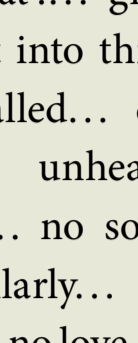
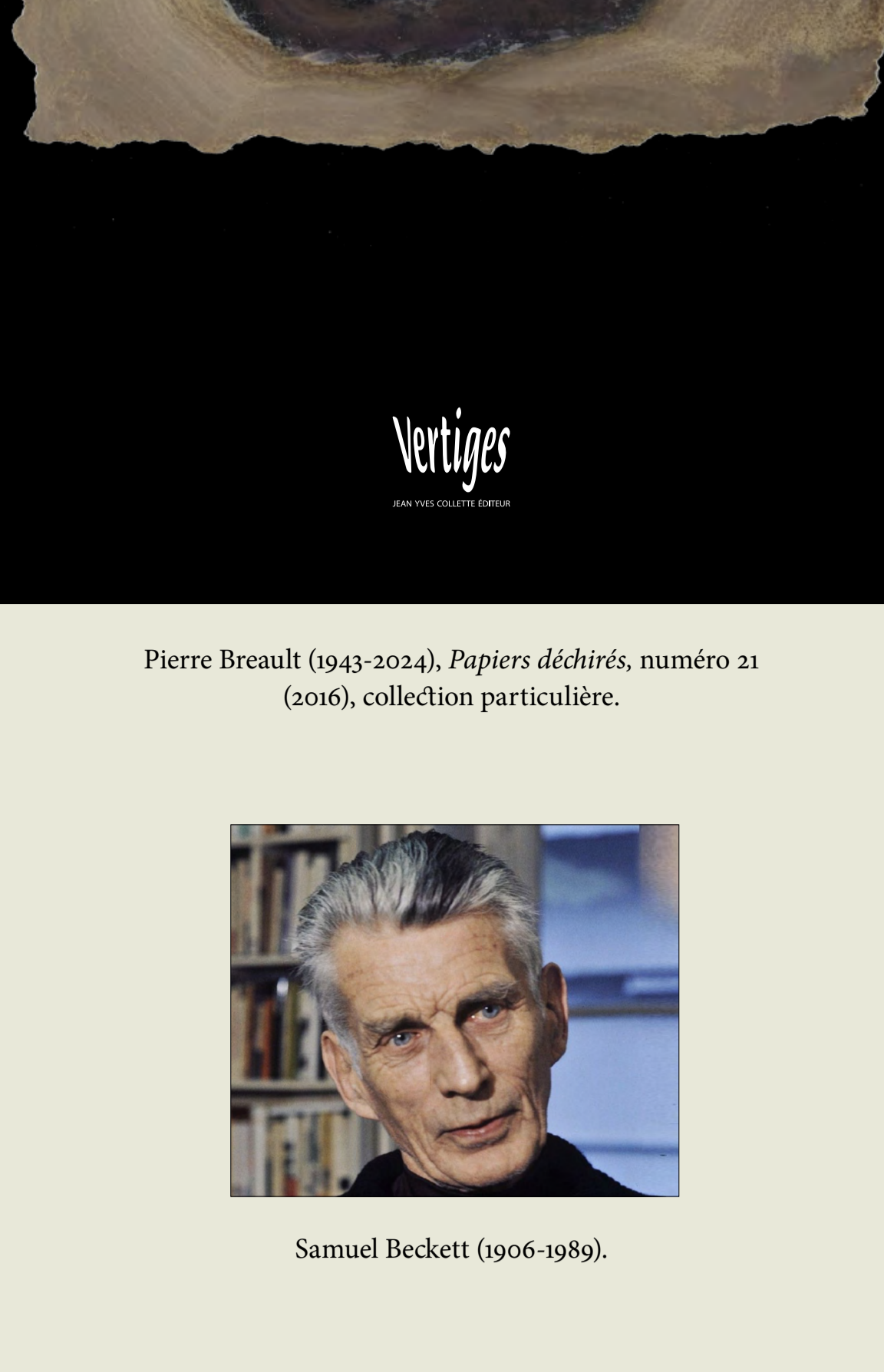
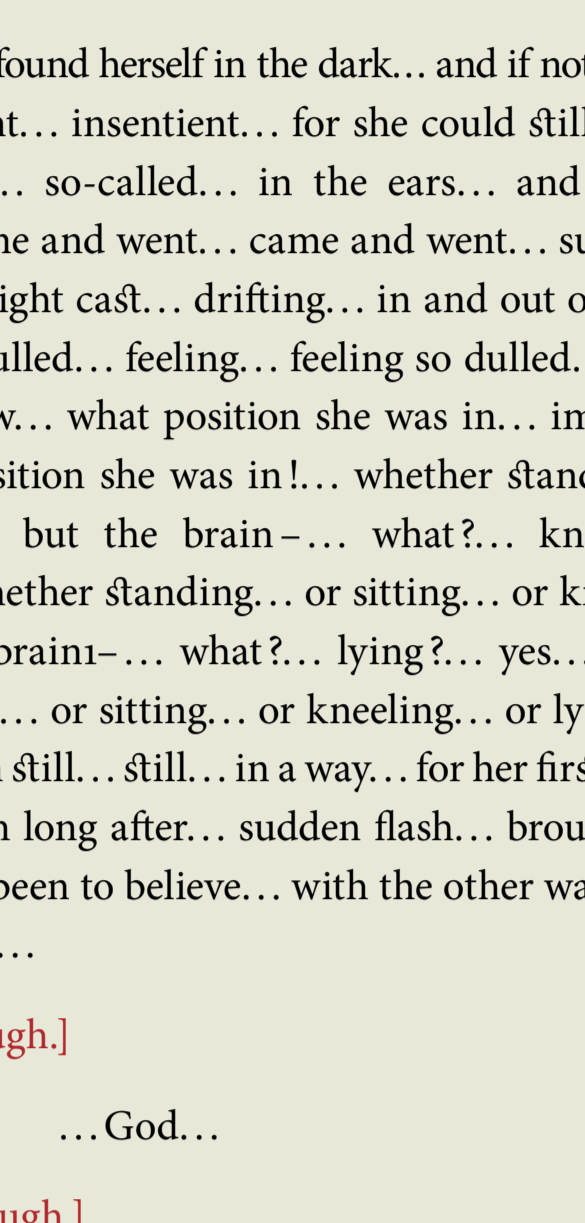


