

Introduction: The Sade Boom

Beckett kept a keen interest in the works and person of the Marquis de Sade all his life. Quite late, he became conscious that he had participated in a ‘Sade boom’, dating from the inception of French Surrealism, from Guillaume Apollinaire, André Breton and Georges Bataille to the explosion of Sadean scholarship in the 1950s. Even if Beckett realized that he had been caught up in a Sade cult, he never abjured his faith in the importance of the outcast and scandalous writer, and kept rereading Sade (as he did Dante) across the years.¹ I will begin by surveying Beckett’s letters to find the traces of his readings and point out how a number of hypotheses concerning the ‘divine Marquis’ evolved over time. Beckett revisited Sade several times, and he progressively reshaped and refined his interpretation of what Sade meant for him across five decades. Following the evolution of these epistolary markers that culminated in a more political reading, I will distinguish four moments in Beckett’s approach.

Beckett knew the details of Sade’s exceptional life, a life that was not a happy one but was certainly a long one, for his career spanned the Old Regime, the French Revolution and almost all of the First Empire. Sade was jailed for debauchery from 1777 to 1790, then imprisoned for a short time at the height of the Terror in 1793–4, which allowed him to witness the mass slaughter; he was freed just before the date set for his execution, thanks to Robespierre’s downfall; he was jailed again for his pornographic writings under the Consulate and the Empire under direct orders from a puritanical Napoleon, between 1801 and 1814. He died in the Charenton asylum, where he was kept under the pretence that he was insane. The authorities knew very well that he was a subversive writer but considered him a pornographer even though his writings were more emetic than titillating or erotic. Altogether Sade spent twenty-seven years in prison, quite a record for a nobleman from an ancient and distinguished family who had never killed anyone. Sade was aware that the imposition of force on his passions had not restrained them but on the contrary exacerbated their violence. Indeed, Sade’s scandalous reiterations of perverse fantasies go beyond the limits of what is considered as sayable. Feeling sympathy for this accused martyr who had produced a radical form of literature, Beckett recognized the importance of the dire lessons on love, sexuality and power contained in Sade’s sulphurous works.

The first mention of Sade comes from a 1934 letter revealing Beckett’s sense that the Marquis de Sade’s influence had permeated the cultural world of the Dublin intelligentsia, a world in which eccentrics and perverts were hard to

¹ See Eric Marty’s critical and perceptive book, *Pourquoi le XXe siècle a-t-il pris Sade au sérieux?* (2011). For a comprehensive assessment of Beckett’s interest in Sade’s works, see Pilling (2014).

distinguish. This satirical moment corresponds to the unpublished novel *Dream of Fair to Middling Women*, Beckett's farewell to his student years in Dublin and Paris. It brings us to the moment of intense rumination preceding the writing of *Murphy*, when he was elaborating an aesthetic of non-anthropomorphic values. This comes to the fore in a letter to MacGreevy from September 1934; Beckett praises Cézanne for his paintings of Montagne Sainte Victoire, a landscape rendered 'incommensurable with all human expressions whatsoever' (2009, 222), adding:

Could there be any more ludicrous rationalisation of the itch to animise than the état d'âme balls, banquets & parties. Or – after Xerxes beating the sea, the Lexicographer kicking the stone & the Penman under the bed during the thunder – any irritation more mièvre than that of Sade at the impossibilité d'outrager la nature. A.E.'s Gully would have thrilled him. (Beckett, 2009, 223)

Here, Sade's 'irritation' is presented as *mièvre*, which suggests something soft and effeminate, hardly what one would expect from the Marquis! In 1934, Sade can be compared with those Irish artists who still appeal to an anthropomorphized nature, whereas Cézanne's strength was that he presented it as inhuman. This allusion to Sade follows an ironical evocation of James Joyce, whose terror of thunderstorms was legendary. Beckett had found in Mario Praz Sade's statement that 'L'impossibilité d'outrager la nature est, selon moi, le plus grand supplice de l'homme [The impossibility of outraging Nature is, according to me, man's greatest torment]' (Sade, 1967b, 281; Praz, 1948, 109).² This quote is taken out of its context; we find it in *La Nouvelle Justine*, spoken by Jérôme, one of the Libertines, the oldest of a group of ferocious monks. Jérôme likes being whipped or sodomized when engaging in his main activity, which is torturing to death little girls and boys. Jérôme is one among many Sadean anti-heroes who all express a demiurgic urge to commit crimes so extravagant that they will have no equivalent in the annals of human debauchery; they are ready to destroy the whole human race, if not the world. However, here Beckett betrays a second-hand knowledge, for he lifted the sentence from Praz's *The Romantic Agony*.

