of the passage referred to.
62. *Dialectic of enlightenment*, p. 144.
63. Adorno, *Aesthetic theory*, p. 47.
64. Ibid. p. 443.
65. Ibid. p. 109.
66. Beckett to Alan Schneider, 27 December 1955; published *Disjecta* p. 106. In *Endgame*, Nell and Nagg exchange ambiguous recollections of some disaster (laughter-inducing in retrospect) — 'It was in the Ardennes . . . [or] On the road to Sedan' and with the growing precision of these allusions to first world war locations their laughter diminishes.
67. Bair op. cit. p. 308. This is not the only declaration of its kind in the biography.

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68. Walter Benjamin, *Illuminations* (ed. Hannah Arendt; trans Harry Cohn,. n.p.): Fontana/Collins, 1973. p. 258.
69. *Molloy* p. 58.
70. Adorno, *Minima moralia* p. 44.
71. The very recent background to this enterprise is the subject of my *The battle of the books: two decades of Irish cultural debate*. Gigginstown: Lilliput Press, 1986.