# Not I



Pierre Breault (1943-2024), *Papiers déchirés*, numéro 21 (2016), collection particulière.



Samuel Beckett (1906-1989).

## NOT I

**M**OUTH... OUT... into this world... this world... tiny little thing... before its time... in a godfor – ... what?... girl?... yes... tiny little girl... into this... out into this... before her time... godforsaken hole called... called... no matter... parents unknown... unheard of... he having vanished... thin air... no sooner buttoned up his breeches... she similarly... eight months later... almost to the tick... so no love... spared that... no love such as normally vented on the... speechless infant... in the home... no... nor indeed for that matter any of any kind... no love of any kind... at any subsequent stage... so typical affair... nothing of any note till coming up to sixty when – ... what?... seventy?... good God!... coming up to seventy... wandering in a field... looking aimlessly for cowslips... to make a ball... a few steps then stop... stare into space... then on... a few more... stop and stare again... so on... drifting around... when suddenly... gradually... all went out... all that early April morning light... and she found herself in the – ... what?... who?... no!... she!...

[Pause and movement.]

...found herself in the dark... and if not exactly... insentient... insentient... for she could still hear the buzzing... so-called... in the ears... and a ray of the light came and went... came and went... such as the moon might cast... drifting... in and out of cloud... but so dulled... feeling... feeling so dulled... she did not know... what position she was in... imagine!... what position she was in!... whether standing... or sitting... but the brain... what?... kneeling?... yes... whether standing... or sitting... or kneeling... but the brain still... still... in a way... for her first thought was... oh long after... sudden flash... brought up as she had been to believe... with the other waifs... in a merciful...

[Brief laugh.]

...God...

[Good laugh.]

