

Samuel Beckett

Quotes

*Thinking, Art, Waiting For Godot, Men, Love, Time, Reality, Eye, Silence, Long,
Want, Writing, Ends, Life, Mind, Light, Littles, Dark, Philosophy, Trying*

Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better.

~Samuel Beckett

There's never an end for the sea.

~Samuel Beckett

Don't look for meaning in the words. Listen to the silences.

~Samuel Beckett

The creation of the world did not take place once and for all time, but takes place every day.

~Samuel Beckett

If you do not love me I shall not be loved
If I do not love you I shall not love.

~Samuel Beckett

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

~Samuel Beckett

Nothing is more real than nothing.

~Samuel Beckett

You're on earth. There's no cure for that.

~Samuel Beckett

I tried to groan, Help! Help! But the tone that came out was that of polite conversation.

~Samuel Beckett

Dear incomprehension, it's thanks to you I'll be myself, in the end.

~Samuel Beckett

That's what hell must be like, small chat to the babbling of Lethe about

the good old days when we wished we were dead.

~Samuel Beckett

Dance first. Think later. It's the natural order.

~Samuel Beckett

How time flies when one has fun!

~Samuel Beckett

The end is in the beginning and yet you go on.

~Samuel Beckett

If there is one question I dread, to which I have never been able to invent a satisfactory reply, it is the question what am I doing.

~Samuel Beckett

All life long, the same questions, the same answers.

~Samuel Beckett

The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new.

~Samuel Beckett

Any fool can turn a blind eye but who knows what the ostrich sees in the sand.

~Samuel Beckett

Nothing is funnier than unhappiness, I grant you that. Yes, yes, it's the most comical thing in the world.

~Samuel Beckett

Yes, there were times when I forgot not only who I was but that I was, forgot to be.

~Samuel Beckett

Vladimir: Did I ever leave you? Estragon: You let me go.

~Samuel Beckett

To find a form that accommodates the mess, that is the task of the artist now.

~Samuel Beckett

Words are the clothes thoughts wear.

~Samuel Beckett

Try again. Fail again. Try better.

~Samuel Beckett

Go on failing. Go on. Only next time, try to fail better.

~Samuel Beckett

He who has waited long enough, will wait forever. And there comes the hour when nothing more can happen and nobody more can come and all is ended but the waiting that knows itself in vain.

~Samuel Beckett

People are bloody ignorant apes.

~Samuel Beckett

My mistakes are my life.

~Samuel Beckett

I have my faults, but changing my tune is not one of them.

~Samuel Beckett

The old endless chain of love, tolerance, indifference, aversion and disgust

~Samuel Beckett

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!

~Samuel Beckett

There's something dripping in my head. A heart, a heart in my head.

~Samuel Beckett

To restore silence is the role of objects.

~Samuel Beckett

Birth was the death of him.

~Samuel Beckett

With all this darkness round me I feel less alone.

~Samuel Beckett

Art has nothing to do with clarity, does not dabble in the clear and does not make clear

~Samuel Beckett

In my head there are several windows, that I do know, but perhaps it is always the same one, open variously on the parading universe.

~Samuel Beckett

What do I know of man's destiny? I could tell you more about radishes.

~Samuel Beckett

Humbly to ask a favour of people who are on the point of knocking your brains out sometimes produces good results.

~Samuel Beckett

What are we doing here, that is the question.

~Samuel Beckett

To have been always what I am - and so changed from what I was.

~Samuel Beckett

Habit is the ballast that chains the dog to his vomit.

~Samuel Beckett

Watt had watched people smile and thought he understood how it was done.

~Samuel Beckett

The whisky bears a grudge against the decanter.

~Samuel Beckett

Then I went back into the house and wrote, It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining.

~Samuel Beckett

In the landscape of extinction, precision is next to godliness.

~Samuel Beckett

It sometimes happens and will sometimes happen again that I forget who I am and strut before my eyes, like a stranger.

~Samuel Beckett

The sky sinks in the morning, this fact has been insufficiently observed.

~Samuel Beckett

And what I have, what I am, is enough, was always enough for me, and as far as my dear little sweet little future is concerned I have no qualms, I have a good time coming.

~Samuel Beckett

James Joyce was a synthesizer, trying to bring in as much as he could. I am an analyzer, trying to leave out as much as I can.

~Samuel Beckett

Imagination at wit's end spreads its sad wings.

~Samuel Beckett

Nothing happens. Nobody comes, nobody goes. It's awful.

~Samuel Beckett

What are we doing here, that is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer. Yes, in the immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come

~Samuel Beckett

The tears of the world are a constant quantity. For each one who begins to weep, somewhere else another stops. The same is true of the laugh.