At the time, Praz was developing a groundbreaking concept of decadence that took Sade as the hidden source both of a darker neo-Gothic Romanticism and of an enervated and affected late Symbolism (Praz, 1948, 107).³ Praz finished writing his book in 1930, just when Maurice Heine was publishing the first

² *La Nouvelle Justine* is an expanded version, published in 1797, of *Justine, ou les malheurs de la vertu* from 1791. Unless otherwise noted, all translations are the author's own.

³ Praz attributes this sentence to Sade and not to the character who uttered it, Jérôme.

scholarly edition of one of Sade's works, *Justine*. Beckett read Praz's book in Italian, as his notes in the *Dream Notebook* reveal (Beckett, 1999, 45).⁴ He was attracted to its chapter on Sade not only because it quotes Sade in French and quite extensively, but also because Praz establishes a direct link between Sade and Proust, which gave useful tips to Beckett at the time when he was writing his monograph *Proust* (1970; published 1931). Like Praz, Beckett had been impressed by the numerous passages devoted to 'sadism' in Proust's *Recherche*, and his book highlighted the startling absence of moral condemnation of any form of 'perversion'.

In the letter, the tone is mocking, almost sarcastic. Sade's destructive fury is reduced to an insane rage at nature, a frustrated wish to be one with elemental destructivity. This looked immature to Beckett in 1934, precisely when he was taking some distance both from the Dublin aesthetes and from his main artistic mentor, Joyce. The Sadean drive reminds him of the pleasure taken by Leonardo da Vinci in *disfazione*, a term mentioned in his *Proust* (Beckett, 1970, 31). *Disfazione* or 'decreation' implies the artist's enjoyment of destruction, whether it be in Nature or in man-made catastrophes. This tendency appeared, as Beckett found out later, in the works of André Masson and Georges Bataille. Indeed, after World War II, he would mock Bataille's proclivity for 'all-purpose disaster'.⁵

In the 1934 letter, the allusion to Sade segues into an ironical remark on a kitschy painting by George Russell, a.k.a. AE, whose *Seascape: The Gully* was part of the Hugh Lane bequest in the Dublin museum. If the adjective *mièvre* (simpering) hardly qualifies when dealing with Sade's murderous frenzies in *Justine*, it is more fitting facing AE's daub, in which two women seated on a rock enjoy the wild surge of the surf. While the satirical tone reappears in other evocations of Sade in *Dream*, in the passages to which I will return, the remark betrays Beckett's lack of familiarity with Sade's works.

In a second period, Beckett began considering Sade's texts more closely and with the idea of a serious task ahead, which included translation but also scholarly glosses. The task was forced on him when he was given the offer by Jack Kahane to translate Sade's most shocking book, *The 120 Days of Sodom*. Beckett was tempted for many reasons, and in February 1938, he pondered whether to translate it, asking George Reavey for advice:

⁴ Beckett quotes 'Nastàja Filippovna', a character in Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*, using Praz's spelling, whereas the English version was 'Nastasia'. This proves that Beckett read Praz in Italian, in the first edition, just published then.

⁵ Beckett uses the amusing expression 'désastre à tout faire' in an undated letter of 1950 to Georges Duthuit (2011, 186). I have discussed their growing disagreement in *Think, Pig!* (Rabaté, 2016, 76–91).

I wish very much you were here to advise me about translation (of Sade's 120 Days for Jack Kahane). I should like very much to do it, & the terms are moderately satisfactory, but don't know what effect it wd. have on my lit. situation in England or how it might prejudice future publications of my own there. The surface is of an unheard of obscenity & not 1 in 100 will find literature in the pornography, or beneath the pornography, let alone one of the capital works of the 18th century, which it is for me. (Beckett, 2009, 604)

On 11 February 1938, shortly after a stay in a hospital after he had been stabbed near the heart, he still hesitated, even if the proposition appealed to him. He mentions his long-standing interest in Sade: 'Though I am interested in Sade & have been for a long time, and want the money badly, I would really rather not' (605, n4). He proceeded to formulate his most original statement about Sade in another letter:

[Jack Kahane] agreed to the following conditions: 1. That I shall write the preface. 2. That I should be paid 150 fr per 1000 words irrespective of rate of £. (...) I have read 1st & 3rd vols. of French edition. The obscenity of surface is indescribable. Nothing could be less pornographical. It fills me with a kind of metaphysical ecstasy. The composition is extraordinary, as rigorous as Dante's. If the dispassionate statement of 600 'passions' is Puritan and a complete absence of satire juvenalesque, then it is, as you say, puritanical & juvenalesque. You would loathe it whether or no. (21 February 1938; Beckett, 2009, 607)

Beckett alludes to the plan of Sade's darkest and most haunting novel, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, a frenzied book written in thirty-seven days in 1785 while he was imprisoned in the Bastille. Sade wrote it on pages glued together in a huge reel and in a minute script. Despite these precautions, Sade was forced to leave his cell, and lost the manuscript; he lamented its disappearance all his life. The manuscript was to resurface only in 1904, when it was published by a German scholar. After having been the object of ferocious legal battles between French and Swiss institutions, it is now kept in Paris, and has been shown several times.⁶ It was called a *bande* by Sade, with a pun on *bander* (to have an erection), which may have suggested the French title of *Krapp's Last Tape*, *La dernière bande*.

In Sade's Gothic dystopia, four rich libertines decide to spend four months in a secluded castle in the Black Forest in order to act out their most violent fantasies. The Castle of Silling resembles Sade's castle of La Coste, to which I will return in the context of Beckett's stay in nearby Roussillon during the war. The Libertines take with them four old bawds who act as narrators for scenes

⁶ It was one of the attractions on display at the show *L'Enfer de la Bibliothèque: Eros au secret*, Bibliothèque nationale de France, site François-Mitterrand, 4 December 2007 to 31 March 2008.

that are staged and performed with living people; they are helped by a group of strong men who assist them when they subdue, rape, torment and kill thirty-six victims, all young men and women. Four months are spent exploring six hundred passions that are divided into four types: the simple, the complex, the criminal and the murderous passions. At the end, all the remaining victims are dispatched quickly. For a while Sade had believed in numerology. We find complex calculations in his books. This calculating method has its equivalent in many passages of *Watt*. In his assessment, Beckett links Sade's masterpiece with the system of divine punishments in Dante's *Inferno*. He is alluding to the new edition in three volumes, *Les 120 journées de Sodome, ou l'école du libertinage*, that Maurice Heine published from 1931 to 1935.

In a letter of 8 March 1938, Beckett announces that he has accepted the offer to do the translation (2009, 610). His Dublin friend Con Leventhal was visiting Paris and was eager to have Beckett publish an essay on Sade: 'He hopes to place an article by me on the divine marquise [*sic*] in Hermathena of all places, where by the way Miss MacCarthy has suddenly begun to translate from Stefan Georg [*sic*]' (622). By shifting George's final *e* to 'marquis', in what may not have been a double slip of the pen, is Beckett poking fun at the Marquis's bisexual orientation in this feminization of the name, or is he already patronizing the restaurant that would be his regular haunt for decades, the fish place with excellent Beaujolais wine, 'Aux îles Marquises', situated at 15, rue de la Gaîté, near the main theatres of Montparnasse?⁷ After all, the Marquis de Sade was born on the spot occupied by another of Beckett's favourite restaurants, Le Cochon de Lait, at 7, rue Corneille, very close to the famous Odéon theatre, as he notes in 1951 (see Beckett, 2011, 224).

Despite these facetious asides, Beckett remained cautious about the translation. His prudence was motivated by the not-unfounded worry that if he associated his name with that of Sade, he would be branded as a pornographer. His unfortunate choice of a title such as *More Pricks Than Kicks* had already produced negative effects during the trial in which he appeared as a witness against Oliver Gogarty in Dublin, even though he and his family won the case (see Knowlson, 1996, 257–9). Had Beckett chosen to associate himself with Jack Kahane and the Obelisk Press then, he would have been lumped with authors like Henry Miller (*Tropic of Cancer*, 1934), Anaïs Nin (*House of Incest*, 1936) and Lawrence Durrell (*The Black Book*, 1938). Ironically, he ended up being associated with similarly censored publishers after the war: Maurice Girodias (Olympia Press), John Calder (Calder Press) and

⁷ A letter from January 1952, to which I will return, mentions side by side Sade's *120 journées* and the Îles Marquises restaurant (Beckett, 2011, 309–10).