...first thought was... oh long after... sudden flash... she was being punished... for her sins... a number of which then... further proof if proof were needed... flashed through her mind... one after another... then dismissed as foolish... oh long after... this thought dismissed... as she suddenly realized... gradually realized... she was not suffering... imagine!... not suffering!... indeed could not remember... off-hand... when she had suffered less... unless of course she was... meant to be suffering... ha!... thought to be suffering... just as the odd time... in her life... when clearly intended to be having pleasure... she was in fact... having none... not the slightest... in which case of course... that notion of punishment... for some sin or other... or for the lot... or no particular reason... for its own sake... thing she understood perfectly... that notion of punishment... which had first occurred to her... brought up as she had been to believe... with the other waifs... in a merciful...

[Brief laugh.]

... God...

[Good laugh.]

... first occurred to her... then dismissed... as foolish... was perhaps not so foolish... after all... so on... all that... vain reasonings... till another thought... oh long after... sudden flash... very foolish really but... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all the time buzzing... so-called... in the ears... though of course actually... not in the ears at all... in the skull... dull roar in the skull... and all the time this ray or beam... like moonbeam... but probably not... certainly not... always the same spot... now bright... now shrouded... but always the same spot... as no moon could... no... no moon... just all part of the same wish to... torment... though actually in point of fact... not in the least... not a twinge... so far... ha!... so far... this other thought then... oh long after... sudden flash... very foolish really but so like her... in a way... that she might do well to... groan... on and off... write she could not... as if in actual agony... but could not... could not bring herself... some flaw in her make-up... incapable of deceit... or the machine... more likely the machine... so disponded... never got the message... or powerless to respond... like numbed... couldn't make the sound... no any sound... no sound of any kind... no screaming for help for example... should she feel so inclined... scream...

[Screams.]

... then listen...

[Silence.]

...scream again...

[Screams again.]

... then listen again...

[Silence.]

...no... spared that... all silent as the grave... no part... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all silent... for the buzzing... so-called... no part of her moving... that she could feel... just the eyelids... presumably... on and off... shut out the light... reflex they even it... no feeling of any kind... but the lids... even best of times... who feels them?... opening... shutting... all that moisture... but the brain still... still sufficiently... oh very much so!... at this stage... in control... under control... to question even this... for on that April morning... so it reasoned... that April morning... she fixing with her eye... a distant bell... as she hastened towards it... fixing it with her eye... lest it elude her... had not all gone out... all that light... of itself... without any... any... on her part... so on... so on it reasoned... vain questionings... and all dead still... sweet silent as the grave... when suddenly... gradually... she realiz... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all dead still but for the buzzing... when suddenly she realized... words were... what?... who?... no!... she!...

[Pause and movement.]

