

(Read and download) Endgame (English Edition)

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Von Samuel Beckett

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Von Samuel Beckett : Endgame (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Endgame (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A Student's Review of EndgameVon TashaI'm currently a student at a college in Baltimore Maryland. One of my assignments, given to me in my Intro. to Drama class, was to read the play "Endgame" ,by Samuel Beckett, that was found in my textbook. Overall, I thought that the play was different, well written and intriguing. The reason it was

different to me was because of the way I pictured it in my head. With Nagg and Nell in the bins and Clov right beside Hamm and Hamm being pushed around the room made me image it incorrectly in my mind. I pictured a dark room in a basement of an old and cold castle with almost no light allowed to go in to the room. And with Hamm in the center of the room and Clov on one side of him and Nagg and Nell on his other. The way that the play is written is not the way I'm use too. I felt that the play went very fast. Yes I know that there were a lot of pauses in the dialog to break everything up, but it seem to flow quickly. I also think that it had to do with the conversations between Hamm and Clov. Samuel Beckett does not use a lot of tone changes in this play. Clov's voice seems not to change at all. his voice to me would sound old, tried, weak and overworked. As for Nagg and Nell their tone does not change during the whole play. I pictured their voices as very slow, calm, tried and weak. Hamm's tone does change during the play. It happens mostly when he is giving orders to Clov. Hamm's voice to me sounds sharp full of character, strong, wise and powerful. The play really intrigued me because I was wondering what the end would bring. I was a little bit confused on what was going to happening in the end of it all. Would Clov leave Hamm, would Hamm die, would the world end, does the sun come up and change things to the perfect ending I was hoping for. I guess I 'll never no the whole end to the play. I was very surprised about how much I really liked the "Endgame". And I plan to read more things by Samuel Beckett.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Endgame is an example of Horror Pornography Von Richard Stephenson

The personae in Endgame, 1957, indicate the real theme - the parents should be killed. Nell and Nagg, Hamm's parents, represent the final deflation of Beckett's Family romance fantasies. Once Beckett might have exalted his parents in childhood; now, he can only imagine grotesque parents. Appropriate to horror pornography [where the writer titillates the reader's love for sadism] Nell and Nagg are mutilated and defiled as garbage. Legless, they live in garbage cans begging for food. These legless pawns manifest Beckett's two impulses of rage: one, those who commit the primal scene are punished by mutilation aand debasement; two, symbolic of oral frustration, they receive oral frustration. Their son Hamm, whose name is oral, will not feed them. Critics enjoy Endgame because of the latent hatred of parental figures and the unconscious self-punishment of Hamm's blindness, like Oedipus, and his paralysis, the guilt for the hatred. One critic calls Endgame a "tone-poem", using adjectives that describe human ambivalence toward the primal scene: [it is] "alternately terrifying and uproarious, horrible and beautiful". In truth, Endgame is a banal play about one family's failure. Endgame has nothing new, nothing that Beckett had not written and rewritten . . . and rerevritten. Like Murphy or Arsene in Watt or Moran or Molloy or Malone or the Unnameable or the narrator of Stories For Nothing or Vladimir and Estragon or Winie in Happy Days, Clov and Hamm restate themes ad nauseum: 1. the hatred of life 2. the desire to die 3. the total lack of values in life 4. the statement that there has never been any happiness 5. the wish to end the compulsion to speak no basic literary values

The critical assumption of Endgame's greatness manifests an indulgence in fantasy thinking to the exclusion of literary values. The first literary value is to not develop the same themes for decades. Endgame shows Beckett's growing abandonment of horror pornography because the primal scene must be repressed. How It Is is his last work on the primal scene, which is disguised as a paranoid-schizophrenic's sodomy of himself. the rage, restrained by the frozen style in Watt, the rage, which breaks into the trilogy despite the defenses of doubting and denial and undoing, this warped-bitter hatred fills How It Is with obscene misanthropy printed in capital letters. Like the trilogy, How It Is self-destructs. As for the reviewer who perpetuates the myth of Beckett as an existentialist, I spent years reading the major works of Kierkegaard, Nietzsche and Sartre. The Insanity of Samuel Beckett's Art has a chapter that compares Beckett, in detail, to Fear and Trembling, A Sickness Unto Death, Either-Or, Thus Spake Zarathustra, On the Genealogy of Morals, Beyond Good and Evil, etc. Not only does Beckett bear no relation to any of these philosophers. Soren Kierkegaard makes hilarious fun of Beckett's excessive nihilism and melancholy in the "Diapsalmata" in the book called Or, 1843. Sixty years before Beckett's birth, Kierkegaard anticipated the self-parody of the romantic pessimist-nihilist, the man in love with his own despair.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Beckett at his maddening best Von Ein Kunde

I am no literary critic, but after reading Waiting for Godot, I sought more of his works. Beckett smashes everyday reality with a sledgehammer, wrecking the fantasy of social reality as we know it. The pointless circular conversations between Hamm and Clov are pathetic, useless, and point to the madness we engage in everyday, living in our own self created fantasies. We try to communicate with others , but in a sense we are only inflicting our own psychosis on each other, selfishly engaging in social ritual for some kind of perverse gratification. Of course this is only one take on life, only one way of viewing it. And like Elutheria and Godot, it is a dark vision. But to confront the deepest anxiety and emptiness within, a dark path is the only road to follow. Act Without Words is the first mime I have ever read. Seemingly simple, it also attempts to paint a picture of the futility and hoplessness of life, everything the mime reaches for he can never get, always tantilizingly out of reach. So with satisfaction and everything else in life it is always just over the horizon. Although others have interpreted this sense of need in other ways, sometimes more positively, Beckett shows it in an awful light, leaving the reader with an empty yearning for something that can never be satisfied.

KurzbeschreibungOriginally written in French and translated into English by Beckett, Endgame was given its first London performance at the Royal Court Theatre in 1957.HAMM: Clov!CLOV: Yes.HAMM: Nature has forgotten us.CLOV: There's no more nature.HAMM: No more nature! You exaggerate.CLOV: In the vicinity.HAMM: But we breathe, we change! We lose our hair our teeth! Our bloom! Our ideals!CLOV: Then she hasn't forgotten us.KurzbeschreibungOriginally written in French and translated into English by Beckett, Endgame was given its first London performance at the Royal Court Theatre in 1957.HAMM: Clov!CLOV: Yes.HAMM: Nature has forgotten us.CLOV: There's no more nature.HAMM: No more nature! You exaggerate.CLOV: In the vicinity.HAMM: But we breathe, we change! We lose our hair our teeth! Our bloom! Our ideals!CLOV: Then she hasn't forgotten us.SynopsisOriginally written in French and translated into English by Beckett, "Endgame" was given its first London performance at the Royal Court Theatre in 1957. HAMM - Clov! CLOV - Yes. HAMM - Nature has forgotten us. CLOV - There's no more nature. HAMM - No more nature! You exaggerate. CLOV In the vicinity. HAMM - But we breathe, we change! We lose our hair our teeth! Our bloom! Our ideals! CLOV - Then she hasn't forgotten us.