

Reconnect: Beckett, reloaded

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Abstract

You'll have to agree with me: we are leading absurd lives nowadays! Dawn till dusk we chase dreams, build careers, families, communities, intricate political structures, but in so doing we lose track of our inner being, get lost, entangle in a jungle of material needs which most of the time leads us astray from who we really are. How do we reconnect with our inner self? How do we stay true to who we really are? If Shakespeare is right and the entire world is a stage, there might be a way to bridge the gap created in this way. My paper is a diatribe for the Theatre of the Absurd, showing how it leads us towards soul searching and the introspection we need in order to reconnect to our inner being. Like abstract art, the Theatre of the Absurd is not for everyone. Not everyone is interested in extracting meaning from a play that presents the meaninglessness of life, just as not many are capable of finding enjoyment in a painting by Pablo Picasso or Jackson Pollock. Some of us want art to be easily digestible, whether they are in the art gallery or the theatre. It is easier, I suppose, to recognize oneself in a photographic representation, which only reflects what is on the surface, whereas abstract art, surrealism, expressionism, and yes, the Theatre of the Absurd, attempt to get at something closer to real truth—a representation of our *inner* being, of our fears, our weaknesses, our inadequacies—the archetypal human predicament.

Key words: *reconnect, Theatre of the Absurd, diatribe, soul searching, introspection*