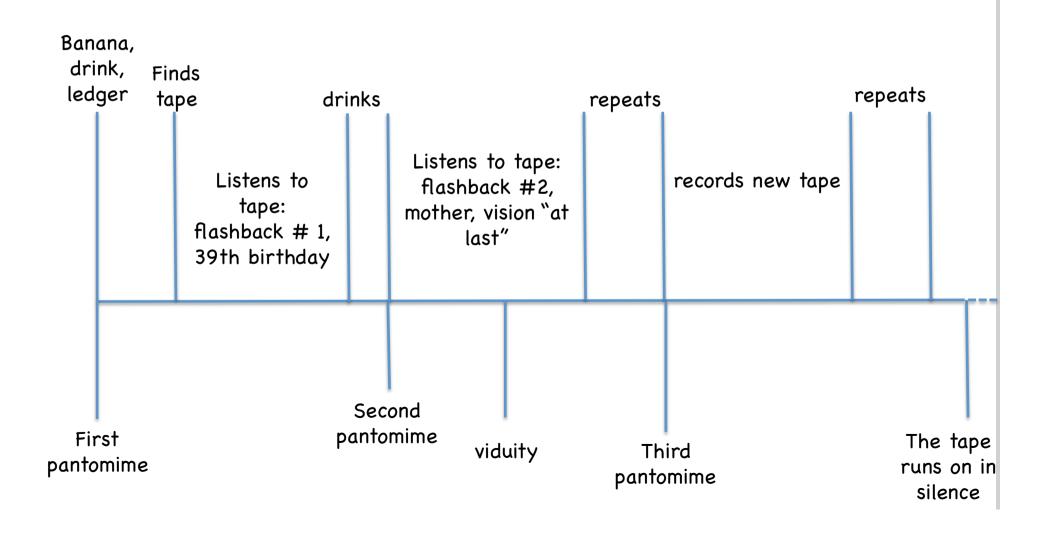
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Discourse/performance-time oriented model of Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958)



When I suddenly saw the whole thing. The vision at last.

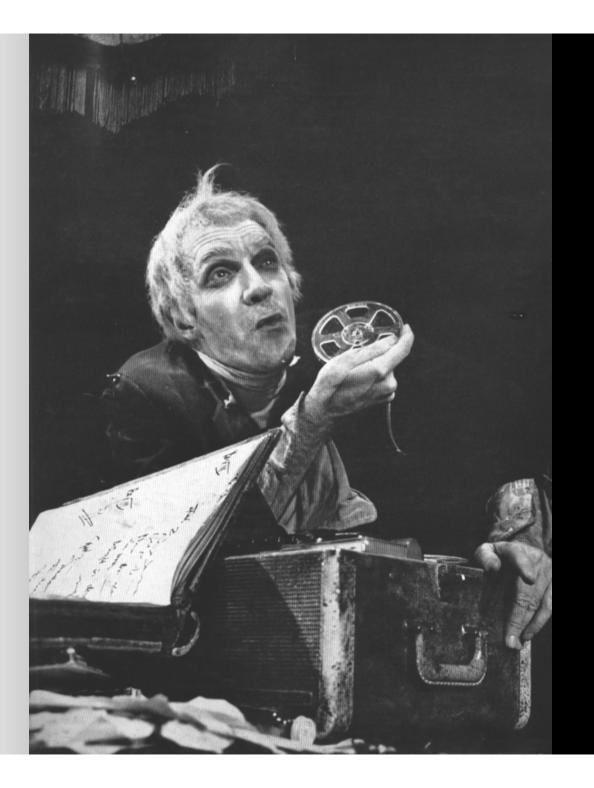
What I
suddenly saw
then was this,
that the
belief I had
been going on
all my life,
namely -

... clear to me
at last that the
dark I have always
struggled to keep
under is in reality
my most -

... until my
dissolution of
storm and night
with the light of
the
understanding
and the fire -



Pat Magee (1958)

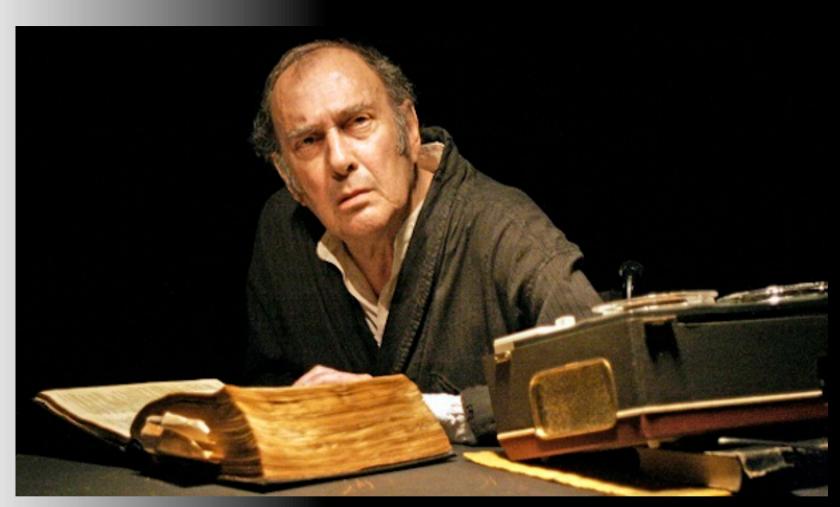


"Spoool...".

Donald Davis, directed by Alan Schneider (1960)



1971, Alan Schneider directed an historic video taped performance of Samuel Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape", starring Jack MacGowran.