Barney Rosset (Grove Press). When Girodias published *Watt* in Paris, Beckett's book was advertised along with *Plexus* by Henry Miller. Then Girodias published the first English version of Sade's *Philosophy in the Bedroom* (see St. Jorre, 1994, 53–7).⁸

A third period comes immediately after the war, when Beckett translated, for Georges Duthuit's second *Transition* journal, not only Sade but also texts by the main editor of Sade's texts, Maurice Heine. Beckett also appreciated the essays penned by the most intelligent commentator of Sade, Maurice Blanchot. Reading these subtle critical analyses with a view to translating them led to an immersion in books by Sade and on Sade. In December 1950, Beckett wrote to Duthuit about the excellent book by Maurice Blanchot, *Lautréamont et Sade*, published in 1949:

I have read Blanchot's *Sade*. There are some very good things in it. A few tremendous quotations that I did not know, in the style of the one I knocked up for you from the *120 Days*. Hard to single out one passage to translate, but I managed to and started on it. . . . Maybe we could spice things up by putting in a few extracts from Klossowski [*Sade mon prochain*] and Maurice Heine [foreword to the *Dialogue entre un prêtre et un moribond*]. The passage already translated from *Philosophie dans le Boudoir* is not too bad, but there are better ones to be found. (Beckett, 2011, 211)

In the same letter, Beckett expresses annoyance because he has discovered that Marcel Jouhandeau had published a *Godeau intime* in 1926. For a while, he looked for another name as the title of his major French play (Beckett, 2011, 210–11). Jouhandeau, who had chosen the camp of the collaborators during the war, had published a first essay on 'abjection' in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in 1938. Jouhandeau was offering an apology of evil that implicitly looked back to Sadean principles; the choice of Godeau for Jouhandeau's anti-hero, as we see in *Monsieur Godeau marié* (1933), almost forced Beckett to reconsider his choice of a French name that barely distorted the idea of an 'abject God'. But Jouhandeau was too much of a perverted Catholic to interest Beckett. What stands out in the conversation with Duthuit is Beckett's predilection for Blanchot's analyses and his respect for the scholarship of Maurice Heine in the latter's groundbreaking introduction, *Le Marquis de Sade*:

I have finished the Blanchot. It makes 12 pages of text. Some excellent ideas, or rather starting-points for ideas, and a fair bit of verbiage, to be read quickly, not as a translator does. What emerges from it though is a truly gigantic Sade, jealous of Satan and of his eternal torments, and confronting nature more than

⁸ S. E. Gontarski has insisted on the concept of a 'decadent Beckett' (2018, 1–32).

human-kind. . . . We could put in too the end that I read you, about the disappearance of his body. (Beckett, 2011, 219)

The last sentence alludes to Sade's famous testament, in which he indicated his wish to be buried in an unmarked spot in a wood and have acorns planted on it so that his memory would be erased from the earth. Beckett then plunged into Sade's correspondence and the rapidly growing secondary literature on Sade:

I have translated 4 letters by Sade (one of them extremely beautiful), cutting down as far as possible the rubbish Lely writes as linking material. All the rest of the work he has given you seems pointless and unusable. The so-called notes on the death-penalty make no mention of it. For that you would have to go to Sade himself, probably *Philosophy in the Bedroom*. (Beckett, 2011, 222)

We do not know for sure which letters Beckett is referring to here; it is likely that he is thinking of the famous letters Sade sent to his mother-in-law, the Présidente de Montreuil, who persecuted her son-in-law relentlessly, and those he sent to his wife; in the latter, he pours scorn on the idea that locking him up in a cell can do him any good. In a letter from March 1777, he accuses his enemies of wanting to 'bestialize his soul', fearing as a consequence of imprisonment the 'dreadful disorder' he feels 'brewing in his mind' (Sade, 1965, 128). In a letter from 25 June 1783, he warns that because of his constant incarceration, a 'ferment' has been produced in his brain: 'owing to you phantoms have arisen in me which I shall have to render real' (134). Beckett must have pondered these famous words: 'Vous m'avez fait former des fantômes qu'il faudra que je réalise'. This might serve as a motto for Beckett. Sade had discussed the death penalty in the fifth dialogue of *Philosophy in the Bedroom* and, surprisingly, was opposed to it, a point to which we will return. Beckett was reading Maurice Heine carefully, as we see in a letter written on 10 January 1951:

I am reading Heine's book at the moment. It is obviously very knowledgeable (*très calé*), with something slightly unpleasant. Good pages on 18th century atheism, how Sade goes beyond it, etc. And on the *120 Journées*. And an essay on Sade and the Roman Noir that will really upset ze Engleesh. (Beckett, 2011, 224; modified).