~Samuel Beckett

The memory came faint and cold of the story I might have told, a story in the likeness of my life, I mean without the courage to end or the strength to go on.

~Samuel Beckett

All mankind is us, whether we like it or not.

~Samuel Beckett

Estragon: What about hanging ourselves? Vladimir: Hmm. It'd give us an erection.

~Samuel Beckett

We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment. How many people can boast as much?

~Samuel Beckett

I shall state silences more competently than ever a better man spangled the butterflies of vertigo.

~Samuel Beckett

We spend our life, it's ours, trying to bring together in the same instant a ray of sunshine and a free bench

~Samuel Beckett

Yes, in my life, since we must call it so, there were three things, the inability to speak, the inability to be silent, and solitude, that's what I've had to make the best of.

~Samuel Beckett

Don't wait to be hunted to hide, that was always my motto.

~Samuel Beckett

Mysterious affair, electricity.

~Samuel Beckett

Unfathomable mind, now beacon, now sea.

~Samuel Beckett

There is no use indicting words, they are no shoddier than what they peddle.

~Samuel Beckett

Do you always believe in the life to come? Mine was always that.

~Samuel Beckett

Fail, fail again, fail better.

~Samuel Beckett

Let us do something, while we have the chance! ... Let us make the most of it, before it is too late! Let us represent worthily for one the foul

brood to which a cruel fate consigned us!

~Samuel Beckett

For in me there have always been two fools, among others, one asking nothing better than to stay where he is and the other imagining that life might be slightly less horrible a little further on.

~Samuel Beckett

We are all born crazy. Some remain that way.

~Samuel Beckett

Do we mean love, when we say love?

~Samuel Beckett

I use the words you taught me. If they don't mean anything any more, teach me others. Or let me be silent.

~Samuel Beckett

We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. But habit is a great deadener.

~Samuel Beckett

But I was not made for the great light that devours, a dim lamp was all I had been given, and patience without end, to shine it on the empty shadows.

~Samuel Beckett

Don't touch me! Don't question me! Don't speak to me! Stay with me!

~Samuel Beckett

Personally I have no bone to pick with graveyards, I take the air there willingly, perhaps more willingly than elsewhere, when take the air I must.

~Samuel Beckett

Our vulgar perception is not concerned with other than vulgar phenomena.

~Samuel Beckett

To think, when one is no longer young, when one is not yet old, that one is no longer young, that one is not yet old, that is perhaps something.

~Samuel Beckett

There's man all over for you, blaming on his boots the fault of his feet.

~Samuel Beckett

Let's go." "We can't." "Why not?" "We're waiting for Godot.

~Samuel Beckett

The blind have no notion of time. The things of time are hidden from them too.

~Samuel Beckett

Reality, whether approached imaginatively or empirically, remains a surface, hermetic.

~Samuel Beckett

Nothing is funnier than unhappiness.

~Samuel Beckett

So all things limp together for the only possible.

~Samuel Beckett

I love order. It's my dream. A world where all would be silent and still, and each thing in its last place, under the last dust.

~Samuel Beckett

The fact is, it seems, that the most you can hope is to be a little less, in

the end, the creature you were in the beginning, and the middle.

~Samuel Beckett

That double-headed monster of damnation and salvation--Time.

~Samuel Beckett

Against the charitable gesture there is no defence.

~Samuel Beckett

The essential doesn't change.

~Samuel Beckett

Normally I didn't see a great deal. I didn't hear a great deal either. I didn't pay attention. Strictly speaking I wasn't there. Strictly speaking I believe I've never been anywhere.

~Samuel Beckett

All I say cancels out, I'll have said nothing.

~Samuel Beckett

I am such a good man, at bottom, such a good man, how is it that nobody ever noticed it?

~Samuel Beckett

To him who has nothing it is forbidden not to relish filth.

~Samuel Beckett

To every man his little cross. Till he dies. And is forgotten.

~Samuel Beckett

But I know what darkness is, it accumulates, thickens, then suddenly bursts and drowns everything.

~Samuel Beckett

Every word is like an unnecessary stain on silence and nothingness.

~Samuel Beckett

If I had the use of my body, I would throw it out the window.

~Samuel Beckett

All I know is what the words know, and dead things, and that makes a handsome little sum, with a beginning and a middle and an end, as in the well-built phrase and the long sonata of the dead.

~Samuel Beckett

Estragon: I'm like that. Either I forget right away or I never forget.

~Samuel Beckett

Words are all we have.

~Samuel Beckett

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