...realized... words were coming... imagine!... words were coming... a voice she did not recognize at first so long since it had sounded... then finally had to admit... could be none other... than her own... certain vowel sounds... she had never heard... elsewhere... so that people would stare... the rare occasions... once or twice a year... always winter some strange reason... stare at her uncomprehending... and now this stream... steady stream... she who had never... on the contrary... practically speechless... all her days... how she survived... even shopping... out shopping... busy shopping centre... supermart... just hand in the list... with the bag... old black shopping bag... then stand there waiting... any length of time... middle of the throng... motionless... staring into space... mouth half open as usual... till it was back in her hand... the bag back in her hand... then pay and go... not as much as good-by... how she survived!... and now this stream... not catching the half of it... not the quarter... no idea... what she was saying... imagine!... no idea what she was saying!... till she began trying to... delude herself... it was not hers at all... not her voice at all... and no doubt would have... vital she should... was on the point... after long efforts... when suddenly she felt... gradually she felt... her lips moving... her lips moving!... as of course till then she had not... and not alone the lips... the cheeks... the jaws... the whole face... all those... what?... the tongue?... yes... the tongue in the mouth... all those contortions without which... no speech possible... and yet in the ordinary way... not felt at all... so intent one is... on what one is saying... the whole being... hanging on its words... so that not only she had... had she... not only had she... to give up... admit hers alone... her voice alone... but this other awful thought... oh long after... sudden flash... even more awful if possible... that feeling was coming back... imagine!... feeling coming back!... starting at the top... then working down... the whole machine... but no... spared that... the mouth alone... so far... ha!... so far... then thinking... oh long after... sudden flash... it can't go on... all this... all that... steady stream... straining to hear... make something of it... and her own thoughts... make something of them... all... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all the time the buzzing... so-called... all that together... imagine!... whole body like gone... just the mouth... lips... cheeks... jaws... never... what?... tongue?... yes... lips... cheeks... jaws... tongue... never still a second... mouth on fire... stream of words... in her ear... practically in her ear... not catching the half... not the quarter... no idea what she's saying... imagine!... no idea what she's saying!... and can't stop... no stopping it... she who but a moment before... but a moment!... could not make a sound... no sound of any kind... now can't stop... imagine!... can't stop the stream... and the whole brain begging... something begging in the brain... begging the mouth to stop... pause a moment... if only for a moment... and no response... as if it hadn't heard... or couldn't... couldn't pause a second... like maddened... all that together... straining to hear... piece it together... and the brain... raving away on its own... trying to make sense of it... or make it stop... or in the past... dragging up the past... flashes from all over... walks mostly... walking all her days... day after day... a few steps then stop... stare into space... then on... a few more... stop and stare again... so on... drifting around... day after day... or that time she cried... the one time she could remember... since she was a baby... must have cried as a baby... perhaps not... not essential to life... just the birth cry to get her going... breathing... then no more till this... old hag already... sitting staring at her hand... where was it?... Croker's Acres... one evening on the way home... home!... a little mound in Croker's Acres... dusk... sitting staring at her hand... there in her lap... palm upward... suddenly saw it wet... the palm... tears presumably... hers presumably... no one else for miles... no sound... just the tears... sat and watched them dry... all over in a second... or grabbing at straw... the brain... flickering away on its own... quick grab and on... nothing there... on to the next... bad as the voice... worse... as little sense... all that together... can't... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all the time the buzzing... dull roar like falls... and the beam... flickering on and off... starting to move around... like moonbeam but not... all part of the same... keep an eye on that too... corner of the eye... all that together... can't go on... God is love... she'll be purged... back in the field... morning sun... April... sink face down in the grass... nothing but the larks... so on... grabbing at the straw... straining to hear... the odd word... make some sense of it... whole body like gone... just the mouth... like maddened... and can't stop... no stopping it... something she... something she had to... what?... who?... no!... she!...

[Pause and movement.]

...something she had to... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all the time the buzzing... dull roar... in the skull... and the beam... ferreting around... painless... so far... ha!... so far... then thinking... oh long after... sudden flash... perhaps something she had to... had to... tell... could that be it?... something she had to... tell... tiny little thing... before its time... godforsaken hole... no love... spared that... speechless all her days... practically speechless... even to herself... never out loud... but not completely... sometimes sudden urge... once or twice a year... always winter some strange reason... the long evenings... hours of darkness... sudden urge to... tell... then rush out stop the first she saw... nearest lavatory... start pouring it out... steady stream... mad stuff... half the vowels wrong... no one could follow... till she saw the stare she was getting... then die of shame... crawl back in... once or twice a year... always winter some strange reason... long hours of darkness... now this... this... quicker and quicker... the words... the brain... flickering away like mad... quick grab and on... nothing there... on somewhere else... try somewhere else... all the time something begging... something in her begging... begging it all to stop... unanswered... prayer unanswered... or unheard... too faint... so on... keep on... trying... not knowing what... what she was trying... what to try... whole body like gone... just the mouth... like maddened... so on... keep... what?... the buzzing?... yes... all the time the buzzing... dull roar like falls... in the skull... and the beam... poking around... painless... so far... ha!... so far... all that... keep on... not knowing what... what she was... what?... who?... no!... she!... SHE!...

[Pause.]

... what she was trying... what to try... no matter... keep on...

[Curtain starts down.]

...hit on it in the end... then back... God is love... tender mercies... new every morning... back in the field... April morning... face in the grass... nothing but the larks... pick it up –

[Curtain fully down. House dark. Voice continues behind curtain, unintelligible, ten seconds, ceases as house lights up.]

*Sam Beckett*

### Not I (Pas moi)

monologue dramatique de Samuel Beckett (1906-1989), écrit entre 20 mars et le 1<sup>er</sup> avril 1972 et créé le 22 novembre 1972 au Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, à New York, aux États-Unis, dans le cadre d'un Festival Samuel-Beckett.

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