Maurice Heine's groundbreaking book, *Le Marquis de Sade*, contains an 'Avant-propos' to 'Dialogue between a Priest and a Dying Man', a short 'Introduction' to *The 120 Days of Sodom* and an essay on the Marquis de Sade and the 'roman noir', in which Heine tries to argue (against the evidence of most of the relevant publication dates) that Sade influenced Gothic novels in England. The book contains prefaces for the major texts, reviews and topical essays, including a review of Praz's *The Romantic Agony*. There, Heine makes the strong argument that Praz mistakes the views of Sade's characters for Sade's own philosophy

(1950, 273). In another text written as early as 1923, Heine discusses ‘Sade’s conception of the novel’, comparing the 1791 version of *Justine* with the 1797 version, the *Nouvelle Justine*, which is much longer and much cruder. Heine’s assessment is crucial if we want to understand Beckett’s view of Sade; here is what he writes: ‘Here and there, we encounter superb passages denouncing men’s hypocrisy, the social lies, the religious myths, the shame of war or the machiavelian tricks of tyrants. The enthusiasm of the Revolution can be felt in their wordy declamations. But then orgies resume, monotonously, pitilessly and frantically’ (Heine, 1950, 295). This ambivalent judgement contrasting the monotony of the pornography with the sharp political critique is shared by Beckett, as we see in a further letter of his from January 1951:

I have finished the Heine and started translating the foreword to the *Dialogue entre un prêtre et un moribond*, a text by Sade, published incidentally in America, translation by poor old Samuel Putnam. A stirring profession of atheistic faith by Sade, brilliant things on the atheism of the Académie philosophers, a quotation from Sylvain Maréchal. I hesitated between this text and the one on Sade and the Roman Noir, equally interesting. Had a quick look at the Klossowski. Reads to me like incomparably woolly rubbish, doubt if we could find a single half-decent text in it. As for Lely, who adores Heine, who adores Sade, we must not expect much from him. Of all of them, Blanchot is by far the most intelligent. (Beckett, 2011, 224–5).

Another letter proves how deeply Beckett had been delving in Sade, for on 3 January 1952 he mentions a passage from *120 Days of Sodom*:

And then, before we left, I happened, in the *120 Journées*, on the sun passage, inaccurately given if I remember aright. I’ve marked the place and will show it to you on our return. Less staggering than the first time, glimpsed in the half-light of uncut pages, but all the same, amid all those turds and sucked rectums, very welcome. (Beckett, 2011, 311).

Beckett types ‘ganahuchés’ (for ‘sucked’) instead of ‘gamahuchés’, which indicates a lack of familiarity with this typically Sadean term. Beckett alludes here to the moment of rest at the end of the sixth day, a day devoted to scatological games that nevertheless concludes with a peaceful Homeric simile. Beckett, who had linked Murphy and Morpheus, the god of sleep, could not but have been touched by this lyrical evocation:

it is very probable indeed that rosy-fingered Dawn, opening the gates of Apollo’s palace, would have found them lying still plunged in their excrements, rather more after the example of swine than like heroes. Needful only of rest, each lay by himself that night, and cradled in Morpheus’ arms, recovered a little strength for the strenuous new day ahead. (Sade, 1987, 343)

This investment in Sade accompanied Beckett's evolution as he morphed into a French writer, from the completion of *Watt* to *Molloy*. This fascination also underpinned his temporary friendship with Bataille and his deep appreciation of the critical acumen of Blanchot.

