‘Waiting for Godot’
‘Waiting’ At Alley

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Thresher Feature Editor

In a few days the Alley Theater’s limited engagement of “Waiting for Godot” will have ended and most of Houston’s usual theater-going audience will have missed one of the most absorbing and meaningful presentations ever given in this city.

This short engagement, considered by the Alley to be a filler between longer engagements, was to be less a box office attraction than an experiment in “good theater.”

In almost adverse publicity, it was announced that this was a play for a small, discriminating group that did not come to the theater primarily to be entertained. The Alley should be saluted for their successful endeavor to raise the intellectual level of Houston theater despite a lessened monetary return.

The Playwright

Samuel Beckett, an author of Irish descent now writing in France, has constructed in “Godot” one of the most difficult, abstruse and thus controversial plays of this decade. At a time when many playwrights sacrifice their art to intelligibility so that society may understand it, Beckett stands out. And since the world-wide success of “Godot,” he is here to stay.

His vehicles of expression are Estragon and Vladimir, names free them from any connotation of a social order, thus enabling them to be allmankind. They are two bums, dramatic symbols of man’s own bumbling self, whose only purpose for existence is the hope that the future will bring something.

Godot—A Symbol

Thus they wait for Godot, the symbol of all that men wait for. While they wait, the brilliant interpretation of the Alley’s performers turns the difficult symbols into meaningful roles as the audience respond through the whole gamut of emotions from tears of laughter to tears of compassion as they each see themselves unexpectedly revealed sometime during the play in a meaningless existence.

Our sincere recommendation is to see “Waiting for Godot” instead of “waiting” until another play of this scope is staged in Houston.