

'Waiting For Godot' Requires Audience

By **ROBERT W. PLYLER**

Some plays are easier to review than others.

Often, the better the play, the more difficult the review. The **Bunbury Theatre Company** is presently performing a production of Samuel Beckett's masterpiece: *Waiting for Godot*. It's going to be a challenge.

Each of us tries to believe that our lives have a meaning. Each of us dreams that God will tell us eventually that our sufferings have been worthwhile, that our efforts have been justified, and that the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune

have been endured for a very good reason.

What if we slaved and struggled and hungered our way through it all needlessly, for nothing? Imagine the horror.

In our own way, each of us is waiting for God. So are the characters in this play.

Vladimir and Estragon are on a country road, near a blasted tree. There is no other scenery. It's just a slanted platform with a skinny stick of a tree at the top and a road traced across it, in sand. There is a toilet, connected to nothing, and a large, round mirror, representing alter-

WED APR 10 2002 **IN REVIEW**

nately the sun and the moon.

The two men talk about separating from each other. They talk about hanging themselves from the tree. They talk about many things, but they stay. They suffer again and feel again and endeavor again, only to end up where they were, as they were, when they were.

Roy E. Nedreberg Jr. and Matthew J. Kraft have found an interesting interaction as the two characters. Nedreberg

underplays Vladimir. He almost reminds one of Stan Laurel, with his thin, weebegone face. Kraft overplays, shouts, demands. Some of the audience will identify more with one or the other, but all of us have both of them inside.

Into their interminable waiting come two more characters. Pozzo is a loud, demanding fellow, wearing a tattered academic gown. He cracks his whip at his man, who carries a heavy