Harold Pinter (2006)

(watch whole video at

As part of the 50th anniversary season of the <u>Royal Court Theatre</u>, in October 2006, directed by Ian Rickson, English playwright <u>Harold Pinter</u> performed the role of Krapp in a sold-out limited run of nine performances to great critical acclaim.

REVIEW - Krapp's Last Tape

<u>Michael Billington</u>, <u>The Guardian</u>, Monday 16 October 2006

It is easier to get a cup final ticket than one for Harold Pinter's performance in the Theatre Upstairs. But, although the event has stimulated its own extra-theatrical curiosity, the fact is that Pinter not only gets through it well but also offers the harshest, least sentimental reading of Beckett's play I can recall. Beckett's abiding image is of a 69-year-old man hunched over a tape recorder listening to his recollections of 30 years ago. But, where Beckett's text offers lots of scuttling around and by-play with bananas, Pinter sits behind a desk in a motorised wheelchair. The dominant impression is of total entrapment. And the sense of Krapp as a marooned soul is intensified by the crepuscular gloom of Paule Constable's lighting and the gaunt vacancy of Hildegard Bechtler's set, in which only a dusty, manuscriptfilled cupboard is easily visible. This, in Ian Rickson's meticulous production, is a play that offers scant consolation. It begins with Pinter staring out front in prolonged silence. Having found the one tape he wants, he sweeps the rest to the floor in angry exasperation. And, even when he listens to his memories of a night on a lake with a young woman, there is little sense of lost happiness. I have seen other Krapps who have cradled or clutched the tape recorder at this point: the most Pinter offers is a sardonic cackle. This not only plays to Pinter's strengths. It also seems true to Beckett's text: the ageing Krapp recalls his younger self as "drowned in dreams and burning to be gone". But the bitter irony, which Pinter skilfully heightens, is that Krapp is now terrified of the extinction he once craved. At two precise moments, Pinter looks anxiously over his left shoulder into the darkness as if he felt death's presence in the room. This is the moment that will linger longest in the memory. It is impossible to dissociate Pinter's own recent encounters with mortality from that of the character. But this is a performance, not an exercise in self-revelation. And what is striking is the accommodating nature of Beckett's text. One of the most famous of all Krapps, the German actor Martin Held, implied the character's earlier vitality. Pinter, however, brings out the black nihilism of a Krapp for whom the planet is simply "this old muckball". And the final irony of an unsparingly honest performance is that, even when Krapp talks of "the fire in me now", it is followed by a long, agonised silence as a death-bell distantly tolls.





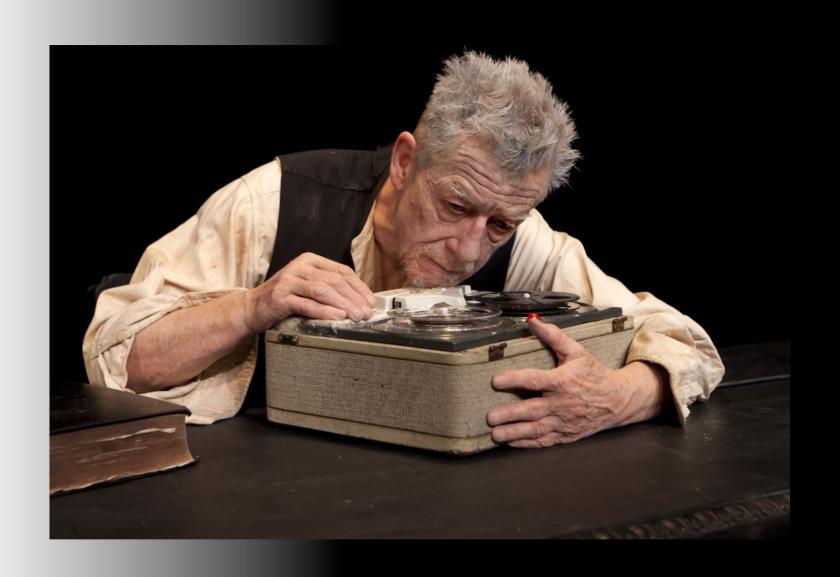
Bob Wilson (2010)

(watch short video of Wilson's performance at http://vimeo.com/57079382

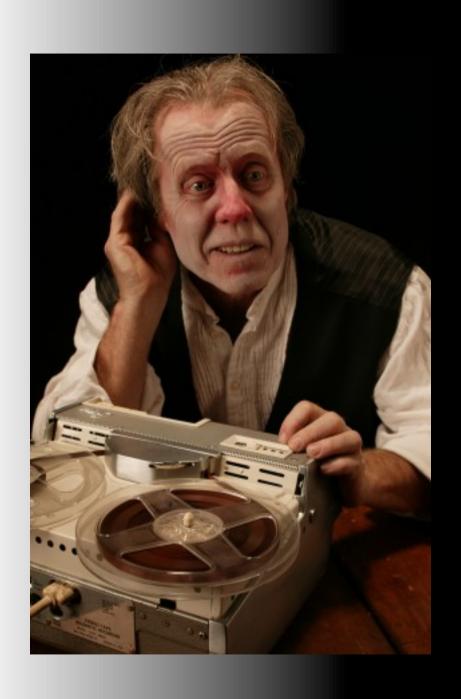




Michael Gambon (2010)



John Hurt (2012)



Joseph McGrath (2012)



Gerard Murphy (2012)



Paul Gerrior (2012?)