To make sense of the fourth period, we have to skip a few years. In July 1964, when Beckett was about to go to New York to shoot *Film*, he writes: 'Got books on Sade from Mary H. for Pat' (Beckett, 2014, 607). He is alluding to the fact that he had borrowed three books from Mary Hutchinson. These include *The Revolutionary Ideas of the Marquis de Sade* by Geoffrey Gorer (1934). I highlight the publication date of Gorer's book (1934), as it is likely that Beckett read this book soon after its publication. This note shows to what extent Beckett's friendship with the Irish actor Patrick Magee, who embodied Sade in a play by Peter Weiss, extended to issues of meaning and cultural context. When Beckett noted 'Pat to play divine marquis in Weiss Marat' (604), he was aware of the political challenge posed by Weiss, and by the difficulty of performing the role of the divine Marquis as revisited in the latter's tendentious play.

Beckett came to suspect, correctly, that Patrick Magee was overwhelmed by this role. Alluding to Magee's performance at the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1965, he wrote: 'You must have your bellyful of Sade by now' (649). On 19 February 1965 Beckett attended the *Marat/Sade* play by Peter Weiss, directed by Peter Brook and played at the Aldwych Theatre. Beckett was disappointed with the performance: 'Saw Sade-Marat and Pat in Opera afterwards. Rather disappointed. Production very sloppy. . . . Pat wrong I thought except in whipping scene' (658). The main critics and the audience disagreed with this negative opinion: Magee ended up winning a Tony Award in 1965 for his performance, and Peter Brook was named best director for Peter Weiss's sensational play, whose full title is *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*. Magee completed the cycle in London in March 1965, and went on to New York, continuing to play Sade when *Marat/Sade* opened at the end of December 1965, to similarly positive critical acclaim.

The final note is sounded in a letter from 28 August 1972. Beckett returns to his frequentation of Sade and mentions a book by Guillaume Apollinaire:

I think I know the Apollinaire Sade you mention, in a series entitled 'Les Maîtres de l'Amour' (Bibliothèque des Curieux). I once had it and find that I still have, in the same collection, his Divine Aretino in 2 vols. He must have been the initiator of the Sade boom. (Beckett, 2016, 306)

Beckett was right: Apollinaire had been the initiator of a ‘Sade boom’, and we will explore its inception and full flowering after World War II, beginning with Apollinaire’s role in introducing Sade to a broader audience.

1 The Guides: Apollinaire, Proust and Praz

‘No smoking in the torture chamber’⁹

1.1 Apollinaire

The author who made Beckett aware of the weird genius of the Marquis de Sade was Guillaume Apollinaire. We don’t know when Beckett read his book on Sade, but the fact that he kept it all his life testifies to a continuous interest. Apollinaire had always been keen on erotica, and had proven himself in that genre with his *Les onze mille verges ou les amours d’un hospodar*, published in 1907, a witty title playing on the ‘Eleven thousand Virgins’ of Saint Ursula’s fame, here transformed by a salacious double entendre into ‘1,100 Rods’ or ‘1,100 Pricks’. This sly joke may have given Beckett the idea of emulating the pun when he chose *More Pricks Than Kicks* as a title. In 1909, Apollinaire published *L’Œuvre du Marquis de Sade*, a solid selection of texts accompanied by a substantial introduction, to which he added a copious bibliographical essay.¹⁰ Apollinaire was cautious in his selection and chose texts that would look relatively innocuous, often dealing with political or moral considerations. However, he also provided a complete synopsis of the plot of the *120 Days of Sodom*, adding that the most scandalous aspect of this book derived from its licentious engravings; they came from a ten-volume illustrated version of *Justine* and *Juliette* published in 1797.

Apollinaire competently describes the first manuscript of *Justine*, a novel drafted in five notebooks. He quotes a sketch including these words: ‘From beginning to end, vice triumphs, and virtue is humiliated at length’, before suggesting that in the end, we see a final reversal, virtue being shown as beautiful and desirable (Apollinaire, 2014, 45). Beckett had not forgotten this lesson when he taught a class on Racine at Trinity. Leslie Daiken’s lecture notes mention the name of Sade next to two famous lines from Racine’s *Andromaque*:

Je ne sais, de tout temps, quelle injuste puissance
 Laisse la paix au crime et poursuit l’innocence

⁹ Samuel Beckett, ‘Sedendo et Quiescendo’ (1995, 14). This is an excerpt from *Dream of Fair to Middling Women* printed in the journal *transition* in 1932.

¹⁰ See Apollinaire (1909, republished 2014).